

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

Vol II

5.

How I have been made into a different person

Part II

Karin's Meetups

Chapter 3

To frame you into that most disgusting entity

By March Mr Secretary and the Agency re-initiated their campaign to frame me into a pedophile, what I referred to in my blog – frightened to even mention the word – simply as “that most disgusting entity in the world”. I shall recount the incidences here one by one.

In the beginning of March, I caught up with what they had already done while I was in China when I checked the inbox of my account at Allemagne-au-Max. The private message which “Cam” had written me almost a year ago in which she first mentioned she was 15 year-old was altered: “15” was changed to “14”. I knew immediately that it was Mr Secretary of Homeland Security who had given the order to change it.¹ The reason was of course that a threshold existed precisely at this number: by law, messing with someone below that threshold would incur punishment much graver than with someone above that threshold but below the magic number of 18. Even though “Cam” and I had never talked about anything other than “Wir sind Helden”, family affairs, and friends, talking to someone below that threshold could legally alarm law enforcement agencies even if we never talked about sex or romance. This would not be so if I were talking with someone one year older. No one cared when I was communicating with “Cam” last year, but now that the Authority wanted to get me, this communication offered them *the* opportunity. The purpose of course was to temporarily generate a pretext for international law enforcement agencies (the Interpol, etc.) to put me on a watch-list as a potential pedophile, and, as I have mentioned, it was through this feat that enough justification had been created to block my Lima-City website, to suppress my story “My experience...” as evidence in the International Court of Justice, and to black out my words and actions in the surveillance submitted to there as evidence. I said “temporarily” because, should the Interpol actually investigate the case and find “Cam”, they would discover that she was in fact older than 14 when she was communicating with me. But by then my story “My experience...” would have already been suppressed as evidence in the International Court of Justice, and the result of Interpol's investigation, if it had occurred at all, wouldn't have entered into evidence there.

¹ I referred to this incident in my Feefee blog in my blog post for March 19 and 24, 2008.

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

Hence, the “hacking” must have occurred in late January 2008, around the time when I flew to Germany. I was surprised: what I had always feared the most, that those politicians in control of society's infrastructure may alter your communication in order to frame you into a criminal, had finally happened. Now Allemagne-au-Max was based in France. Why had this not happened before or elsewhere? The next incident at Daily Motion (another website based in France) would suggest that any account I had in France was vulnerable to this worst kind of framing. My accounts in Germany were fine, and, as I would later learn, my accounts in the United States, which you would expect to be most vulnerable because they were directly under Homeland Security's control, were paradoxically the least likely to suffer alteration of content as part of an intelligence operation to frame me. It would happen only once, as you shall see. Why? There was a lesson here. Mr Secretary was determined to follow the law while getting me. His Homeland Security Department had broken domestic laws, foreign laws (Taiwan), and then international laws (UN Resolution) in their operations on me. Now Mr Secretary – and the “Invisible Hand” who always ran his operations in strict adherence to the law – would be very careful, and everything they did in this otherwise fraudulent creation of “David Chin” to frame the MSS director had been secretly sanctioned by judge Higgins, who now represented the highest compartment of the International Court system. Apparently, when they were in foreign lands, Homeland Security could do things which were unlawful in the United States in order to torment me, and it seemed that they enjoyed especially wide latitude in France. It's probably just like the situation where the United States, in order to follow the law, could only torture terrorist detainees in foreign lands or via foreign agencies. Furthermore, the alteration of the content of my account at Allemagne-au-Max was most likely performed by another foreign intermediary: the Chinese government. It seemed that Mr Secretary had simply requested the Chinese government to order hackers from its “Internet army” to hack into my account and change Cam's age, with French law enforcement and website administrators looking the other way. When Mr Secretary gave the order, the French of course enthusiastically cooperated, standing one hundred percent behind him, and the Chinese government, obliged under UN Resolution 1373 to help the United States neutralize the threat which the MSS director and I posed to the United States, must masochistically cooperate with him in this operation to frame me and to convict its own spy chief.

Not long after I discovered this, I printed out all the correspondences between Cam and me which were stored in my inbox at Allemagne-au-Max, saved them as MHTML webpages as well, and then deleted them from my inbox. I even took care to film myself doing so: “[allm-au-max-1.wmv](#)”.²

As I have mentioned, Mr Secretary and the Agency needed to frame me into a pedophile back in January because they were trying to suppress my story as evidence in the International Court of Justice and to censor my actions and my words in their surveillance on me. I don't know why, but, somehow, by March, in order to keep me blacked out in the surveillance of my actions and the interception of my

2 allm-au-max-1.wmv c402f40737ce7360cd9f496e5282acff 3c44ab4965a470d4710b5a7af81c088f51b9fe6f
49c93533 D:\videos\allm-au-max-1.wmv 1/22/2009 11:06:55 PM 1/22/2009 11:06:55 PM
78,432,648

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

conversations, Mr Secretary and the Agency had to frame me into a pedophile again. Perhaps it was because the Interpol did have to investigate my contacts with “Cam”, so that my communication with her could no longer be used as justification for considering me a pedophile.

When the “suit team” resumed framing me for pedophilia, their first move was to send CIA's pretty white girls to the UCLA Biomedical Library where I labored almost daily on the computer. These pretty girls were dressed as doctors just like the real medical student doctors in this hospital. One of them I had actually met in the previous year and at that time – this I have mentioned in “Government's investigation of a schizophrenic”, Part II – I didn't know she was planted by the Invisible Hand in the hospital to watch over me while I was writing my story “My experience...”. One night they showed up in the cafeteria when I was having dinner to catch my attention. Less than an hour later, in the hallway, one of the girls started putting up a show in front of me pretending to get very intimate with a young Asian guy who was evidently also an agent of Invisible Hand's. They were again trying to attract my attention, this time to get me to feel jealous so that I would also want to talk to this female: “She likes Asians”, so the Invisible Hand was trying to impress upon me. Because of this acting, I really did begin suspecting that she was one of Invisible Hand's girls. Then, when I went into the library and started typing on the computer, the same girl showed up to sit right across from me. When I finished my work and walked around the rows of computers, I wondered if I should talk to her. It was early March, 2008, and I had been living in dreadful isolation for over three weeks already. Finally, the bee failed to resist the fragrance of the honey, and I went up to her and say, “Hi doctor”. It was the way in which I had always greeted the doctors in this medical center. She turned to me, smiled, and said Hi – it's that same mischievous smile intended to hide harmful intention, but the fragrance had reduced the thinking capacity of the bee. I saw that she was Googling “stool”, which was vocabulary for me, and so I asked her, “What does 'stool' mean?” “It means poo.” “Okay,” surprised, I continued: “Some sort of interesting research you are doing!” She couldn't help but burst into laughter; I was being funny to the Agency again. But I was suspecting, only suspecting, that she was from “there”, and thus let myself be lured. I then asked her, “What's your specialty?” “Pediatrics.” “What's that?” “It means I work with children. I like children,” she replied. “Oh,” I murmured. I really didn't like to hear that buzz word; it scared me because I had just had my trauma with “Cam”... Thus I simply said, “I will see you later then” and walked away. “See you later,” she said while smiling in that same old mischievous way. I went to the restroom and, while there, suddenly realized what the trick was about. She was indeed the Agency's girl, and was here to harm me. I suddenly had the impression that her deceptive, devilish smile was saying, “You have exposed the identities of 'all of us', and so we are coming one by one to get you,” a complete 180 degree turn in attitude in comparison with how they dealt with me a year and a half ago, when they came one by one to show me how much they liked me. This young woman from the Agency, according to my thinking at the time, was going to falsely attribute to me what she herself had just said, “I like children”, and then either report it to somewhere or start rumoring among the doctors saying falsely that I said that. Later, of course, I would know that the false attribution was simply to occur via the faulty surveillance Machine which in the intercept it produced of this episode would reverse the roles of the conversants, making what she said into what I said. In any case, I ran out

