

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
The government's investigation of a “schizophrenic”: Part III of III
Lawrence C. Chin
Dec. 2008; Aug 2010; Dec. 2011; Dec. 2012; Apr. 2017

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

3.

The government's investigation of a “schizophrenic” Part III

The CIA's greatest crisis and the United States' violation of UN Resolution 1373

The following records the events which constitute the greatest crisis which the Central Intelligence Agency has ever encountered to date (2007), and the most embarrassing episode in the history of the United States. It also records the greatest moment of the CIA's genius in overcoming its crisis. The year is late 2007.

LEGEND

The “Agency”: the CIA
MSS: Ministry of State Security, or China's
chief foreign intelligence organ
BND: Bundesnachrichtendienst, or Germany's
chief spy organ
RCMP: Royal Canadian Mounted Police, or
Canada's federal police force
CSIS: Canadian Security Intelligence Service, or
Canada's chief foreign intelligence organ
“Mr Secretary”: Mr Secretary of Homeland Security
Michael Chertoff

The Agency's plan about my story “My experience...”

In October 2007, when I was almost done with writing my story “My experience...”, the Agency was getting concerned. I still intended to use my unused ticket to Taiwan, but I kept calling Singapore Airline to delay the flight to Taipei because I wanted to go only after I had finished writing my story. I needed stability to concentrate on writing. But I was getting impatient. By the time I went across the ocean on October 17 I had finished writing all that you saw save the last section “The concluding events”. I felt at that time that this was enough, and so I printed out four copies at the Copymat in Westwood Village around October 15.

Just a few days before that, one afternoon when I was riding on the Culver City bus going toward UCLA, a pretty white girl who came onto the bus and sat behind me caught my attention. In hindsight it was easy to discern that she was a CIA operative. At the time, however, she caught my attention because she was reading a law book in order to lure me – because the “Invisible Hand” had seen that,

after my disaster in finding lawyers and particularly in obtaining help from Ms Olshansky, I had developed some sort of obsession with the law profession. "Are you a law student?" I asked her. Yes, of course, and she added that she was a graduate student in law at UCLA. Every girl from the CIA that I had ever met had something to do with UCLA. What is your specialty, I asked her. "Intellectual property," she replied. What kind, I asked, unsuspecting that something sinister might be going on. When a large corporation like Microsoft produced a software and did everything they could to prevent people from passing it around without paying, that's the kind of intellectual property issue she dealt with, she said. Which side are you on then, I asked her. She's on the side of the average consumer, she replied. "Wow, that's cool," I shouted. But then I asked her: "But the law is the law, isn't it? What can you do about it?" "There are ways to get around the intellectual property prohibition," she replied with assurance. That was the extent of our exchange, and then she got off the bus at UCLA "to reunite with her boyfriend". (And every female from the Invisible Hand whom I had met since October 2006, you recall, had a boyfriend or husband to make her "unavailability" known to me.) Her name was Sarah, she said to me as she descended the bus. Unsuspecting, I gave to her a copy of "the letter". I was completely unaware that this seemingly innocuous interaction was in fact a hint that the Agency was planning to steal my story away from me through intellectual property fraud – stealing my work while making it look like I had stolen it from someone else. That's how serious they were about protecting their secrets: I had yet to appreciate the extent of CIA's pathological obsession with secrecy.

So the moment I walked out of the Copymat a few days later proudly carrying the copies of my story in my arms, voilà "Bird" walked right into me. She immediately asked me what these booklets were that I was carrying. The coincidence was really suspicious, and her "acting" reminded me so much of the Agency, but I was too excited about my story to reflect on this. After so many depressing events, I was comforted by my own gift to myself. That's what happens when you are a natural born writer or artist, a creator of yourself beyond yourself. I gladly gave her a copy for free, even though she wanted to pay for it. Bird of course pretended to want to know what the story was about. When you read it – it doesn't matter whether you believe it or not – you will learn how the CIA does this and does that, and you'll be so surprised, I explained to her, adding that it also featured ingloriously the Department of Homeland Security. In a contrived manner she acted as if she didn't know the story already, and told another guy whom she knew as a co-student and who was standing nearby: "This is Lawrence and he studied evolutionary biology too... And he just wrote a story about the Department of Homeland Security!" In any case, the purpose for which the Agency sent Bird to appear in front of me was evidently to obtain a copy of my story so that they could, as I have noted, get ready to orchestrate some show to steal it from me. They – Invisible Hand et al – didn't expect however that, before the show could happen at all, the truthfulness of my story would be magically confirmed in the most massive international scandal ever. This you will see momentarily.

After I parted with Bird, I went into the UCLA biomedical library to upload the story "My experience..." onto my "Feefee blog". Within hours I would have serialized my story in two blog posts, the posts for October 11 and October 12. I was then contemplating whether I should send a copy to the Library of Congress' Copyright Office to register its copyright, but I hesitated and didn't do it. That was a mistake. I didn't because – well, can you really ask the government to protect the copyright of a story

about how the government had gone after you with clandestine operations? On the night of my flight to Taiwan, October 17, while at LAX, I used my Gateway laptop to upload what I had finished up until then of my story (including "Prison of deception") to my Gmail account and email it to Wes, which was another mistake.

The broadcast of alerts about me in Taiwan

Let's talk about my maternal cousin "Danny" (Ting Ta Cheng) a bit more than my brief mention of him in "My experience..." as a Homeland Security informant temporarily recruited to work on me when I was staying with him in Taipei in October 2007. When I "escaped" to Taiwan in December 2006 I out of desperation wrote to my mother and she referred me to Ting-Ta who was in Taiwan with his family at the time. That was the first time I heard of him. I didn't bother to contact him at the time, though. Then I met him during my homelessness in early 2007 at one of my mother's dinner events. He was with his wife and new born son, looking awfully peaceful. After the dinner we all went to the house his family was staying at in East Los Angeles. The whole place was filled with Catholic paraphernalia, indicating that he was a devout Catholic. The second and third time I met him were in Westwood and Santa Monica during my major depression in May 2007. During all this time he was in the country for his annual six-month residency which was required to keep his green card. When I met him the second time it was because I called him out of loneliness and depression and he came to Westwood to meet me. He then wanted me to do a portrait of his family, and sent me the link to his family picture albums at Yahoo in order for me to choose a suitable picture from which to work. I did. Now I want to mention the third time we met, just before he returned to Taiwan.

He took me to a park in Santa Monica where we sat and chatted for hours. I gave him the little portrait I had drawn of his family. It was then that I told him my story about the CIA and Homeland Security. It was a strange experience, for, just like what happened in early 2007, he seems to have expected what I was going to say and wasn't surprised by my bizarre story at all. I actually thought in my stupidity that he had already been briefed about it by the Agency and believed everything I told him, and so I persisted in my stupid sentimentality and tell him: you are only the fourth person that I have told my story. Since the Agency would like me to keep quiet, I continued, I should stop telling people about my ordeal... Because Ting-Ta silently listened to me to the end, I really thought he believed me. Later events caused me to realize what was going on. That is, the same old scenario on which I have elaborated earlier. Homeland Security had probably already instructed my family (this time my family on my mother's side, such as my mother and her sister) to warn him that I was a schizophrenic unable to distinguish between reality and fantasy, and that I had this particular delusion about the Bureau, the Agency, the Department, and the head of the Department. Whether this warning provided a hint that the Department, with or without other law enforcement authorities, was watching me because of my "delusion" I cannot guess, but he must have also been instructed to keep his being warned a secret from me and say nothing so as to deceive me into believing that he believed me and was never warned about me. Well he quite succeeded in this.



My cousin Ting-Ta and his family
(The portrait I did for him, 2007)

After Ting-Ta returned to Taiwan, we communicated about my upcoming trip to Taiwan, and eventually he agreed that, when I should come to Taiwan on October 17, he would receive me into his home. I was going to use my new Taiwanese passport to enter Taiwan, namely, entering not as an American this time, but as a Taiwanese citizen. See whether that would make a difference to Homeland Security operations: would Homeland Security still have the right to run operations on a foreign citizen in a foreign land? And so this was what I did when I got off the plane. Just before I went in front of the Taiwanese custom at the airport, I smoked one last cigarette in the smoking room. Homeland Security already knew my plan, it seems, and their surveillance agent – a black guy – followed me into the smoking room and sat with me for a few minutes but then waved goodbye to me (“See you later”, he said to me) as if knowing he no longer had permission to follow me through the custom. I went, and the custom officer stamped my Taiwanese passport without saying anything.

This is the beginning of a new episode. I first took a taxi to the Taipei station and, arriving there, I called up Ting-Ta. He wasn't home but his wife answered my call and gave me the direction to get to their place by taxi. Now, numerous taxis were parked in front of the station waiting to pick up passengers, but one after another refused to serve me. Finally one driver came around to offer me his service. In the car he purposely initiated a conversation with me about how the current Taiwanese president's corruption and unwise policies had caused the current economic depression in Taiwan. Since I knew nothing about what was going on in Taiwan, I had really nothing to contribute. The taxi driver then asked me if I planned on staying. I said sure, if opportunities offer themselves. He however emphasized to me that there would be no opportunities in Taiwan under the current condition, but that there would be plenty of opportunities in China mainland, and that it had become fashionable for

Taiwanese to immigrate to China and dig the new mountain of gold there. Three million Taiwanese had gone there, he said, and he couldn't stop encouraging me to follow suite. I simply answered that I wasn't too sure about this since I had never before been to China.

I would be right in suspecting that this taxi driver was instructed by Mr Secretary to encourage me to go to China. I should note that, during my trip to Taiwan in December 2006, many officials in the Taiwanese government must have been rather unsure about cooperating with Mr Secretary in knocking me down and destroying the Agency's recruitment operation because, after all, the Agency's goal was to use me to defend Taiwan against China. The Taiwanese government would have only agreed at that time to cooperate with Mr Secretary out of the impossibility to refuse the third most powerful man in the United States government. Mr Secretary would therefore have a distinctive interest in recovering from any possible bad feelings among the Taiwanese government officials toward him, and he would do this by persuading me to go to China – “to join the enemy”, that is – so that he may say to the Taiwanese President that he was after all right about me, that I was not trustworthy. Persuade me then did the taxi driver under the order of Mr Secretary. Mr Secretary must have even mentioned to the Taiwanese President how I had made all these positive remarks about China during the summer. The Taiwanese President was a corrupt independence activist, hated China, and would hate anyone who loved China. If Mr Secretary could get me to express a desire to go to China, then he would have so succeeded in painting me as a bad apple that he would have further alienated the Taiwanese President from the CIA and redeemed himself in the eyes of Taiwanese government.

In “My experience...” I have only mentioned Ting-Ta as the “most cold-blooded” Homeland Security informant I have ever met. I have mentioned not much else besides this, and now I shall provide more details. Soon after I arrived in his residence to stay with him, he was already behaving so strangely that I should have suspected him. He often took me out for a walk, and when he did so, he would carefully remember to bring his cellphone with him. While we walked, he would constantly take his cellphone out of his pocket to surreptitiously check for new text-messages. This is a very typical Homeland Security protocol: surveillance agents and informants using cellphone text-messaging to communicate with, and receive instruction from, the control center. Later Karin would do the same. At the time I did not quite suspect that Ting-Ta was in fact making sure to maintain communication with his Homeland Security handler whenever he looked for his cellphone before our walk and whenever he was checking his cellphone while we walked.

Ting-Ta and his wife were supposedly acquainted with a priest living just 50 feet away from them. Let's just call him “Priest Lin” (I can't remember his name). Priest Lin ran his evangelical fellowship right out of his house. During my first night in Taipei he was supposed to hold a prayer meeting at his place, and I went for it just for the hell of it. About three other females showed up for the prayer meeting, and there was one older man who said he led a Chinese fellowship in Culver City in Los Angeles. We went in a circle praying in turn, mostly for relatives and friends. After we finished, a young female in the group – she was in her mid-twenties – studied me intensely but with a comical look, as if looking at a strange ridiculous animal, and then had to restrain herself from bursting into laughter. It's the same sort of look I had already experienced from, among others, the Asian girl working at the Human Rights

Watch. She had seen the alert about me, obviously, the same sort of alert which back in Los Angeles slandered me as a ridiculous schizophrenic and made a laughing stock out of me for every resident in town. I didn't think too much at that moment, but I would gradually learn that the horrifying alert had indeed followed me across the ocean to Taiwan per Mr Secretary's design and was about to destroy all my chances for human contacts here.

Hurtful incidences then followed one after another during my stay in Taiwan. I spent most of my afternoons in various cybercafes trying out my luck hoping that, in a different country, my Internet campaign to get my voice heard might go somewhere. As my story "My experience..." was almost done – there was only one last conclusion to write – I naturally wanted to find a website to post it on. I began looking for a free web hosting domain. I had already decided to post my story in an Internet domain not under the control of Homeland Security, namely, China's. I had been for months collecting free hosting domain names in China, and now I just needed to put it in action. But to make my attempt less conspicuous, I coupled my search in China's Internet domain with a concurrent search for a hosting domain in Germany. My intention was to post my story both in Germany and in China. But for reasons unknown to me – I simply couldn't figure out whether it was due to my ineptness when it came to computers or whether it was due to Homeland Security's remote interference of my Internet connection – I just couldn't succeed in signing up an account and posting up my story. I found a blog spot in Germany (www.twoday.net), and, after many attempts, I could post my story on it, but only in segments, because there was constraint on the number of words on a single post. I could however never succeed in signing up a domain in China – and I was quite nervous about doing so because I didn't want to make a bad impression upon the Taiwanese authority. I was only surprised to discover that one would have no problem in Taiwan connecting to Internet sites located in China itself. Eventually I tried out domains located in Hong Kong. On one domain it was stipulated that discussion of politics was not allowed, which was presumably no problem for me since I was only trying to post a story about American intelligence agencies. In total I had tried: funpic.de (Germany), godiary.com (Hong Kong), hkdiary.com (Hong Kong), web4free.at (Austria), sina.com.hk, hi.baidu.com (China)... and more! I succeeded with none of them. After so much frustration by the third afternoon, I ran out of the cybercafe upset as hell and went crying in the street corner. A father with his family happened to walk past me. The father, recognizing me instantly, herded his family away evidently because he had seen the alert about me and didn't want to have much to do with such a badly reputed schizophrenic. The falsehood and slander of which I was becoming aware was like salt added to the wound in my psyche, and I continued crying unabated.

I also made a last attempt at genuine human contact at the Orthodox Church of Taiwan. This was only the second time I was at this place and this time Mr Secretary would make sure that my experience wouldn't be pleasant. I arrived by taxi at the Orthodox Church, and Father Muertos was there like the last time. There were many Russians besides Taiwanese converts, but there were no Greeks – quite different from the Assumption Church back in Long Beach. When the service was over, I sat down with the remaining converts at the table to share lunch with them. I quickly became depressed because I immediately noticed that everyone at this church had been alerted that I was this disgusting schizophrenic who had imagined up the idiotic story about being gone after by Mr Secretary of

Homeland Security and sought after for recruitment by none other than the Central Intelligence Agency. I thus ate my lunch silently, tears filling up my eyes as I knew no one here would have any regard for me – no one would notice the sad and lonely human being inside me that yearned for an understanding of the truth buried inside me. The most awful blow came when, after lunch, one of the leading Taiwanese converts, an older, good-looking Taiwanese woman with a gentle attitude, showed me the published form of my translation of Zizioulas' *Christian Dogmatics*. I wasn't too excited about the book because I didn't have the impression that I had translated it all that well – my Chinese writings hardly compared to my English writings. I then asked the woman about something – I don't remember what – and she immediately withdrew indicating that she didn't want anything to do with me outside the confine of church service, which revealed the extent to which Mr Secretary's false portrayal of me had damaged my connection to the rest of humanity. I was instantly overwhelmed by sadness and left the church immediately. I squatted outside the building by the entrance and began crying, knowing that I would never develop genuine relationship with another human being again because Mr Secretary's alert would follow me wherever I should go. Just then, a security guard, entangled with Homeland Security style surveillance earphones and iPods, came over to ask me what was wrong and whether I would like to tell him. But his cavalier and non-understanding manner – his insensitivity to the delicate and complex psychology of a Borderline Personality and artistic *esprit*, an insensitivity that was so typical of the simple-minded Taiwanese people – saddened me even more by making me feel even more shut-in. I therefore brushed him aside, but he insisted that I leave the premise because the residents around wouldn't want to see someone crying on their building's corner.

Riding the metro in Taipei had become an increasingly troublesome experience because everywhere, just like in Los Angeles, a massive number of people were suddenly wearing earphones. Mr Secretary seems to have restructured the entire appearance of Taiwanese society just in order to make me believe that earphones had never been a surveillance device. This of course meant that, just as in the States, most of the earphones were decoys which his Department had passed around to the inhabitants of Taipei and instructed them to wear as a way to dupe me. You might think it absurd – why should anyone be bothered by the constant sighting of earphones? But the knowledge that the entire society must have been told lies about me – that is to say about my supposed delusion about earphones (I can never guess what story Mr Secretary has concocted about my relationship with earphones) – had caused me so much distress by making me feel shut-in from all sides that I eventually would suffer nervous breakdown over the sight of earphones.

Then, one afternoon, from a payphone in the metro station, I made an oversea call to Wes. We were discussing my story "My experience..." and Wes told me that he only read it in order to see what I had written about him. Then I mentioned to him what I had buried inside me for so long, namely my suspicion that China must have known something about my case – the image of that Chinese girl coming in front of me to take a picture of me with her cellphone while I was in the UCLA Medical Center in January 2007 continually popped up in my head. I told Wes that China would be an ideal place to run to because the Chinese government officials were smart as hell and therefore would not be so easily duped like the American people. After this phone call, something must have happened, for, the next time when I called Wes, about a day or two later, he suddenly asked me why I came back to

Taiwan at all, as if testing to see whether my purpose was merely to transit into China proper. I could feel that everyone was getting very nervous about this – everyone in the Agency, that is.

Of course I intended to use Taiwan as a spring board to transit into China, it's just that I was afraid to show it, especially after the "sting operation" with the taxi driver, the purpose of which was to drive me to China anyway. I made that international phone call to Wes partly because I was counting on the possibility that international phone calls from Taiwan might be intercepted by Chinese military intelligence. My plan was to use my passport problem as a pretext– there wouldn't be a stamp on my US passport when I entered Taiwan, and the US custom officers might ask why – to go to Hong Kong where I would enter as an American and get stamped. (This was an idea which the TECO lady had suggested to me back in March.) But then I would suddenly go into China, at which point it would be too late for Homeland Security to act. During my last two days in Taiwan, however, I was suffering nervous breakdown and so didn't bother to hide my plan anymore. I used Ting-Ta's laptop to research hostels in Hong Kong and look for information about going into China. I simply told Ting-Ta that I was following the taxi driver's suggestion as a way to relieve myself of any responsibility. (I knew that Ting-Ta's home must have been bugged for my sake.)

The commotion which my phone call to Wes seems to have stirred up was a confirmation of my suspicion since a long time ago that a mole had indeed been caught in Homeland Security and that he was from China. For it was not just Wes. When I returned to Ting-Ta's place that day Priest Lin also called me to ask me: "What is your purpose in coming to Taiwan?" Then, the next day, Priest Lin came to find me at Ting-Ta's place and offered to take me to breakfast. He seemed to want to comfort me. After we finished breakfast in a restaurant, he asked me if I wanted to visit the elementary school which I had attended while a child, "Quiet Heart". But I wasn't in the mood. Obviously, he was trying to rekindle my passion for my "homeland". My desire to find refuge in China had worried the Agency tremendously. This of course made me ever want to go to China – a land where, I assumed, people would believe my story and not take seriously Homeland Security's warning about me. While we were walking back to Ting-Ta's place, I shouted to Priest Lin, "Homeland Security is slandering me behind my back!" "No such thing, no such thing," Priest Lin said, putting his arm around me to comfort me.

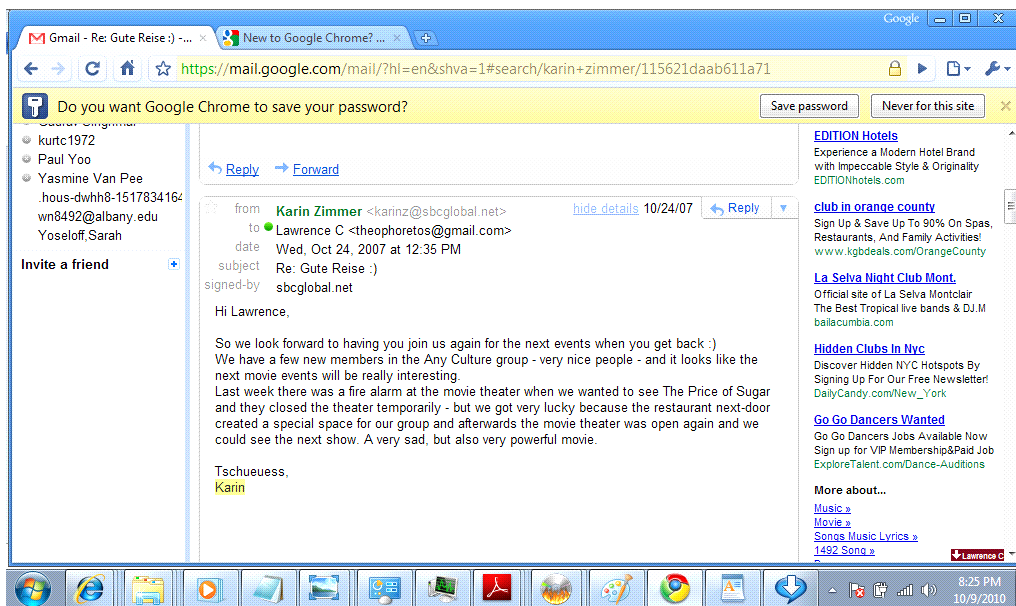
In the end, however, I decided not to go to China. This is mostly because my final chat with Ting-Ta in a park away from his wife on the night after my hangout with Priest Lin had so destroyed my morale that I could no longer muster enough strength to make the difficult trip to Hong Kong. What happened was like this. When Ting-Ta came home I, out of desperation and depression, asked him to have another chat with me. Preferring to keep his wife out of his informant activities, he took me to a park and we sat down on a bench there. There I hugged onto him and told him while crying that Homeland Security would most likely obtain cooperation from the Chinese government in broadcasting an alert about me before I even set foot in China. Only then did I realize that he was in fact a Homeland Security informant – as he kept on saying how poor he was and showed no interest in my story about Homeland Security "persecution". If he kept on insisting he was poor, that meant he was trying to hide the fact that he was getting paid for spying on me. I lost all hope and just walked back to his home without continuing the conversation with him. I decided that I must go home first. The next day I went

to the same travel agency from which my cousin "Wendy" bought me a ticket ten months ago. When I specified that I wanted a one-way ticket for Los Angeles, the same travel agent who helped me the last time suddenly discovered on his computer that direct flights between Taipei and Los Angeles were no longer available, so that my trip home would have to be routed through Hong Kong. Why? I truly suspect that Mr Secretary had purposely ordered that my flight home be transited through Hong Kong. Evidently, while the Agency was worried, he decided that he was smart enough to preempt my escape to China by orchestrating an opportunity to broadcast his alert about me to the Chinese authority before I would have a chance to say my side of the story. My passing through Hong Kong would be just such an opportunity.

Apparently, while my phone call to Wes scared everyone else, Mr Secretary, being the pathological liar that he was and finding his self-worth only in deceiving others, decided, upon hearing my remark about how smart the Chinese were, to turn around and lie to the Chinese, just in order to demonstrate to his peers and his Boss the Vice President that he could after all deceive even those that were "smart as hell". What amazed me was that he could somehow for the time being succeed when the Chinese must have known something about my case – what exactly did he tell the Chinese authority about my identity in relation to the mole whom the latter had lost?

Now the night before my flight home, I wrote an email to Karin from Ting-Ta's computer, telling her I wanted to rejoin her meetups again. In the email, I included a line which said something to the effect that this was a lesson about "not fucking with Mr Secretary of Homeland Security." I also asked her to repeat in her reply to me what I had just written her so that I could be sure her reply did come from her and wasn't a Homeland Security forgery. Worrying about the authenticity of the emails I was receiving was a paranoid fear which I had naturally developed after struggling with Homeland Security. Karin replied me on October 24 – see the screenshot below – and never bothered with my crazy request for her to repeat what I wrote her.

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Karin's email to me, 10/24/07

The next day I would be at the Taipei International Airport boarding my plane to Hong Kong, and, from there, to Los Angeles. This time the airline I was flying was Cathay Pacific. I became very upset while at the Taipei airport. Firstly, a Homeland Security agent showed up in front of me at one point to push a button on his cellphone in order to signal home "The target spotted", and, secondly, the flight attendants were staring at me strangely but tried hard to hide something from me. In the previous narrative I have also mentioned the appearance next to me of a Homeland Security surveillance girl to whom I would tell my story and who didn't believe a single word coming out of my mouth. That occurred precisely on this trip, when I was flying from Hong Kong to Los Angeles.

