

How I have been made into a different person: Part II: Karin's Meetups
Chapter 9: The impossible wish to be known
Lawrence C. Chin
Jun. 2009 – Sep. 2011. Revised, Feb. 2013, Jan. – Mar. 2017.

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 9 The impossible wish to be known

Confusion in the mental health system, July 30 – August 1, 2008

On July 30 was my second appointment with my therapist Greg. The recording of the session is in: “redo_w_greg_7_30_08_12PM.wma”.¹ It was not going to be a happy session. It began when I told him how my depression had caused me to lose interest in all the things in which I used to have interests, like “playing around my computer” – referring to the earlier part of this year when I was actively learning about computers (11:30 or so). Greg then made the “twilight zone” comment that he “remembered me talking about my computer all the time”. “When did you get the idea that I used to talk about my computer all the time?” I asked him immediately. For we had three sessions in 2007, and this was our second in 2008, and there had simply not been any other occasions where I had spoken to him – and I had never talked to him about “computer”. Like I said, he was remembering me as if I were a different person. Specifically, he was remembering me as the non-existent David Chin the twin brother of Lawrence Chin who was a computer programmer, so that the surveillance above us might pick up another piece of evidence for the International Court that I was the Chinese secret agent David Chin pretending here to be Lawrence Chin. “Why are you trying to make up stories about me?” I asked. Then he simply admitted “faulty memory” (12:30). “Is it okay to have a faulty memory?” he asked rhetorically. It's okay if that's actually the case, but that isn't the case here, I mumbled. My heart sank as I realized that even my therapist had been recruited by Mr Secretary and the Agency to put on an act in front of me as if I were someone else. Defeated, I thus turned instead to my story, and asked him if he remembered where I broke off the last time. Greg tried to summarize what I told him the last time, and he produced such a confusing and confused account – without even the mention of the International Court of Justice – that I felt my life force streaming out of me: that I was going to China, but that there were Homeland Security and the CIA, but that I did go to China. Greg noticed my shock, and asked about it. I told him that I was devastated because he might have purposely not tried to remember my story correctly. Then I tried to summarize my story again from 16:00 onward. Life was simply not worth living when everyone around you was so mentally confused and deficient as to remember your

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67616B3B0EEBC99109BFDE528F9D84A2754AD924816BEAD1F6BCF4B21BD5D4BBCEE92E50F5266E17D86FB942
CC65A5633FC1A514A6F40DF83376C251ADEFF90C

coherent story only as a mumble jumble of “CIA and Homeland Security”, making *you* look insane instead.

On 18:50 I made the remark that, since the “Authority” would simply tell him what to say to me, there was really no point in telling him about my story. I thus tried to quickly finish up the story. Then I stopped, out of extraordinary hopelessness – I had no voice. There was no way that Greg would remember a story as complex as mine, and I furthermore mentioned that he would be reporting to law enforcement that I was schizophrenic in imagining up this story of mine – about this I was of course wrong (around 23:00 or so). I mentioned Mr Secretary's tactic on 27:00, that he might have created a separate identity for me saying I wasn't me and didn't do any of the things I did before – my drawings, my book *The Path toward Scientific Enlightenment*, and my story “My experience...”. Greg then inserted another idiotic question, almost as if to provoke me: “What happened to your drawings? Did the government take them?” Of course the government took a few of them, but that's not the point. Out of extraordinary hopelessness, I was quiet for a few seconds, and then clarified that what the government did was to argue in the International Court that I didn't do my drawings (29:05). By 30:00 I was about to faint because, pretending or not, Greg was so incredibly mentally deficient in not being able to understand my narrative. Nevertheless I got to my complaint, that I was so attached to Karin and tried so hard to do things to please her, but that she and her group were only interested in following the instruction of “Authority” to stage all the circumstances around me in order to create fake “evidence” showing that I was someone else pretending to be me. In the end, there was no possibility of my becoming part of Karin's group. By 54:30, I told him how disappointed I was, for I was merely looking for support, and yet I couldn't find it here in this therapy room. We then discussed the depressing fact about my inability to control what lies the government would manufacture about me, and the fact that, while telling another person about my problem was supposed to make me feel better, it was making me feel worse in this case because the therapist was twisting my narrative into something else, something stupid and confusing, in order to make me look crazy (56:00 onward). I was completely isolated. This failed therapy session ended on 1:05:00. Before you buy into Greg's criticism of me – criticizing everything which came out of his mouth – at the end of this session, you really should remind yourself of the narrative I told him during our first session and then compare to it his gibberish and nonsensical summary of what I had told him; then you'll see how badly he had failed as a therapist for a Borderline Personality who needed a sympathetic ear. Unless, of course, the function of a therapist is something else than listening to the problems of the patient, at least as a first step. To be fair, Greg was most likely pretending to be deficient in memory, since, insofar as he had been briefed as to how to act toward me – namely, to make up that story about my love for my computer – he must have been briefed also with the same lies about the devilish acts of the devilish director of China's Ministry of State Security, in accordance with the personality of Mr Secretary – and hence he must have known something about the International Court of Justice trial over me. (Supposedly, he was told the same thing which Karin was told, the MSS director's perpetration of 911 attacks included.) He might have pretended to be confused in order to create the impression for the judges in the International Court that he, along with everyone else, had not been coached by the Authority at all as to how to act toward me.

Then, after the therapy session, when I returned to Westwood Village, I registered an account at Stamp Your Documents dot Com, a service to help one prove one's authorship. I first saw the advertisement of this service a long time ago, back in the summer of 2007. I didn't think that there was an ultimate way for me to prove that I had written this or that, but trying it out was better than nothing. The “ultimate way” upon which I eventually settled was just videotaping myself writing.

On the next day, July 31, I went to another appointment with Jill and Christi at the Alcott Center. Jill wanted me to come in for this appointment in order to explain to me why her Center would not admit me as a client. The meeting is recorded in: “[with jill weiss 7-31-08 1030AM.wma](#)”² Jill and Christi can be heard inviting me to their office on 3:00. Christi mentioned the DBT group in Edelman, namely, the Dialectical Behavioral Therapy devised specifically for Borderline Personality Disorder (4:20). Rather than coming to this Center, she wanted me to attend this group therapy at Edelman. I of course mentioned to Jill my erroneous impression that my past social worker Deborah G at Edelman had been reporting me to law enforcement behind my back. Christi told me on 13:30, after she spoke with someone at Edelman, that I would be welcome back there following an intake, although there might be a waiting list for the DBT program. We spent a lot of time discussing my fear that everyone was and would be secretly reporting me to law enforcement; I was misled into this false hypothesis and making myself look delusional simply because I couldn't imagine another way in which people's talking nonsense to me as if I corresponded to that nonsense could enter into the evidentiary record of the International Court of Justice. It would take another six months before I would realize that, instead of reporting me, everyone was just talking to surveillance.

Little would I expect that this referral was merely a trap. On the morning of August 1, a Friday, around 10:40 AM, I followed Jill's instruction and arrived at Edelman. The recording of my visit is in: “[at edelman trying to reopen case aug-1-08_1043AM.wma](#)”³ After telling the receptionist – who always annoyed me by pretending to not know who I was – about my purpose, I was met by a different, rather annoying short woman who said she was to handle this. I came in with her to the hallway on 4:15 in the recording. We came to a table by the edge of the hallway. I told her I was referred here for the DBT program. She acted as if she didn't know what I was here for at all. “What's your zip code?” she asked. Then she contradicted everything I was told: “You are not going to see Deborah G” (5:45). And she furthermore told me to go to a clinic closer to me. She said there was no intake on Friday (7:00). I started moaning because of my frustration with all this (what seemed to be) orchestrated confusion. Jill told me to come here after Christi spoke with someone here, I followed the instruction, and yet I would only run into a wall. “I was told about the DBT program and I was told I can see Deborah G again”, I said; I felt I was lied to. She just said coldly that I could see her instead. “I don't want to see you; I want to see Deborah G” (8:15). She then pretended to not even know what DBT

2 with jill weiss 7-31-08 1030AM.wma 463ce91fdaacc3df013e3777c32a30b4a
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3 at edelman trying to reopen case aug-1-08_1043AM.wma ede919946b3ac228e3d5ba9d9a521edb
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1:50:00 AM 11/7/2008 1:50:00 AM 13,964,387

meant, and yet she asked me what my symptoms were. “I don't have any symptoms. I am just pissed off because I was lied to,” I retorted. I then noticed that she wasn't transcribing my words correctly. I thus requested that she read out what she wrote on the paper. “I used to have a case here. I want to reopen my case. I want to see Deborah [G] and start the 'BBD' program” (9:40). “DBT,” I yelled. “DBT,” she repeated, and then continued: “... I want to talk to Deborah [G].” I grew more frustrated than ever. When I realized that she was purposely writing down something else than what I said in order to make me appear disoriented, obsessive with Deborah, and childish, I told her angrily, “You have to cross that out,” pointing out the last line “I want to talk to Deborah [G].” I asked her to write down exactly what I said: “I was referred here by the Alcott Center for the DBT program.” (11:20) Then I insisted she cross out the last line because what I said was “I want to reopen my case with Deborah” and not “I want to talk to her”. She described the incident as if I, obsessive and acting on my impulse to harass females, suddenly showed up demanding to see Deborah right on the spot, when I was merely requesting to reopen my case with her such as I had been led to expect. Evidently Mr Secretary was in the process of obtaining another piece of evidence, as he had done before, showing that this David Chin, the twin brother of Lawrence Chin, was not only mentally confused about some non-existent “BBD” program but was acting out his misogynist aggression and possessiveness by demanding his former social worker to appear in front of him just as possessive ex-boyfriend often did his former girlfriend who could no longer stand him. Well, the evidence was obtained, since in the surveillance intercept of this episode my side of the interaction would not even show up and there would be no explanation that I was actually following instruction to show up. This short and annoying woman had obviously been instructed by Mr Secretary's suit team to simply talk to me as if I were this possessive and aggressive creature, causing me frustration in interacting with her since I was trying to communicate something else. She then began asking me about medication (12:00). I got so fed up that I just got up and left. I would never bother with some “DBT” program again, which was a smart move.

There was a rather minor event on August 2, which however did illustrate my fear about giving out my name that was to have quite an implication in the unseen universe of the evidentiary record of the International Court. It was around 4 PM, and I was on the 720 bus going to Westwood. Suddenly, a black woman sat down next to me and started talking to me. Out of depression I responded to her, but soon I started wondering if this might be an operation and so turned on my ICD-B600 recorder in the middle of our talk: “[w_stranger_on_720bus_8_2_08_427PM.wma](#)”.⁴ The recording starts when I was telling the woman about the dilemma of how unhappy people were unable to get out of unhappiness since it was easy for happy people to get happier because everyone wanted to be with happy people and unhappy people always became unhappier because no one wanted to be with unhappy people, just as rich people always had the means to get richer and poor people could only get poorer because they lacked the means to reinvest and make more money. I thought I was offering her some sort of insight but she just perfunctorily said “You're right” and, lacking interest, moved on to what seemed to be her point in talking to me: she wanted me to go to the Mission in downtown. I didn't know what was in

4 C:\Users\Marie\Documents\recording_toshiba 4\w_stranger_on_720bus_8_2_08_427PM.wma
7F79ED792B9AE53A6DDBBA3825F130B3 573BFB3D9E33C6C1CA4C61FC109679ACD1716C35
CF6A1AD683CBBDD17CA241287645CBC9C173D5604044337F4ECFCDEBC10E1907
7D98A5B9D906A4260A7A2C2F578AC1689CAADDFB6FB9C0D7D7A8CBCCB8F62636F5BB5C8A547ACD813D
6CF17A133D1218396A23F0CC8818811E779683D20AEDDC

store for me there and I never did go – until about a year later for another reason. But when we both got off the bus on Wilshire and Westwood, she asked me for my name, and, hesitant because everyone had been asking me for my name out of the blue – perhaps they wanted to falsely report me to law enforcement? – I just said “Chang”, namely, intentionally being vague by picking out some transliterated Chinese garbage from my middle name. But the surveillance intercept was thus had; I had just incidentally helped Mr Secretary produce another piece of evidence at the International Court for my supposed habit of assuming false identities.

At the Orthodox Church, August 3 2008

On August 3 I was back at the Orthodox church. The recording in my ICD-B600 of my time there has also been transferred out of the recorder twice. The second time resulted in the files:

“redo_orthodox_church_8-3-08_1044AM_part_1_(141).wma”⁵, “redo_orthodox_church_8-3-08_1044AM_part_2_(336).wma”, and “redo_orthodox_church_8-3-08_1044AM_part_3.wma”.⁶

I arrived at the church in the middle of the service which ended on 56:00 in the first file. I soon hooked up with Tony and John and they graciously decided to take me to lunch with them, just the thing I needed at this time. Because my wish to become part of Karin's group couldn't be fulfilled, I had been so plagued by feeling of emptiness inside – the most typical symptom of Borderline Personality Disorder – that I desperately needed interaction with someone to fill up the hole. I'm not aware of any evidence being produced this day, but I shall recount my time with Tony and John since it makes for such a good lesson on how a Borderline Personality responds to government's destruction of his *Mitsein*, to use Heidegger's terminology.

I met up with Tony and John after the crowd had pretty much dispersed, around 33:00 in the second

- 5 C:\Users\Marie\Documents\recordings_toshiba\redo_orthodox_church_8-3-08_1044AM_part_1_(141).wma
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A270FCDF9648A5E7181EAF8FF7E15C71AB9C057B439657A3EC05230E76A81863B67AC99D5E7C241787079D
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redo_orthodox_church_8-3-08_1044AM_part_2_(336).wma 55FB57A6E99A6FC55AF9D59AC13769F2
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5F984DC0DC38A93D291F4A37370AD6E931F84A42F330B55DB5CDF518290BE12BC0F07EA45C79A74EDED6C
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redo_orthodox_church_8-3-08_1044AM_part_3.wma
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recordings_toshiba\redo_orthodox_church_8-3-08_1044AM_part_2_(336).wma 11/15/2008 5:06:52 AM
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recordings_toshiba\redo_orthodox_church_8-3-08_1044AM_part_3.wma 11/17/2008 4:26:44 AM 3/17/2011
12:31:21 PM 40,823,567 wma A

recording.⁷ As we were getting ready to go to our designated restaurant on Second Street in Belmont Shore, I told Tony about my psychosomatic pains, that, when I became so depressed, my body would actually ache (49:00). Perhaps you can get from this a notion as to the intensity of my depression around this time. Tony's ear was golden in that he had been working as a nurse in a mental hospital since the longest time, and he joked that he had so much experience that he sometimes taught doctors what to do (53:00). Then, while we were talking about DSM-IV in the car, I told him that this diagnostic manual was one of the most enlightening books I had ever read – it listed all the templates, like Platonic forms (*ideas*), of which all those personalities I had met in my life were mere actualizations. I then talked about how insurance normally wouldn't cover personality disorders, such that I would often have to accept the inaccurate label of Schizoaffective Disorder in order to prompt insurance to pay for my treatment (until 56:00). We parked our cars by 1:04:00, and, as we walked into the restaurant, I remarked to a woman sitting there with her dog that I really wished I were her dog (1:07:00). I was quite sincere: this was how depressed I had become.

When we sat down I had to use Tony to unload the burden that was weighing upon my psyche and ask him if police had come by to spread bad rumors about me – thus making myself look delusional (1:08:00). In reality, of course, Mr Secretary had simply sent agents to secretly instruct all the people around me as to how to act in front of me, copying the way in which the Agency ran recruitment operation back in 2006, namely, by secretly instructing everyone around me to put up an act. Tony laughed it off. At some point I asked Tony if he had heard of DBT. He did, and proceeded to tell me about EMDR, a treatment regiment specifically designed for traumatized individuals (until 1:26:30). When I told him that I had Borderline Personality Disorder, he added the enlightening remark that BPD was in many ways similar to Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, something born of trauma. Tony then noted that only those who were motivated to get better could get better with any of these cognitive behavioral treatments (until 1:29:00). He next noted that, sometimes, it was the match of personalities between the patient and the therapist which really mattered. He was being very insightful. I then told Tony about my fear that police may be spreading false information about me among my meetup groups (1:35:00), and that this fear kept me isolated and worsened my depression in that I was now afraid to talk to anybody because I was afraid that anyone I talked to would falsely report me to the police (1:57:00). I told him that, before, Karin's bunch were merely recruited to help Authority investigate me, but that now it was different, that now it was worse. Again, even though I was correct in my belief that everyone's reaction toward me was coached by the Authority in order to become evidence at the International Court confirming that I had a criminal personality which I didn't have and that I wasn't myself, because I was incorrect in my belief about the mechanism by which this reaction would reach the Court as evidence – I thought it was through false reports to law enforcement rather than through faulty surveillance above me which would entail no “real world” legal consequences for me – I talked in a way as if I were delusional.

⁷ There was my interaction with Sophia in the earlier part of this recording, from 5:00 onward. We were looking over the books in the book store and she wanted me to read theology books and books on saints to better myself. Given my severe depression and feeling of emptiness inside, of course I couldn't muster the slightest interest for these. Then Father John greeted me on 7:00, and agreed that I could make an appointment with him. Sophia then asked me when and where I was baptized (17:00). Then we talked about joining the choir. I was then sitting at a table with a Tony and some other females (27:00). They talked while I looked on. Sophia said goodbye on 31:40.

In the third recording⁸, you can hear me continue complaining to Tony, that I couldn't relate to new people because of the Authority's lies about me, that I wouldn't have such fear with the people I had known for a long time because they wouldn't believe Authority's lies, but that the new people who didn't know me would believe the lies (5:10). Tony then asked me where I was born. "Taiwan," I told him truthfully (7:45 or so). I then ventured to tell him more about the fear that was gnawing at me each day, the fear that the government might have created a different person out of me and claimed another person was me. Tony remarked that this was truly paranoia, delusional even (13:00). Save that it was actually true! I then told him how I worried everyday that, one day, someone would come out claiming that all my writings and drawings were his works (until 14:30), how I worried that the new people I was attached to would believe I was only someone else pretending to be myself (20:00). After our talk, Tony was so kind as to pay for the meal (29:30). I was truly embarrassed. After walking about on the Second Street for a little while (46:00), we parted (55:00).

My worry that someone would come out and lay claims to my works was in fact unfounded, the consequence of my inadequate understanding as yet of Mr Secretary's personality – that of a pathological liar who, while striving to be the "elite" of humanity, believed that what defined the superiority of the elite was an exclusive access to truth and the ability to create a fantasy, false, reality for the inferior commoners to dwell in. Ordinary people must believe in the reverse of truth, and must always take the falsehood manufactured by the elite to be the truth. After he should have won the International Court trial, Mr Secretary would definitely obtain Court order for international law enforcement to spread out a fresh alert about me wherever I should go informing the population that I was my twin brother pretending to be myself so that the rest of humanity would always believe in a falsehood about me. At the same time, everyone would obey the accompanying order to keep his or her disbelief about my being myself and the creator of my works an utter secret from me, so that I would also dwell in falsehood, in the illusion that no one doubts that I am who I am just as before. Mr Secretary thus would never order someone to come out claiming that he did my works – for that would allow me to know that no one believes I am who I am. Everyone would then live in the false reality which Mr Secretary the Master of Illusion would have created. Just like Joseph K in Kafka's *The Trial*, who in the beginning of Chapter 3 was denied the right to look at the books on the Examining Magistrate's table, I should say:

“... die Bücher sind wohl Gesetzbücher, und es gehört zu der Art dieses Gerichtswissens, dass man nicht nur unschuldig, sondern auch unwissend verurteilt wird.”

“... these books are probably law books, and it is an essential part of the justice dispensed here, that you should be condemned not only in innocence but also in ignorance.”⁹

On the night of August 5, I was at Elysee in Westwood filming myself drawing for the third time. This time I made a rather cartoonish portrait of both Karin and Gabi together. By this time I had already

⁸ 3:15 in the third recording corresponds approximately to 1:58:00 in the second recording.

⁹ Translation by Willa and Edwin Muir, and revised by E. M. Butler.

How I have been made into a different person: Part II: Karin's Meetups
 Chapter 9: The impossible wish to be known
 Lawrence C. Chin
 Jun. 2009 – Sep. 2011. Revised, Feb. 2013, Jan. – Mar. 2017.

learned how to post videos on my new website www.lawrencechin2008.com, how to embed Windows Media Player on a webpage, and I would soon post the videos of this drawing session: “[lawrence_drawing_karin_and_gabi_part_1.wmv](#)”, “[lawrence_drawing_karin_and_gabi_part_2.wmv](#)”, “[lawrence_drawing_karin_and_gabi_part_3.wmv](#)”, and “[lawrence_drawing_karin_and_gabi_part_4.wmv](#)”.¹⁰



The portrait I made of Karin and Gabi together, 8/5/08

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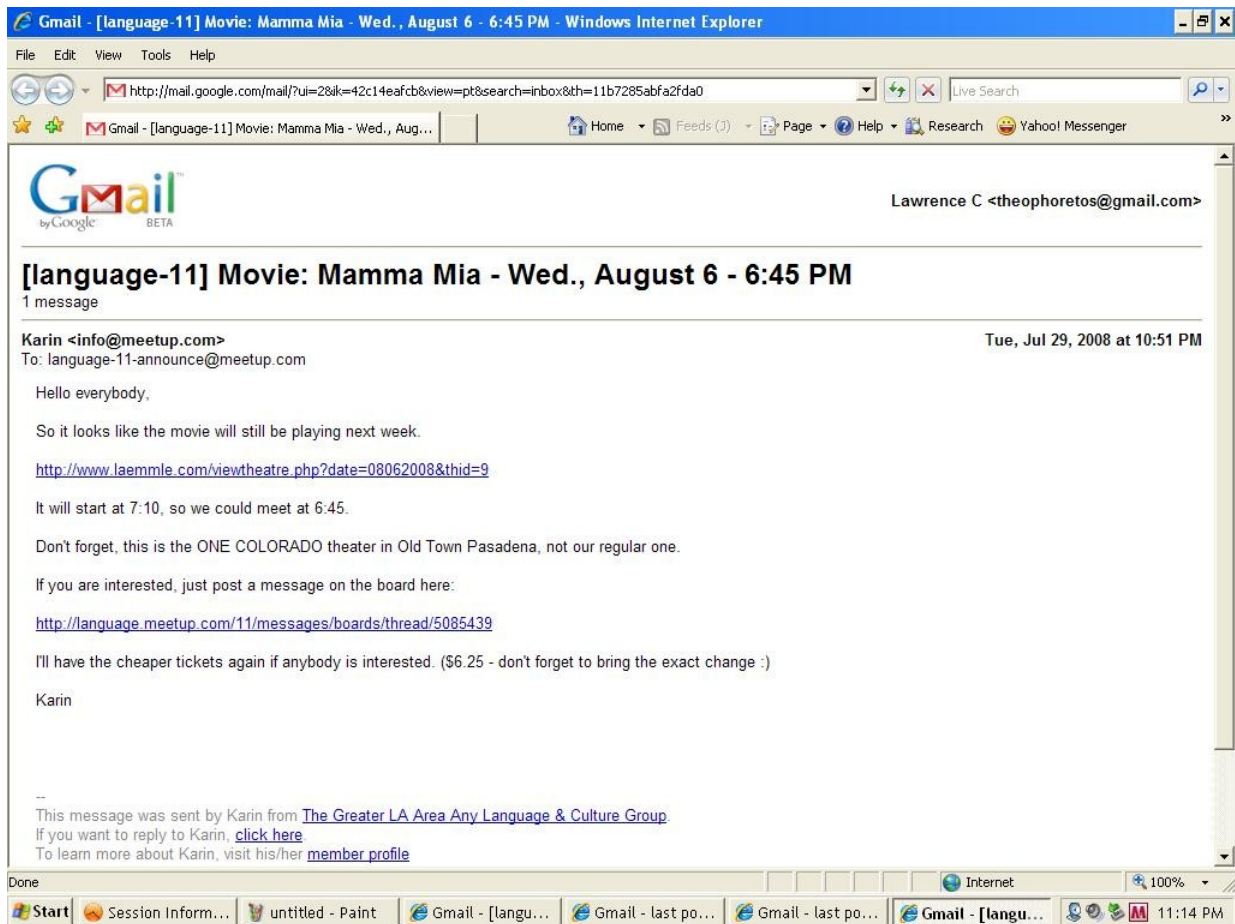
Karin's meetup on August 6: movie “Mamma Mia”

Karin's next meetup was on August 6. That afternoon, I first met with a loan officer at Citi-Financial to take out a loan.¹¹ I had become so broke due to my money-wasting in late June that I had to resort to this. Bad idea, for I would quickly waste away the money and my future income would shrink further insofar as I would from now on have to make monthly payment to Citi-Financial. After Citi-Financial I went to Pasadena to get ready for tonight's meetup. Since I was early, I first stopped by Zona Rosa, and there I chatted briefly with Mireya. That was around 5:30 PM.¹² Mireya had as yet showed no sign of having ever been recruited by the suit team. She graduated from college already, a psychology major. I told her about my drop-outs from graduate school – thrice. “Hard to figure it out, huh,” she laughed (4:15). We then joked about the drinks. Mireya would appear a little more in the subsequent volumes of this long narrative. You should know for now that she was a very special character, one of the most congenial natures you can find on the planet, almost rivaling Marie. She would constitute a stark contrast with Karin whose domineering demeanor and unfairness and whose function as some sort of Mephistopheles would soon become apparent.

After seeing Mireya at Zona Rosa, I strolled to Laemmle's Colorado One in Old Town for tonight's meetup movie, “Mamma Mia”. This would be another important movie in the long series constituting “Operation Movie Watching”, but I would not have the slightest idea until I had watched it about the bizarre theme of this seemingly innocuous movie. Around this time, trees were put up in Old Town for people to make wishes on them. The wishes, it was said, would be transported to Iceland. Out of hopelessness, I actually decided to waste my time by making wishes on the trees here. I first made the stupid wish that Karin pass her law examination – writing the wish down on the small piece of paper provided and then hanging it on the tree. I then made a wish for myself, that the government would not succeed in making the world believe that I wasn't myself and that someone else did my writings and artworks!

- 11 At Sunset Blvd. The meeting is recorded in: “with citifinancial aug 6 08 308pm.wma”.
b071a79ed79071bc061150fd56aa629f a35dd702e693d9a16def8eae7674f1c83eeb88b2 2db79ca4
C:\Users\Marie\Documents\from_gateway\desktop\recordings\with citifinancial aug 6 08 308pm.wma
8/19/2008 2:29:49 PM 8/19/2008 2:29:49 PM 14,355,017 \
- 12 C:\Users\Marie\Documents\from usbs for dvd_2\synmantec_recordings\
at_zona_rosa_(pasadena)_with_maraya_2008_8_6_527PM.wma 11/4/2008 10:29:30 PM 11/4/2008 10:29:30
PM 10,507,087

How I have been made into a different person: Part II: Karin's Meetups
 Chapter 9: The impossible wish to be known
 Lawrence C. Chin
 Jun. 2009 – Sep. 2011. Revised, Feb. 2013, Jan. – Mar. 2017.



Karin's email advertisement for the meetup event “Mamma Mia”

I have recorded this meetup in: “[mu 8-6-08 mamma mia.wma](#)”.¹³ After making my wishes on the tree, I sat around in the square in Old Town and the first person to show up was Kim. Around 3:18 in the recording, I asked her about date and time in order to obtain a time-stamp for the recording. I then commented on 3:48 that a lot of people would come since “It's always like that”: namely, if I should sign up, a lot of people would be sent in by Mr Secretary's suit team. “You didn't post any message on the message board, huh?” I next asked Kim (3:55). We then talked about the disappearance of the wireless network in the square (4:20 onward). On 5:35 Kim suddenly took out her sketch pad and started drawing. Unaware that this was a trap, I took out my sketch pad also (“I always have mine with me”, I responded to Kim on 5:55) and started drawing Kim. “You can draw me and I can draw you,” I said (6:00 or so). “I'll draw you drawing me,” I added on 7:13. On 7:45 I emphatically stated after some barely audible comment from her: “I don't mind people insulting me as long as they mean it.” I then

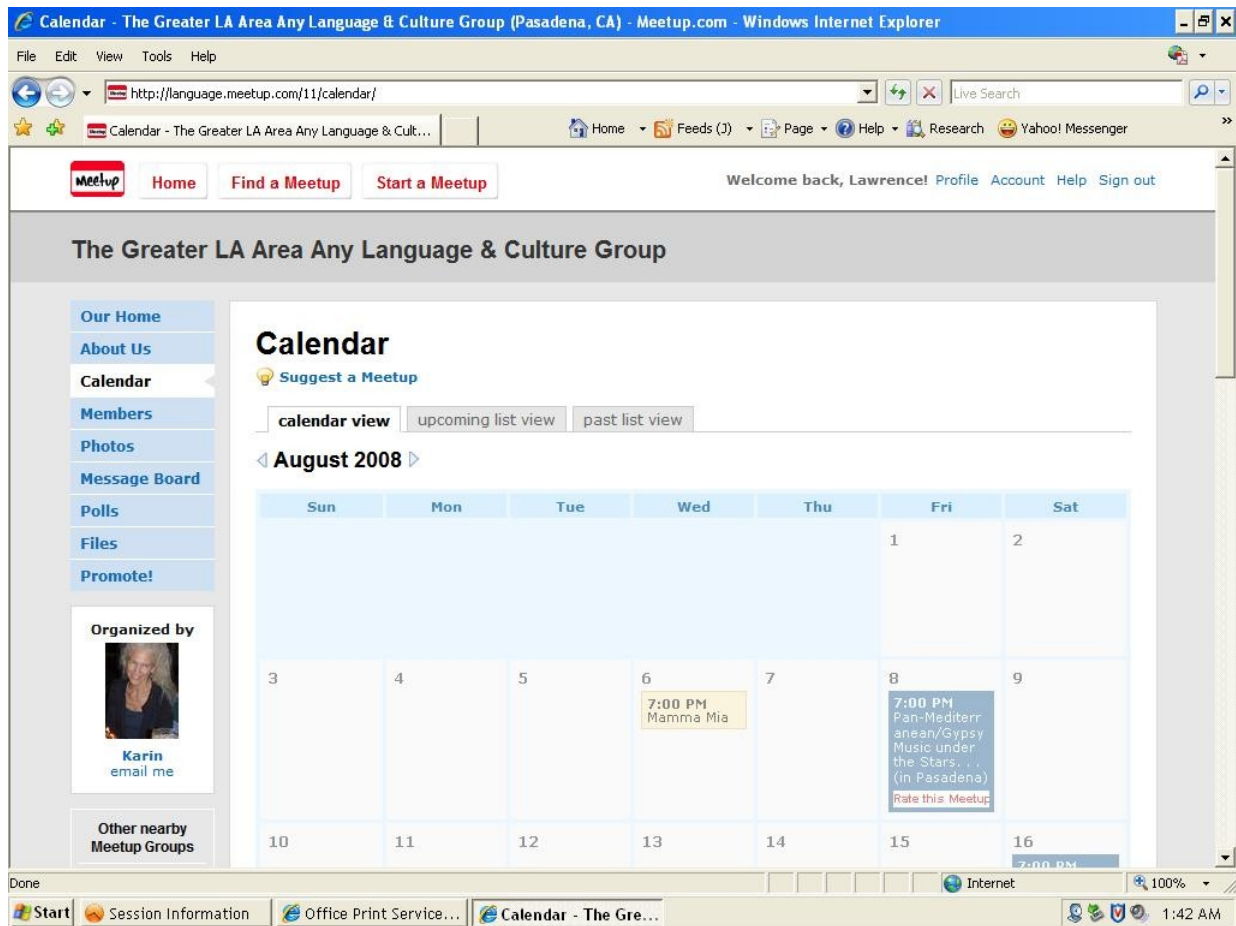
13 mu 8-6-08 mamma mia.wma 8185df8d8326524a64dc02e8ad89a46c
 a47ad3b6a0f3acd2d4d37a309859a9af697bb492 0dea8a49 C:\Users\Marie\Documents\
 from_gateway\desktop\recordings\mu 8-6-08 mamma mia.wma 8/19/2008 4:21:09 AM 8/19/2008 4:21:09 AM
 138,754,957

asked to borrow a pencil and an eraser from her, but I couldn't open her pencil box. "I'm mentally retarded and don't know how to open this," I said out of sarcasm (8:45). While drawing, I commented how Kim had a narrow nose and a wide face (up to 9:50). Then, upon my inquiry, Kim responded that she was taking drawing classes at the Glendale Community College (10:02). The chat that followed while we were both drawing each other consisted in my asking her not to move her lips and about the message she had posted on our Meetup website's discussion forum. I told her on 12:45 that she was not going to like the portrait I drew of her – because I had drawn her with a double chin. "I don't know why people get offended by things like that... What's the point of looking so pretty?" I said out of sarcasm (12:20 or so). Then, on 14:29, Andrew showed up. He laughed at our little game of drawing each other. "As we are drawing each other drawing each other, you are watching us drawing each other drawing each other," I said to Andrew (14:55). As the laughter continued, I then said, "I can also draw him [namely, Andrew] looking at us drawing each other drawing each other." (15:10) Then, "I think I've made you look like Benjamin Franklin," I said to Kim while looking at the poor portrait I had in such a short time produced of her.¹⁴ "It does not turn out well," I repeated. On 20:50 I asked Andrew what time it was; he responded that it was 6:55 PM. Then, on 21:56, Karin showed up and pretended to be surprised at our little "drawing party." "I'm drawing her drawing me," I shouted to Karin, hoping to make her laugh. "Super!" she said. Karin then commented to Andrew that she was "always late" (22:33) – a pattern which had prompted me to suspect for a while by now that she was actually instructed by her handler to arrive late. Some insignificant chat then followed between Karin and Andrew. As we were looking at the wishes people had posted on the trees, I noticed a particularly bizarre one: "Look at that: 'I wish so and so's brother would die!'" (23:48) "What did you do in the past two weeks?" I asked Karin on 24:00. I was still vainly hoping to have a normal but meaningful conversation with her just as she had always had with the other people in her group. "Studying," she replied – and that's all she ever said to me. She then resumed her conversation with Andrew, telling him about how her law study program was online, how she procrastinated too much, etc. "Have you heard from Gabi?" I asked Karin again on 24:40 or so. "Yeah," Karin responded: "She's in northern Germany right now." "She writes you everyday?" I then asked. "No," Karin said, "She's busy. She wanted to enjoy [something inaudible] with her friend" (25:00). "She hasn't been in Germany in [so many] years," Karin added. "For me it's very handy, because I gave her a shopping list," Karin laughed (25:25). The insignificant chat then continued. Then Karin recounted a movie event from before which she didn't want me to attend (27:00). "The movie was about a comedian," Karin said. Karin had scheduled this event some time after the movie event "Live and Become" and, at the time, she indicated to me online that she didn't want me to show up – evidently because it was her private event and not an operation directed by Mr Secretary's "suit team". When I asked her about it, Karin responded that she saw the movie with Michelangelo (27:20). After some more chitchat, we walked by 31:10 to the theater's ticket booth and got our tickets from Karin. While Karin and Andrew continued the conversation between them, I tried to cut in once more: "Documentaries are the best films... What about Jacqueline, though?"(35:00 or so) When we walked into the theater, I pointed to the movie poster

14 The portrait can later be seen in one of my video-diaries more than a year later: -19:45 in "[10_15_09_str.wmv](#)"
53b040cf370880571fad68eb5046bd3 782614b06a026e6e0e517fdc5999faa88e457dbd 86b05034
C:\Users\Marie\Videos\vid_10_19_09\10_15_09_str.wmv 10/19/2009 5:15:24 AM 10/19/2009 5:15:24
AM 320,148,386

How I have been made into a different person: Part II: Karin's Meetups
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on the wall, “Ma vie en rose”, and told everybody what a great movie it was, how it was the first movie I saw when I was in Belgium in 1997 (35:50 or so). Karin had apparently never seen this movie, and so I described it to her. We finally ran into Jacqueline and her boyfriend inside the theater on 36:40 or so. Jacqueline, Andrew, and Karin then talked among themselves about some other movies. Then Karin repeated the same story about the accident in Santorini in October 2007 (39:20 or so). I desperately tried to join the chat on 45:25 or so (“Which movie?...”), but was simply ignored. Since the movie was taking a while to start, I tried again by talking about my experience in working in movie theaters.



“Mamma Mia” as listed on our Meetup calendar

Now why had Mr Secretary instructed Kim to do drawing in front of me? Since Mr Secretary couldn't have predicted that I would be drawing too, the operation as it was originally planned would not have included my part in the drawing party. Most likely, Kim's “mission” was simply to enable the faulty surveillance Machine to confuse her with me so that evidence may be produced indicating that I did not have artistic talent at all but was taking introductory classes on drawing only in order to feign it. *Since Kim's drawing was of obvious poor quality and betrayed precisely a lack of artistic talent*, that would have been attributed to me in the evidentiary record of the International Court. I only vaguely thought

of this at the time, as I wrote on my blog on the next day (“Back to the problem of drawing again”, August 7 2008, on 8:34 PM):

“Yesterday the German Lady had a meetup to see 'Mamma Mia'. I arrived first and Kim then came. She took out her sketch pad and I followed suit and we started drawing each other drawing each other. I don't know if this was a trick devised by those planners in Homeland Security; I just noticed that, when the German Lady came, she avoided seeing me drawing as she had done before whenever I happened to be drawing during the meetup. Perhaps the Authority still needs a profile of me as not being able to draw but claiming the fake Lawrence's drawings as my own, in order to use it as evidence in the International Court and UN Security Council (they need to falsely argue that I'm a fraud), and they thus need the German Lady's testimony [or rather, an intercept] that she never actually saw me draw at all. I don't know.”

As I have noted, it was only when I watched the movie all the way to the end that I began noticing something was terribly wrong. It was another movie about identity confusion: the daughter in the movie couldn't figure out which of the three men was her father. The movie ended, we exited, and, by 2:49:00 or so, we were all standing around – Karin's meetup had accomplished their mission once more. Since Mr Secretary's argument in the International Court was that I was actually my twin brother pretending to be myself, his purpose in instructing Karin to lure me to see this movies was quite clear. He must have argued that my “love for this movie” indicated that I derived tremendous pleasure from other people's inability to distinguish between me and my brother, just as the main character in this movie had difficulty in distinguishing between the three fathers, which would then be another piece of “circumstantial evidence” that I probably, as the twin brother of myself David Chin, had been habitually pretending to be Lawrence Chin simply as a matter of entertainment, and that therefore this time, in flying to China, I was probably also merely pretending to be Lawrence Chin. Mr Secretary's argument may in fact have gone a little further than this, but I shall leave it aside until I narrate to you the next Meetup movie which is of a similar sort. “One of the better musicals I have seen,” Jacqueline's boyfriend commented as we were all walking out of the theater. As soon as we had all stepped outside, however, Karin was ready to leave. “Please don't go,” I begged Karin on 2:52:25 – since my only objective in coming to see the movie was to spend some time with her. But she just laughed and proceeded to leave. She – and everyone else – really had no interest in having me around other than getting me to see another weird movie so that Mr Secretary could produce for the International Court more evidences to erase my identity and frame the Chinese intelligence service for non-existent crimes while exonerating himself. Since Karin had left, I left also by 2:54:00 – in sadness and boredom, having had no real socialization at all and knowing that I had just seen another boring and weird “Operation Meetup” movie.

Karin's meetup on August 8, concert “Pan-Mediterranean”

Karin had another meetup scheduled in just two days after this event, on August 8, which was a Friday. We were to see a concert performance at Memorial Park, Pasadena. This event is recorded in: “[mu 8-8-08 pan-medit memorial park part 1 \(107\).wma](#)” and “[mu 8-8-08 pan-medit memorial park part 2](#)”

(148).wma”.¹⁵ Karin came with Marianne on 9:00 in the recording. Michelle and “John from Glendale” soon showed up too. A very subtle piece of evidence was produced when I attended this concert event, which I will mention below. For now I want to recount this. On 26:00 I expressed to Karin and Marianne my view about the injustice of the justice system which the Anglo-Americans had invented for our world, a system founded on the principle of adversarial confrontation between the prosecuting team and the defense team, resulting in a situation where no one cared about the truth. The prosecutor would try to convict the defendant even if he knew the defendant was innocent – and this he called his “duty” – and evidences could be excluded from trial through technicalities even when these told an essential part of the truth. I argued that the court should admit all evidences regardless of technicalities as long as the evidences told the truth; if truth was procured through torture then it should still be admitted as evidence simply because it was the truth. “How do you know when you torture someone he is telling the truth?” Karin asked strategically. “Well that’s why I’m against torture. But if torture can get to the truth, then I wouldn’t be against it.” My intention here was to convey to Karin indirectly the fact that I had been framed and that what her handler had told her about me wasn’t true: I was each day weighted down by the fear, you recall, that Karin had been told that I wasn’t who I was and didn’t do the portraits I did of her – which fear would eventually prove to be wrong. On this afternoon I also presented to Karin my new cartoonish portrait showing her and Gabi together, trying one more time to stir up in her some good will toward me. But of course she couldn’t care less about the portrait. Then, in my desperate attempt to prove to everyone once more that I did the drawings which I said I did – since so far no one had visited my newly created website www.lawrencechin2008.com the links to which I had inserted here and there on our Meetup website and on which I displayed one after another the videos I had shot of myself drawing Karin, Ala, and Gabi – I drew right there and then a quick portrait of Virginia, who had also shown up and was sitting on the grass in the distance. This attempt was also futile, for no one really cared.

15 C:\Users\Marie\Documents\n4-attachments\attachment_final\meetup1\mu 8-8-08 pan-medit memorial park part 1 (107).wma 19EDD5EB113D59A4D7E10E9DEBFA69D0 F0574096E87429394F4846AB68C9F40CF011D5BD 2394A1C65D0FEB91CB29C9AF12C6BB54892143812830255BF97BC98449A83A5134B9DF9656BBC62F35F335D766 7FE9A3DE4459F6CD658583E7EF9019740F24F3
C:\Users\Marie\Documents\n4-attachments\attachment_final\meetup1\mu 8-8-08 pan-medit memorial park part 2 (148).wma DF5BD279C8A9A45A54B535DB819CE2AF 2A08776E5524337664D5AF64633EB4AB9C65E766



The quick portrait of Virginia which I did on August 8 2008

With Ala at Zona Rosa on August 9

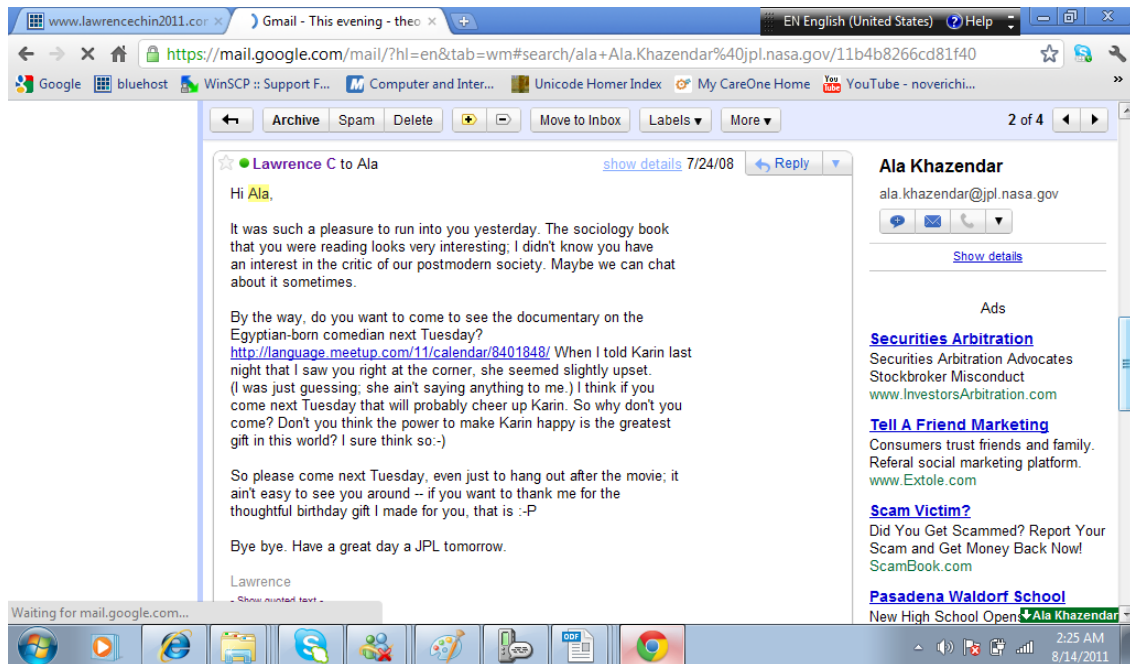
My depression intensified each day as it became ever more evident that I could never get out of the sorrowful state that no one in Karin's meetup wanted me there had there not been the reason to run operations on me and produce evidences with which Mr Secretary and the Agency could destroy the Chinese intelligence service in the International Court of Justice, and moreover that no one really cared whether I was Lawrence Chin and whether I was endowed with any talents at all. I began despairing over the fact that no one cared anything about me – about my past, about my talents, about the education, substance, and sensibilities inside me, and finally about the depression I was going through. Jacqueline advertised on our meetup website a concert of some sort which was set to take place on August 9, up the hill in Altadena. Sad and at a loss as to what to do, I began contemplating on going there. On the afternoon of August 9, as I wandered to Zona Rosa still deciding whether I should go, I ran into Ala again. He didn't seem too happy to see me the previous time when I ran into him in this coffeehouse, but this time he seemed to be welcoming. Zona Rosa would from now on be the only place where I could meet with Ala since he would never appear again in Karin's meetups. Remember Karin's disgruntled muttering on July 23: “Well I guess he is not interested in the movie”? It had since then occurred to me that, although Karin and Ala had a relationship together, Ala suddenly withdrew from it and had then refused to see Karin face to face. Karin seemed quite disappointed by this. This was why, on July 24, as part of my continued adoration of Karin – which was supposed to be selfless – I wrote Ala an email begging him to come to Karin's next meetup in order to cheer her up: “Don't you think the power to make Karin happy is the greatest gift in the world?” (See the screenshot below.) My

sentimentalism was quite unbearable here, to be sure. In any case, the recording of my encounter with Ala on August 9 was also transferred three times out of my Sony recorder. The first time resulted in the unsatisfactory file: “with ala 8-09-08.wma”, and the second time resulted in the file: “with ala 8-09-08 v2.wma”.¹⁶ The third time resulted in the file: “redo_w_ala_8_9_08_538PM.wma”.¹⁷ The references below are to the last recording.