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

of the restroom terrified to look for her; I turned on my recorder which I didn't turn on earlier – a bad mistake – hoping to find her confirming that she was the one who had said she liked children as a pediatrician and not I. But she had already vanished during the two minutes that I spent in the restroom. Of course. Mission once accomplished, she must run. I almost had a nervous breakdown thinking that pretty soon all the doctors in the medical center would rumor: “Did you hear? That guy who is here all the time – that schizophrenic, he's also a pedophile! You can never have known that from looking at him!” Of course, because I wasn't! This was the event I referred to in my blog post for March 18 where I wrote, “Even doctors at the Medical Center whose library I frequented want to get rid of my presence by framing me”. Still caught up in my trauma, I wouldn't dare say the truth right out, namely that the “doctor” was really a fake doctor, a CIA agent. I'll explain more about this below. You have to imagine how painful the feeling is when you are forcibly stuffed into the most vicious falsehood about yourself and completely unable to get out of it by explaining the truth. If I tried to explain my innocence by telling the truth: “Oh, that doctor was lying. She was not a real doctor but a CIA agent sent here to pretend to be a doctor and to frame me into a criminal by falsely reporting on me”, no one would believe it. Ordinary people do not have the capacity to understand how regularly the government has perpetrated falsehood on them about supposed terrorists or criminals, and the government has deemed the state of delusion their rightful state.

My environment started to change for the strange. Suddenly, many more children, whether or not they were accompanied by adults, started congregating around me as if I were the Santa Clause, especially on the bus. They were mostly Hispanics. I supposed at the time that Homeland Security, monitoring my movement 24/7 and using again the technique they had learned from the Agency of changing the target's environment, had instructed these poor families whom they had recruited to show up around me with their children in the hope that I might attempt the slightest interaction with them. I didn't know how the mechanism worked – how, if I did interact with these families in any way, all this was going to end up in law enforcement's files. For, as I have explained many times, it all had to be “natural”, without a hint that it was orchestrated, “directed”, as in movie-making: the families had to pretend they had never seen me from anywhere before and had to report something merely like: “A stranger was talking to us and our kids, etc.”, but the report somehow had to identify me definitively. However, since I was rapidly developing phobia toward these “non-adult entities”, I was invariably so frightened by their sudden abundance around me that I would immediately change seat on the bus if I could. Unfortunately, often the bus was so full that I couldn't move elsewhere. I would just curl up in my corner trembling like a “non-adult entity” myself who was surrounded as if by scary monsters.

In reality, as you may be able to guess by now, Mr Secretary's purpose was not to enable law enforcement to compile a profile of me as a pedophile, but merely to enable the Machine to intercept moments of my proximity with these children so that he may have evidences to present to the International Court indicating my propensity for pedophilia. Once the judges there should see these “evidences” and decide that I was indeed a pedophile, they could then agree to the United States' request that my words and my actions be blacked out as frequently as the United States would like from

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

the intercepts of my doing and saying presented to the International Court as evidences. That a pedophile's products should be banned from Court's record would be the legal justification. The surveillance over me would then be only the surveillance over others' reaction toward me, without myself actually figuring in it!

In fact, Mr Secretary must have used this opportunity to further impress these new judges with such show as this: after he had produced all the surveillance showing my proximity with children, he must have put up in front of the judges a show opposite of what he was really doing and wishing: "It looks like our subject is indeed a pedophile. Following international laws we then cannot have his words and images appear in Court's records. I'm afraid we will have to follow the law and black out his words and actions. This would make, unfortunately, the surveillance we'll be using as evidence even more muddled and vague, but I believe we can still reconstruct what he says from others' responses and reactions to him." In other words, he would make the judges believe that his real goal, the means by which he could cheat the Court – having people talk nonsense to me and making the surveillance evidence so vague and confused that he may argue from it the opposite of reality – was actually the unfortunate consequence of his stern spirit to follow the law and not what he had wanted. (This hypocrisy, of course, was secretly sanctioned by judge Higgins as part of the reversal of the "terrorist harm" which United States Homeland Security Secretary had suffered.) The judges would be so deluded by his trick to present his intention to cheat as its opposite, as some sort of honesty despite his interest, mainly because they lacked experience with the truly evil nature of American politicians – with the most sophisticated form of hypocrisy which the US government had been practicing for decades.

Just days after the incident in the Medical Center the "suit team" struck again on the Internet. In my tiny studio there was still no furniture, and I had only a 6-inch portable TV and a 25 dollar radio to make noises to decorate the time in my living space. I wanted some music. So I started downloading my favorite German and French music videos from Youtube and Daily Motion using the website "Keepvid". The way to use this website was to paste the URL of the video into the URL address field it provided, after which it would automatically download the video for you in the file format you had selected. I was using Internet Explorer 7 as usual when doing this, but the tricky part about this new browser was that, when you highlight the URL in the address bar, you couldn't click on "copy" under "edit" and expect to paste the URL onto somewhere else. The "copy and paste" function in IE 7 didn't apply to URLs in the address bar. So I had to manually type the URL of the Youtube or Daily Motion video I wanted to download into the address field provided on Keepvid's front page. Now the Homeland Security thugs and the Agency's officers who were monitoring my online activity together with, I imagine, their Chinese helpers, came up with an ingenious way to frame me. On the night of March 15, around 9:30 PM or so, I was again using Keepvid to download music videos from Youtube and Daily Motion. One of the videos I tried to download that night was the Quebecker singer Ariane Moffatt's "Retourne à Montréal", which I had saved among my favorites in my Daily Motion account. The URL of this video was: www.dailymotion.com/bookmarks/xenophane2007/video/x12xu_ariane-

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

[moffatt-retourne-a-montreal music](#). Moments later, when I was checking over the music videos I had downloaded, I discovered that, somehow, when it came to Moffatt's, I ended up downloading a different video. The video which I had mistakenly downloaded showed in its first few seconds some teenage girl playing pool. My heart jumped suddenly and I deleted it immediately without examining it further. (This is why I couldn't really tell you about the whole content of this video.) What happened was that, while I was typing the URL of this video into the URL address field on Keepvid, I mistakenly typed "x12xu" instead of "xl2xu". I immediately had the impression that I was framed. The whole matter was just so strange: why would a video featuring an ordinary teenage girl have almost the same URL as Moffatt's music video? Why would the wrong video also be named "ariane-moffatt-retourne-a-montreal"? The next day I checked out several other videos among my Daily Motion favorites (all music videos) and discovered that there were two other videos whose URL, when altered by one similar-looking letter (such as changing "0" to "O"), would also lead to other irrelevant videos, one showing a bunch of teenage boys jumping on their bicycles and another showing people water-skiing. I promptly complained to Daily Motion about the matter.