It was also on the flight from Hong Kong back to Los Angeles that a terrible event occurred. The flight attendant grabbed my laptop – the Gateway on which I had composed "My experience..." – away from me during takeoff and put it in the overhead bin. It was placed improperly there, so that, when I opened the bin again while on flight, it fell straight down to the floor and couldn't function anymore. After so many disasters in Taiwan, my bad luck still had to multiply. Now Cathay Pacific flight attendants had all bought into the false alerts which the Department of Homeland Security had broadcast to them about me and did exactly as the Department had instructed them: to act as if they didn't know anything about me and to be especially courteous to me this "dangerous schizophrenic" so as to deceive me that nothing was up, that it was all my imagination.

Then, something quite important which I have failed to mention in "My experience..." because its importance escaped me at that time is this. When I arrived at LAX, Mr Secretary had prepared another show for me. Just when I was passing through the last custom check point, the officer there told me to go back to the previous check point for further inspection. The two custom officers, with the badge of Department of Homeland Security on their shoulder, searched through my bag and, pretending to

accidentally discover in it the three copies of my story "My experience...", took them out. I prayed desperately that they would not realize that there were supposed to be four copies while they found only three: I had deposited one copy in Taiwan University's law library. That happened when I became so distraught after so much Internet malfunctioning in the cybercafes that I went to the said library pretending to research on laws about petitioning my case in Taiwan. Desperate to get my voice heard by someone, I secretly deposited a copy of my story on the bookshelf so that *someone, someday*, might discover what had happened to me. I even included my email address inside the booklet. A Homeland Security surveillance agent quickly came over to check on me but missed my act of depositing, so that I had most likely finally succeeded in doing one thing which escaped Homeland Security's notice. These Homeland Security thugs probably really believed that I was there researching laws about petitioning.

In any case, the custom officers pretended to be surprised by and interested in my story, each holding a copy in his hands and flipping through the pages. I didn't know at the time what the purpose might be of staging this show, and so, getting nervous and embarrassed, just kept on asking "Why are you so interested in my manuscripts?" "We want to see if there is subversive material in it," one of them said, half-serious and half-joking. The other officer then acted according to his part of the "script" and asked me – obviously as a joke but without any smile on his face – "Am I in this story?" I explained nervously that "the manuscript is not finished" and that "when it is it will not contain anything subversive". After they were done staging this show of "accidentally discovering, and being amazed by, a strange piece of writing", that second officer said to me coldly, "Okay, go. We don't care if you have subversive elements in it", giving back to me the copies of the story and sending me away. I was only happy that they didn't notice that one copy was missing.

What do you think was going on here? Remember that Mr Secretary was trying to erase from reality the entire embarrassing episode of his idiotic investigation of me as a "terrorist suspect", the interagency rivalry, the discovery of "moles" in his Department, and the "fake reality homeland security exercise" and so on, and to reinvent me as a politically dangerous schizophrenic who had imagined up all these episodes? And remember that he now wanted to create a "show" in which this schizophrenic was gradually and accidentally "discovered" – through quotidian means, as if without his orchestration from behind the scene – to harbor these delusions? He wanted the "discovery" because he wanted me to be forever under government watch and also because he wanted the label "schizophrenic" to be officially attached to me so that if I should ever talk I wouldn't be believed – it was already predicted. He must have, as I have noted, already instructed my psychologist Deborah W and my family members to report to the various authorities saying this schizophrenic had this "delusion" about Homeland Security and its Secretary and so on. Now that their secret surveillance had discovered that I had finished writing my story – and well written was it – what was I going to do with it? Put it on the Internet? Find publishers? Or pass it to the Chinese government perhaps? The story had to be preemptively discredited; but it must first be made to look like it was "accidentally discovered" so that, when the whole episode entered into official records, the discovery would supposedly not be the result of the 24/7 secret surveillance under which I lived. Knowing from surveillance that I went to and came back from Taiwan with copies of my story, our Secretary decided to orchestrate a show that "custom officers, during a routine search of randomly chosen passengers, discovered some strange

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story about the FBI, the CIA, and the DHS that was carried by a bizarre individual, who was then later identified as the known 'schizophrenic' many times reported by his psychologist and family members" and so on. He thus instructed the custom officers, after showing them my pictures, to intercept me on my way out of the airport as if simply according to routine and to pretend to search my bag, accidentally discover my story, be surprised by it, and then report it to their superior. This, later, must be the story which Mr Secretary instructed his subordinates to pass to the Chinese government as if he were not involved at all.

Soon after I had returned home I received, on October 27, an email from my mother's sister "auntie Mimi", in which she attached an email from Ting-Ta, which was dated October 25:

"Dear Aunt 5 and 6,

Lawrence went back to LA tonight, I wish everything is gonna be okay for him.

I have tried my best to help him to be a member of my family, and we've really loved him as our family, but I think I have failed. He really needs professional help, and I think there's nothing we can do so far. I really feel sad about him because he is my cousin and also such a talented young man, and we just sit there and do nothing helpful. He is a good person and he shouldn't deserve to go on his life like this. We will pray for him wherever he will be and I'm sure God will always be with him.

He is always our family and we will never stop loving him.

Ting-Ta"

Hypocrite extraordinaire. That's all I can say about him.

As for my broken laptop, I had to take it back to Best Buy for repair. It's most unfortunate because Best Buy was thoroughly under Homeland Security's control, so that when the store returned the laptop to me, you can be sure that they had scrubbed up every piece of data I had ever put into the hard disk (not that they were going to find anything I wrote which they didn't already know about) and then reconfigured the Operating System in order to enable the computer to be remotely controllable and surveillable, the administrator function having meanwhile been disabled for me. Disappointed, I simply bought another laptop, a Toshiba satellite U305 this time, from the same Best Buy and made sure to refuse when the "Homeland Security sale associate" at Best Buy offered to have their Geek Squad configure the operating system before I should carry it home. Of course I couldn't be more familiar with the fact that the Geek Squad was a bunch of Homeland Security agents in disguise. It was now November 2007. I had all this money because I used a Best Buy credit card, so that I only needed to pay twenty or thirty dollar each month. Buying a brand new computer was the only way I knew to keep my computer "clean".

Back from Taiwan: first welcoming, then frustration

Now, Karin had scheduled her German language meetup for the night of October 26, precisely the day I returned home. I wouldn't miss it for the world. It was Friday night and we met in the Metropolitan Cafe on Colorado Blvd, across the street from Laemmle Playhouse 7. Now it seems that the entire meetup had been "fixed". Gabi for some reason was dressed extremely pretty – make-up, suit jacket, and high heels – something which she had never done before. She produced the excuse that she had a professional dinner meeting to go to later, and she did leave early that night. Kim – the Korean girl working at the cafe and whose parents owned the whole place – came around to hug me from behind when Karin was taking our group photographs. Everyone was trying hard to welcome me back to the meetup – almost if it were a surprise birthday party. Apparently the Agency had (via Homeland Security) instructed everybody in Karin's meetup to be especially nice to me in order to retain me in the United States and prevent me from going to China. Toward the end of our meetup, even Michelle and Ala walked in. They said they had just watched a movie together and were simply passing by. The whole atmosphere was so relaxing that I wanted this to last forever. But the Agency's worry could only have confirmed my belief that the Chinese government did indeed know something about the interagency rivalry I had gone through – that the "mole" that was caught in Homeland Security in October 2006 came indeed from China.

I spent the next day in the UCLA Biomedical Library sitting in front of the computer and continuing my effort in signing up a free web domain that was physically located in Germany. I was however still unable to get through the Internet and could never succeed in doing such simple thing as registering an account at any one of those German sites offering free web space. It seemed to me that Homeland Security personnel were still freezing up my Internet connections remotely from their control center just as they were doing in Taiwan. I was so angered and frustrated that I ran out of the library to call Wes to cry to him about Homeland Security's relentless obstruction of my Internet connections. While Wes did not think it a big deal to not be allowed to have a website, I was practically exploding – driven insane by the feeling as if I were locked up in a prison house without anyone outside knowing what injustice I was going through inside here. After several days of struggle, however, on November 2, I was suddenly allowed to sign up an account on Lima-City (www.lima-city.de), which at the time offered website domains for free. I thus created a new website with the domain name "<http://spencer2007.lima-city.de>". I couldn't believe it. Within a week, I had added all the necessary HTML tags to my story "My experience..." and uploaded it onto my new website at Lima-City. Why did Homeland Security suddenly change their mind and allow me to have a website? It seemed that it was Mr Secretary who had ordered his thugs to permit me to do what I wanted – because, at last, his lies to the Chinese government about me were working.

You see, within days after my return from Taiwan, I had also recovered enough from my nervous breakdown as to resume planning for my escape. By October 29, the first Monday, I was at the Chinese consulate in Los Angeles applying for a Visa. Homeland Security surveillance agents wearing earphones and carrying iPods of course followed me in. From the way the Chinese girl handling my Visa application stared at me, I could tell that Mr Secretary had already notified – lied to – the Chinese

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consulate saying that there was this schizophrenic who imagined that he was mistaken as a terrorist suspect, sought by the Agency for recruitment, and now pursued by the DHS, and that he had an arch enemy in the very person of Mr Secretary of Homeland Security; and that this schizophrenic was now acting on his delusion and trying to escape to China. Namely, the same lie with which Mr Secretary had fed the Chinese authority when I was forced to transit in Hong Kong. The alert, again, must have portrayed me in such disgusting light so that, while the girl handling my Visa application followed the instruction given her and pretended to be nice to me, the Chinese guy who came out to photograph me couldn't have shown more disdain toward me.

Mr Secretary must have instructed the DHS unit in charge of my investigation to request the Chinese Foreign Ministry to issue me a Visa as if nothing were going on despite China's official policy to refuse entry to people with severe mental illness. He must have told the Chinese authority that this schizophrenic was still under investigation, that, in order to keep the investigation a secret from him, in order to make him believe that no one was going after him, everything must be allowed to function normally and smoothly. The Chinese authority cooperated and, by November 2, four days after I turned in my US passport to them, issued me a Visa. China's Foreign Ministry's cooperation must have meant that Mr Secretary's DHS unit had also obtained Chinese consent in installing around me right in China the same Homeland Security reality should I carry out my plan of going there. In this way, he must have imagined, I would never escape from his grasp.

So what was going on? Why did Homeland Security change its mind about my website? The CIA did not want me to go to China or have any communication with the Chinese government because they knew that the Chinese intelligence organ knew something about the interagency rivalry in 2006, and therefore something about me, and because I after all knew something about an operation which the Agency had planned in China. The Agency thus instructed Karin's meetup people to be especially nice to me in order to persuade me to give up my idea of escaping to China. But our Homeland Security Secretary pushed aside the CIA, claiming that he alone was sufficient to deal with me. For him, we were still in competition just like before. He believed he had by now become so versed in the art of deception that he could fool the Chinese government with his new profile of me as a dangerous sick mind, etc. While the CIA was worried that I might reveal something about their plan to the Chinese government, Mr Secretary believed that he could convince the Chinese government that I was insane so that they wouldn't even listen to me. The Chinese intelligence organ probably didn't share any information about the 2006 interagency rivalry with the Foreign Ministry, and Mr Secretary knew this, and therefore thought he could fool the Chinese government all the way by keeping his cooperation with the Chinese government in a limited domain. The Chinese government entity to which his investigative unit had made the request about me must be something other than China's foreign intelligence organ itself. His lies to the Chinese Foreign Ministry were most likely so fantastic that, even if I ever gave a copy of my story to the Chinese consulate as a way to explain myself, I would have merely made a fool out of myself, just as I did with the letter I had mailed to their Consul General. His success was the reason why he suddenly changed his mind and permitted me to tell my story on the Internet, for he thought that he could now completely discredit me without censoring me at all, simply by working on my environment.

Meanwhile, I was visiting Chinese government's website more and more. I was now specifically looking for information about obtaining a Taiwanese Compatriot Certificate (臺胞證) and finding employment in China.

The tactic of feigning mental deficiency and confusion: first beginnings

I became sure of this only after, in 2008, I had returned from China and Europe: that Wes was in fact more than someone who had simply done favor for the Agency for the purpose of my recruitment. He was actually recruited himself by the summer of 2007. Although later on he would try within his limits to protect me, when I returned to Los Angeles in late October 2007 he would be quite willing to carry out Agency's operations against me in order to protect the Agency's secrets at the expense of my mental health.

Seeing that my story "My experience..." described what happened so well, the "Invisible Hand" now decided to make a serious effort to make me appear to the world so mentally confused that nothing I said could possibly be believed. (I can't say much about their plan to steal my story altogether because they didn't have the chance to carry out such plan before the Chinese cut in.) The Agency's technique was extremely simple and yet effective: simply instructing Wes to talk to me as if talking to someone who was mentally confused. For a week after I talked to him about Homeland Security's obstruction of my Internet activities, I couldn't reach him. I eventually called up his mother in Santa Ana to ask her if he was angry with me. Days later, I was finally able to reach him. "My mom said you are worried that I would hurt myself if I think you are angry with me," Wes said. What nonsense. I was so angered by such anti-common sense garbage: "Why would anyone hurt himself because he thinks I am angry with him?" I shouted while acknowledging how insignificant I was in anyone's scheme of things. Wes agreed, but then insisted that it was I who had a faulty memory and not his mother. Since because of my ugly look and bad reputation I couldn't possibly fight against such false accusation, it was a tremendously effective technique. Who would have thought that I was the one who had correctly remembered things and Wes the one who had intentionally falsely accused me?

The CIA was again recruiting everyone around me but this time to talk me into the profile of a mentally confused schizophrenic without credibility. Although they had never thought of employing such dirty technique as false alert to the population and to the world which Mr Secretary was employing, my intention to go to China had scared them enough that they were now helping Mr Secretary portray me as a mentally confused schizophrenic – the intercept of my conversation with Wes would be incorporated into Homeland Security's alert about me – even though they had to let Mr Secretary handle my China trip because he was politically more powerful than they were. But, again, their operations would soon be interrupted by intervention of China's foreign intelligence service.

Intensified sting operations in the Meetup

When I rejoined Karin's groups after returning from Taiwan things got a little better. While her

Homeland Security handler must have instructed her to not show fear toward me in an effort to avoid raising my suspicion (that she was helping the authority "investigate" me), she seems also to have realized that I wasn't as dangerous and inconsiderate of others' perspectives as she had earlier thought on the basis of what Homeland Security had told her. So, in any case, she wasn't frightened of me anymore. But, after my first welcoming party, Mr Secretary decided to resume the earlier operation of framing me into a leftwing extremist suffering from schizophrenia and harboring white supremacist hatred, so that Karin had to resume her function of helping Homeland Security in my "investigation", usually by luring me to Homeland Security set-ups or by blasting anti-government news on our meetup website's message board. The goal was always to lure me to express the leftwing extremist anti-government hatred which Mr Homeland Security Secretary believed was inside me.

The very first "investigation" or sting operation took place on October 27, 2007. The Homeland Security unit in charge in my "investigation" instructed Karin to lure me to see the movie "Occupation 101" with her on this Saturday morning. They knew that, given my love of Karin, as soon as she put a notice on her meetup webpage about this movie event, I would RSVP. And of course I did, not wanting to miss any chance to participate in her event. When I arrived that morning at the Laemmle theater in Old Town Pasadena where the movie was shown, only Karin and one other person were there, a certain "Marianne", a Palestinian girl from Jerusalem. No one else bothered to wake up early on a Saturday just to see a movie. Karin, following her handler's instruction, showed no fear and tried to make me feel comfortable so as to not raise my suspicion that this was an operation, and to this end she tried to initiate some superficial socialization with me by asking me about my new apartment. The more she "acted", however, the more hurt I felt. I would really like to have a genuine conversation with her that actually revealed the character inside us – real "sharing" – rather than be caught up in this mindless talk about things which neither of us cared about. And more hurt did I feel when the movie event turned out to be a set-up, i.e. all the audience in the theater were Homeland Security actors pretending to get enraged by scenes of Israeli violence on Palestinians. Then, after the movie, during the Q and A session, these actors feigned outrage about how "our tax dollar was being used to support Israel", all in order to encourage me to express my anger as well. A classic instance of sting-operation. Marianne was also instructed to participate in the outrage as a way to lend the "show" a sort of realism: she thus stood up and protested loudly against American support of Israel. But since I never really had much interest in the Israelite-Palestinian issue and only went to see the movie because Karin was there, I fell asleep during the movie and then pretty much ignored all the angry outburst which the fake Homeland Security audience expressed against "Israeli oppression" during the Q and A session. Finally, when we exited theater, there were actually donation boxes set up by the entrance and more actresses were there pretending to be activists and collecting donations for the Palestinian causes. Karin made her donation while I stood by watching.

Karin's work as an informant against me was becoming increasingly hurtful to me as my liking of her intensified and my desire to become one of her friends magnified: you can't become friends with someone who cares nothing about you except secretly helping the authority ruin you. Thus my desire to escape to China and get out of the trap once and for all was further solidified.

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The same thing happened when I went to my first Portuguese language meetup. Since I was also contemplating escaping to Brazil as my back-up plan in case my "China plan" couldn't work out, I had restarted learning Portuguese and thought this meetup might help me. It was in early November that the first meetup took place. We met in a Brazilian restaurant in Venice Beach. The organizer of the group was a guy with dark skin named "Kalani". The moment I appeared in the meetup he identified me and stared at me intensely for a while, as if thinking to himself, "So this is the guy?" It was obvious that he had already been briefed that a very dangerous and insane political extremist was coming to his group, and that he had been asked to help in the investigation by showing no fear and pretending nothing was going on. A Homeland Security agent then showed up to the meetup. Since I didn't talk at all, this agent simply dominated the discussion by speaking Portuguese all the way, demonstrating to Mr Secretary who was watching all this back in the control center that his agent had at last acquired the intellectual prowess needed to adapt himself to all situations where the suspect had insinuated himself. Again, Mr Secretary was trying to "beat me" in our competition.

Valerie Plame's speaking engagement in Cal State Long Beach

I should mention as well this event. Two days after I put in my passport at the Chinese consulate I discovered on the Internet that Ms Valerie Plame was going to give a lecture and hold a book-signing event on November 5 right at California State University Long Beach. Out of curiosity, I bought a ticket for the event online. And so, on late afternoon of November 5, I arrived by bus at my old school's auditorium, thinking about a strategic question that I hoped I might have a chance to ask Ms Plame, namely, how she could have during her times of service kept her suffering a secret – it would certainly, as I have noted, be no difficult task to keep one's happiness a secret. I did wonder whether she had ever heard of me since she had already retired from her "service" before "the service" sought after me. Perhaps, I was worried, if she had not heard of me, she may even have been alerted by the Department with the same lies about me and believed it.

The ticket had a definite seating number assigned to it, and, when I found my seat, lo and behold, an old acquaintance of mine from my years at Cal State Long Beach, Eric, suddenly showed up to take the seat next to me. How could such coincidence be? I had run into him by coincidence before, namely at Davis during the summer of 2001 when I took up a sublet there after moving out of San Francisco. Eric was a doctoral student in theoretical physics back then. I couldn't avoid the impression that this coincidence was orchestrated by Mr Secretary.

It would turn out that I would have no chance to ask any question during Ms Plame's lecture. She was liberal and anti-Neoconservative, as all Agency's officers were, but she of course didn't divulge any real secrets – the real reasons for the conflict between the CIA and the neocons who were behind the Bush administration – but only toed the official story lines (that the CIA hated the Bush administration for its politicization of intelligence). When the lecture was over, I bought Ms Plame's book, *Fair Game*, just in order to have a chance to stand in front of her. As I was standing in line together with Eric, I fell into the trap by telling him about my own manuscript "My Experience..." He proclaimed while laughing that my story about the Agency and the Department could not possibly be true. Then, since I always

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carried several copies of my manuscript wherever I went, I out of stupidity gave Eric a copy – it was an unfinished version – unaware that, very likely, he had been recruited as an informant against me by Homeland Security and charged with the mission of depriving me of my copyright of my precious work in order to hide government secrets – by making it look as if someone else had actually written the story. That is to say, Mr Secretary may have adopted Agency's idea for his own purpose.

When it was my turn to stand in front of Ms Plame, I felt compelled to provide myself with a second or two to observe her reaction, and so told Eric to go before me in getting his book signed. And then it was my turn. Ms Plame looked at me for a second and then quickly lowered her head to avoid eye contact with me, asked for my name, and signed my copy of her book. At that moment I became sure that she did hear something about me but wanted to avoid raising my suspicion. It's just that I couldn't guess what she knew about me. Years later, when I became sure that the Agency's clandestine service practiced the principle "Once of the Agency, always of the Agency", I was certain that she must have known the truth about me. After the signing I walked off with Eric to his car, disappointed that I didn't get to ask any important questions.

My first step in fighting back: obtaining a Chinese email account

November 7 is the most important date. I have already told you that I had by now succeeded in putting up my story in the German Internet domain. I was now going to try the Chinese Internet domain. Although my preferred audience would be ordinary people like myself, I was, after Mr Secretary's stunt at the Chinese consulate, contemplating on getting the Chinese intelligence service to see the story too, so that, when I should escape there, they would not believe Mr Secretary's lies and cooperate accordingly in the creation of fake reality and fake friends for me. My objective was this. Since Mr Secretary had fooled China's Foreign Ministry, I had to find ways to bypass the Foreign Ministry and convey my side of the story directly to the Chinese foreign intelligence service. On November 6, I made my first step by obtaining an email account for which the server was physically located in China. 126 dot Com, I decided. I had done enough survey of the Chinese Internet terrain during the summer and while I was in Taiwan; now I could put my knowledge to use. On the afternoon of November 6, I settled down in a Starbucks by Pico and Robertson and, with my new Toshiba Satellite, did a lot of trace-route checking to make sure that my new email account on 126 dot Com was indeed physically located in a server inside China. Then, on the next day, November 7, while sitting outside a boba shop in Westwood, I sent a copy of my story "My experience..." from my Gmail account to my new 126 email account. That was some time after 4 PM. I was rather skeptical at the time that this would enable the Chinese intelligence to see my side of the story because my experience in surfing China's Internet had taught me that the Chinese government did not monitor the Internet activities of their citizens as thoroughly as the US government did those of theirs. But I must try. I was lucky – perhaps too lucky – that the story was indeed immediately intercepted without my knowing. But let's not get into this for the moment.

Then, on the night of November 7, Karin was holding a movie event for her Any Language and Culture group. We were supposed to see "Salvador Allende" at the Laemmle theater in downtown Los Angeles.

I showed up first as always, and, when Karin and everyone else showed up (there were Gabi, Elissa, and Rolf), I as usual followed Karin around hoping to have a chance to interact with her in some way. My heart sank when I became totally left out of the group: nobody there cared whether I had existed at all, let alone permitting me to deepen my connection with Karin. What's worst, when everybody entered the theater the group actually split up so that Karin went sitting by herself in a corner. I definitely couldn't sit with her for I needed somebody to serve as cushion between me and her in order to not let my crush on her become so obvious. I got so upset that I walked out of the theater without telling anyone and spent the whole time talking to Wes on my cellphone by the entrance of the theater. I wanted Karin to notice my absence and thus to get a hint of my sadness for being excluded from her group, but she nor anyone else ever noticed it. Wes, per his CIA handler's instruction, feigned faulty memory with me again. "Do you remember you used to stay home all day and never come out?" I knew he was "acting" and pretending to remember a past that had never existed in order to create the false impression that I had been suffering schizophrenia for a long time, but I protested anyway, "I don't remember myself ever doing that. In fact, I always studied outside, at a coffeehouse or something." I couldn't believe he would declare the opposite of reality in such a blatant manner, for, when I first met him during my last year at Cal State Long Beach (1997), I would spend four to five hours a day reading, and the last thing I would do was stay home doing all that reading by myself. That would be too lonely an experience for somebody with Borderline Personality Disorder. However, Wes punched me in the face: "It's called 'selected memory'". There was of course never any "selected memory" on my part: *he* was the one who was making things up. Clearly, Wes had been instructed by his CIA handler to talk to me as if I had been suffering schizophrenia for a long time so that, since Homeland Security was investigating me and intercepting all my phone calls, the intercepts of my conversation with him could be used to build up Mr Secretary's false profile of me. Telling Wes what pains I had suffered had been a long standing practice on my part, and yet I was now losing my last support system because the Agency had suddenly come standing in between us.

When everyone came out of the movie theater, the whole group walked to a Pizza place a few blocks away to eat. As you can see from the group picture from that night, I got stationed just about as far away from Karin as possible. I was completely unsociable that night. When we all walked out, Karin was having a good time chatting with everybody while we were moving toward our cars. The alert and her recruitment as a Homeland Security informant against me had made it impossible for me to connect with her nor with anyone else. I walked far behind everybody in order to look conspicuously absent and attract somebody's attention. But, in the end, Karin merely turned around and said "Bye Lawrence" and walked off, without even asking me how I was getting home. I walked all the way from downtown to my home on Venice and Grand, upset as ever. I thus decided that night to perpetuate my absence a little longer and wouldn't show up in Karin's groups for the next three weeks or so.