16 C:\Users\ms paradise.msparadise-PC\Desktop\recordings\with ala 8-09-08 v2.wma
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CE5D1BE975BF2B07F27BBF225CF040EFF148D451378822153CBEA6D9
C95E1E322E756899530713C2B54C9CB6685926CC5617E91C3CD152AFB4B013BC
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D6EFC763
7BF3B98FF9FFEF4C6F39F2C9F199EFE52B17F2E7733FFC64FEACDD75DC9461EB94192F8ED7C073DC0407C5
82FD10568CEA5F791A49794C24A2B7EDA8962C10A3 C:\Users\ms paradise.msparadise-PC\Desktop\recordings\
with ala 8-09-08.wma F6B5D01B2F73C532BED03070CC0D92BC
DD616B67A71F4CDFC83C931F439CBA0520969938
2385BBB53E55F42B9E12AF24DBAB02A603518A941F97F9A553EDA811
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17 Filename : redo_w_ala_8_9_08_538PM.wma
MD5 : 7e7c104dcc27f3ebcf07a0f4879ae841
SHA1 : eb838cc4c6e545e0112c516e0d67857a8d293b16
CRC32 : e485dfdc
Full Path : C:\Users\Marie\Documents\n4-attachments\attachment_final\meetup2\redo_w_ala_8_9_08_538PM.wma
Modified Time : 2/14/2009 5:58:27 PM
Created Time : 2/14/2009 5:58:27 PM
File Size : 66,748,827
Extension : wma

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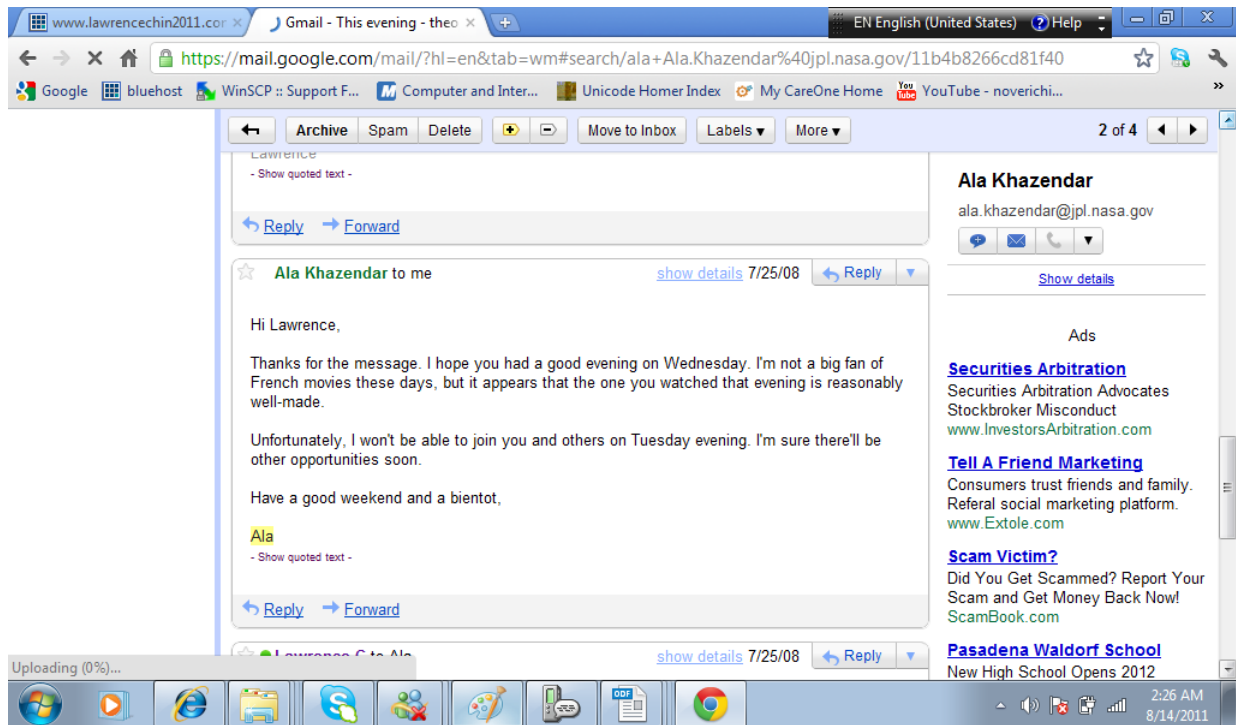
My email to Ala, 7/24/08

My attitude toward Ala as Karin's "special one" was quite akin to young Rousseau's attitude toward that Claude Anet, the lover of Rousseau's first love, Mme de Warrens, his *Maman*:

"... instead of feeling any aversion to the person [i.e. Anet] who had advantage over me, I found the attachment I felt for her actually extended to him. I desired her happiness above all things, and since he was concerned in her plan of felicity, I was content he should be happy likewise..."¹⁸

18 From *Confessions*, cited in Will and Ariel Durant, *Rousseau and Revolution*, p. 12.

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Ala's response to my email, 7/25/08

As soon as I sat down in front of Ala it became apparent that he had been instructed by his handler from Mr Secretary's suit team to wait for me here – Mr Secretary and the Agency could tell from their “true surveillance” on me, when they saw me stepping onto bus 485, that I was about to come to Zona Rosa, and Ala lived only 200 feet away from the coffeehouse. The stuff which Ala had in front of him immediately raised a red flag in my head: a French left-wing newspaper turned to the page which featured an article entitled: “Comment fut inventé le peuple juif” (1:45) and a book on modern China written by a certain “Spencer” (2:00). But the emptiness I felt inside and the depression I was experiencing prompted me to desire the drug in front of me, and so I didn't escape from Ala. I wanted to show off a little about myself, the true substance inside me which no one knew about, and so, with Spencer's book as my springboard, I mentioned Oswald Spengler's universal life-cycle of civilizations (3:45). I got into my theory that the Chinese civilization had already died with the Manchus and that right now it was a new Chinese civilization which was emerging. When I asked Ala why he would have an interest in modern Chinese history, he just replied that China was becoming more and more important and yet that Chinese authors were rarely mentioned. Then Ala asked me how to pronounce the Chinese names according to the Pinyin which was expounded in the book. I had to warn him that I didn't know Pinyin very well and that I was only able to guess because I knew the Chinese characters behind the names. “I thought you are taught Pinyin at school,” he asked me on 9:20. I had to explain that I grew up in Taiwan where Pinyin was not used. Nine days later, when I would write about this encounter with Ala, I would again give a half-correct and half-incorrect understanding of the reason for this “operation”: “Very likely he did this so that he could rumor about it to others, and this so that somebody will eventually falsely report to law enforcement (Secret Service, again) saying I was the

one who had showed keen interest in the article and took pride in being the expert in Chinese civilization (the rumoring and reporting being a staged show directed by the planners in Homeland Security). The false report would then be used both in the International Court of Justice and UN Security Council and also in my law enforcement file to falsely establish my left-wing radicalism and Chinese nationalist bent.” In reality, what had probably happened was that the Machine had simply confused Ala with me, producing for the International Court a piece of evidence demonstrating I had been reading a French newspaper and showing great interest in the article “Comment fut inventé le peuple juif”. This evidence would corroborate Mr Secretary's scenario, firstly, that I was David Chin the twin brother of Lawrence Chin insofar as Lawrence Chin, according to the erroneous document which the Big Sister had passed to the Chinese, supposedly knew no French; and secondly that this David Chin harbored this ambivalent attitude toward the Jewish people – hatred intermingled with fascination – which served for Mr Secretary not only as circumstantial evidence explaining my motive for participating in a fraud to harm him, but also as part of his psychological warfare to bias the judges in the International Court against the MSS director in that there must have been among them some who were of Jewish descent. As for Ala's persistent request for me to tutor him about Pingying, the purpose here was probably to enable the Machine to intercept his statement “I thought you are taught Pingying in school” so vaguely that it became evidence that I had admitted I was born and grew up in China and not in Taiwan. I would learn subsequently that the Machine's interception of conversations was often episodic, so that, such as in this instance, after intercepting Ala's statement, the Machine would fail to intercept his following statement, “Oh because you are born in Taiwan”, all the while blacking out the things I had said in the intercept. It turned out that Mr Secretary just needed another piece of evidence indicating that I had admitted to others that I was born in China – considering how reluctant I had been so far to fall into his traps and tell others I was from China.

From 12:00 onward I told Ala about my fear that people might be spreading false rumors about me, and how I was hesitant to go to meetups when Karin was not there – for people might then tell Karin falsehood about me and she might believe it. I told Ala further about my impression that people were told falsehood about me, but that no one would tell me what it was (13:30 or so). I was being very vague because I couldn't speak of Homeland Security and law enforcement's false alerts to Karin in September 2007: the bizarre burden I carried in my psyche everyday was reinforcing itself in that it prevented me from talking about it freely and thus from unloading it. And yet, the governing principle of a Borderline Personality was catharsis – the need to let others know what she or he was experiencing inside, the need to process feelings externally. At some point a motorcycle sped by roaring without a muffler. Ala sneered at it and remarked that that motorcyclist did this because the only meaning he could derive from his life consisted in making noises. Thereupon an interesting discussion ensued between us about the meaning of life (from 24:00 onward). Ala was of the opinion that, intrinsically – for the matter was rather complicated, said he – there was no meaning to life. I had to bring up the fact that my two most admired “enlightened masters” in the past, Plato and Buddha, both proposed the same meaning of life, namely, the preparation for death. I then told him about my theory about the meaning of life, namely, according to the “thermodynamic interpretation of history” which I had written, there *was* an intrinsic meaning to life, and that meaning was to eat, defecate, and reproduce. “If you call *that* the meaning of life, yes,” answered Ala. Following upon Ala's denial that this was a valid view at all, I

concluded: “So the problem is not that there is no meaning to life, but that people are not satisfied with the intrinsic meaning of life” (28:45). After this short philosophical exchange our conversation returned to the topic about my fear. Ala tried to dissuade me once more from the suspicion I was harboring about people – that “police” was alerting people about me and so on – but then encouraged me specifically: “Just keep doing what you are doing, and you'll be fine” (30:30). Again, I was increasingly making myself look ridiculous and delusional with my erroneous hermeneutics that law enforcement was falsely alerting Karin's meetups about me – something which no longer occurred but which was now replaced by secret coaching of everyone as to how to act in front of me while we were all under faulty surveillance.

The next day, August 10, a Sunday, I went to the Orthodox Church in the morning. This has been recorded in: “[redo_orthodox_8_10_08_1115AM.wma](#)”.¹⁹ I shall skip this event because nothing particular happened. From the afternoon of this day onward, however, and for the next three days, I would compose a mini essay entitled “The anatomy of a delusional fear”, of which the revised version, completed on August 25, is here appended at the end of this chapter. My goal with this essay was to break out of my invisibility to Karin's bunch and make myself known to them once and for all – just what a sad person I was. Thus, when I finished the piece, I uploaded it to the file section of our Meetup website.

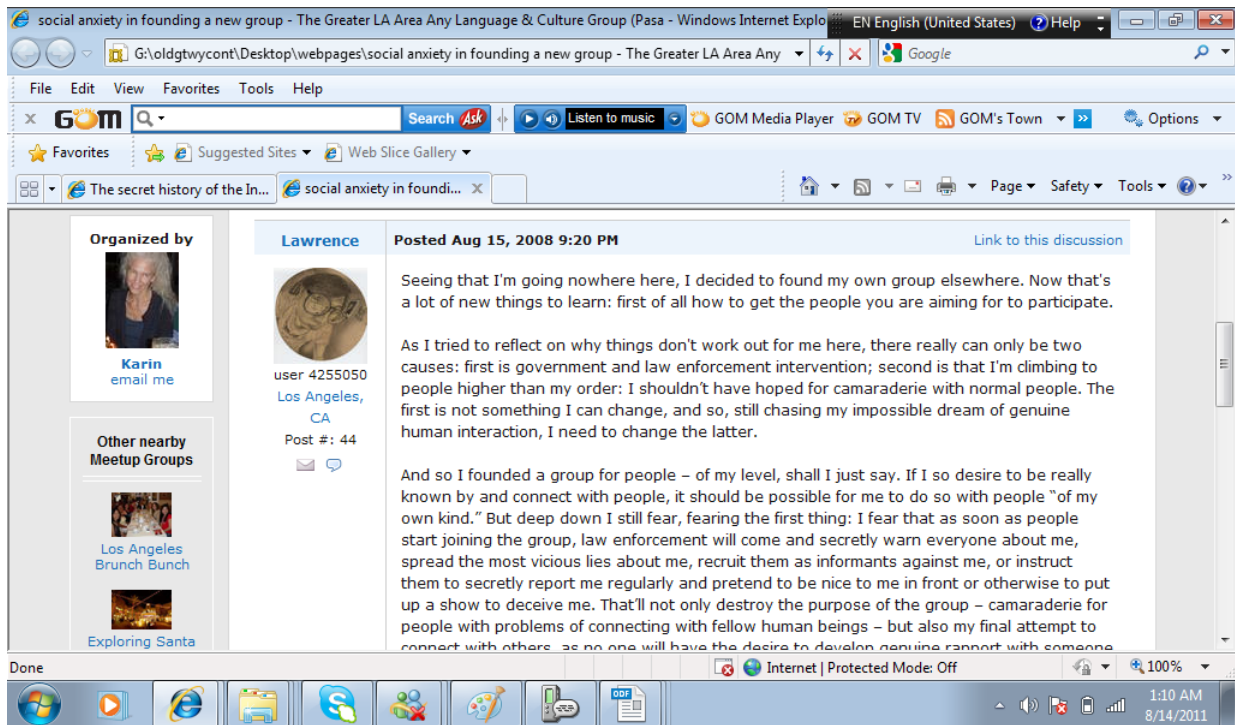
There were two particular issues, at which I have been hinting from time to time, or which have hinted at themselves, in the foregoing narrative. One was the superficiality of my connection with everybody in Karin's bunch, especially with Karin herself. As I have noted, as I was month after month precluded from ever engaging myself with anyone in Karin's groups in conversation in which the true substances inside the conversants may manifest themselves and which therefore may allow each to know what kind of person the other truly was, I felt more and more like I was being trapped in a prison house. Everyone else was having deep conversations with other people – Karin and Gabi, Karin and Ala for a while – but no one, in the way this meetup was going, would ever know anything about me no matter how long I stayed in this bunch – how I felt, how much scholarship I possessed, what kind of person I really was. My only function here was to have pranks played on me so that the fact that United States had lied about a terrorist suspect could be forever covered up. The second was my increasing worry that Karin's bunch may actually believe I wasn't myself and whatever lies they were told about what I did in China were true. I desired each day that I could have a chance to sit down with Karin and others and tell them what I really did in China – but clearly no one was interested in hearing about it, even if the ambiance in the meetup gatherings would per miracle become appropriate for a sharing about my experience as a target of intelligence agencies from both sides. Everyone wanted to convict the Chinese intelligence and complete the show trial to fool the world about what happened to me while no one cared whether the Chinese intelligence was *really* guilty and what *really* happened to me. Moreover, I felt so compelled to make Karin's bunch know that I knew what they were doing, that they were using

19 C:\Users\Marie\Documents\recording_toshiba_6\redo_orthodox_8_10_08_1115AM.wma
CC992C0589D65AD15C1A94F73A67E467 2A0BD06B09793AB4E3FF82B575D9CBF721E3901B
449A0171F222DDED00BCBFB4353DA578297BD06E5080E9E03A5674DEBAF1DA8A416EB2FDDEC7C8CB61D0
562F3FCF4BF3A484513C828231A0C54AFC46424002BA

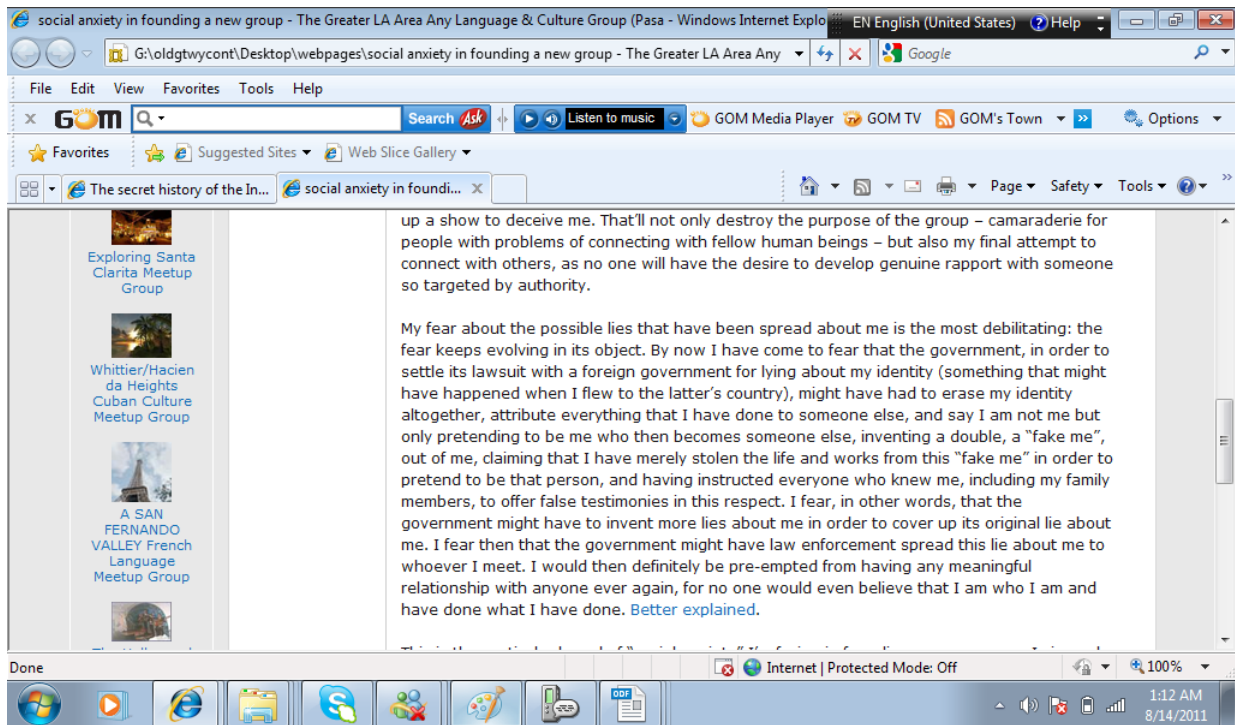
me to produce faulty evidences in order to convict the Chinese intelligence in the International Court of Justice. So far Ala was the only person with whom I had had a slight chance to break my silence in regard to these two ultimate concerns of mine – the slight inroad I made with Gabi on July 18 does not count here, as there were really no false reports about me to law enforcement in any case. The two most important drives of my emotional being were catharsis (or to be known and witnessed) and to not be looked down upon as a dummy on whom everyone played pranks but who had not the slightest idea. The two needs – to be known and to tell what I knew and what had really happened – were about to explode me up after being bottled up inside me months after months.

Karin however would do everything she could to obstruct my attempt to get my needs met. Just as she would never want to hear about what had happened to me in China and would never want to know anything about me, so she certainly would not let me expose on our Meetup website the open secret that the government was using her meetups to turn me into a different person and an awful creature in the eyes of humanity in order to settle its lawsuit with China. As soon as I put up my little essay on our Meetup website, she would immediately delete it in her capacity as a Meetup administrator. This, despite the fact that, in order to win acceptance among Karin's bunch, as soon as I revealed in the essay that I knew about the pranks which everyone was playing on me, I would retract my knowledge and claim I might be delusional and wanted to recover from it. (Note in the essay especially how I had explicitly pinpointed the awful feeling which gnawed at me every day, namely the feeling resulting from being shut off from the common reality or intersubjectivity which everyone else shared and took for granted, insofar as no one would ever tell me what everyone was told about me and how everyone was instructed by the Authority to play pranks on me.) I would then post my mini essay up on my own website and on August 15 add a new message on the forum section of our Meetup website with a link to the essay and a summary of my “delusional fear”. I must verbalize what was debilitating me each day and have it heard. Since I was not getting my needs met in Karin's group, I began contemplating around this time founding my own meetup group. I thus used this intention as the pretext for posting this message.

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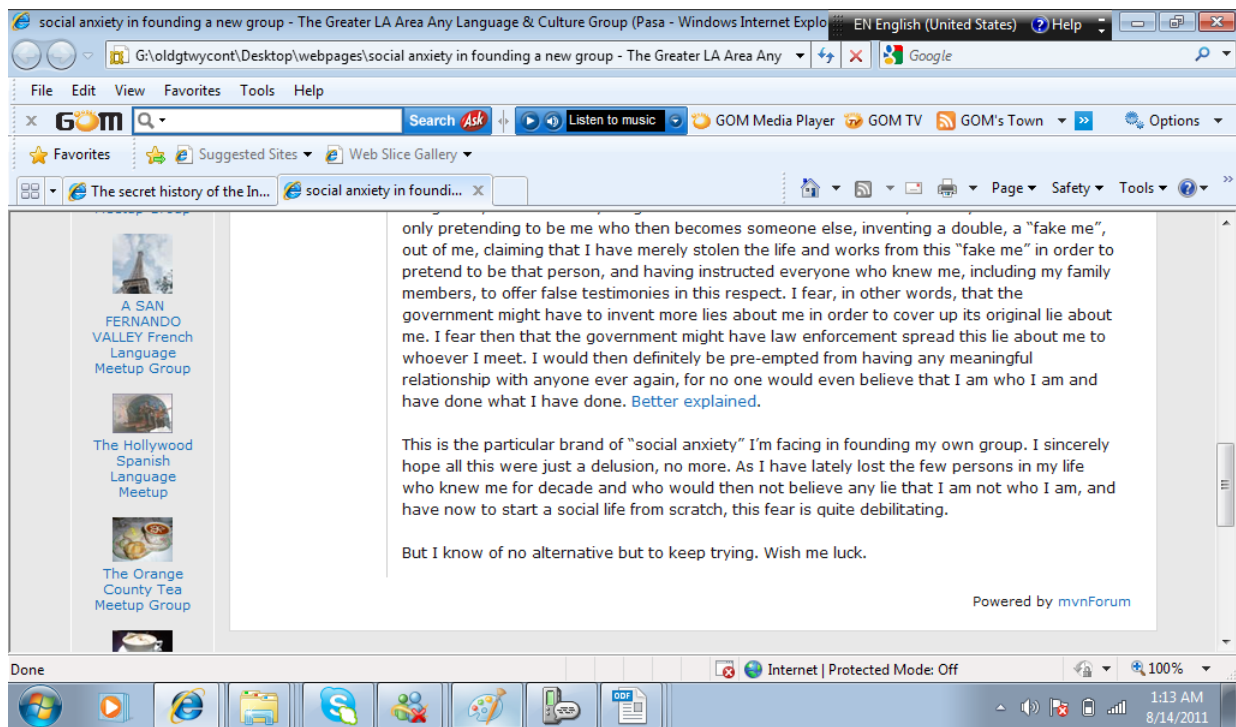


My post on our Meetup discussion forum, 8/15/08.



My post on 8/15/08, continued

Karin, for her part, would continue to frustrate me by deleting the message I had just posted on our Meetup website's discussion forum. She was determined to silence me and make me into the “dummy” which was the most horrible thing for me. Not only did she not want to know me; she didn't want anybody else to know me. Of course it would be rather awkward for such a message to appear on a Meetup website's forum, but I was simply telling something half-true, and everyone who was part of her meetups knew the truth better than I did. It was just something which should never be spoken of.

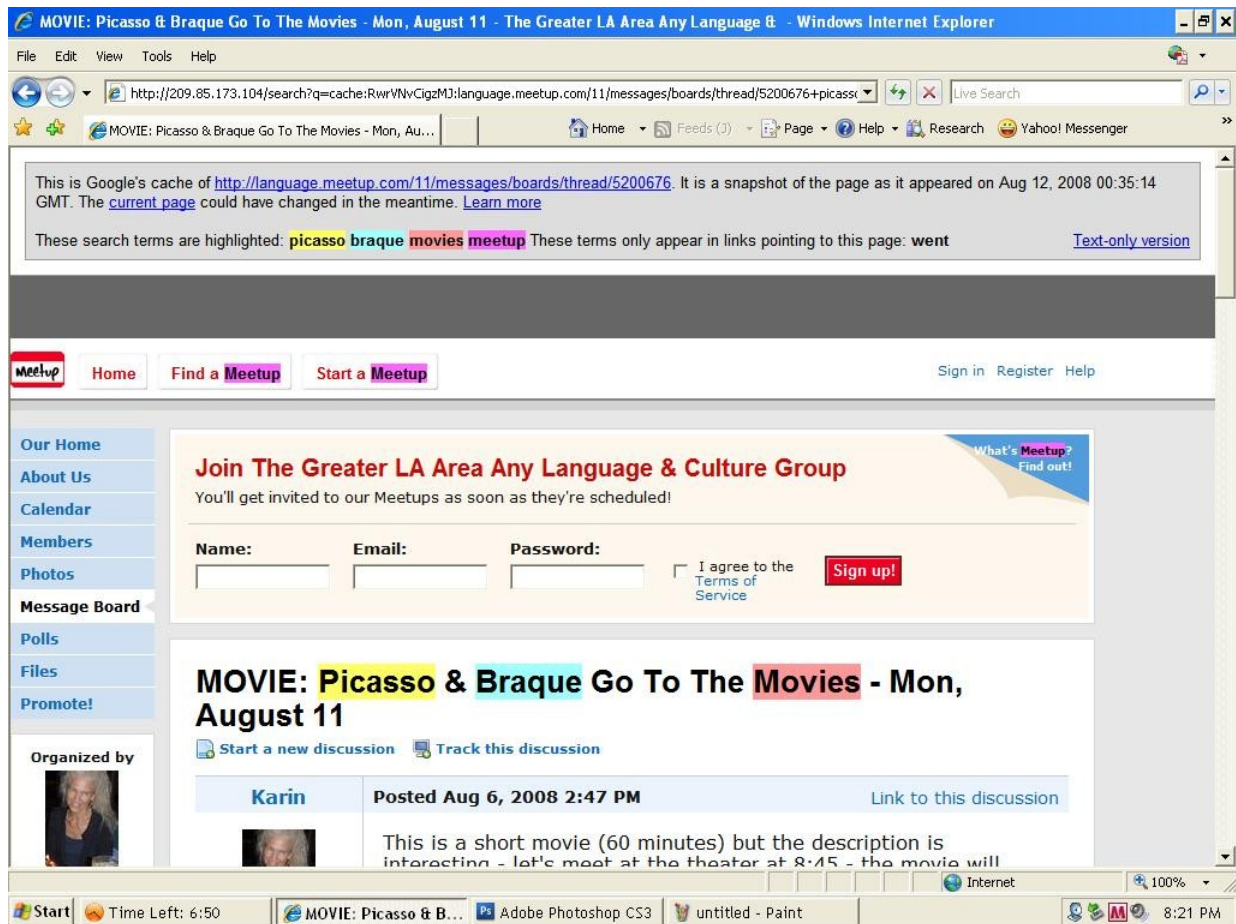


My post on 8/15/08, final paragraphs

Meetup event on August 11, 2008: “Picasso and Braque went to the movies”

Mr Secretary's next operation through Karin's meetup was to occur on August 11. On August 6 Karin thus announced on our Meetup forum a gathering to see the documentary “Picasso and Braque went to the movies”. On August 7, as I was still making my futile endeavor to make the substance bottled up inside me known to Karin's bunch – that I was as much an intellectual as Ala was, and a real artist – I posted in the thread that followed my criticism of abstract art in general. As you can see in the screenshots of the discussion, I noted specifically how the works of Picasso and those of Braque were indistinguishable from each other when they were creating cubism together.

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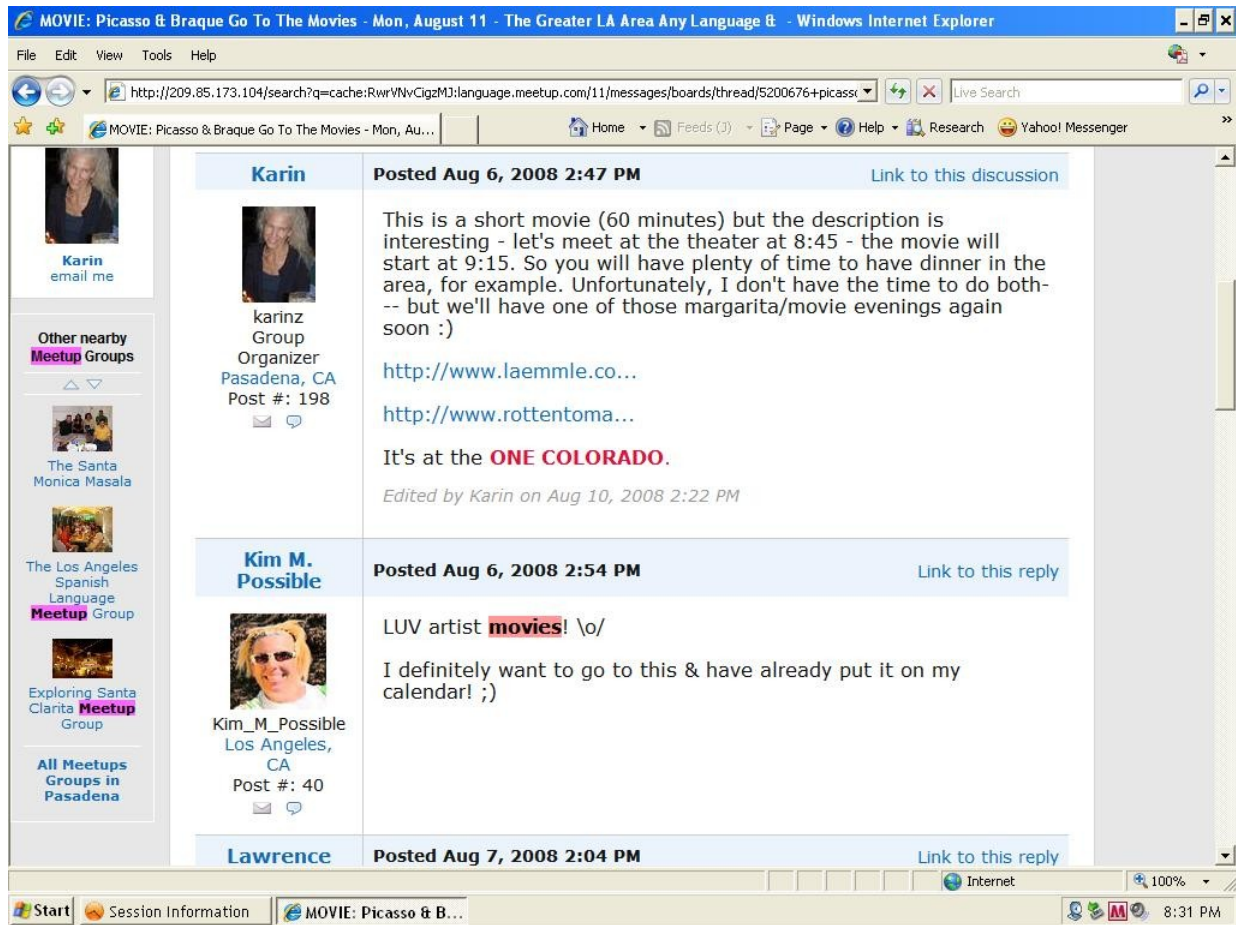


Our meetup discussion on abstract art, August 6 – 7 2008
Screenshot 1

Now on August 11, sometime after 3 PM in the afternoon, I was in Westwood before going to Pasadena. I wandered into the California Graduate Institute to look for my old doctor Deborah W. This time I was lucky enough to be able to find her and have a chat with her – or maybe it was simply because Mr Secretary's suit team had wanted to create another faulty intercept of my conversation with someone which could serve as evidence in the International Court in favor of their case and had thus instructed Deborah to receive me for a few minutes this afternoon. The recording of my conversation with Deborah this afternoon is recorded in: “with deborah wiss 8-11-08 323PM.wma”.²⁰

20 C:\Users\lms paradise.msparadise-PC\Desktop\recordings\with deborah wiss 8-11-08 323PM.wma
71545D0C39248A4467E26C7CA0DC71C1 24F9B63210B176524DC24B2B61653CFF4774D851
08968A3FEC017E534FD26DAE459CD9F880F7947CB8D65270568F1853
DCC3A6464D0B4D8A782FAFA5DFFDA6E50EBDF62B784C285849B3E3011B89FCC4
0AB06F79AD4B1060A08B13D828CF72F4FF9123B160C53E2FA503C37E8D10296F3BEE9ED553746C66CDA3C0
CCE640043A
DCCDFDDDB5D496D6571362FE151B611B25A37A6EA10B0F2868119D91592282BF4A00CDE61C1122F03951EB
93A532F45961A9CFB12F4869731D698185F4D63277

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Screenshot 2

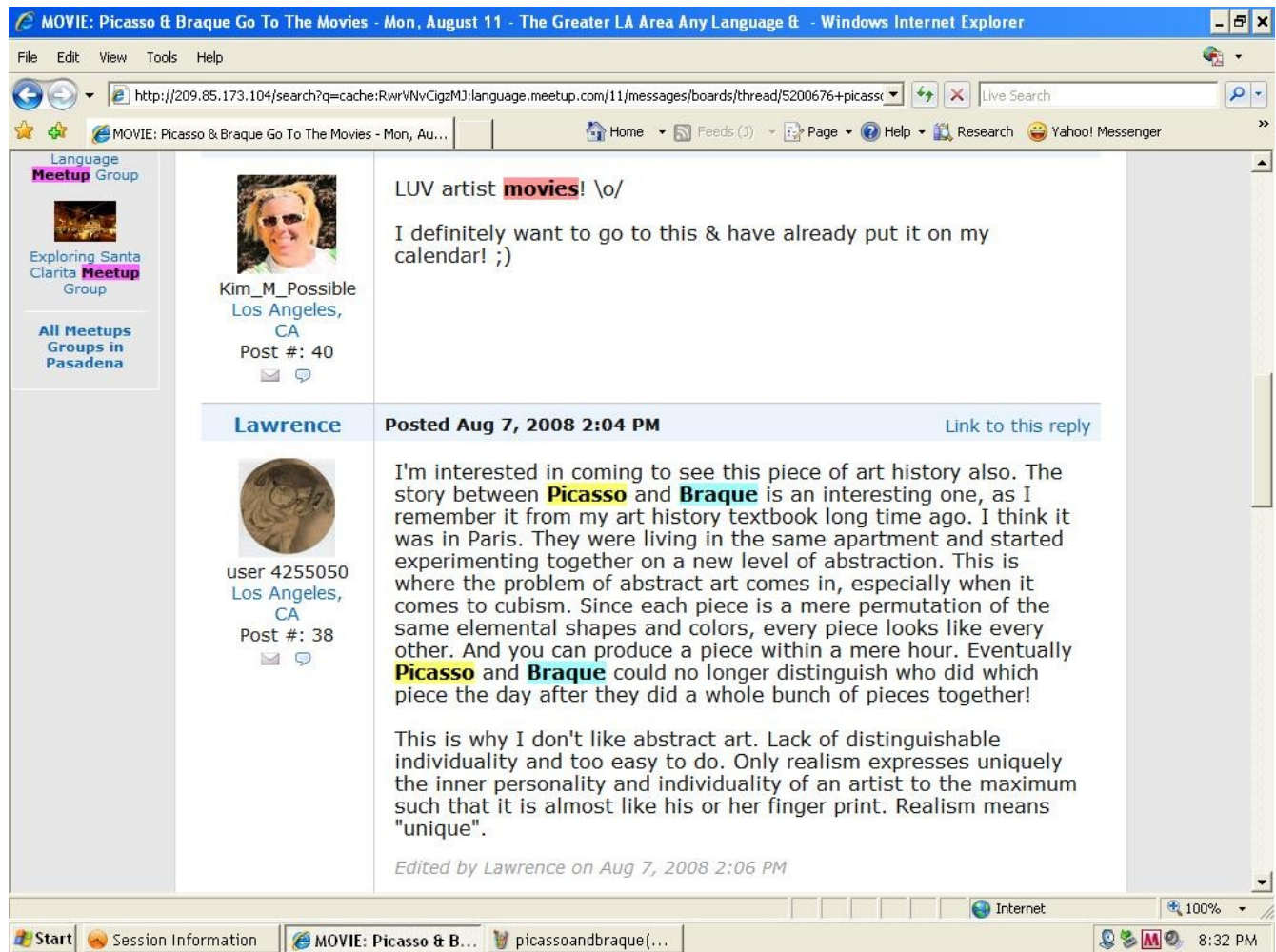
The first thing that flew out of my mouth when I saw Deborah at the front door of her office was my perennial worry that she might be reporting me to the police behind my back. My old doctor vehemently denied the plausibility of such scenario: that she had no reason to do this, and that no police officer would have an interest in it unless there was a crime, etc. (until 2:00). I had to retort, based on my experience, that law enforcement could be “investigating” someone without there being crimes committed simply because the person was thought to be harboring delusions about public officials. Deborah further rejected the possibility that the Alcott Center might have refused me because “there had been law enforcement's false alert to them saying I was dangerous” and so on, which was what I believed at the time. I then told Deborah about my predicament that the new people I met would believe the lies the Authority must have told them about me, and that I was the most unlucky of all the people who had ever been targeted by the government because I was completely without emotional support (from 16:00 onward). I even brought up the example of the man who was so harassed by the FBI during the Bureau's investigation of him as a suspect of the Anthrax attacks that he eventually committed suicide. Even this man, I noted, had the support of his family members, such as his son, who

refused to help the FBI spy on his father. I mentioned further my fear that the government might be attributing my works to someone else whom it had invented and whom it claimed to be the “real me”. I told Deborah how this fear was killing me each day, and then remarked that my deepest regret was that no one knew me anymore in this world, that, unbelievably, the government could actually frame me into something which was much worse than my original self. And the worst part of all this was that I couldn't even tell people about this fear because it was so enormously bizarre (26:00). I finally revealed to Deborah that I didn't even care anymore if everyone, per government's false alert, misunderstood me as a schizophrenic, for I now had something much more terrible to worry about, namely that people might not even believe I had drawn my drawings and written my writings. When I told Deborah about the government's reason for wanting to erase my identity – the lawsuit between China and the United States – she pretended that this was all nonsense, even though she must have known something about it (from 32:00 onward).

After this brief chat with Deborah, I took the bus to Pasadena to get ready for tonight's meetup event. Since I arrived early in Pasadena – it was not yet 6 PM – I first settled down outside Zona Rosa. I sat there writing down on papers how the lawsuit in the International Court of Justice started between China and the United States – something which I had begun doing since March. At the same time I turned on my recorder, resulting in the file: “with michelle 8-11-08 6PM.wma”.²¹

21 with michelle 8-11-08 6PM.wma 7dd28d14e92570fcaff18569f02114d7
f789ae8486185cec5f5f4beb2a7b2f8279b48240 db743a47 D:\bbb2\with michelle 8-11-08
6PM.wma 8/15/2008 9:31:06 PM 8/15/2011 6:05:24 PM 51,029,337 wma
A

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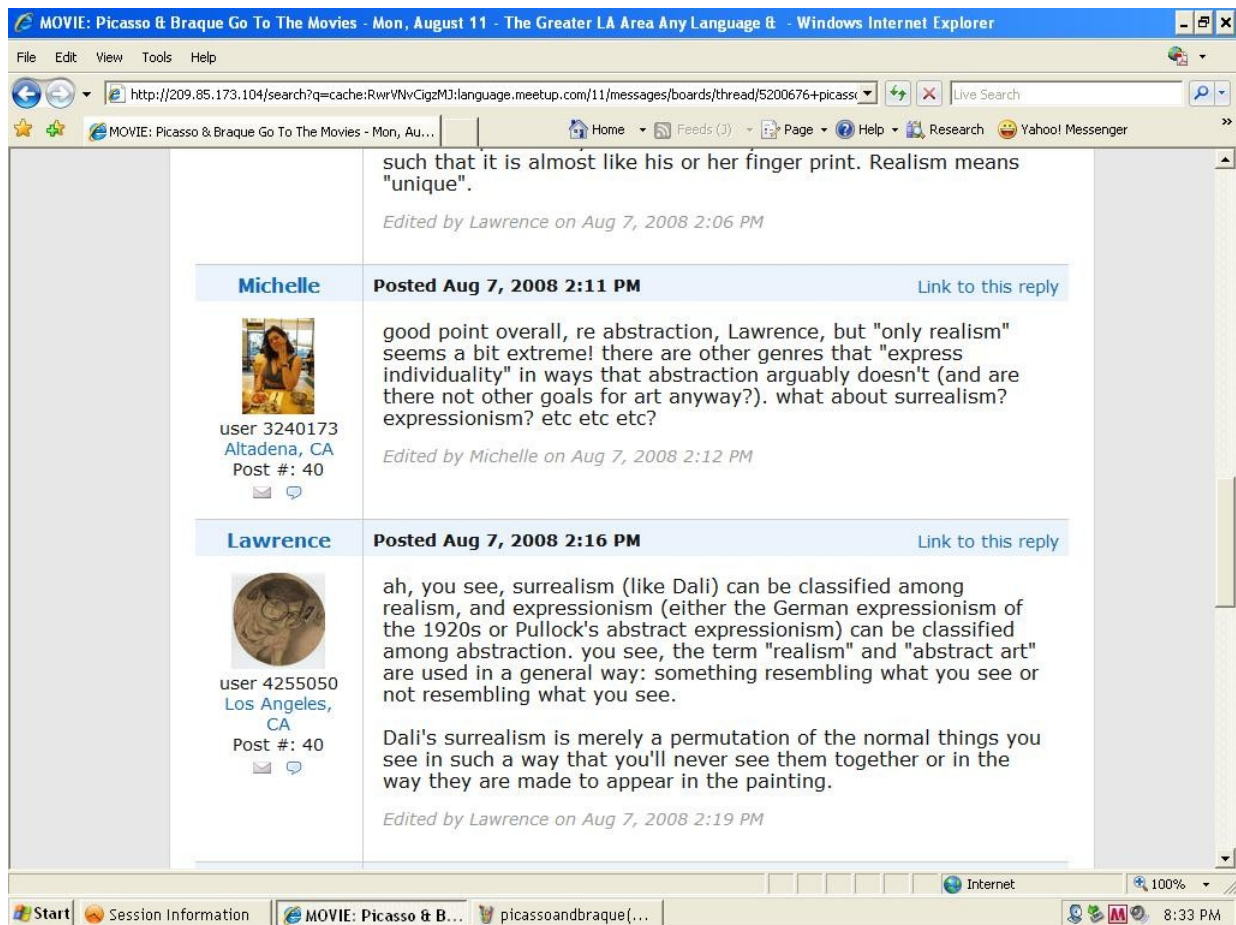


Screenshot 3

Then suddenly Michelle showed up in front of me (12:00), saying she was here to meet someone for Chinese language lessons. I invited her to sit down and we began a short chat. When I talked about how my depression was making my body ache (20:00), Michelle began talking about her similar experience. I told her about my fear (22:15) that someone might steal my writing before I even wrote it. This is the new shape into which my fear about Mr Secretary's theft of my story had evolved. "All the worries I have, nobody else has them..." (25:00). I then repeated to her my fear (26:20) that the government was in the process of erasing my identity. "That's very typical of schizophrenia," Michelle immediately cut in, and remarked that she had known other people with schizophrenia who also had delusions which were always about "governmental things". I had to protest because my fears weren't exactly just about "governmental things", but were about very specific things which the government might be doing to me, namely, inventing another person, claiming that that person was really me, and then attributing everything I ever did to him. I explained a little more about my current fear, namely, that, since the government already knew what I was going to write – insofar as I was writing about their operations on

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me in Shanghai and so on, which they would know better than I did – they could presumably commission their agents to write out my story before I could and give it to another agent who was pretending to be a writer to publish it so that, when I should finish writing my story, it would look as if I had plagiarized my story from that pretender. There was no way for me to beat the government by writing out my story first because the government had more manpower at its disposal. “Don't write it then,” Michelle told me. “But I will go nuts if I don't write it.” “But you are already nuts!” she insisted. “I will be even more nuts,” I countered (until 29:40 or so). This is roughly the content of my conversation with Michelle this afternoon.

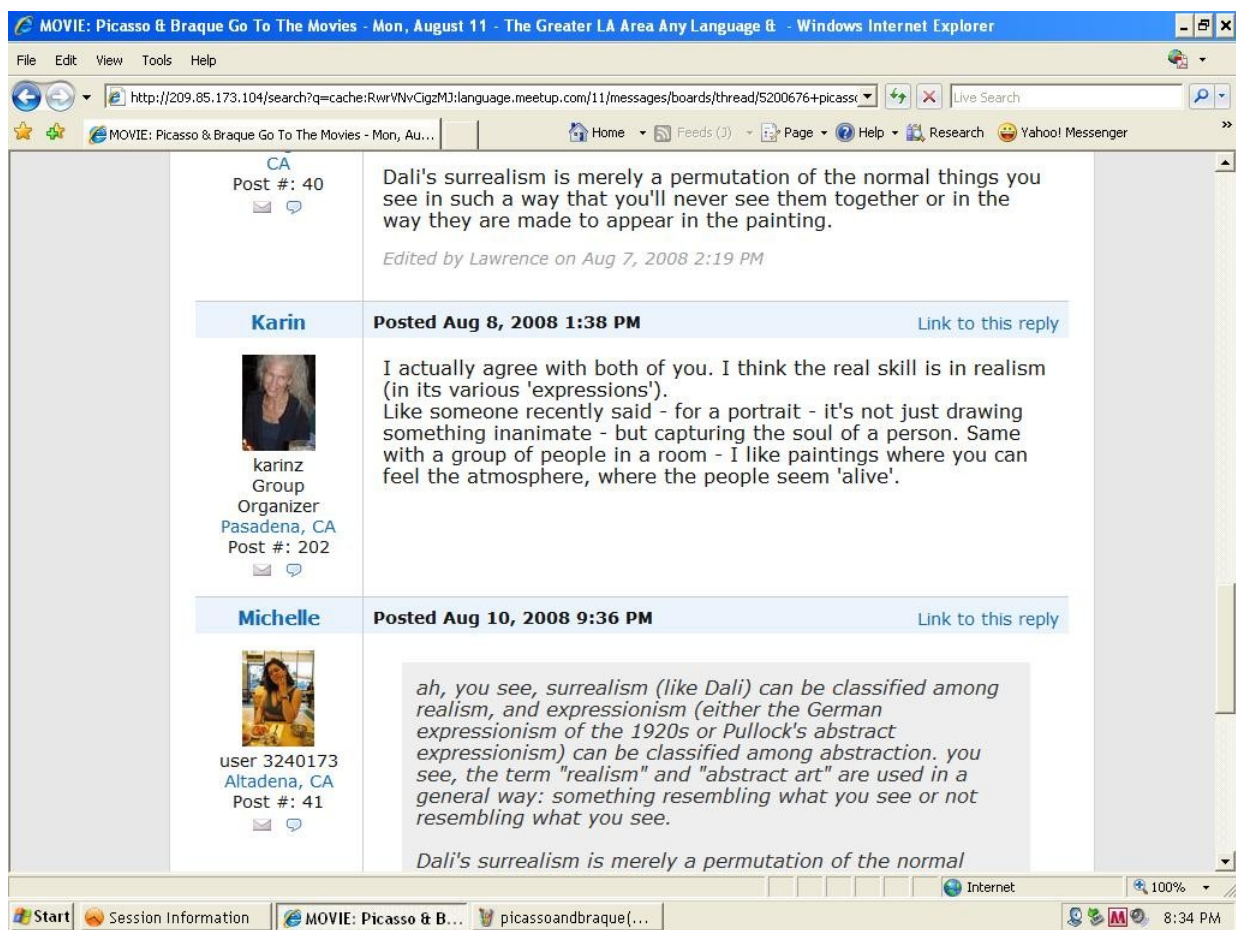


Screenshot 4

However much my fear that “the government was erasing my identity” sounds like delusions typical of schizophrenia, if you take a closer look at the content of my fear, you will notice a striking empirical realism which distinguishes it from “true” schizophrenic delusions. While the impression that one is being persecuted by the government is a frequent theme of schizophrenic delusions – at least in the context of American culture – these usually have only a nebulous and vague plot (“The government is manipulating me to do things”) and do not posit a plausible motive nor a causal chain of events

embedded in a clear and definable chronology. If you read, for example, Silvia Nasar's *A Beautiful Mind* – remember Karin's persistent reminder to me at one time of John Nash's story? – you will see, upon closer examination, how different what I'm recounting here is from the delusional beliefs which Nash expressed when he first descended into his schizophrenic episodes. He believed that he had deciphered secret codes which alien beings had embedded in *New York Times*, that he was a religious figure of great, but secret, importance, that he was being persecuted by the government which intended to draft him, that his mission was to escape to Europe and form a world government of peace in contradistinction to the government of his home nation which was persecuting him. He acted on his delusions and went to Europe both to renounce his US citizenship and apply for asylum in a neutral country like Switzerland. He posited no clear causal mechanism, embedded in a clear and definable chronology and restricted to existing human institutions, for how it came about that he was being persecuted and for how he became this “religious figure”, nor did he provide a motive plausibly explaining why the government would want to persecute him. My seemingly “delusional fear” on the other hand included a common sense causal mechanism which was furthermore embedded in a clear chronology – the mislabeling of me as a terrorist suspect in 2005 and 2006, Homeland Security's framing me for schizophrenia to discredit me in 2007, their being caught lying by the Chinese intelligence in November 2007, the lawsuit in the International Court of Justice subsequent to all this – and provided a very understandable motive plausibly explaining why the government felt the need to “erase my identity” – namely, to win the lawsuit. Moreover, given this plausible motive – the United States' need to protect its international standing when it came to the War on Terror which it had itself orchestrated – it would be impossible that the government was *not* engaged in a scheme to produce from my interactions with the people around me evidences showing that I wasn't myself. Thus, even when Karin's bunch were having normal conversation with me, I would be in the right to speculate on how the faulty surveillance Machine was making various confusions to end up with a surveillance intercept showing that I wasn't myself and that I was of a criminal character which had in reality nothing to do with me. I was in fact engaged in hermeneutics, as I call it, which is just formulating educated hypotheses about the structure of the unseen reality using the observable variables – just as a scientist does when inferring, for example, the structure of atoms given the observable electromagnetic phenomena which this structure has produced on the macroscopic level visible to the human eyes. The apparent grandiosity of my delusional fear – that I would be a piece of evidence in an international dispute of such proportion – was similarly plausibly explained by the causal mechanism I have been narrating here. Granted that my fear that “the government might plagiarize my story before I even write it down” would turn out to be unfounded – I have till this day not noticed if the story in my head has ever appeared elsewhere before I write it down – I had also posited here a plausible causal mechanism explaining how what was feared might come about and a less, though still plausible, motive explaining why the government might want to bring it about. And of course I'm aware that, by denying that my beliefs were delusional, I have made myself look even more delusional because delusional individuals always deny that their delusions are merely delusions. Finally you should consider the convoluted and “self-conscious” nature of my supposed “delusions”: that I had the delusion that the government was investigating me for harboring delusions about the government and a particular government official, that this government official himself orchestrated the false investigation because my delusion about him was actually true. I had the delusion, in short, that the government was framing me into a

delusional individual and that the government was making me look delusional with clandestine operations which were themselves modeled on the delusions of psychotics (replacing real people around with secret agents pretending to be real people, etc.) in order to make my narration about them sound delusional. What, after all, causes my “hypothesis” to look like delusion is the fact that there was a major error in it, namely, my incorrect assumption that the mechanism by which people's orchestrated interaction with me, when its content was sufficiently confused, would reach the International Court as evidence was people's false reporting of me to law enforcement behind my back.