What had happened had thus become clear to me. The Homeland Security thugs and their Chinese helpers, seeing that the URLs of Daily Motion videos all had these random letters in them, came up with the idea of uploading some videos involving "underage entities" onto the site and naming them with URLs that differed from the videos among my favorites by merely one character – by a character that was so similar to the one in the URL of my favorite videos that you simply couldn't notice it: "l" as opposed to "1" and "0" as opposed to "O". They were expecting me to type the wrong URLs into the Keepvid box and download the wrong videos so that I would look like I was trying to download videos of youngsters. But I had some luck of my own in this incident. I have mentioned earlier how I had resorted to the camcorder as the solution to the dreadful constant breakdown of whichever computer I was using. Since my return, I had thus developed the freaky habit of constantly videotaping the computer screen in front of me ready to capture another "Homeland Security remotely induced" wild computer behavior. I filmed myself writing emails or posting blogs to prevent Homeland Security from altering or deleting them should they ever attempt to make me look like I had imagined up writing emails or posting blogs. I also filmed myself taking medication to prevent Edelman personnel from falsely accusing me (per Homeland Security instruction) of not taking medication and thus obtaining an excuse to send me to psychiatric lockup. And I filmed the computer screen whenever the computer I was using seemed to be seized by abnormality. Not versed in computer matters and yet privy to the secret that Homeland Security can remotely control every computer in the world, and even every laptop as long as it resides within range of a wireless router, I would automatically assume that it was the work of Homeland Security whenever the computer in front of me suddenly malfunctioned in ways unfathomable to me. Only during the course of the year did I learn gradually that most of the time – but not all the time – the malfunctioning of the computer I was using was "natural". In this year, 2008, I would be allowed to use computers and surf the Internet free of interference most of the time, even though Homeland Security's top-secret clandestine operation unit would still be monitoring every single thing I did on every single computer, secretly and without the knowledge of the judges in the

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup
Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

International Court. I would be spared the constant man-in-the-middle blockage of my Internet activities which had characterized the last two months of 2007 and my time in Shanghai and Europe – until the latter part of this year when Homeland Security would resume manipulating my Internet connection in order to frame me.

Strange as my new habit may appear to be, I happened to be filming my laptop's screen while I was downloading music videos from Youtube and Daily Motion on the night of March 15. I thus caught on tape the whole incidence, which should supposedly show my innocence. The next day, moreover, when I came inside the UCLA Biomedical Library, I filmed again how, on Daily Motion, changing one character in Moffatt's video's URL would direct me to that awful video of teenager girls.³

After filming my “evidence”, I rode the bus to the West Los Angeles police station to file a police report about this. I asked a certain officer Ferrouillet to read the note I had written describing the incident and he wrote on the note saying that he had read it and believed that the download was accidental. (I shall attach the note at the end of this chapter.) I had no idea if this would prove my innocence and shield me from prosecution, but I did my best.

After I left the police station, Wes suddenly called me on my cellphone. It was like a miracle. Ever since I came back from my “world tour”, it was as if Wes had decided to break up with me definitively. I wrote him emails after emails and received no replies from him. If I called him no one would ever pick up the phone. It would just ring forever, without even the answering machine playing a message. Since my return home, my two greatest wishes were becoming part of Karin's groups again and resuming my good old time with Wes, when I would call him three times a week to talk for hours

3 download_moffatt_3-15-08.wmv:

download_moffatt_3-15-08.wmv b3bcb85959d5b434ffa24026cfee3291
98f60a0b1aa7996338457e52e531544e71ed267d 1dbfd715
C:\Users\Marie\Documents\from_usbs_for_dvd_2\videos_3_geek_sq\download_moffatt_3-15-08.wmv 10/21/2008
3:17:02 AM 10/21/2008 3:17:02 AM 20,048,186

download_youtube_dailymotion_3-15-08.wmv;

download_youtube_dailymotion_3_15_2008.wmv e3f0a0fd0219dc7dceb7cd230bb324d3
1a8276e96e93f288d3d5e6bfe4ec57a38c0ae366 610ca925 C:\Users\Marie\Documents\n4-
attachments\attachment12\download_youtube_dailymotion_3_15_2008.wmv 11/6/2008 4:39:42 AM 11/6/2008
4:39:42 AM 103,918,814

dailymotion_moffatt.wmv;

dailymotion_moffatt.wmv 497c3dd3b843dbc2ac2374b00634784c e82c0c20b77657a60f3d8d66e67c1e74cc1d9c91
17d77864
C:\Users\Marie\Documents\from_usbs_for_dvd_2\videos_3_geek_sq\dailymotion_moffatt.wmv 10/20/2008
2:08:36 AM 10/20/2008 2:08:36 AM 33,384,800

dailymotion_problem_3-16-08.wmv:

dailymotion_problem_3-16-08.wmv d16a009140270fed4d951359dccfd83f
8ff9360c0257196b1193b5ffc5f9c994695f7c 8202ffe0
C:\Users\Marie\Documents\from_usbs_for_dvd_2\videos_3_geek_sq\dailymotion_problem_3-16-08.wmv
10/26/2008 3:18:40 AM 10/26/2008 3:18:40 AM 280,538,069