Karin's gathering after the movie, 11/07/07
From left to right: Barbara, Michelangelo, Fanny, Fanny's sister,
myself (blocked), unknown, Gabi, unknown, and Karin

Instead, I would devote all my time to my "China plan". My next step would of course be purchasing a plane ticket to China. Shanghai, I decided. On the next day, I went online and found a Chinese-speaking travel agency located in San Gabriel Valley, a certain "Lion Travel". I called and reserved a ticket right there and then. I tentatively set my flight for January 11, 2008, and purposely instructed Lion to find a Chinese airline. China Eastern was chosen: it regularly operated flights between Los Angeles and Shanghai. I wouldn't have to pay for the ticket until days later. Remember that my six months of homelessness earlier this year plus the section 8 housing which I had obtained in September had enabled me to save up over 3,000 dollars. I was thus in an excellent position to move forward with my plan. At the same time, since I wasn't sure if I could get Chinese intelligence's attention merely by sending my story to an email account located within China's Internet domain, I decided to sign up as well for a blog account that would be physically located in China. I chose the free blog hosting service "Bokee". I posted my story "My experience..." on this blog, so that, not only was my story residing in different parts of the world supposedly not under Homeland Security's control, but the Chinese

intelligence service may have more opportunities to notice it. I had to cut my story into seven or eight segments on Bokee because, again, Bokee imposed limitation on the length of each blog post. A week or so later, because Bokee had a poor layout design, I found another Chinese hosting service offering free web domains, "VIP" (www.vip.cn). I signed up an account there as well and put up my story there.

Disappointment with volunteering opportunities and at Peace Corps

One day in this early November, while I was sitting in the Starbucks in Westwood, I called up Wes in a dejected mood because, so far, there was no sign that I could get the truth about me known when even the Chinese Foreign Ministry had seemingly believed Mr Secretary's lies. At first Wes and I got into an argument over what I did say to his mother. He so annoyed me with his sarcasm that he drove me to extreme anger. But he then engaged me in a discussion that was supposed to be meaningful. I was at the time complaining to him about the same problem, that the alert which Homeland Security had broadcast about me had effectively severed my relationship with the rest of human kind. Nobody would talk to me after hearing Mr Secretary's slander of me. But Wes scolded me suggesting that I shouldn't always focus on my own misery and think myself more pitiful than other people and that I should despite my misfortune try to take care of other miserable people even if I thought their misery didn't equal mine. When I protested: "Your problem in personal relationship is no problem when you don't have Homeland Security destroying your entire connection with the rest of the human race!" he advised me to do just the opposite of how I felt: go take care of others as if they were less fortunate than I. Wes had so moved me with his admonishment that I was prompted to seek out volunteer opportunities at the same time that I was working on my trip to China.

I signed up for Volunteer Match and began looking for volunteer opportunities. The first one I found was not "meaningful" in Wes' sense: it was a volunteer position at a documentary film festival which was to take place at the Egyptian theater in just a few days. It seems to be the case that, when I arrived there, all the other volunteers and employees had already been alerted about me, although none of the guests seem to have been. I remember particularly a funky British girl who came in to see a film. I chatted with her about movies and her doings, and she really didn't seem to have shut herself off from me and be hiding any disdain or disgust toward me; she really didn't seem to have heard of me at all. I suppose Mr Secretary was actually quite selective in finding the audience for his alert about me.

The next volunteering opportunity I found on Volunteer Match was for Silverado Hospice. The service was run by a certain Virginia Norris, an older chubby woman with a very congenial personality. This was a long standing opportunity. The first training session with the Silverado Hospice came on November 17. There was, among all the people who had showed up for the training, a high school student who came in with iPods and everything else of "Homeland Security reality". His demeanor was so vulgar that I had to assume he was sent in by Homeland Security as part of the continual investigation of this schizophrenic political extremist.

While doing all this I was still pursuing my bid at Peace Corps, which would however become the decisive defeat that would prompt me to give up the United States altogether as hopeless and turn my

attention entirely to China. My strategy had always been going both ways in opposite directions until I could be sure which way was the better way: to stay in United States or to escape to China. And so I decided to continue working on Peace Corps even though my interest in staying on America's side was steadily diminishing. Mr Secretary would disappoint me. You have already seen that I had followed "Wendy's" suggestion and applied for a position at Peace Corps. As months went on and the matter came to fruition during the hot summer of 2007, I was notified that my interview with the Peace Corps recruiter was set on November 13 2007. I attended my first Peace Corps orientation at the Borders Bookstore in Westwood a week or so before the interview. A nice white girl named "Terri" was the orientation speaker. After her speech, when it was time for everyone to ask questions, I raised my hand and asked her the mundane question of whether I would be able to use the Internet if I was sent to a small village in some third-world country. No problem, she said. When the orientation session was over, I went up to Terri to talk to her face to face about my concern. This time she recognized me and became tremendously frightened, thus revealing to me that she had already been alerted by Homeland Security about me. She tried hard to produce a smile for me in accordance with the instruction in the alert to pretend that nothing was going on so as not to raise my suspicion. I was absolutely disappointed and was feeling my avenue getting narrower each day.

My interview at Peace Corps days later would turn out to be a total disaster. The interviewer had already received a Homeland Security alert about me and decided to reject me, but he must continue to process my application because he had to follow the instruction in the alert to proceed with things normally in order to not raise my suspicion. The alert did not matter this time, for I answered the interview questions so badly that the recruiter wondered why I had applied for the position in the first place. After I was done with the interview, I called up Wes about the matter. I had told him before that Peace Corps might be a way out of Homeland Security's real world prison house since it would be ridiculous should the Department decide to fly to a third world country to alert the whole village about how crazy and dangerous and racist their Peace Corps help was and then instruct them to pretend nothing was going on when I arrived to help them! But, now that I had ruined the interview, what should I do to get in touch with real people who will not do "acting" in front of me? Now that the village people in some third world country had proved to be a dead-end? Wes admonished me again, pointing out how I only complained about other people's not wanting to be my friend and reminding me that I should think about "being a friend" to other people. "How *you* can be a friend to..." Wes again temporarily lifted me up from depression and hopelessness by making me contemplate the matter from a different perspective. But of course nothing would really change for me. None of his wisdom could enable somebody with Borderline Personality Disorder to bear Mr Secretary's massive slander.

Sting operation at the Hungarian Language Meetup

One last disappointment occurred on November 17, after which my luck would begin to turn. On this night Mr Secretary planned another sting operation for me via Meetup. It was a dinner event at a Hungarian restaurant with the Hungarian language meetup group. How did I come to have something to do with the Hungarian language meetup group when I had never learned a single word of

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Hungarian? Since this meetup event would acquire tremendous significance later on, I shall take some time to explain it. On November 4 2007, Karin sent out an email to all her group members:

“Hello everybody,

Here is an interesting event recommendation from Andy:

The Hungarian group is planning a visit to the Dali exhibit at LACMA on Nov. 17th and then going to the Duna Csarda restaurant afterwards. Nanda, the group organizer, told me it would be fun to invite other groups as well – this way we can get a group discount for the exhibit and a great rate for a buffet at the Duna Csarda restaurant (\$14) and make this a multi-cultural event.

<http://hungarian.meetup.com/119/calendar/6568250/>

You can sign up on their website or – if that is not possible (because you may have to be a group member to sign up?) – contact Nanda from the site.”

Just because several of us from Karin's Any Language and Culture group wanted to go to the Dali event, we signed up to become members of the Hungarian language meetup even though none of us knew any Hungarian. Notably, Ellissa and I. When the day came, however, I missed the exhibition entirely because I was at Silverado Hospice's training session, but afterwards I managed to arrive at the Hungarian restaurant in time for the dinner gathering. It was a large gathering, and Ellissa was not there, but quite a few people were attending the dinner event who had nothing whatever to do with the Hungarian language or the Hungarian language meetup group. As noted, the whole event was a set-up – the entire group having been alerted about me as some sort of schizophrenic leftwing extremist under investigation – and Homeland Security had installed an agent in that group as a permanent member, a certain “Vincent Berkeley Chen” who was also from Taiwan and who evidently didn't have anything to do with the Hungarian language either but who was only there because I was there. He tried to carry out the Department's sting operation for tonight – namely, blasting anti-government leftwing extremist statements in order to lure me to participate in the outburst – but had not much chance because everyone else was busy talking. At one point, for example, he pretended to be very angry and shouted “George Bush” – he was just about to bash the President when the people around started talking and he missed his chance. When the original “Hungarian bunch” started talking, however, it was all Bush-bashing, as if the whole gathering were a “Bush-bashing party”. Hidden behind everyone's feigned anger toward the government was his or her utter disdain toward me as the most despicable rebel – even though I had never uttered a single anti-government statement lately. (Of course I no longer dared.) I only wished I could hear for myself what lies exactly Homeland Security had told everyone about me that were so effective in conditioning everyone to detest me and in breaking up my chances for genuine human contacts.

Mr Secretary's project to ostracize me from the rest of humanity was so aggressive this time that even my little penpal in France, "Cam", was affected. On the night of November 17 she wrote me a mysterious email at the end of which she professed that she hated physics. I would never hear from her again, and it's of course not that I had any desire to hear from her, but that I really wanted to know what she was told about me. She was at the very least told what I had told Gaurav and his FBI agent friend back in January 2005 in Montreal, that I would very much like a girlfriend who was a physicist. Apparently Homeland Security had instructed the French authority to alert "Cam" that she was in contact with a very dangerous schizophrenic, and had even told the French authority to share with her what I had privately shared with others while under surveillance. "Cam" was thus taught how to look unattractive to me in order to get rid of me – as if I wanted an under-age girlfriend from a foreign land to which I had no intention of traveling!

My luck was turning: the beginning of an international crisis

Now let me tell you how the tide began to turn against our Homeland Security Secretary. I didn't know – as it would turn out – that the Chinese foreign intelligence service – the Ministry of State Security, or "MSS" for short – did have something very similar to NSA's Echelon system which would send alert when, filtering all Internet traffics within China's domain, it detected certain keywords or phrases. Since my story was filled with words like "FBI", "CIA", and "terrorism", etc., it must have flagged the system within seconds. The officer who was merely doing his routine monitoring would also perform the routine of fishing out the document from the email account in question and, since it was all in English, would have passed it to another officer who, after reading a little, would have performed a check on the intelligence service's database. Within seconds, however, the information which "Big Sister" had passed to the Chinese intelligence about me back in March 2006 would have popped up, completely surprising him – that this guy was telling the truth in the very first paragraph. *Are you getting this?* There was something which I have not mentioned before because it seemed completely insignificant at the time of its occurrence. One day in March 2006, when I was toiling in the McGill law library on my translation of *Christian Dogmatics* for the Orthodox Church of Taiwan, I accidentally surfed onto the website of a professor of philosophy in China. This "Professor Wong" taught at Zhejiang University in Hangzhou. He had developed the concept "the Age of the Second Axis" which was very similar to my "Second Axial" which I had propounded in my *Scientific Enlightenment*. I thus wrote an email to him to this effect, and he soon replied asking me where I taught and so on. I just told him that I taught nowhere and was in Canada at the time. That was the extent of our communication. But our "Big Sister" at the Bureau, paranoid as usual and dying to sniff up something, must have then shared her investigation with the Chinese Ministry of Public Security asking the latter to check on this professor of philosophy. Of course the Chinese duly complied in accordance with international agreement, but they must have thought it far-fetched that this renowned professor in Hangzhou would have anything to do with terrorism. When the investigation of Professor Wong came to nothing, the Chinese, in accordance with their standard procedure, entered the information which Big Sister had given them – in the form of a document describing me as a "terrorist suspect" – into their centralized database, and there it remained until this day.

In any case, after my story was intercepted from my email account, it continued to be passed around, until it ended up on the desk of the director of the Ministry of State Security himself. The story demanded the director's immediate attention because, just around this time, the Foreign Ministry was entering into the centralized database the "alert" which Mr Homeland Security Secretary had prepared about me describing me as a schizophrenic who had imagined up a story about being investigated as a terrorist suspect. The officers at the MSS discovered these two mutually contradictory documents, both coming from the United States, one describing me as a terrorist suspect and the other as a schizophrenic who had imagined himself to be a terrorist suspect but whom no government entity had investigated as a terrorist suspect. And now a story was found in a recently created email account in which the subject confessed to have been investigated as a terrorist suspect. Moreover, the Foreign Ministry had noted that this guy was coming to China soon. What was going on? When the MSS director and his entourage began examining my story, they must have noted some similarity with a scenario they had once heard about. Remember the "mole" whom we have planted in the United States Department of Homeland Security and whom we have mysteriously lost back in October 2006? And remember the strange legend who could identify surveillance agents by mere sights? And remember the strange internal strife our "mole" has reported about occurring within the United States intelligence community where the Department of Homeland Security was suspecting an operative of the CIA of terrorism? This story is telling us about it!

Now something then happened which I totally did not expect. I'm talking about the consequence of my inclusion in my story of the episode of the "interview" with Mark in early November 2006. From the question which Mark posed to me – the difference between the Western and the Chinese scholarly view in regard to the origins of the Chinese people and the associated controversies over the genetic make-up of East Asians – one can deduce a basic idea about the operation which the Agency had in mind in regard to China. The Agency's plan in China was evidently to raise the consciousness of the ethnic minorities in China and to engender conflict between them and the Han majority in an effort to fragment China: go into a country and find the discontent groups within as the basis on which to divide and conquer – such had always been the Agency's approach to any country. The CIA had been for many years inciting the Uighur in the northwest and the Tibetans in southwest to rebel against the Chinese central authority on "human rights" grounds; and now the Agency's specific plan was evidently to incite the southern minorities to rebel against the Han-dominated Chinese communist authority under the cover of academic controversies over genetics (thus the work of Cavalli-Sforza) and the meaning of archaeological finds in China – the job for which the Agency originally had me in mind. This was a project of promoting ethnic consciousness among China's southern minorities under the disguise of academic research. The research into the origins of Chinese civilization was innocent enough, there was only scientific objectivity and no political purpose. And yet political opposition would be clandestinely cultivated, as if it were the unintended consequence of scientific objectivity. Nothing would ever be traced back to the CIA, the State Department, and their German equivalents. I will defer an exposition of CIA's general plan for China to a subsequent narrative; for now I just want to point out to you that the Agency's ultimate objective was "regime-change" in China (the toppling of the Chinese Communist Party).¹ The director of the MSS and his entourage were of course no idiots; they had

1 The CIA and the State Departments were always partners in the game of "destabilization" of foreign countries. This I

known about the CIA's objectives and operations for years, and would immediately recognize this particular operational plan upon reading the episode of the interview in my story. They would be wondering: if this guy is telling the truth in the beginning of his story, then he is probably telling the truth here, and if he didn't get the job, wouldn't the CIA have found someone else to fill his spot? I suppose moreover that, when the director of the MSS compared the FBI document with the DHS alert about me, he must have also summoned the Russian intelligence attaché in Beijing to get a second opinion as to the authenticity of my story. I should remind you that the Chinese intelligence had drawn up a special treaty with the Russian intelligence, aiming for mutually beneficial intelligence-sharing, ever since the beginning of 2000. The Russian intelligence attaché in Beijing would also immediately recognize the authenticity of my story. For the Agency's long standing modus operandi had always been "divide and conquer": alienating the discontent minorities in the target nation in order to fragment the latter. Furthermore, my mention of Mark's interest in my comprehension of German also rang a bell, for the German Bundesnachrichtendienst had been the CIA's closest partner in the Balkan theater in the late 1990s, in Chechnya and Central Asia, and now in China. The Russians were well aware of this. So someone in the MSS would have been charged with the task of calling up all the universities in China to see if there existed someone who was doing genetics of southern China's minorities in relation to Chinese archaeology and then some German philosophy at the same time. Voilà, surprise. Some professor reported that there was a graduate student *from Germany* who was engaged in exactly the same controversies – a proponent of the Western view of the origins of Chinese civilization – in exactly the same manner as described in the interview in my story. I shall explain later how I knew about this graduate student. Here I will just tell you at once that the university in question was Beijing University, and that the student in question was a German girl in her late 20s, fluent in Chinese and having an expertise in Chinese archaeology. You can now imagine how the MSS eventually arrested her, how, that is, after locating the German girl, the MSS officers began running surveillance on her, how a few days of interception of her communications revealed a whole network of Western agents bent on subversive activities... Thus, one day, the MSS officers appeared and surrounded her apartment and, just as she was returning from school, arrested her. The German girl, a certain "Enkel", who was not especially selected for her intuitive spy organs, was probably not even aware that she had already been – unintentionally on my part – sold out and was put under surveillance by the MSS – the chief counter-intelligence organ in China with a fearsome reputation – until the day of reckoning. She simply could not have believed it.

Now the officers of MSS wouldn't dare touch her because she was a German citizen. What they would do to make her talk, according to my impression, would be "soft torture", such as sleep deprivation

will also discuss in a future chapter. I have never mentioned in "My experience..." that, some time in the summer of 2006, when the Agency first began recruiting me, two State Department officials came to "check me out" in the Century strip club when I was there waiting for my regular meeting with the black girl stripper. They didn't talk to me, but just stood in the middle of the club watching me watching the girls dancing on the stage. I was tipped off about the situation when I overheard a club employee mentioning to the girls that these two men came from the State Department. All the girls went to them to ask them for lap dances, but the two men politely refused all. They just watched me full of smiles, as if looking at the funniest creature in the universe. Well, I *was* the funniest terrorist suspect they had ever seen. The CIA had told them that it was intending on recruiting me, and shared with them the intercepts of my conversations with Wes, which must have been the funniest eavesdropping in their whole career.

(with a light bulb forever turned on in her face, for example) or sensory deprivation. One day, two days, and three days... Eventually she would break and confess everything. For she ain't Navy Seal but was originally only a plain old graduate student. What's everything? Agency's plan in China together with the German Bundesnachrichtendienst, that is, that she was my replacement, etc., here to "raise the consciousness" of China's southern minorities by reminding them how both genetics and archaeology had revealed that they were not Chinese. She would have been incensed because the Agency's girls had never had the habit of selling each other out. All this would have taken place by November 16, my birthday!

Although I wanted the Chinese intelligence service to see my story and believe me instead of Mr Secretary of Homeland Security, I didn't expect them to make arrests, because I thought erroneously that the operation for which the Agency came to recruit me was canceled. I did suspect that the Big Sister had passed information about me on to the Chinese government because I was familiar with her level of paranoia and was thus certain that she would not miss Professor Wong. This is another reason why I believed the Chinese government would believe me. I expected that the document which the Big Sister sent to the Chinese authority should contain one crucial piece of information to confirm for the Chinese the truthfulness of my story, namely, the name of the Chinese-speaking translator on Big Sister's team who had prepared the document itself for the Chinese Ministry of Public Security: the same "Vee" whom I had named in my story "My experience..." The MSS director would have seen the same "Vee" in my story *and* in the document which the FBI had sent to his colleagues in March 2006. Moreover, I expected that the events which I had described for my sojourn in Montreal would also be described on the FBI document sent to the Chinese government in 2006.

Now when the MSS director and his entourage had reached the end of my story, they would read about how Mr Secretary had tried to silence me by broadcasting an alert portraying me as a dangerous schizophrenic – a dirty tactic to prevent people from believing me under the disguise of a security alert. The alert was broadcast to diplomatic services around the world, and so the MSS director would have called up the Ministry of Public Security and the Foreign Ministry and obtained the alert which Mr Secretary had instructed his department to communicate to the latter two Chinese departments during the previous two occasions (when I mailed my letter to the Chinese consulate in September and when I changed plane in Hong Kong on October 25): the theatrically composed profile of me as a disgusting and racist schizophrenic harboring hateful delusion about Mr Secretary because of his Jewish descent. What was most amazing about Mr Secretary's current alert to China's Foreign Ministry was the US request for China's "cooperation", including issuing a Visa to the said schizophrenic as if nothing were going on so that the investigation may be kept a secret from him. The MSS director now realized that Mr Secretary was lying to all the Chinese agencies in order to beat me down. What does he take us for? This guy is a terrorist suspect and a CIA recruit! Anger would be a natural reaction among the MSS officers, but they would also have felt a sense of thrill: By lying the Americans had violated international laws, specifically United Nations Security Council Resolution 1373, which obliged all states to share information about persons and groups suspected of planning terrorist activities. But the MSS officers must have also thought it strange: this seems just too easy. Is this guy helping us by purposely furnishing us with information to enable us to expose a CIA operation and to complain about

the United States? Why is it that we have intercepted his "confession" just before he comes and at the same time as the US Secretary of Homeland Security is sending us the latest lies to slander him?

Happening concurrently with the Chinese interception of my story from my email account was my attempt to advertise my website within the Chinese Internet domain itself. I was still unsure whether the Chinese intelligence service would be able to fish out my online postings from among the infinite number of messages that were being constantly added within the Chinese Internet domain. After I had signed up a Chinese blog account, I decided to sign up for the discussion forum of a Chinese military information website, www.5281.cn, and post a one page summary of my story there. I then asked everyone on board if I could publish my story in China. That was November 16, my birthday, when, without my knowing, the MSS director had already arrested my replacement and ascertained the authenticity of my "confession". Using the handle "fuling2007", I wrote:²

大家好，我想请问一个问题。

我最近写了一本有关于美国情报机器的故事。这是用英文写的。可是由於此事内容过于 sensitive 之故，在美欧等地大概是出版不了的。不知有没有在中国出版的可能？在中国可有此类的英文书籍的市场？这个故事是讲述我在去年亲身经历的事。事情大概是如此：三年前（2005年初）当我在加拿大上学时，因为在电话上说错话，引致美国联邦调查局前来调查我。虽然他们未找出东西，可是一年后他们又将我搞错为别人，又开始调查我一番。等到联邦调查局发现他们搞错人之后呢，奇怪的事就开始了。那是2006年夏天，我已回到加州之后。美国中央情报局(其之 clandestine service) 因我总是能发现监视之故，认为我有天份，在其它方面又很使他们如意，於是前来教改我以便錄取我，为其用上很多的奇招，主要是利用我身边的一些人，为我制造假的环境，以便重新教育我，然后又用他们的特工来与我交道，这些特工又聪明又漂亮人又好，很快地就将我迷上了，使得我非常愿意加入中央情报局。可是从2006年8月开始，美国国土安全局前来干預，想要阻止中央情报局錄取我，两个机构於是互鬥起来。我因为国土安全局调走我的“中央情报局的朋友”而生气，在电话上与朋友说国土安全局内有外国来卧底的，不知是否是正好碰巧说中了，导致国土安全局全面骚动，将我住的地方的居民全部撤离，用了上万的人来包下我，我又侮辱了国土安全局的人，得罪局内的大官；国土安全局的大官正好又是美国政府内脾气最大的一位，他一气之下，击败中央情报局，将其妙招学来，将其势力夺走，迫使中央情报局与他的国土安全局一起把我包下，最后终于使得中央情报局在今年年初不再决定用我。自此之后，国土安全局就不停地整我，我到那儿他们就在那儿传播我的坏话，无论是到加拿大、台湾、欧洲皆是如此，搞得无人敢真心地与我交道，无政府敢不把我当成危险人物看待，并控制我身边所有的人，用他们来骗我害我，以至我今日落到“天下虽大，而无我容身之处”的悲惨地步。去年这两个机构把我误作为天才，而其实我只是在识别特工和说活得罪人之事上有过人的才华罢了，说起其它正事，我根本是个白痴。我手无缚鸡之力，如何是危险人物？这件荒唐奇事去年曾在美国政府中闹得极大，使得美国情报机构结构发生变化。谢谢。

“Hello, everyone,

² See document "www.5281.cn_bbs_viewthread_1.pdf".

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
The government's investigation of a "schizophrenic": Part III of III
Lawrence C. Chin
Dec. 2008; Aug 2010; Dec. 2011; Dec. 2012; Apr. 2017

I have recently written a story about the intelligence system of the United States. This story is written in English. However, because of its sensitive nature, it's not really possible to publish it in America and Europe. I don't know if it's possible to publish it in China? Is there a market for such books in China? The story tells of a true experience which I have had last year. The story is roughly like this: three years ago (2005), when I was studying in Canada, because I talked wrong things on the phone, I caused the FBI to come investigate me. Although they didn't find anything, one year later they confused me with someone else once more, and began another round of investigation of me. When the FBI discovered that they had mistaken me for someone else, strange things began happening. That was the summer of 2006, when I had already returned to California. The United States Central Intelligence Agency (its clandestine service), because I kept detecting the surveillance around me, considered me to be talented, and they were very satisfied with me in other domains as well, hence they came to recruit me. For this they used many strange techniques, mainly using the people around me to make a fake reality as a way to re-educate me, and then sent many agents to befriend me. These agents were beautiful, smart, and of nice characters, so that they quickly captured my heart, and I became very willing to join their organization. But beginning in August 2006, the Department of Homeland Security came to intervene, trying to prevent the Agency from recruiting me. The result is that the two agencies began fighting each other. I became angry with the Department's personnel for driving away my 'Agency friends', and talked on the phone about there being moles from foreign countries burrowing inside the Department. I don't know if it's because I guessed it right, it caused the Department to jump into total mobilization, they evacuated all the residents of the place where I lived, using tens of thousands of people to seal me up in a bubble. I then insulted their agents, and angered the big official in the Department. The big official just happened to be the most violently tempered of all people in the US government. When he got angry, he beat the Agency, learned the Agency's strange techniques, took away its power, forcing it to cooperate with his Department in sealing me up in a bubble and finally to not recruit me in the beginning of this year. After this, the Department never ceased tormenting me, spreading slander about me wherever I went. Whether I went to Taiwan, Canada, or Europe, it's all like this. They caused no one to ever want to befriend me with a genuine heart, and no government to not take me for a dangerous person. They also controlled everyone around me, ordering them to deceive me and to harm me. To the point where I have today fallen to the sad state that 'Even though the world is large, there is no place for me.' Last year these two organizations took me for a genius, but in fact I have only surpassed others when it comes to identifying secret agents and offending people with my mouth. When it comes to normal affairs, I am just an idiot. The strength in my arm is not sufficient to kill a chicken, how can I be of danger to anyone? This ridiculous affair has during last year caused a lot of tumult in the US government, resulting in the change of the very structure of the US intelligence system.