Screenshot 5

In the section on schizophrenia in DSM-IV, our psychiatric authorities analyze its symptoms as either positive – involving an “excess or distortions of normal functions” – or negative – involving a “diminution or a loss of normal functions” – and they analyze the positive symptoms as consisting of a “psychotic dimension” wherein figure delusions and hallucinations, and a “disorganization dimension” wherein figure disorganized speech and behavior. “Delusions... are erroneous beliefs that usually involve a misinterpretation of perceptions or experiences. Their content may include a variety of themes (e.g., persecutory, referential, somatic, religious, or grandiose). Persecutory delusions are most

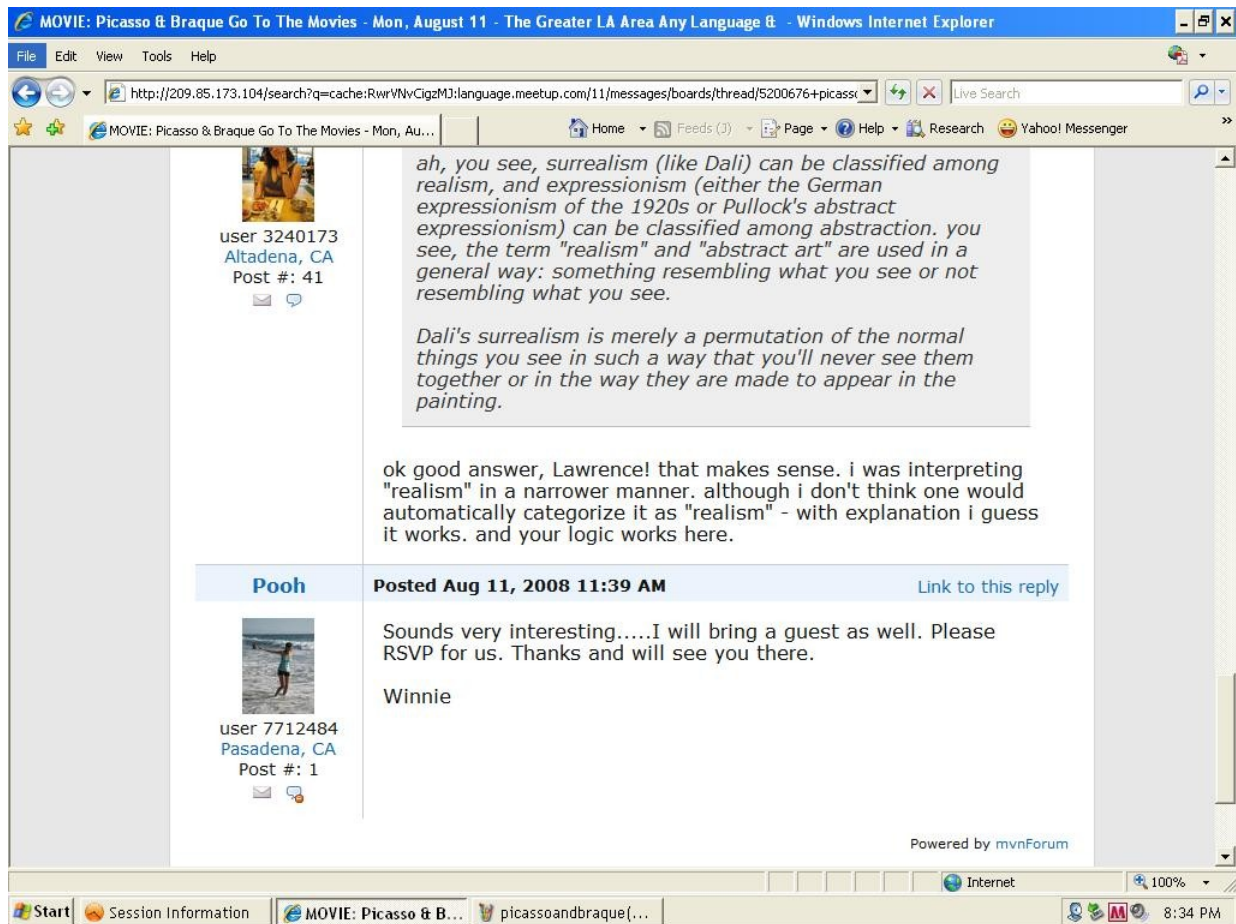
common; the person believes he or she is being tormented, followed, tricked, spied on, or ridiculed.” If my interpretation of the underlying meaning of the actions and words of the people around me – that these had been coached by the Authority – was incorrect, then I could indeed be said to harbor persecutory delusions, or “persecution mania”, such as Tasso had suffered. But the point of my story here is of course that my interpretation was even at the time *correct enough*: I had indeed been tricked, though I was not quite correct about how. “Referential delusions are also common; the person believes that certain gestures, comments, passages from books, newspapers, song lyrics, or other environmental cues are specifically directed at him or her.” I have already discussed this: modern intelligence agencies usually have control over the infrastructure of the societies in which their targets reside, and they could orchestrate at will from their control center environmental changes in order to direct messages to their targets. I have been told by a psychiatrist that the interests and concerns prevalent in the culture in which the schizophrenic has grown up greatly influence the theme of the delusions which he would develop. Thus schizophrenics in America fancy quite frequently about being victims of CIA's tricks, while schizophrenics in Latin America develop more often delusions with religious themes, such as the scenario that God wants them to kill someone.²² Nasar emphasizes schizophrenics' tendency to go against their culture's norms, such as is seen in Nash's wish to renounce his US citizenship and become a *citoyen du monde*. “Such 'extreme contrariness' aimed at cultural norms has long been a hallmark of a developing schizophrenic consciousness. In ancestor-worshiping Japan the target may be the family, in Catholic Spain the Church.”²³ The psychiatric authorities further analyze delusions into bizarre and non-bizarre types. “Delusions are deemed bizarre if they are clearly implausible and not understandable and do not derive from ordinary life experiences. An example of a bizarre delusion is a person's belief that a stranger has removed his or her internal organs and has replaced them with someone else's organs without leaving any wounds or scars. An example of a nonbizarre delusion is a person's *false* belief that he or she is under surveillance by the police” (emphasis added). My story here – from the FBI investigation of me as a terrorist suspect through the CIA recruitment to the secret trial in the International Court of Justice – has thus a nonbizarre content; it is “plausible” as I have emphasized. Whether it is a delusion then depends on whether it is true, and this is empirically verifiable if you have access to classified records in the US government or in the International Court of Justice, or if you can motivate government elites around the world to talk – they would all have heard of the splashes in the United Nations which China's representatives have caused in November 2007. Or, of course, if you can get Karin and her friends and all the other people around me to reveal how they have been coached by their handlers and what they have been told about the business in the International Court. Finally, my story here is anything but disorganized. “The speech of individuals with schizophrenia may be disorganized in a variety of ways. The person may 'slip off the track' from one topic to another...; answers to questions may be obliquely related or completely unrelated... and, rarely, speech may be so severely disorganized that it is nearly incomprehensible and resembles receptive aphasia in its linguistic disorganization...” Compare my narrative here to an example of Nash's “delusion,” which *is* quite disorganized: “A letter from Nash to Moser captures something of Nash's state of mind when he

22 You can nevertheless see that there is a commonality beneath the surface between the delusions of apparently different themes, namely that they always express the schizophrenic's feeling that a overwhelming and invisible power is controlling and manipulating his environment and himself. In one case this “power” takes on the appearance of an intelligence agency, in the other, of God.

23 *A Beautiful Mind*, p. 271.

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returned to Cambridge in late May. Nash gives his return address as Heilwigklang University, Harbin, Manchuria. 'The Oblast in Russia, on the Manchurian border... there's the city of Birbidzhan... If all the atomic powers of the security council of the United Nations did an action, and they were numbered 0, 1, 2, 3, 4 then one would be able to say nobody did it, everybody did it, all did it...'”²⁴



Screenshot 6

Let me now return to my narrative. After spending a hour or so in Zona Rosa, I strolled to Old Town and sat in the middle of the square in front of Laemmlle One waiting for everyone to show up. It was at Laemmlle One that tonight's documentary film would be shown. I have recorded this meetup event in: “mu 8-11-08 picasson and braque part 1 (154).wma” and “mu 8-11-08 picasson and braque part 2.wma”.²⁵ As you can hear on 13:00 in the first recording, Kim was the first person to show up. Karin

24 *A Beautiful Mind*, p. 321.

25 mu 8-11-08 picasson and braque part 1 (154).wma f25167c1f932078b87fc14f51c3ceb3c
 96c9665b2d4c4b34ffb387cdd72957d98afdd53d e9358ad0 C:\Users\Marie\Documents\
 from_gateway\desktop\recordings\mu 8-11-08 picasson and braque part 1 (154).wma 8/13/2008 8:13:09 PM
 8/13/2008 8:13:09 PM 82,279,737
 mu 8-11-08 picasson and braque part 2.wma 855d1afc63e5bf27ce8e270353769202

then showed up on 14:10 or so. On 15:00 or so Karin began narrating a boring story about how she once had to email the general manager of Laemmle, how she had to call the theater and go through the whole recorded message recounting all the movies that were showing, etc. Out of impatience I changed the subject and mentioned to Karin that, in Zona Rosa, I saw Michelle just earlier and Ala on Saturday (16:50). “I think Ala goes there a lot,” Karin said. “I go there a lot nowadays too,” I said. Then my suspicion prompted me to ask Karin: “How did you hear about this movie then?” (18:20) “I saw it on the list of upcoming films,” Karin said. “And you want to see something about cubism?” I asked. “I don't know anything about art... I cannot draw anything. If I draw a horse and a dog, it would be the same thing,” she answered. Just then a new comer showed up, an Asian girl by the name of Pooh or Winnie – you have just seen her last post in our forum discussion which I have shown you above. She claimed to have come from Hong Kong. Now another Asian girl had joined our group! “Are you Karin?” she asked Karin (19:00). “Yes,” Karin said. “You mentioned your friend... Is he coming?” Karin asked her. “Oh yes...” Pooh replied. “You live in Pasadena?” Karin continued. Close, very close, she said (20:00). But in the end this “friend” of hers would never show up. It would turn out that this “Pooh” was a friend of Peter.²⁶ Whether she really was a friend of Peter's or another girl related to Agency's bungled operations and who, pretending to be Peter's friend, joined my meetup in order to work vengeance on me and the MSS director I don't know. It was just so strange that, by now, half of the members in Karin's groups were Asians, whereas before my flight to China there were only Elissa, Peter, and Vincent. On 22:10 Karin repeated the same old story about the sounding of fire alarm while her group was watching a movie – that meetup event in October 2007 which I didn't attend because I was in Taiwan. It must be the third or fourth time that she was recounting this event in front of me. On 26:50 I cut into Karin's conversation, telling her that the last time I walked past the Metropolitan Cafe I saw a whole package of unlawful detainer posted on the door, dated from early July 2008, and which described how the Korean family which owned the coffeehouse had not paid rent and was owing 85 dollar per day, etc. “I think the family has just disappeared,” I said. I then mentioned how I had put up six or seven wishes on the trees in the square (32:20). I kept coming up new wishes, I told everyone. “Did you modify your old ones?” Karin asked. “No. I just made new ones when I wanted to change my wish,” I explained (32:50). I continued to wish that the US government might refrain from erasing my identity and my past achievements and, stupidly, that Karin might pass her examinations and get all she wanted in life. At one point, as we were descending down the theater, I mentioned how I used to work as audience in TV shows. I was trying to be funny but received instead no response. Eerily, when we entered the theater room showing our documentary, there was no one else in it. We chatted while waiting for the movie to start. Karin mentioned that she once took art classes with Kim (36:30). I was surprised. “You took art classes with Kim?” “Yeah, that was at a community college, adult education,” Karin explained. Then, after further explication, Karin concluded: “That's why I wanted to learn about art. That's why I wanted to see this movie” (37:20). Something was clearly up – for Karin obviously had very little interest in learning about art and yet she kept repeating tonight how she wanted to learn about art: she had obviously been coached to repeat this line by her handler for the sake of being

intercepted by the surveillance above us, which would mean that the Machine must have confused her saying she wanted to learn about art as my saying I wanted to learn about art. We then talked about the discussion about art on our meetup message board which you have seen earlier between me, Michelle, and Karin (37:30). Finally Karin told me that, of all the paintings in the Louvre, “Mona Lisa” was the one she remembered (38:45). I told Karin that David would rank as my favorite painter of all times (39:15), and professed to not know why “Mona Lisa” was such a big deal. Karin then revealed that she was 17 or 18 when she was in France and saw those paintings in the Louvre, and that she found her way to France because of a pen pal in Normandie with whom she was practicing French (40:32). After a little more chitchat from Karin about her abandonment of her French studies and her cable channels and provider, the movie started. When the movie was finished, Karin, once again, quickly left, disappointing me. She did not want to spend any more time with me than was necessary to accomplish her “mission”.

Ever since I saw this documentary on Picasso and Braque I had always been under the impression that this movie indicated that Mr Secretary's suit team might after all allow in the International Court for the fact that I could draw. I thought that, since Picasso and Braque, when they were inventing their cubism together, painted almost indistinguishably, if Mr Secretary was using the claim that “I always go see movies that reflect my life” as “evidence” in the International Court, then his instruction for Karin to lure me to see this film would indicate that he had adjusted his invention and claimed now instead that both I and the fake Lawrence who was confused as the “real Lawrence” in faulty surveillance drew similarly while we were (strangely, somehow) together. I had always suspected that this allowance was related to my putting up videos of myself drawing on my new website (www.lawrencechin2008.com), and I was quite surprised over this because all appearances had pointed to the fact that nothing I added to the Internet was any longer admissible as evidence in the International Court. In reality, what was most likely going on was that Mr Secretary was busy about with inventing me further as a fraudster thoroughly imbued with a certain frivolousness and fluffiness: “I want to learn about art”. According to Mr Secretary's script, this uneducated David Chin had no artistic ability at all and could neither paint nor draw, completely different from his educated twin brother Lawrence Chin, but, in his passion for pretending to be his twin brother, and as part of his Chinese intelligence assignment to pretend to be his twin brother, he was trying to put up a front of being passionate for art, so much so that he wanted to constantly educate himself about art. Karin had been confused with me in surveillance tonight and all her pronouncements about being passionate for art would serve as evidences to confirm this. This might be the reason why, as you shall soon see, Karin would days later delete our little discussion on art from our Meetup message board – to eliminate evidence.

From the blog post which I wrote on August 20 about the two movie events “Mamma Mia” and “Picasso and Braque...” you can see that Karin was increasingly disgusted with my presence in her midst, even when it was required by operations to cover up United States' wrong-doing and doom the Chinese intelligence service.

“The surest sign that the movie events 'Picasso and Braque went to the movies' and 'Mamma Mia' were not chosen randomly but were Homeland Security operations is, again, Karin's own

behavior. First of all, in order to get me to see the movies, Homeland Security had to require Karin to see them, since they knew well that I never went to see the movies or participate in any events of the group for the movies' or the events' own sake, but only in order to have a chance to be around Karin and to develop a rapport with her, and that I would see whatever movie as long as she was going to see it. In the case of Mamma Mia, Jacqueline posted it on the message board saying she wanted to see it, then Karin posted a reply saying she'd be going too, so that I followed on with a reply saying I'd be going as well. In the case of 'Picasso and Braque', Karin posted a message saying that she wanted to go, so that I of course immediately followed on, as you've seen in the screenshots. When we finished seeing 'Mamma Mia' on August 6, Karin immediately went home, leaving behind the hangout which Jacqueline was now leading. In the case of 'Picasso and Braque' also, there were no hangouts before and after the movie. Karin is busy studying for her exam this month and is really not in the mood for any movies. But Homeland Security needs me to see two more movies for their argument in court, and so instructs Karin and Jacqueline to put up this show 'I found this movie, I want to see it, do you guys want to also' in hope that I would say 'yes'. It just makes me feel extremely sad that she stays only as long as the operation requires; mission once accomplished, she leaves and leaves me behind feeling 'used and then abandoned'.

When she finished her comforting email with the line 'See you at the concert next week?' she was simply trying to say 'I don't want to see you before that, so don't come to any event before that'. She's uncomfortable with me around and sees me as an embarrassment to her group members. And, again, she does not want me to develop things beyond superficial encounter with her and her friends.”

Something was clearly going on with the art business, for, on the next day, August 12, on 12:41 PM, Karin wrote me an email:

“Hi Lawrence,

If you want to go to a museum sometime, I think it's much easier if you just suggest something on the board with enough details – description of the exhibit, time, place – and then I can send an e-mail to everybody.

I think it is much easier to organize an event where people can meet in one place and be in that one place because then it does not matter if some people get there a little later, etc.

But if you suggest something, I am sure others will join you and then it might be a smaller group – and if I can take enough time to go to LACMA or wherever that day, I will come too.”

I might have suggested to Karin a visit to the museum as a meetup event because I was desperate to show off the “substance” and education inside me to her bunch, who otherwise would always take me for no more than a dummy. But it's clear that Mr Secretary had quickly manipulated my attempt to connect with others and twisted it in the record of faulty surveillance into “David Chin's project to

deceive others into believing that he was quite cultivated and had a passion for art”.

On August 13 I met up with Greg for the last time. This has been recorded in: “redo_w_greg_8_13_08_12 PM.wma”.²⁷ During this session I expressed my discontent with, not his faulty memory, but his being instructed to pretend to remember falsely that I used to “talk about my computer all the time”. I knew it was impossible to have genuine therapy with him, since the government would invariably cut in and use my session with him to produce faulty evidence to slander me in the international arena. And I would still have to pay for it! I thus terminated my therapy with Greg.

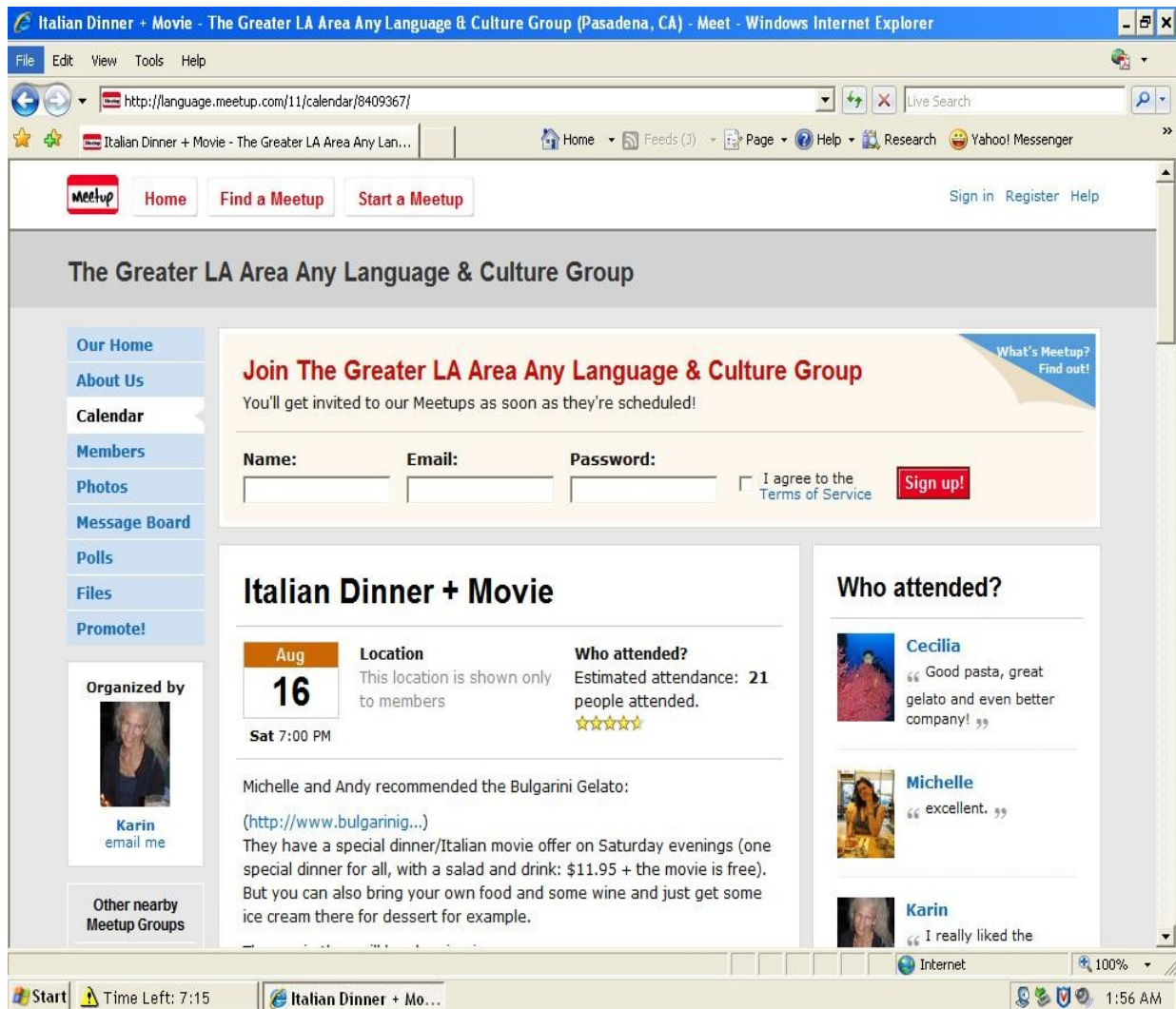
On the night of August 14, when I found myself in Zona Rosa again, I would have two conversations with Mireya: “with_mireya_zona_rosa_8_14_08_737PM.wma” and “with_mireya_zona_rosa_8_14_08_1052PM.wma”.²⁸ Even though the conversations did not relate very much to the evidentiary process of the International Court, I mention them here because Mireya would be recruited by Mr Secretary later on – against her will, as it has seemed to me – to run operations on me.

Karin's meetup on August 16, 2008: Italian movie “Matrimonio all'Italiana”.

The next one of Karin's meetups came on August 16. It was another operation planned by Mr Secretary with the help of the Agency – to produce another piece of evidence through my watching a weird film about identity confusion. Karin was instructed to bring us to watch an Italian movie called “Matrimonio all'italiana” in open air in a market place in Altadena. I have recorded this meetup in: “mu-8-16-08_matrimonia_all'italiana.wma”.²⁹

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The meetup event, “Matrimonio all’italiana”
 for August 16, 2008

As I remember it, I spent the afternoon of that day entirely in Pasadena, around Zona Rosa. When it was about time, I rode the bus and arrived at the large market place earlier than everyone else (as usual). I turned on my recorder then. The employees of the Italian restaurant were just setting up the gear for the outdoor movie event, and I sat down alone in the seating that was already prepared. On 17:25, Rolf, “John from Glendale”, and a few others appeared. It was definitely a bad idea for me to wear that dumb shirt with a boy scout sign sewed onto the short sleeve. I bought this stupid shirt in the cheap fashion store in Westwood for four dollars because it had a pocket that could be buttoned up so that my recorder wouldn't fall out. Bad idea, because Rolf, rolling his wheelchair, shouted at me: “Boy scout, boy scout!” I said “Shut up” with a laughter, although I was terribly irritated by him inside. This guy never ceased to derive pleasures from my embarrassment. On 22:00 I talked briefly with a

newcomer, a very attractive white female about 40 year-old by the name of Susan. She was another one of the unusual myriad new comers who caused me to wonder if she was sent in by “the Invisible Hand” for some purpose, especially since she would also show up only this time and then never be seen again. You can then hear me talking to Peter on 24:00. I was surprised that he, perpetually busy with work, was actually free and not toiling at JPL tonight. Then came two more newcomers (27:00 and 29:20). Then more people showed up. The good old time of our little meetups in 2007 was gone, I regretted, the time when a few ordinary people would enjoy each other after a fantastic movie per the great taste of Karin. Since my return in February, our meetups had become something like the gathering point for the secret agents of the Western world. By 33:00 you can hear Karin speaking, and we were discussing the issue that there was no food. When Peter volunteered to get food from the supermarket around the corner, I volunteered to go with him. I told Peter that I was having sore throat from excessive smoking, the only comforting thing during my current round of severe depression (35:00). After we came back, Michelle appeared (around 41:00), and she soon started, as she always did, to pursue her Chinese lesson with me (43:00). “I'm sorry” she muttered in Chinese. On 52:00 I talked to Peter about the difficulty in starting my own meetup – taking care, of course, to never mention what it was about because of my erroneous fear that everyone might be “informing on me for law enforcement” – and Peter offered some advice about how to advertise it. On 53:00 he talked about the meetup group he himself had once started, some sort of dating club for geeky singles. Peter was really the sort of congenial guy, full of fun and good humor, whom everyone would love to have around. On 1:01:00 you can hear Marianne's voice. Then on 1:01:30 Karin and Michelle were telling me about how Michelle was able to serve as the guarantor (“proctor”) for Karin during Karin's examination, and I asked them about the process, absolutely curious about everything Karin was doing. By 1:08:15 you can hear Cecilia talking. At some point I volunteered to do the picture-taking for everyone (until 1:18:30) – I was still trying to gain acceptance in this group of people among whom I in fact did not exist. I then began a short chat with Cecilia, the nicest person in the group in regard to me. “How are you lately,” I asked her (1:21:30). “Good. How are you?” “Oh, I'm just doing terrible as usual.” “Terrible? Why?” I just said that it had been a very bad summer for me and that I wished it would be soon over. Cecilia then, upon my asking, told me how she, though not working, was yet busy. “Me too. I don't work and yet I'm very busy every day,” I said (1:22:30). She talked about how she had to meet so and so and clean this and that and so on. “How are you going to get things done if you are actually working then?” she wondered. Cecilia was besieged by “personal projects”. “Me too. I don't work and yet I'm burned out each day by the amount of things I need to do.” I was referring to my futile attempts to videotape myself drawing and post the videos on my new website, etc., which no one ever bothered to check in any case. “Wait,” Rolf then interjected maliciously: “You don't work and you are burned out? Maybe you need to break that cycle of work!” he laughed. As Cecilia continued on with her lovely voice (guitar lesson, taking care of errands), I suggested jokingly, “Maybe you need to take a vacation from not working. And then a vacation from that vacation.” She then mentioned her volunteering. “You volunteer? I used to volunteer at animal shelters too,” I followed on. On 1:37:13 or so Cecilia kindly told me to get a good ice cream inside the restaurant. I would really have enjoyed Cecilia's company had I not been so occupied by this Borderline obsession with Karin. The chitchat went on until, on 1:51:00 or so, the movie finally started.

Just like the last time when we watched “Mamma Mia”, I only noticed, because I had never heard of this movie, that this was another one of the “Operations Movie Watching” when the movie was nearing its end. On 3:28:00 or so, when the movie had already ended and everyone had gathered around Karin to tell her his or her opinion about the movie, I couldn't help but voice to her my concern about the strange coincidence between this movie and the previous “Mamma Mia”, that it always seemed to involve either a daughter unable to distinguish which one was her father (“Mamma Mia”) or a father unable to distinguish between his three sons (this “Matrimonio all'italiana”). Karin's face jerked slightly when she heard me saying this, indicating that this was indeed all a trick and that she did not appreciate the fact that I had noticed that she was running an operation on me. Then, something which would eventually quite concern me occurred. On 3:41:00 or so you can hear one of the new comers, a Vietnamese woman by the name of Thuy, making her acquaintance with Marianne – asking her basic questions like where she worked and so on. I was getting angry that I had just fallen into another trap, so that, by 3:43:40 or so, I dared cut in, my behavior loosened, between our new comer and Marianne, first commenting that both Marianne and Karin preferred chocolate while I was the only “fruity” preferring strawberry, and then asking Marianne about the website of the humanitarian organization at which she worked (World Vision). I asked her about her family, and learned that her brother didn't get along quite well with her other family members (3:49:30). Most of her family was still in Palestine and they hadn't seen her for two years. My conversation with Marianne effectively ends by 3:51:00 or so. On 3:52:00 or so, Peter came into my view once more. He asked me what I thought of the movie, and I told him straightforwardly that, given that this movie was similarly about identity confusion, the event must have been “planned” – there was a conspiracy surrounding the movie events. Now that I was quite upset, my mouth was loosened. I told Peter about “Mamma Mia” and “Live and Become”: it's always about uncertainty surrounding the identity of persons or plagiarism or fraud. A conspiracy must have been going on, I concluded on 3:53:50. Peter simply laughed, a good spirit was he. Finally I asked Thuy how she found this meetup. The surprising thing about Thuy was that she had been living in the United States for 30 years. From 3:57:30 onward Thuy explained how she had once ended up in Morocco, after which she continued to narrate her travel experience. On 4:07:00 it was time to wave goodbye. On 4:08:30, with my heart sinking to the bottom, I said goodbye to Peter: “See you next time...” “Yeah, it's good to see you again, Lawrence,” Peter responded.

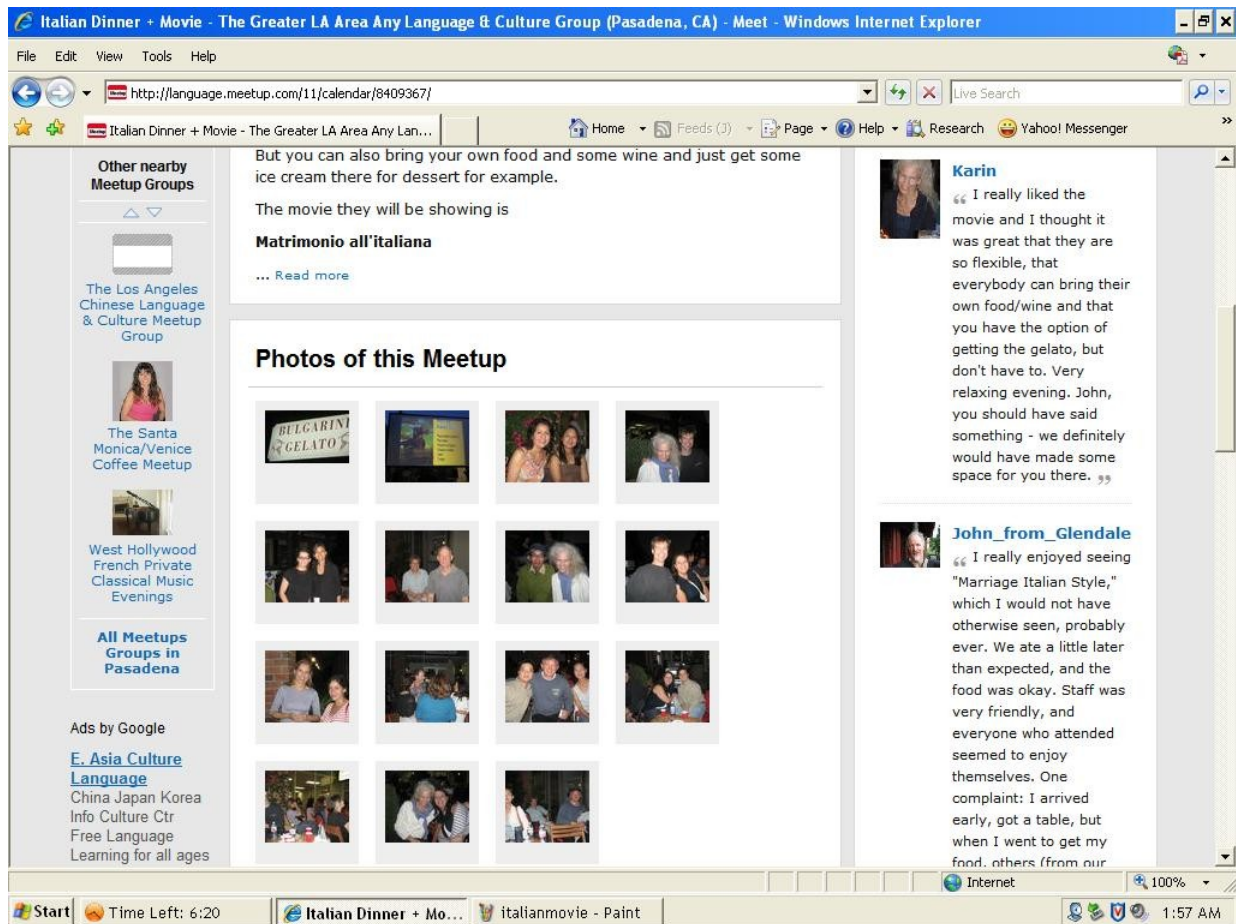
I walked down Lake Blvd upset and feeling terribly lonely. I would not be able to catch the bus tonight and would have to walk all the way to Colorado Blvd. Along the way I was crying, despairing over how impossible it was for me to ever find acceptance in Karin's group and how my only function there was to be a dummy for endless operations devised to slander me in the international arena. I was crying loudly while walking, and at one point a car sped past and the young college kids inside shouted out to me, “Don't be sad. We like you!” I had no idea if they had been instructed by the suit team to comfort me like this. But of course I wasn't comforted at all, for these were just strangers, and their shouting was quite vulgar, as if they were making fun of me.

Now Mr Secretary would have produced another piece of circumstantial evidence tonight suggesting that I had a passion for pretending to be someone else. The faulty surveillance which the Machine had produced of my meetup event tonight would definitely show that I was delighted by this Italian movie,

even though I was in reality quite frightened by it. I have earlier mentioned that the evidentiary function of this movie might be more complex than simply to indicate that I had a passion for pretending to be someone else. Mr Secretary might have argued that I “loved” this movie, and the previous “Mamma Mia” as well, because these two movies reflected my family situation where my family members had difficulty in distinguishing between me and the real Lawrence Chin. Remember that, when Mr Secretary was testifying in the UN Security Council in response to MSS' director's request, he must have brought out the fact – which he himself had orchestrated – that even my family members, such as my aunt Jennifer, had reported that I suffered from paranoid schizophrenia and had imagined up the fact that I had once been investigated as a terrorist suspect and was under Homeland Security's surveillance and so on. Now, when the MSS director produced the FBI document showing that Lawrence Chin had indeed been investigated as a terrorist suspect, and when Mr Secretary then invented the scenario that Lawrence Chin had a twin brother named David Chin and that it was really David Chin who was schizophrenic and who had then stolen Lawrence Chin's story about being once mistaken as a terrorist suspect, the question naturally would arise of why the family members of Lawrence and David would have reported Lawrence for suffering schizophrenia rather than David! Now that Mr Secretary and the Agency were evidently trimming the evidentiary record to perfection, they would definitely need to resolve this paradox, and Mr Secretary's idea was to argue that, indeed, even the family members of Lawrence and David had difficulty in distinguishing between these two twin brothers, and that David, the devil of the two twins, must have taken special delight in his family members' confusion – a delight such as was reflected in his love for “Mamma Mia” and “Matrimonio all'italiana”.

Next I want to comment on the appearance of the Vietnamese woman “Thuy”. I couldn't help but suspect that she was another one of the busted agents of the Agency, sent here to [wreak](#) vengeance on me and the MSS director (to reverse the “terrorist harm” she had suffered) through the Machine's confusion of her as a Vietnamese secret agent, with which Mr Secretary would then have produced a piece of evidence indicating that I had met with a Vietnamese secret agent tonight and that the “conspiracy” to fraudulently sue the United States in the International Court of Justice extended beyond China and Russia to Vietnam as well. This suspicion would gradually crystallize in my head until I would write on my blog on September 23 2008:

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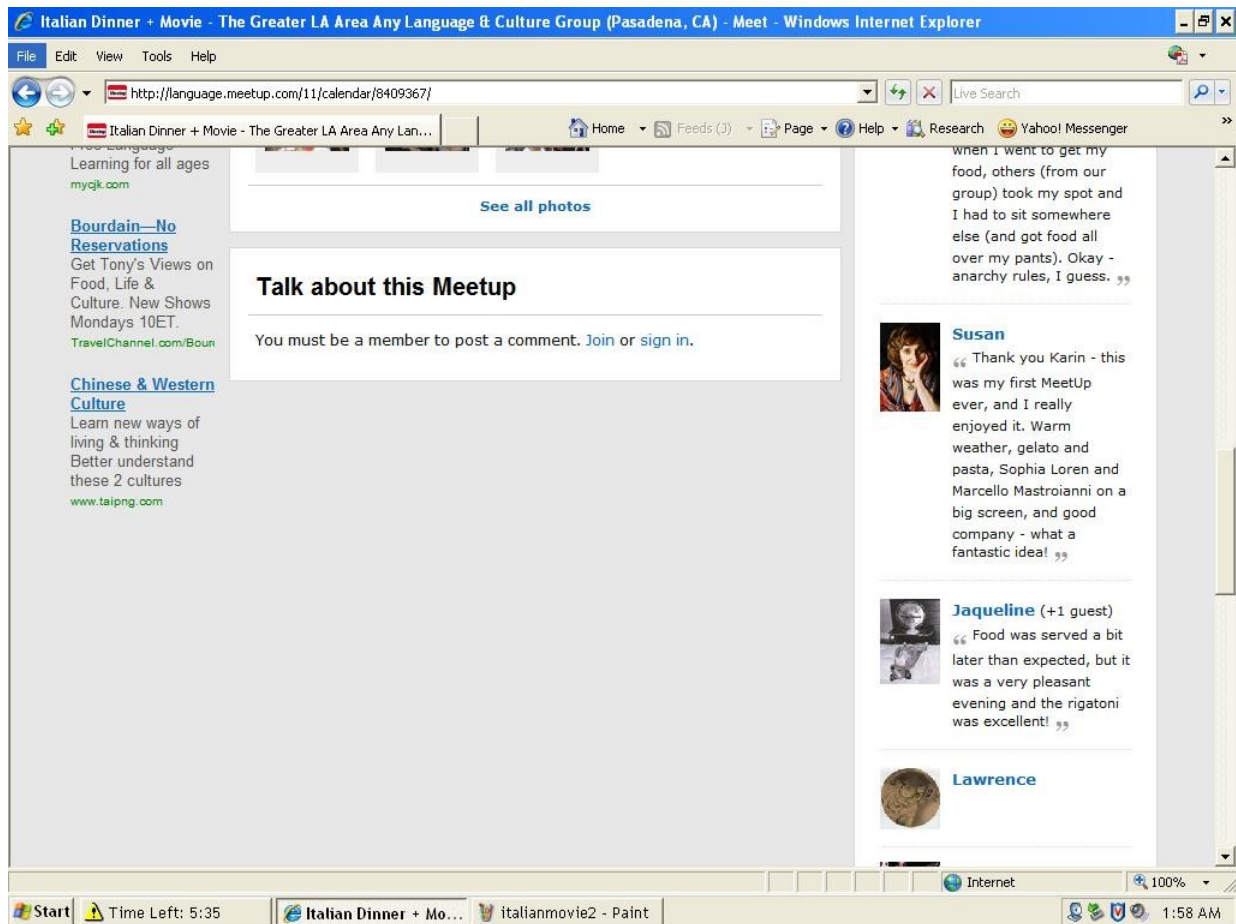


This Vietnamese woman who showed up for the first time on 8/16/08, Thuy.

“... Fear of being framed into an international schizophrenic spy: the appearance of a Vietnamese lady in Karin's meetup in August (when we saw the horrifying Italian movie 'Matrimonio...'), the mention by Sophia... from the church that she thought I once said I was Vietnamese or Cambodian in late August, the suggestion by another lady at the church during the Greek festival on September 1 that she thought I was Vietnamese or Cambodian – all these have caused me to fear for a while that the 'Hidden Authority' [namely, Mr Secretary's suit team] was trying to frame me into a spy for Vietnam as well. The United States could take the false testimonies of these people (who were instructed to purposely remember falsely that I told them I was Vietnamese and spoke Vietnamese) to the UN and the ICJ and present them as 'evidences' that the Chinese and Vietnamese have jointly recruited me a long time ago right here in the United States, thus blackmailing Vietnam as well in the UN ('You'd better vote with us or else we'll bring the lawsuit to you too'). Added to this was the strange phenomenon in late August one night that, when I typed the URL <http://pool.sk-keyservers.net> into the address field of my browser, instead of this keyserver website, some kim-mihn.com kept popping up on my screen without my being able to

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get rid of it. Since 'kim-mihn' sounds Vietnamese, I was afraid that perhaps the 'Hidden Authority' was shooting some Vietnamese spy website (real or fake) right to my computer (force-feed framing) and then went to the ICJ to present the fake evidence proving that I visited a Vietnamese spy website.”



Remember that, just days before this meetup event, Russia repelled Georgia's invasion of South Ossetia and the military conflict between Georgia and Russia had begun. I would read on *Los Angeles Times* some time later that both China and Vietnam had desisted from supporting Russia in the UN Security Council and furnishing formal recognition for the independence of the two breakaway states from Georgia, contrary to their past behavior of persistent support for Russia's agendas in the United Nations. I believe that my assumption in my blog post of September 23 was quite correct, that, while China had already by September been completely convicted in the International Court of Justice and therefore forced to side with the United States in the UN Security Council as part of its compensation to the “victim” of its fraud, Vietnam had been blackmailed by the new faulty evidence which Mr Secretary was ready to bring to Court should Vietnam refuse to side with the United States – even though, once more, the mechanism by which the faulty evidence had reached the International Court of

Justice was not false reporting to authorities as I had assumed at the time, but the interception of the words of the people around me and the confusion of the Machine's surveillance over me.

At Orthodox Church and with Ala at Zona Rosa, August 17 2008

The next day was Sunday and I accordingly spent the morning at the Orthodox Church. This has been recorded in: “[orthodox_8_17_08_1042AM_part_1_\(412\).wma](#)”³⁰ and “[orthodox_8_17_08_1042AM_part_2.wma](#)”³¹ After the service had ended I found Father John and had a short chat with him (1:27:00 or so). I told him “I wasn't doing so well lately...” “Do you think you want to go to the hospital?” Father John asked me (1:28:35). I shared with him my thought about “becoming a monk” (!), an idea I had developed in response to my enormous depression (1:29:40). “Well we can talk about going to the monastery...” said he (1:30:00). But then he added, “I want to make sure you get into some sort of program... in the hospital...” (1:31:30). “You feel that you can't cope...” Thus Father John continued to encourage me to go to the hospital. This was a trick which Father John must have been instructed by his handler from Mr Secretary's “suit team” to play on me. If I went to the hospital, I would receive medical examination and sample of my blood would be drawn. The result of the examination and my blood sample would be confused with someone else's and the wrong result and the wrong sample would then be intercepted as if clandestinely and taken to the International Court as evidences showing that I wasn't myself at all. Our conversation ends on 1:34:00. Now, what is to note is that, when I then joined Sophia, Tony, and the old crowd, this time everyone was talking about going to a restaurant in Little Saigon (1:48:50)! The sudden infusion of things Vietnamese into my environment had thus begun.

I rode with Tony and John to the Vietnamese restaurant, and we arrived there by 2:19:00. Not long after we had all sat down around a big table, Sophia told me she thought I was born in Vietnam. This is what I referred to in my blog post of September 23. I was born in Taiwan, not in Vietnam, I told her, whereupon she remarked that I must have been in Taiwan during the time I was gone (2:27:15, until 2:28:00). Well here, evidence was not only produced – as you have just seen – for my association with “Vietnam” but also for my being in Taiwan during November 2007 when I was actually in Los Angeles – remember the power of the Machine to confuse things – which would be another piece of evidence redeeming Mr Secretary from his perjury when he routed my Skype call to Taiwan.

After the meal with the church's crowd I rode the bus to Pasadena. I came to Zona Rosa and, lo and behold, Ala was sitting outside the coffeehouse waiting for me. It was around 6 PM, and this second

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most important conversation with Ala has been recorded in: “with ala 8-17-08 6PM.wma”³² or “redo_w_ala_8_17_08_zona_rosa_608PM.wma”.³³

My conversation with Ala today concerned precisely the movies which Karin had been instructed to lure me to see for the sake of Mr Secretary's strangest argument in the International Court. Only if the judges in the ICJ could hear this piece of audio at the time: I was simply tricked to see these bizarre movies, and yet Ala was here once again trying to lure me to see another French movie, “Ne le dis à personne”. I never saw this movie and so I couldn't tell you what cartoonish argument our Secretary of Homeland Security was planning to make out of it. I did once see a review of this movie on Ebert and Roeper where a scene of this movie was shown: the main character walked through a busy freeway, causing a lot of traffic accidents. It caught my attention because, during my time of severe depression in June and July, when I realized that no one would ever believe that I did my drawings and writings, I jay-walked a lot and crossed many red lights. Perhaps, with the surveillance of my jay-walking in hand, Mr Secretary wanted me to see this movie so that he may lend more plausibility to his cartoonish profile of me as a childish figure who liked to imitate what he saw in movies – so that my seeing all the movies about identity fraud and identity confusion could gain more credibility as “evidence” demonstrating that I must actually be someone else pretending to be myself, further redeeming Mr Secretary from lying about me on the international scene earlier.