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

about anything, especially about Homeland Security's operations on me, all without his dismissing me. I missed terribly the time when we would hang out whenever he was back in California or whenever I was in Albany. But this second wish of mine seemed definitively crushed. Wes was destined not to return. But now he suddenly called me out of his own initiative! But no, soon I would discover that he called me only in order to frame me – he was forced to, ordered to do so either by Homeland Security or the Invisible Hand. He talked immediately about my communication with “Cam”. Disarmed by happiness, I told him that the reason why my website (the one in Germany) was blocked when I was in Germany was obviously this problematic communication, and that Homeland Security had lately peopled my environment with an army of children – which enormously frightened me. “Yeah, you are afraid to be tempted, you mean,” Wes said. What? He of course knew what I meant, that I was frightened of being framed into that “most disgusting entity in the world.” He must have been briefed by his superiors in the Agency about all the operations that were going on against me. Apparently Mr Secretary and the Agency, seeing, from their “true” surveillance on me, how I had manipulated a police officer to bail myself out of their dirty trick, got very angry, and thus instructed Wes to call me up and frame me. What I thought at the time was that the little note I got from the officer would indeed have shielded me from prosecution; in reality, what had happened was that the Machine had picked up the police officer's admission that my download was unintentional – even though I was blacked out in the surveillance – so that the entire March 15 attempt to frame me for pedophilia had just been ruined. Because of my erroneous understanding of the situation, I thought Wes would afterward make a very damaging false report about me to law enforcement, lying that I told him that I was tempted by all the children around me. In reality, Mr Secretary and the Agency simply wanted the Machine sitting in the International Court to intercept someone remarking that I was “tempted by children” – since my confession that my environment was artificially peopled with children would be blacked out, the Agency's technique of “stuffing words into the target's mouth” was now vastly more effective. The suit team needed this intercept as evidence in order to reverse the Machine's accidental interception of the police officer's admission that my download of the videos was accidental. If the Authority had failed to frame me at Daily Motion, then they must try again using Wes. The Authority was determined to make me into a pedophile against my will.

Wes played on me during that conversation another trick which only caught my attention later on. When I told him about what had happened at Daily Motion, he specifically asked me how to download videos from Youtube. When I expressed my surprise that he would want to know about downloading videos from the Internet when he was always so preoccupied with his doctorate studies and teaching, he produced the excuse that his students always needed to download videos from Youtube for academic purposes. So I explained to him how to use websites like Keepvid. He asked me in a evil tone if this downloading was legal, if this would violate any copyright statues. I told him that, even though websites like Youtube and Daily Motion expressly announced that they did not allow download, I presumed there were no big issues about it since the websites that enabled you to download videos from Youtube and so on numbered in the hundreds. He expressly noted this down. He sounded so much like he was setting up a trap for me, but I really couldn't tell what it was. I assumed that he was

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

also going to report me for having infringed on Youtube's copyright – as I have noted in my blog post of March 17 – but I was puzzled because downloading from video-sharing websites was so common that you cannot possibly expect to be prosecuted for it. Only much later would I realize how this trap worked: not to prosecute me, but to reconstruct me into a fraud who didn't do the writings I did! In other words, Mr Secretary was going to use the intercept of my conversation with Wes in the International Court as another piece of circumstantial evidence suggesting that, insofar as I had been habitually infringing on others' copyrights – as if I were the only person who had ever downloaded videos from Youtube – I most likely didn't write the story “My experience...” but had stolen it from someone else, namely, from the “real Lawrence Chin”. In addition to suppressing “My experience...” as evidence, Mr Secretary had thus also gathered up enough “evidences” – the hard drive transferred out of my Gateway, my “criminal habit” of downloading videos from Youtube – to establish that I did not write this autobiographical story of mine but had stolen it.

Both upset with and frightened as to what pernicious things Wes was about to do to me (reporting me to law enforcement), I went back to the UCLA library to write him an email, and after that called him again. He picked up the phone again only after the answering machine had started recording. Just like the last time, he produced the excuse that he did so because he wanted to filter out unwanted calls. He jumped to the topic of my communication with “Cam” again. I told him that she was 15, that “I would never do that again”, and that all this was merely carelessness on my part without – really – any bad intention. It was stupid enough to call him again. I would later be convinced – wrongly – that he had reported this latest conversation also to law enforcement. Since Wes was recording our conversation, I decided to do the same and took out my little Sony ICD-B500 and stuck it to my cellphone's speaker. Because the conversation was not really incriminating – I only told Wes the truth, that Cam and I never discussed anything other than music, friends, and family – and yet Wes intentionally recorded the conversation on his answering machine, and also because, later when I checked my ICD-B500, I discovered that the recording was but mere statics and assumed falsely that someone from the Agency or Homeland Security had come near me to jam my recorder with a portable jamming device, evidently in order to destroy my side of the evidence – because of all this I came to the conclusion later that night that Homeland Security and the Agency must have collected Wes' recording, edited it, and given it back to him asking him to turn it in to law enforcement so as to incriminate me anyway. Only much later did I realize that it is natural for GSM phones to create interference with the microphones on my recorder, and that no one might have come near me that night to jam my recorder.

It is not just in regard to the jamming of my recorder that I had completely misunderstood the situation. You would be right if you assert that Wes had not made any reports to law enforcement at all because he only said “Yeah, you are afraid to be tempted...” in order for the Machine to intercept it as evidence. At the end of our conversation, Wes suddenly asked me to repeat Cam's age. “15” I told him. “She's 15,” Wes repeated after me. I was very puzzled at the time as to why he repeated my words so loudly and expressly after me. I would not realize until years later that Wes was trying to save me here. Remember that our conversation was being intercepted into the International Court as evidence. Wes'

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

original assignment must have been to lie that Cam was 14 instead of 15, and yet he followed my assertion and emphasized she was 15, thus exonerating me as a pedophile according to international laws. This would be the last time that Wes would ever try to save me. He must have got himself into tremendous trouble because of this – the pressure coming from the very top, even our Boss the Vice President – for, the next time when I talk to him, he would do the most inhumane thing to frame me for frauds which I could never imagine myself committing.

On March 20 another incident occurred. On the afternoon that day I settled down in the Borders Bookstore on Lake Blvd in Pasadena. While I was writing my blog, a 12 year-old chubby kid wearing glasses came to me and, saying “Hi”, wanted to befriend me, with the most mischievous smile on his face. I became so frightened that I jumped out of my seat and ran away. And the kid just had to chase after me! He then gave up after seeing that I absolutely wanted nothing to do with him. He was obviously sent in by Homeland Security to befriend me so that the falsehood about my “fascination with these little non-adult entities” could further solidify. The trick was just so dirty: that Homeland Security agents would show a 12 year-old my picture and instruct him, “Go befriend him so we can get him”. I even feared at the time that the kid might falsely report on me afterward saying just the opposite of what had happened. I have referred to this event in my blog post of that day.

The “suit team” then instructed Karin to make the next shot. By this time all the framing had so enormously frightened me. I misunderstood their intention: the Authority was going to get me, namely, to prosecute me. They were not going to prosecute me for what I had actually done, namely, running away to China to result in a most serious lawsuit against the United States and refusing to be framed into a Russian spy. They were not, because, firstly, probably nothing of what I did was illegal, and because, secondly, they had decided it was all top-secret and a lowly member of society like me should never have access to the truth.