Thank you all.”

The link I posted was to my website in Germany (Lima City) because this site was well-designed and displayed my story in whole rather than in segments. I got some insignificant replies here and there and never really knew if these meant anything. Some asked me to spill out more of my story, which made me suspect that they might have been handles taken over by Chinese intelligence asking me to offer

more intelligence about the CIA! This was in fact probably the case: after busting up a single CIA operation, the MSS director wondered if I had more information to give him. I didn't. But I got my first hint that I might have succeeded in getting my side of the story heard. I only found it strange that I didn't see any visits to my Lima-City website when I checked its visitors' log.

If you are aware of the intricacies in the Sino-American relationship during the year of 2007, you would understand China's frustration with the United States in this turbulent year during which China had taken so much "crap" from the United States: the manufactured crisis surrounding the quality of Chinese exports, the reception of Uighur extremists into the White House... Then there was the almost two-decade long cold war between the United States and China: while the US corporations were building up China's industrial capacities and enriching China's Central Bank by outsourcing a massive number of manufacturing jobs to China and then importing the products back to the United States, the US government had been secretly planning to break China into pieces and remove China's current regime through CIA's and State Department's clandestine means. When the neocons came to power, they created this fictitious "War on Terror", whose real goal was the destruction of China and Russia. China and Russia had created the Shanghai Cooperation Organization just in order to counter United States' incursion into their sphere of influence under the pretext of fighting Islamic terrorists. Again, I will discuss this issue in a subsequent chapter. Here I simply want to point out to you that the MSS director, who wanted to free China from the threats posed by the United States, had thus a tremendous interest in both exposing CIA's overall plan for China and disrupting America's "War on Terror" – and he began to see a way to do this. Simply exposing American hypocrisy in the War on Terrorism was enough reward. The United States' violation of UN Resolution 1373 could result in its legal consideration as a "terrorism-sponsoring state". Imagine that! The United States had been going around the world labeling as "terrorism-sponsoring state" any country it didn't like – any country which refused to kowtow before American might and hand over its oil reserves or natural resources to American corporations – while it itself received into the White House as "freedom fighters" the Uighur Islamic radicals (for instance) who had been trained in the training camps in Afghanistan and had done all the things you can imagine terrorists doing. The Chinese had charged to Americans' face many times already in the UN: when the Islamic radicals work against you, you call them "terrorists"; but when they work against us you call them "freedom fighters". But the United States had always been able to get away with it: Look, your government has been oppressing the Uighur people! And now there was this case where Americans' "sponsoring of terrorism" was unequivocal. Thus the MSS director decided to not stop with the arrest of a CIA-BND spy but to pursue the matter as far as he could. It's pay-back time, he thought. After discussion with the diplomatic services of his country, he instructed his MSS officials to fly to the United States to begin requesting information about me from the US government entities, and he himself flew to New York to get ready for the matter in the United Nations Security Council's Counter-Terrorism Committee.

The Department of Homeland Security's warning about me, you recall, was attached to my Visa application. The personal information which I had submitted on the form included my name, my address, my cellphone number, and of course my passport number. I didn't include my email address, and certainly not my new email address at 126 dot Com, which I only acquired after I had submitted

my Visa application. Other than my name, there was thus no direct link between the Visa application (to which was attached the Homeland Security warning about me) and my story in my new Chinese email account in which I would, as you shall see, also deposit all my travel information. Furthermore, the FBI document which the Big Sister had passed to the Chinese government must have also noted a certain difficulty in ascertaining my identity, because I had two different birthdates registered in official records. This I will discuss later. In order to build up a more solid case, therefore, the MSS director felt compelled to set up a trap for Mr Secretary by requesting more information from him which would end up confirming the links between the Visa application, the FBI document, and my story, so that my identity may be established beyond doubt and Mr Secretary may incriminate himself. The MSS officials, under their director's instruction, came to Mr Secretary of Homeland Security himself to ask him to supply more information regarding this warning which his Department had just passed to the Chinese Foreign Ministry about this white supremacist Taiwanese schizophrenic harboring bizarre delusion about the Jewish Secretary of DHS. "We have recently intercepted from an email account within our Internet domain this autobiographical document purportedly written by the person you have warned us about... The warning does mention this document which you have told us your custom agents have once discovered in the possession of this schizophrenic... Give us more information. Did he really go to the University of Quebec in Montreal at one time? Did he have two birthdates registered? Is this the same person?" Most importantly, the MSS officials would request the Department of Homeland Security to confirm my passport number on my Visa application, and to furnish information about my bank accounts, etc., because the FBI document about me had listed all this ordinary identification information. These requests were legitimate, especially when the Department had requested Chinese cooperation in my "investigation". Our Homeland Security Secretary was at first surprised: his original plan was to keep the real Chinese security organ – like the Ministry of State Security – out of the picture and to work with the Chinese Foreign Ministry and other law enforcement organs in China. Now China's official foreign intelligence organ had suddenly taken notice of the "schizophrenic", and wanted to know if the suspect's "confession" as a terrorist suspect was true. He didn't want the Chinese to read my story, and he thought his fantastic lies to the Chinese Foreign Ministry would have prevented anyone in the Chinese government from ever reading my story. He didn't expect me to bypass the wall he had erected in China's Foreign Ministry and cause China's official intelligence organ to see it. But he didn't think it a big deal. He instructed all his Homeland Security representatives to maintain, while confirming my passport number and banking information, that, although the suspect's account of his schooling, etc., was true, his story was absolutely false, a pure product of his schizophrenic delusion. But the story is so well written, so realistic, the MSS officials would have countered. Mr Secretary could have instructed his representatives to respond either that, although this guy suffered from schizophrenia, he was extremely intelligent and literary, or that – Mr Secretary following upon the Agency's plan – he had merely plagiarized the whole story from someone else. But he had most likely instructed his representatives to respond that this schizophrenic had put together the story by collecting various news articles which he had found on the Internet about the FBI, the CIA, and the DHS and weaving them into a fantasy about his being mistaken as a terrorist and so on, which he then truly believed. Mr Secretary instructed his representatives to answer all inquiries as if he hadn't instructed them as to how to respond because he wanted to pretend that he had really very little knowledge about this schizophrenic and was getting all the information from his

inferiors who were concerned about his safety. When Mr Secretary appeared before the MSS officials personally, he would assure the Chinese that his Department had testimonies from this schizophrenic's family members, doctors, and best friend in regard to his hopelessly delusional state. When the MSS officials left, he had no idea that he had fallen into a trap, that, because all the answers his representatives had provided were official statements, he had just given the Chinese the US confirmation that this "Lawrence Chin" found on the FBI document, on the DHS alert, and on my story was indeed the same person. The requesting of information may have lasted several days. At some point a few officials from the State Department may have become quite concerned and gone to Mr Secretary himself: Aren't the Chinese aware of this guy's case? But, by this time, as I have mentioned, Mr Secretary had already become quite sure of his status as the master of deception. Don't worry, I have fixed my story to be impenetrable, Mr Secretary would have said. Since my story had also mentioned RCMP, FBI, CIA, CSIS, and the Taiwanese government, when the MSS director requested information from all these diverse entities to confirm Mr Secretary's story, Mr Secretary would have instructed all of them to repeat the same story which he had devised: that no one had ever heard of the guy, that he must be what the Department had revealed, a schizophrenic with an anti-Semitic bent, etc. The CIA headquarters would deny that its clandestine service had ever tried to recruit him, and everybody else would deny having ever investigated him. Not everyone was comfortable about lying to China's official foreign intelligence organ, but the neocons were on the ascendancy, and Mr Secretary of Homeland Security was the third most powerful person in the US government. On the Chinese side, the MSS director would have become sure from the exchange of information that America's Secretary of Homeland Security was completely unaware of the fact that the dear FBI of his country had left records behind in his hands.

Finally, the right moment had come. One day, around November 20 or so, the MSS director suddenly came to the UN Security Council to call for an emergency session for its Counter Terrorism Committee. Perhaps he had even summoned Mr Secretary of Homeland Security himself to the meeting. There he pulled out the FBI document, passed it around to everyone, and pointed out the various matches between the story I had written and the details of events described in the FBI document. He charged to the US representative's face: This document, which the FBI liaison from your embassy in Beijing passed to us in March 2006, clearly confirms that the person in question here is a terrorist suspect and unequivocally indicates that the content of his story is mostly accurate. And your Department of Homeland Security has admitted that this person is the same person who you are now warning us is a schizophrenic. Your Department of Homeland Security has been lying to us, the MSS director would charge to Mr Secretary's face on the other end. And Mr Secretary, when he received the FBI document together with his assistant, might have even shouted out of reflexes, "Where did you get this?" The MSS director would then continue: This is a violation, clear and unequivocal, of our Resolution 1373. We will bring up the matter to the International Court of Justice.

Now the procedure of the United Nations was like this at the time. The MSS director would have instructed China's diplomats in the Hague to bring all the evidences to the International Court of Justice – the FBI document, my story "My experience with the FBI, the CIA, and the DHS", the Homeland Security warning and request for cooperation, Homeland Security's confirmation of the information

about me, and the CIA-BND spy's confession – and file a claim against the United States, Canada, and Taiwan for violation of UN Resolution 1373. The claim and the evidences, in one package, would then be distributed to all the representatives in the UN Assembly. Officials from governments around the world would then all be reading my story.

Canada was being sued because both RCMP and CSIS had followed Mr Secretary's instruction and denied that they had ever investigated me, while the Big Sister had mentioned on the FBI document in MSS director's hand both agencies' participation. The Taiwanese government had been instructed by Mr Secretary to lie to China even weeks before, when the plane that carried me to Hong Kong for a brief transit on October 25 2007 took off in Taiwan. You might as well as I find it mysterious that Taiwan would even have to answer the accusation brought against it in the International Court of Justice, given that Taiwan was not a member of the United Nations and therefore resided outside the jurisdiction of its judicial system. The mystery can only be solved if we assume that, after the 911 attacks, the United States had made the global fight against terrorism such a serious issue that every de facto sovereign entity in the world had had to sign up for the treaties, whether or not it was part of United Nations or part of anything at all. It's all a hype over nothing, over a non-existing threat. In fact, if you look at the list of nations which have accepted the jurisdiction of the ICJ with or without reservation, there are only 66 countries, and China is not one of them.³ When it comes to international laws regarding terrorism, however, because of the seriousness of the matter, all nations have to accept the jurisdiction of the ICJ, even when a nation is not officially recognized as a nation by most nations around the world!

When the news got out, shock would have reverberated throughout the United States government, from the very top to the very bottom. Mr Homeland Security Secretary, the originator of the lie, would have been in shock. He thought he had succeeded in deceiving the Chinese intelligence – the supreme master of deception he had made himself – but had instead fallen into their trap. How could he have been oblivious of the fact that the FBI had shared information about me with the Chinese intelligence long ago, more than a year and a half ago? Later happenings would confirm that he was in fact a very negligent mind. Well, it was all his fault. He was the one who had wanted to reclassify this guy's case as super top-secret, remove all the people who had invested their energy in it – foremost the Big Sister's team – expunge records about his case from all databases as much as law permitted, and possibly prevent subsequent government personnel and law enforcement officials from accessing any part of the remaining files so that no one who came after would be aware that the case had at one time spilled over to China. Now Mr Secretary's effort was coming back to haunt him; he had brought the nation to a crisis, and embarrassed himself before his Boss the Vice President even more seriously than in November 2006.

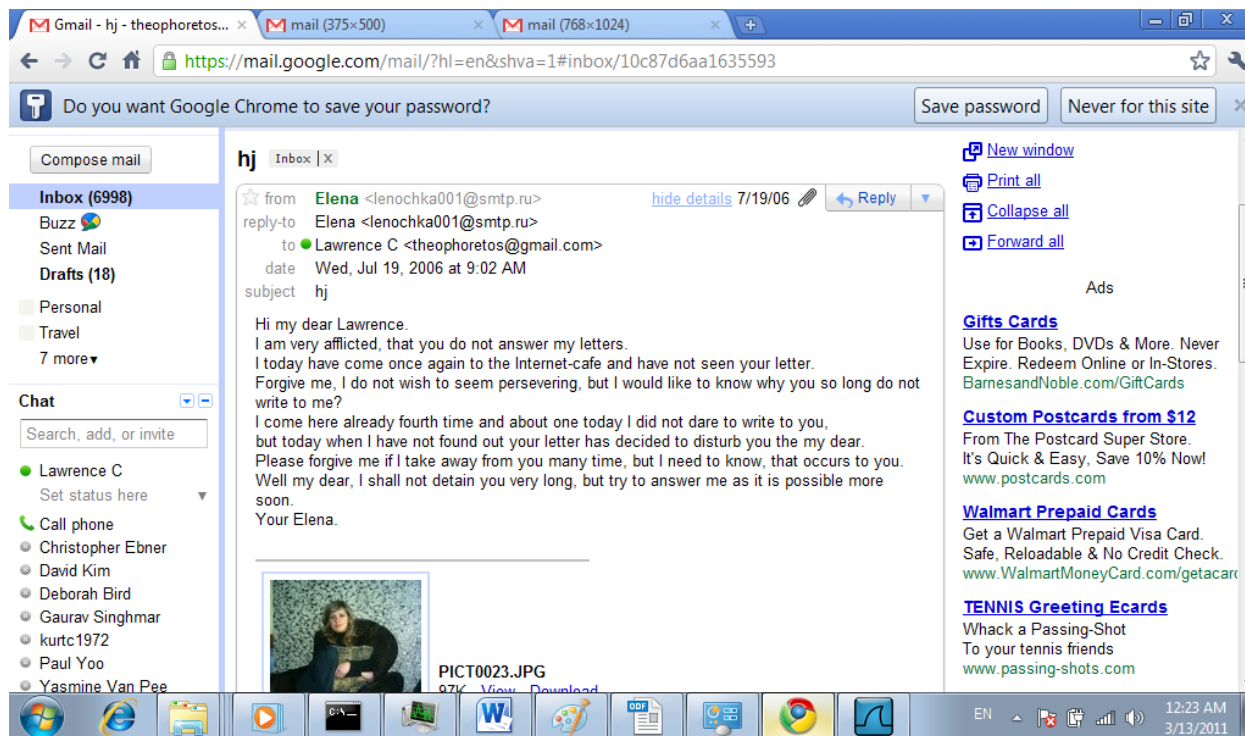
Embarrassment also reigned on the lower ranks of the US government. When the MSS first began raising questions about me with the Department of Homeland Security, the Los Angeles Police Department chief (William Bratton at the time) had even gone to the Chinese consulate to discuss the

3 You can find such a list on CIA's The World Factbook:
<https://www.cia.gov/library/publications/the-world-factbook/fields/2220.html>.

matter. (Or he had sent someone on his staff.) I saw a notice on Chinese consulate's website reporting a meeting taking place around November 14 or so between the Chinese Consul General and LAPD officers. Presumably the LAPD, on Mr Secretary's order, was thanking the Chinese consulate for cooperating with the US authority in "investigating" this schizophrenic and promising to ignore everything he might say. Only that, immediately afterward, the MSS officials would have arrived at the consulate to reveal to Consul General that the Americans had duped him, had deceived him into accepting a known terrorist suspect into People's Republic of China. The Consul General was shocked; in all these years during which he had carefully cultivated good relationships with American officials and businessmen, he had never expected that the Americans would deceive him like this. The American police chief acted as if he wanted to protect the Chinese consulate, when in reality he was trying to harm China. In accordance with usual procedures, China's Los Angeles consulate would send a letter of grievance to the LAPD chief. Try to imagine the embarrassment of chief Bratton: he had been caught lying to the Consul General of a large nation about an important official matter.

I have since then often imagined Mr Secretary ordering thereafter a search of Big Sister in the Bureau. He knew where he had hidden her, and when she did turn up, so I have imagined, showing up in the office of the director of the Los Angeles branch of the FBI, both the director and the Vice President from a monitor in the office would have severely scolded her: "You have passed information to the Chinese! Who else have you passed the information to?" The Big Sister, embarrassed and frightened, would have spoken while looking down: also Russia and Brazil, one because a scammer was pretending to be a pretty Russian woman looking for Western partners and targeting me after finding my profile on a penpal website, and the other because, during my last days in Montreal, I was on "Cupid" (www.cupid.br) looking for Brazilian women who were looking for Western partners. I have also not mentioned this in "My experience..." nor in "The subhuman and the masseuse". The scammer first wrote me during my last days in Montreal – calling himself "Elena" – and we continued our correspondence even after I had returned to Long Beach. "Elena" sent me a lot of pictures, and I continued because she continued, and I started this because I was dissatisfied with Marie, although I placed my hope rather on the Brazilian women. The Russian scammer's English was unintelligible most of the time, and when she finally began asking me for money, I just ignored her. Soon our communication came to an end when she realized I wasn't to be scammed. You cannot be more impressed by Big Sister's paranoia when she contacted the Russian FSB asking the latter to track down the scammer as a possible lead in a terrorism case she was investigating. The Russian FSB was thus on my case for a while in 2006, and this was in fact why three Russian men appeared to watch over me in LAX in May 2006 when I wanted to fly to Montreal to visit Marie. One of the Russian men was laughing because the case was just so ridiculous: the "possible lead" in Russia was no more than a group of money scammers, and they got busted because they were trying to scam a terrorist suspect! When you think along this line, you should expect the Brazilian intelligence service to have received even more information about me from the Big Sister since I was actively communicating with Brazilian single women on "Cupid" in the first half of 2006 for an even longer period of time.

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Lawrence C. Chin
Dec. 2008; Aug 2010; Dec. 2011; Dec. 2012; Apr. 2017



This “Elena” was still trying to dupe me
As late as July 19, 2006

Reality was however a little different than I had imagined. What had really happened was that the FBI document in MSS director's hand had in fact mentioned the participation of the Russians and the Brazilians, and that the MSS director had thus confirmed the matter with his Russian and Brazilian counterparts even before he had gone to the UN. Both the Russians and the Brazilians hated America's “War on Terror” as well, and they couldn't be happier to reveal to the world that United States itself had violated international agreement on terrorism and that America's “anti-terrorism Tsar” – Secretary Chertoff – who had been harassing other nations about how they were letting terrorists enter the US was a hypocrite who was himself trying to export terrorist suspects to other nations. When the matter broke open in the UN, both the Russian and the Brazilian representatives thus also distributed to everyone the documents which the Big Sister had passed to their intelligence organs, in order to further impress upon nations around the world the fact that the alert which the US Homeland Security Department had broadcast to diplomatic service around the world about me was a lie.

When the case opened in the International Court of Justice – I would only find out later that the entire Court trying the case would in fact follow me to my location wherever I went – the representatives from China's Ministry of State Security had a most solid case imaginable. Not only had the United States lied about my identity, but it had also requested China's cooperation in issuing me a Visa. The argument of the MSS would most likely consist in an outrage: The Americans are running a conspiracy on us, deliberately exporting a terrorist suspect to our country by hiding his status as such – in fact

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denying it over the suspect's own admission – and deceiving us into granting him entry to our country. There can be no more obvious violation of UN Resolution 1373 than this!



Close-up on this “Elena”

Let me come back to my side for a moment. I had so far deposited my story in a Chinese email account, set up my websites in Germany and China, advertised my story in the Chinese Internet domain, and bought a ticket to China. My next move would consist in finding a tour-guide on the various China-travel Internet forums, for the best scenario I was hoping for was a successful defection, protection by the Chinese government on the reputation of my association with the Agency. If the Chinese intelligence service was able to see my story and believe me instead, they should begin noticing my intention to defect. I cannot call up the Chinese foreign intelligence service or write them a letter to ask them whether I could defect: it was not just that they had neither a phone number nor an address, but also that I didn't want to make a fool out of myself. Advertising my story inside China's Internet domain was my method to tip them off, that I was almost CIA and that I wanted now to come to their side. If they could get my message, they would recruit my tour guide as an informant to guide me out of my troubles. By hiring a tour guide, I was providing the Chinese intelligence with opportunities to work on me. I found several tour guides on two China-travel websites, and began emailing to them around November 14 or so. By November 18 I would, after some picking and choosing, settle on a clever Chinese woman whom I shall nickname “Ms Mermaid”. I directed all my travel-related information (my ticket receipt, my communications with tour guides) to my new 126 email account hoping that the Chinese intelligence may intercept them. I was terrified that Homeland

Security might shut off the Chinese intelligence from information about my movement. I needed to deposit my information outside Homeland Security's control and prevent them from monopolizing my communications about my travel plan, so that they could not lie to the Chinese with such effectiveness as they would otherwise have should the Chinese authority be shut off from direct examination of my communications. I was, in other words, trying to tell the Chinese intelligence about my movement and my plans without speaking a word. In this way, whether they chose to accept my defection or not, I would never make a fool out of myself.

At the same time, I had decided to never express this true intention of mine to anyone, not even to Wes. I would maintain a certain "minimum scenario" in all my outward appearances: I would act as if I wasn't attempting to get the Chinese intelligence to read my story, whether in my email inbox or on the Internet – as if I had never wanted to get their attention. The "minimal scenario" was basically my lowest expectation, that I would be able to rid myself of "Homeland Security fake reality prison house and alerts" when the DHS could not find anybody in the Chinese government to cooperate with them – when the Chinese government considered such massive preparation to investigate one single schizophrenic too ridiculous and wasteful. When I thought about "defection", I wasn't really so interested in becoming part of the Chinese intelligence service. Since I didn't understand those international laws regarding terrorism, and didn't know much about the International Court of Justice, I was thinking more along this line: if the Chinese government officials could know the truth about my case, then they would neither consider me a threat nor allow the Department to come to China and broadcast their devastating alert about me resulting in no one wanting to associate with me and believing my story. Your dear CIA wanted to use him against us; now that you have busted up his recruitment, you want us to broadcast these false alerts to our people so that no one would believe his story about a busted CIA recruitment operation? What will you have us do the next time? Thus would the Chinese intelligence, according to my imagination at the time, respond to Mr Secretary. In other words, I was hoping that the Chinese government would not grant entry to tens of thousands of Homeland Security agents and fake people, and that, at long last left alone, I could begin a new life meeting new people. This was good enough a "defection" for me. The MSS director however would not bother with such small appetite, but would rather choose a course far beyond my maximal expectation.

Since I was aware that Chinese government's knowledge about my case hinged on my communication with Professor Wong (March 2006) and the "mole's" report about the DHS-CIA conflict (October 2006), I decided also to send an email to Professor Wong to connect up with him. In this way the Chinese intelligence service could obtain another proof that I was telling the truth. In my email, I merely reminded Professor Wong who I was and told him I would be coming to China soon. I don't quite remember when I wrote the email. It was probably some time around November 20, just when the lawsuit had started.

It would turn out that my email to Professor Wong cannot have come at a more convenient time for the MSS director. Since the MSS director was looking for payback, even though he didn't really believe that this professor of philosophy and I had anything to do with terrorism – he must have figured out a

long time ago that it was all a product of Big Sister's stupidity – he decided to make something out of my renewed communication with Professor Wong: Look, the suspect whom the United States is trying to export to our country is now linking up with his “conspirator” – so designated as such by your own FBI one and a half year ago!