I told Ala in this conversation about the bind in which I was caught: that I loved Karin's meetup groups so much that, even though I believed Karin and her groups' members were informing on me for law enforcement and running operations on me for the government, I couldn't just take off and leave them behind; that my problem was therefore not my paranoia but my emotional attachment to Karin and her bunch – for if I had suspected people to whom I wasn't so attached of informing on me and running on me operations detrimental to me, I would just get away from them. But Ala kept emphasizing how illogical it all was because it made no sense that one would keep meeting with those people who he believed were “conspiring with the police to harm him”. If you hear my explanation in the recording of the conversation here then you should see that there is nothing illogical in it, but only emotional weakness – becoming attached to your prison guards is not illogical, but stupid. When Ala further asked me why I would be attached to people who I believed were “conspiring to harm me”, I could only answer that I had become attached to these people before they began conspiring with the Authority

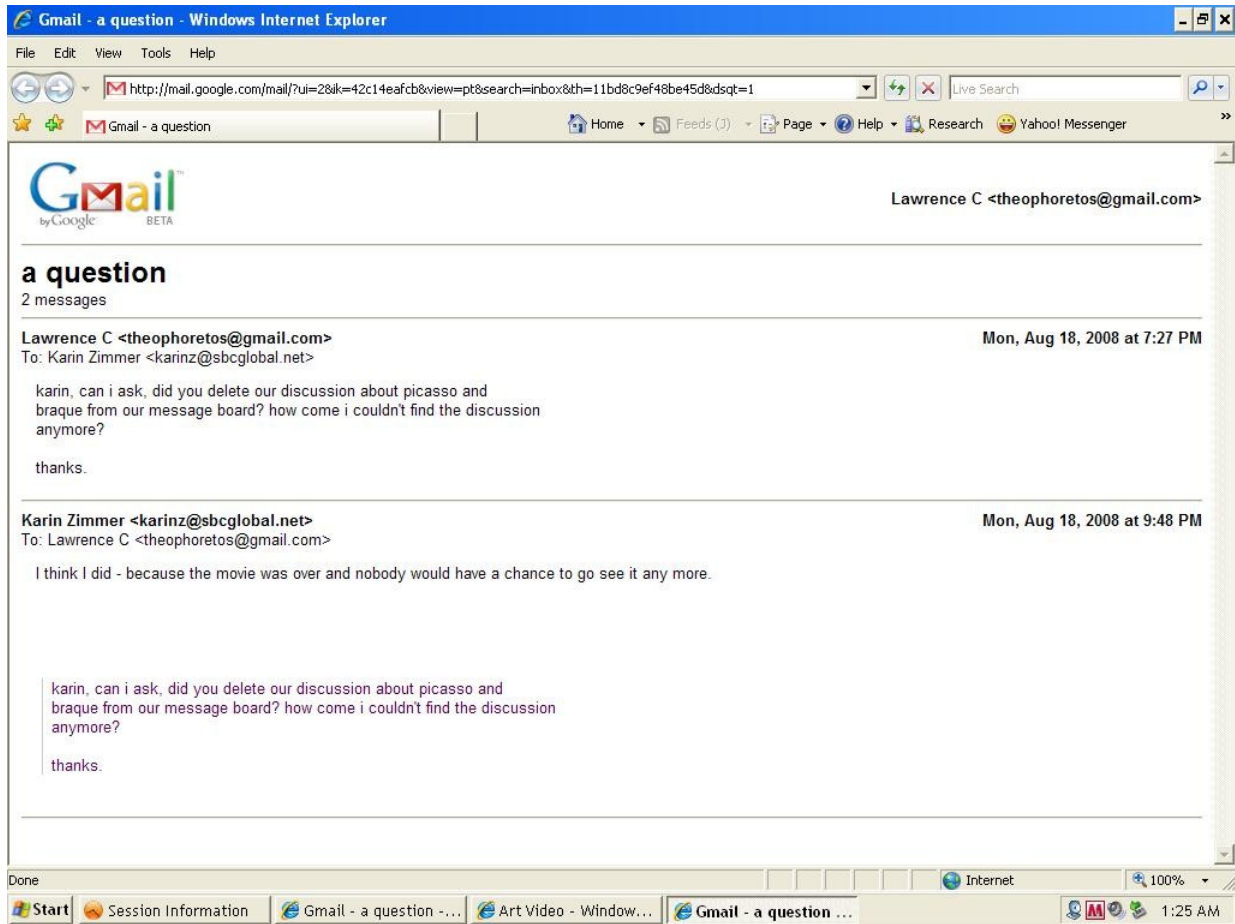
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against me (18:35). It's just like when your own family was conspiring against you – can you just walk away from them? (21:55) Ala finally remarked that I needed professional help, and I replied that I found it difficult to talk about this fear of mine with professionals because I would believe they were also talking and plotting with law enforcement behind my back. I have to suspect that underlying Ala's continual insistence on the illogicality of my behavior even given my clear explanation was an intent for the surveillance around us to pick up another reaction of other people toward my supposed mental confusion and paranoia so that – with my voice blacked out in the surveillance – the judges at the International Court may be convinced that Mr Secretary's profile of me as a paranoid schizophrenic was correct.

When I then told Ala about how the government might be instructing Karin to lure me to see these weird movies about identity frauds and plagiarism so that it may use my “movie preferences” as “evidence” in the International Court demonstrating that I was a fraud and plagiarizer, he regarded this scenario as totally ridiculous: You mean if someone likes to watch gangster movies the prosecutor could use his watching gangster movies as evidence in a court of law proving he is a gangster? (25:20) Apparently one can do that in the International Court of Justice, I had to say. Even though Ala must have known this was actually what was going on, he needed to pretend otherwise in order to both calm me down and to produce the impression in surveillance that he was totally unaware of the surveillance above him and was not acting out a show for the unseen international audience.

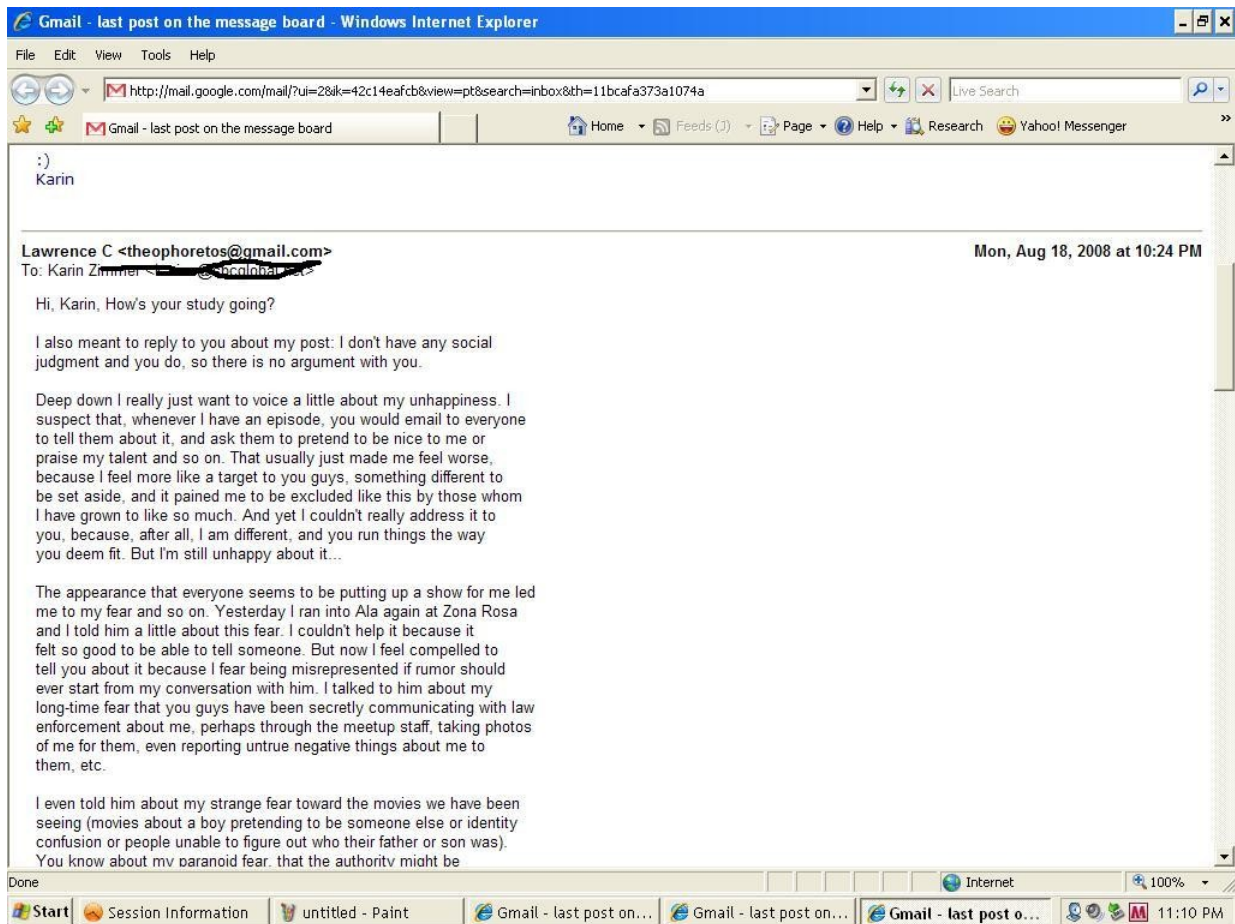
On the night of August 18, I was at ISO in Westwood. Because Karin, as I have noted above, kept deleting my essay “The anatomy of a delusional fear” from our Meetup website, I decided to compose a note so that I could at least share it with Karin. Just then I discovered that our discussion on the message board about art regarding the meetup event “Picasso and Braque went to the movies” was deleted. I immediately wrote an email to Karin asking her if it was indeed she who had deleted it, and then frantically saved the discussion from Google's cache. I had to search for instructions as to how to take screenshots and then go to the Kinkos in the Westwood Village to take the screenshots of our discussion from Google's cache – and this is why you can even see the discussion above. Karin wrote me back that night on 9:48 PM saying she did delete the discussion: “because the movie was over and nobody would have a chance to see it any more.” She was obviously finding excuse. She had in fact, as noted, received instruction from her handler to destroy evidence as to who said what. This made me even more upset. By 10:24 PM, I had finished writing the note I was trying to compose and emailed it to Karin. I was just too desperate to let her know that I knew what she was doing – something which would continue to irritate her. (See the screenshots below.)

How I have been made into a different person: Part II: Karin's Meetups
Chapter 9: The impossible wish to be known
Lawrence C. Chin
Jun. 2009 – Sep. 2011. Revised, Feb. 2013, Jan. – Mar. 2017.



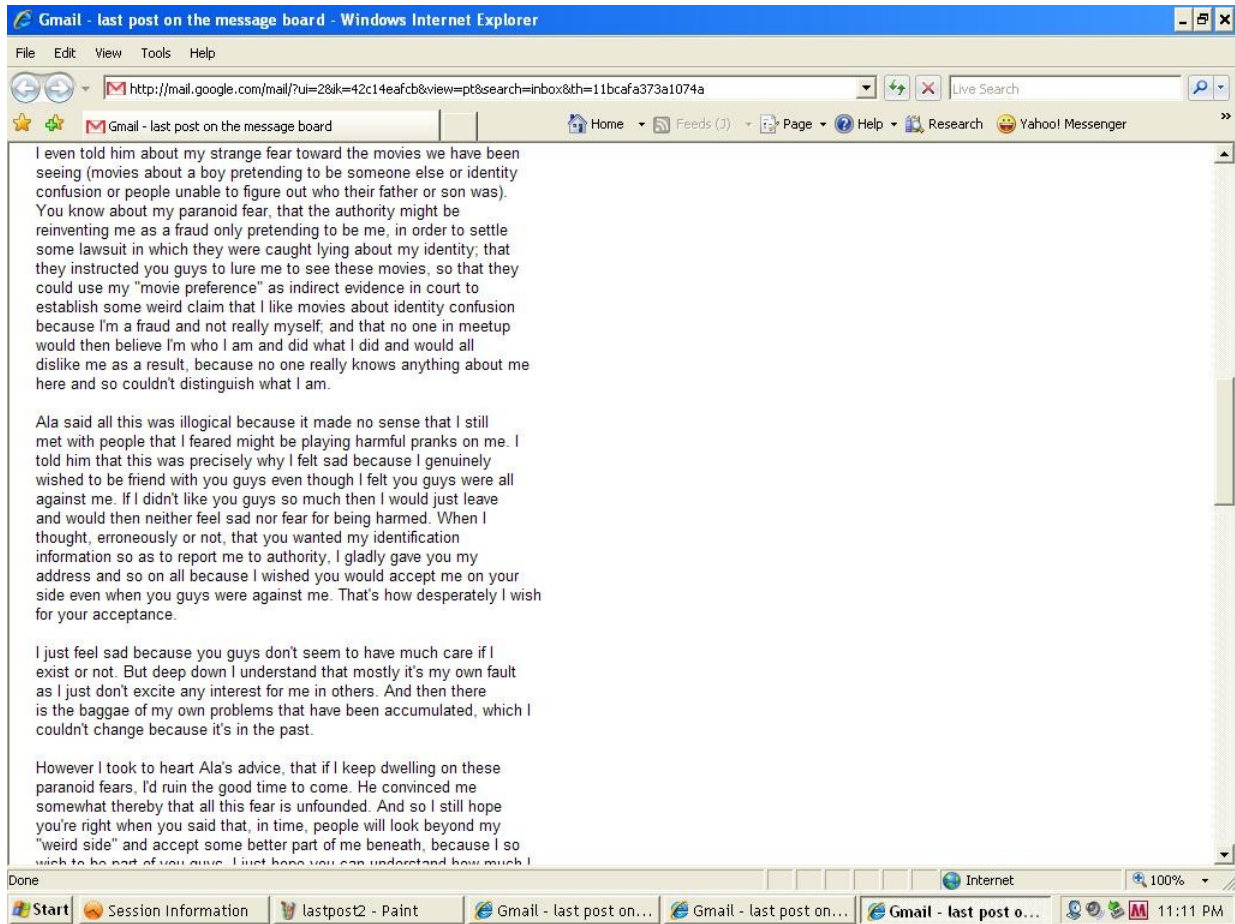
My email to Karin on 8/18/08 asking her if she did delete our discussion

How I have been made into a different person: Part II: Karin's Meetups
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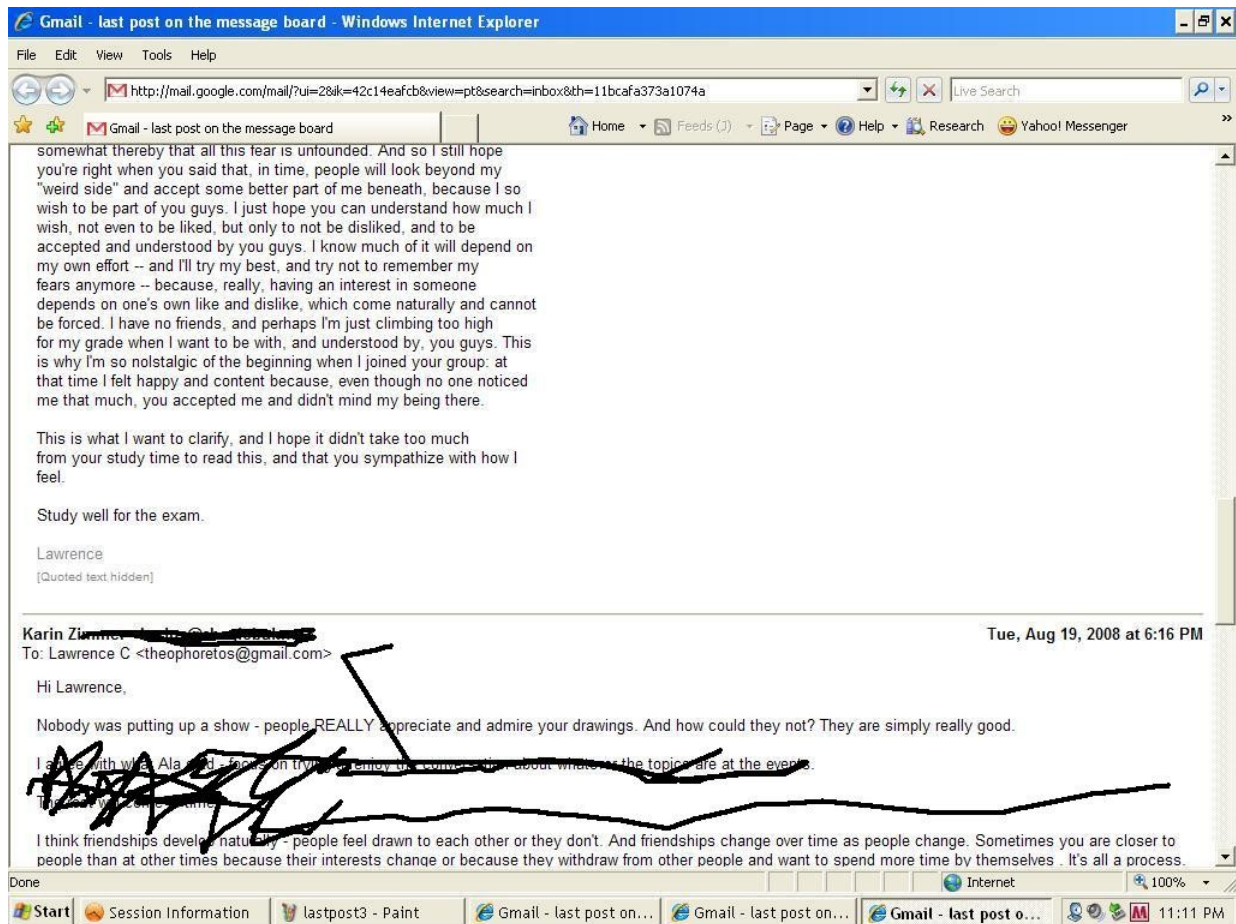
My email to Karin, August 18, 2008

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My email to Karin, 8/18/08, continued

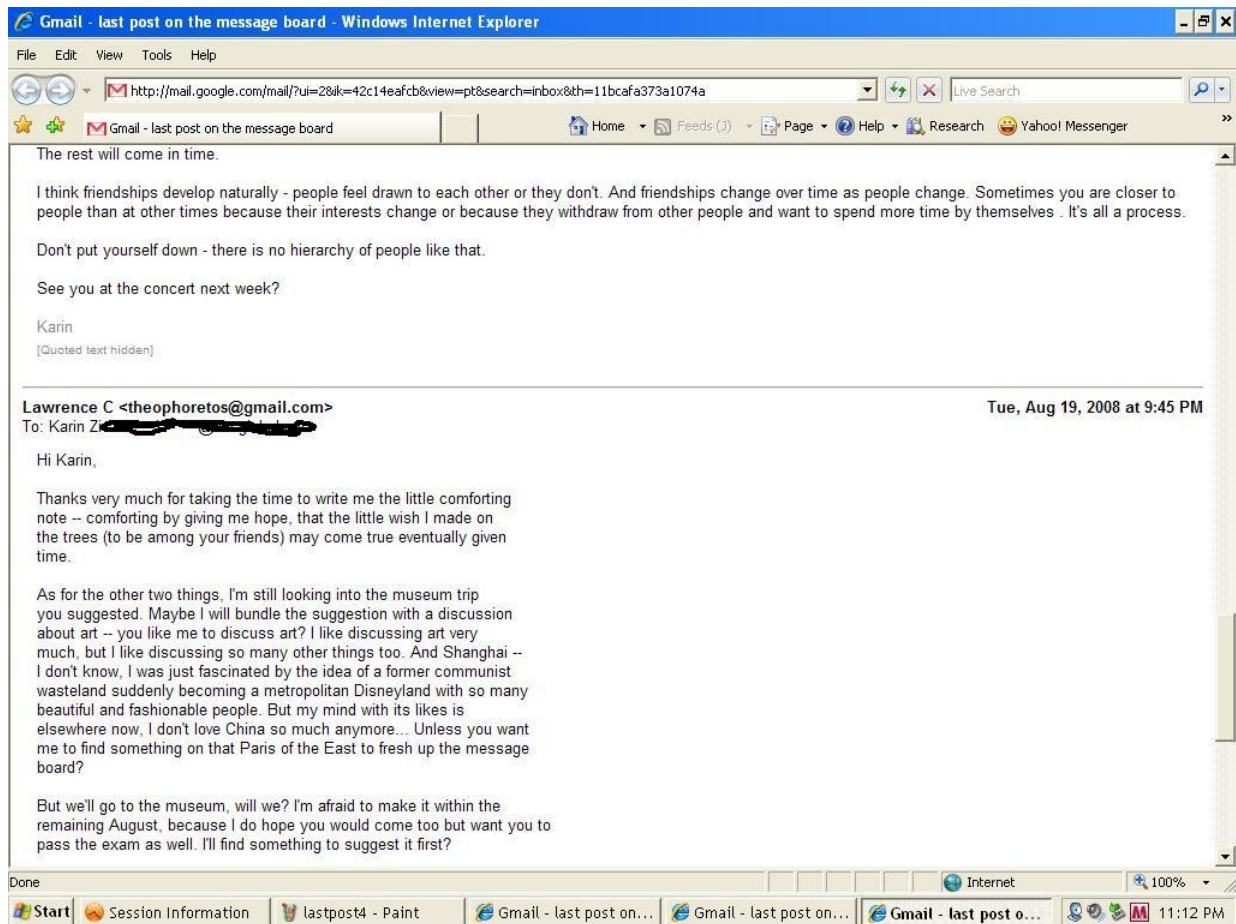
How I have been made into a different person: Part II: Karin's Meetups
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My email to Karin 8/18/08, continued

Once more, Karin obstructed my attempt to connect with her and her group by lying in her reply to me saying that no one was putting up a show for me, which felt like a door shut in front of my face to deny me entry. The next day, on August 19, I made another attempt to reconnect with Karin by writing to her that I would find a museum for us to go to – just as Karin's handler had instructed her to encourage me to do. But she merely responded that I should go to museums with other people whether she would be there or not, etc. Clearly, she was so disgusted with me that she wanted to pass the torch to other people and have them complete the operation by which evidence would be produced in the International Court demonstrating that I, out of my passion to pretend to be Lawrence Chin, was actively trying to fool people into the impression that I had a talent and passion for art. Her tactic would only further disappoint me and anger me at the same time – you are so worthless that, after I use you to slander yourself, I will dump you to others so as to let them use you instead – so that, eventually, I would give up entirely any plan about visiting a museum as a meetup event.

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My email to Karin, 8/19/08

By early morning the next day, on 4:19 AM, I posted a significant reflection on my blog, summing up what I had so far, correctly and incorrectly, understood of “Operation Meetup”.

“Starting with the time when I was in Shanghai and Germany everyone around me has been trying to emphasize and then exaggerate my foreign language skills – per Homeland Security's instruction, of course. Karin during many of our meetups from February to May kept emphasizing to others how many foreign languages I spoke. In reality I am merely trilingual and, as for the other languages, I only know them approximately on paper, as I have commented on my original Feefee blog. But she would introduce me to other people as if I also spoke fluently these other languages. Evidently Homeland Security had instructed her to do so and then to falsely report my super multilingual ability to law enforcement authority with which she was in contact (I guess this is most likely the Secret Service) so that the false (or exaggerated) report would then eventually end up in the International Court of Justice and UN Security Council. But what is Homeland Security's purpose in framing me into a super multilingual? Lately this has led me to guess at another possible falsehood which Homeland Security might have invented to

screw the Chinese at the International Court: perhaps they have also invented the lie that I was long before my flight to China already recruited by the Chinese intelligence as an operative right here in the United States and that it's the Chinese intelligence which had instructed me to pretend to be someone else and fly to China so that they could then sue the United States. That is, they may have made up this story that my flight to China was all an ingenious plan orchestrated by the Chinese intelligence. This lie has very likely been told given how much Homeland Security must have wanted to screw the Chinese intelligence, and by framing the latter in this way they can probably get the judges in the International Court to order the Chinese government to ban its intelligence service once and for all. But the problem for me in all this – the reason why I have to keep thinking about it – is of course the possibility that Homeland Security might have then broadcast this lie in my meetup groups and among the population. The lies which the government uses in International Court and UN Security Council – albeit the whole process is in secret – are not going to just remain there, but will be propagated in real life and affect my social life. Lies lies lies. When can I ever get out of their lies? The philosopher hates lies and loves truth, as Plato says in the *Republic*: that's my weakness. Now this may also be why Homeland Security has instructed Karin to keep taking me in the past few months to the Chinese areas in East Los Angeles where I never have had the habit of frequenting. Presumably Homeland Security would then argue in the International Court: see, he frequents the area of Chinese community; it must have been there that he was recruited. Homeland Security of course won't mention the fact that I've been under 24/7 surveillance for almost four years, and that an event like that could never have escaped their notice.”

Thus have I by this time become fully aware of the scenario which Mr Secretary had invented to bail himself out of his lies and to frame the MSS director, partly as his revenge and partly to cover up the wrong-doing of the United States. But I was still at this time unable to fathom the errors which the Canadian RCMP had made – their assessment of me as lacking language skills beyond my bilingual ability in English and Chinese – and which my Big Sister at the FBI had included in the document she passed on to the Chinese. The real reason why Karin's bunch had been instructed by Mr Secretary to address me, while we were all under surveillance, as a super multilingual was, as I have noted, that the suit team wanted evidences produced about me which would contradict Big Sister's description about me in the FBI document and which could therefore cast doubts as to whether I was really Lawrence Chin. David Chin the twin brother of Lawrence Chin was multilingual because he was a spy trained by the Chinese, and then by the Russians, while Lawrence Chin was merely bilingual. You should also notice that, by this time, I was zeroing in on the Secret Service as the law enforcement entity to which I falsely assumed Karin's bunch had been reporting me. This is because I had around this time learned from my research that the therapeutic professionals were at times obliged to report to the Secret Service's Behavioral Research unit about patients who harbored dangerous delusions about public officials, via the American Psychological Association's Division 41 or something like that. (See my blog post on September 9 and September 14, 2008; I have also mentioned this in passing in “Government's investigation of a schizophrenic, Part I”.) The Secret Service had a program called the “Mental Health Liaison Program” which coordinated with the mental health community in assessing and managing any individual whom the Service considered as displaying dangerous delusions in regard

to public officials – all in secret nowadays, of course, and certainly without notifying the individual in question or letting him know in any way that he was being targeted.³⁴ While my hypothesis about Karin's secret reporting of me was wrong, my other hypothesis, formed gradually also around this time, that my old psychologist Deborah W had been instructed by Homeland Security in 2007 to report me in this fashion was probably correct. In any case, I continued in my blog post of August 19:

All the other elements of the fake negative profile which Homeland Security has built up of me would acquire different meanings in this new light. For example, during my July 30 session with Greg he said in the very beginning that I had told him how much I liked my computer and commented how he remembered I used to talk about my computer all the time. He immediately gave away the fact that he had been in contact with the planners in Homeland Security and so on and was instructed by them to lie like this. The lie was outrageous enough: this was only our second appointment in the entire past year, and it was only within the past year that I started owning a laptop. When I had my two appointments with him in the summer of 2007 I certainly didn't talk about computers at all, but only about Homeland Security, being still “computer illiterate” at the time. Homeland Security has been trying to frame me into a computer wizard for a while by now, by instructing people – my dentist and Carol at the Red Cross in February – to comment how good I was with computers. Now, in accordance with this new guess of mine, they would be doing so in order to argue (falsely) in the International Court and UN Security Council that I had been secretly trained by the Chinese intelligence right here in California, that I was taught amazing computer skills and multiple languages – hence Homeland Security would also want to frame me into a multilingual more than I really am.

Again, I had not yet been able to fathom Mr Secretary's strategy of arguing that I was in actuality my older brother who was a computer programmer – mentioned in the Big Sister's document to the Chinese – and who had now been made into a twin brother of mine – not mentioned in the Big Sister's document, of course. I then continued:

The other horrifying false characteristics for which Homeland Security has framed me would then be devised to defame the Chinese intelligence in the international arena. Homeland Security would point to Chinese intelligence before all the nations: look at the kind of person they recruit: a schizophrenic who couldn't distinguish between left and right, who was at the same time a pedophile, a snooper and a identity-thief, a racist and a Nazi, a sex-maniac, a stalker.... This is the material of which the Chinese intelligence is made, they would say.

I was probably wrong about Mr Secretary's inclusion of “stalker” into the profile he was constructing of me. Then, after I wrote about my meeting with Ala on August 9, I continued:

34 Consult the website of the National Threat Assessment Center of the United States Secret Service: <http://www.secretservice.gov/ntac.shtml>. For an academic discussion of Secret Service's integration of research into its protective program, see “Integrating Research and Practice in Federal Law Enforcement: Secret Service Applications of Behavioral Science Expertise to Protect the President”, by Margaret H. Coggins, Marisa Reddy Pynchon, and Joel A. Dvoskin, *Behavioral Science and the Law*, 16, 51 – 70, available at: http://joeldvoskin.com/Coggins_Pynchon_Dvoskin_1998.pdf.

You can understand the government's use of the characteristic “a Chinese nationalist” in my case: they probably made up the story that the Chinese “recruiter” had brainwashed me with Chinese nationalism. They probably argued in... the International Court that my “expert knowledge” of things Chinese is evidence that I have been trained by the Chinese intelligence since a long time ago. But what would be the use of the characteristic “left-wing extremist”? Perhaps they have been arguing in the International Court that leftists are anti-government and anti-American (are they really? You'll be the judge of that) and so are susceptible of wanting to do damage to their own country for a foreign country's sake. [*Mr Secretary did like to make such identification, as I have noted earlier.*] Perhaps they want to use this argument in the domestic sphere also in order to justify further surveillance and suppression of left-wing groups. But a scenario that has occurred to me is that they might want to link up, out of thin air, Chinese (or any “enemy”) intelligence with domestic left-wing elements, arguing (falsely, of course) that Chinese intelligence is so bad that they extended their dirty hands to those bad liberals in the United States, and thus defaming the Chinese intelligence in the international arena even more.

Something like this had indeed occurred. As you shall see in the Appendix, the United States had forced the Chinese government to forge evidences indicating that the MSS director had not only orchestrated 911 attacks, but had also orchestrated them in such a way that he could make many Americans suspect that it was the US government itself which had orchestrated the attacks, thus secretly inflaming anti-government sentiments among the American population. Mr Secretary had also been bent on using me as a patsy to discredit the leftwing critics of neoconservatism as mentally deranged. I then described my vague, but ultimately incorrect conception of the scenario which Mr Secretary had invented about my life and of the mechanism by which faulty evidences were gathered for my case in the International Court of Justice:

“Homeland Security might be using me in a massive effort to destroy the Chinese intelligence service. What I care about is of course the misfortune I would have to suffer in this process. Over the past few months the past which Homeland Security has invented for me according to my guesses has evolved to such a bizarre extent. Now I believe that the 'fake Lawrence' they have invented is also named Lawrence Chang-Lung Chin, in which way they have been able to attribute my entire past and character to this 'fake Lawrence' no matter how I have copyrighted my writings and so on under the name of 'Lawrence Chang-Lung Chin'. That is, I may have been idiotically copyrighting my writings for this fake Lawrence. I think Homeland Security is claiming that I was not born in my family but entered my family as a double and started pretending from very early on to be this fake Lawrence Chang-Lung Chin who was however my family's child. In other words, they have separated me from myself and now I have to live as a pretender of myself. The last documentary which Karin took us to see, 'Picasso and Braque went to the movies', seems to indicate that Homeland Security might after all allow the fact that I could draw... I have said that Karin's meetup groups must have been insulated from the International Court because the creation and collection of fake evidences in this way through Karin's meetups must depend entirely on hearsay, i.e. Karin or other meetup members reporting orally my movie

choices and (falsely created) hallucination episodes and so on to law enforcement entities (perhaps through the meetup staff) whose records Homeland Security then collected, and presented, in the International Court of Justice. Any direct surveillance of meetup activities or our meetup website would reveal the bogus nature of the 'evidence' and so must have been excluded.

This means that the International Court is now thoroughly under the control of Western powers – even the judges have been replaced and so on – and that what goes on in there now is purely a puppet show directed by Homeland Security and Western governments in general – how otherwise can pure hearsay be considered good evidence? Wouldn't any judge with a functional brain consider the possibility that those who reported to law enforcement in the United States have simply been informants instructed to do so?"

I simply couldn't have imagined such thing as “faulty surveillance Machine” at this time. I continued my reflection about “Operation Movie Watching”:

“In the past weeks two more movies of suspicious nature have been chosen for our meetup. First I went unsuspecting with Karin and Jacqueline and a few others to see 'Mamma Mia' on Aug 6 and then with Karin and a bunch of others on Aug 16 to see an old Italian film, 'Matrimonio all'italiana'.... The two movies have strikingly similar themes, the first about a girl who is trying to find out which of the three men is her father, and the second about a man trying to find out which of the three sons is really his son. Another two movies about identity confusion. Jacqueline chose the first film and, according to Karin, Michelle chose the second. Karin has also another movie scheduled for September, 'Un secret', about *a Jewish boy who invented a brother and family history for himself but then discovered some sort of family secret.*

They probably all did so under Homeland Security's instruction. If my guess is correct, then Homeland Security is trying to establish a long record at law enforcement demonstrating that I have a long-standing preference for movies about stealing another person's works ('Roman de Gare'), pretending to be someone else ('Live and Become'), identity confusion (these two) and identity invention (the upcoming 'Un secret'), so that informal evidences might have accumulated that I enjoy identity-theft or inventing imaginary self and am never who I really am. The law enforcement profile of me as not really who I am etc would then not only be used in International Court and the UN but also disseminated throughout the world, all because, most likely, governments around the world have seen the FBI document about me passed to China (and probably some other things that the Chinese might have sued out of the Court) so that the fake Lawrence that is invented as a substitute for me and as the 'real subject' of the FBI document would now have to be maintained as a permanent condition. I, my real self, would then have to forever remain as the Homeland Security invention. The escape to China to avoid Homeland Security has made my situation so much worse: I have now even lost my past and identity and have to be hated around the world as something I am not.

I am weighted down everyday by the fear that Karin and other meetup members might believe

this Homeland Security re-invention of me, especially the possible ugly falsehood that I had been recruited by the Chinese even before my flight to China. No one would possibly want to be friends with a fraud like this which Homeland Security says I am. I wish I could explain to her that I'm not this creature which Homeland Security has invented. Hence I wrote a story documenting my discontent... with her meetup [*The anatomy of a delusional fear*], and posted it on the file section of our Meetup website. The story is now found at <http://www.writings.lawrencechin2008.com/>, on my own website, because Karin had removed it. When I posted on the message board just a little explanation with a link to the story, she again deleted it. And it was evident that she never even read the story, but just had to delete it... because she had got a secret call from her handler telling her to do so. She frustrated me so much by refusing to grant me any opportunity to communicate with her...

I would never make it to the next weird movie, “Un secret”, for I would be kicked out of Karin's meetup groups before that. I then elaborated upon my erroneous hypothesis about people's false reporting of me to law enforcement behind my back:

“I've now come to think that, when Karin and Gabi were trying earlier this year – per Homeland Security's instruction, of course – to get basic identification information about me such as my address and phone number, they were most likely wanting to report me to the meetup headquarters staff, i.e. that there was a dangerous schizophrenic in their midst, and that it is the meetup staff who then – again per Homeland Security's instruction – reported it to law enforcement. The meetup staff is a component in the report mechanism which I have not thought of much before.”

In my desperate attempt to diversify the passions that were destroying me, I wandered to the NAMI³⁵ meeting in Edelman on August 20. This is recorded in: “[NAMI_8_20_08_646PM.wma](#)”³⁶. I needed to find my “own kind”. No use, though. I didn't meet anyone there and went home dissatisfied. My only bet left would be my own meetup event the next day.

My own meetup, August 21

The meetup group which I founded myself and through which I wished I could make friends with people of my own kind was the Borderline Personality Disorder Meetup group. “My own kind” would be other sufferers of Borderline Personality Disorder. My greatest fear, as noted, was that Mr Secretary would simply obstruct anyone from signing up my group and then send in his disgusting agents to pretend to be Borderline and join my group. As I wrote on my blog on August 19 and 20, one and two days before the first gathering of my group:

35 National Alliance on Mental Illness

36 D:\recordings_toshiba_2\NAMI_8_20_08_646PM.wma 0526F56AC17355047E6DF67DF120D01E
B795CB378A98A5D61624373DA17E0863BB65410C
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403B853533B2781F11B457603771936BEC09DCAD0A6

[August 19:] “From the way people are starting to join the Borderline Personality Disorder meetup that I just founded myself (<http://bpd.meetup.com/161/>), it has become almost certain that the group will not end up meeting my needs by offering me a chance for genuine human interaction, but will be infested with informants and secret agents who come in to frame me and talk about me into all sorts of things I'm not and don't wish to be so as to provide false testimonies and evidence for law enforcement or whatever international and UN organization, locking me in a prison of deception and pretending where I couldn't get my needs met...”

[August 20:] “Another horrifying possible scenario just occurred to me today about my own meetup group. Since the meetup staff may very well have received reports about me (that a dangerous schizophrenic is in the midst) from Karin and the Secret Service been working with the meetup staff, the latter two may work together on obstructing the formation of my own meetup group by having law enforcement send in agents as fake members to fill up the group in order to prevent me from having genuine contact with other human beings under the pretext of protecting them while not 'escalating' me.

When I come to think of it, when Karin tells everyone in the group (whether or not per law enforcement's or meetup staff's instruction) to pretend to be nice to me, they are probably doing it also under the pretext of 'not escalating me'. This thought frustrates me so much because I'm neither so dangerous as to need to be protected from nor handle deception well. I don't like to be thought of as dangerous and hate deception precisely because these prevent me from developing genuine human rapport – I like it when, whether people like me or hate me, they show it straightforwardly.”

While my post of August 20 was full of unfounded paranoia, I had predicted quite correctly in my post of August 19 as to what was going to happen. On August 21, only one person showed up to my first BPD meetup – although for a moment she would appear to be the best. It was “Donna” (or “Debbie Smith” according to her Meetup login name). The recording of my meeting with “Donna” is transferred from my ICD-B600 thrice to my Gateway and Toshiba. The first transfer resulted in the unsatisfactory files: “[bpd mu 8-21-08 part 1 \(107\).wma](#)” and “[bpd mu 8-21-08 part 2 \(414\).wma](#)”. The second transfer was an attempt to rectify the bad quality of the second file from the first transfer and resulted in the files: “[bpd_mu_8-21-08_part_2_v2_\(133\).wma](#)”, “[bpd_mu_8-21-08_part_3_v2_\(244\).wma](#)”, and “[bpd_mu_8-21-08_part_4_v2.wma](#)”.³⁷ The third transfer resulted in the file:

37 C:\Users\ms paradise.msparadise-PC\Desktop\recordings\bpd mu 8-21-08 part 1 (107).wma
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D5218C41A3EDD984DAE0F724A2A554B4CF653BBDBC0 C:\Users\ms paradise.msparadise-PC\Desktop\
recordings\bpd mu 8-21-08 part 2 (414).wma 64E063DD4C1AFC1C9AD892A15325BC8D

“redo_bpd_mu_8_21_08_635PM.wma”.³⁸ I shall use the file from the third transfer.

I was in Westwood during the afternoon, sending out from Starbucks the last email notice to my potential members about what I would be wearing this evening. I then hopped on the bus to go to Pasadena. I had put in a lot of effort preparing for this first meetup, having made multiple copies, for all possible comers, of the pages on Borderline Personality Disorder in DSM-IV. Just before arriving I turned on my recorder. I arrived at Corner Bakery, the location I decided upon for the meeting, on 11:40 in the recording. I waited in the open space by myself, putting up a small sign “BPD Meetup” on the table. Then, on 29:30 a woman appeared in front of me, she was a surprisingly pleasant sight. She introduced herself as “Donna”. She said she didn't live too far from here (30:30 or so). She was very

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Created Time     : 8/7/2009 11:25:18 PM
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polite, and offered to buy me coffee (30:45 or so). But I, too eager to please my one and only group member, got nervous and declined it. It should be me treating her, and not the other way round, I thought naïvely, not knowing that she was a CIA operative and that it had been the Agency's habit to compensate me slightly when it was an operation to trap me – just as Bird, back in October 2007, when she wanted a copy of my story “My experience...”, offered to pay for it. And so we both walked into Corner Bakery and got in line. So worried that, if others didn't show up, this “Donna” might lose interest too and never come again – because I wasn't entirely sure whether she was here for an operation: if she was, then of course it wouldn't really matter if she was the only one – I kept saying things like “There are two other persons who have said they might come” and “It's a first meeting, so you can't really expect too much” (31:10 or so). While we were waiting in line, we started a small chat: “So you have a daughter?” I asked her. “Yeah, she's 19”, she replied (31:15 or so), adding that her daughter was in Alabama at the moment. I then complimented her by acting surprised that her daughter was already that old: “You don't really look that old” (31:30). “Ah, thank you,” she said. Well, good look was always another sign that she was from the CIA. Donna then (on 31:45) asked me where I came from and, when I replied Westwood, she acted surprised and asked me how much time it took for me to get here from Westwood. Now this is important, as you shall see.

After we sat down, on 37:50 or so, Donna remarked to me that I didn't look very Borderline. How does Borderline look, I asked her. “Angry,” she said. “You want me to look angry?” I laughed. And thus I started offering my insights into Borderline Personality Disorder, based on my own experience, hoping to impress her. Medication is not of much use to this or any other personality disorder. But people with such “disorder” do tend to get better as they age. Such as my mother, I said (39:00 or so). Donna then started talking about her daughter. Everyone hated her, and she was angry all the time. I felt compelled to explain to her that I was never really angry, although I felt a lot of guilt, but added that I could still relate to her daughter (from 40:00 or so onward). For some reason, Donna mentioned also Attention Deficit Disorder (41:00 or so). A little surprised by her “misunderstanding”, I retraced my steps and remarked that what usually characterized BPD was not anger, but guilt (41:30). Sometimes these people were angry with themselves, sometimes with their circumstances, I emphasized; I then concluded that anger came only when guilt had accumulated beyond a certain threshold. But these things, I said, seemed not to apply to her daughter (42:10). “No,” she concurred, and then added, “Who wants to be around angry people?” (42:50 or so) When Donna then mentioned her daughter's psychiatrist's recommendation, she insisted on hearing what I thought about her daughter's situation (43:45). In order to impress her with my “knowledge”, I supposed I had to say things that might rather disappoint her: there is this thing called the vicious cycle with no solution (44:00). It's kind of like: “Rich people get richer, and poor people get poorer... And so happy people get happier, and unhappy people get unhappier... because they don't know how to do it, and also because unhappy people don't like each other...” Everything depended on her (46:50). Donna then remarked on a method she had been contemplating upon, the hard way, simply not letting her daughter come back home. I then offered another insight of mine, that people with BPD changed their interests fast (48:00). When Donna recounted that her daughter was perpetually restless and always wanted to go out, I tried my best to offer my “insight” into this type of psychology, that friends were like drug to her, for people with BPD

lived as if they had an addiction and were constantly in search of a “high.” Donna really seemed to be impressed by this: “High”, she murmured, admitting it was a new insight for her. I continued with my “insight”, saying that people with BPD constantly felt a certain emptiness inside, and thus craved friends and companies as forms of “stimulation”. Such grim description of BPD however should not distract you from the fact that BPD sufferers were, at least, not addicted to something inherently harmful to health because, if the friends were supportive, then all would be good for the “addict” (52:00). Donna replied however that her daughter's friends were not supportive. I then added that people with Borderline Personality Disorder lived as if they suffered from a constant hunger, not being able to concentrate on other productive things. And I reemphasized the fact that BPD was on Axis 2 of DSM-IV's classification, and that those afflicted with it, unlike those with a diagnosis on Axis 1, were not susceptible to “pills”. Its “cure” depended a lot on wisdom, on learning to appreciate what was there and to expect less (55:00). In this regard, I dug into my own experience, still hoping that we were having a “real meetup”. I told her that, once past 30, I expected less than did normal people.

On 56:30 Donna suddenly asked me: “What do you do?” “Nothing at the moment,” I told her honestly. On 57:00 Donna asked me another personal question: “Do you stay at home or live in an apartment?” In retrospect, I think Donna was trying to generate identification information about me in the barely intelligible surveillance intercepts which the Machine were producing of our conversation and in which no one could really be identified since it was text-based and the textual description of the participants was so vague that not even their gender was mentioned. I steered our conversation back to its original course and, continuing with my “insight”, told her how I had by now learned not to look for success in life. As for her daughter, at the age of 19, I said, gee, that was an awfully young age to learn “wisdom”, and I remarked that her daughter was angry because she was not getting what she wanted, and that, unfortunately, very often, it was not a matter of the person's not having the skill, but simply because she “cannot have it”. Upon Donna's asking, I replied that I had simply mellowed out eventually, giving up wanting what I in my status couldn't have (1:00:00). Donna then asked me when I had “mellowed out”. When I was 33 or 34, I replied. I reflected that the time of childhood was the best time: at that time there was no need to work, school was like a joke, and there was no need to worry about other people's judgment (1:04:00). On 1:05:00 Donna suddenly said, well, it's really not that hard to get a friend. “Just be a friend.” I was instantly reminded of the same thing which Wes had told me in early November 2007 when I was looking for volunteering opportunities: “Instead of thinking how you have no friends, you should ask how you can *be* a friend to someone...” But as for her daughter, Donna continued, somehow this was the hardest thing in the world. She couldn't study; she was miserable, and she just wanted to go out. “Any way, not too hopeful”, that was Donna's final response to my “insights”. I elaborated upon the hopelessness of her daughter's situation: “Herself is not sufficient [for herself]”. Confident people, for example, can stand being alone, I said on 1:08:00, meaning that her daughter, with that emptiness inside her, was thus condemned to a perpetual search for another person to fill it up. Her daughter was, I continued, always at the bottom of her psyche's resources, completely drained out, and thus compelled to continually search for people outside. Donna remarked again that what I said was “very insightful”, namely what I said about friends. I was making an analogy between her daughter and myself, of course. But I had to add something to the effect that, just because her daughter needed people outside, it didn't mean that she would be so interested in her own family, for

she had been seeing her family all her life (1:10:00). On 1:12:40 I said that I wished I weren't addicted to people but to alcohol, as Wes had once suggested. Other people had their own will and could run away. But of course I qualified my statement by adding that it was not a good thing to be addicted to drugs or things like that because, in addition to their being unwholesome, such substances were expensive, and you would need to find drug dealers, etc. The problem with people with Borderline Personality Disorder was, I explained, that they had not much to give to others (1:14:00). Donna remarked again that such thing as “how to be a friend”, somehow, a lot of people couldn't understand (1:15:50). I related that to myself and said that, for me as well, getting a friend was like the most impossible thing, and that this was because getting a friend was not a mechanical matter like installing a software, where you had only to follow the directions given in the manual. And I told Donna further that her daughter needed to be enlightened about her situation, understanding that she was not always right. Then I tried to offer another “insight”. The problem with her daughter was that, since she never got what she wanted, little things would tick her off (1:20:00). “Your daughter is just taking it out on you,” I told her. On 1:22:00 I made another analogy with homeless people to illustrate the difficulty which friendless people had in getting out of friendlessness. People who already have a job can get another job easily – because they already have a job. I then declared that Donna's daughter would need to want to change, and then have the energy to change (1:23:00).

On 1:24:20, Donna brought up her complaint, that people assumed the parents of such a troubled child as her daughter must have been abusive. Donna reflected that her husband and she had never been abusive to their children. On 1:30:00 I made one more comment about Donna's daughter, to the effect that, when she wanted something so much, she'd concentrate her entire being on it, such that everything else would drop out of her sight. Then, on 1:31:00, I noted that sibling order mattered also, and that life was more stressful for the younger of the two siblings. We then wondered if it was all a matter of genetics. Donna said that her family did have mental illnesses in its history. I admitted that the same sort of history occurred on my mother's side. On 1:37:10 I tried to shed some light on the psychology of Donna's daughter again via my own experience: “Little things would also provoke me into radical response.” By 1:42:30 Donna changed the topic of our conversation, asking me where I had been to in Europe. Belgium, especially, I noted. Donna had also been to Belgium, and professed to have loved it. Especially Bruges and Ghent. I noted however that Belgium was “too quiet” for me at the time and explained that, normally, Borderline people, fearing loneliness, needed some noise in the background. By 1:45:13, Donna was leaving. “Don't worry about me. If you can come, just come,” I told her in regard to our next meetup. I was naïvely afraid to impose obligation on her, all because of my weak personality, my fear about offending people.

As I have noted, I would realize later that this “Donna” in fact came from the Agency. Her “mission” was simply to come to talk to me about her daughter. She probably really did have a daughter such as she had described. And this would be precisely the reason why she was chosen for this mission. The Agency was looking for another person's profile to be confused with mine, and they found her. (Judge Higgins had only permitted the United States to orchestrate confusion in surveillance for this show trial; she did not permit making up stories out of thin air, so that the CIA would have to find someone whose story was true.) The faulty surveillance above us must have confused her daughter with me.