I could feel the arrest was coming. I resumed blogging on my Feefee blog mainly for this reason. The blogs were at first not well written for three reasons. Firstly, because I had had to remain constantly on guard for two years in response to the non-stop, pain-causing, and reality-altering clandestine operations, and especially because I had just gone through the most exhausting battle of the mind in China and Europe, my spirit was vanquished and my mind disintegrating. Secondly, my main purpose, at least in the beginning, in keeping a blog was to preempt the misfortune that would otherwise befall me. My thinking was that, insofar as Mr Secretary had defined his self-esteem in terms of how well he could deceive people, as soon as I should notice that certain thing was about to happen to me and write about it, he would change his plan so that it wouldn't happen to me – so that I would appear paranoid and delusional rather than look like a future-predicting psychic. Mr Secretary's priority was always to make me look like I was a hallucinating schizophrenic, and even to make myself believe I was so, rather than to implement his plan no matter what. I should therefore be as paranoid as possible about every little thing – and express it on my blog accordingly – for then I would always be safe: the bad thing I was afraid would happen to me would then never happen to me. Therefore my blog often

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

sounds very much like “paranoia talking”. Thirdly, in this beginning stage I was still afraid to write out the whole truth. In the aftermath of the troubles which my previous “truth-telling” (my story “My experience...”) had caused, I was still frightened and dared not write directly about Homeland Security's and Agency's clandestine operations. When describing an operation devised to do me harm, I would omit to mention that it was orchestrated by Mr Secretary and the Agency from behind the scene, but would simply talk about it as if the agent or the “snitch” were only doing so per his or her own personal reasons, namely, a personal desire to rid him- or herself of me because I was detestable: an everyday occurrence which everyone had experienced in interpersonal relationships and which anyone could therefore believe. I dared not write out my true belief that he or she was in fact instructed by the government as an operative to frame me so as to accomplish the government's objective of removing me as a “threat”: an extraordinary event which could happen only to a selected few and which was thus not believable. For example, when, as I have recounted above, the “Invisible Hand” sent his girl to me masquerading as a doctor to harm me, I simply wrote on my blog that “even doctors at the medical center whose library I frequented want to get rid of my presence by framing me”, as if the doctors there had some sort of personal grudge against me. It would take me months to recover enough from the shock of my China trip as to feel emboldened again to speak about government's secret operations openly as if I were simply describing ordinary events.

On March 22 I thus wrote to Karin telling her that “some real bad luck” might be awaiting me ahead. Since I believed erroneously she was a “Homeland Security asset pretending to be a law enforcement informant”, I supposed she knew what I meant. In fact, she most likely knew what, if anything, was going to happen to me better than I did, insofar as she must have been regularly briefed by her handlers. (She was in fact an asset jointly managed by the CIA and Homeland Security.) And the next day she wrote me back. After trying to calm my fear about impending misfortune, she wrote: “I so much wish you would find a project that would be so much fun and would absorb your entire mind – where you could spend time with people who make you happy and [where] the task would keep your mind [off] all that negative stuff. *Something like art projects with kids or so.* Doesn't your social worker know of anything like that? I also just read something about the author of Harry Potter whose story fascinates me: <http://www.cnn.com...> To have someone who is really down and depressed and then see that their entire lives turned around and very much became worth living again is a good thing to observe. If it can happen to her, it can happen to everybody” (emphasis mine).

Karin had completely devastated me with her missive. Obviously, her handler had just contacted her and instructed her to write this in an attempt to persuade me to get close to those “non-adult entities” as I called them in my blog – by now I was too frightened to even utter the word “children”. As I wrote on my blog, if I did anything like what she had suggested, I would be in big trouble, especially – so I thought – after Wes had falsely reported me. What was so devastating about Karin's missive was of course her intention to see me locked up for a very long time without my having done anything to offend her personally.

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

On March 27 I saw my social worker Deborah G for the second time since my return. This was an important session because, during this session, I finally couldn't restrain myself any longer from telling her what had happened to me in China. I really wanted to talk about my China trip with somebody, in accordance with my constant need to “process feeling externally”, to use the words of my former therapist Dr. Caldeira.⁴ But I had been very afraid to do so for fear of being sent to the mental asylum on grounds of schizophrenic delusion. And yet Deborah seemed very intent on getting me to talk about it, in contrast to my usual expectation. “Last time you said you wanted to talk about your experience in Shanghai...” she lured me. I thus told her all that I knew up to this time about the lawsuit at the International Court of Justice: that the Chinese intelligence must have seen my story “My experience...” on the Internet; that it turned out that the FBI had already shared with them information about me – when I mentioned this, Deborah suddenly jumped from her seat, shouting, “How do you know?” But I just waved my hand saying “I figured it out”, without explaining it further – that they used the FBI information in combination with my story to sue the United States for violating UN Resolution 1373; that the United States then committed perjury at the ICJ; that the Chinese then used the opportunity to go directly – as far as I could guess at the time – to Agency's National Resources Division in Colorado to freeload on their clandestine service's personnel files; that they had probably also freeloaded from RCMP, FBI, and CSIS; that eventually the whole case turned on whether I knew a certain Chinese intelligence sting operation was a sting operation (namely, my online chat with Ms Mermaid); and that I was in a state of nervous breakdown while in Shanghai because the whole world might fall apart simply on the basis of what I did or did not know. I was idiotically happy that, since the Agency's officers must be watching me making my “confession” to Deborah, they would be further amazed by my power to infer what was going on *behind the scene* from the slightest disturbances *on the scene* – my power of “hermeneutics”. I was, in other words, showing off, unaware that I was falling into a trap. In reality, Mr Secretary and the Agency had instructed Deborah to lure me to talk about what I knew about the business in Shanghai so that they could take the intercept of my confession to the International Court as “evidence” – but most likely to judge Higgins' hidden compartment: “Madam President, as you can see, our subject has intimate knowledge of what has happened. Just as we have been arguing to you, he has known about the Chinese possession of the FBI document and the involvement of Chinese intelligence service since the very beginning; he has quite successfully fooled you.” This was the last time that the CIA would have to justify to judge Higgins that her judgment ordering China to cooperate in the “show trial” and to frame itself for sponsoring terrorism – which you'll see later – was correct. The CIA officials of course made no mention of the fact that it was they themselves who had given me clues here and there as to what had happened. Of course, the Invisible

4 “Women process feelings externally, and men internally,” such was Dr Caldeira's way of putting the matter. This is why women like to talk about their experience and sadness while men just hold it inside themselves. C.f. John Gray's famous book *Men are from Mars and Women are from Venus*, in which he points out that, when women complain to men, they aren't expecting their men to provide solutions, but are primarily looking for a sympathetic ear so that they may achieve catharsis. Men who hear women's complaint and then offer solutions to the problem are often dumbfounded by their women's dissatisfaction: they have misunderstood their women's purpose in complaining to them. This is the same as Borderline Personality's constant need to find someone to listen to her or his narrative of her or his pain, and my Dr Caldeira called this “the external way of processing feeling.”

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

Hand and the rest in the CIA had also wanted my confession for their own "Lesson Learned File": my case was the greatest disaster the Agency had ever encountered in its history, and they needed to understand how much it was due to my own power and how much to circumstances and their own negligence.