Recall that the MSS director had basically two objectives here. One was to convict the United States of violating UN Resolution 1373, and the other was to find out, and expose, the CIA's operational plans in China. The arrest of the CIA-BND operative “Enkel” had disrupted one of the CIA's plans for southern China, but there were a lot more to find out. UN Resolution 1373 also provided a way in this regard. You see, the United States was obliged under UN Resolution 1373 to share information, not just about the terrorist suspect in question, but also about his “associates.” And who were my “associates” in this case? The Agency's clandestine service! So, while the MSS director requested the CIA to release its files on me on the ground that he needed to gauge the threat I posed to China, he also requested the Agency to provide the entire personnel file of its clandestine service – when one of its functions was precisely espionage and covert operations in China – on the ground that the United States must share information it had about both the terrorist suspect and the organization with which he was associated. When the CIA refused, as you would naturally expect, the MSS director presented the matter to the judges in the International Court of Justice. The Agency's clandestine service personnel knew that the MSS director's real intention was to disable their entire operational plans for China, but they couldn't simply deny that the part of my story about the Agency's recruitment was true; for the BND girl “Enkel's” confession had demonstrated that even this part in my story about my relationship with the Agency was true – otherwise how could the MSS catch the German girl by following the lead given in my story? Enkel's confession established *legally* the CIA clandestine service as the “associates” of the terrorist suspect in question, enabling the MSS director to invoke the requirement under UN Resolution 1373 for nations to share information about terrorist suspects as the ground on which to oblige the United States to share all of the CIA's secrets with China's counter-intelligence organ! Further lending validity to such otherwise ridiculous request were the details of the strangest interagency rivalry within the American intelligence system in the autumn of 2006, which the MSS director would have confirmed for the judges of the ICJ by bringing in the information with which his “mole” in Homeland Security had earlier furnished him. If the Department of Homeland Security could think that a member of the Agency's clandestine service was planning terrorist acts with me, the Chinese could pretend to have even more reasons to be suspicious. What you need to know is that China, along with Russia, had been for a long time accusing the CIA (and its partner, the State Department) of supporting Islamic extremists (“terrorists”) in the Central Asian region, although the accusations were always dismissed in the arena of international relations for lack of definitive evidences. Outsiders who had been brainwashed by the CIA's public relations campaign since 911 attacks to believe in the stereotype image that the CIA's meaning of life consisted in fighting Al-Qaeda would of course find it ridiculous that another US security organ would investigate CIA operatives for terrorism, but insiders would know that this kind of thing in fact happened regularly. The “most gagged woman in the world”, Sibel Edmonds, the former FBI translator, for example, has since 2011 begun talking to the public about what she really knew, and she has revealed that, throughout the late 1990s, the FBI was routinely tracking the activities of the CIA and the State Department in support of the “Mujahideen” (“terrorists”)

in Central Asia. The MSS director was now bringing in concrete evidences to convince the International Court that the "insiders" way of seeing things might not be mere bizarre paranoia after all. It was not a bizarre fantasy that a bunch of "terrorists" could be lurking inside the CIA, and, since one of its former recruits and a known terrorist suspect was flying to China, the CIA must share its personnel file with China's counter-intelligence organ!

Remember that the CIA's clandestine service was so shrouded in secrecy that not even those political appointees in the Agency's headquarters, like director General Hayden, knew who were in it. Mr Homeland Security Secretary Michael Chertoff was the first outsider to have glimpsed into the internal structure of the clandestine service back in autumn 2006. When the judges of the ICJ agreed with the MSS director, and when the MSS officials and UN observers came to the front doors of CIA's various headquarters in Virginia, Colorado, or elsewhere, the clandestine service director had to emerge from darkness for the first time to answer the International Court order. Of course he would not share information with the Chinese. The MSS director had also formally requested information about me from the FBI, CSIS, RCMP, Homeland Security, and the Taiwanese intelligence service, all in accordance with UN Resolution 1373; he even requested the entire personnel file from the German BND's spy wing, on the same ground on which he had made the request to the CIA. Everyone refused – and the director of BND's spy wing was even more furious, as you can imagine – so that the MSS director had to take them all to the International Court. All these most classified information regarding the recruitment methods and history and personnel of the Agency's National Resources Division and BND's spy organ, along with whatever classified information about my case was scattered about in the archives and databases of the FBI, the DHS, the CSIS, the RCMP, and the Taiwanese intelligence – how can the United States and its allies share all this information with a foreign intelligence service which was on the whole more an enemy to them than a cooperating partner? Sure, the Ministry of Public Security and the Chinese custom service regularly ran joint operations with the FBI and the DHS' divisions on criminal matters, but the Ministry of State Security was a different matter. Everyone knew that the MSS director was using this terrorism case as a pretext under which to conduct espionage against the enemies of China. He was utilizing America's and its allies' obligation under international laws to share information about terrorist suspects as an opportunity to peek into their most secret databases and facilities. So the United States resisted, and both sides would be, from November 22 or so onwards, arguing in front of the judges at the International Court about the problem of information sharing. The CIA clandestine service pointed out the MSS director's hypocrisy to the judges; even though the MSS director was making all his moves according to the letter of the law, the judges would not grant his request unless his intention was proven to be genuine – because there was this thing called "the spirit of the law". If you understand international laws, you will know what I'm talking about. The MSS director had to prove to the judges that he really was worried about China's security when he wanted to see CIA's personnel files (along with other intelligence agencies' databases) – that he had reasons to believe that I was linked to a possible "terrorist plot" which seemed to extend into the interior of the CIA. My renewed communication with Professor Wong provided the occasion whereby he might pretend that he was really worried and suspecting, since the Big Sister herself had suspected this professor of philosophy to be my "conspirator". Why is he linking up with his old conspirator? There must be a terrorist plot we don't know about! Has it something to do with the BND spy we have

just caught? And the Olympics is due to take place in Beijing six months from now. The CIA knows something, and they are not telling us about it. Probably because it's their plot! This must be why the US Department of Homeland Security was lying to us saying this guy was crazy and not a terrorist suspect! The judges were inclined to agree with the MSS director.

All the signs of crisis: and thus I knew

The internal politics on the side of the United States was an important factor for what would happen later. Because it was thanks to Mr Secretary's "slip" that the leader in the global war on terrorism was about to be convicted of violating the key anti-terrorism international agreement, Mr Secretary insisted to everyone that he should lead the US team in countering the MSS director's lawsuit. He wanted to redeem himself before his boss the Vice President, who was very concerned because the War on Terrorism was his personal invention. Because Mr Secretary was the "Number Three", neither the CIA nor the State Department dared say anything. Now the United States' objectives at this point were to avoid a conviction for violating UN Resolution 1373 and to avoid the obligation to share the CIA's personnel files with its Chinese counterpart. You can do both if you can raise doubt as to whether I really was Lawrence Chin the terrorist suspect named on the FBI document, and you can do the second if you can get me to cancel my flight to China, so that the MSS director could not raise any issue about a possible "terrorist plot". Now it looked just about as black and white as it could get that United States had lied about a terrorist suspect, because Homeland Security had already confirmed in official communications my passport number, my banking information, and many other things, and assured the Chinese that the passport which I had submitted to the Chinese consulate to obtain my Visa was genuine and represented the person who brought it in (me). Furthermore, the person on the FBI document and the subject on Homeland Security's warning looked the same. Now the United States had to claim that the person about whom the DHS had sent out warnings and who was coming to China was after all *not* the person who was on the FBI document and who had written the story and who had gone through the FBI investigation, the CIA recruitment, and the DHS operations. How do you do that? When Mr Secretary of Homeland Security examined my information, he saw that, while the Department of Motor Vehicle and the Social Security Administration listed my correct birthdate, November 16 1969, the birthdate on my passport and on my citizenship certificate was misprinted as my older brother's, May 6 1968. Furthermore, both my passport and my citizenship certificate mistakenly named my place of birth as "China", whereas other records correctly listed my place of birth as "Taiwan". This mistake occurred because, for many years in the 1970s, it was my mother who was working on getting me and my brother naturalized, and, in 1985 when my brother and I went to Michigan where my mother lived at the time for our naturalization hearing, the immigration officer who naturalized us apparently confused the two of us together. If you go by the information which the US Immigration and Naturalization Service had about me, then it looked as if my older brother, David, and I, Lawrence, were born on the same day. This confusion over my birthdate was one reason why the MSS director had to demand all these confirmations from Homeland Security earlier. He knew what was going on, for he had also confirmed my information with the Taiwanese government, which had always listed the correct information about me. (My Taiwanese passport listed my correct date of birth and correct place of birth.) But Mr Secretary saw that he could get the United States out of its crisis by

insisting that the INS' information about me was the correct one, and that my older brother and I were twin brothers. He thus began constructing the scenario that I wasn't really Lawrence Chin the terrorist suspect but David Chin the twin brother of Lawrence Chin, and that Homeland Security's warning to the diplomatic services around the world was really about David Chin. His Department had made a mistake because Lawrence Chin and David Chin looked the same, and because, for some reason, David Chin liked to pretend to be Lawrence Chin, adopting Lawrence Chin's story about being investigated as a terrorist suspect and telling his therapists and family members about it, resulting in the Homeland Security warning which strangely reminded the Chinese authority of the FBI document which the Big Sister had earlier transmitted to them about Lawrence Chin.

Mr Secretary thus began to reverse his former admissions and to dissociate the Visa application on the one hand from the author of my story and the person on the FBI document on the other, arguing that there wasn't definitive proof that the two guys were the same person. He was also able to prevent the admissions which the MSS director had obtained from the Taiwanese government from coming into evidences – admissions which proved that David Chin and Lawrence Chin were not twin brothers. For some reason, he was able to do all that – I suspect that it was the CIA's lawyers who were pointing out to him the legal technicalities which he could cite in this regard, for our Secretary of Homeland Security, although a lawyer by profession, really wasn't very smart – except reversing the admission that the passport I had submitted to the Chinese consulate was genuine and belonged to the person who brought it in. This made the whole debate about whether Homeland Security had lied about a terrorist suspect hinge on the passport number which I had listed on my Visa application. The MSS director was able to use that passport number to establish my identity – that the person who applied for Visa was Lawrence Chin and that the person about whom Homeland Security had warned was also Lawrence Chin – and thus the United States' obligation under UN Resolution 1373, for the passport number on the Visa application matched the passport number on the FBI document in the hands of the MSS director. I would be legally established as Lawrence Chin even if Mr Secretary's claim that Lawrence Chin and David Chin were twin brothers was correct. Now what?

Meanwhile, those Homeland Security personnel themselves also wanted to redeem themselves, since it was apparently due to their negligence that China's official intelligence organ was finally able to hear my side of the story. Since it was my continual contact with people in China, especially with Professor Wong, which was enabling the MSS director to proceed with his fantastic claim against the United States, Mr Secretary's Homeland Security thugs decided to disrupt my communication. This was the second incident in a whole series which prompted me to suspect that the Chinese intelligence had indeed seen my story. I was right on the mark when I decided to use my new Chinese email account at 126.com to communicate with Ms Mermaid and Professor Wong. Ms Mermaid, the tour guide on whom I had settled, used, like many people in China, an American email account, at MSN Hotmail. My communication with her thus resulted in a strange situation where my emails to her had first to be routed to China and then back to the United States, where the Hotmail server was located, and then forwarded to China again for Ms Mermaid to retrieve it. When Ms Mermaid wrote me an email, it would also have to be first routed to the United States and then back to China where the server for my Chinese email account was located, and then back to the United States again when I opened up my 126

account to find the email she had written me. The same thing with Professor Wong. He replied my email to him from his account at Yahoo. I originally planned such convoluted communication in order to prevent Homeland Security from monopolizing information about me.

You can tell that the lawsuit had started in the International Court of Justice around November 20 or so because, around this time, Homeland Security began disrupting my communication with Ms Mermaid and Professor Wong by directing the emails I wrote to them to their junk mail folder so that they wouldn't see them. This was one of Homeland Security's favorite tactics. They could not do the same thing with the emails that Professor Wong and Ms Mermaid sent to me because 126.com was not under their control. They could only tamper with servers that were based in the United States, like Microsoft's Hotmail and Yahoo's Mail. In this way, they thought that they could hide me away from the Chinese view so that no one outside could tell whether it was Lawrence Chin or David Chin who had come into the Chinese attention and whether he was still planning to go to China.

When Ms Mermaid and Professor Wong failed to respond for a while, I began to worry. I thought that by using a Chinese email account I could prevent Homeland Security from hiding me away, but apparently they could still do this because everyone else was using American email accounts! But two days or so later both Ms Mermaid and Professor Wong wrote me again saying they had found my emails in their spam mail folder and so on. Ms Mermaid mistakenly thought I didn't write her. I suspected that it was the MSS itself which had tipped off Ms Mermaid and Professor Wong directing them to look inside their spam mail folder, knowing what kinds of tricks the Americans were fond of playing to get away with their wrongdoings.

Apparently, back in the court house, Mr Secretary, because he wasn't able to dispute as yet my identity as Lawrence Chin when I walked into the Chinese consulate, was now arguing that there was no evidence that I was still planning to fly to China, since my communications with my new tour guide and with Professor Wong were suddenly broken off. When the communication was resumed, Mr Secretary then argued that there was no need for the United States to share its CIA personnel files with the Chinese because he would personally make sure that the subject, whether he was Lawrence Chin or David Chin, would not be able to fly to China. The MSS director was furious. He thus tried to persuade the judges to model the evidentiary process on the ordinary course of investigation of terrorists. He argued, "Let him fly over so we can see what he is up to and who are his accomplices beside that professor of philosophy!" because letting the suspect continue his plan only to bust him when he was about to set off his bomb was how intelligence agencies ordinarily handled an investigation of a terrorist plot. The United States was in effect trying to hinder the MSS' investigation of a terrorism case. The judges agreed. The United States was not allowed to stop the terrorist suspect from going to China, and, by this account, was still obliged to share its information with the Chinese in order to help them investigate. The MSS director had thus prevented the United States from preventing me from flying to China and so from obstructing his lawsuit.

The CIA's lawyers however saw an opportunity in this modeling of the evidentiary rule on the ordinary course of a terrorism investigation. Standing beside Mr Secretary, they argued to the judges: "Just as in

the ordinary course of terrorism investigation the intelligence agency gathers up evidences against the suspect without his voluntary cooperation, so in our dispute only evidences gathered up without the suspect's voluntary cooperation, such as in a sting operation, may be admitted." The judges agreed, and, all of a sudden, the MSS director could not use my passport number derived from my Visa application as evidence to confirm my identity in the International Court of Justice. According to the Agency' lawyers, because I had voluntarily brought my passport to the Chinese consulate in order for them to process my Visa application, the MSS director could not use the passport number on that passport as evidence, since, usually, in a case of terrorism investigation, the suspect was unaware that an intelligence agency had been watching him and intercepting his communications. Even though I didn't know that my passport number would be used as evidence in some international legal dispute, and even though I had really no choice but to provide my passport to the Chinese consulate as long as I wanted a Visa, the Agency's lawyers could somehow persuade the judges of the International Court that the proper way for an intelligence agency to gather up evidence in a dispute with another intelligence agency should be the same: the evidence must be gathered up without the suspect's awareness, and without even his voluntary effort. The fact that I had consciously and voluntarily brought my passport to the Chinese consulate now disqualified it as evidence. Now, it was most likely the President of the ICJ, judge Rosalyn Higgins, who had personally sanctioned this new rule. By being so persuaded, she had basically performed an important legislative action, allowing for the derivation of an imperative from what was usually empirically the case, or the derivation of an "imperative" from an "indicative", which in analytic philosophy would be considered a logical fallacy.⁴ This is the moment of the birth of the law governing "conspiracy" which would dictate the theme of all subsequent narratives I shall present to you. If you intentionally submit information about yourself to a foreign intelligence service, that foreign intelligence service would be forbidden to use that information to sue your country. Dumbfounded by the appearance of a new law, the MSS director would have to recollect my passport number as evidence in a sting operation where I would be deceived into giving it out. Before that happened, he would not be able to convict the United States of violating UN Resolution 1373 nor oblige the United States to share CIA's personnel files with him.

Thus, on November 26, Ms Mermaid suddenly wrote me an email suggesting that I chat with her on MSN Messenger in order for us to be better acquainted with each other. By this time, the MSS had already recruited Ms Mermaid as an informant, just as I had hoped. Not knowing this, however, I feared that my plan might not work out, that the Chinese government might after all cooperate with the Department of Homeland Security and allow Mr Secretary to recruit Ms Mermaid as his temporary operative against me just as he had recruited Karin and everyone else. I felt the need to verify Ms Mermaid's status by means of more intimate contact. I wanted to call her, but she insisted on the Messenger. Well, this was because the MSS director was trying to set up a sting operation in order to intercept my passport number during online chat. He was going to hijack Ms Mermaid's handle. If I talked to her in person, he wouldn't be able to hijack the conversation. Mr Homeland Security Secretary was nervous; he ordered his thugs to cheat. Thus, whenever I tried to download MSN Messenger onto my new Toshiba Satellite, the website would suddenly malfunction or become unavailable, thanks to our Homeland Security network administrators.

4 "From Is to Ought".

Around November 28 or so, Ms Mermaid suggested once more that we chat. She made a rendez-vous with me. That night, after I was unable to download MSN Messenger onto my laptop, I simply ran out of Starbucks and got onto the bus to arrive at the cybercafe that was located on Normandie and Wilshire. Luckily, MSN Messenger had already been installed on the computers there. I immediately connected up with Ms Mermaid. When our conversation began, it was quite weird, for Ms Mermaid was asking me questions as if she were interviewing me: "Are you Chinese?" "Yes. I was born in Taiwan. I immigrated to the United States when I was 12 year-old." (I was typing in Chinese simplified script using Microsoft IME 3.0 at the time.) I did for a moment develop the impression that I was being interviewed for defection, which rather excited me because, before this, I wasn't sure if my "credentials" (a bungled recruit of the Agency) were good enough. But then followed mere ordinary chat about my talents and Ms Mermaid's private life, plus the payment she required. Everything had quickly returned to normality. I made a few jokes here and there, almost flirting with her, and she reminded me that she had a husband. However, at one point Ms Mermaid began reiterating the request: "Give me your passport number... Give me your passport number..." She said she would make a reservation for me at a particular hostel near the beach of Shanghai if I could just give her my passport number. Now of all the hostels in Shanghai which allowed you to make reservation online Ms Mermaid just happened to choose the one which required you to furnish your passport number beforehand. I didn't know what nefarious objective she might be covertly pursuing, and so replied her with the most natural concern: "It's not a good idea to give out my passport number over the Internet, is it?" For I was worried: She's not here to scam me, is she? It was quite possible that scammers were advertising themselves on the Internet looking for naïve Westerners to scam. True though it was that, ever since the Department of Homeland Security had entered my life, I had never had to worry about crimes anymore because either my environment was entirely fake or everyone I met had already been alerted about me. But China was, after all, still an alien environment. Surprised and silenced for a few seconds, Ms Mermaid first assured me that our connections were secure and then explained again that she wanted to reserve a room for me at a certain hostel. With this said, she promptly gave me the URL of this hostel's website where I would have to input my passport number together with my credit card number in order to reserve a room. What was really going on was that it was either the MSS director himself, or his subordinate, who was chatting with me, having taken over Ms Mermaid's handle in order to run a sting operation on me. This time Homeland Security could not stop me from chatting with Ms Mermaid because the judges of the International Court were watching to make sure that the Chinese be given a chance to conduct the required sting operation on me. In any case, since I was hesitating, I resumed my chat with "Ms Mermaid" until she suddenly asked me another strange question: "Would you like to work in China in the future?" (By this time our conversation had changed into English.) Modest and always suspecting, I simply replied with another question to test the water: "I don't know... What do you have in mind?" I already had a feeling that I was actually chatting with the Chinese intelligence service, and that's what I mean by "testing the water". Again, I couldn't simply just ask whether I could defect, but had to do no more than hint at it and then wait for the other side to accept the offer without my ever making the offer. But "Ms Mermaid" suddenly withdrew frantically, saying "Nothing... Never mind." That was the moment when, shocked, I became sure that I was communicating with the Chinese intelligence service instead of with Ms Mermaid. I had made my first direct "contact".

I caught a big fish, I thought. The misunderstanding however was already there – you'll see what I mean later. I hesitated because I couldn't just say that I was Agency's bungled recruit wanting to defect, and somehow the MSS director who was behind Ms Mermaid's chat could not let my true intention come into the open either. There was something forbidden in our attempt to reach each other, and I couldn't comprehend what it was. At the same time, the officers in the CIA clandestine service, from its director to the Invisible Hand, were standing beside other United States government officials in the control room somewhere watching the chat and completely dumbfounded, because they had just emerged from a disaster without injuries: I didn't give out my passport number.

After the chat was over, I quietly sat in front of the computer for several minutes. I was now sure that the MSS director knew I wanted to defect, and the way he tried to avoid the topic seemed to indicate that he had agreed, although the current situation did not permit him to say it. And so I began pondering at the hostel's website thinking whether or not to put in my passport number and reserve a room now that I had already missed the opportunity. It's all unreal for I really could just defect like how I had heard about in books and television news. But, always cautious before making any move, I decided to do nothing at first. I thought that putting in my passport number into the hostel's website might generate suspicion, because it seemed that I had to make everything look like an accident. I simply left the cybercafe thinking of finding another opportunity to pass my passport number to "the other side". I became even more convinced that I had to maintain the appearance that I was escaping to China because I expected the Chinese authority to ignore Homeland Security's request for faking the environment of a said schizophrenic. On the other side, the officials of the MSS were probably telling their director: "It seems that we are right. He is purposely furnishing us with information about him. He most likely wants to defect. Look, soon after he put up the summary of his story on the forum of 5281, he directed his flight information to his Chinese email account, and input his other information, including his cellphone number, into his profile section in both his Bokee account and his 126 email account. All the information is neatly connected together and one piece leads to another. Why? It must be because he cannot stand this American Homeland Security Secretary who is alerting everyone about him." The MSS director now noticed a problem when my purpose was seen against his agenda. He would not be able to force the CIA (and the BND, don't forget) to give up their personnel files if I wasn't coming to China to do harm. But the MSS director decided to continue suing. A chance like this to peek into the secret box of the famed Central Intelligence Agency and disrupt America's plan for China would not come again. In the end, that is, he had decided to hide away his realization that I wanted to defect and to pretend to regard me as a terrorist suspect. Treating me as a terrorist suspect would provide far greater reward than treating me as Agency's bungled recruit seeking defection. "Continue to sue" (繼續地告), he must have firmly instructed his subordinates.

Even though the judges of ICJ had ruled that the United States shall not prevent me from flying to China, the United States would continue to cheat, just as Homeland Security had tried to prevent me from downloading MSN Messenger. Now both the CIA and Homeland Security would implement a series of operations to prevent me from flying to China. The attempts would be so obvious that I would be even more sure that the Chinese intelligence had seen my story, believed me, and started arguing

with the United States – as if the MSN Messenger chat weren't enough an indication. I was, every night around this Thanksgiving time, frequenting the Starbucks in Santa Monica Promenade, using the wireless network there to surf, on my new Toshiba Satellite, all the websites and Internet forums related to my upcoming travel to China. Jobs jobs and jobs. I asked everyone how to get documents permitting me to stay long term in China and to obtain regular employment there. Recall how I had to maintain the appearance of adhering to my "minimal expectation". The Agency quickly embedded within this environment a golden hair beauty in her late 30s, tall and athletic, who was also a software expert. She always came in carrying her MacBook. The Agency chose her not only because she was as beautiful as a woman can get but also because she possessed qualities in which they thought I would have an interest. Namely, she spoke fluent Chinese (Mandarin) while working as a software engineer. So you suddenly want a piece of China? Well, here's some for you! Her computer expertise was not a coincidence either, for it was around this time that I began developing great interest in all matters related to computers. Homeland Security's earlier disruption of my Internet activities in order to prevent me from telling my story on the Internet had convinced me that computer skill was the most important thing in the world when the government was going after you.

And so this CIA girl came to the Starbucks every night and made no attempt to hide the fact that she was here to get to know me. The first time she spoke to me she spoke Mandarin Chinese rather than English! And she emphasized to me that she also danced. At the time I thought that the Agency wanted to retain me in the United States by giving her to me as a girlfriend (or a "female friend"). I believed this because, on November 7, when I was talking to Wes outside the Laemmle theater in downtown, I groaned at one point about how pathetic the Agency was in that all they could offer me to help me endure Homeland Security's prison house was the encouragement to believe in Jesus – how they couldn't give me something more tangible because the Department of Homeland Security wouldn't allow it. Thus – so I thought – at this critical juncture they decided to offer me something more tangible, far more tangible than Jesus Christ.

In reality, this CIA super beauty had rather sinister design for me. On the third night of my meeting her, I carelessly left my laptop on the table while strolling into the Barnes and Noble connected to the Starbucks to browse magazines. I had been busy writing messages on Internet forums about traveling in China and was now taking a break. Then, when I was riding the bus to go home, I noticed a strange pop-up message on my Toshiba's screen. Something was installed on my computer: a "Bundestrojaner" had entered my laptop. At first I thought a Homeland Security agent had installed this Trojan horse by coming into the Starbucks and sticking a USB flash drive into my laptop when I was away in Barnes and Noble. But later reflection convinced me that it was actually that Chinese-speaking CIA super beauty who had stuck an USB flash drive into my laptop while I was leaving my laptop unattended. She was a computer expert, you recall. (Since the Starbucks employees had most likely already been alerted about me as a "menace to society", they of course wouldn't tell me when I came back: "Hey, someone just stuck a flash drive into your computer while you were away.")

When the CIA clandestine service officials, these highly sophisticated operation planners like the Invisible Hand, were first given the bizarre notice of the lawsuit and the Chinese request for them to

give up their secrets, they immediately set themselves to analyzing the chain of events which had led to the current crisis. How did the struggle between this guy and Mr Chertoff come to this? Homeland Security had shut them off from me soon after I returned from Taiwan; Mr Secretary had told them he was sufficient to handle my desire to go to China. They weren't paying attention to me. They didn't even know that their operation for southern China had been compromised until they received the package of the Chinese claim filed at the International Court of Justice which included information on the arrest of the CIA-BND agent "Enkel". They and their German partners had to immediately recall all operatives who were involved in the plan for southern China. Some managed to get out in time, and I suspect that this CIA super beauty was one of those recalled: a pretty white girl who spoke fluent Chinese was obviously originally destined for China. And now Homeland Security personnel explained to them that I had obtained a Chinese email account and sent my story there, that the Chinese official spy organ had intercepted it, and that the FBI, back in March 2006, had actually communicated to the Chinese authority about my investigation. Apparently no one was aware of this latter fact. After studying the matter, the Invisible Hand et al were convinced that I had done it on purpose, that I intended for the Chinese to intercept my story and knew that they had information from the FBI and so would believe me. They concluded that I was purposely creating troubles for Mr Secretary of Homeland Security and compromising their operations because I wanted to revenge. They were incensed: I had leaked national security secrets to an enemy state using the Internet. They had thus decided that they shall neutralize the threat I was posing by destroying my new computer. This was the strategic thinking behind the super beauty's mission of inserting a Trojan horse into my new Toshiba Satellite.