Donna's description of her daughter would become a description of me in the evidentiary record at the International Court. Her question about how long it took for me to come and her talk about Belgium must have served as indicators of my identity in the enormously obscure surveillance intercept which the Machine had produced of our conversation. Mr Secretary, with the textual description of this episode in hand, would argue to the judges at the International Court: "Your Honor, you've heard that the subject of this conversation has something to do with Belgium and that he rode the bus for two hours from Westwood to Pasadena. It's therefore most likely our subject, David Chin the twin brother of Lawrence Chin." This was most likely why on the next day Donna posted a review on my BPD meetup webpage saying "Lawrence is a very nice person. He rode the bus for two hours from Westwood." When the Machine had confused Donna's daughter with me, it must have produced a grossly muddled up transcript of Donna's words. Mr Secretary had very little interest in, and understanding of, the need for love – both to love and to be loved – so typical of Borderline Personality Disorder, its hysterical romanticism. What he wanted for his David Chin was vile anger, which he could then translate into a vile anger toward the good, honest, and free nation called the United States of America, a vile anger which morphed into leftwing radicalism and a desire, born of resentment toward the good and the strong, to dethrone the United States. Remember that Mr Secretary, before his neoconservative cliques came to power, was a vicious political attack dog, that the only thing he understood of humanity was aggression and struggle for existence because that was just the person he was and no one could really understand a human tendency in other people when he didn't possess it in himself. Mr Secretary was an extremely simple person, a simple-minded "redneck". Thus, Donna was coached to say that her daughter was characterized by anger, had difficulty in making friends, and was disobedient and uninterested in her parents – the only things which would emerge from the Machine's muddled transcription of my conversation with Donna and which would be mistaken, with Mr Secretary's argument, as a description of me David Chin by the judges in the International Court of Justice. Note that these traits describe something like Antisocial Personality Disorder rather than Borderline Personality Disorder, and that Borderline Personality was not primarily characterized by anger but by hysterical attachment, the reflection of its "frantic effort to avoid abandonment, real or imagined".

Donna was a very beautiful woman, and, because I hadn't had the chance for such honest sharing with someone for a long time, I was in a much lighter mood afterwards, and I walked to Zona Rosa along Lake Blvd, unaware of the slander which had just resulted of me in the international arena. On 2:08:00, I arrived there and Mireya was working there tonight. On 2:14:30 you can hear me ordering "Orangina" from Mireya. I then asked her about the band that was playing next door tonight. Mireya was in her usual happy mood.

Aunt Jennifer and Jennifer W, August 22

From the next day onward, a series of terrifying incidents would confront me. On the late afternoon of August 22, a Friday, while I was sitting in ISO in Westwood, a supreme fear suddenly took hold of me. I immediately wrote it down on my blog – that was around 7 PM: "Worry about my theory's copyright":

“I'm becoming increasingly anxious about the theory I've spent eight years writing (1999 - 2007): *A Thermodynamic Interpretation of History and Scientific Enlightenment*. I don't know what's on the FBI document which the Big Sister had sent to the Chinese in March 2006 and which the Chinese had used to sue the United States, but it has occurred to me that it very likely contains a reference to this theory of mine, since it's to invite Prof. Wong to visit my website hosting this theory that I wrote him. If this FBI document has been shown to nations around the world in the UN, then Homeland Security would have no choice but to attribute the theory to the fake Lawrence whom they have invented in my stead in order to save their face in the international arena.

I have already sent in the CDs containing the latest versions of these two books to the Library of Congress Copyright Office to renew their copyright about three or four months ago, and I have not heard back from it. It's a sign that something is wrong. The Secret Service or whatever is probably working with the Copyright Office to 'investigate' how I am trying to copyright someone else's (i.e. the fake Lawrence's) work and to invent fake evidences to be used in the United Nations. I'm sad-stricken beyond description: I may not be able to claim the fruits of my eight-year labor.

Can Homeland Security just say the opposite to attain the same goal, that it's the fake Lawrence who in March 2006 was using my work to communicate with the Chinese professor, that it's the fake Lawrence who stole my work, not the other way round? That is, they can attain the same goal of showing that I'm not the person described on the FBI document by claiming that the information on the FBI document is false and then inventing evidences for it. It'll be then a much easier task, as the fake Lawrence whom they have invented and probably sent to the UN to 'testify' would not therefore have to spend years learning this unlearnable theory and then imitate me in speaking my intellect. Or maybe I should just get plastic surgery and pretend to be the fake Lawrence myself.”

My sudden fear prompted me to buy a ticket online that night from Jet Blue for a flight to Washington DC. I was thinking about making a trip to the Library of Congress' Copyright Office in Washington DC to check up on the latest copyright status of my theories, to see what exactly might have happened if they had indeed been attributed to the “fake Lawrence.” Something was immediately up. That night, when I was standing by the corner of Westwood and Wilshire waiting for the bus, the camera at the intersection suddenly took a picture of me. The next night I was stupid enough – out of utter loneliness, that is – to call up my aunt Jennifer with the Skype on my Gateway, even though I knew the danger involved: I of course still remembered how she had helped Homeland Security countless times, back in 2007, in deceiving me and reporting me to law enforcement authority for “suffering from severe schizophrenia and imagining up being investigated by the government”. Because of the issue with recording my conversations, I had by this time become so frightened of talking to people on the phone except by using Skype on my computer. Since I was quite aware that I had been made to absorb, in the purposely faulty surveillance over me, all the bad language and behaviors of other people, I wouldn't

dare to have a conversation with another person without recording it as backup evidence for my innocence. But recording phone conversation was, theoretically speaking, not legal in California without the other party's consent and was too difficult to do because GSM cellphones would always create interference with the microphones of ordinary voice recorder. I was being overly cautious and paranoid, for, as I would learn later, no one really cared about such small matter as recording my phone conversations. The solution I had at the time envisaged was to install on my Skype a simple plug-in called "Call Graph", which would automatically record all conversations in such a way that the law would not interpret it as *intentional* interception. I thought that I could then record all my phone calls without telling the other party about it. I was however, as you shall soon see, making the matter worse: I should have just used my recorder to record my calls on my cellphone. In any case, when I called up my aunt Jennifer on Skype on the night of August 23, I left my new recorder – a Sony ICD-P620 which I had just bought when my previous Sony ICD-P600 had run out of disk space and I was reluctant to delete the files therein – turned on in my pocket while "Call Graph" was recording the conversation at the same time. I hadn't yet thought of the solution of leaving my laptop on a speaker mode but was using my earphones, so that, while Call-Graph was recording the full conversation, my Sony recorder only recorded what I had said during the call but not what my aunt had said. The recording from the Sony recorder is in: "[with_jennifer_yoh_jennifer_wright_2008_08_23_630pm.mp3](#)"³⁹ while the recordings of the conversation by Call Graph are: "[jennifer yoh, 06 31 PM, Saturday, 23 August 2008.mp3](#)", "[jennifer yoh, 06 33 PM, Saturday, 23 August 2008.mp3](#)", and "[jennifer yoh, 07 02 PM, Saturday, 23 August 2008.mp3](#)".⁴⁰ I was immediately alerted that something was up. After my first call to my aunt Jennifer on 6:30 PM did not quite work out, I called her again on 6:31PM and she tried to surreptitiously record me by answering my call only after her answering machine had started off – this, so that the recording may be construed as unintentional, the same trick which, you recall, Wes had been instructed to use on me months before. I was alarmed and asked her to hang up and wait for my call for the third time. I then called her just a minute or so after the second call. Consult the recording from the Sony recorder, which starts with the second call.

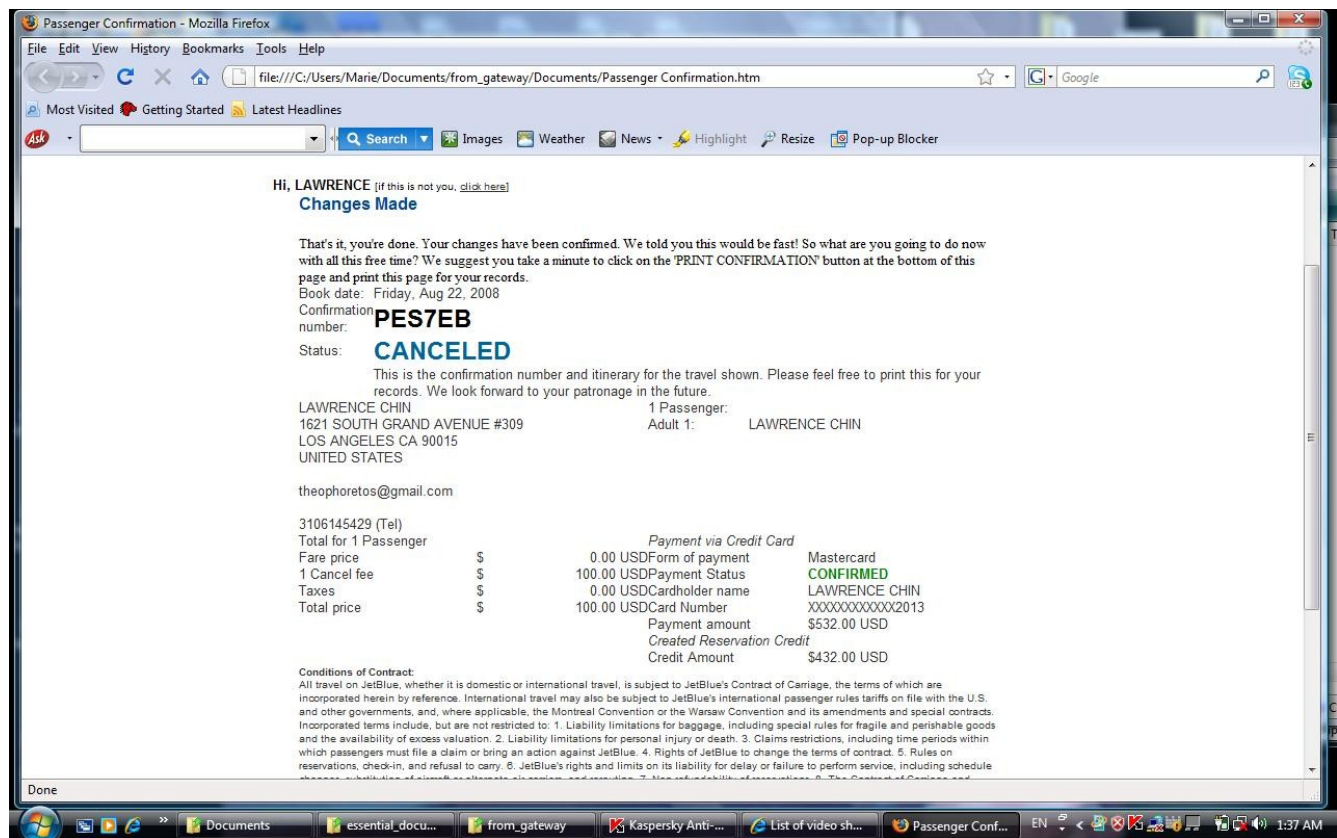
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39 with_jennifer_yoh_jennifer_wright_2008_08_23_630pm.mp3      5af680d1888198ebe9560403ad9b581e
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    with_jennifer_yoh_jennifer_wright_2008_08_23_630pm.mp3      8/27/2008 5:07:01 PM      3/1/2011 2:32:16 AM
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40 jennifer yoh, 06 31 PM, Saturday, 23 August 2008.mp3      16e8879f6b25d0d43776914ca64534d0
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    8/23/2008 6:31:26 PM      3/1/2011 2:32:46 AM      1,109,376      mp3      A

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    8/23/2008 7:02:37 PM      3/1/2011 2:32:46 AM      28,120,896      mp3      A
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I told my aunt about my extraordinary loneliness and, after she told me to join a church and so on, I told her about my greatest regret at this time, that I could be part of a group for years and yet that no one in the group would care to know anything about me. I then repeated to her my fear that my identity was being erased, that someone was pretending to be me, and that people were making false reports about me to law enforcement agencies behind my back. While my aunt was emphatic that I was “imagining up all these scenarios”, she did say that those people working in the therapeutic profession could be trading information with one another in case the patient might be dangerous. But, she continued, they wouldn't be reporting to the police unless the patient had made a threat to kill someone. “Did you tell them you wanted to kill someone?” she asked me suddenly (10:00 or so in the third recording from Call Graph). “Of course I didn't,” I replied. Now this is very important, for my aunt was most likely asking me this question because she had been instructed previously by her handler to do so in order to enable the Machine to muddle up the interception of our conversation and produce a transcript showing *me* saying to her that I wanted to kill someone. During the rest of the conversation I would be telling her about my fear that someone with the same name as mine might have claimed my writings as his and my aunt would be comforting me that this was unlikely. She even promised to testify for me in case someone should at some point claim my works as his. During the end of our conversation, my aunt encouraged me to talk to her whenever I should feel the need and whenever she should have the time. However paranoid and delusional it may sound, I have to tell you that her intention here was most likely harmful, that she said this probably because she had been instructed by her handler from Mr Secretary's suit team to lure me to talk to her as much as possible so as to furnish the Machine with more opportunities to confuse up my conversations while intercepting them – all so that the corrupted transcripts could serve as evidences in the International Court for my supposed criminal and antisocial personality. Ever since this conversation, whenever I reflected upon it, I would always feel that tremendous evil so typical of Mr Secretary, namely, to disguise harmful intent under the garb of good intention.

After my call to aunt Jennifer, I, still unsatisfied, also called up a former friend of mine, Jennifer Wright, whom I had not seen or talked to for years (around 44:00 in the recording from the Sony recorder), hoping desperately that Mr Secretary's suit team may not have yet influenced her. Jennifer Wright was someone I met in a Bipolar support group at Share in 2002. While most of my conversation with her was just ordinary chitchat, at some point she provided me with an email address to write her at, “jena_benal@yahoo.com” (50:00 or so). My talk with her ends on 53:00 in the recording. I felt a little better after the two phone calls, and as a consequence I canceled my flight to Washington DC. It was a smart move. For, some time afterward, a limousine came parking itself in front of me while I was sitting outside ISO and it circled about me when I was leaving Westwood Village. It was definitely Mr Secretary who was sitting inside, angry that I had just avoided a catastrophe for myself. I would later find out by calling the Copyright Office that one cannot retrieve one's copyrighted material without paying 100 dollar and I would realize then that a personal trip wouldn't change anything even if my work had been falsely claimed by someone else.

How I have been made into a different person: Part II: Karin's Meetups
Chapter 9: The impossible wish to be known
Lawrence C. Chin
Jun. 2009 – Sep. 2011. Revised, Feb. 2013, Jan. – Mar. 2017.



Jet Blue's confirmation for the cancellation of reservation

That night, my apartment was broken into while I was sleeping and Call Graph's recording of my conversation with Jennifer Wright was deleted from my laptop while the time-stamp of one of the recordings of my conversation with my aunt Jennifer was altered. The time stamp of the recording of my third call to my aunt was changed, as you can see from the properties dialogue box of the file, to 7:02 PM. Mr Secretary must have sent either a Homeland Security agent of his or the super pickpocket from the Chinese intelligence into my room while I was sleeping. This was very traumatic for me insofar as I had already developed the habit of carrying my laptop and flash drives or anything of importance constantly with me, never leaving them at home, in order to avoid Homeland Security agents' vandalization and alteration of my data should they clandestinely enter my home while I wasn't there. After this incident I couldn't even leave my laptop next to me when I slept – since Homeland Security agents or the super pickpocket from the Chinese intelligence would still come in while I slept – but would have to put it into my backpack and sleep on top of my backpack. It immediately became apparent that Mr Secretary wanted to eliminate my evidence because he was planning something harmful for me, and, since it happened just the night after I purchased a ticket for Washington DC, I naturally assumed that the harm had something to do with my plan to go to the capitol city, even if I had abandoned it. I thought further: law enforcement and the Secret Service had already blacklisted me as a delusional sick person to be guarded from important places like the capitol. I came to the conclusion, firstly, that a false warning about me as wanting to assassinate the President and so on must

have been generated, most likely through a false report which my aunt had been instructed to make to some law enforcement entity; and, secondly, that even my former friend Jennifer must have been instructed to play a pernicious trick on me – otherwise why would Mr Secretary want to delete the recording of my conversation with her from my laptop? The objective of my aunt's false report, I thought, would certainly be to cause the Secret Service to detain me and commit me to psychiatric lock-up as soon as I should step onto the capitol's soil; as for what evidence Mr Secretary was trying to erase from my conversation with Jennifer Wright, the most, and only, suspicious thing I could think of was the email address with which she had provided me to write her at. It was probably the same old trick which he had already played on me before, namely that this email address probably belonged to some fake Russian or Hungarian agent whom he had set up and whom he wanted me to write to so that it would become “evidence” in the International Court that I was indeed also working for the Russian intelligence. Mr Secretary had not yet been able to fix the episode where he was caught trying to set me up with “Zudy Pingley Smith” and was desperately looking for opportunities to create a piece of evidence showing that I indeed had something to do with this Hungarian spy working for the Russians. I never sent any email to this email address because, obviously, the deletion of my recording from my computer was too much a warning to me that communicating with my friend Jennifer was probably dangerous.

While my inference about Jennifer's email address was most likely correct from the start, what was really going on in regard to my conversation with my aunt Jennifer, however, is instead like this. Mr Secretary *was* trying to produce a piece of evidence for the International Court demonstrating my desire to assassinate either the President or some other political figure in the capitol in conformity with the profile which he had invented of David Chin as a leftwing extremist foreign agent motivated by a vile, schizophrenic anger toward Great America – which profile was, of course, an extension of the profile which he had previously invented of me and which he had wanted to verify with an orchestrated investigation of a “schizophrenic”. This fact would become evident with an incident in October at the GnuPG mailing list discussion. I thus did guess correctly that something about the assassination of the President was to be manufactured out of my conversation with my aunt Jennifer. But I was once more wrong about the mechanism of the production of evidences. My aunt was not going to make any false reports to law enforcement saying I made threats. It was the Machine which had confused my aunt's question “Did you tell them you wanted to kill someone?” into my admission that I wanted to assassinate someone (guess who). If I continued on with my trip to the capitol, law enforcement would find some other artificial reasons to detain me and put me in a hospital. It wouldn't matter that I looked normal and was just going about my business; Mr Secretary would instruct security officers and law enforcement to find some pretexts. The Machine's interception of law enforcement's detention of me would as usual be so muddled up that Mr Secretary would be able to make out of it in the International Court a scenario that I was being detained by the Secret Service for wanting to assassinate the President, even though in reality I was being detained by law enforcement for some other unrelated reasons. Mr Secretary would have the chain of events to back up his invented scenario: a ticket was purchased for a flight to the capitol, and then a call was made in which a threat was articulated. This is why Mr Secretary was quite disappointed when I decided not to carry through my plan to check on the copyright status of my works. He almost had in his hand a piece of evidence which would gravely

incriminate the Chinese, and eventually the Russian, intelligence service, that an agent of theirs was intent on assassinating the American President. He got a perfect patsy, who however fell out of his hands in the last minute.

Although I escaped the fate of involuntary detention because I canceled my flight to the capitol right after my call to my aunt, I knew that making threats against the President was a felony, and so, not knowing that Mr Secretary was only going to have me detained for unrelated reasons (ordinary mental insanity without political implications), I began contemplating filing a small civil lawsuit against my aunt as a way to force her to retract whatever false statements I believed she may have made about my conversation with her that night. The thing is that, although the time-stamp of the recording of my conversation with my aunt had been altered, the call history on my online Skype account had not been, and, in addition, as I have mentioned, I had a backup recording of what I had actually said to the microphone, although not of what my aunt had said. This backup recording could serve as additional evidence for the actual time at which my conversation with my aunt and Jennifer Wright took place when it was matched up with the call history in my Skype account. So, on the night of August 25, while I was at the same Starbucks in Westwood, I filmed the call history of my Skype and my recorder as evidence for the alteration of the time-stamp of the third recording which the “Call Graph” on my computer had produced of my conversation with my aunt. This is the video: [“call_graph_problem.wmv”](#).⁴¹ Jennifer Wright's phone number at the time was 310-951-1598, and my aunt's, 310-377-0464.

As I have noted, my aunt Jennifer had been somewhat unwilling to cooperate with Homeland Security in framing me into a schizophrenic, etc., because she was an evangelical with the conviction that God forbids lying and cheating. But at last she had now joined in on the operation against me. The pressure which Mr Secretary had exerted on her must have been tremendous. She and her husband worked at Northrop-Grumman, one of the biggest contractors for the military and Homeland Security Department. She had a house and a stable life. She would not be willing to forfeit all these to protect me and to disentangle herself from fraud even if what she was told to do contradicted in a nebulous way her religious conviction. We are simply not living in the times of the Roman empire. We are much more attached to our material worldly possession than were the materially speaking poor martyrs two thousand years ago. Remember my comment in the Preface to this volume, based on Herbert Marcuse's insight in *The One Dimensional Man*, that the contemporary Western state exerts a much greater degree of control, in terms of obedience and conformity, over the individuals than do past empires and the Eastern authoritarian states by virtue of technology, its democratic government, and its free market organization under which individuals may accumulate a much greater amount of material possessions than ever before and elsewhere. Even the most religiously devout souls in contemporary America such as my aunt would not want to become a martyr unconcerned with material life – how the martyrs used to be during Roman times. I of course didn't mean much to her, but participation in an operation to defraud the International Court is supposedly contrary to the spirit of God's words, and the words of God still couldn't mean more to her than a stable living did. Should I ever bring up Jesus'

41 C:\Users\Marie\Documents\n4-attachments\attachment15\call_graph_problem.wmv
DB9788BFDF0B0894F9AAFD532EB886AD 22C579FF5EAA52E6E6B7FB4792795BB979D38874
EE37927EE1E8DE5FF7C24E1AB820AE1ADAEAA7DE5ACBAA5C788D6AFB92B217A3099318E6A92164577C79
F06E6D697878BC42C5C6927FC9A8BCB6227C8DC6FDF

admonishment as seen in Mark 8:35 to 36 and Mark 9:43 to 48, what would she say in response?

Ὅς γὰρ εἴαν θέλῃ τὴν ψυχὴν αὐτοῦ σῶσαι ἀπολέσει αὐτήν.
Ὅς δ' ἂν ἀπολέσει τὴν ψυχὴν αὐτοῦ ἐνεκεν ἐμοῦ καὶ
τοῦ εὐαγγελίου σῶσει αὐτήν.
Τί γὰρ ὠφελεῖ ἄνθρωπον κερδῆσαι τὸν κόσμον
ὅλον καὶ ζημιωθῆναι τὴν ψυχὴν αὐτοῦ

Καὶ εἴαν σκανδαλίζῃ σε ἡ χεὶρ σου, ἀποκοψὸν αὐτήν.
Καλὸν ἐστὶν σε κυλλὸν εἰσελθεῖν εἰς τὴν ζωὴν
ἢ τὰς δύο χεῖρας ἔχοντα ἀπελθεῖν εἰς τὴν γέενναν,
εἰς τὸ πῦρ τὸ ἀσβεστόν
Καὶ εἴαν ὁ πούς σου σκανδαλίζῃ σε, ἀποκοψὸν αὐτόν.
Καλὸν ἐστὶν δε εἰσελθεῖν εἰς τὴν ζωὴν χωλὸν
ἢ τοὺς δύο ποδας ἔχοντα βληθῆναι εἰς τὴν γέενναν
Καὶ εἴαν ὁ ὀφθαλμὸς σου σκανδαλίζῃ σε, ἐκβάλε αὐτόν.
Καλὸν σε ἐστὶν μονοφθαλμὸν εἰσελθεῖν εἰς τὴν βασιλείαν τοῦ θεοῦ
ἢ δύο ὀφθαλμοὺς ἔχοντα βληθῆναι εἰς τὴν γέενναν,
οὗ οὐ σκώληξ αὐτῶν οὐ τελευτᾷ καὶ τὸ πῦρ οὐ σβεννύται

“For whoever wants to save his soul will lose it, but whoever loses his soul for me and for the gospel will save it. What good is it for someone to gain the whole world, yet forfeit his soul?”

“And if your hand causes you to sin, cut it off: it is better for you to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that shall never be quenched. And if your foot causes you to sin, cut it off: it is better for you to enter life lame, than having two feet to be cast into hell. And if your eye causes you to sin, pluck it out: it is better for you to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell, where their worm does not die, and the fire is not quenched.”

What if I bring up: Καὶ εἴαν σκανδαλίζῃ σε ὁ οἶκος σου, ἀπολέσον αὐτόν. Καλὸν ἐστὶν σε ἀνοικὸς εἰσελθεῖν εἰς τὴν βασιλείαν τοῦ θεοῦ ἢ τὸν οἶκον ἔχοντα βληθῆναι εἰς τὴν γέενναν: “If your house causes you to sin, lose it. For it's better to go into the Kingdom of God homeless than, having a house, be thrown into hell...”

The Orthodox Church, WCIL, Gabi, and more paranoia

On August 24, a Sunday, I went to the Orthodox Church again. The recording of my time there is in: “[orthodox church 8-23-08.mp3](#)”⁴². I walked into the service just when Father John was giving his end-

42 orthodox church 8-23-08.mp3 7c7e9afec1a969556bac4a4a237fb288
329652ec68a253129bca54785da01b8129860865 7bf1384e C:\Users\Marie\Documents\
from_gateway\Documents\ICD-P620_lawrence chin\A\orthodox church 8-23-08.mp3 8/29/2008 2:28:22 PM

of-the-service sermon (9:33 or so). The sermon was finished by 23:30 and by 26:30 everyone had exited the church and was chatting with one another outside. I soon entered the dining hall to find Sophia and so on, and, after telling some church member about my desire to volunteer at the Greek Festival which was to take place on August 30, I sat down at a table. Suddenly, all the church members encouraged me to draw a portrait of one of the ladies (1:19:00). By 1:31:00, when I finished the portrait, several other members of the church gathered around me to praise me for the beauty of it, and one of them persistently encouraged me to put up at the Festival a stand where I could do portraits of anyone who would come to it. Somewhat excited, I suggested that I would then charge five dollar for each quick portrait and donate the proceeds to the church. I gave out my phone number to the church members also.

By the next day I would conclude that I had fallen into a trap and would drive myself once more into the paranoid, or rather incorrect, hypothesis about people's cooperating with law enforcement to corner me. As I would write on my blog on August 26, reflecting on this incident:

“Then after the church members obtained my phone number on Sunday and most likely reported it to law enforcement authority afterwards, the latter would have found a match with the reports from my family and from Karin's meetup, and shared the new false report from my aunt with them, so that the church members could go into a state of emergency (at least pretending to do so per Homeland Security's instruction) because, supposedly, a very dangerous schizophrenic was discovered in their midst. This must be why when I called Voula [the secretary at the church] on Monday to state that I no longer wished to have a drawing stand at the Festival but only wanted to help out at the food stand, she was somewhat frightened and very careful in refusing to allow me to speak directly with the woman in charge of the volunteers, saying that she will have the woman call me. This 'obtaining my information and discovering that I'm the dangerous schizophrenic discovered elsewhere' was of course just a staged show directed by... (you know who), with the goal of getting the church to exclude me from amongst them just as I have been excluded from Karin's meetups. I will never have the chance to develop relationship with anyone in the church.”

In reality, what must have happened was that, while the church members had indeed been instructed by Mr Secretary's agents to encourage me to put up a portrait stand, they tried to obtain my phone number from me only in order to enable the surveillance hovering over us to pick up a piece of information which could serve to identify me in the textual description of the happenings here produced by the Machine which would otherwise be too vague for anyone in the International Court to ascertain that I was even here at all. But my intuition that, for my own welfare's sake, I had better not follow people's encouragement for me to put up a drawing stand was very much justified. Mr Secretary had instructed my church members to so encourage me most likely because he wanted another piece of evidence produced with which he could argue to the judges in the International Court that I, David Chin the twin brother of Lawrence Chin, was so bent on pretending to be Lawrence Chin that I was again trying hard to feign artistic talent and to persuade my church members to allow me to demonstrate my (feigned)

drawing ability at the upcoming Festival. The Machine would definitely have so muddled up the surveillance of my conversation with my church members that the whole incident of encouragement was turned into its opposite, and who knows what ingenious operation, should I carry through my church members' suggestion, would occur at the Festival by which my act of drawing would be made to look in surveillance as if it were feigned.

There then occurred two upsetting incidents on August 25. I went to WCIL in the middle of the afternoon that day. This has been recorded in: “[at_WCIL_2008_08_25_426PM.mp3](#)”.⁴³ Now on 6:40 in the recording, you can hear one of the social workers there intentionally feign faulty memory and call me “Edward”. I was instantly so provoked by this tactic of instructing people to call me by the wrong name, obviously directed by Mr Secretary from behind the scene, that I told her to “shut up”. Thereupon she just said, “Oh, sorry, Lawrence.” (On 29:00 in the recording, I asked another social worker why this social worker called me by a wrong name.) Again, at the time I thought merely that the social worker was going to make false reports to law enforcement saying I had the habit of using alias, while in reality the surveillance had just picked up another piece of evidence with which Mr Secretary could argue in the International Court: “Someone has just called our subject 'Edward'. It seems that our subject has in the past used the alias of 'Edward' at this housing service, in accordance with his habit of pretending to be someone else which should have by now been established beyond doubt in his case.” Then followed the second incident which would drive me into another round of paranoia. As I recounted it on my blog post of August 26: “It's very possible that 'they' [Mr Secretary's suit team, that is] will also make my BPD meetup into a disaster. Before the first meeting took place, I sent out an invitation to 12 persons who were on the list of people waiting for the formation of a BPD meetup. One Laura responded, wanting to come. She never showed up, and so after the first meeting I sent her another invitation [on Friday, August 22]. These are just nicely written invitations. But on Monday (August 25) she wrote me two nastiest replies, saying I have issues that need to be addressed, etc. How did she even know I have 'issues'? I have to suspect that the potential comers to my new meetup might all have been alerted by the meetup staff, who would be working with law enforcement, so that this group will never take off the ground. The meetup staff would definitely have been alerted by law enforcement about my aunt's false report and they would then have to alert everyone in every meetup that I'm attending. The infamy that has been manufactured of me as an extremely dangerous sick person is spreading again in the meetup world and beyond. How much would Karin believe any of this when she gets so alerted? She has participated herself in falsely reporting me and so knew the framing game well, and thus it's hard to say.” Today, as I am reflecting on this episode years after, I can't really be sure whether this Laura was indeed instructed by Mr Secretary's suit team to respond to me in such an uncalled-for fashion. If she was, then the purpose was simply to enable surveillance to pick up another incident where I appeared to be harassing females so that Mr Secretary may have something to substantiate in the International Court his false profile of me as a misogynist who constantly harassed the good women around him.

43 [at_WCIL_2008_08_25_426PM.mp3](#) 6e982ba2d290e0da1aeefaba7226988b
d686ef19f0559111b0371693e3dfcbe0934443f6 e72d8f17 C:\Users\Marie\Documents\from cds for
cds\my call graphs\at_WCIL_2008_08_25_426PM.mp3 9/21/2008 12:00:22 AM 9/21/2008 12:00:22 AM
3,360,456

There are two more significant events which I want to narrate for the day of August 27. The first is my appointment with an assistant attorney by the name of J Kim around 3 PM in the afternoon. My meeting with him has been recorded in: “with j kim 8-28-08 3pm.wma”.⁴⁴ Since I was contemplating on filing a civil lawsuit against my aunt, following upon my erroneous hypothesis that she had falsely reported me to law enforcement as having made threats, I would have to include in the lawsuit the recording of my conversation with her on the night of August 23 as evidence proving that I didn't make threats. For this I decided that I should consult with a lawyer first about the legality of my recording of my conversations with others. I thus made this appointment for a free consultation with Mr Kim.

My meeting with Mr Kim began on 25:00 in the recording. Mr Kim was Asian, probably of Korean descent (to judge by his surname). He was very professional in comportment. Before our consultation began, I first obtained the assurance from him that, even though he did not require payment from me, my interaction with him would still be protected under attorney-client privilege. Because I feared that my recording habit might be illegal, I decided to feign mental insanity while probing the legality of it, and said, “I keep discovering that I have accumulated a lot of recording of my conversations with other people”. While telling him my purpose here, that I wanted to know if my recordings were legal, I told him that I had read in law books that recording of conversation would be legal if I did it unintentionally. That was indeed so, he said. He explained that what I was doing was different than wiretapping, and that there was no issue here since I wasn't doing it for illegal purposes such as blackmailing. He added that this was not against the law, but that the matter was not as black and white as I had interpreted it. When he learned that I hadn't told anyone about it, he asked me why I was keeping the recording (31:50). I explained to him that my family members and my acquaintances were conspiring to have me locked up in the mental asylum, and were thus making false reports to law enforcement saying I made threats and so on. In order to keep my explanation short and not make it too bizarre, I eliminated from it all the extraordinary happenings, namely government's need to create faulty evidences about me in order to frame China's spy organization in the International Court of Justice. So they were embellishing my words, he asked. “Not embellishing,” I tried to clarify: they would simply make up stories out of thin air. The recordings were thus proof, I explained, that I had never made threats or been hostile to anyone. Mr Kim however emphasized that the recordings were useless as proofs of this kind because not every conversation was recorded and there could always be conversations in which I made threats but which were not recorded. He noted furthermore that I couldn't claim I unintentionally recorded the conversations, because the fact that I kept the recordings meant that I intended to use them (35:40). I suggested that I kept them because I had “obsessive compulsive disorders”. I would always find a mental disorder to excuse my recording habit. But Mr Kim emphasized that my recordings could be suppressed as evidences because I did intentionally keep them (37:00). When he made the point that accidental recording was only an occasional matter (thus “Not every conversation is recorded”) I replied, “Not if you have a mental disorder; for then you would go out of your mind everyday and come back to discover you have all these recordings....” (!) Mr Kim

44 with j kim 8-28-08 3pm.wma 865b7b43b605bfb2aa3f18a15e0bccf5
e07f11b1d8fbfe89020bda3bb7f7f078a69f7d39 5d809946
9/3/2008 6:16:52 PM 9/24/2011 12:30:31 AM 57,301,867

D:\bbb3\with j kim 8-28-08 3pm.wma
wma A

began poking holes in the excuses I found among mental insanities: “If you can't remember making all these recordings, how can people be sure that you would not do something violent when you are 'out of it'?” “Because I am not a violent person,” I replied. Mr Kim then asked me if I had a therapist, to which I replied affirmatively, even though, having just dumped Greg, I really had no one to talk to (39:00). I then got to my most essential question, the question concerning the legality of recordings of my conversations via Skype, which “automatically 'logged' all calls no matter what you did” (40:00). Now I was being really vague and twisting things around. Mr Kim immediately poked through my twisting of things and remarked: “Not that the conversation itself is logged, but that the call being made is logged...” He then asked me what specifically were my worries (42:30). I told him that I had a conversation with my aunt via Skype and that my aunt would tell any lie to authorities in order to get me thrown into the hospital. Mr Kim then asked me about my diagnosis. Schizoaffective, Borderline, Schizotypal. I even mentioned the faulty diagnosis of Schizophrenia which the Agency's psychiatrist imposed upon me in November 2006 as a way to preemptively discredit me. Mr Kim advised me that my doctor's assessment of me would mean more as proof, namely my history of never having hurt anyone. I asked him whether my self-mutilation in the past might work against me. He was unsure, and I then told him about my belief that the Secret Service might be investigating me right now since they would always investigate mental patients who harbored delusions about government officials (48:30). That's true, he admitted. I then told him about my once telling my aunt that I was under government surveillance, and I tried to convince him that my aunt might have reported me to the Secret Service on the basis of the fact that I had imagined so. When it came to all these false reports about me, I told him, It's not “I said” versus “She said”, but “I said” versus “They said”, namely, the situation looked quite dismal for me so that these recordings might be my only proofs. “I don't think the recordings can do anything,” he said on 50:45, and then continued to insist that my best defense was my history of never having been violent. He further noted that the fact that I was making the recordings worked against me because I wouldn't make threats when I knew I was recording myself (52:45). He concluded that the recordings would work against me rather than support my credibility (54:00). He suggested that I didn't need a criminal lawyer, but that I should find a therapist and a patient's advocates. But I followed on: “I should just stop talking to my family...” “I don't think you should do that,” he said, adding “They do that probably because they care about you.” I however retorted that my family's intention was malicious, and, to make this claim appear credible without getting into the whole business about the International Court of Justice, I just mentioned my uncle's discontent with my grandfather's wish that he and I should share my grandfather's retirement funds rather than letting him take it all. But Mr Kim still advised against my isolating myself and questioned the plausibility of my scenario – that so many people could be conspiring against me. “That's a lot of energies spent on you,” he added (57:30). As I was about to leave, Mr Kim suddenly asked me if I drove here. No, I answered, and I asked him why he asked me this. He replied he was wondering whether I needed parking validation (1:01:30).

Mr Kim's slick and smooth manner had me believe since then that he was an agent from the Agency. That is, when the Agency noticed from their true surveillance on me that I had called up this law firm and made an appointment, they quickly obtained the cooperation from the firm and inserted there an agent of theirs to pose as an attorney assistant. Or, if Mr Kim was really an associate of the firm, they would have simply come to him and instructed him as to how to deal with me. How to deal with me,

that is: Mr Kim was clearly trying to dissuade me from recording my conversations because the Agency and Mr Secretary did not want me to accumulate all these proofs as to what had really happened in all these meetups of mine. It might become a problem in the International Court in the future, although at present it didn't seem possible that I might cause these recordings to enter into the Court as evidences. I suppose that, when Mr Kim asked me if I drove, he was merely trying to produce some identification information in the otherwise vague and confused surveillance intercept which the Machine had produced of my conversation here, that it was someone who rode buses, and therefore could only be me and none other. In any case, his asking me so – which fitted into the general pattern that all the people around me had been couched as to how to behave around me – had convinced me that he was *despite our agreement on confidentiality* going to falsely report me to law enforcement. I thus immediately regretted having this consultation and fell into despair. What the Agency was really doing, other than dissuading me from recording my conversations, was to produce a surveillance intercept suggesting – after the Machine had muddled up the interception – that I believed all the good people around me were conspiring against me and that I recorded them with a desire to harm them, in accordance with the profile of an antisocial and paranoid schizophrenic. This you shall see momentarily.

That night, I wandered to Pasadena and settled down at Zeli, next door to Laemmle Playhouse 7. While I was sitting in front of this coffee place and importing recordings from my ICD-B600 to my Gateway, voilà, Gabi suddenly appeared. The conversation between us that night is recorded in: “redo_w_gabi_8_27_08_8PM.wma”.⁴⁵ (I was using my new Sony ICD-P620.) Apparently she had already returned from Germany a week ago. On 2:50 or so I was surprised to hear her reason for showing up: “You have come all the way here just to get your glasses?” I asked. Obviously she was instructed by her handler to show up here because Mr Secretary had an urgent need for a particular piece of evidence. I then asked her if she was sure that Karin was taking her examination today. “I do wish she would pass the examination.... She is very competent, unlike me,” I said. Gabi laughed (4:02). I then asked Gabi what she did in Germany. Significantly, Gabi answered, among other things, that she went to Brussels (4:45). Why? I had to wonder. She revealed that she had never gone to Belgium, although she had been to Netherlands a few times (5:05). I then commented on how boring Belgium was, how Brussels was the only city in that country where there was something interesting to do (5:30 or so). Gabi then asked me for how long I had stayed in Belgium, for how long I had attended school there, etc. One semester, half a year, during the rest of the time I just sort of dropped out, I replied (up to 6:15). Gabi said that she went to Brussels with a friend of hers (6:30 or so). Strangely, when I next asked Gabi what else she had done on her trip to Germany, she said she had gone to the Baltic Sea (6:55 or so). Has this anything to do with the upcoming lawsuit which Mr Secretary was about to unleash against Russia? Has faulty surveillance reversed the roles of the conversants in this instance? On 8:00 or so Gabi then told me about her going to her relative's home. The home, she said, was located in a small village in Germany. She had even visited Antwerp. When it came time for me to tell her what I did all this time, I could only say that I smoked so excessively that I was losing my voice

45 redo_w_gabi_8_27_08_8PM.wma 057a473cc531780ee1a58a8c24076e8a
7af37ada0d642840ee0d77f96012d7fbf7dbe4f8 8629889c E:\marie\My Documents-\
recording_toshiba_5\redo_w_gabi_8_27_08_8PM.wma 3/8/2009 7:56:55 PM 3/13/2011 8:10:20 PM
67,179,867 wma A

and that I slept a lot – all because of my severe depression during this and the past month (until 10:00). Gabi also revealed that she had dined with Karin on the past Saturday. Gabi found it absolutely hilarious that I was so interested in learning from her what Karin had done. After I told her something about my parents, I reminded her that my family would eat me for breakfast as an indication of the extent of my insignificance to them (22:00) – I was specifically referring to the cavalier manner in which they had been helping Homeland Security and Mr Secretary to harm me. Then, after I complained to her about my insignificance in Karin's meetups, Gabi revealed to me that Barbara and Vincent had become girlfriend and boyfriend. But when I asked Gabi if Karin and Ala had something going on between them, she flatly denied it (26:00). She must be lying. When I then asked her why Elissa had stopped coming – I had always thought this was because of me – Gabi simply replied that Elissa had been busy with her job and that her contact with Rolf was quite sufficient for her. I then noted that Rolf had a specific liking for Asian girls. This Gabi couldn't deny. Then, because Gabi was looking at me in an extremely funny way – as if she was happy about her success in duping me into a trap – I remarked so and also mentioned my impression that everyone in the meetups was playing pranks on me: the same old story. “If everyone is gossiping something true about me, I would be okay with that; but if it's false...” And thereupon I asked her what I should do given all the gossiping about me (32:00 or so). Gabi simply denied everything. Because of her good humor, I asked her at one point: “You don't hate me anymore?” Gabi laughed. “You are a liar... Everyone is lying...” I noted (until 34:00). Gabi was having such a great time listening to me that I couldn't help but tell her about my perennial worries, that someone might have stolen my 2000 page treatise (*The Path Toward Scientific Enlightenment*; 36:00). Gabi asked me if I was taking medication (!) and then indicated that she asked this because I was merely imagining things. What about the strange questions which everyone in the meetups kept asking me, like “Do you always draw from photographs?” (until 38:00). I have not talked about the purpose of this question before, but you should be able to guess that Mr Secretary had instructed everyone in my meetups to ask me this question so that, when the time came for him to show the ICJ judges the Machine's interception of people's questioning me thusly, he could argue: “It seems that our subject has restricted himself to drawing from photographs. Why? Because he couldn't really draw, and has to commission someone else to draw for him. Thus the portraits were always done from photographs: he had to provide the artist he would commission with photographs because the artist was never there at the meetups.” Now I had an artist friend named Oliver, and Mr Secretary would then instruct Oliver to make a call somewhere saying he had been commissioned by a friend to draw portraits from some photographs which the friend had given him, so that, when the Machine should intercept this conversation into the International Court for examination, Mr Secretary could use it as confirmation of his hypothesis, stunning the judges as to how well he understood human psychology and how much he excelled in detective works! Well, having only a nebulous idea about Mr Secretary's tactic, I tried to clarify to Gabi that I was making inferences from people's strange questions, not imagining things, and I referred to John's comment, that artistic talent had not been a trend among my family members. John, I noted, must be either doubting whether I really did my drawing or whether I was part of my family at all. I then told Gabi that Karin must have been spreading rumors about me among the meetup members in view of the fact that, after my episode with Karin in late June, which occurred exclusively via emails, everyone's attitude toward me suddenly changed (namely, everyone, after we saw the movie “Live and Become”, now constantly praised me for my artistic ability during

our gatherings). Since it was obvious that it was Karin who had instructed everyone to praise me so as to calm my fear that no one might believe I did my drawings, Gabi could only be lying when she denied such kind of thing could have taken place. But then, after I insisted, she just asked me, “You don't find that nice?” No, I told her, for I valued genuine interaction much more (until 44:00). “Now everyone knows that I have problems, and it's making it much more difficult for me to present myself to others,” I added. After hitting on the truth, however, I floundered once more and told Gabi about my erroneous impression that Karin might have reported me to the Meetup staff. After this, Gabi left, having accomplished her “mission”.

Now what exactly were the evidences which Gabi had managed to produce for Mr Secretary by chatting with me? I would in the days after this chat assume that Gabi had been instructed to afterward falsely report me as having threatened to assassinate the President and so on. This erroneous hypothesis on my part was the extension of my erroneous hypothesis that people were making false reports about me to law enforcement. As Mr Secretary and the Agency were almost done with the show trial to solidify their “conspiracy scenario” (that the MSS director had recruited Lawrence Chin's twin brother, etc.), they must be in the last stage of trimming up the evidentiary record which they had made up. The evidences that were produced must have something to do with my relation to Belgium and Europe – especially since Gabi kept talking about Belgium just a few days after Donna kept talking about Belgium. Mr Secretary was constructing an imaginary past for me, especially in regard to my past sojourn in Belgium when I was attending, for one semester, the Catholic University of Louvain (Louvain-la-Neuve). Since I have no idea what the FBI document which the Big Sister had passed on to the Chinese (and beyond this to the Russians and the Brazilians) said about my past travel experiences, I cannot really guess at any of the details of this imaginary past. It seems that the Machine had scrambled up my conversation with Gabi into something like this: David Chin was intercepted as having revealed that he had gone to Germany and Belgium before, spoke French and German fluently, and had even gone to the Baltic area where he was recruited by the Russian intelligence as well. By late August Mr Secretary and his boss (the Vice President) must have already hatched their plan to assault Russia in the International Court of Justice.

At the same time, my speculation in my blog post of September 14 is probably not that far off from the truth:

“Another suspicious thing is Gabi's recent denial to me that Karin and Ala had ever had a 'relationship' – and so that they had ever had a “breakup”. From the way they interacted and what Karin said about Ala, they clearly did have a relationship, and from Gabi's evil smile (which she so often had on) one can certainly tell that she was lying or that something else was up. What was going on? I have a scenario. I wrote two emails to Ala in July or so asking him to come to Karin's event again, trying to do some good to Karin at long last (other than the benefits she gets from the US and/or German government for harming me). The 'Hidden Authority' [Mr Secretary, that is] probably grabbed onto this chance, instructed Ala to forward the emails to Karin pretending to not know what I was talking about, and then directed both Ala and Karin to pretend that they had never had a relationship and to falsely report to their law enforcement or Secret Service contact

saying that I seemed to be imagining up a relationship between them when none had existed. Now another episode of my hallucination would have been noted down in authority's profile on me. So, the point is, Karin and Ala have together exploited an attempt on my part to do them good as an opportunity to harm me – without guilt but with pleasure, even if they were instructed to do so by the powerful forces above us.”

Whether what I have hypothesized here really did happen or not – it was a possibility, but I can't be sure of it even as of today – what should be evident is that Gabi continued on this night to insist upon her “observation” that I was imagining things most likely because she knew what the profile of David Chin consisted of and was helping Mr Secretary obtain another intercept showing the people around me noticing my constant hallucination and delusional state, which then in the International Court would be evidence that Mr Secretary's original warning to the Chinese government and to the world that I suffered from schizophrenia was no lies at all. David Chin really was a schizophrenic.

The second meeting for my own Borderline Personality Disorder meetup group took place on August 28. No one however showed up – not even Donna came. The same story with the third meeting, which was worse. I changed the meeting place to a sandwich shop in the shopping plaza on Venice and Overland. Not only did I waste my time waiting there by myself, but Homeland Security would send an agent to come near me and catcall a woman with sexually explicit profanity – as if this sort of things still happened in the great metropolitan centers in America! The Machine sitting in the International Court would certainly have confused this DHS agent with me and produced another piece of evidence for my misogynist character and sexual aggression, with which Mr Secretary could offend the predominantly female ICJ judges and bias them against all my conspirators, first the Chinese and then the Russians – and make China and Russia “look bad” in the United Nations. After the third meeting, I would step down as the organizer of my BPD meetup and the meetup would soon dissolve. I was convinced, because of my erroneous hypothesis about the mechanism by which faulty information about me would reach the International Court of Justice, that this was all because users of the Meetup website had been warned by the Meetup staff about me and thus stayed away from my meetup – thanks to Karin's reporting. I was wrong, of course.