After I made my most important confession, I told Deborah how, at this moment, my greatest wish in life was to become part of Karin's circle of friends but how she however only wanted to frame me for the worst kind of crime and see me locked up in prison for a long time. I was now going through a most severe episode of Borderline idealization, and so, when Deborah affirmed, "So she wants to harm you?" I immediately made it clear to her: "But I don't blame her". Deborah, genuinely curious, asked "Why not?" "I just like her so much," I explained. At the moment that was really *the* reason. Just as I wrote on my blog post of March 23: "It must appear strange to you that I keep liking someone who wishes for my demise and keep going to her functions and trying to please her at every chance I get as if nothing were going on. Somehow I don't feel offended [by her attempt to frame me for pedophilia and to cause me to be locked up for the rest of my life!]" In fact, since I supposed that Deborah G was in communication with law enforcement authority "on the level of staged show" while acting as a "snitch" against me for Homeland Security and the Agency on the hidden level of reality to which ordinary people were forbidden access, I actually hoped that she would afterward share with law enforcement what I had just said in the session, because, then, law enforcement might have to share it with Karin insofar as they were in contact about me, and Karin would thus be made aware of the tremendous appreciation which I felt toward her: even though I knew she was carrying out the authority's order to do the most malicious thing in the world to me, I didn't blame her but would continue to like her and appreciate her as a good person. Perhaps, if she heard it she would be touched – "I guess he really likes me, he likes me in the most genuine way possible". As you have seen, I couldn't have been more naïve – I hadn't taken a *real* good look at myself, as if anyone would be touched no matter how genuinely I liked her or how much I had sacrificed myself for her sake. I had yet to learn the hard fact that a person's ability to touch another person's heart is a function of the intrinsic value which other people have attached to him, and not a function of the magnificence or nobility of his action. If you are a person whom others have deemed as having no value, then no matter how magnificent or noble your actions are, you will not be liked; and if you are a person whom others have deemed as having tremendous value, such as Karin was, then no matter how despicable your actions are, you will be loved by all. But think about my naïveté for a moment. It's a basic human need to like and to long for another human being, and, just because I was suffering from the most awful fate in human history – suffering the grudge of the third most powerful, and the most vicious, person in the most powerful government in the world and getting trashed by him before the whole human race resulting in complete isolation from the rest of humanity – that basic human need was still active in me simply because I was living and breathing. And the only way to satisfy that basic human need under such desperate circumstance – the only possible way to derive satisfaction and meaning out of liking someone who not only does not care about you but actually tries to inflict on you the most malicious harm – is just this: hoping to touch the person's heart by continuing to appreciate her as valuable and to

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

watch out for her interest – even helping her in her project to destroy you – despite her extraordinary malice toward you. Total self-effacement before the idealized person. In the upcoming course, where Karin destroyed me bit by bit, I would tread further and further down this only available avenue for satisfying a basic human need.

I have quoted Goethe in the previous chapter; here I might point out the contrary emotional profusion of Goethe's healthy character – emotional though he may be – which may illuminate further the pathology of a Borderline Personality. There are two verses that are of interest. “[There] is the poem 'Glück der Entfernung' in which [Goethe] writes of the strange sense that he is happier away from his sweetheart than with her, and concludes:

Aufgezogen durch die Sonne
Schwimmt im Hauch ätherischer Wonne
So das leichtste Wölkchen nie,
Wie mein Herz in Ruh und Freude.
Frei von Furcht, zu gross zum Neide,
Lieb ich, ewig lieb ich sie!”

Drawn on high by the sun,
floats in the breath of ethereal bliss
not the slightest cloud,
as does my heart in peace and joy.
Free from fear, too great to feel envy,
I love her, eternally I love her.”⁵

Even when Goethe does speak of an inability to attain one's love, the emotional profusion he has described is quite contrary to expressions of Borderline Personality Disorder which I have just described to you:

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,
Weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
seh ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite,
Ach! Der mich liebt und kennt,
ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt

5 Ronald Gray, *ibid.*, p. 33.

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,
Weiss, was ich leide.

Only he who knows what longing is
knows what I suffer.
Alone and separated
from all joy,
I look into the firmament
to what lies beyond.
Alas, he who loves and knows me
is afar off.
My senses reel,
my bowels burn.
Only he who knows what longing is
knows what I suffer.⁶

How is it contrary to a Borderline Personality's longing for his love? If you change the line “Ach! Der mich liebt und kennt” into “Ach! Den ich liebe und kenne” (“Alas, he whom I love and know”) or, better, into “Ach! Der mich erlaubt, den zu lieben und zu kennen” (“Alas, he who permits me to love him and know him”) then you would have obtained the kind of emotional profusion typical of Borderline Personality Disorder.

The blows kept coming. During the end of last year, a Homeland Security agent, masquerading as a reader, once sent me a long fake email telling me how much he was interested in my story “My experience...”, hoping that I would strike up a friendship with him and so lose interest in going to China. At the time I ignored him because his missive reeked of “Homeland Security vulgarity” and made me want to vomit. Now, three months later, he suddenly sent me another email telling me that he had just signed up for Facebook and wanted to add me as his friend, but that this could only happen if I signed up for Facebook as well. By this time I had comprehended why all those fake lodgers at Etour tried to look up their Facebook pages in front of me: Mr Secretary had so instructed them hoping that I might get suggested to sign up for Facebook as well and thereby get into trouble. I had somewhat understood that signing up for Facebook would sink me further into my profile as a pedophile suspect. I had understood that there was already an alert about me as a pedophile suspect circulating among all the social networking sites such that, should I sign up for Facebook, Facebook would immediately notify law enforcement authority, who would further note me down in their file on me as engaging in activities in which a pedophile is often engaged and sound more alarm – why else would a “pedophile suspect” sign up for Facebook? I thus also ignored this second email from this Homeland Security

6 Ibid., p. 45.

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

masquerade. I had already been seeing the signs on other sites where I had an account. I had a Youtube account until April when I finally decided to close it. Since December 2007 – when the Authority first began framing me for pedophilia – whenever I added a new video to my favorites it would always take several hours to a day for the addition to register. (Just about all the videos in my favorites were French and German music videos.) What had most likely happened was that the administrators at Youtube were specifically warned about me, and that, since Youtube was for all ages, the administrators had to take special caution, so that, when I added a video to my list, they would have to examine it first before manually approving my action.

I signed up two Myspace accounts more than two years ago while I was still in Montreal, and thank God I hadn't logged in since the summer of 2007. The administrators at Myspace would undoubtedly have been warned about me, but there was no problem there since my accounts had been inactive even before the Authority started to frame me in late 2007.

The only remaining social networking website where I was active was Meetup. My thought at the time was that the administrators here must have also been warned since a long time ago that a schizophrenic – who was dangerous because he was highly intelligent and because he embodied all the worst qualities a human being can possibly possess, including pedophilia and a fanatical love for Hitler – had been active on their platform. I had always assumed that Karin had, instructed to do so by her handler, reported me to the Meetup staff in October 2007. Meetup had however not subjected me to any restrictions, evidently because this site was entirely adult-oriented.