When this CIA super beauty showed up for the fourth time in the same Starbucks, she suddenly hesitated. At the time I was outside squatting against a tree and smoking cigarettes, keeping my eyes on my things inside through the glass wall. She came in looking extremely moody and unsure, stood in line for a minute while pretending to not know I was squatting outside, and then suddenly walked away. She had completely surprised me. I couldn't help but think that she had received the order to sleep with me as the final trick to retain me, but that she found me so distasteful – given my ugly look and bad hygiene – that she aborted her mission out of "timidity". (Recall the "latitude of freedom" I have mentioned in "My experience..." which the Agency's agents always had in regard to the execution of their mission.) At the time I simply thought that the CIA had decided to play soft balls while trying to prevent me from flying out because they understood that soft balls were more effective than hard balls in the domain of clandestine operations. Years later, however, when I reflected on this incident, I realized that the Invisible Hand had most likely sent in this super beauty not to be my friend but to cause me to be arrested: she would lure me to sleep with her, and then afterwards falsely accuse me of rape. I would then be detained by the police and unable to fly to China. I had attributed to the Agency too much good will which they never had when their secrecy was under threat. The "softball" would not mean under this scenario employing candies and rewards; it would simply mean not resorting to violence and kidnapping.

Now I had by Thanksgiving already paid for the electronic ticket to Shanghai. Because of the previous four occurrences – the replies on 5281 forum, the obstruction of my email correspondence with

Professor Wang and Ms Mermaid, the MSN Messenger business, and the CIA super beauty – I had already some inkling that a crisis situation was at hand, and so formed a gut feeling that something might go wrong with my ticket. Thus, on one afternoon in late November, I went to the China Eastern Airline office in Pasadena just to check on things. Lo and behold, Lion Travel had never reported the sale of my ticket to the airline office, so that the ticket was destined to expire midnight that day and be canceled altogether. I saved the ticket just in time by instructing the airline personnel who was helping me (she just happened to be a Taiwanese lady) to call upon the travel agency. At the same time, knowing that it must be Homeland Security which had secretly instructed Lion Travel to not report the sale of my ticket in order to disrupt my China trip – although I didn't know that the purpose was to obstruct MSS director's claim – I asked this Taiwanese lady to enter my passport number and other information about me into their database as a way to tie up the ticket definitively with my identity. I had been looking for an opportunity to "inadvertently" communicate my passport number to the "other side", and now I found it. But several days later when I went back to the airline office once more to check on things, I discovered that all the native Chinese ticket agents had been evacuated, and that only the Taiwanese lady and another lady from Hong Kong were allowed to run the office. Moreover, my passport number had been deleted from the airline's database. When I went to the LAX airport another several days later, I found that all China Eastern's personnel had been replaced by Homeland Security operatives (the ugly sorts who were therefore easily identifiable). Clearly, Mr Secretary was so concerned that my passport number might come into the public domain and fall into Chinese possession through the intermediary of China Eastern's Chinese employees that he evoked "Homeland Security emergency" by which he was able to take over the airline and delete my passport information from the airline's database. For him, the native Chinese personnel in the airline were all suspect as MSS clandestine operatives and stood in need of immediate removal. This time I did immediately understand that my passport information had been censored. But why I still couldn't comprehend. At the time, since I was still unaware of the lawsuit in the International Court of Justice, I figured rather differently. I thought that since my goal was getting out of Homeland Security's grasp and since Homeland Security's goal was keeping me in their grasp, the censoring of my passport number must in some way be associated with keeping me within the Homeland Security reality back here at home. If I wanted to get out, then, I must get my passport number out in the open. How could I have possibly imagined that my very identity in an international dispute hinged on my passport number? Look at the matter this way. Wouldn't I have to show my passport to the Chinese custom in Shanghai's airport when I should descend the plane after arrival? Wouldn't the identity between the two figures be established then beyond all reasonable doubts?

A sixth clue came to me during my first volunteer opportunity with the Silverado Hospice. It was one of the very last days of November. That afternoon, Virginia picked me up near the metro station in Pasadena and drove me to a convalescent home where we were supposed to comfort a comatose man, a mere skeletal figure lying dead on the bed. A volunteer, wearing earphones and carrying iPods, was already there guarding the skeletal figure and waiting for us. This was clearly a setup, not a volunteer opportunity. Then one very attractive Filipino nurse came in and shook hands with all of us, thanking us for our effort. This woman's beauty and charm clearly indicated that she was Agency's girl on a mission here. Virginia declared that the comatose man could in fact feel our presence and love in some

way, so all of us began singing a song to the skeletal figure about Jesus' love for us and our need to unload our burdens onto him. The man however was clearly unconscious and couldn't hear anything. I in fact began feeling guilty because I had not accomplished anything at all – there were five of us singing to a man who was thoroughly unconscious and not hearing anything: what a massive mobilization for nothing. Obviously everyone was singing the song for me. The Agency was still hoping that I would turn my attention inward instead of seeking friends in the outside world because someone in my position – someone who had irritated the third most powerful person in the nation – should never expect to have human contacts again for the rest of his life. Thus the CIA had set up the whole thing just to send me a message. Meanwhile, because Homeland Security had screwed up, they insisted on demonstrating their usefulness and participating in the operation by sending in an operative to pretend to be a volunteer – he was vulgar as usual and wore earphones in order to continue to impress on me the falsehood that I had been paranoid by assuming that these were surveillance devices. CIA's message however served only to confirm for me that the Chinese intelligence must have seen my story and responded in an unexpected manner, that I might succeed in defecting – otherwise there wouldn't be this urgency to detain me.

Another occasion where Homeland Security Secretary continued his persuasion on me was the Thanksgiving dinner at Monica's place. That was November 24 or so. Monica, a gentle though overweight woman from Mexico, was a cashier at the cafeteria in the UCLA Medical Center. My good impression of this woman started precisely during that day in August 2007 when I was crying in the Biomedical library providing an opportunity for Homeland Security to send in two UCLA police officers to try to detain me for hospitalization. She showed tremendous sympathy for me when I was crying and buying food in the cafeteria. Later, one day in November, when I ran into her in the cafeteria, she invited me to a Thanksgiving dinner at her place. Monica lived in one of those typical apartment buildings in the vicinity of Venice and Centinela. When I went to her place, there were also her husband, a gentle though not-so-accomplished white guy in his early 40s or so, her husband's father, one of Monica's four sisters who was resident in Southern California (the rest of them were in Canada and Mexico), and two more researchers from the UCLA Medical Center, both of whom originally came from India. I bought a bottle of wine from a nearby convenience store when I got off the bus as the only contribution I could bring to Monica's dinner. Monica and her sister, who were preparing dinner while the rest of us (that is, all the males) were lounging about, didn't however have much use for the wine and merely shelved it away in the refrigerator. The atmosphere was very congenial at this point – I wonder whether this was the Agency's hand in this otherwise Homeland Security setup – and the relationship between Monica's husband and his father especially caused me envy. Monica's husband was a musician, and musical instrument and a large computer with two screens for the purpose of musical composition occupied a huge chunk of space beside the dinner table. I said "envy" because Monica's husband in many ways reminded me of myself. While Monica toiled all day in the cafeteria, her husband didn't have a 9 to 5 job but had the luxury of waking up at any time of his choosing and busying himself with his musical creation. In other words, Monica was toiling to free her husband for a more pleasant and leisurely creative existence. How lucky was this guy, I thought, because Monica didn't seem to complain at all. I say this because her husband wasn't successful at marketing his music, so that anyone could guess that Monica's stifling job at the cafeteria was the main

financial support for this small, as yet childless, family. Now I have said "envy" also because the father was continually chatting with his son in a way that clearly indicated that he was quite satisfied with the latter's musical existence even if it hadn't brought about respectable financial independence, and was not ashamed of his semi-dependence on his wife. Within this congenial atmosphere, however, operation was soon in motion. Firstly, one of the two UCLA researchers kept using his digital camera to take pictures of the insignificant objects at Monica's place (food, flowers, cups, etc.). He was obviously doing so under Homeland Security's instruction. It was easy enough to guess: Mr Secretary was trying to convince me once more that all the elements of his "Homeland Security reality" – picture-taking, earphones, broken arms and broken legs – were just a natural part of the ordinary, unadulterated reality. The second operation however seemed to be a "test" devised by the Agency. While we were all chewing happily on our Thanksgiving dinner, the two researchers suddenly started talking about Tibet, mentioning that many Tibetans could be found seeking refuge in India after escaping persecution by the Chinese. Although I didn't know what the point of the test was – I was sure only that they were instructed to say this – I didn't say anything other than exclaiming my surprise: "Really?" I really didn't have anything to respond anyway, because my mind wasn't focused on this sort of things. This "test" probably had something to do with Agency's "Plan B" to which I will soon introduce you. Other than the picture-taking, everything else was pleasant enough, and the point of the whole setup seemed to be, firstly, to convince me that I had imagined up my whole experience with the intelligence agencies so that I wouldn't bother to run to China (Homeland Security), and, secondly, to provide me with a good time so as to "remind" me of the good aspects of existence in America (the Agency). That is, I believe that Monica was encouraged – instructed, even – to invite me to the dinner, even though under normal circumstances she might very well have done so anyway.

The seventh clue came three days after Thanksgiving. It was thanks to the fact that my grandfather's mouth was not entirely shut tight. After I had nearly lost my ticket, I became so worried about any further cancellation of my flight that, on November 27, I went personally to Lion Travel. The lady in charge, Vivian, while staring at me as if I had committed treason, told me nervously that it was all an accident. To calm me down, she even provided me with a printout. She had obviously been told by Homeland Security that I was this grotesque schizophrenic white supremacist anti-American extremist who was now helping the devilish Chinese intelligence service to harm the United States. Afterward, since my grandfather's residence was located nearby, I called him up to ask him if he wanted me to stop by. But he said he was "busy". Why "busy"? He said he was busy with "conference" (開會). "Conference?" I had to ask. But my grandfather said nothing more and just hanged up. Obviously the Taiwanese officials were gathering in his place discussing with him the serious problem I had just created. My fear about further cancellation also prompted me to call, minutes later, China Eastern's main office in the United States, and I was almost embarrassed that the woman who answered the phone had to assure me that there would not be any more problem with my ticket. After hearing that, I stood up from the street corner saying to myself, "The Chinese are here!" as if alien beings had come to rescue me from this Homeland Security prison house.

Meanwhile the United States and China had reached a deadlock in the International Court of Justice. The MSS director was not able to make any advance with his claim about US violation of UN

Resolution 1373 and his request for the CIA, etc., to share information, because he wasn't able to "intercept" my passport number. Mr Secretary, assisted by the CIA, continued to rely on the argument that I wasn't Lawrence Chin, although the CIA lawyers might very well have already advanced the argument that the Chinese claim was fraudulent because I was purposely putting out information about myself for the Chinese intelligence to intercept – this argument would later become the cornerstone of United States' defense. Although the United States did not have evidences to justify this claim, the judges didn't see reasons to refute it either. Several competing scenarios were thus hanging in the air in the International Court by the end of November: that I was a terrorist coming to China to conduct attacks; that I was secretly furnishing information to Chinese intelligence; and that I was not Lawrence Chin. To break the deadlock, the MSS director suddenly brought to the court a crucial piece of evidence: Professor Wong had been intercepted as communicating with someone in Xinjiang who was identified as a member from a Uighur separatist group which the Chinese authority had considered a "terrorist group". Now the intercept of Professor Wong's communication was the definitive evidence proving that I was indeed Lawrence Chin, that Lawrence Chin was coming to China to participate in a terrorist plot, and that this terrorist plot might very well be traced back to the interior of the CIA. What? How can this be? Since when was I a *real* terrorist? The CIA was incensed: the evidence which the MSS director had brought in cannot be real; this man is trying to frame us! At the same time, I saw the headline on an English language news website about China: "United States welcomes the rise of a peaceful and prosperous China", which was a lecture given by the US ambassador to China at an academic institution in the east coast. I highly suspect that this lecture had something to do with me. Around November 20 or so, a copy of the Chinese complaint at the ICJ must have also been delivered to the US ambassador to China, who, comparing the FBI file with the Homeland Security warning, must be frowning and shaking his head in regard to Mr Secretary's negligence. Typical of the way the United States communicated with China – subtle and indirect – he thus returned to the United States to deliver this lecture in order to pass a message to the Chinese government begging the MSS director not to move forward with his lawsuit in the International Court of Justice. I don't know how the Chinese president felt about such direct confrontation with the United States; he was a conservative man who was inclined to play down conflicts with Western nations. But the disorganization of the Chinese government was such that the Ministry of State Security and the Foreign Ministry had pretty much a freehand in pursuing their own agendas in the name of the entire People's Republic of China, and the MSS director was clearly a "hardliner" when it came to the United States. He was not backing down.

Now that the CIA lawyers were desperate to demonstrate that MSS director's new evidence was forged, they began telling the judges the truth. They explained that I was not really a terrorist, that Big Sister had made a mistake, and that the Chinese "evidence" therefore cannot be correct. The judges were becoming suspicious. They had read my story, and saw that this story was meant to explain how I was *mistaken* as a terrorist suspect by the FBI. How could I be planning terrorist acts if I was telling the truth? Besides, why would I be advertising on the Internet that I was labeled a terrorist suspect if I really wanted to conduct terrorist attack in China? Furthermore, I had not been doing anything abnormal to indicate that I was planning on suicide attacks or anything like that. I went on China-travel websites, I went to meetups, I volunteered, etc. The MSS director, however, was able to make his case by further exploiting the FBI document in his hand.

To understand how the MSS director could continue to persuade the judges that he truly believed I was a terrorist, you have to refer back to the content of the FBI document which the Big Sister had composed for the Chinese. Well, how is it that the Big Sister could have gone after me with such a vengeance when all throughout 2005 and early 2006 I was doing nothing but the most ordinary things – writing my *The Path toward Scientific Enlightenment*, translating for the Orthodox Church of Taiwan, and being obsessed with Marie? The Big Sister had simply thought that I was some sort of genius in hiding my terrorist planning beneath the cover of these ordinary things. She was too eager to establish her reputation, and too deluded by her belief in her special “feminine intuitive capacity” for detecting secret terrorist planning when no one else could notice anything. And she found justification for her paranoid fantasy in the incident involving my former therapist “Chaya”. The concluding episode of this incident which I have not described in my previous narrative is this. Chaya – a person who was obsessed with keeping her private life a secret and who would never tolerate being investigated like that – must have reported me to the special stalking crime unit at the Los Angeles Police Department (the Threat Management Unit). Chaya must have told the officers that my therapy conversation with my old psychologist Deborah W was a gold mine of information about how I investigated her, and the officers must have then bugged Deborah's office while instructing her how to assist the investigation. Chaya didn't get me however, for – that was September 2003 – as soon as I walked into Deborah's office and saw her worried face, I knew that the room was bugged. I simply started talking about the other patient with whom Chaya also had a relationship. The man was a 60 year-old well-to-do Jewish lawyer, and was in the process of finishing up a messy divorce. In July 2003, during the time of Chaya's absence from CGI, he had a court date – as I was able to ascertain from the calendar of the Superior Court in downtown Los Angeles – and I went there to check him out. Lo and behold, before I even walked into the court house that morning, I saw none other than Chaya herself walking in. I described this incident for the surveillance to pick up, and it must have caused Chaya tremendous embarrassment in front of the officers since she had evidently lied about the event while possibly reporting that I had examined the divorce file of this patient of hers in the court house. Since it was now evident that she habitually violated ethical code by initiating relationships with her patients, she knew that she would lose in court should she insist on arresting me and prosecuting me. In order to avoid legal troubles for herself, she thus requested that the officers drop the investigations and that's how I was able to escape some possible troubles myself.

Using the enemy's surveillance on me to dismantle the enemy herself – this must have been the incident which, when the Big Sister reviewed my past history on file, had so impressed her that she was able, with a straight face, to hold onto her paranoid fantasy that, when I was going to a sex club and doing translation and writing a big book on spiritual enlightenment, I was in fact providing cover for myself while secretly planning terrorist attacks against the United States. I was a genius in disguising myself – a strange opinion which the RCMP officers must have laughed out of their door. The Big Sister, however, when composing her document for the Chinese Ministry of Public Security, must have included this paranoid assessment that I was “ingenious in disguising my terrorist plans under the garb of normalcy”. Although the MSS director had seen through the Big Sister's mistake a long time ago, he now couldn't have found her paranoid fantasy more convenient. No matter what the Agency said – that

I did not seem to be planning any terrorist attack against China, that I was doing ordinary things everyday – the MSS director would just insist that he believed this FBI agent's paranoid evaluation – “Your own FBI says he could be ingeniously disguising his terrorist plans with decoy activities” – and then request that this evaluation be entered into the Court as evidence possessing immutable legal force. According to the MSS director, I was probably advertising my status as a terrorist suspect in order to provide myself with a cover, since I knew that Homeland Security would cover me by telling everyone that I was insane and had imagined the whole thing! If I talked about how I wanted to escape from Homeland Security, that was just a cover story too! It was with this sort of paranoid thinking along the line of the Big Sister's paranoid assessment that the MSS director was able to put forward the argument with a straight face – that suspicion was warranted that China's national security was indeed under threat, that it was justified to regard me as a terrorist posing tremendous danger, and that his new “evidence” was genuine.

The ICJ judges were persuaded, and were inclined to grant MSS director's request. The CIA was infuriated by MSS director's hypocrisy. Just then, something happened which definitively turned the tide in favor of the MSS director.

Mr Secretary's perjury and the magnification of the international crisis

When November came to an end, although so many incidents had confirmed for me that my “plan” (getting the Chinese to believe me) was working, I still wanted to completely rule out the possibility that Ms Mermaid might have been recruited by Homeland Security rather than by the Chinese intelligence. I thus continually wrote her emails insisting on speaking to her on the phone at least once in order to hear her voice. Finally, she agreed. So I downloaded Skype onto my laptop and called her up. (I was then in the same Starbucks in Santa Monica Promenade.) Ms Mermaid answered the call on her cellphone and exclaimed out of total surprise, “Where are you?” “I'm in Los Angeles, why?” “But my phone's display shows that you are calling from Taiwan,” Ms Mermaid proclaimed, “for 886 is the prefix for Taiwan.” “What?” I was totally confused, and assured her that I was in Los Angeles. Other than that, we said nothing significant to each other. Although I had thus accomplished my objective of ascertaining Ms Mermaid's whereabouts, my own whereabouts had now become suspect. Chill came up my spine as I suddenly thought of the possibility that, perhaps, the Department was trying to frame me for the Chinese: perhaps they wanted to use the Chinese to get me by routing my Skype call to Taiwan in order to make it look as if I had called from Taiwan and then lying to the Chinese saying I was a Taiwanese spy just finishing up my training for the upcoming “infiltration into China”.

Just before I made the call I was posting on the forum of 5281 responding to others and advertising my story. The forum tracked users' IP addresses on their control panel page, but listed my IP address as invalid because I was using TOR at the time (the Onion Router). To prevent Homeland Security from framing me, I quickly logged off the forum, exited TOR, and then logged onto the forum again, so that the forum could log my genuine IP address. Now my control panel page listed a T-Mobile IP address coming from the United States. Then I emailed to Ms Mermaid telling her how I just couldn't figure out

why I got a Taiwanese number for my Skype. Two days later Ms Mermaid wrote back to tell me not to worry about this any longer. What exactly had happened?

Now that the ICJ judges were inclined to grant the MSS director's request because of the new piece of "evidence", Mr Homeland Security Secretary decided to forge evidence of his own to prove that I was not Lawrence Chin. He wanted to demonstrate to everyone that, while the CIA wasn't able to halt the Chinese assault, he was smart enough to do so. Somehow, by creating evidence to show that I was in Taiwan and not in Los Angeles, he could prove his scenario that Lawrence Chin and David Chin were twin brothers and that his Department's warning really pertained to David Chin and not to the terrorist suspect Lawrence Chin. I don't know what exactly his scenario was. Maybe something like this: both David Chin and Lawrence Chin were in Taiwan in October, and, when Lawrence Chin came back to the United States, David Chin was still in Taiwan, causing Homeland Security to confuse David Chin with Lawrence Chin. It was somehow David Chin who was pretending to be Lawrence Chin and talking to all these people in China. I don't know if all this is correct; I am just sure of his purpose. When he saw that I wanted to talk to Ms Mermaid on the phone, he decided to play this trick of routing my call through Taiwan. This is why he allowed me to download Skype. He then used his political cloud to persuade the Taiwanese government to cooperate in this scheme. But I had ruined his plan by relogging onto the forum of 5281 with my real IP address. The MSS director quickly presented my IP address as evidence – perhaps along with other evidences regarding the routing of my communication and emails – to the judges of the International Court. The problem was that Mr Secretary was not very smart, that his trick was stupid and obvious, and that he wasn't aware that he was not very smart and his trick very stupid. The judges were incensed by his blatant attempt to cheat the International Court. Now you cannot overestimate the seriousness of the matter: the United States had just been caught committing perjury in the International Court of Justice.

Events of tremendous proportion followed. The MSS director argued to the judges that, since the United States had demonstrated unequivocally with its perjury its unwillingness to share information as required by international laws, and since evidence had now emerged that there might indeed exist a terrorist plot traceable to the CIA and by which China's security was immediately threatened, the Court should grant the Chinese direct access to the American (and Canadian and Taiwanese) top secret databases and archives; that is, that the International Court must force the United States and its allies to fulfill their obligation under international laws. The judges, foremost the ICJ President judge Higgins, agreed.

As I have noted, the officers of the Ministry of State Security had been camping at the front doors of the relevant branches of the CIA for about 10 days by now. They knew where to go. When ordinary people are asked about the CIA, they would think "Langley, Virginia". People are not aware that the decentralization which the Agency has gone through at the turn of the Millennium has disconnected its clandestine service from the CIA headquarters in Langley. The headquarters were full of political appointees whom the clandestine service did not trust, and nobody at the headquarters was now aware of what the clandestine service was planning and doing around the world. I don't know where the headquarters of the CIA clandestine service were; perhaps the National Resources Division in Colorado

was it. Wherever it was, the Chinese knew about it, and were demanding entry citing the latest order from the International Court of Justice. The director of the clandestine service had to obey the International Court order. The political pressure was just too great: ever since the case broke open, the entire United Nations was stunned. The United States, the very nation which had forced all nations around the world to sign onto UN Resolution 1373 two weeks after September 11, 2001, and to incorporate "terrorism" into their perception of reality, even though many nations were doubtful whether the 911 attacks were real at all – now it was the United States itself which was not obeying UN Resolution 1373! Thus the CS director gave the order to let the Chinese come into the CS headquarters, even though he knew that, once the Chinese had obtained the service's file system, the world-wide espionage and covert operation function of the Central Intelligence Agency would have come to an end, that the identity of all its operatives would be thrown out there in open market. At the same time, the MSS officers were permitted to go inside the FBI, Homeland Security, the BND, the CSIS, and the RCMP headquarters and regional branches, maybe even inside the Taiwanese intelligence headquarters in Taipei, escorted by UN observers who came along to ensure the fair execution of the judges' orders. (Just because the German BND had a hand in the CIA's "China op", it was also legally an "associate" of a terrorist suspect, so that the ICJ judges also ordered the German spy organ to give up its entire "secret box".) The MSS officers quickly started freeloading classified information off all these agencies' databases. The officials inside all these agencies could only look upon such bizarre ravage with total disbelief: never in modern history had such kind of "open espionage" occurred on such grand scale.