On the afternoon of August 29, I ran into Ala briefly at Zona Rosa. This was recorded in: “[zona_rosa_with_ala_briefly_2008_08_29_3_29PM.mp3](#)”.⁴⁶ No particular conversation occurred between us at all, but I had become so paranoid since the incident with my aunt and my friend Jennifer Wright that I would write down on my blog post of this day (“Suspicion about the tiniest things”) a series of unfounded fears:

I also ran into Ala today at Zona Rosa. He asked me if there would be a (Karin's) meetup event in these days. I told him that there would be one tomorrow. He then asked me if I would be going. I

46 zona_rosa_with_ala_briefly_2008_08_29_3_29PM.mp3 21bdd8b86578bb512fa26eab5024ebe2
a8809b848501ed3096337e33a5df3116b856981d 6d162326 C:\Users\Marie\Documents\
from_gateway\Documents\ICD-P620_lawrence chin\A\zona_rosa_with_ala_briefly_2008_08_29_3_29PM.mp3
8/30/2008 6:39:29 PM 8/30/2008 6:39:29 PM 4,216,832

said I guess so. Now that I think of it, he was most likely just trying to get information about when I'll be seeing Karin again. He will probably call Karin afterward to tell her that I'll show up tomorrow. Why? Probably to get her prepared. On Wednesday night while I was hanging out at a café near Zona Rosa, Gabi showed up, having come back from Germany several days ago, and had a conversation with me. It was probably not a coincidence. She probably was instructed by her handler to have a conversation with me so that she could falsely report on me afterwards, saying I had made threats [against the President: this I didn't dare mention on my blog] even though I didn't. On Monday I was at WCIL for a little while, and the personnel there had probably also made false report to the same effect. So you have my aunt on Sunday, WCIL personnel on Monday, Gabi on Wednesday, and the lawyer on Thursday, all per the instruction from those on top falsely reporting me to law enforcement or some judicial authority in order to frame me into a danger. Law enforcement's alert about me would then have shot through the roof, and tomorrow if I show up at Karin's event – something may happen: e.g. getting rushed to the hospital to begin my life-long confinement. Who knows?

Or Ala could just be warning Karin that I may show up, with no action following from it.

On the other hand, Ala may be asking in order to see if I was stalking anyone (e.g. him). In any case, his asking was not an innocent matter.”

In reality, nothing was to happen at all. I had tremendously over-interpreted the matter here. I was trying out my old technique again of predicting my detainment and confinement openly on my blog so that Mr Secretary would not cause it to happen. Mr Secretary and the Agency had obtained all the evidences they needed through the Machine's interception of my conversations with Mr Kim, the social worker at WCIL, and Gabi. To frame me *in the evidentiary record of the International Court, but not in reality*, for desiring to assassinate the President, Mr Secretary would try other avenues as well later on, as you shall see. Although I knew Mr Secretary's goal, *or rather because I knew his goal*, I had falsely hypothesized a series of false reporting to law enforcement which had in fact never occurred, making myself *look* delusional instead.

The Greek Festival and Karin's meetup in Memorial Park, August 30 2008.

So August 30, a Saturday, was the first day of the Greek Festival. I arrived at the church in late morning, planning to volunteer at the various stands, and my time there has been recorded in: [“greek_fest_orthodox_church_2008_08_30.mp3”](#)⁴⁷. Near the front gate a church member walking with another Asian woman saw me and asked me about my “nationality” (13:10). Once again? I hesitated and hesitated, not sure how I was supposed to be framed by this seemingly innocent question. Then she pointed to the Asian woman and said, “She's from Cambodia.” Well, but I am not from Cambodia, I replied. And I was finally compelled to tell the truth, that I was from Taiwan.

47 greek_fest_orthodox_church_2008_08_30.mp3 acb4ca0f5049ea9f105c4a348285060b
858fbc9cf14191aa5aa7d3fef37e1cb570e57a32 412e344c C:\Users\Marie\Documents\
from_gateway\Documents\ICD-P620_lawrence chin\A\greek_fest_orthodox_church_2008_08_30.mp3 8/30/2008
6:27:28 PM 8/30/2008 6:27:28 PM 11,231,232

A piece of evidence had just been produced for the International Court, that I had also been to Cambodia and therefore had probably connections with the Cambodian intelligence, insofar as the Machine would definitely have confused and muddled up the content of my conversation while intercepting it to produce the transcript saying that I had said that I came from Cambodia. These two church members were instructed by their handlers from Mr Secretary's suit team to ask me this question and to put up the subsequent show. Something must have been going on in the UN Security Council such that the United States needed to blackmail Cambodia with the faulty evidence just produced: it was probably still about the Russo-Georgian war. That was the highlight of my day at the Festival. I tried to volunteer, first at the hotdog stand run by a man who was a long time member of the church, and then at the raffle ticket stand run by Mary, the wife of an old gentleman, both of whom were established members of the church.

This night, I went to the meetup which Karin had scheduled at Memorial Park in Pasadena. It was a concert, Latin American music, part of the Summer Concert Series at Levitt Pavilion. This meetup has been recorded in: "[meetup_memorial_park_2008_08_30.mp3](#)".⁴⁸ I arrived at the Park, the first person of our meetup to show up, on 9 minutes into the recording, which should be around 6 PM or so. I soon found Michelle. On 21:05, upon being asked about it, I just said I had to carry my Gateway laptop everywhere with me because my home got "burglarized": I was still terribly bothered by Homeland Security agent's break-in six days ago. At the time I still had no idea just how much of Homeland Security's operations on me the people in Karin's meetup actually knew about and how much of the lies perpetrated about me they knew to be lies, and so I kept to myself the fact that it was Homeland Security agents who had "burglarized" my place on the early morning of August 24. On 25:40 into the recording, to please Michelle, I offered to buy a cone of ice cream for her, although I failed at my endeavor because of the long line (36:50). I became quite concerned because Karin – the whole point of the meetup for me – had not shown up yet. My paranoia that the "suit team" was using Karin to turn me into a psychopathic anathema for womankind in law enforcement's profile of me was eating me hard. And so, on 43:25, after telling Michelle about my concern with "other people's not coming" (I needed to hide my real concern which was only with "Karin's not coming"), I mentioned to her that I saw Ala the previous day and that I told Ala I was coming today. That might be the reason why Karin was not coming, I said to Michelle. (Refer to my blog post just quoted.) Michelle was not really buying this – and rightly so. I was being overly paranoid, as I have said, because I still had as yet no grasp of how Mr Secretary's operations worked. On 48:30 a woman unknown to me came – a white single-mother lawyer, slightly choppy but radiating an ambiance of sophistication – and greeted me by my name. I was instantly alarmed and asked her, "How do you know my name?" "I met you before," she replied. She did, and I did have some impression of her but was simply unaware that I had ever told her my name. The concert then started by 1:13:00 in the recording.

48 [meetup_memorial_park_2008_08_30.mp3](#) 574282732d082a696ef1ab0a67159a43
a55d4901090b184d310732c61e5d6652196cc605 6e3729e9 C:\Users\Marie\Documents\
from_gateway\Documents\ICD-P620_lawrence chin\A\meetup_memorial_park_2008_08_30.mp3 8/31/2008
12:08:29 AM 8/31/2008 12:08:29 AM 17,860,608

By this time, Karin and Cecilia had arrived. The music went on for a while, and people only started talking again when, about 30 minutes later, it was break time. On 1:49:40 I started complaining to someone about “someone coming into my apartment to change the data on my computer”. This had been so traumatic to me that I couldn't refrain from verbalizing about it to somebody, even though I erroneously feared that people might pretend to see me as “insane” and report me to law enforcement to worsen the negative profile of me there. “I have problems with my aunt,” I then said, as if my aunt had the power to send someone to break into my apartment in the middle of the night. On 1:53:00 Cecilia asked me how to say “You are beautiful” in Chinese. “Who do you want to say it to? Male or female?” I asked. Cecilia paused, and then decided: “female”. This seemed to indicate that she wasn't having anyone in mind at all. And so I taught her how. It must have been an operation; Cecilia was coached by her handler to ask me this question in order to produce a certain piece of evidence for the International Court confirming Mr Secretary's scenario that I was born in China and a Chinese secret agent. Michelle, the student of Chinese, joined in too, and started her usual Chinese-speaking waiting for me to correct her. “Back pain, foot pain, sore throat, heart ache...” she went through all these in Chinese, as you can hear in the recording. Michelle was slowly but carefully leading the topic of our conversation to a previously decided destination – where she had been instructed by her handler to lure me to. And so she finally arrived at the point: “Foot massage, back massage...” She asked me to correct her saying these in Chinese. Then, by 1:58:30, Michelle and Cecilia began entreating me to teach them to say “I love you” in Chinese. “I'm not going to say 'I love you',” I resisted, fearing that law enforcement might note down in their profile of me that I was a sex-pervert hitting on women indiscriminately. But I gave in in the end and taught them how to say “I love her”. I became increasingly suspicious of this sudden Chinese language lesson which the two of them were demanding from me. “You guys are not playing pranks on me, are you?” I asked (1:59:20). Of course they denied it. But in fact they were. Idiotically, I started talking about one of my favorite topics in the past, historical linguistics (or long range linguistic taxonomy), the sort of stuff I had inherited from my past fascination with the works of Merritt Ruhlen, Joseph Greenberg, and the Nostraticists, and of which I had tried to show off my knowledge to Gabi on July 18. “Cognates between Chinese and Latin...” I started recounting (2:00:00) – as if they cared. I was simply upset that, whenever anyone from the meetup talked to me, it was never about me, but only about these irrelevant and stupid topics like the Chinese lesson we had just had – well, because no one was really interested in me at all: everyone was only interested in running operations on me per suit team's instruction. Thus, even though I had been part of Karin's meetups for a whole year, no one here knew anything about me, anything about my life, anything about all the talent and education I possessed, anything about the immense knowledge I had gathered within myself about human history, evolution, and the physical universe. I so wanted to show off, only to find that no one cared. On 2:04:30, Michelle tried to persuade me to see this massage therapist (a Chinese woman who spoke no English) in San Gabriel. She found her on Yelp, she said. This must be connected to her attempt to lead our conversation to the topic of massage. It was significant because, six days earlier, I, out of boredom and depression, had visited a massage parlor on Pico Blvd in West Los Angeles. I was met by an extremely beautiful Korean masseuse, who greeted me with an evil and mischievous smile. She immediately demonstrated her cunningness, as if she were a professional secret agent (namely, not one of those “temporaries” and “amateurs” that filled up Homeland Security's clandestine operation units). But she could have been just a masseuse whom the

suit team had previously instructed as to how to act in front of me. I found it incredible that Mr Secretary's operation would have followed me to the massage parlor when I did not plan the visit at all. In retrospect, it was not that incredible, because it would be expected of Mr Secretary that he would have already broadcast a long time ago a “general brief” about me among all the massage parlors in town instructing all the masseuses about how to deal with me in order to make me look like a criminal twin brother of myself, just as he would do later among all the coffee house employees in town, as you shall see. After the massage, the masseuse continually attempted to offer me “full service”, at which I became very alarmed, and I thus contented myself with a “dry hump” with my underwear on my body and everything. So here too I became immediately alarmed by Michelle's suggestion, sensing that it must have been her handler who had instructed her to lure me to see this specially designated massage therapist. “You are not playing prank on me?” I asked her. “Oh, No,” Michelle emphasized, and even Cecilia joined in, claiming she had received an email about this too and trying to calm my suspicion. This revealed that Mr Secretary was really trying to get me to see a massage therapist for operational purposes, and that both Michelle and Cecilia were trying to see to it that this operation come to a successful conclusion. Michelle then asked me to massage her foot (2:05:50). On 2:08:28 I again complained to both of them, tears filling up my eyes: “I don't know what kind of pranks you guys are playing on me.” “Pranks? I don't play pranks,” Michelle said. She then emphasized, “I have no reason to be mad at you. I have never played pranks on anyone” (2:09:45). She was obviously lying. Minutes later, after they had chatted among themselves, I became very depressed and, when Cecilia asked me, “Are you okay?” (2:14:36), I remarked once more, “No... I don't know what game you guys are playing on me.” Cecilia looked at me right in the eyes and said it very seriously and softly (2:14:45), “Lawrence, I know you don't believe me. But I am not playing game with you. I know you are like a very delicate person...” When I then expressed doubt about the underlying (“operational”) purpose of the language game which we had just played, she just said, “We are just interested in the language...” I of course didn't believe anything she said and, feeling hurt because I was quite fond of Cecilia, started crying (2:15:30). “No game...” Cecilia continued with her soft and comforting words, and Michelle joined in, “I wouldn't do that...” Michelle, lying on the grass at the time, even robbed her left foot on my thigh to comfort me. “I don't want to play game with other people, and I don't want other people to play game with me...” such was Cecilia's final statement (2:16:05). I have to say that, while Michelle really disgusted me with her fakery and feigning, Cecilia's soft ball was terribly effective. I mean, her comfort melted me so much that I developed such a good impression of her and such a sudden emotional attachment to her, *even though I didn't believe her at all*. Cecilia had a motherly tenderness native to her which could not be found in Michelle's person. “You guys are trying to get me into trouble,” I explained (2:16:15). As Cecilia continued her motherly comfort, I expressed my ongoing fear again, that they were reporting me to the police, etc (2:17:50).

I was of course wrong about this. They were most likely simply trying to produce surveillance intercepts, either on the spot or through rumoring about this Chinese lesson of ours in communication channels later on. The whole thing had obviously to do with my visit to the massage parlor days ago. Although I didn't have sexual intercourse at all that day despite the masseuse's incessant enticement, Mr Secretary could very well have orchestrated a show where a “masseuse had reported being raped to law enforcement and was examined such that the DNA sample of the rapist was extracted” and then

directed the Machine to confuse the show with my visit to the massage parlor. When he would then present the surveillance intercept along with the DNA sample intercepted from the police station to the International Court as evidences, the “rapist” would be identified as (“confused with”) *me* and the DNA sample would be another definitive piece of evidence proving that I wasn't myself – since the DNA sample didn't come from me. In order for the rapist in the surveillance intercept to be identified as me, however, Mr Secretary and the Agency would probably want to produce another surveillance intercept showing me telling other people I had recently seen a massage therapist, and the intercept of Michelle's constant suggestion for me to go to a massage therapist would probably, after orchestrated confusion on the part of the Machine, be twisted into just the intercept needed (that I was happily telling Michelle I had seen a massage therapist). Another possibility would be that the Chinese massage therapist whom Michelle and Cecilia were recommending to me was a MSS operative sent here to help Mr Secretary produce that definitive piece of evidence proving that I wasn't myself (through the mechanism I have just described: false rape charge) – as part of MSS' obligation under UN Resolution 1373. Insofar as the judges at the International Court were predominantly female, the faulty intercept of my sexual impropriety could serve additionally as a weapon of psychological warfare, offending them and biasing them against the Chinese and the Russians while making China and Russia “look bad”.

By 2:22:00 I finally changed the subject of our conversation and asked Cecilia what she did the day before. I wanted to steer our “meetup conversation” back to its proper function, namely, letting people know and understand each other as a way to deepen the relationship among them – something which had occurred between all the other people in Karin's meetups but never between me and anyone. If no one was interested in knowing me and what kind of person I was, then the next best thing was for me to know other people and what kind of person *they* were. I liked Cecilia anyway and so I might as well try to know something about her. She went scuba-diving, she described: her first time in California. And she went on about her failed job interview at Cal Tech (2:24:20), at its international service office. She continued to talk about herself and her gratefulness about her situation well into 2:30:15 in the recording. I took special note when she mentioned (on 2:32:40) that her birthday was on September 6. I remembered she had before mentioned that she was born in September 1969, only two months ahead of me; and now I got to know the exact day in September.

By 3:02:00 the concert was over. People were chatting with each other and I didn't have any significant interactions with anyone. By 3:23:50 in the recording, you can finally hear Karin's voice. On 3:25:30 I went to “Ms Lawyer” – the single mother who greeted me earlier – to unload onto her my terrible experience with “Mr Kim” two days ago, telling her about my erroneous belief that, although he spoke so much of “confidentiality”, he had immediately after our meeting made a false report to law enforcement. “Ms Lawyer” gave me some “advice” as to how to complain about this lawyer assistant, and I had to ask her if payment and the absence of payment ever made any difference in regard to confidentiality or attorney-client privilege (3:29:05). Now “Ms Lawyer” tried to calm my suspicion that the reason why Mr Kim refused to accept payment was that he could then break confidentiality (3:30:38). In the process, “Ms Lawyer” told me a story which was not really relevant to my situation: it had happened that, when two legal teams were engaged in a battle, one team sent out a “scout” pretending to be a client seeking legal consultation from the other team, and that, when he met the

members of the other team, he would ask them about hypothetical situations that were similar to the battle that was going on between the two teams so as to trick them into giving up secrets about how they planned to fight the battle in the coming days (3:34:50). When I, amazed, asked her if that was legal, she replied “This is unethical”. She then added, “And the judge might impose sanction” (3:35:25). On 3:40:12, after I remarked to “Ms Lawyer” that she seemed to be the only person at this meetup who had children, she started talking about her past: how she, being a single-mother, was going to law school while working full time, etc. Because she exuded an air of sophistication quite familiar to me, even at that time I was suspecting that she was in fact from the Agency – nothing special, since the Agency's girl had been regularly showing up in Karin's meetups in any case – and now as I am writing this, I am even more convinced that she was CIA. I suspect that Mr Secretary had purposely inserted a lawyer figure into my meetups in order to enable surveillance to confuse her with me, ending up with a piece of evidence indicating that I had tremendous interest as well as expertise in law – and in anticipation of my upcoming lawsuit against my aunt. And who knows if the irrelevant story “Ms Lawyer” had told me tonight had been attributed to me in the faulty surveillance intercept presented to the International Court, and for what purpose. In any case, after this discussion with “Ms Lawyer”, I finally got to talk to Karin. I asked her what kind of email client she used. “Microsoft Outlook,” she answered, and, in accordance with her love of chitchat, began a long discussion about emailing (3:49:30). I was feeling the anger and tension bottling up inside me, and I asked this question because I was hoping one day to be able to hack into her email account and discover what kind of garbage she had been rumoring and reporting about me – a wish which would never come true. On 3:50:00 in the recording I finally told Karin about one of my worst fears, that, whenever I wrote something to her and whenever she replied, it might never really be she who had read my emails to her and who had written me back, especially when her emails contained spelling mistakes not befitting her education. Namely – this of course I didn't say – I had always worried that I was only communicating with Homeland Security agents cutting between me and her and pretending to be her: I had developed this sort of paranoid fear after suffering so many Homeland Security “Man-in-the-Middle” interferences of my Internet activities. Only so many months later, when I figured out how Mr Secretary's operations worked, would I be certain that, all this time, I had indeed been communicating with Karin herself. On 3:58:25, I started talking to Carlos. Now, with “Ms Lawyer” in the group, there was suddenly all the chatter about law and lawyers (4:03:45). Do you see how I would have come to suspect that “Ms Lawyer” was sent here to produce surveillance intercepts in which all her “lawyer talk” could be confused as mine? On 4:15:30, Michelle asked me about my writing, and I naively told her I had at one time written a treatise that was over 2000 pages long (*The Path toward Scientific Enlightenment*); I even mentioned how I had once attempted to publish something. After this, all that tension in me flared up again when I repeatedly “shared” with Karin my concern that someone may have reported me to the Meetup headquarters staff (namely, Karin herself: e.g. 4:29:20 and 4:34:00), and that this was the reason why no one came to the meetup group which I started myself (4:23:00). When she kept asking me what my meetup was about, I was hesitant about telling her, only hinting “It's a meetup for people of my kind...” (4:27:30). Finally, Karin responded in a very contrived manner, as if trying to hide something, to my concern about being reported to the Meetup staff: “Why would someone do that?” (4:34:25) I looked at her and was convinced that she was lying to me. I was wrong, of course. I became very angry, although no one noticed it because, as usual, no one paid attention to me outside

How I have been made into a different person: Part II: Karin's Meetups
Chapter 9: The impossible wish to be known
Lawrence C. Chin
Jun. 2009 – Sep. 2011. Revised, Feb. 2013, Jan. – Mar. 2017.

operational purposes. Thus, when the meetup was over, my attention shifted to Cecilia because of her earlier attentiveness to me, and on 4:38:50 I offered to carry her things for her to her car. On 4:42:30 Cecilia was still comforting me saying Michelle would not harm me. Yeah right. Then, on about 4:46:20 in the recording, I said goodbye to Cecilia and went to the Metro station to go home, utterly depressed.

Now why would Mr Secretary want a piece of evidence for my interest and expertise in law? He was probably planning to use this as another piece of circumstantial evidence for my motivation and interest in participating in a Sino-Russian intelligence operation to defraud the International Court of Justice and to advance thereby the political interests of the two nations in the UN Security Council. His false profile of me – the imaginary figure David Chin the twin brother of Lawrence Chin whom he had invented – had just acquired another repulsive characteristic by the subtle operations tonight. This antisocial had an obsession with laws and courts and loved the idea of screwing innocent people using the dignified instruments of the legal system. I also want you to note the similarity between Ms Lawyer's story – the use of scouts to spy on your opponent's strategic planning – and my reconstruction of Agency's tactics in turning the tide against the MSS in the International Court – the use of a mole to obtain evidences of your opponent's fraud.



The picture taken of Karin and me on August 30 in Memorial Park.
I was purposely not smiling because I was increasingly unhappy with Karin.

The rest of the Greek Festival and Karin's meetup on August 31, 2008

The next day, August 31, I went to the Greek Festival at the Orthodox Church, which was to continue for one more day after this day. This has been recorded in: “[greek_fest_orthodox_2008_8_31.mp3](#)”⁴⁹. As you can hear, on 19:00 in the recording, I settled at Mary's raffle ticket booth again. While I was getting comfortable with Mary despite the increasing tension inside me over the business with Karin, Father John's wife came to the booth to chat with Mary (22:45). Even at the time I was rather suspicious about this. Had Father John's wife also been recruited to make false reports about me to law enforcement? I wondered. Perhaps she came over so that she could falsely report me as having sexually harassed her, which would seem like something that Mr Secretary would orchestrate: how bad could this pervert be who even hit on his priest's wife? Well, I have never been sure whether Father John's wife had ever carried out an operation on me for Mr Secretary on that day. If she did, she was definitely not reporting me but was only making false rumors about me to the same effect for the sake of being intercepted – or maybe rumoring about someone else's sexually harassing her which in surveillance intercepts would be confused with me anyway. (For this latter purpose, it was then necessary that the Machine should pick up an instance of her physical proximity to me – hence she would have to come stand near me – as supporting evidence: “Your Honor, the Machine has intercepted an instance of the priest's wife standing in the vicinity of our subject; it has then intercepted a communication where the wife was complaining to someone else about her being sexually harassed by an unidentified figure who however resembles our subject in description. It's most like our subject, since he was near the wife earlier”.) The depravity of a pervert who sexually harassed even his priest's wife would after all be too effective in offending the female judges at the International Court and thus destroying my credibility in a trial where I was tried *in absentia*.

Then, on 26:00, I found Sophia and had a brief (“shallow”) chat with her. I was disappointed, that is, for I obviously would not be able to find the kind of “soul-revealing” deep conversation I was looking for with Sophia either. Otherwise a transference might lessen my pains. On 31:00 I talked to some other people about how I had given up church members' suggestion for me to set up a drawing stand. Soon, on 43:00, the most frightening thing occurred when I was back at Mary's booth. The man at the hotdog stand at which I was volunteering the previous day came over with a camera to take pictures of me. I hugged onto Mary and buried my head in her waist to avoid this, whining like a child: “No! No!” The man was obviously instructed by his handler from Mr Secretary's suit team to take more pictures of me. As noted, I didn't yet understand why Mr Secretary wanted so many pictures taken of me. I just assumed the church members were going to report me to law enforcement who would then incorporate the pictures taken of me into some biometric system for distribution among governments around the world. In reality, of course, the man would merely pass on the pictures in communication channels in order to enable the Machine to intercept them, as “evidence” in the International Court that I looked

49 greek_fest_orthodox_2008_08_31.mp3 505b7d9eebbe843b65009530572bb0f2
87aa50591be459a856fd5061f7d5dc3087dc236d 0af69981 C:\Users\Marie\Documents\
from_gateway\Documents\ICD-P620_lawrence chin\A\greek_fest_orthodox_2008_08_31.mp3 9/1/2008 11:40:43 AM
9/1/2008 11:40:43 AM 5,435,392

slightly different from “Lawrence Chin” – the Machine would probably automatically edit the pictures slightly while intercepting them. Then on 52:00 I had to avoid another attempt by members of the church to take pictures of me and explain my behavior by saying “I have phobia toward cameras.” These were the highlights – the evidentiary process – of my second day at the Greek Festival.

Tonight, Karin had a meetup again at Memorial Park, a concert even with Amy London. This has been recorded in: “[meetup_2008_08_31_amylondon_memorial_park_mp3](#)”.⁵⁰ Unlike the previous night, when I arrived, there were police officers on bicycles watching us from the side of the park. Ms London's band started practicing from 3:00 onward until 6:00 in the recording. Then you can hear Karin talking lightly with Gabi, both sitting in front of me. As usual, I sat silently behind them like an invisible ghost, unable to cut into their conversation at all. By 16:00 or so the beautiful golden hair woman who produced the Memorial Park Summer Music series was giving a speech to start out Ms London's show. The concert finally began around 22:00 or so. I was depressed and unsatisfied as hell and cried for a brief moment on 27:30. On 1:04:00 or so you can hear me cry out loud again out of extraordinary sadness.

By 1:43:00 or so the concert had effectively finished and Karin and Gabi were talking in fast German in front of me, oblivious of my existence even though the very reason why they were sitting here was to lure me here. I was still immersed in my terrible depression, lying around behind them and smoking one cigarette after another in sadness and anger. Toward the end of their conversation, you can hear Karin responding to Gabi, “Ach so? Super!” Then, finally, the more considerate Gabi turned around to ask me one question: “How many cigarettes do you smoke a day?” (2:01:56) “Two or three packs a day....” I thus told her about my recent excessive smoking. I then at last gave expression to my anger, telling Karin that seeing police officers around me made me very upset because I believed – erroneously I must add – that she had called them here in anticipation of my coming (2:02:24). Gabi laughed it off, but I continued to express to Karin my discontent with “her reporting me to everywhere”. Karin denied it, but I just accused her of lying. Gabi kept laughing about it. “You reported me to the Meetup staff, and I couldn't have my own meetup,” I continued, and then explained that, before, her reporting didn't damage me that much because I only came to her groups, but that, now, when I was going to some other group, I came to realize the damage she had inflicted on my social life – for everywhere I went people would get warned about me, and it was you, Karin, who did most of the reporting. Karin denied it once more, and reasoned, “If you don't believe what I'm telling you is the truth, then what else can we do? We'll never do anything to harm you. Why would we ever do that?” Karin feigned an expression and put her hand on my shoulder (2:06:00). I began crying: “I have never said anything before, but now I'm getting very upset...” Gabi sighed, and she and Karin both left. Within minutes I began crying painfully (from 2:09:00 onward). I would cry, immersed in my sadness and feeling tremendous anger from the injustice Karin had inflicted upon me, for the next half hour or so. This was a turning point: from now on my fascination with and submission to Karin had

50 [meetup_2008_08_31_amylondon_memorial_park.mp3](#) ffb12a22f5b47d069aa6f66c60fd9c9
bbf925a489a7ce7819e5ac70a5128b3f28ade969 8062c460 C:\Users\Marie\Documents\
from_gateway\Documents\ICD-P620_lawrence chin\A\meetup_2008_08_31_amylondon_memorial_park.mp3
9/1/2008 11:44:11 AM 9/1/2008 11:44:11 AM 9,641,984

turned into anger and a desire to right the wrongs she had done to me. Karin and her bunch had done a lot to destroy my chances for human contacts in the future, but not, however, in the way in which I had accused her, and this was the hardest reality here. She had helped stage so many social situations of which the Machine's confused surveillance had produced a horrifying profile of me as a criminal and a fraudster in the International Court of Justice, and, since this show trial was open to observation by nations around the world, you can bet that our Secretary of Homeland Security would distribute the false profile of me among governmental and law enforcement agencies around the world, so that, should I ever leave this country, an alert would be broadcast among whichever population I should meet telling them that I was a schizophrenic Chinese secret agent pretending to be myself and possessing all the disgusting and criminal characteristics which I shall sum up momentarily. And yet Karin could and would claim with a straight face that she was here a victim of my paranoid delusion. Note that I have not even mentioned the wrongs she had done to the MSS director and would do to the Russian intelligence service.

The purpose for which Mr Secretary had instructed Karin to schedule this meetup I would write about in my blog post of September 19, almost three weeks later:

“I want to mention the trap which Karin was instructed to lure me to on August 31. She told me the night before (August 30) during our meetup for the concert at Memorial Park... that both she and Gabi would come to the concert at the night of August 31. The planners in the “Hidden Authority” [Mr Secretary and the Agency, that is] know full well that I'd go wherever Karin goes, that I have been terribly frightened of loneliness lately, and that if she said she would go somewhere that night, then I'd go too. Especially when you add Gabi as well to the bag of candies. That night the Pavilion features the singer Amy London. The description which Karin posted about the event several days ago on the Meetup message board states that Ms London grew up in a Jewish family and so on and so on. After a little reflection on August 31 before I went I realized that it was a trap. Remember that law enforcement (or the Secret Service) has, per the direction of Homeland Security from behind the scene, falsely presented me in their file on me as a Nazi, and the order must have come down from the very top within DHS to frame me for ambivalent feeling toward, and obsession with, things Jewish – in order to create fake 'explanation', not just for my supposed Nazism, but most likely also for my 'delusion' about being persecuted by Homeland Security. [*This realization, of course, was past due, for by now Mr Secretary wanted to make up a story about my obsession with things Jewish in order to, instead, 'explain' my desire to participate in a Chinese intelligence operation to frame him in the International Court of Justice.*] Note that both the movie 'Live and Become' and the one coming up, 'Un secret', are not just about identity-confusion and -invention, but specifically about a Jewish boy's (or a fake Jewish boy's) identity-confusion and -invention. Even the seemingly innocent concert on August 8 (Pan-Mediterranean music at Memorial Park) was in fact a trap: the lead singer was from Israel. It's not clear to me how the framing works. Presumably Karin was -- as she went to her regular meeting with her law enforcement or judicial contact – instructed by her handler to lie to her contact, making false testimony as to how much I enjoyed these Jewish concerts and movies, or how much I shared the passion for things Jewish with the rest of

members who had all been instructed to pretend to be political and love whatever issues concern Israel, in order to make the meetup group look more like a grassroots political organization than just a get-together of ordinary people to have some fun. [*Again, there was no making of false testimonies to law enforcement or judicial contact, but Mr Secretary had carefully cultivated, through the Machine's interception of Karin's and her friends' acting, the impression for the judges at the International Court that I love being in the midst of a leftwing political group.*]

... Whether I go to Karin's meetup, my own meetup, any other meetup, or the church, or just... talk to my family members, or just go to a mental health support group, I would be jumping into a trap, getting falsely reported as something terrible that I'm not or as having done something terrible that I didn't do – everyone I met had been instructed beforehand to make false reports about me after I conversed with them. And yet because of my Borderline constitution, I couldn't help but jump into these traps knowing they were traps. I'm simply dying of loneliness and need to be around people while knowing full well that they are all going to harm me without exception by falsely reporting on me – which would result in my further estrangement from people in general as the false reports would spread about through whatever law enforcement or societal mechanism among the population. It's like this: *you are seeking food as you are starving to death, but every piece of food stuff around you is poisonous, and yet you eat it because starvation is simply causing you too much pain.* [Emphasis added.]

On September 1, feeling utterly depressed and apocalyptic because of the drama from the previous night – I felt as if the world had come to an end for me – I spent the whole day at the Orthodox Church volunteering for the Greek Festival. I recorded my time there in three different recording files: “[orthodox_9_1_08_125PM.wma](#)”⁵¹ which covers my afternoon from 1:25 PM until about 4 PM when I went out of the church to take a cigarette break and thus turned off the recorder; “[orthodox_9_1_08_446PM.wma](#)”⁵² which covers my afternoon from 4:46 PM when I came back from my break until around 9 PM when the recorder ran out of batteries; and “[orthodox_9_1_08_923PM.wma](#)”⁵³ which covers the rest of my time at the church until about 9:46 PM.

51 Filename : orthodox_9_1_08_923PM.wma
MD5 : 83db1a9b7c1a0086e9b37559f7d52156
SHA1 : 25d3548e733d3d2c60f0ca28b574288ddf5ddae4
CRC32 : 5ddca67a
Full Path : C:\Users\Marie\Documents\recording_toshiba_6\orthodox_9_1_08_923PM.wma
Modified Time : 6/20/2009 8:12:44 PM
Created Time : 6/20/2009 8:12:44 PM
File Size : 19,496,067

52 orthodox_9_1_08_446PM.wma db5e06dad7f8d1df3c7172b1134b0a80
f9b315bcdd79f237637f8e39e0f22f10d79add5b f9d06586 C:\Users\Marie\Documents\
recording_toshiba_6\orthodox_9_1_08_446PM.wma6/22/2009 10:13:25 PM 6/22/2009 10:13:25 PM 119,699,397

53 orthodox_9_1_08_923PM.wma 83db1a9b7c1a0086e9b37559f7d52156
25d3548e733d3d2c60f0ca28b574288ddf5ddae4 5ddca67a G:\marie\My Documents-\
recording_toshiba_6\orthodox_9_1_08_923PM.wma6/20/2009 8:12:44 PM 3/13/2011 8:03:42 PM 19,496,067
wma A

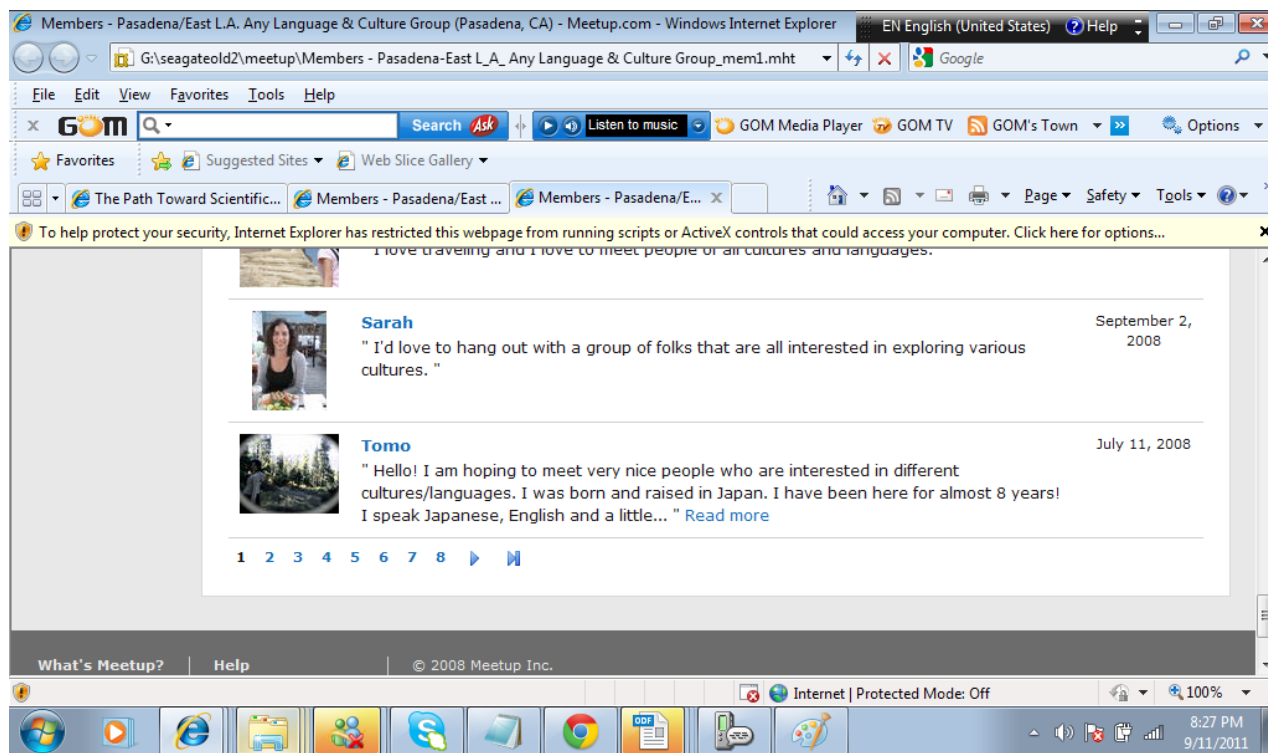
In the second recording, from 10:00 onward, you can hear me joining Mary at her raffle ticket booth, leaving the church on 53:00 to go to the coffee place in the nearby shopping plaza, and coming back to the church by 1:50:00. At the end of the day, after saying goodbye to Mary, I went inside the Church building to help Sophia clean up her stand. This was in the third recording. At first, Sophia told me to go right away so as to not miss the bus, using her usual sweet language that melt my heart (calling me “sweetheart”). After she moved things around for two minutes, however, she suddenly told me that a nun from Russia who was related to someone's late godfather was coming next Sunday, basically encouraging me not to miss it (9:00). The nun was supposedly working in some sort of sanctuary for the children of the disenfranchised or some such thing. Of course this was an operation from Mr Secretary – but a botched one, for I wouldn't show up the following Sunday precisely because I had become so frightened of the Russian elements that had begun once more to populate my environment. Mr Secretary was about to begin his lawsuit against Russia in the International Court of Justice complaining that I was pretending to be myself also per the order of the Russian intelligence service SVR. To start off the complaint, he needed to produce a piece of evidence for my meeting with a Russian secret agent. Specifically, as it would soon become apparent, Mr Secretary wanted to fix the charge of perjury back in February when he was caught trying to frame me for meeting “Zudy Pingley Smith” – even though, when Russia withdrew from the lawsuit, the perjury couldn't be completely established because judge Higgins had sanctioned it. But this charge of perjury, dangling in the evidentiary record in an indeterminate status, must have been gnawing at Mr Secretary's psyche for some time, an obstacle to convicting Russia of participating in China's operation to send David Chin to pretend to be Lawrence Chin.

To conclude these few crucial days: my dissatisfaction with Karin had reached a boiling point. I was angry, and I needed to express my anger and my dissatisfaction as a matter of catharsis in order to maintain my psyche within the bounds of tolerable misery. I needed to show Karin how much I was hurt by her pranks in order to not fall into the status of the “dummy”. I also needed to revenge, to right the wrongs I had suffered, however slightly, in order to find balance in my psyche. Revenge, or justice, is always the best therapy for traumas suffered. I decided to act out in the next two meetups which Karin had scheduled for September 3 and 5. I could predict the consequences. Thus, in preparation for getting expelled from Karin's groups, I created a fake profile at Meetup's website and used it to apply for membership in her Any Language and Culture Group. Even though Karin's handler must have told her that this profile was a fake and that I was the one who was behind it – you can't really spy on government operatives when you are under government's surveillance – she would have to pretend that she didn't know in order to hide her status as an operative from both me and the judges at the International Court, so that, playing victim to my deception, she approved it. Normally, I would do this in order to catch any possible rumors which Karin's bunch may be spreading about me behind my back, but here I would supposedly catch none because Karin would have been informed by her handler about my “infiltration”. I did this simply because the “mole” might come in handy some day, and it would be so eventually as you shall see.

Karin's German Language Meetup on September 3

How I have been made into a different person: Part II: Karin's Meetups
 Chapter 9: The impossible wish to be known
 Lawrence C. Chin
 Jun. 2009 – Sep. 2011. Revised, Feb. 2013, Jan. – Mar. 2017.

The meetup which Karin had scheduled for September 3 was her Pasadena German Language Meetup. Everyone was supposed to gather outside the Corner Bakery Cafe around 7 PM, just like always. Something noteworthy was the appearance of a new face, Sarah, who would immediately become Karin's intimate friend. She showed up on this night's meetup for the first time. As you can see from the screenshot below of her profile on our Meetup website's members' page, she joined the group merely one day before, on September 2, which means that she was obviously another operative sent in to start off a new round of "Operation Meetup". I have always assumed that she was a new recruit of the Agency, a professional secret agent that is to say, sent here to team up with Karin. She just *looked* so much like a typical CIA girl, especially with her academic background: she was a doctoral student in art history at the University of Southern California.



Sarah, from the Meetup webpage
 archived on my Toshiba Satellite

The recoding of tonight's meetup is in: "[german_meetup_2008_09_03.mp3](#)".⁵⁴ I arrived at the meetup with an alteration of my physique. You must understand that a Borderline Personality cannot be expected to bury inside himself his sadness, anger, and negative feelings in general. He must express them outwardly – catharsis – just in order to maintain a modicum of balance in his psyche. The

54 german_meetup_2008_09_03.mp3 3672147d1b3bc77a417e6cc960711ff1
 2213a852e60077b1fc2b8fdc7bc75e36e2c8f9a3 18a04686 D:\bbb3\
 german_meetup_2008_09_03.mp3 9/4/2008 7:00:08 PM 9/12/2011 5:49:09 PM 13,416,448
 mp3 A

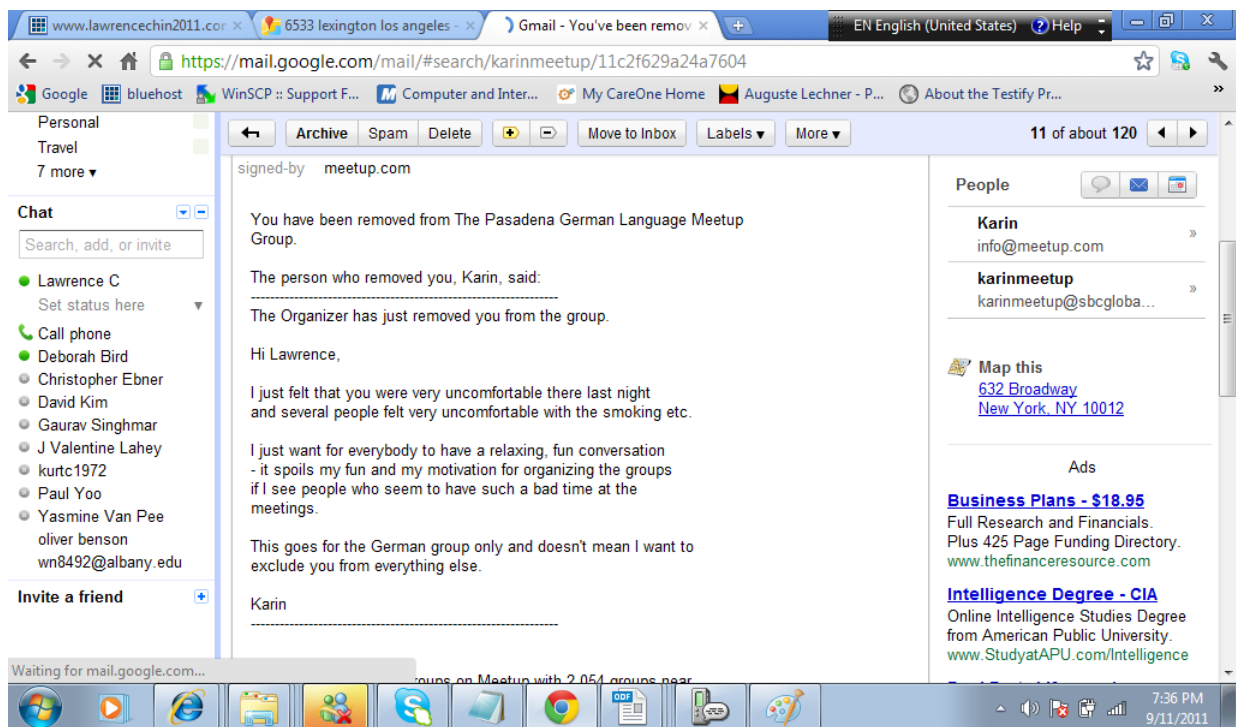
catharsis for my extraordinary sadness, anger, and discontent was my altered physique. I stammered when talking to others,⁵⁵ as if I were retarded or disabled in speech. I also smoked one cigarette after another, purposely in front of others in order to bother them. I was trying to create social embarrassment for Karin through these minor disruptive behaviors. Nevertheless the operations which Mr Secretary had planned for tonight occurred anyway. As you can hear on 2:35:00 into the recording, a white guy filled with enthusiasm bordering on arrogance – who I am sure was an agent from the Agency – came to sit next to me to speak a few words in Russian and Hungarian and brag about his ability to speak Hungarian while I sat silently without uttering a word. The Machine sitting inside the International Court must have confused him with me, so that Mr Secretary may on the next day argue to the judges there that I had been intercepted as speaking Russian and Hungarian fluently – even though, in reality, not only did I not speak a word of both languages, but I actually asked the female member sitting next to me and for whom the Agency's guy had put up the show, “Do you speak Russian (and thus understand what he said)?” Mr Secretary's goal here was to establish me in the evidentiary record, with a piece of circumstantial evidence, not only as a Russian agent in addition to being a Chinese agent, but also as having indeed a long acquaintance with the Hungarian Russian spy “Zudy Pingley Smith”.

Toward the end of the meetup, after I had been for the whole time stammering like a retard, I sat down on a seat next to Karin. Half of the people had already gone home. Karin said something insignificant to me as part of her usual meaningless chat; I however made my observation known to her, about how deceptive she was and what a great act she had been able to put up. “No,” Karin responded lightly, rubbing her hand on my back to comfort me and ease my doubt. I then mentioned to her my run-in with Gabi a week ago, and remarked “Who knows what she has said I said afterwards...”. I noted how she was even more skillful in acting and deception than Karin was. Karin again rubbed her hand on my back to comfort me. This confirmed for me that my hypothesis about everyone's false reporting about me to law enforcement was correct, even though my guesses about everyone's pranks on me were only half correct. Karin was simply feeling uncomfortable because she preferred for me to stay completely ignorant of the fact that she and Gabi and everyone else had been playing tricks on me for Mr Secretary and the Agency.

The next day, Karin removed me from her German Language Meetup group, just as I had predicted. See her notes about this incident in the screenshot below. Even though “spoiling her fun and motivation for organizing the groups” was precisely what my revenge was supposed to consist in, it all felt quite unreal for, since half of the meetup was just a staged show anyway, with everyone expecting to play pranks upon me while he or she was having a nice chat with someone else, what mattered, really, if I was making a fool of myself. Could Karin really be embarrassed? I was surprised by Karin's reaction. Her domineering personality, love for domination, and perception of herself as superior and more important, were for the first time manifested to me in clarity. I here make an observation about Karin which you will probably not quite be able to share as yet. While she and her friends could play pranks on me in whichever way may, at the expense of my chance for human contact, give the West an iron grip over China, and now hopefully Russia, in the UN Security Council, she would not tolerate any

55 Eg. on 3:00:00 and 3:06:20 in the recording.

attempt on my part to disrupt her chance to have a good time. Since, unless you accept at once the happening behind the scene which I have reconstructed here, other than Karin's feigning of faulty memory in regard to the movie "Roman de gare" and her attempt to dissuade me from drawing during our gathering after the movie "Live and Become", you probably cannot see much abnormality in her words to me, you might wonder if she might have really fallen victim to my unfounded suspicions and paranoia. I shall, firstly, remind you that the "twilight zone" – inclusive of her domineering personality and unfairness and her tricks on me – will become blatantly obvious when I, later this year, became engaged in a minor civil lawsuit against her. I shall, secondly, ask you to think harder about the weird movies, about hermeneutics, and, before you eschew paranoia, about Virgil's famous words: "Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas": "Happy is he who has been able to learn the causes of things".⁵⁶



Karin's email informing me about her removal of me from her group,
September 4, 2008

Conversation with Wes on September 4

My depression would prompt me on the next night to voluntarily fall into an even worse trap. I was at Elysee that night, and I called up my best friend Wes on Skype, even though I knew how dangerous it might be for me to talk to him at all. I was simply too nostalgic about our happy past together. I thought that, as long as I obtained his consent and had our conversation nicely recorded, he wouldn't use this opportunity to harm me by saying bad things to me and then somehow attributing these to me when he

56 *Georgics*, cited in Will Durant, *The Story of Civilization: Caesar and Christ*.

should falsely report me to law enforcement. It was the same problem I had been experiencing with my meetup groups: knowing that the person I was emotionally attached to would be instructed by the government to harm me, I nevertheless associated with him or her because the alert system, investigation, and operations had so cut me off from the human race and had rendered me so lonely that I would go into traps after traps knowing they were traps. If you are starving to death, you would eat the food lying around you even though you know poison has been put into it. If your prison guards are the only human beings that are around you, you would start associating with them even knowing that they were only there to abuse you.⁵⁷ In any case, it turned out that recording the conversation was no defense. The recording of my conversation with Wes tonight is in: “with_wes_2008_09_04.mp3”.⁵⁸ I made this recording by placing my new Sony ICD-P620 recorder next to my Gateway laptop while the laptop's audio was running on loud speaker mode. At the same time, “Call Graph” was automatically recording this call through Skype. Call Graph's concurrent recordings of my conversations with Wes tonight – which, as you shall see, seems to have been remotely tampered with – is: “wes, 09 34 PM, Thursday, 04 September 2008.mp3”, “wes, 10 07 PM, Thursday, 04 September 2008.mp3”, and “wes, 10 34 PM, Thursday, 04 September 2008.mp3”.⁵⁹

57 My situation was very similar to the American POWs during the Korean War. How did the Soviets get the American POWs to confess their “crimes”? See John Marks, *The Search for the Manchurian Candidate*: “In spite of some dissenters like Hunter, the Wolff-Hinkle model became, with later refinements, the best available description of extreme forms of political indoctrination. According to the general consensus, the Soviets started a new prisoner off by putting him in *solitary confinement*. A rotating corps of guards watched him constantly, humiliating and demeaning him at every opportunity and making it clear he was totally cut off from all outside support. The guards ordered him to stand for long periods, let him sit, told him exactly the position he could take to lie down, and woke him if he moved in the slightest while sleeping. They banned all outside stimuli – books, conversation, or news of the world.