After March, however, the intense operations to frame me for pedophilia suddenly all stopped. I didn't know why. Today I suppose it was because the legal justification had been sufficiently established for permanently blotting me out from the surveillance on me which would be used as evidence in the International Court. There was no further need to frame me into a pedophile. Another important development in March was the sudden disappearance of everything “Russian” from my environment. On the night of March 10, 2008, when I just got on the Culver City bus 6 in Westwood to go home, I saw a tall blonde standing in the front of the bus. She was again dressed all in black – black sweater and black pants – and wore black high-heel boots. Mr Secretary had dressed her up to look like the movie version of a sexy Russian secret agent and put her in front of me trying to lure me to talk to her, hoping to obtain evidence demonstrating that I still intended to establish contact with the Russian intelligence service. Mr Secretary was repeating, for the last time, the tactic he had used in Brussels, and just like before I simply ignored this woman, who got off the bus on Venice Blvd just as I did and always made sure to walk right in front of me. Now, walking behind her was not sufficient to demonstrate my intention to seek out “Russian secret agents”, so that Mr Secretary's sting operation had failed. This was the last time that Mr Secretary would try to produce evidence for my intent to conspire with the Russians – at least for the time being. As I will explain in the first Appendix, Russia had by this time reached an agreement with the United States permitting itself to withdraw from the lawsuit, but Mr Secretary still wished he could convict Russia of conspiracy with me as a way to force

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

Russia to frame itself for sponsoring terrorism under UN Resolution 1373. I had no idea that my simple act of restraining myself from talking to a hot blonde on the bus had enabled Russia to slip away unharmed from a most terrible fate, so that it could come back later to remove our Mr Secretary and his boss the Vice President altogether as criminals against humanity. I was very resistant to Mr Secretary's attempt to frame me into a Russian agent because I never had anything whatever to do with Russia: I was trying to defect to China and had never even thought about Russia. His framing me for conspiracy with Russia was much worse than his making a Chinese secret agent out of me. I hence wrote on my blog on March 12 2008 a post entitled: "Languages I have learned":

"At last I started learning Spanish. I have learned many languages in my life. My current linguistic ability is: Fluent: English, Chinese, French. Good reading comprehension: German. Intermediate reading comprehension: Japanese, Classical Greek. Languages once learned but neglected and then forgotten: Farsi. Languages that I once tried to learn but abandoned later on: Latin, Dutch. That's it. That's all the languages I have once touched."

The post was meant to tell the Authority that I had absolutely no interest in being framed into a Russian agent. Not that I had seriously entertained the possibility that my plea might affect in any way the powerful people in the government. In any case, Russia had successfully withdrawn from the lawsuit in the middle of March 2008 – after having agreed to help the United States reverse the damage which the MSS director had inflicted: I will discuss this in the Appendix – leaving Mr Secretary and the Agency to concentrate for the moment on settling their score with the MSS director. Thus, after this tall blonde on the bus, all the Russian elements would disappear from my environment, to be replaced with things Chinese. Then, in September 2008, I would be able to tell that Mr Secretary and the Agency had re-initiated their lawsuit against the Russians because, all of a sudden, my environment would again be filled with things Russian – and eventually to the brim. But for the moment, I would enjoy a break from the "Russian connection", a break that would last five and a half months.

The most regrettable part of the above episode was the definitive departure of my best friend Wes. There was by now no one left in the world who knew me. The CIA clandestine service had taken away my best friend, but somehow they didn't feel that they had done anything wrong to me. Again, I had the feeling that they thought I deserved it: "If he wants to leave behind his friends and family and the resources [as mentioned earlier] and 'defect' to China, then when he comes back he will not have them again." And it must have enraged them all the more that the Chinese MSS had almost destroyed them thanks to the opportunity I had provided, even if I did it accidentally and unintentionally. They thought that I should be content with being mistaken as a schizophrenic and living in a fake world all my life where everyone only pretended to be nice to me but hated me or saw me as a laughing stock deep down while either hiding from me the lies they were told about me in order to make me into a "dummy" or, recruited as snitches, running sting operations on me for the Department of Homeland Security and their law enforcement partners. They had most likely thought that they had been quite fair, while I thought it quite unfair that they somehow claimed rightful ownership of what originally belonged to me

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

(my best friend and Marie). Furthermore, I thought that the consequences which had resulted from my actions but which I had not foreseen were excusable, not just because I didn't intend them, but also because anyone in my situation would certainly have done the same thing (running away the first chance he gets, that is). But this was not the Agency's opinion, nor anyone else's opinion. They believed, as everyone else did, that it was okay for me to suffer injustice – being defamed in the most vicious way possible and on the largest scale possible by Mr Homeland Security Secretary, letting everyone around me become a “snitch” against me, and being cut off from all possible genuine human contacts – but not okay for me to run away from it, because they (like everyone else) deemed me not worthy enough to have my pain considered. My pain didn't matter, but others' did, so that no one should ever be punished for causing me pain while if my running away from unjustified pain brought troubles to others then I must be punished dearly. This would be the lesson I would learn again and again in the subsequent course of my life.

What the CIA clandestine service hated most in the world – that is, the main reason for their wrath toward me – was for someone to expose their secrets to their enemies. At that time I erroneously thought that the only “secret” which I had divulged to their enemy (the Chinese Ministry of State Security) was my story “My experience...”, which I didn't think was a big deal, because the story didn't contain so much a secret and was labeled the delusion of a schizophrenic anyway. Only later did I suspect that the MSS had got into their “secret box” with more than a simple combination of my story and the ICJ judges' order. (“Meeting 'Enkel' in Paul's place.”) Furthermore, I didn't “clandestinely pass secrets” to their enemy, but just put up my story in the public domain. However, the Agency's clandestine officers didn't take too well the childish attitude “If you want to label me a schizophrenic, then don't complain when I pass my 'schizophrenic delusion' to foreign governments.” Only months later when I returned to the Orthodox Church did I get a feel of how much the Agency's clandestine service resembled an early Christian cult. Part of the prayer before the communion reads:

“Receive me today, Son of God, as a partaker of your mystical supper: for I will not tell your mystery to your enemies, nor will I give you a kiss as did Judas.” (Του δείπνου σου του μυστικού σήμεραν Υιε Θεου κοινωνόν με παραλαβε. Ου μη γαρ τοις εχθροις σου το μυστήριον ειπω. Ού φίλημα σοι δωσω καθάπερ ο Ιούδας.)