In the Agency's "secret box" the MSS officers found all the treasures they had been dreaming of. They discovered not just the entire personnel file of CIA's clandestine service (the National Clandestine Service), not just its worldwide operational plans, but also all its past operational plans. The evidences were tremendous: they showed how the Agency (together with their German, Turkish, and Pakistani partners) had been for decades using Islamic extremists as proxies to attack Chinese and Russian interests in Central Asia; they showed how the CIA had been supporting the guerrillas in Iran to conduct terrorist bombings inside this supposedly "terrorism-sponsoring state" since 2005; they showed how the CIA had been fomenting, together with the State Department, their European partners, and all the notable democracy-promoting NGOs, all the "color revolutions" in Eastern Europe and Kyrgyzstan; they showed how the Agency had been attempting to do the same thing in China, inciting the Turkic Muslims in Xinjiang, the Tibetans in Tibet, and, in my case, the ethnic minorities in southern China to rebel against the Chinese central government. (Given German BND's close partnership with the CIA in all these operations, the MSS officers found the same proofs in BND's "secret box".) But most importantly, the MSS officers found in CIA's "secret box" the indisputable proof that 911 attacks were orchestrated by United States Vice President himself and that the 911 hijackers were Pakistani double agents who had been trained in the United States. The MSS director, gathering up all these evidences which his officers had brought to him, then sent China's Foreign Ministry officials to present them to the United Nations. Passing these indisputable evidences to representatives of nations around the world, the Chinese representatives charged in the face of their American counterparts: The United States and its European allies had been hypocrites; they say they respect China's territorial integrity but, behind our back, have been trying to fragment our country into pieces. Our accusations have been right

all along! All these promotions of democracy and human rights in foreign lands are just ploys to enable unfriendly regimes to be replaced by puppet regimes friendly to the US. All hypocrisy! Most importantly, all these Islamic extremists around the world are actually proxies of the CIA – and the CIA's British, German, Turkish, and Pakistani partners! It is the United States which has been sponsoring terrorists to conduct terrorist bombings in our country, in Iran, in Russia, rather than the other way round, that Iran has supported terrorists! And 911 attacks are false flag operations orchestrated by your Vice President himself! People's suspicion has been right all along! What a scandal that the entire structure of international relations has been revolving since September 11, 2001, around the myth that the United States has been a victim of terrorism!

I should also add that the MSS had also found proofs of Vice President's plan for Iran in CIA's secret box – proofs which demonstrated his real motivation in wanting to annihilate Iran with nuclear bombs back in 2006. I mention this because this would have something to do with my situation later on; for now I need to point out to you that the Chinese revelation in the United Nations of the evil things which the United States was secretly planning and doing behind its outward appearance of promoting democracies and fighting terrorists was so numerous that I cannot be expected to recount them all within the space of my current narrative. The UN had probably had to devote the entire first week of December, 2007, to Chinese grievances and revelation. In this narrative I will leave aside CIA's other operations (like effecting regime-changes under the disguise of promoting democracy), but will focus on the Agency's support of Islamic terrorists. And I will only summarily go over the issue of CIA's support of Muslim terrorists in late 1990s in the Appendix – insofar as this issue intimately pertains to the US strategy toward China. I will discuss everything else in more details in subsequent volumes. At this point I also want to make it clear that, although there might have been political appointees in the CIA headquarters who were involved in 911 attacks, the CIA clandestine service had nothing to do with the planning and execution of this false flag operation, but that the knowledge of Vice President's orchestration of 911 attacks – and the knowledge of the identity of the 911 hijackers as double agents – was widespread in the clandestine service. However, nobody in the United States government really knew what was in clandestine service's "secret box", and not everyone in the Agency knew there was documentation of such knowledge somewhere in this "secret box". When the Chinese dug out the documentation, everyone in the US government would have been utterly stupefied, and would have looked at the Boss Vice President, "Perhaps you sir should tell us about your plans before the Chinese intercept them and tell the world about them!" Meanwhile, our Vice President would want to know where this documentation had come from. The CIA on the whole was very angry with the Vice President for his daring false flag attacks, and the clandestine service had done its best to disrupt his "War on Terror". The reason for all this I'll also elucidate in subsequent volumes. Because our Vice President was a very secretive person, he didn't have the habit of writing down his plans. If you scorch through Cheney's "shadow government cabinet" looking for document proofs for his orchestration of 911 attacks, you'll probably find nothing, since the whole operation was planned through oral communication without leaving behind any documentary traces. But now it has turned out that someone in the CIA's clandestine service, who was discontent with Cheney's false flag operations and "War on Terror", had talked about it in written communication, which now fell into the hands of Chinese intelligence service whose director then used it to embarrass "Big Boss Cheney" in the United

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
The government's investigation of a "schizophrenic": Part III of III
Lawrence C. Chin
Dec. 2008; Aug 2010; Dec. 2011; Dec. 2012; Apr. 2017

Nations. Our Vice President was infuriated beyond description. All the while China was now pushing the United Nations to label United States a "terrorism-sponsoring state", just as United States had been doing so to nations which had defied US imperial incursion, like Iran, North Korea, and Venezuela – and to label the CIA a "terrorist organization". The entire UN was stunned. Although many nations had suspected United States and its allies of all these evil deeds, to be suddenly shown indisputable proofs of all this was simply unimaginable. Only long-time victims of US aggression like Russia, Iran, and Venezuela were enthusiastic listeners.

You can just imagine Madam Secretary of State ("Condi") going to the President and the Vice President to tell them, "We can't allow Mr Secretary and his Department to lie anymore in the International Court." The mess had become so huge, and once again Mr Homeland Security Secretary had so embarrassed himself in front of all the important people in the US government because of me. His wrath toward me couldn't have been greater, and he was determined to cause me to suffer from his vengeance even more than during the first time once this case should be settled in the International Court of Justice.

From this point on the CIA and the State Department would become heavily involved in my case – the CIA had all the reasons in the world to do so now that they had lost all the files on their elite clandestine unit and operational plans in the International Court of Justice. Mr Secretary of Homeland Security was clearly incompetent; now even Madam Secretary of State could see that. Our Vice President was at last persuaded to temporarily put aside his protégé and let his past political enemies, the CIA and the State Department, argue for the United States in the International Court. The CIA clandestine service officials, these highly sophisticated and extremely wise men and women like the Invisible Hand, began seriously reviewing and analyzing the intercepts of my past conversations (notably with Wes). They were now further convinced that all this mess was orchestrated. Somehow I seemed to be getting everything I wanted. The United States was forced to bring the files on me out of the secret boxes in the FBI, CIA, and DHS onto the open; I was to fly to China without impediment, per the order of International Court of Justice – "Let the suspect fly to China so we can see what he is up to, in accordance with the ordinary procedures in a terrorist investigation"; and the Chinese, distrusting the United States as ever, had now refused to allow the Department of Homeland Security to bring its fake reality prison house to Shanghai. The Invisible Hand et al were convinced that I had planned the whole thing. But in fact I didn't. I had only planned the beginning. I was riding on the waves, gradually coming to understand the vast momentum which the little snow ball I threw down the hill was acquiring. The CIA clandestine service veterans might have wondered why, in the past year and a half during which they had watched me so closely, they had never discovered any sign that I possessed the knowledge about international laws and geopolitics that was necessary to plan out such a sophisticated operation, but the coincidence of all the events together was just too striking. Now that the entire Agency was burglarized, and that the United States and the CIA were about to be labeled a "terrorism-sponsoring state" and a "terrorist organization" in the United Nations, they had thought out a plan, based on the notion that I had planned everything, to get out of the crisis. They instructed the US representatives in the UN to admit nothing, to hold their ground for the time being, while they worked out their strategy.

While the US representatives in the UN cried foul, arguing vehemently that something was not right with the evidences which the Chinese were bringing forward, so that the UN was temporarily grounded on this issue, those most sophisticated figures from the CIA clandestine service, including the Invisible Hand, assembled a most important meeting in the "situation room" to brief all the important people. It was now the beginning of December. Other than officials from Canada, Taiwan, and Germany, there must be present, from the US side, the Vice President, the President, Mr Secretary of Homeland Security, and Madam Secretary of State, among others. The CIA gave their conclusions about the matter at hand: "We have examined how this matter has come about. He [referring to me] did it intentionally. Listen to what he has said earlier, how he admired the new Chinese military, how he thought China might constitute a hedge against neoconservatism, how he wanted to revenge, how he warned that the Chinese government would not believe Mr Homeland Security Secretary's lies about him. And now look at his actions. Why did he get an email account in China's Internet domain and send his story to that account? This is the source of our troubles. Obviously, he was trying to get his story intercepted by the MSS. And why did he need a guide in Shanghai when he speaks perfect Chinese? He knows the guide will be recruited by the MSS as an informant. The guide is to guide him to defection! Mr Secretary of Homeland Security here [referring to Mr Secretary who was among the audience] has fallen into his trap. This is a carefully devised plan to revenge and to escape at the same time. He knew that the Chinese had information about him from the FBI, that Mr Secretary didn't know about this, that Mr Secretary would get caught lying, and that we would get sued in the International Court. He knew that China's Internet domain is monitored by a computerized system very similar to our Echelon, while our Homeland Security personnel didn't know about this. He is depositing his travel information in his Chinese email account, because he is telling the Chinese that he wants to defect. He knows the Chinese will save him while pretending to treat him like a terrorist threat; he knows the Chinese will insist on letting him go over to China as if they wanted to investigate him, when they are really trying to save him. His plan is excellent: the more we lie about him the more we are punished. Now all the mistakes we have ever made about him have come back to haunt us. Agent [whoever: referring to the 'Big Sister'] at the FBI has confused him with someone else and made this paranoid assessment about how he could be planning terrorist acts even when outwardly he wasn't doing anything special. Now the Chinese can insist he constitutes a grave threat even when there is no evidence that he is planning anything. Our mistake in recruiting him has now qualified us as 'associates of a terrorist suspect'. Homeland Security's mistake in investigating him as a terrorist suspect has now caused the exposure of all our secrets to our enemy – now all our sponsorship of the Mujahideen is known to the world and our nation is about to be convicted of violating UN Resolution 1373 and get labeled a 'terrorism-sponsoring state'! Mr Homeland Security Secretary there is now exposed as a hypocrite, and we the Agency are about to be banned around the world as a 'terrorist organization'. This plan to escape and to revenge at the same time is just ingenious: using our mistakes to hurt us." Both the Vice President and the President had already formed a conception of me as a "little problematic genius" back in 2006; now they definitely believed CIA's overestimation of me. To sink an entire nation through paper works – that indeed fit the style of a little genius smart-ass! But the CIA officers continued: "However we have a way out. If we cannot dissuade him from flying to China, we will have to prove to the judges that he did plan the whole thing –" This was "Plan B", while "Plan A" was just persuading me to not go to

China.

The most serious crisis at hand was that governments around the world had already seen proofs – coming straight out of CIA's "secret boxes" – that the United States itself was the behind-the-scene mastermind of "Muslim terrorists" around the world, and that 911 attacks, by which the United States had reordered the entire structure of international relations, were wounds which the United States had inflicted on itself for the purpose of starting wars of aggression in Central Asia and the Middle-East. Getting convicted as a "terrorism-sponsoring state" in the United Nations would mean the end of our Vice President's project for world-conquest, especially the project to get hold of world's remaining oil reserves. (I'll not discuss our Vice President's plan, the "Cheney Plan", at this juncture, but will, again, leave it to subsequent narratives.) It would also entail so many inconveniences that the United States would no longer be able to function unimpeded like before. This was MSS director's *new* objective – he certainly had not planned this at the beginning, but his appetite had grown in accordance with the increasing amount of "shit" he could find on the United States using me as a pawn. I cannot overstate here the seriousness of his assault. His ultimate objective, as opportunities had now permitted him, was not only to disable the Western alliance's secret plan to thwart China's rise to power, but also to dethrone once and for all the United States from its leadership role in international relations and to push China forward as the new leader in international affairs. When it came to the CIA, he wanted to convince the UN Security Council to label the Agency a "terrorist organization" so that America's elite spy agency would be forbidden by an UN Security Council Resolution to operate anywhere in the world. Thus, even though the CIA had never liked the Vice President and had been fighting him in vicious political battles since the beginning of the Bush administration, they were now suddenly forced by the MSS director, for the sake of their own survival, to fight on Cheney's behalf and reverse all the damages which the MSS director was causing to United States and its allies in general and to the Vice President in particular.

Something you should know about our Vice President Cheney is that the single thing which he feared the most in the world was being found out that he had himself carried out 911 attacks. Only after the attacks did he realize how badly he and his neocon shadow government gang had planned the whole operation. All these suspicious holes and inconsistencies... The first person to have noticed the holes and to suspect that the attacks were staged by the US government itself was Thierry Meyssan in April 2002 with his *L'effroyable imposture*. Then in October 2004 came Michael Ruppert's masterful *Crossing The Rubicon* which exposed almost his entire plan. In the same year, David Ray Griffin produced *The 9/11 Commission Report: Omissions And Distortions* and *The New Pearl Harbor: Disturbing Questions About the Bush Administration and 9/11*. In 2005, we saw Michel Chossudovsky's *America's "War on Terrorism"*. These are just the major works in a vast emerging literature which attributed 911 attacks to the US government itself, and often to the number one culprit the Vice President. As websites devoted to debunking the official story grew to thousands, as convincing home-made documentaries came on Youtube one after another, as the people believing in the opposite of the official story began numbering one in ten in all countries around the world by 2006, the Vice President was worried. I often wonder if he himself was behind many of the opinion polls on what people believed about 911 attacks. His counter-debunking through PBS Frontline Series, *Popular*

Mechanics, the State Department websites, and neocon writers had no force for the growing number of people who had been persuaded to the opposite of his story. The fact did not calm him that most of the consumers of 911 conspiracy theories were pretty confused themselves and so contradicted each other – this one believed it was Cheney, that one, the Mossad, that one, the CIA, and that one did not believe any plane had hit the buildings – that they could not possibly form a coherent political force. Just the fact that more than a hundred million people in the world didn't believe in his "Al-Qaeda" story was worrisome to him. I must say that the Vice President was strangely pathological in this respect. False flag operations were routine in military history: the Germans did it in order to have a pretext under which to invade Poland; the Japanese did it again and again in order to invade China (from the Manchurian incident in 1931 to full invasion in 1937). What is the big deal if he is found out? But he didn't think like that. Now that he was suddenly exposed naked in the United Nations by this Chinese intelligence chief! Even if the United States could escape being labeled a "terrorism-sponsoring state", just the fact that everyone had seen the proofs would haunt him forever. This, even if no one could act on the proofs because no one could be sure that the proofs were genuine! That someone in the CIA had revealed the truth about 911 attacks behind his back tremendously infuriated him toward the Agency, which had been his perennial political enemy in any case. The CIA, both to save themselves and to appease the Vice President, had to devise their "Plan B" in such a way that it could not only prevent United States from being convicted legally, but would also reverse the world's elites' *perception* that United States had sponsored terrorism and had carried out 911 attacks on itself. The CIA's plan for redemption must include *convincing* everyone that the proofs everyone had seen were false – it must include changing everyone's *belief*, not just his or her *votes*. People's *belief* that he didn't carry out 911 attacks was what the Vice President was specifically going after.

The CIA officers discovered that if they could prove to the ICJ judges that I had planned the whole thing, they would be able to not only get the United States out of its impending conviction, but also reverse the perception and belief of the world's government elites and convict China of the same thing of which the MSS director was now trying to convict the United States. This was "Plan B". That is to say, the foundation of the "Plan B" was the argument that I was running a conspiracy with the MSS with this carefully devised plan where both sides put up an act – one putting out information to be intercepted and the other pretending to intercept it – a plan where, even though I had never directly communicated with the MSS director about what I wanted to do, he would understand by observing my actions that I wanted him to save me while leaving the United States permanently damaged; he would understand this when he saw how I was giving him a chance to use the international court system to bring me into China and then to sue, and convict, the United States to such an extent that the United States could no longer function as the world's leader. If this could be proven to the satisfaction of the ICJ judges, then the evidences with which I had furnished the MSS director – such as my story and, later, my passport number – could all be suppressed on ground of "conspiracy" – something which the modeling of evidentiary rules on the ordinary course of terrorism-investigation had just made possible. The final step would be to reinterpret UN Resolution 1373 for the ICJ judges in such a way as *to oblige China to cooperate in confirming United States' alternative scenario* – that I was not Lawrence Chin but Lawrence Chin's (non-existent) twin brother – *prosecuting its own spy chief, and covering up United States' sponsorship of Muslim terrorists around the world, including its orchestration of 911*

attacks on itself.

What? To interpret UN Resolution 1373 in such a way as to force China to defeat itself and cover up United States' crimes? All the important people, and our Vice President in particular, wanted to know how proving that I had planned the whole thing could allow this to happen. Our CIA's clandestine service specialists thus explained this most magical part of "Plan B". If they could prove that I had planned the whole thing – that I had purposely furnished the MSS with my story in order for them to sue the United States and get into United States', its allies', and the Agency's secret box using UN Resolution 1373; that I had wanted to *hurt* the United States while escaping to China to secretly defect – if this could be proven, then I would be a terrorist suspect planning harm against the United States instead of against China. Now the "spirit", though not the "letter", of UN Resolution 1373 was that nations should help each other neutralize the threat posed by a terrorist suspect to any one of them. The United States could then point out to the judges that obedience to UN Resolution 1373 – when the international agreement was examined on the level of its "spirit", or original intent – would actually mean that China should help the United States neutralize the threat I was posing to the United States. Since the nature of this threat consisted in helping the MSS director win a lawsuit against the United States and convict the United States of sponsoring terrorism, the Chinese government, in its obedience to international agreement, should help the United States win the lawsuit against the head of its own intelligence service so that China, whom the terrorist suspect wanted to benefit, may gain nothing from the United States, while the United States would not fall victim to the terrorist suspect's terrorist act.

Can you understand the tremendous import of this device? Since convicting United States of sponsoring terrorism, exposing United States' masterminding terrorist attacks around the world, and convicting United States of violating UN Resolution 1373, should all now count as the "harm" which the terrorist suspect (me) was attempting to inflict on the United States *using the Chinese intelligence service as his weapon*, the Chinese government, if it intended to help United States neutralize this "harm", must then help United States convict its own MSS director in such a way that United States would not be convicted of sponsoring terrorism, would not be exposed as having masterminded all the terrorist attacks in the world, and would not be convicted of violating UN Resolution 1373. This meant that the Chinese government must help the United States *frame* the MSS director for attempting to fraudulently convict the United States of sponsoring terrorism, for forging evidences to falsely expose the United States' masterminding terrorism around the world, and for defrauding the International Court in order to falsely convict the United States of violating UN Resolution 1373. "We can then oblige the Chinese government to *forge* documents purportedly 'discovered' from within MSS' 'secret box' which would show that all the evidences discovered in our 'secret box' are forged and planted by Chinese spies to frame us, and that this guy (referring to me) is actually not Lawrence Chin but Lawrence Chin's twin brother, whom the MSS director has recruited to pretend to be Lawrence Chin in an attempt to dupe the International Court into convicting us of violating UN Resolution 1373," the CIA officers explained. "In this way, we can actually vindicate Mr Homeland Security Secretary's argument that there has been a confusion of identity between Lawrence Chin and Lawrence Chin's twin brother, David Chin. In the name of neutralizing the terrorist threat against us and reversing the damages which the terrorist suspect has caused us, we can oblige the Chinese president to forge these

documents to tell a *different* story as to who has been sponsoring all the Muslim terrorists around the world. Not us, the proud CIA. But the law (reversing terrorist damages) would enable us to oblige the Chinese president to blame all the Muslim terrorism which has been attributed to us *onto the MSS director himself*, if only so that the world will more likely believe that we are *not* the ones who have masterminded all the terrorist attacks in the world. And 911 attacks which have been attributed to Mr Vice President, Sir, can also be blamed onto the MSS director!"

This is how Cheney may find a solution to his biggest fear – that the world had found out that he was the one who had pulled off 911 attacks. Since world's bad impression of the United States upon *believing*, given the evidences coming out of the CIA, that United States had been the behind-the-scene mastermind of Muslim terrorism and that United States itself had orchestrated 911 attacks in order to reorder international relations, could also count as the "damage" which a "terrorist suspect" intended to inflict on the United States, UN Resolution 1373 would actually oblige the Chinese government to forge evidences to change the world's belief, to convince the world that what everyone had earlier believed about the United States was false and that the opposite of what everyone had earlier believed was true, namely, that it was China's spy chief – the detective who had supposedly exposed the United States – who had masterminded Muslim terrorism and perpetrated 911 attacks. In fact, to reverse this "terrorist damage", China should forge evidences in order to help United States reorder international relations in its interests based on falsities *once more* just as United States had done with 911 attacks!

Cheney was appeased. This was a good plan. The CIA was trying both to save itself from a conviction as a terrorist organization and the country it represented from a conviction as a terrorism-sponsoring state and to appease its most powerful political enemy. This plan was especially good because it was an opportunity for Vice President Cheney to fix his earlier mistakes when he orchestrated 911 attacks. His neocon gang had been amateurs, they thought they could stage terrorist attacks in New York and Washington realistically enough that no one would notice these attacks were fake; and yet, by now, Youtube was full of documentaries pointing out one hole after another in the impossibly simplistic official story of "Al-Qaeda operatives hijacking planes and crashing them into buildings". The suspicious collapse of the WTC buildings, the narrowness of the hole on the Pentagon, the inability of the best military system in the world to respond in time to airline hijacking by nineteen idiots, the suspicious past of these hijackers... The CIA officers explained to the Vice President that this was a golden opportunity to devise a new "official story" as to how 911 attacks had happened, which could explain away these suspicious abnormalities in the original "official story", and to make the world believe it by using (forged) evidences coming from the secret box on the Chinese side! For it had not just been the conspiracy theorists; even many government officials around the world had doubts as to whether it was really some Osama bin Laden and Khalid Sheikh Muhammed who had pulled off the attacks. In fact, even at this early stage, the CIA officers had already thought out the outline of this new official story which could do all these wonders – explaining away the inconsistencies in the original "official story" and making the world believe that it was the Chinese who had pulled off everything – and explained it to the Vice President. He was satisfied. He even thought of some minor figures whom he had always wanted to frame and whom he wanted this time to frame along with the MSS director, like the Russian "Merchant of Death" Victor Bout (the DEA had just started on a sting operation on

him around this time in Thailand) and the former Soviet nuclear expert Dmitri Khalezov. I will however not discuss the details of this new "official story" right here, but will leave it to the Appendix in Volume II.

Although the plan sounded so excellent, there was a serious legal technicality which could prevent it from working at all. I will not reveal to you for now what this legal technicality was. It is because of this technicality that the Agency had proposed this as "Plan B", namely, as a backup plan. Preventing me from flying to China was still the risk-free way to dissolve the whole crisis. During this meeting the CIA officials must have also explained their "Plan A" – how, by dissuading me from flying to China, they could actually accomplish all the wonders which "Plan B" above was designed to accomplish, with even greater chances of success, absent that legal technicality which would need to be overcome in "Plan B". My problem in telling you this story is that I don't know how the Agency would be able to do that! I don't know how "Plan A" worked because it was never implemented, and I have no sources within the Agency to tell me about a hypothetical plan which had never been carried out.

"Plan A", "Plan B", and the malfunctioning of my environment

Now that the CIA – together with their long-time ally the State Department – was taking over the leadership, they would begin implementing both "Plan A" and "Plan B" at the same time, to see which plan would be the one needed in the end. The Agency would continue to dissuade me from going to China, while beginning to collect "evidences" from me for "Plan B". For "Plan B" to work, they would also have to work on the MSS director himself, and on the judges as well!

The CIA had long ago achieved a certain "penetration" within the MSS – again, I'll talk about this later – and was relieved that it had escaped the MSS' notice when the MSS had ransacked their database. This "penetration" was the key to the success of "Plan B", and the technicality I have mentioned relates to this "penetration" as well. In order for "Plan B" to work, the Agency's lawyers would have to cause the MSS director himself to believe everything that they believed, that I had planned the whole thing to benefit China. This was not very difficult, since the MSS director had already himself concluded that I was in fact trying to defect and was providing information to him on purpose. The MSS director's belief system simply needed to be expanded. Most importantly, the CIA had to make him develop the desire to save me, just as they suspected I wanted him to do. So the CIA's lawyers began vehemently arguing to the ICJ judges, but in the presence of the MSS director, that I had planned the whole thing and was purposely helping China *harm* the United States *because I loved China and hated the United States and because I wanted the MSS director to save me*. They pointed out to the judges everything they had earlier pointed out to the "important people" during the meeting: the Chinese email account, the tour guide... The CIA lawyers were not just making arguments to the judges, but were also trying to impress this scenario upon the MSS director. The MSS director, already suspicious, naturally believed the CIA in his heart, although he continued to treat me as a terrorist suspect in his outward pronouncements. He didn't know that the CIA was playing a trick on him, trying to get him to believe United States' "conspiracy scenario" so that he would talk about it with his entourage. He had secretly begun to see me as a hero to China – and had developed the desire to save me! Although CIA lawyers' analysis made

a lot of sense to the judges, the MSS director was able to once again use the Big Sister's document to refute the Americans. Alas, in order to motivate the Chinese, the Big Sister had also noted on the document she had composed that I hated China! How convenient was her slander of me to the Chinese a year and a half later! The MSS director thus easily persuaded the judges that CIA's assessment that I was helping China because I loved China was wrong, since the FBI document was established to have absolute legal force!