“After four to six weeks of this mind-deadening routine, the prisoner usually found the stress unbearable and broke down. 'He weeps, he mutters, and prays aloud in his cell,' wrote Hinkle and Wolff. When the prisoner reached this stage, the interrogation began. Night after night, the guards brought him into a special room to face the interrogator. Far from confronting his captive with specific misdeeds, the interrogator told him that he knew his own crimes—all too well. In the most harrowing Kafkaesque way, the prisoner tried to prove his innocence to he knew not what. Together the interrogator and prisoner reviewed the prisoner's life in detail. The interrogator seized on any inconsistency—no matter how minute—as further evidence of guilt, and he laughed at the prisoner's efforts to justify himself. But at least the prisoner was getting a response of some sort. *The long weeks of isolation and uncertainty had made him grateful for human contact even grateful that his case was moving toward resolution*. True, it moved only as fast as he was willing to incriminate himself, but . . . *Gradually, he came to see that he and his interrogator were working toward the same goal of wrapping up his case*. In tandem, they ransacked his soul. The interrogator would periodically let up the pressure. He offered a cigarette, had a friendly chat, explained he had a job to do – making it all the more disappointing the next time he had to tell the prisoner that his confession was unsatisfactory .

“As the charges against him began to take shape, the prisoner realized that he could end his ordeal only with a full confession. Otherwise the grueling sessions would go on forever. 'The regimen of pressure has created an overall discomfort which is well nigh intolerable,' wrote Hinkle and Wolff. 'The prisoner invariably feels that “something must be done to end this.” He must find a way out.' A former KGB officer, one of many former interrogators and prisoners interviewed for the CIA study, said that more than 99 percent of all prisoners signed a confession at this stage.”

58 with_wes_2008_09_04.mp3 db863c2074c34a775573c23f39e735aa
f1e27cf3a5e72ad7efc4d54ed02488ddd250f8e3 f98f52b7 D:\bbb\with_wes_2008_09_04.mp3
9/7/2008 4:47:52 PM 7/28/2011 9:36:47 PM 6,002,688 mp3 A
59C:\Users\Marie\Documents\n4-attachments\attachment16\wes, 09 34 PM, Thursday, 04 September 2008.mp3

On 3:00 in the recording – I'm referring to the uncorrupted one from my Sony recorder – after Wes answered the call, I revealed to him that I was calling him from my computer, and that all calls from my computer were automatically recorded by the computer – I was referring to Call Graph. I was being a sleuth, and this was because I wasn't sure if intentional recording of calls, even on the computer, was legal, but I knew unintentional recording of calls would be legal. I was creating a trap for myself because I lacked experience with legal matters; I should have just recorded my calls without worrying about the legality of it. By worrying about it and finding ways to get around it, I was producing opportunities for the Agency to trap me, as you shall see. On 4:00, I began complaining to Wes about people's false reporting of me to law enforcement, and then about his own attempt to frame me (6:00). On 10:00 I talked about my dilemma, that I couldn't talk to a lawyer, nor a therapist, for everyone would falsely report me. I had cornered myself with my misinterpretation of everyone's acting toward me as secretly falsely reporting me as a way to enter evidences into the International Court of Justice. On 18:30, I gave Wes my diagnosis of my situation, which was at once a complaint as well, that I had no significance for anyone, so that everyone would exploit me without feeling guilty. I hanged up on 25:20 because it was too noisy inside Elysee. I moved myself to the tables outside and called up Wes again on Skype on 29:00. During the interim period, Wes must have somehow received instructions from Agency's officers – who now saw an opportunity – about how to talk to me. Maybe his handler was with him in his apartment, or maybe he had received instructions on his cellphone (which he rarely used). I don't know. For Wes suddenly surprised me by adopting *my* worries: “Why are you recording me? You are gonna frame me, aren't you?” “Shut up, man,” I was so infuriated by this dirty tactic, framing me while making it look as if I were framing him, or rather, framing me for the crime of framing him. Wes continually accused me of planning to edit the recording to frame him, which was precisely what I was afraid he might have done when he pretended to unintentionally record my call by answering my call only after his answering machine had started recording. He pointed out how suspicious it was to talk on Skype. “Shut up!” I kept yelling at him, angry, nervous, and frantic. I was sure he knew why I was calling from Skype, namely, it was much easier to record calls made from Skype (there would be no GSM interference). I finally broke down crying on 32:00: “I'm trying to talk to you, and why are you doing this?” After Wes accomplished his “mission”, since my complaint was that I was so utterly alone, he went on to advise me to do things by myself, encouraging me to do the things I used to do by myself, such as writing and reading. Then on 38:30 Wes tried to frame me once more, this time as a schizophrenic by purposely falsely remembering me as spending most of my time in my room at one time. He had done this before, you recall, under Agency's instruction, back in

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C7605F328D7C0FD989ABC59F7AAB663A56E69A30

793EE05BDA3AB212B577E479D724331D2E06A2FE333CB3FB265F841D77C13E226D8C64B7E36CFE49EE4CB0F98
7175C7BFC35627362670939ACCE9463D5E51C3F

C:\Users\Marie\Documents\n4-attachments\attachment16\wes, 10 07 PM, Thursday, 04 September 2008.mp3
3A7DA7ED50886CAFFFF5F09D3AF8D617 63256D3C1988E8F87EF0763AB1D7D94CC2810C24

27616323E59990860524497B6243A02933095605DDEF7196C0798D07C28FD6C11E066E1193649C79DD6343F679F69
993818F8FB28B4962D68CDA6E9319F9F1CA

C:\Users\Marie\Documents\n4-attachments\attachment16\wes, 10 34 PM, Thursday, 04 September 2008.mp3
DEEBA3240B99FBE9D3AA05E48BA95B1F 527137341101A76CC197C07190E02757DE8D633B

November 2007. On 42:00 I began complaining about Karin – that I was so dispensable that, when people harmed me like Karin did, it didn't even mean that they were bad persons. But Wes actually spoke justice on 43:50, declaring that anyone who regarded me as dispensable would be a bad person, and that if Karin thought me dispensable then she would be a bad person. Wes continued to maintain so: even if other people thought her a good person, they would simply be wrong or be bad persons themselves (49:50). I repeated to Wes my erroneous belief that Karin had been instructed to falsely report me to the Meetup staff in order that, as everyone signing up Meetup would be alerted about me, my new meetup group would not take off the ground. On 56:30 Wes maintained that he wouldn't double cross people. “But what if the government tells you to do it...? What if the government tells you, if you refuse to harm me then you will not be able to bring your wife into the country?”⁶⁰ That was indeed my belief as to how Wes was forced to harm me back in March. Just then Mr Secretary, or rather the Agency's officers, from the comfort of their Homeland Security control center, remotely cut off my Skype's connection after they had remotely inserted a lot of noise into my call (58:00) – the Agency's officers were manipulating my connection in order to create in Machine's interception of my conversation the impression that I was manipulating strange audio software and that I probably took a break to reset my audio software. I immediately called Wes again, and, when he picked up the phone, he purposely created a beep sound by pressing on a button on the keypad of his phone (58:45). As we resumed our conversation, I expressed doubt that he would choose me over his wife, but Wes maintained that his choice was between his wife and his integrity. He would not, he maintained, harm me even when blackmailed in the manner I had described because his moral integrity was more important to him than his reunion with his wife. He then pressed a button on his phone to create a second beep sound (1:00:45). Then another beep sound on 1:06:23, and a fourth beep sound on 1:08:25. As I became frantic over his attempt to frame me, Wes denied he had touched the keypad on his phone, and instead accused me of doing stuff on my computer to make the strange noise. The knowledge that I was being framed into such a bad figure that I would even frame my best friend was causing me a nervous breakdown. Toward the end of our call, around 1:22:00, Wes continued to insist that I was recording him in order to use it against him in some way, and my true motive – to prevent him from falsely reporting me – simply wouldn't register with him – well, of course, because he was pretending. Thus, in the end, Wes pretended to not want to be recorded, and I ended our conversation on 1:25:00 or so.

Insofar as my calls, as always, were being intercepted and yet my portions of the conversation were blacked out, when the judges at the International Court heard the interception, they would not be able to escape the conclusion which Mr Secretary and the Agency were forcing them to draw from the words which they had instructed Wes to say and the beep sounds which they had instructed him to create, namely that I was manipulating some sort of strange audio software while recording my conversation with him – be mindful of the fact that only Wes' accusation could be heard by the judges. There was now a new kind of “evidence” in the International Court, that “the subject, a computer genius, seems to be in the habit of editing the recording of his conversation with others with strange audio software, and that's why he's calling people from his computer”, and this evidence was a stone to hit three birds at the same time: it confirmed my identity as David Chin instead of Lawrence Chin since

60 From Brazil, that is.

the FBI document in the Chinese hand had mentioned I had a brother whose name was David Chin and who was a software engineer; it confirmed the antisocial personality of this David Chin who so loved deceit and forgery; and it was a preemptive strike against the recordings of my conversations which I had accumulated and which may prove my innocence, since, after this call, all my recordings would suddenly become suspect and inadmissible as evidences in the International Court if per chance they should ever make it to the public domain. The CIA was probably worried that, if I should submit my recording of my conversation with my aunt as evidence in my upcoming civil lawsuit against her, this lawsuit may have to be taken to the International Court as evidence and the recording may have to be examined there. Now that the Russians were being sued, they were not here to cooperate with the United States to fake a trial and convict themselves; they would *really* examine the evidences. The Agency would not let itself be ruined by negligence again such as had happened when I flew to China. The Agency had so successfully exploited my sleuth – such as when I denied to Wes my intention to record my call for fear that he might then not want to talk to me – that they found a perfect chance to frame me into a computer wizard who could forge recording of conversations with other people with strange software, thus discrediting my entire set of recordings which could prove my innocence and demonstrate they were committing fraud. The judges would certainly agree with Wes that it was suspicious that I called people from a computer, not knowing that I was doing so because I had to record my calls and that this was because *I was the one who feared being framed*. Note that when Wes made the final comment that I wanted to use my recordings against him, he was following upon Mr Kim's legal advice to me that my recording habit was not illegal because I didn't record for illegal purposes like blackmailing. The judges in the International Court would remember the interception of Mr Kim's words, and would thus be struck by the enormous criminal character of David Chin, that he recorded, and then edited the recordings of, his conversations with other people, even with his best friend, in order to blackmail them later on. I want you to take note of the ingenious psychological warfare which the Agency was conducting against the judges. By insisting that Karin was to blame for taking anyone as dispensable and remaining unwilling to harm his friend even when blackmailed by the government, Wes must have appeared to the judges as a supremely impeccable moral person, and yet David Chin, the criminal agent of China and Russia, was trying to frame him and blackmailing him by recording him and then editing the recording. The contrast between the two persons could only magnified David Chin's offensiveness for them and inexorably biased them against the Chinese and the Russians.

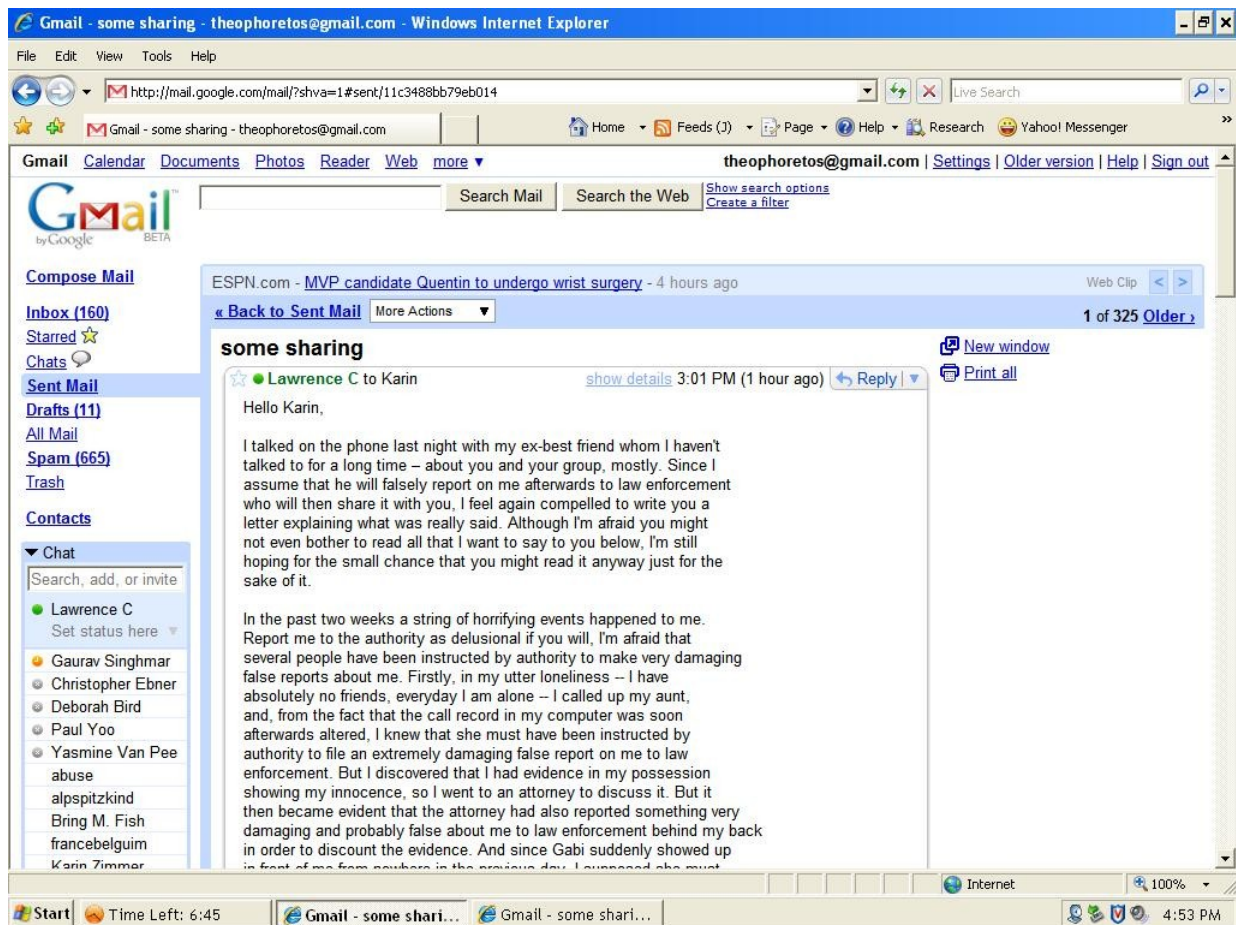
The nuances involved in tonight's psychological warfare has always convinced me that it was only the Agency's officers who were directing it, with Mr Secretary observing it from the sideline. The CIA was master in punching their target while making it look as if their target were punching them, completely reversing reality; and while Mr Secretary loved this kind of tricks because this was for him precisely what the superiority of the elites consisted in, he could never do it as smoothly as the Agency could, and the framing you have just seen was so smooth, especially in the exploitation of my occasional dishonesty. Mr Secretary's operations always had a vomit-inducing character to it which you wouldn't find in Agency's operations to frame the innocent. I want also to direct your attention to all the echoing which you can hear in Call Graph's recordings of tonight's conversation. Evidently, the Agency's officers had remotely – from the Homeland Security control center – disrupted the software to make it

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malfunction like this, with the view to making it sound like it was forged and thus inadmissible as evidence in the International Court of Justice. It was my fortune that I have also recorded this conversation with my Sony recorder independently of my computer.

Karin's Any Language and Culture meetup on September 5, 2008: at a Thai restaurant.

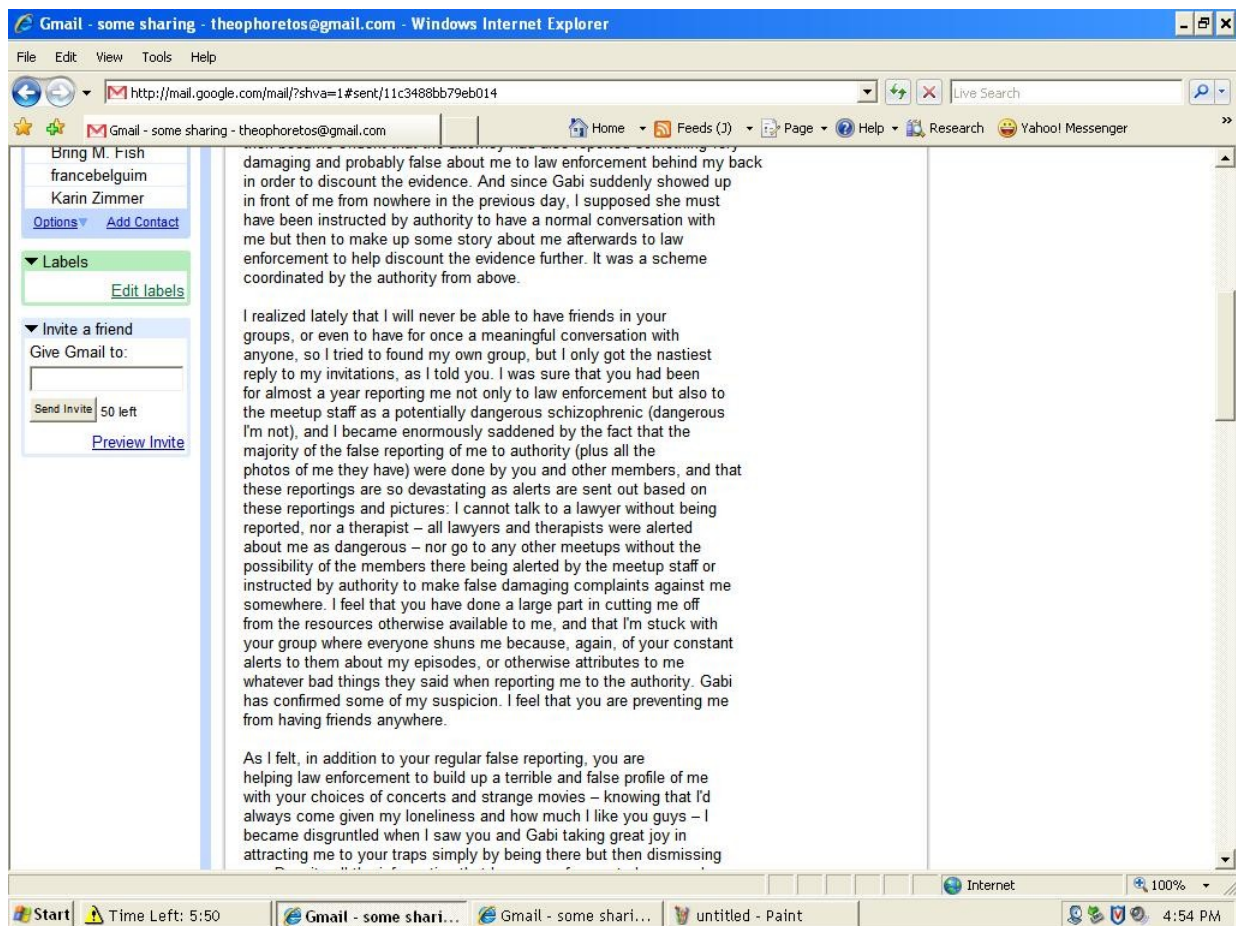
The smooth framing of me on the night of September 4 was so devastating to me – I could never deal with the feeling that the truth about my innocence was shut in so that the world would never know the innocent was not guilty but innocent: I felt this not just for myself, but for anyone, namely, for the Russians too! – that I woke up feeling apocalyptic on September 5. I rode the bus to UCLA. Around noon, I finished composing the draft of an email – a long letter – to Karin while still at UCLA. Once again, the only way I could deal with the feeling of being shut in – the only therapy I knew of – was to lay out in the open what I thought to be the secret which everyone was trying to hide from me: to tell Karin that I knew about the pranks she and everyone else were playing on me. When I got to downtown LA to get ready to take the Metro to go to Pasadena, I emailed the long letter from the computer at Kinkos and took several screenshots of it, which you see below.



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My email to Karin on September 5, screenshot 1

Tonight's meetup was to take place in a Thai restaurant near Old Town, Pasadena. I arrived early at Old Town and settled down at a Starbucks first. I posted the email I had just sent to Karin also on our Meetup discussion board. I "hid it" below an earlier post of mine displaying the link to those videos showing me making portraits so that one couldn't tell that I had added a new message to the discussion forum simply by browsing through its front page – and presumably, given my status in Karin's meetup group, no one was going to pay attention to the message I had already posted anyway. I was trying to prevent Karin from deleting my post before anyone had the chance to see it. It was of course self-defeating to hide something which you wanted others to see. And the hiding itself was futile, because Karin's handler would supposedly instruct her to pretend to discover my new message anyway even though normally she wouldn't bother to look at anything I had posted. I include below also the screenshot of the post.



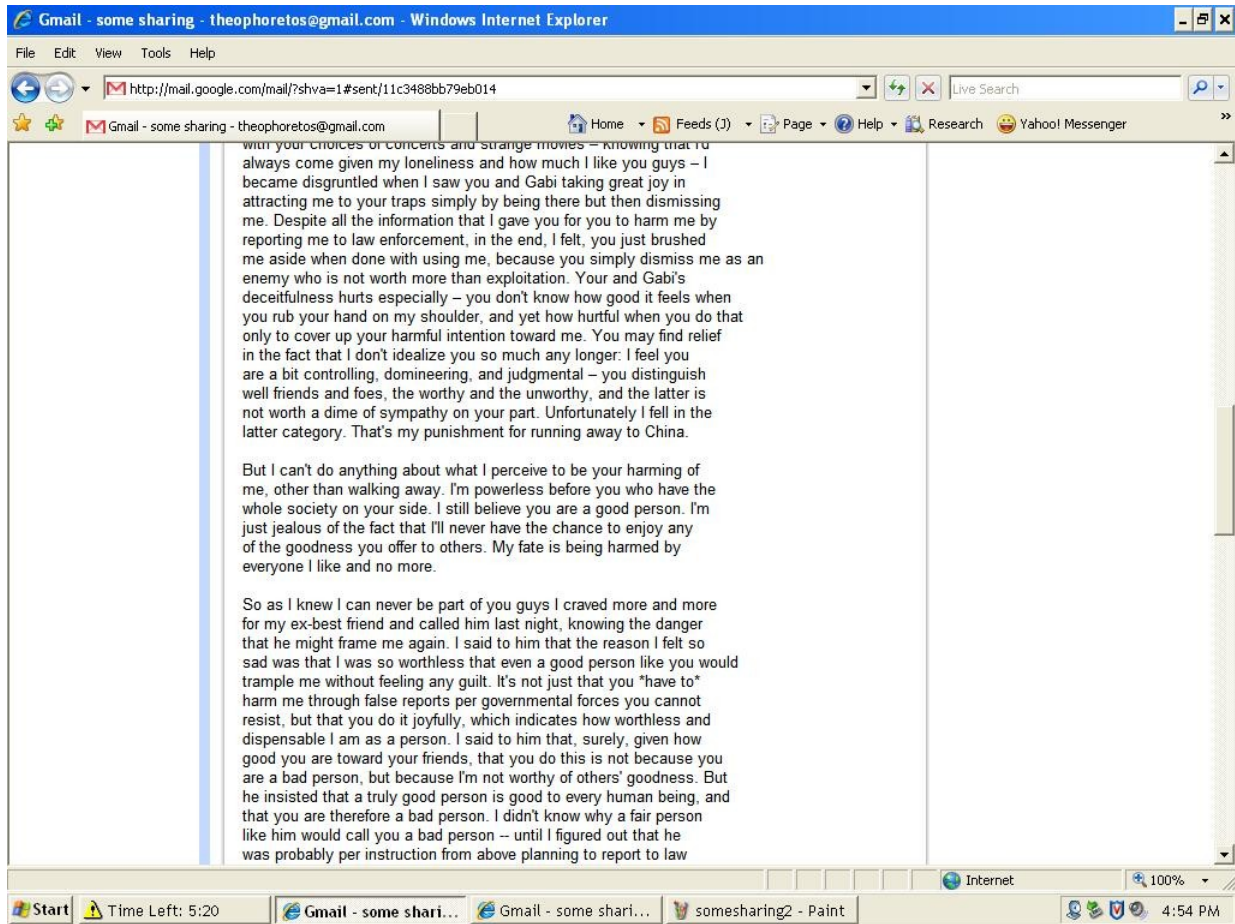
My email to Karin, September 5, screenshot 2

While at the Starbucks, I discovered Mr Secretary's attempt, following closely upon the previous day's

attempt to frame me as an audio-forging wizard, to discredit my video documentaries of myself as well. He and the Agency wanted to orchestrate a show in which I would be mistaken as a computer wizard who could forge videos as well. The trick was simple. While I was checking my voice mail I noticed a mysterious message which a certain “LA Avenger” had left for me telling me they were interested in my “films”: “[message_left_by_avenger_sept_4_2008_2008_09_15A.mp3](#)”; “[message_left_by_avenger_sept_4_2008_2008_09_15B.mp3](#)”; and “[message_left_by_avenger_sept_4_2008_2008_09_15C.mp3](#)”.⁶¹ (Due to the interference the GSM phone created with the microphone of the recorder, I recorded the same message three times.) I had no idea what the message was about really, for I had never had any contact with, nor even heard of, “Avenger”, nor talked to anyone about “my films”. Normally, as you would probably think, this was just a wrong number call. But, given the context, I knew immediately that it wasn't so innocent. The “wrong number message” must have been purposely sent to me by design so that an intercept of my phone activities could be presented to the judges at the International Court seemingly indicating that I had had a history of making films, and thus generating the suspicion that I might also have the ability to forge videos. Please note the character of a “fluffy fraudster” that was gradually emerging from these artificially produced “evidences”. The videos I had shot of myself would also become suspect should they ever come into the evidentiary process of the International Court of Justice.

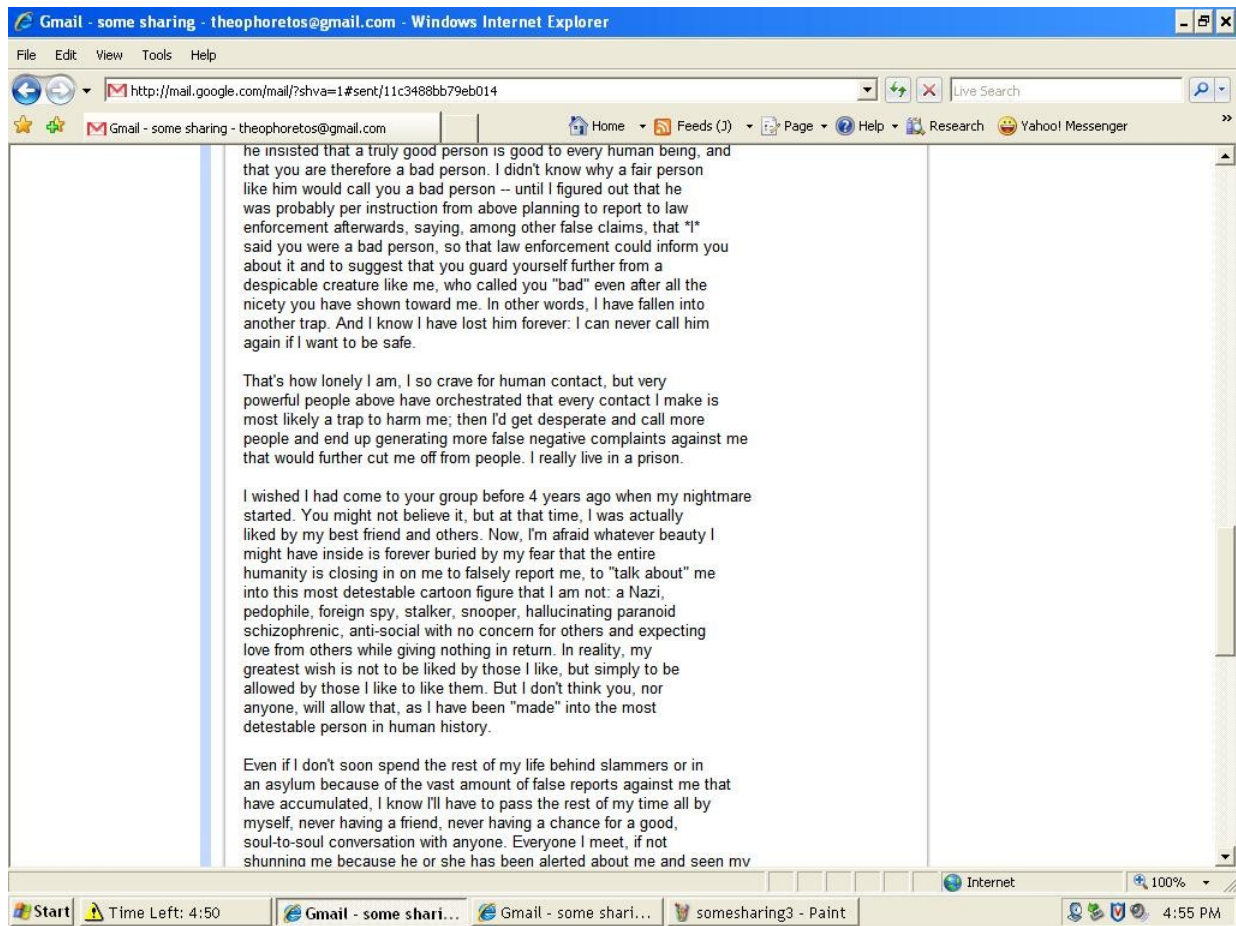
61 C:\Users\Marie\Documents\n4-attachments\attachment18\message_left_by_avenger_sept_4_2008_2008_09_15A.mp3
EFCC8FA7EB472411DD1C08596D3EB998 353F9A85226C3FE3841B30F115EAD864C9FE0FD2
B58F94A5B92A355953EF94C56EEE5AB7E8A1A570CF0DBD6A94BC3ABF999F68D8B5102A303F471F195EC4CC59
34CC0110B5C492BA17E4455BB9E3AE46E5ECD4BB
C:\Users\Marie\Documents\n4-attachments\attachment18\message_left_by_avenger_sept_4_2008_2008_09_15B.mp3
300E06E65FD74E6590137485035BF580 2E53D313F3177BA3EF799736D49999EED55DACCB
38C67E11A4CAA1CAE6FE96FF30C6B0B3D9851BDAACC0D1030D7D639EA62043FFF2CFBF7419AB7EC450F628
705BB741B5EB5725D1BB7C4E968A51F924949FC60
C:\Users\Marie\Documents\n4-attachments\attachment18\message_left_by_avenger_sept_4_2008_2008_09_15C.mp3
0B1F40F4561079964570C4504A007D4D 91DBE8940213507EC11511F3C8FB3A59A6E54828

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My email to Karin, September 5, screenshot 3

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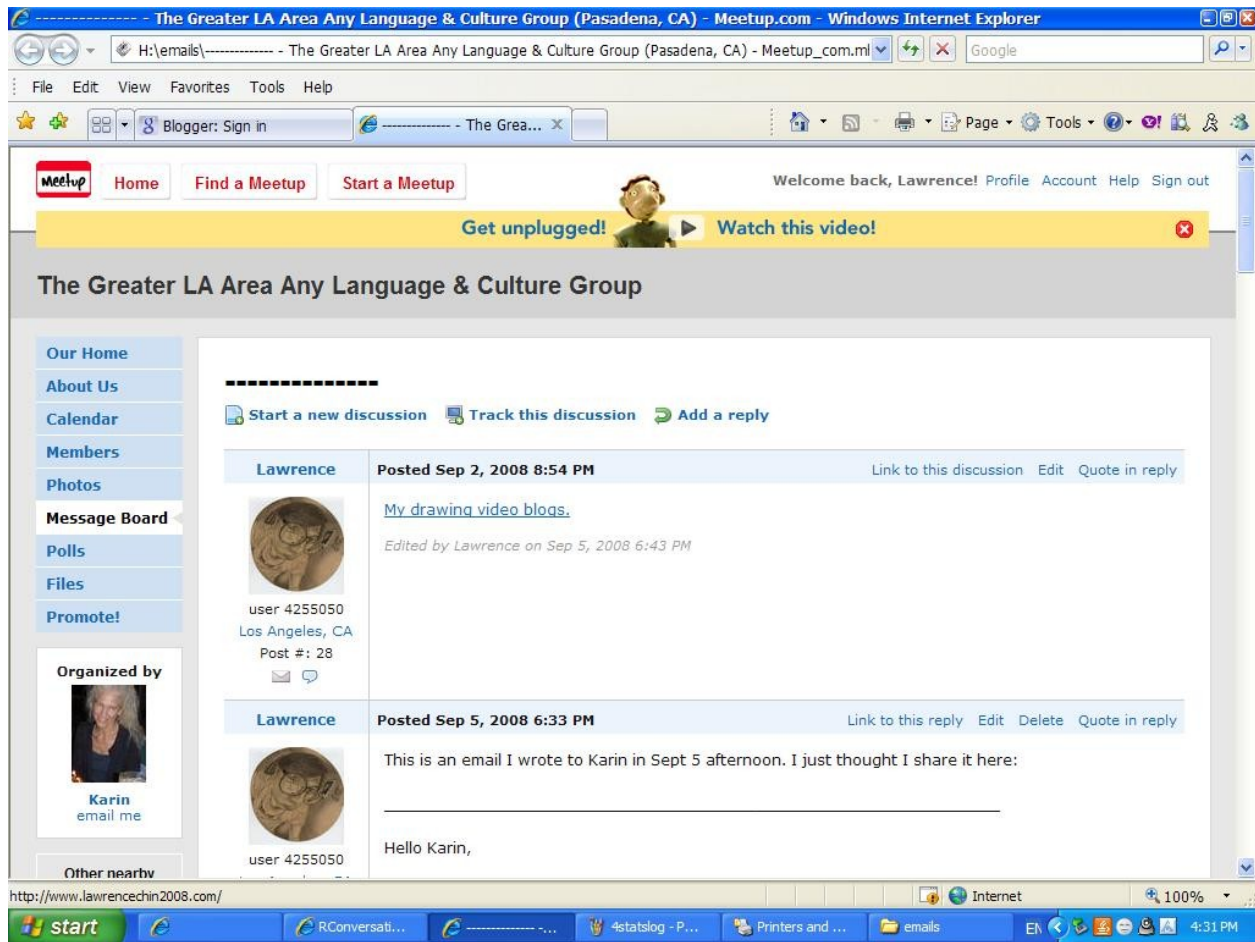


My email to Karin, September 5, screenshot 4

After I finished my work in Starbucks, I set out for the Thai restaurant. The recording of tonight's meetup is in: "[karins_meetup_2008_09_05.mp3](#)".⁶² I turned on the recorder when I saw a police officer on motorcycle, steps away from the Starbucks. I went up to talk to him. On 1:50 or so I asked him why everyone seemed to know me – in a negative way of course: it must be that everyone had been alerted about me. The officer however just waved goodbye at me, saying "Have a good weekend" (2:08). While walking to the restaurant, I whined to myself about people's making false reports about me (6:00). And I entered the Thai restaurant on 15:30 or so.

62 C:\Users\Marie\Documents\n4-attachments\attachment_final\meetup1\karins_meetup_2008_09_05.mp3
49C16F34D23686A690EE14176800A41E 33E2A083E9AECC0483C8D598729700343577E4B3
9C1D2E7E5F69DEE1CC35441E0BA80C9F8811543B255D644F694713200DF729B6A55D106FCA3A638B9CE58D1F60
F6B274FBB055FF78C865124775AC918972068A

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As you can see, I posted the email on 6:33 PM, minutes before
the meetup was about to start

By 22:00, when I was seated, Sarah was sitting to my left, Gabi to my right, and diagonally across from me was Carlos and in front of me, eventually, was Karin. Visibly depressed – needs unmet and satisfaction not obtained – I said Hello to Gabi (24:00 or so). From 26:20 onward Carlos was telling the people around me that he was going somewhere at the end of summer. I sat there silently watching people talking while putting up a retarded look.

So, during my whole time there, I continued to stammer and look retarded, rocking back and forth on my chair, in order to show Karin how sad I was because of what she had done to me. There was a Taiwanese guy with whom Sarah would later get cozy, which scene would quite hurt me inside because – another Asian in Karin's meetup which had never quite been so infused with “Asian persuasion” before? I tell you the guy was from the Taiwanese intelligence service; I got the feeling that the Taiwanese intelligence was celebrating with the Agency the successful conviction of China's Ministry of State Security through the spectacular remake of me as a criminal twin brother of myself: I had so miserably lost the battle to Mr Secretary. He had acquired so many allies in the process, even those who

had formerly disliked him. Note that when I went into the restroom on 55:00 or so the Taiwanese guy was there too. I tried to talk to him in my stutter, asking him where he was from, and he promptly walked away not wanting to have anything to do with me. You might say he was just not interested in me, but I was somewhat sure that he was a Taiwanese agent and that he was simply avoiding me like pestilence because my trip to China had almost ruined the entire Taiwanese intelligence service. You can hear Peter on 1:16:00 or so; he, with his pleasant nature, did not seem bothered by my retarded stammering. Karin might have actually been embarrassed when, around 2:02:00 or so and then on 2:26:00, I, stammering, tried to talk to a new comer, Maureen, who was sitting on Karin's left and who was probably surprised to encounter a mentally retarded person in a social meetup. I have never developed the impression that Maureen was suit team's operative sent here for a particular purpose; perhaps she was a “real new comer”. When food kept dropping off my mouth while I scooped it up with my spoon and put it into my mouth, Karin avoided looking at me, this time visibly embarrassed. It seemed that she had actually read my long email to her and was concerned that I knew she had been playing pranks on me even though I had perceived correctly only some of the pranks, “to talk about me into a disgusting degenerate...” She knew why I was acting out, and she would rather that I noticed nothing at all. As for Maureen, if she really wasn't an operative, then Karin would definitely have emailed her afterward saying, “I'm sorry about last night, that Lawrence has schizophrenia, and I have removed him already. Please come again.”

The next day I would receive another email from Karin notifying me that she had removed me from her Any Language and Culture group also. The notes she had attached to the notification was quite “instructive” and I shall here quote them in their entirety. (See the screenshots below also.)

“Hi Lawrence,

Please read this because it is VERY important!

1. This removal is not 'final', but 'temporary'.
2. The whole point is that people are too uncomfortable being around you the way you are behaving towards them right now, but if you can find a way to seek the help you need so that you can have a normal conversation with people again, everybody would love to have you back.
3. I cannot constantly monitor the message board and remove what you posted!!!
4. Nobody has anything against YOU, but there are many people who can't deal with your behavior and you *****have to find a doctor who can help you***** - please!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I know it must be tough to find a doctor you can trust, but I think the situation is at a point where you don't have a choice any more. If you want to find friends you need to allow a doctor (and your family? – can you talk to your grandfather maybe? You said he cares and would help you?) to assist you in getting to a point where people can have a normal conversation with you. If ***I*** tell people 'I don't trust you/ 'you are a liar/ etc etc.' nobody

would want to be around ***ME*** either. ***Or anybody.*** You have to learn again to trust people to be able to find friends.

5. I sincerely hope you will take this as an incentive to get the help you need. It made me really sad to receive that long email and to see you act the way you did during the last few events.

Please find the courage to trust someone (if nobody else a priest in a church maybe?) to get you the help you need.

And I hope you will be able to join the group again soon.

My best wishes for you,

Karin

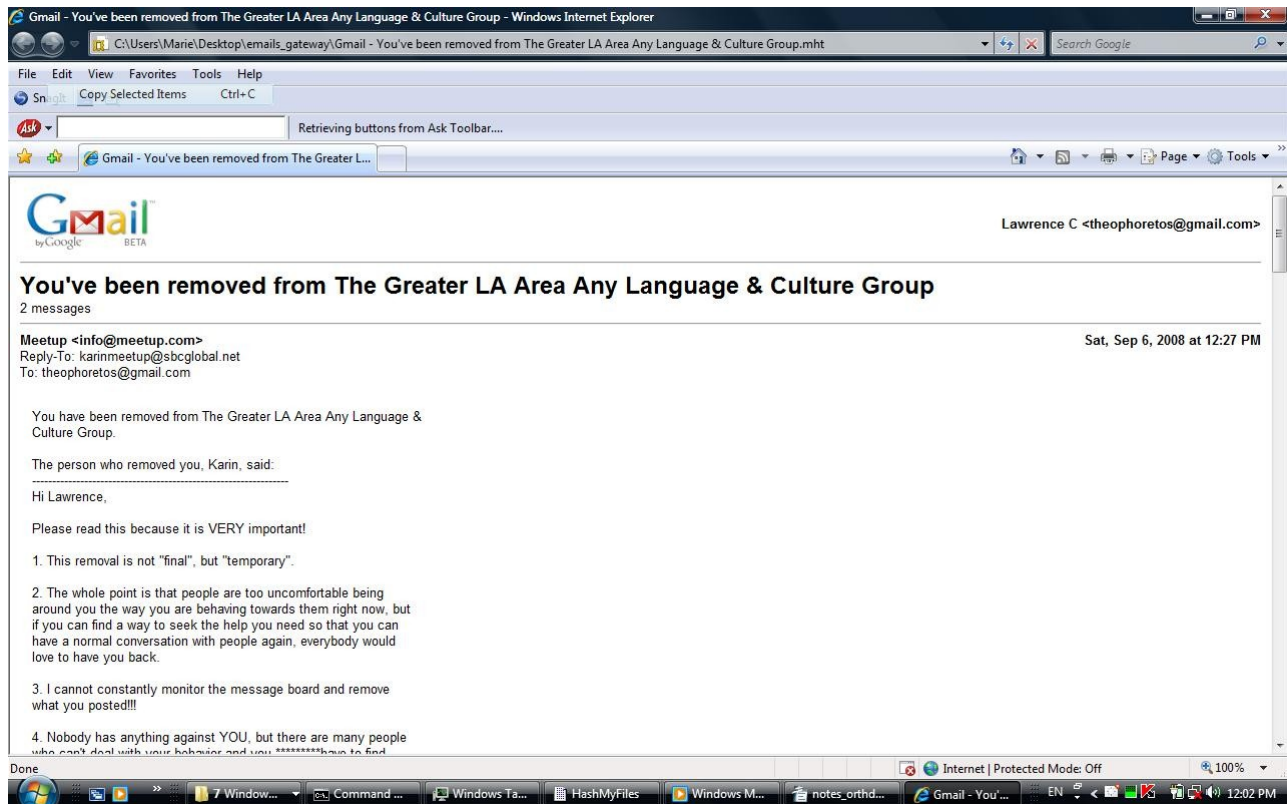
PS I am going to go make some more wishes to put on the trees soon and I will make one for you too – nothing is lost at this point, the key is to take that big step and trust one person (either your grandfather or a really kind priest) that they will get you the medical help you need.”

Evidently Karin wrote this note entirely under the instruction from the Agency – not even under Mr Secretary because of the *very subtle* way in which her description of what happened was distorted in order to paint me, not as a Borderline Personality desperately lonely and acting retarded to communicate his sadness, but as a paranoid schizophrenic and antisocial who was disruptive of social gatherings because of his selfishness, inconsideration, aggression, and persecutory delusions. That is, she wrote the note in order for it to be intercepted and taken to the International Court as evidence indicating that I was indeed just as Mr Secretary's false profile of me had described me. Her real purpose in leaving the door open for me was to prepare me for more operations to slander me in the International Court in view of the ease to do so in her meetups. As you shall see, as soon as operations could no longer be run through her meetups, she would suddenly demand that I never show up again. But when the judges at the International Court read her words, they would only be struck by her saintly kindness and, just as in the previous instance, be provoked by its contrast with my “antisocial behavior” to be biased against the (already condemned) Chinese and the (soon-to-be-condemned) Russians. One stone two birds, very typical of the Agency's deceitful ways. Her diagnosis of my social failure in “calling people 'liars'” was devised at once to create for the ICJ judges the impression that I was a paranoid schizophrenic and to persuade me to stop suspecting operations behind people's seemingly normal behavior and to thus accept my fate without further resistance. Again, the Agency's way to “have their cake and eat it at the same time”. The suggestion for me to go see my grandfather and so on was just another pernicious trick. More faulty evidences would be produced confirming Mr Secretary's false profile of me as a delusional bad-to-the-bone antisocial if I should seek out my grandfather and a doctor. This would in fact happen as you shall see. I was instantly incensed that the Agency would want to exploit my sadness as a further opportunity to run even more operations. I should have learned the lesson by now: people in power were completely heartless and it was utterly idiotic to practice

reciprocity with them. They were in fact like machines, built to pursue a particular goal at all cost – namely without consideration of anything else: fairness, morals, love, reciprocity, right and wrong. And that goal, of course, was more power. The moral qualities which the stupid masses admired – here, the refusal to abandon the less pleasurable companion in favor of the more pleasurable as a matter of loyalty and the humanity to accommodate those without this humanity and to sympathize with them – were reduced to mere shows which one put on to smooth one's path to power. The CIA was here manifesting their Machiavellian character just like the neoconservatives. Recall that Machiavelli has specifically preached that a prince should put on a face of morals for show only in order to command the admiration of the masses and thus to maintain his power, and that he should instantly practice the opposite of these morals – clandestinely, while continuing to put up a façade of being supremely moral – when the further maintenance of his power should require the practice of evils.⁶³ The art of hypocrisy, that is. Save that the Agency has here put an even more pernicious spin on the game of hypocrisy by feigning to be the victim of its goodness and morals at the hands of a victimizer – who is thus really the victim, the unknown victim – as specifically the mode which Machiavelli has prescribed of “changing, under necessities, to the opposite of morals while maintaining an air of morality”. This more pernicious spin is the consequence of the situation that everyone is on trial here, where there is a judge who will assign power to the *victim*, not to the one possessed of “virtue” in Machiavelli's sense of the word. While in Machiavelli's *Prince* the masses are the dupe, here the judges at the trial take on the role of the dupe.

63 *The Prince*, translated by Harvey Mansfield, Jr., p. 70.

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Karin's email to remove me from her Any Language meetup
Saved as MHTML document on my Gateway

Now I was at the plaza by Venice and Overland around noon when I read this notice from Karin. I was so bothered by my inability to control the way in which others perceived me – no matter how I behaved, people would describe me in accordance with Mr Secretary's false profile of me – that I, two hours later, fashioned a reply to Karin, fully aware of the futility of my effort. I just had to express the contrast between my own, far more accurate, perception of my behavior and her predetermined perception of it. Besides, I was simply describing reality when I called people “liars”!

Hello Karin,

This is NOT a protest. But I would like to understand better what you said, please...