This is exactly the attitude of the Agency's clandestine team. Their secret was their “mystical supper”. The thing they hated most in the world was your telling their enemy their mystery and letting this enemy partake of their “mystical supper”. It angered them exactly like a religious offense does. A blasphemy, a sin. Remember the devilish smile of the “doctor” in the Biomedical Library? If they ever shared their secret with you, if they ever let you partake of their mystical supper, even if by mistake, they would truly feel justified in expecting you to keep it a secret – especially to never let their enemies partake of it. This, even if they eventually rejected you, even if you had never become one of them. They truly felt that I had “sold them out”, even if I had never become one of them, never signed any contract with them, never come under their employment. I thought – with the mentality of an ordinary

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

person – this was all unfair. Why should I sacrifice my happiness to keep their secret when I was never part of them? But they thought differently. They really believed that I had a moral obligation to keep their secrets at all cost – even if that meant I should be mistaken as a schizophrenic all my life and live ostracized from the rest of humanity. And, of course, their anger was all the more magnified by the fact that I belonged to the lowest stratum of society. It's not because of Aldrich Ames or Philip Agee. One of the most elite agencies in the world got fucked over in the greatest way in its history because of some officially designated “disabled” kid. The strangest embarrassment.

In any case, because of this episode of framing me for pedophilia, I had become incredibly paranoid. Every little anomaly could be an opportunity for my arrest. I truly didn't think of the possibility that the Authority's “need” for me to be mistaken as a pedophile might have a purpose beyond simple arrest, that it might have something to do with the unfinished business at the International Court of Justice. As an example of my fear for arrest or involuntary detention: my March appointment with Deborah G was originally set for March 20, but I overslept and when I called her, she said she wouldn't have opening again until a week later. Disappointed – I had been expecting a nice conversation with someone I respected – I smashed my radio while still on the phone with her, and, when she asked me what was going on, I had to beg her not to call the police to take me away. I then spent the whole week fearing that the police might suddenly come take me away for involuntary commitment, until I realized that the “Authority” was not going to use such chicken-shit occurrence as an opportunity to put me away in the hospital and erase my memory there. (I mentioned this fear in my blog post of March 20, “Daily rambling about my fear”.) My *justified* state of paranoia – always carrying a recorder in my pocket and a camcorder in my backpack as the only way to fend off false reporting and Homeland Security-manufactured “hallucination”, and having to constantly carry my heavy laptop everywhere I went for fear that Homeland Security agents might burglarize it should I leave it for one second out of my sight – had prompted me to evolve into a freak, who tirelessly carried a heavy backpack filled with electronics and important documents wherever he went, leaving nothing at home. Freaky though this may be, I had gone through a fundamental transformation of consciousness and was no longer the carefree individual that I was when I first met Rod. And this was only the beginning of my new path.

Meanwhile a most disgusting *false* profile of me started emerging. By the end of the year this would be so magnified, and so many more despicable characteristics would be added to it, that an incredibly detestable, in fact the most detestable person in human history, would be produced – which was what our Homeland Security Secretary wanted me to be. This figure would be more detestable than Hitler or Stalin, for even these genocidal evil dictators have enjoyed companies that have wanted to associate with them. More detestable than all the serial killers. In fact, I have to call this incredibly detestable person a “cartoon figure”, for he is, literally, *incredible*: it would be strange that people would actually believe that such person could exist. He is the product of Mr Secretary's film-scripting. I know now the destination of this false profile was the International Court of Justice and the UN Security Council. This will be the later part of the story.

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

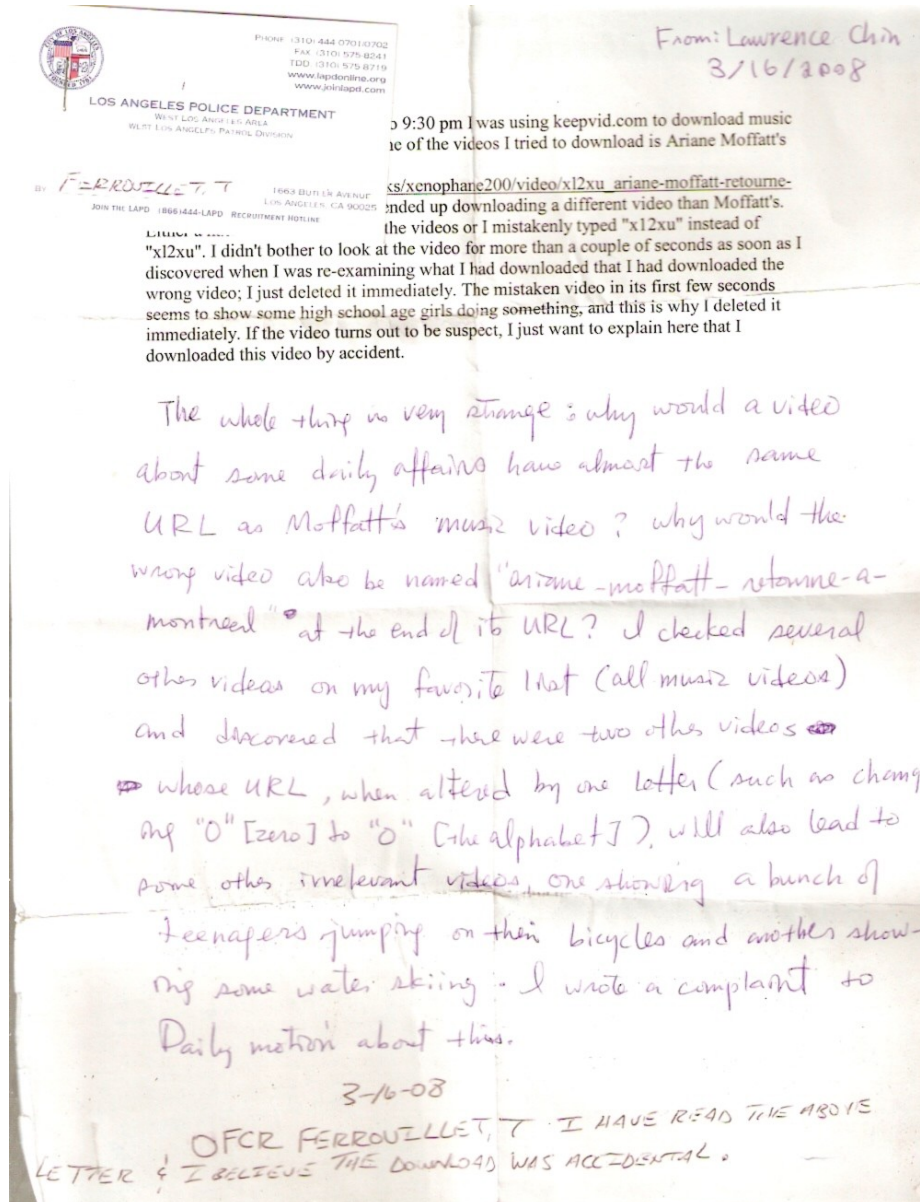
December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.

How I have been made into a different person: part II: Karin's meetup

Chapter 3: To frame you into that most disgusting entity

Lawrence C. Chin

December 2008, September 2009, May 2011, December 2011, January 2013, December 2016.



Officer Ferrouillet's statement on my note, March 16 2008