You said the problems you have with me (presumably you would like to see changed if you see me again?) are:

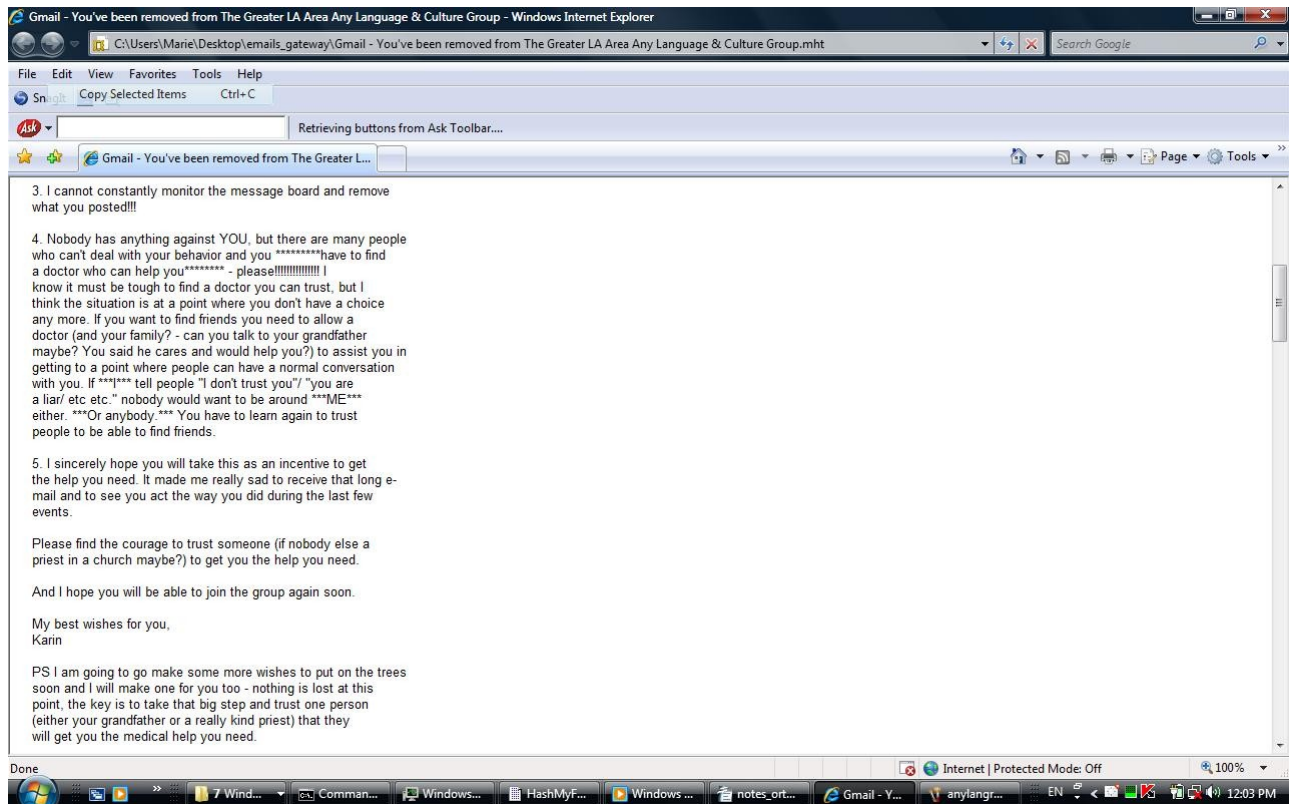
1. That I don't trust you and call you a 'liar'.
2. My behavior towards others, which prevents them from having a normal conversation with me...

Do I get it correctly?

If so, can you explain the 'behavior' better to me? I don't believe I actually had much of interaction with other people in the last two meetups... As usual, nobody talked to me and I barely said anything to other people (other than a few normal questions to Maureen last night), and it has always been this way, not just lately; nobody really ever seeks to have a conversation with me, and I thought that's way you wanted it when you told other people how to behave toward me (e.g. to praise me or to leave a seat for me to sit next to you: this is not my guess only, but Gabi has said so too; she said 'You don't think that's nice?' Well, not so nice if it's like a prank, even though I liked sitting next to you); so it couldn't really be my behavior toward other people which is the problem... Is it the mannerism you refer to then? My mannerism when I sat there by myself, I mean. Can you be more specific about it? E.g. John commented that I had difficulty with walking yesterday.

I already have doctors and so on...

Thanks if you can tell me more about how you see me.”



Karin's email notifying me about my removal, continued

Karin would never reply me. Of course she wouldn't, because she really had no interest in perceiving me at all, let alone correctly. She couldn't care less whether I existed. She only wrote me to produce intercepts – because she had been gravely offended, then by the yellow monkeys' attempt to topple the rule of Western white people and now by the same attempt from the Eastern white monkeys (the Russians). She would not have thought about refraining from hypocrisy when it concerned the suppression of the “monkey races”. With enormous sadness I took the 33 bus to go to the Santa Monica beach. I lay down on the grass area by the beach and started crying – so loudly and so painfully, the indescribable pain resulting from the thought that no one would ever believe that I could draw and write, that I had lived the life I had lived, and that I was really a good person, or not so bad a person, who was being made to look so bad; that two decades of my hard work had been erased in an instant – just like those persecuted writers and artists during China's Cultural Revolution; that the truth about my innocence had been forever locked away, never to get out of the prison house and reach the consciousness of other human beings. Karin, Wes, and my family had conspired to form my prison walls to keep the truth of what had really happened to me from reaching the eyes and ears outside. Who would ever believe that all the people in your life were working together, following government's instruction, to obstruct your true self from externalization and to force it like a conduit for water to another externalization – another personality and life-history – so grotesque and so disgusting? As I lay on the grass crying at the top of my lung, experiencing the most severe hopelessness I had ever known, suddenly, this woman appeared, with the softest voice, as if an angel had descended from heaven. She was mixed between white and Asian, short, about 35 to 40 year-old, with long black hair. She was attractive, but not terribly so. “I hear your pain. You have so much pain inside,” she said to me with her soft, angelic voice. As she sat down in front of me, crossing her legs as in Buddha's manner, I sat up too, crossing my legs, just like her. I was worried, for I didn't have my Sony ICD-P620 recorder turned on. At this time, I hadn't yet developed the habit of recording every single second of my life (as I would do later). I wanted to reach into my backpack to turn on my recorder clandestinely, but I was afraid to. What if she saw it? Would that offend her? A total stranger who came to comfort you with the greatest compassion – I couldn't be sure just yet that she wasn't a “real” stranger – that she was a CIA operative. In any case, she asked me for my name. In accordance with my perennial worries about people making false reports about me to law enforcement, I of course gave her a false name: a bad mistake. I told her my name was “Ren”. This “angel” was in fact from the Agency, as I would afterward realize. And so she pretended to believe my name was “Ren”, and started asking me questions. “Ren, what is wrong?” “My family, my best friend, and my acquaintances are running a conspiracy against me.” “Do you love these people?” “Yes,” I said, suddenly feeling that I was being tested as to how deep my attachment was to the people around me – tested, but by whom? The Invisible Hand? “Did you do something very bad? It was something very bad, right?” she continued. “Well, not that bad? Maybe a little,” I replied honestly. I really didn't think that the disaster which the CIA had suffered was my fault since I had never intended it. “Did you kill somebody?” she asked. She then gave me a lecture about forgiveness, saying, “Let's say, I killed someone... but the past is gone... I forgive myself... and I will never do it again... That's all you have to do; and say to yourself, 'Good things will come to me...’” I emphasize here these words which she left me when she departed and which I would never forget: “... The past is gone and there is only the present. Soon good things will happen to you. And don't ever do it again!” Before this “angel” disappeared into the sand, she turned around, smiled, and sent me a kiss with her

hand. Now these were the three messages which the “Invisible Hand” had left me. Well, the last message could be easily understood, but the first two were mutually contradictory and to this day I cannot be sure what the Agency was trying to say to me. Contradictory because: “The past is gone”, meaning that the erasure of my identity and my past was to be maintained as a permanent condition. What good thing then could happen given this or on top of this? I assumed that the meaning of the second message was that, once their business with the Russians was over, the Agency would recruit me once more. But this would hardly compensate the erasure of my identity and my past. Perhaps they were telling me that, at that moment, I would also be allowed to return to being “Lawrence Chin” since the “real Lawrence Chin” and the “fake Lawrence Chin” (David Chin pretending to be Lawrence Chin) looked the same anyway. But this would contradict the previous message “The past is gone”.

At the same time that the Agency was passing me a message, they had also bundled an operation together with the message. I wrote down on my blog post of September 15 my incorrect interpretation of the operation in this manner: “At first I thought she was an angel sent to me, but her 'extreme example' had me wonder if she was again an agent (from 'my best friend's circle') sent here to say bad things to me and then report to law enforcement saying I said them ('I saw this guy crying on the beach and he mentioned something like... he wanted to kill someone?'; and of course even though I had never told her my name, she could easily lie saying I did and report it or simply identify me from among the countless photos that the law enforcement had obtained of me thanks largely to Karin).” What had most likely happened in fact was that the Machine had muddled up the interception of our conversation to produce a transcript showing me confessing I wanted to kill someone, namely the President, so that, even though I canceled my trip to Washington DC, Mr Secretary could obtain another piece of evidence confirming that this schizophrenic criminal secret agent of China and Russia was indeed planning on assassinating the US President, with which he could pile more crimes onto the already convicted director of Ministry of State Security and onto the Russian intelligence against which he had just commenced his lawsuit.

It's time to sum up. I have been telling you that China's Ministry of State Security, and its director, had already been convicted in the International Court of Justice by September 6: the show trial was finished – or at least its first stage – and the United States' “conspiracy scenario” had been confirmed by “evidences”: that the MSS director had planned the whole lawsuit since the beginning, recruiting Lawrence Chin's twin brother David Chin, who was the most disgusting villain the world had ever known, to pretend to be Lawrence Chin so that Mr Secretary may confuse him with Lawrence Chin, and that Mr Secretary's Department had in fact correctly described David Chin to the world. Mr Secretary and the Agency had by now their evidences complete – evidences about what I was (or was made into) and about my conspiracy with the MSS. In my blog post of September 19, I tried to sum up the false profile of me which our Secretary of Homeland Security had built up about me thus far.

Let me then sum up the false profile that the Secret Service's Behavioral Research has built up about me so far, mostly thanks to the false reporting and framing by Karin and her meetup buddies, and the rest thanks to the other people: A Nazi with a sick obsession with things Jewish and a sick love of blonds, a pedophile, a foreign spy, a stalker, a snooper of other people's private

affairs, a hallucinating paranoid schizophrenic that couldn't distinguish left from right but who is so highly intelligent and thus dangerous in that way, an antisocial with no concern for others and expecting love from others while giving nothing in return and who experiences no remorse and persistently attributes all his own faults to others ('It's always others' faults'), a computer wizard... versed in law and legal affair... a fake-audio producing wizard, a sex-maniac that sexually harasses every woman he runs into, a super multilingual that speaks between 10 to 15 languages because he so aspires to be a spy (including Russian and Hungarian because he does espionage, not just for China, but for Russia as well, and even for any other countries that are part of the China-Russia bloc), an anti-government leftwing radical with an obsession with government agencies and officials and a love for international affairs, a habitual thief, a sneaky personality that likes to assume multiple false identities, a perpetual pretender of someone else and a constant violator of intellectual property rights by claiming other people's writings and drawings as his own.

... All made up. Most are just the opposite of who I am: I'm barely intermediate with computer even after a year of serious learning, having no clue about law, speaking only three languages and knowing somewhat four others, liking older woman, carrying a deep sense of guilt and inadequacy, a paleoconservative – and the most honest person in the world that compulsively tells the truth all the time!...

My summary of the mythical Russo-Chinese secret agent David Chin the twin brother of Lawrence Chin was only approximately correct. By the beginning of September, 2008, when our Secretary of Homeland Security had finished producing all the evidences he had needed, he would have summed up for the judges of the International Court the life story and character profile which he had invented for me in this way. My mother gave birth to a pair of twins in China on May 6 1968, Lawrence and David. She sent David to an adoptive family and instructed him to pretend to be Lawrence, since Lawrence and David looked the same. The adoptive family may have had Austrian or German connections, from which David derived his belief in the superiority of the Aryan race. My mother, then, miraculously, went to Taiwan with Lawrence. I, David, eventually left my adoptive family to reunite with my real family either in Taiwan or in the United States. I may have something to do with Malaysia, and my life story, or rather the life story of my twin brother Lawrence, would certainly incorporate episodes from the life of that “Lawrence” whom my mother had married. While Lawrence was intellectual and artistic and mentally sound, I was stupid and uneducated and suffered from schizophrenia, hallucinating all the time, seeing things which were not there. Even though Lawrence and I looked indistinguishably from each other, characterwise I was the opposite of Lawrence. I couldn't draw anything at all and hated books and knowledge. I became very jealous of Lawrence, and acquired a habit of pretending to be him, so much so that even some of my family members, such as my aunt Jennifer, confused me with the real Lawrence. My love of fraud manifested very early on when I took such delight in my family's inability to distinguish between me and Lawrence and had such fun in pretending to be Lawrence everywhere I went. I told everyone I met that my name was Lawrence, and everyone mistook me for the real Lawrence. For the purpose of pretending to be Lawrence, I even stole Lawrence's drawings and showed them to others as if I had done them. While Lawrence studied philosophy in college, I studied

computers. After the FBI mistakenly investigated Lawrence as a terrorist suspect and shared information from this investigation with the Chinese government – most likely with the Ministry of Public Security – the director of China's Ministry of State Security found Lawrence's birth records in China and discovered that he had a twin brother. He thus devised this operation to defraud the International Court of Justice and dethrone the United States in the United Nations. MSS' secret agents came to the United States, found me, and recruited me. I maintained contacts with MSS agents through my meetups and in Chinese restaurants, and these agents gave me the mission to pretend to be my twin brother Lawrence and fly to China. I was very enthusiastic about my recruitment and my mission because I had apparently found out that my twin brother Lawrence had just been recruited into the CIA, which made me terribly jealous, and also because I too liked his girlfriend, the German girl Enkel who was also part of CIA's operation in China (in conjunction with the German BND) and who was thus sent there. This girl, of course, hated me, for I with my schizophrenic mind and antisocial demeanor was absolutely repulsive. I was also enthusiastic because I was an angry leftwing radical and accordingly hated United States for its leadership role in world affairs. I had been angry all my life, had never had any friends because of my pernicious antisocial personality, and ungratefully hated my family. The MSS directed me to write letters to the Chinese consulate, steal from my twin brother Lawrence the story “My experience...”, deposit it in my newly created Chinese email account so as to enable the MSS to intercept it, and obtain a Visa from the Chinese consulate to get ready to fly to China. I would complete all these official transactions using my twin brother's identity, and I would go around telling everyone my twin brother's story as if it were my own story, namely my investigation by the FBI and recruitment by the CIA. The MSS knew that I would in this way be investigated by Homeland Security and that Homeland Security would share with Chinese Foreign Ministry the information that I suffered from schizophrenia and had imagined up being investigated by the FBI as a terrorist suspect and then recruited by the CIA, all because Homeland Security would not find any records anywhere of my having been investigated by the FBI: I don't know how Mr Secretary had pulled this off, but presumably he had argued something like this: “The CIA has purged Lawrence Chin's records from the FBI when it has recruited him, in accordance with its practice of secrecy.” The MSS would then produce the information which the FBI had shared with the Ministry of Public Security and file its complaint against the United States in the International Court of Justice. At the same time, on the personal level, I would have my vengeance in that I had, with my feat, caused my twin brother's girlfriend Enkel to get arrested in China.

Now, when I returned from my MSS mission to the United States, so Mr Secretary's story went, I was completely unaware of MSS' failure in the International Court, and of the fact that Mr Secretary and the Agency had wired me up to a supremely accurate surveillance Machine sitting right inside the International Court house, in order to discover who I really was and what I was really like. Through this secret surveillance on my interactions with the people around me – although I was most of the time blacked out in the surveillance – my extraordinary evil and deceitful character was made known to the judges in the International Court and governments around the world. I was discovered to be just the entity about which Mr Secretary's Department had warned the Chinese, and in fact much worse: I was an ardent believer of Nazism and had a sick obsession with things Jewish and a sick love of blonds; I was a white supremacist with a degrading view of the “lower races” (Turkish immigrants in Germany,

minority races in America); I was a pedophile and a hallucinating paranoid schizophrenic who believed all the good people around me were conspiring to harm me; I was caught seeing things that weren't there and intercepted as admitting having the habit of talking to myself, and I had been universally noticed to be mentally confused and constantly imagining non-existent things; I was an antisocial with no concern for others and who experienced no remorse but persistently attributed my own faults to others (“It's always others' faults”); I had propensities for physical violence, indicated by my love for movies showing blood-spilling violence and gruesome mass murder; I was a computer wizard and very much interested and versed in law and legal matters; and, despite others' kindness toward me, I used my computer genius to forge recordings of my conversations with them in order to use these against them; I was full of deceptions, loved to make good people look evil, and had a sick interest in making films; I was a sex-maniac who sexually harassed every woman I ran into, catcalling them and peeking into their pants; I liked prostitutes and raped them too; I continued to follow Enkel around and harass her; I was a super multilingual who spoke like ten languages because I was a spy well-trained by the Chinese and Russian intelligence; I continued to meet with Chinese agents through my meetups; I was filled with vile anger toward the US government because I was deeply jealous of whoever was in power and commanded the respect of others; I was a leftwing radical with an obsession with government agencies and officials and a love for international affairs; I had an especially keen interest in everything Chinese because I was a Chinese nationalist, while I never ceased to berate the United States for its imperialism and Israel for its oppression of the Palestinians; whenever I opened my mouth, I would spew out angry and filthy leftwing radical blasts against the honest and religious President of this great country; my vile anger at times reached such proportion that I dreamed of assassinating the President; furthermore, my sick obsession with things Jewish and hatred of Jewish people prompted me to develop a particular obsession with Mr Secretary of Homeland Security himself who was known to be a honest and stern enforcer of laws, and this antisemitism on my part constituted, together with my obsession with laws and courts and my Chinese nationalism, my enthusiasm for this Sino-Russian intelligence operation to frame Mr Secretary and defraud the International Court; I was a habitual thief with a sneaky personality and liked to assume multiple false identities; even when nothing was going on, I would present myself to others variously as Edward or Warren or Martin or Vincent or Ren, but my greatest passion of course lay in assuming the identity of my twin brother Lawrence and for that end I had not only stolen his writings and drawings, but also feigned artistic talents by educating myself about art, showing off my knowledge about art to others, and secretly commissioning some other artist to do drawings which I presented to others maintaining I had done them myself. I even edited my pictures with Photoshop in order to make myself look more like Lawrence. My greatest passion, in other words, was deceit. I was a pathological liar and a fraudster and constantly presented myself as talented and intellectual when I had no talents for anything at all, taking the greatest pleasure when I had managed to deceive others into believing that I was the author and creator of these writings and drawings when I had merely stolen them or commissioned another person to do them for me, when others thought me talented and believed I was someone else than myself – someone else who was talented and intellectual, unlike myself; I was lastly a strange childish fan of movies and liked to watch movies that reflected my life and liked to imitate in real life the characters I saw in movies; I thus had a sick taste for movies about intellectual property frauds, identity frauds, and identity confusion, and perpetually invited the good people around me to see these weird movies,

which freaked them out. After summing up the above, Mr Secretary would conclude for the judges in the International Court, playing the role of an expert in psychiatry: “Many of these are symptoms of Antisocial Personality Disorder. This David Chin, bad to the bone, suffers from a particularly severe form of this illness, in addition to suffering from schizophrenia.” In the matter of love of deceit and pathology of lying, Mr Secretary was clearly projecting himself onto me. He believed, I shall say it again, that his superiority and elitist status was proven to himself and to his Boss when he was able to project himself as the opposite of his antisocial self, to project his antisocial personality onto his enemies, and to make others believe his projections were reality. Furthermore, while it has been a typical tactic of neoconservatism to paint its political enemies as antisemitic so as to discredit them without the need to consider the content of their objection, Mr Secretary here, with the support of the Agency, had tried very effectively to exploit the new political correctness to which the new judges of the International Court, many of them Jewish and female, would definitely have subscribed, and to describe me as a villain of the traditional type, misogynist, sexually aggressive, and antisemitic, as a way to enrage them and cloud their judgments. After using me to offend them and remind them of their status as the oppressed, Mr Secretary would then stand on their side to share their victimhood, presenting himself as not only the victim of antisemitism but also as respectful of women. The Agency's female lawyers standing by him would have tremendously helped his projections. As I have noted in the Preface, in our brave new world, as the mechanism of justice has finally filled up the world system to its brim, it's far more advantageous to paint oneself as a victim, and the most effective way to victimize someone is no longer to victimize him, but to pretend to be victimized by him in order to get the justice system to (falsely) prosecute him. In this way one not only gets to victimize one's opponent, but one is able to make it look as if one were good and one's victim evil. Mr Secretary must have painted not only me as antisemitic, but also the MSS director.

With this story about me confirmed by all the evidences which he had “gathered” (or rather produced), Mr Secretary would have obliged the judges at the International Court to pass down the judgment convicting the director of the Ministry of State Security, and with him his spy agency, of the crime of abusing the international laws about terrorism and defrauding the International Court. I'll describe in the second Appendix to this volume the punishment which the MSS director may have suffered with his conviction. The consequence of conviction for the MSS itself was that the prevention of a conspiracy by its victim through the takeover of the resources of the conspirators shall be made a permanent state of affairs. That is, China's once fearsome Ministry of State Security shall permanently fall under the command of our Secretary of Homeland Security. This, until the Russians liberated the Ministry a year and four months later, in February 2010. In order to exploit the compensation to the maximum, Mr Secretary would certainly have made sure that the judgment against China shall remain as much in secret as possible. While nations around the world would be notified that China had lost and that its spy agency had committed fraud of the greatest proportion and given to know the above story about me as if it were reality – so that Mr Secretary may proclaim himself the righteous victim of fraud in the eyes of nations – he would hide from nations the fact that he was now in command of the Chinese intelligence service. It was originally not clear to me how much of the above story the government bureaucrats of the world would believe as true, and if it's possible to hide from them the fact that China's spy agency was now spying for United States rather than for China. Later I would

understand that most nations in fact did not know that the “official story” coming out of the International Court was made up and that United States was now in possession of China's foreign intelligence organ. Mr Secretary would not only use Chinese intelligence to spy on officials and people in China as well as in all the nations in which it had spies, but would also order it to commit disgusting crimes in sloppy fashions so as to get caught, with the objective of bringing infamy to itself and to China. As for the consequence of conviction for China itself, it would obviously be compensation to the victim nations (United States and its allies) in the form of a wide range of secret concessions which we ordinary people will never know about. And I am here only talking about China's conviction for defrauding the International Court – not for sponsoring terrorism around the world in the worst way possible, which I'll explain in the first Appendix. China has lost its entire “rise” because of this court case, and yet nobody knows about it. It accorded with neoconservatives' love of secrecy that the world should never know that, behind the scene, China had lost so much of its newly acquired powers to the United States, but should persist in its Sinophobia and its impression of a rising China about to own the whole world. While the new wealth had changed ownership in secret, ordinary people, ignorant of the reality of the elites, had no idea that anything had changed at all. Of course the neoconservatives would require that the Chinese government never speak of its secret concessions both to other governments and to its people.

You may think you have found me here following the same alternation between idealization and devaluation typical of a Borderline Personality when my attitude toward Karin finally turned to the negative. But there was substance to the change of passion insofar as the mediocrity of her morals, along with the mediocre character of her friends, would become increasingly apparent to me in the subsequent months. They were just ordinary mediocre people, for whom Machiavelli's low estimation of the average masses may serve as a standard: “For such a prince cannot found himself on what he sees in quiet times, when citizens have need of the state, because then everyone runs, everyone promises, and each wants to die for him when death is at a distance; but in adverse times, when the state has need of citizens, then few of them are to be found.”⁶⁴ “For one can say this generally of men: that they are ungrateful, fickle, pretenders and dissemblers, evaders of danger, eager for gain. While you do them good, they are yours, offering their blood, property, lives, and children, as I said above, when the need for them is far away; but, when it is close to you, they revolt.”⁶⁵ Let me continue the observation I've already made in Chapter 4. There was a time when Karin put herself forward as anti-neoconservative, critical of the power-grabbing government, and sympathetic of the oppressed; she thus supported in all her *talks* the Palestinians in their struggle against Israel. But as soon as the government – I'm talking about Homeland Security here – came to recruit her against me, she took the government's side automatically and without resistance. (This is different than the Agency's recruitment; many a soul who has been critical of the power of the CIA as portrayed in mass media, when the *real* CIA shows up to recruit him or her, couldn't be happier to offer his or her service, all because the Agency knows what to put in front of you to attract you.) Later when it turned out that the Chinckers might get ahead of the government of which she was critical and that the government had turned it to its advantage and could destroy once and for all the momentum which “Chinckerdom” had

64 *The Prince*, p. 42.

65 *Ibid.*, p. 66.

built up in the past decades to get ahead – all it needed was her help – she was super enthusiastic to lend them her help. All her past convictions by this point had become a mere show, insofar as part of her help was to pretend to be an angry liberal. When she had no candies, she was critical of those who had candies, and when those who had candies offered to share a portion with her, she quickly joined those with candies. Furthermore, she would in the coming months turn out to be just like the masters she served, not only in the sense of loving hypocrisy and having a passion for making the victim look like a victimizer and the victimizer look like a victim, but also in the sense of believing in a natural hierarchy of the rulers and the ruled in which her kind was the rulers and in which I was somehow lumped with the Chinckerdom, both belonging to the ruled. As I have noted, she hardly cared if China was guilty; all that was important was that China be kept down. It would not matter that United States was at fault at first, China must not be allowed to exploit this fault to its advantage. She believed that the rulers had a natural right to exploit and mess with the ruled however it pleased them, but that injustice occurred when the ruled did something to strike back. She would turn out to be just the opposite of what she had formerly presented herself as, some sort of champion for the oppressed. Much the same may be said of her entire bunch.

Eventually, Wes would remain my best friend, and he would not forget the moral integrity which he had once advertised. I would however have to wait two years for this not so unexpected revelation.

On September 14 I went to the Orthodox church for the last time. (Remember that I had skipped the church service for September 7.) My short time there this day has been recorded in: "[at_orthodox_church_etc_2008_9_14_1130AM.mp3](#)"⁶⁶. When the service was over, I, as usual, was looking for Sophia. When I found her with two other women, she said to me she was going to a meeting and couldn't stick around (26:00). My disappointment notwithstanding, on 47:00, Sophia showed up again. On 55:50 I finally got hold of Father John and began telling him about my problem: my fear for talking to people because "they may be falsely reporting me to law enforcement". Although this fear was wrongheaded, had I known what people were really doing – talking to surveillance – I would be afraid to talk to people anyway. Significantly, Father John advised me to go to the hospital and take a blood test (!) because "something in your body might be causing these feelings..." He insisted on "blood work." Now, at the time I merely found Father John's suggestion quite out of place. The solution to the "fear about other people reporting me behind my back" – even if the fear was founded on erroneous belief – could hardly be a blood test. The reason why Father John suggested this – a reason I wouldn't comprehend until four months later – was evidently that Mr Secretary still wanted a final, definitive piece of evidence that I wasn't Lawrence Chin: if I ever took the blood test then my blood sample would be scrambled up or confused with someone else's before being presented to the International Court as "evidence". Mr Secretary probably wanted to use this evidence to strengthen the other evidences which he had used to start off his lawsuit against the Russians. Then, as Father John continued his nonsense, he pretended to remember my name incorrectly again, calling me "Warren".

66 [at_orthodox_church_etc_2008_09_14_1130AM.mp3](#) eec90711c827ae32bc2181f32254eeeb
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9/14/2008 1:36:14 PM 9/14/2008 1:36:14 PM 6,336,512

There, Mr Secretary just obtained another piece of circumstantial evidence indicating that I had had the habit of using aliases or pretending to be someone else. Father John, the somewhat unwilling operative of the US government, then laid out another trap for me by asking me if I would like to sit in on his “meeting”. What's the meeting about, I asked. “Meeting for the youth”, he replied. So I retreated in absolute horror, knowing that this was a trap to generate evidence for my being a pedophile. But Father John just had to insist on inviting me, and of course I simply had to insist on not being invited. Our conversation ends on 1:00:00. After this day, I would be totally disillusioned, understanding the futility of coming to church: I would simply find here the same frustration as I did in Karin's meetups: no one here would ever interact with me genuinely and normally but everyone would simply set endless traps for me time after time in order to help the government establish me in the eyes of the world as a different person, as a most grotesque villain. I would never come to church again. I had got the point: any human contact I should make would invariably become another opportunity for Mr Secretary to recruit the person and charge him or her with the strange assignment of either talking about me as if I were a different, grotesque person or misremembering me and laying traps for me, rather than interacting with me genuinely such as I really was. There was no refuge from this, no refuge from fraud and deceit, not even in a church. There was no longer any point in trying, not even among the most religious souls. It's time to give up on God.

Ich was in diens undertân,
sit ich genâden mich versan.
Nu wil i'm dienst widersagn:
hât er haz, den wil ich tragn.

I was in His service,
since I hoped to receive his grace.
But now I shall renounce His service,
and if He hates me, that hate I will bear.⁶⁷

Appendix I

The Anatomy of A Delusional Fear

(revised)

By

Lawrence C. Chin

Aug. 10 – 13 2008

The other day as I sat on the tables in the coffeehouse voilà Michelle appeared from the distant dragging her big case with her. As I related to her my latest fear that the government might be erasing my identity, she said, in a matter-of-fact tone: “That’s very typical of schizophrenia”, and commented on someone else she knew who had similar fear about the government. If I had heard this last year I would have, well, not banged on the table to show her the discontent, but at least tried to defect to a

⁶⁷ J. F. Poag, *Wolfram von Eschenbach*, p. 50.

foreign country where I wouldn't have to be called a schizophrenic. By now it was all different, and it was so encouraging to see someone making no big deal out of the fear which you feel prevented from telling anyone. She said especially that I wasn't alone in all this pain. Was it? So I wrote this little essay about it, and you tell me.

I'm of the opinion that what particularly distinguishes the human mind from the animal mind is precisely the human mind's capacity for delusion. Anthropologists have made much out of the fact that the animal mind seems to need no gods; the animals are realists devoid of imagination for such entities. But when an anthropologist watches a tribe offering sacrifices to their ancestors embodied in a totem pole, she would say that the tribal people are engaged in a "collective delusion" in order to foment group solidarity among themselves – "delusion" because she with modern science in the back of her mind does not really believe that the ancestors of a tribe exist after death to move rivers and rain for their descendants. The tribal people participate in an intersubjective reality – believing **together** in the same perhaps non-existent gods and spirits – regard each other as brothers and sisters, and are quite happy as a result. Who cares if their belief is all but a delusion?

But if you have read through the DSM-IV you would know that the mental health professionals do not consider such collective delusion true delusion. A group of human beings sharing false beliefs and unable to be dissuaded therefrom do not constitute a manifestation of illness. Delusion is belief – false or otherwise? – only shared by a singular person, and it is this being possessed of a singular reality which also makes for unhappiness. Happiness, it seems, is just the feeling of being understood and accepted based on that understanding by your fellow human beings. It is the fulfillment of intersubjectivity, that is.

Now what if you are caught alone with your belief? How would you feel if this is your situation? You believed you were caught in a horrifying government drama in the year of 2006. You had a temporary respite during the beautiful summer last year (2007) and you joined a meetup group run by a lovely Karin, but then you were caught up by your nightmare and started verbalizing it to her. You then came to believe that law enforcement (e.g. even the Secret Service) had come to the group to warn Karin and some others (late September 2007) because you caught its attention for having delusion about the government, that law enforcement also told them some other bad things about you, some maybe true (most importantly the legal conflict with a therapist of yours five years ago) but others false, unnecessarily scared them, and enlisted their help to run investigations on you. Whether this did happen or was just your own paranoia you had no way of knowing, since even when it did everyone is required by law enforcement to keep all this a secret from you. You became upset then that you no longer shared intersubjectively the reality in which those you had come to like lived because you believed that they were all hiding from you what they were told about you and playing pranks on you for the authority. You felt furthermore desperate because you believed also that law enforcement had spread out horrifying alerts about you wherever you went so that no one else would dare associate with you while keeping these alerts a secret from you. So you wrote down all your supposed delusions and paranoia in a story and passed it to a foreign government (November 2007), hoping to escape to their country where you would never have to be considered sick and be lied to again, and you came to

believe that the foreign government then kindly sued your government in International Court for lying to them about what had really happened to you -- for ever telling them that your delusion was only no more than a delusion.

This lawsuit now became the basis for the formation of a series of debilitating fear and worries. You came back from your trip February this year to your new belief that, after succeeding in suppressing some of the evidence in the court, your government, in order to bail itself out of the lawsuit, had had to actually reinvent you into a different person that fit the scenario it was inventing to screw the foreign government in question. Its first step was to destroy your character. You felt in your fear that everyone around you – those in your group, your family members, those who you were afraid were government operatives posing as strangers – was coached by the government to say extremely ugly thing to you (e.g. making racist or Nazi comment), but say you said it, and then report it to law enforcement authority, or say to law enforcement authority you said things you didn't say or did things you didn't do, all in order to make you look like a person embodying the worst qualities a human being can possibly possess (Nazi, pedophile, spy for foreign powers, sex-maniac, computer wizard, leftwing political nuthead, snooper on others, all in addition to being a severe schizophrenic) and to create testimonies for the scenario for which the government was arguing in court. You might not care what went on in a distant court room, but you so deeply cared about what those in the group you had come to like thought about you. And since you believed they were in constant communication with law enforcement about you since last October, and since you didn't believe they had the ability to distinguish between truth and falsehood, you started isolating yourself down to only them and cutting off contact with your other support systems so that no false stories about you might reach their ears via law enforcement. You didn't mind so much that the people in your group might be instructed by the government to falsely report you to law enforcement because, well, liars could not believe their own lies, could they?

But then you started feeling hostility from them; you felt that they saw you as an enemy. You started believing that they were told falsehood about your trip to overseas (Dec. 29 2007 – Feb. 10 2008) by the authority and they believed it and hated you based on it. You felt that they surrounded you with fake smiles in order to trap you and help the authority to turn you into that different, so much more awful, person. They (i.e. Karin and Gabi) started trying to collect basic identification information about you (your address, phone number, birthday etc), which you interpreted as their being instructed by their government handlers to report you to law enforcement in order to establish an official record of you. They (Karin) started suggesting you to do things – to be an art teacher with children, to relocate to a different place – which you in your fear interpreted as things that they were instructed by their handlers to suggest to you in order to get you to sink further into authority's profile of you as that awful, horrible human being (i.e. pedophile, stalker). They (Karin) started taking pictures of you, which you interpreted as taking pictures for the police to pass around among law enforcement agencies around the world so that you could never escape again to overseas. They started talking left-wing politics in front of you, which you interpreted as their being instructed to do so in hope of luring you to participate so that they could afterward report you to law enforcement saying you are politically dangerous. You felt helpless because you believed they would report that you did participate even if you didn't.

You felt increasingly unhappy. You wanted to be their friends, but, because of government intervention, they were only here to harm you. Fear allows you to confer unconventional interpretations upon ordinary happenings, you see.

Then they started contradicting you. If you all saw something together they (Karin, Gabi, Rolf) would say they had never seen it. You believed what happened was that they had really seen that something too but that they then got a secret call from their handlers instructing them to say they never saw what you all together saw in order to make you look like you were hallucinating because you were the only one who had seen something while no one else did, and that they would then report this behind your back to law enforcement to build up your artificial profile as a hopeless schizophrenic for use in court. You felt trapped. You felt hopeless because you believed that what was wrong was not you but everyone else and this was but due to a show orchestrated from above by the government in order to turn you into the person it had decided you were to be. You felt helpless because you can't fix everyone else but only yourself.

Then you started your unconventional interpretation of other strange happenings since February: you were told by the Social Security Administration that someone was using your social security number; your drawings were stolen; your family started encouraging you to do drawing out of the blue; people in your group asked you strange questions that seemed to indicate they didn't believe you really did the drawing you did; they (Karin and Rolf) wanted to help you put up an art show; and they started taking you to see all these strange movies about one person stealing another person's work (*Roman de Gare*) or one person pretending to be someone else (*Live and Become*) or a person being unable to figure out who among the three is her father and who among the three is his son (*Mamma Mia* and *Matrimonio all'italiana*)... You interpreted their suggestions and choices of movies as all per government's instructions. Your interpretation led you to conclude on the worst part about this new phase of delusional fear. You feared that your original delusion about the government's drama might have become true after all when that foreign government might have sued out of the court so much information that confirmed the truthfulness of many parts of the story you wrote documenting your delusion. You feared that the government then might have no choice but to erase your identity altogether, attribute everything that you have done or which has happened to you to someone else, and say you are not you but only pretending to be you who is really someone else, inventing a double, a "fake you", out of you, just so that it could claim in the court that, although what you said in your delusion had happened to you really did happen after all, it happened to someone else, i.e. the "fake you" it says you are pretending to be, and thus bail itself out of the lawsuit. In the process you feared the few achievements you have accomplished – the theory and the story you wrote or the artworks you did – have all been taken away because the government now claims you are a magnificent fraudster who has stolen all the works from someone else in order to pretend to be that person. You feared the government has even instructed all your family members to offer "testimony" that you have never been who you are but have entered your family as a fake, that you have always had the habit of being a fraudster from the beginning, just like in the movie "*Live and Become*" which the government has wanted you to see – perhaps that you from the beginning couldn't even distinguish yourself from this

“fake you” and thought genuinely that you were he. You became afraid of strange movies, because you came to believe that the government made the strange argument in court that you liked to see movies reflecting your life. You suspected that those in the group were also instructed to offer false testimonies about you in this regard (they might say how much you liked these movies and wanted to see them even though, in reality, the only reason you went to see the movies was to be around them). You now even feared that the government might have taken away your original delusion by claiming that you stole it from somewhere else!

You live in the greatest fear everyday because you believe every little thing you write can now be reproduced by the government somewhere right away – or even before you write it since the government always knows what you are going to write, as long as you are writing about your delusion about the government, which it already knows in detail – to make it look like you copied it from somewhere else. You are muffled; you can't even own your own delusion. You begin frantically copyrighting everything you wrote, but how could you expect to use the government to protect you from the government's act of infringement? And every little piece of drawing you did can also be attributed by the government to someone else, to your double. You spent your time wondering who that “fake you” was claiming to have done everything you have done. You try to find the solution in a camcorder; but you can only film yourself drawing but not writing since writing is about ideas and not skill.

You have lost all sense of security. You feel absolutely pathetic as you spend your whole day day after day on these crazy tasks of processing recordings and filming and copyrighting. You wish you could just be like the passersby who do not have to worry about pointlessly proving their existence to others and could just present themselves to others, without fear of being disbelieved or reported to law enforcement as something they are not.

You are now in the worst possible situation. You have been excluded completely from the common reality that the rest of humanity shares together. You have furthermore lost your past, with all its flaws, unhappiness, and achievements as well. You cry as you see all the years you have lived vanish in an instant. You are no longer believed by anyone; no one will ever believe that you have done or experienced anything you claim you have. When you reported to the police that your drawings were stolen or that someone tried to beat you up the other day, the police didn't believe you because they had already been notified that you were a schizophrenic. You are now thoroughly shut off from humanity. Now what about the people in your group you wish you could be friends with?

You became debilitated because you simply couldn't expect any of these people to not dislike you if he or she believes that you truly are this other horrible strange creature the government has turned you into: a fraud embodying all the other worst qualities ever found in humanity. Do they believe the lies that the authority has been telling them about you since last year, you chew on this worry everyday. You are stricken by inexorable sadness because these people to whom you have become attached have been precisely the ones most used by the government to gang up on you, fool you like a donkey, and erase your identity as an enemy target. You despair because you are not really hoping for any of them

to be on your side, but only for them to accept you on their side, and yet this could never be. You are upset because you feel they have been fooled like donkeys by the government too; but what do they care, as long as they share the same delusion together?

It doesn't make you feel bad that the few in the group who have been running the show for the government are getting paid or other benefits for screwing you up. You are glad that you are able to bring them some benefits. It doesn't make you feel sad that, when you had an episode, all the members would per Karin's initiative talk among themselves about this and decide to put up a show for you, everyone praising you for your lovely talent, in order to deceive you that they believed you did your drawings, but always keep all this a secret from you. You just feel sad for being excluded, different, someone from whom reality always needs to be hidden. You are only afraid that they have reported all this again to law enforcement behind your back.

You now feel like the most misunderstood person in the world over, a pure invention. What you experience is unprecedented in human history. Your despair magnified when you have lost access to those few old people in your life who have known you for decade and who therefore understand you inside out such that you would never have to worry if they would believe the lies that have been flying around about you; you feel frustrated when the new people in your life don't really know a thing about you and don't care to know you and are therefore susceptible of believing the lies told about you. And they will never tell you if they have indeed been told what you believe they have been told about you. They will only play concerted pranks on you. You will never have access to their reality; these new people in your life to whom you have become attached are your prison guards, locking you up in a prison of deception.

As everyone in the group keeps his or her distance from you, you know you'll never be known. As the people who knew you from before would no longer have any association with you, you know there is no one left in this world who knows you. You have been shut off from the condition of possibility for happiness, that feeling of being understood by another human being. You have already lost your other support systems. You have no friends. You cannot seek help, for fear that mental health professionals would falsely report you to law enforcement, saying you said or did bad things you didn't say or do. You are afraid to talk to strangers, for they have probably all seen the horrifying alerts about you and would probably falsely report on you. You are alone by yourself in the universe. You feel pain, so much pain that you can't even move your body anymore. You have not worked for two years. You can't do any chores, not even laundry. You have broken down.

You have always believed you could control who you are; if you are not political or criminal or crazy then all you have to do is stand your ground and no brilliant sting operation can ever trap you and turn you into something you are not. As a famed philosopher once said: "Don't look for fish in a tree", because fish don't live in trees. But now you know that the government is so powerful that it can send fish to live in trees so that other people will find them in trees. It just has to get everyone around you to say you are something you are not, and then you'll have to become what you are not. It possesses the resources to invent a double out of you and to make people believe you are not really you. You can

fight and fix your own Borderline Personality Disorder tendency toward obsession with particular persons, but the government can turn every single person around you into an informant out to get you, and you can't fight with the government over other people's perception of you. You are what others say and believe you are, not what you really are. Truth is not something that matters, but intersubjectivity. If everyone believes in the totem pole and you are the only one who believes it is but a wooden pole, then you are stuck in the most painful delusion possible.

If the fulfillment of intersubjectivity is happiness, then you are the most unhappy person in the world. You beg that all this is but a delusion – from the beginning to end – that no one has ever been instructed to lure you to do anything or report anything about you or been told any lies about you, that everyone has always believed you are who you really are.

In your final act, you made your wishes on the trees and prayed in the church to the blessed Theotokos, that you may keep your past, with all its good and bad, have it known if possible by those to whom you are drawn, and never be hated for what you are not but only for what you are – for you can always change what you are, but not what you are not. Other people are not your hell, but your reality!

The delusional state has persisted for almost four years by now, each year worse and more painful than the previous year. Let it be over, so that you'll be cheerful from now on to others as if the past four years had never happened.

Appendix II

“Street theater” among the “targeted individuals”

For a long time I could not believe that anyone else could have experienced the same sort of strange thing I have experienced: to be trapped in a live theater year after year. The “Truman Show”, Homeland Security's COINTELPRO neutralization of me by framing me into a schizophrenic, the CIA recruitment – basically I had lived in a world of constant and universal pranks, by everyone and at all times. The exclusion from intersubjectivity of which I speak above.

Many years later, in 2012, I came across the phenomenon called “targeted individuals”, and, in this regard, I read about “street theater” in a January 2007 Washington Post article, “Mind Games”, written by a certain Sharon Weinberger.⁶⁸ I then came across the story of Sheryl Welsh from Mind Justice, who has also described her former subjection to government's operation in the form of, among others, “street theater” – “incidents that might be dismissed by others as coincidental”, but which the victims “believe were set up”: suspicious cars driving by, fellow passengers mimicking the victim's every movement – like mimes on a street. Sheryl Welsh describes how everyone in her environment was suddenly recruited to give her mean expression, to wear the same color of dress simultaneously – all strangers. Basically, pranks. The targeted individuals sometimes describe “street theater” as “gang stalking”. Stranger would pull up in a car, wagging fingers and then speeding away; people would run

68 Respected journalist and author on national security matters and who has been interested in government mind-control issues. Her website is at: <http://sharonweinberger.com/index.html>.

underneath your window at night; neighbors seem to be watching you... In a later volume I would analyze further the phenomenon of “targeted individuals”. What I want to point out to you here is the extraordinary similarity of gang-stalking and street theater to, firstly, the FBI surveillance, Homeland Security clandestine operations, and CIA recruitment methods which I have described in “My experience with the FBI, CIA, and the Department of Homeland Security”, and, secondly, the “Truman Show” which I have described here, in “Karin's Meetups”.

The CIA clandestine service recruitment method which I have described in “My experience...” is basically a combination between secret society's recruitment and street theater. If you read Augustin Barruel's explication of how the earliest Illuminati sect recruited its members (*Memoire pour servir à l'histoire du Jacobinisme*, Vol. III), you will see described something very similar to my description in “My experience...”: the way in which Weishaupt instructs his disciples to take note of the personality of persons in key positions of society that may be of use to his utopian project, the way in which the recruiter (*frère insinuant*) approaches a potential candidate, tests his character and aptitude without revealing the purpose, entices him to the sect and interests him in its projects, and finally obliges him to keep what he sees of the sect and how he enters it a secret from all outsiders, intimate associates and relatives included... Certainly this is not because, as the lower-grade conspiracy theorists often assert, the CIA has been infiltrated by “Illuminati”, but because elitist secret organizations always function in this way. It may in fact be the case that the CIA clandestine service officials have not only adopted Rousseau's *Emile*, but also Father Barruel's description of the Illuminati!

In a future volume I will analyze further the phenomenon of “targeted individuals”. Thus, I have since then been comforted by the fact that I am not alone in the world to have suffered the fate of being reduced to a universal prank. What makes my experience unique is not its kind, but its degree and scale. No “targeted individual” has ever experienced “street theater” to the extent I have experienced: as you shall see in the next narrative, by 2009 virtually every stranger I ever met would be “recruited” to play out my TV show.

Appendix III

NOTICE ON THE PROPER LANGUAGE USED IN THE ICJ

Now that the United States had started a new round of lawsuit against Russia in the International Court of Justice, I want to make a comment about the proper language used in an International Court of Justice trial. The International Court of Justice regularly publishes its non-confidential court cases, like the pleadings and oral arguments of a case. In the case *Paraguay v. USA* (1998), for example, the way in which Paraguay representative starts the case is like this: “On behalf of the Republic of Paraguay and in accordance with Article 40, Paragraph 1, of the Statue of the Court and Article 38 of the Rules of the Court, I respectfully submit this Application instituting proceedings in the name of the Government of the Republic of Paraguay against the Government of United States of America for violations of the Vienna convention on Consular Relations (done on 24 April 1963)... The Court has jurisdiction pursuant to Article I of the Vienna Convention's Optional Protocol concerning the Compulsory Settlement of Disputes”. The way in which Mr Secretary and the CIA started off their case against the

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Chapter 9: The impossible wish to be known
Lawrence C. Chin
Jun. 2009 – Sep. 2011. Revised, Feb. 2013, Jan. – Mar. 2017.

Russian intelligence service SVR would certainly run like this: “On behalf of the Central Intelligence Agency of the United States of America and in accordance with Article 40, Paragraph 1, of the Statue of the Court and Article 38 of the Rules of the Court, I respectfully submit this Application instituting proceedings in the name of the Government and the Central Intelligence Agency of the United States of America against the Government of the Russian Federation and its foreign intelligence service Sluzhba Vneshney Razvedki for violations of the United Nations Resolution... The Court has jurisdiction pursuant to...”. Furthermore, the lawyers on both side would never address the judges as “Your honor...” I would like to point out that I have not bothered to correct the misuse of terminology in the foregoing narrative.