Without knowing whether "Plan B" would succeed, the CIA wanted to be able to convince the judges that I was purposely providing information to the Chinese, for in such case they could at least suppress my story as evidence, which would mean the elimination of the legal consideration of the Agency as my "associate", which would mean that the Chinese would have to withdraw all the dirty secrets of the United States from the United Nations. While trying to impression the MSS director, the CIA was thus genuinely trying to convince the judges. Meanwhile Mr Secretary went about trying to implement "Plan A". Not just that; after he had further embarrassed himself with his perjury, he now wanted to redeem himself from this second lie when he hadn't yet recovered himself from the first lie! He decided to make use of my aunt Jennifer to this effect. On the first Wednesday of December or so, when I was just waking up in my apartment around noon, my aunt Jennifer suddenly called me to tell me that, this coming Saturday, she would have to take my grandfather to the Taiwanese Economic and Cultural Organization to discuss his pension affairs (or so she told me) and that, afterwards, she would like to take me out to lunch together with my grandfather. At the time I agreed, although I immediately sensed danger. My gut feeling convinced me that, since I had created great troubles for Mr Secretary, he had decided to instruct my aunt to lure me out and, deceiving me into believing that she was going to treat me, to then suddenly dump me away in a mental institution on 5150 as a way to prevent me from going to China. I was led to suspect this by the nervousness in my aunt's tone of voice and by the unusualness of her proposal: she hadn't been so nice to me for quite a while. This of course confirmed for me once more that Mr Secretary had been caught lying and that he was now responsible for diplomatic difficulties affecting all sections of the US government. I spent that night in the Borders Bookstore in Santa Monica Promenade and called up Wes on my cellphone. I told him about how my ticket to Shanghai was almost "accidentally" canceled by the travel agency and then announced to him that this was a sign that China was not going to cooperate with Homeland Security – for otherwise I wouldn't be encountering this kind of resistance. But Wes had been instructed by the Agency to gather evidences for "Plan B". He asked me why I didn't choose to go to North Korea or Iran. Why would anyone go to such impoverished country as North Korea? To starve oneself? And why Iran? China was a "normal country", I replied, and, since I already spoke Chinese, it would just be perfect. Wes then surprised me by concurring, "Yes, it'd be perfect." I think he was covering for me. The Agency wanted Wes to elicit from me evidence which could indicate that I had planned the whole thing, just in case they would have to pull out their wild card in the end. They thus instructed Wes to ask me why I chose China instead of Iran or North Korea to escape to: should my mouth have been any looser – should I have divulged that I knew the Chinese government had information about me as a terrorist suspect – the Agency would have obtained the evidence they needed: North Korea or Iran would not have been able to catch Mr Homeland Security Secretary lying, not having the FBI document in their hands. Wes knew how furious all the "important people" (like the Vice President) were toward me, convinced that I had

planned the whole thing, and so was trying to create with me the impression that I was only accidentally creating problems.

This incident should cause you to realize that, when the researchers at Monica's place told me all about Tibet, it was also Agency's attempt to collect evidences about my true attitude toward China. Even before they had actually lost their secrets, the veterans in the clandestine service were already thinking about defeating the Chinese by reinterpreting UN Resolution 1373. They wanted to hear me defend China against charges of oppressing the Tibetans, which could then become evidence that I was here trying to help, rather than harm, China. But they didn't succeed that night either.

In any case, when Saturday came, my aunt called me around noon to wake me up. That's when I told her I couldn't go with her. I suppose what had happened in TECO was like this. Mr Secretary, the Taiwanese consul general, someone from the Agency, and the Taiwanese intelligence official who was an acquaintance or a former student of my grandfather and who had served as the intermediary between my grandfather and the Agency during 2006 were all in the consulate office sitting in front of my old and frail grandfather and my aunt Jennifer. Frowning, the consul general would say to my grandfather: "Your grandson... He wants to fly to China... Mr Secretary here told the Chinese government falsehood, and now he is caught lying, and the Chinese Ministry of State Security is suing us in the International Court of Justice and reporting it to the United Nations. You see, his story... How can it be told to the Chinese government? He is obviously doing it intentionally. He's not happy and so he wreaks revenge on us. Now the matter is so serious... What kind of people does he think the Chinese Ministry of State Security is? He wants to have relationship with these people!"⁵

Everyone then discussed the plan to dump me in a mental institution. Today I suspect that my aunt might be working with the Taiwanese consulate on an even more sinister plan, to secretly ship me back to Taiwan on grounds of incurable schizophrenia. In this way Mr Secretary could round up his lies about my being in Taiwan. In any case, after I told my aunt Jennifer "No," she simply accepted my refusal with relief and hanged up. Apparently, she really preferred not to do what she was instructed by Mr Secretary to do because it involved dishonesty and deception which conflicted with her evangelical injunction about not lying. She had always been somewhat hesitant to lie to me for the benefit of Mr Secretary – that nothing was going on during November 2006 and that I had imagined up all the Homeland Security operations – because it violated her religious principles. In this way I had escaped an otherwise profound disaster.

The United States was thus pursuing at the same time all arguments which could work, even when they contradicted each other. While the CIA was trying to tell the truth to the judges, Mr Secretary was still trying to make his new lie work (that I was a twin brother of myself who was not even in the United States). It must be under his instruction that my mother called me one afternoon in early December to ask me, out of the blue, if she could help me fix the wrong birthdate on my passport! She wanted my

5 你哪個寶貝孫子啊，他想去大陸，咱們國土安全局局長跟大陸政府說謊，被抓到，現在大陸國家安全部部长告到聯合國去啦，事情嚴重地不得了，你想想，他的事，如何能跟大陸政府說？他會向我們報復。中國國家安全部的人是何樣的人，他去根他們打交道！

passport – she was obviously instructed to find ways to change my passport number once and for all so that it would no longer match the information about me on the FBI document in the hands of the MSS director. Besides, if I gave her my passport, who knows when I would get it back? Thus, even though I couldn't yet comprehend the details, I knew immediately it was a trap and just refused her help. It was by now so obvious that the authority wanted to prevent me from going to China and that there was something about my passport number which was killing the United States. All these operations should have caused me to suspect that the stir I had created had been brought to the United Nations; but I couldn't think very far along this line because I knew very little about the International Court of Justice and I was afraid to look up UN's website to learn how exactly all the mechanisms worked, for fear that I might give away any hint about my plans beyond the basic story I had stuck to, that I expected the Chinese government to not cooperate with Homeland Security in broadcasting alerts about me and instituting "fake reality" around me.

The CIA had by now noticed that I was unlikely to be careless enough as to reveal in my communications hints that I had planned the whole thing. They had joined Mr Secretary in his effort to implement "Plan A". If I gave up my plan of going to China, then at the very least the Chinese would have to withdraw all those dirty secrets from the United Nations, even though, as I have said, I don't know how the Agency was going to reverse the *perception and memory* of the world's elites. The Agency's way to dissuade me from going to China would be far more effective – and far more clandestine, since the International Court had ordered that the US government should make no attempt to prevent me from implementing my plan. One example of their tactic was Carol B at the Red Cross. Now that my plan was working, I had resumed volunteering at the Red Cross office in Westwood. And so, one afternoon in early December, as we were all taking our lunch break in the patio, Carol suddenly came out to eat with me just as I had always wanted it, even though she was never really that interested in me before. What's more, she asked me about my oversea trip. I told her how afraid I was of the alerts which Homeland Security might broadcast about me. For the first time Carol didn't seem to be hiding secrets from me one hundred percent, but asked me instead, "Are you on some kind of black list?" I couldn't be happier that someone was not saying I was suffering from schizophrenia for suspecting the obvious. I was thus able to talk to her about my troubles with Homeland Security. She was the second person after Wes I was able to talk to about this trauma of mine, and she was a pretty lady! Obviously, those sophisticated people in the CIA had noticed the root cause of the whole crisis: other than Wes, there was no one around to validate my experience, my encounter with the CIA and my painful struggle with Homeland Security. Everybody who would have believed me had been recruited and instructed to call me "crazy" when I wanted to talk to someone about all this. And Deborah W had left because she couldn't stand being part of government's operations anymore. Anyone would want to escape from this solitary confinement: human beings by nature have a need to share their experience with each other. "He needs someone to validate his experience rather than dismissing it as delusional," the Agency's officers concluded. And so they were giving me a chance here – but it was too little and too late. I wasn't about to change my mind now. Now another suspicious thing about Carol was her nervousness. When she was about to walk inside, I suddenly asked her, "Why are you dressed so nicely today?" For she, beautiful as usual, was somehow sporting a sophisticated blue suit jacket extending to her waist and a black business skirt to the knee, walking on a pair of womanly shoes – and wearing my favorite

panty-hose! She responded completely embarrassed, saying that the clothing was actually very old, grabbing the sleeve of her jacket with one hand to feign "This is all nothing." Since the Agency obviously knew that I was attracted to this older beautiful lady like a motherly figure – her sons were just going to college – the fact that they would stoop so low as to order a 50 year-old lady to prostitute herself with me in an attempt to dissuade me from going away must have meant that the storm I had generated had already acquired quite a dimension.

Then there were the meetups. By the beginning of December, I also resumed going to my various meetup groups. The first event I went to was the French Quarter Meetup event at an ice-skating stadium. Among the participants was a very beautiful Swiss girl with golden hair. I had never seen her before and do not know until this day if she was any sort of secret agent at all. I didn't know how to skate on ice and had never tried it before. Most of the time I was struggling like an idiot. But the ambiance was so amicable – besides the Swiss girl and the other participants of the Meetup, even the skating coaches circling around the stadium and picking me up after my fall countless times were behaving toward me as if I were just like everyone else – that I almost felt guilty about wanting to go to China. Now that the crisis was at hand, the Agency must have told Mr Secretary to temporarily back off from turning my meetups into disgusting sting operation setups.

On December 7 Karin planned a meetup at the Indian restaurant Mezbaan in Old Town Pasadena. I had refrained from going to Karin's meetups for about a month. Now that I was in a better mood because I had evidently gained an upperhand in my struggle with Homeland Security, I decided to come back to Karin's groups. It was during this meetup that a certain gentle and maternal "Cecilia" showed up for the first time. She would be very important in the story later on. However, that night, unfortunately, I was surrounded by unfamiliar figures whom I didn't care about. On my right sat "Gabor", who was a Hungarian and had migrated here from the Hungarian language meetup. Then Barbara showed up. Evidently, it must have been my frequent complaint about how Barbara had disappeared from our meetups after I handed over "the letter" to Karin – how she didn't want to show up in functions in which I participated, that is – which had prompted both the Agency and Homeland Security to order Barbara to show up again in front of me in order to calm my suspicion and resentment about the "affair of the letter". Thus, as soon as I sat down across the table from Barbara, she tried hard to welcome me with "Hi Lawrence," as if saying, "I'm not trying to avoid you at all." But my mood only sank deeper because she obviously never meant it. Now Fanny and her sister were sitting to my left, and it was expected that Vincent was sitting to the right side of Barbara: (Vincent and Barbara had about a month ago become boyfriend and girlfriend.) "T" then sat down to the right side of Vincent. During the course of our meal I became increasingly upset because I was surrounded by people in whom I had little interest – call it immaturity and selfishness on my part if you will – and because Karin was sitting on the far right corner of the big table with Gabor and Cecilia sitting between me and her. The only interaction I was able to have with Karin that night was in the beginning when she said, "Hi, Lawrence" – after which she never even looked at me. As I became increasingly unhappy, I finished my meal within an hour and, after a brief perfunctory chat with Fanny and Gabor, excused myself and walked out.

I walked around the blocks in Old Town aimlessly and upset, staring into all the fancy restaurants where people were happily enjoying each other's company. I felt so envious and lonely. I was thus even more determined to go to China, erroneously believing that I could find friends there. It was quite obvious that Mr Secretary and his Homeland Security thugs had joined the Agency in fixing my social environment in an effort to retain me in the United States. Once Mr Secretary was here, there was no more therapy like Carol's validation of my experience which I badly needed. It would not be the first time that everyone, while attempting to retain me, actually made me want to go away even more.



Karin's meetup at Mezbaan, 12/07/07. The group picture was taken after I was gone.

On the left side: Karin, Cecilia (for the first time), "Gabor", the empty seat where I was sitting, Fanny, her sister; and on the right side: "T", Gabi (invisible), Vincent, Barbara, unknown, and "John from Glendale"

After the first week of December, the MSS director had pretty successfully established his case. The judges themselves had seen some of the dirty secrets on the US government and become severely biased against the Americans. They were mostly liberal – and the President judge Higgins was especially marked for her leftwing orientation – and could not possibly be impressed by neocons' totalitarian fascism and dream of global domination. The entire Court trying my case had by now moved to Los Angeles and would, as I have noted, from now on follow me wherever I went. The MSS

director had obtained Court's order to allow him to watch over me directly in Americans' facility. Thus, from this point on, whenever the CIA and Homeland Security personnel were watching my moves from the comfort of the Homeland Security control rooms, MSS officials would be standing next to them watching over me as well. The MSS director had begun studying me carefully, now that he was convinced in his heart by the Agency that I was helping China overtake United States in international relations. Those on the American side were increasingly angered by the MSS director's intrusion (not to mention the Taiwanese, the Canadians, and the Germans). It was usual for our Vice President et al to frame innocent people to take the fall for their crimes; *and now this Chinese man had forged evidence to frame them* (Professor Wong's communication with an Uighur separatist). Imagine that!

Now although my flight to Shanghai was scheduled for January, a phone conversation with Wes one night in early December would so seriously alarm me that I would be prompted to move my flight date forward. That night I was walking through Westwood Village toward Starbucks, and was telling Wes that, even if he were to sell me out, I would still regard him as the greatest person in the world just as before. I said this because I had become increasingly aware that, as my China trip had caused a great stir, Wes was under his obligation to the Agency going to harm me. His itinerary was suspicious in itself. All of a sudden he was going to Brazil on December 15 to spend Christmas with his new wife Alexandra, who was still living there. Wes also said that after coming back from Brazil he would come to California to visit me in early January, just before I would depart to Shanghai. This got me really worried, prompting me to think that the new year might be a threshold of some kind after which laws may be so changed that I would suddenly not be able to "defect".

I was probably right that Wes would play tricks for the Agency if I met with him in January, resulting in my inability to go to China. When it comes to his upcoming trip to Brazil, however, I would have no clue what it was about until several months later. It had apparently happened that, when the MSS director contacted the Brazilian authority and correlated the information he had with the information with which the Big Sister had also furnished the Brazilian government, they discovered the mentioning of Wes as the "associate" of the terrorist suspect. When the MSS director obtained the personnel file of the Agency's clandestine service, he also discovered the file on Wes and shared the information with the Brazilian authority in accordance with, alas, UN Resolution 1373. The Brazilian authority discovered that Wes had been going to Brazil year after year and had even married a Brazilian woman. The Brazilian government, like the Russian government, was not formally in the lawsuit. What the Brazilian government did however was to arrest Wes' wife, since Wes was also Agency's operative. Another episode of diplomatic difficulties had opened up between the United States and Brazil, but I will say no more about this. I will simply note that Wes was obviously going to Brazil to answer to the Brazilian authority and bail his wife out of jail.

My fear prompted me to walk into China Eastern's office in Pasadena on December 11. I came right up to the same Taiwanese woman working there, and asked her to look into the possibility of moving the date of my flight forward, before the New Year. The place was as empty as the last time; the native Chinese personnel never came back. Fortunately for me, minutes after the Taiwanese lady browsed through the database, she was able to find a seat on the flight for December 29. I have since then

always wondered if it was the MSS which had enabled the change of date because something indeed would happen before the New Year. In any case, after I took up the new, earlier, flight date, the Taiwanese lady politely waved at me, telling me not to bother her anymore with my never ending business of this Shanghai trip.

After I exited the office of China Eastern, I settled down in the Starbucks across the street to finish up some work. When it was almost 7 PM, I strolled down Lake Blvd and came to Corner Bakery to attend the French Quarter of Los Angeles monthly meetup (my second French Quarter meetup in the month). All along the way I kept praying to God to grant me safe passage to Shanghai where I could then have my own English language meetup. I really did believe it. The meetup tonight would have all the ingredients of a pleasant gathering.

The people that showed up tonight – all except one person – were all my favorites. The meetup was obviously orchestrated by the Agency because Virginia – the prettiest older white female in our meetup – showed up, and sat down immediately on my right side as we gathered around a big table inside the coffeehouse. When she heard me brag about my upcoming trip to China, however, she kept on complaining about how a person without a job could have the luxury of traveling oversea. I said nothing, but the middle-age "Mark at Irvine" who, remember, was the first Homeland Security mole in my French meetup, came to sit at the seat to my left. He caught on with my conversation with Virginia and shouted while looking frustrated and disgruntled: "Don't let these Chinese communists get you! Don't let these Chinese communists get you!" I was in complete disagreement with this sort of stereotype image of the Chinese government as a totalitarian monster but did no more than turn my head aside to ignore him, knowing that he was frustrated because, alas, his Department had been caught lying and was producing embarrassment of the greatest proportion for the country. Thanks for his message, in fact! I couldn't now be surer of the success of my "plan". Now, Michelle, who was sitting right in front of me, however objected, shaking her head. She after all was the only person here who had been to China. Now Mr Homeland Security (Mark) then made the idiotic statement that Michelle must have been allowed to walk around Shanghai only with a state security officer accompanying her because she was a foreigner. Michelle shook her head again at such ignorance. I then interjected my long held impression about China: As long as you don't criticize the government, you can do anything you want. It's as free as America. Michelle nodded her head in agreement. She then congenially showed me on the map of Shanghai which I had brought with me all the nice places she was recommending me to visit.

Michelle's congenial attitude and realistic assessment of China seemed to indicate – to my surprise – that she had not been alerted about me at all, so far, by the Department of Homeland Security. Why did Homeland Security let her go? As soon as I began showing my old favoritism toward her, however, she quickly withdrew just like before.

I should mention that, while the CIA and Homeland Security were providing all this nicety to me as part of "Plan A", they were at the same time frustrating me to the point of despair when it came to my new Toshiba Satellite. After the incident with the Skype call, the Agency certainly wasn't going to let

me use the computers freely. I had caused so much damage to national security by doing the simplest things on the Internet. From early December onward, the "Bundestrojaner" which the CIA super beauty had inserted into my Toshiba Satellite became conspicuously active. It took over the laptop just like any famous Trojan horse such as the Subseven, except that it could be remotely controlled wherever I went, even when I had turned off the wireless and LAN adapters. I thought perhaps it was because hotspots and routers were everywhere in Los Angeles. This is a harsh fact with which I would become so familiar in the coming years: that the government can remotely control your computer to do anything whether you are online or offline and even when you have taken the wireless card out of your computer. Even though it was the CIA who had put the Trojan horse into my laptop, it was clearly Homeland Security thugs who were operating it. Through this "Bundestrojaner" the Department downloaded and replaced all the files which I had saved in the laptop, most importantly, "My experience...", now an important piece of evidence in the International Court of Justice. The Department was trying to play some kind of fraud, most likely to produce evidence showing that I didn't write the story at all but had stolen it from the "real Lawrence Chin". When I tried to fix my new Satellite in the UCLA library, or even on the bus, Homeland Security personnel would prevent me from turning on my computer in safe mode, lock up my ongoing Word document (when I began translating my story "My experience..." into Chinese) into read-only, or play with my computer for fun, such as continually opening up Internet Explorer browsers one after another – all from the comfort of their control center, and I was neither online nor had any wireless adapters turned on. I began to wonder if the "Bundestrojaner" was remotely controlled through Bluetooth.

So I wiped clean the hard disk of this damaged Toshiba with the recovery CD and planned to reinstall the operating system, not knowing whether such measure would really kill the Trojan horse. And I went back to using my Gateway, which also ran slower and slower after I started going online with it. Finally, the Windows Explorer broke down completely and the computer became totally unusable -- although it could still work in safe mode along with the few functions available in it. Perhaps another Trojan horse had come inside the Gateway when I started using on it the flash drive which the Homeland Security Best Buy sales person provided to me as a freebie when I bought my Toshiba, saying that it came with the new purchase of any laptop. Perhaps the flash drive was a trick. Thus, within two weeks, I could only surf the Internet using the public computers at the UCLA Biomedical library or in a cybercafe.

Not knowing if "Plan B" would succeed when I should fly to China, the Agency was still trying hard to convince the judges that I was purposely depositing my story "My experience..." in my new Chinese email account so that the MSS may pick it up. On December 13, they obtained judges' permission to conduct a test on me. When I was checking over my emails in my new 126 account on the public computer in the UCLA Biomedical Library, I suddenly discovered that most of the emails in my inbox had mysteriously disappeared – including my story which I had sent to myself from my Gmail account on November 7. Frantic, I quickly sent my story again from my Gmail account to my new 126 account, only to discover that those emails which had disappeared had come back in view. I didn't think anymore about this, just assuming that a "glitch" had occurred. What I didn't know was that I had passed the test uninjured! When I sent my story to my 126 account on November 7, I wrote "For

safekeeping" in the subject field. If I intended for my story to be intercepted by the Chinese intelligence, I wouldn't go frantic when I discovered that it had disappeared. My behavior was consistent with my words: it looked like I really *was* trying to safe-keep my story when I sent it to myself. The judges thus concluded that the Agency's scenario was not supported by evidence.

Just around the same time the CIA was very encouraged by a crucial development – that the "penetration" in the MSS had yielded results, supplying the Agency with proofs of MSS director's dishonesty. The Agency's attempt to influence the MSS director had worked: he had now developed the intention to save me. Seeing that the test had failed and that the effort to retain me in the US had not been successful – I had in fact moved my flight date forward, creating more problems – the CIA thus on December 14 begun implementing the second key step of "Plan B". This was to get as many allied nations involved on America's side as possible. On the side of the United States, there were so far Canada, Taiwan, and Germany. Now Britain, Belgium, France, Japan, Netherlands, and many other countries which I don't know about suddenly came to the side of the United States, all fighting against China which was left alone by itself in this most vicious court battle. You see, the rule of the ICJ was such that, in any lawsuit between two nations, if any other nations became convinced that their interests could also be at stake in its outcome, they could enlist themselves as part of the plaintiff's party or defendant's party. Germany had been involved because its agent was arrested, because one of the websites hosting my story was in its Internet domain, and because its official spy organization had just been burglarized. Britain could be involved probably because, for two times, their security service had had to remove the server hosting my academic writings (my website on Hostmatrix) to the United States for examination. Belgium probably because I went there in April 2007. And Japan because my plane would have to fly through its airspace. As for France it was thanks to a little trick on the Agency's part.

The trick was like this. I have not mentioned previously that, in early 2007, I met this girl from Spain who went by the name of "Ana Marcos Gonzales" at the UCLA Medical Center. She was a medical intern on an exchange program. No particular relationship had developed between me and her, there was just brief exchange about current happenings when we happened to run into each other. Her attitude toward me was very strange, as if I were the lone ignorant star in the "Truman Show", for she once requested, beaming with happiness, that we be photographed together as if I were some sort of landmark of Los Angeles. It must have something to do with the alert which Homeland Security had broadcast about me in the Medical Center. She went back to Spain in May 2007 to continue her training back home, and I only heard from her through one or two emails from her in June. But on December 14 2007 she suddenly wrote me an email out of the blue saying she was now in France doing another round of internship work. I wrote her a short reply telling her about my sadness over the new alert system about me. After that I never heard from her again. Only later when Wes played a similar trick on me – you will see this soon – did I realize that she must have been instructed by the Agency and Homeland Security to go to France to send me an email from there so that, now that I had communicated with somebody in France, France could also have the right to get involved in the lawsuit.

You must imagine that by this time my case couldn't have marked clearer who's a friend of the United States and who's a foe of the People's Republic of China. The MSS director's project to dethrone the United States from its leadership role in international relations and to push China forward as the new leader was back-firing. Most of the nations at the United Nations were not comfortable at all when the evidences for the United States' crimes were suddenly stuffed in their face. Even nations which had not been overt allies of the United States had been so used to US dominance that they perceived its replacement by China as nothing less than threatening. China was suddenly entirely isolated. Meanwhile Russia and Brazil were not able to join the lawsuit on China's side, whereas the entire Western alliance was on the side of the United States. For this reason I shall refer to United States' alliance against China as "Allies". For a long time I could not be sure of CIA's (and State Department's) purpose in amassing such vast amount of manpower against China. I mean, a violation of international law is a violation of international law; what difference does it make to have ten times many lawyers on your side than on the other side? Unless the International Court of Justice operated according to the common law tradition, in which case you would have a lot more people on your side researching through all the precedents than on your opponent's side. No. The real purpose was to reduce the number of judges in the court room. Since it's customary, when a country is involved in the lawsuit in the International Court, for the judge from that same country to withdraw from the Court in order to avoid any possible influence of patriotism on Court's judgment, the more countries are involved the more judges would be excluded. The judge from France for example would have to withdraw after Ana's email to me. Eventually the Agency was able to reduce the number of judges that were trying my case to only three – President judge Higgins being the most important remaining figure. This was part of "Plan B" and was specifically requested by the Vice President himself. Since the strategy of reinterpreting UN Resolution 1373 to hide his crimes required the witness of ICJ judges who would have to oversee the enforcement of the Resolution, he thought it necessary to reduce the number of this "witness". Eventually, when he would have the chance to force the Chinese president to forge documents to cover up his crimes, the fewer the people who would have to know that these Chinese documents were forged which had come to light supporting a new official story of how 911 attacks had happened, etc., the better. Thus the CIA and the State Department began inviting the entire Western alliance to join the lawsuit on the side of the United States in order to eliminate as many ICJ judges from this trial as possible. Another advantage in the reduction of the number of judges was that it would make psychological warfare to influence them much easier. The CIA had extensive files on the personality and life history of the judges of the ICJ, and they had zeroed in on the President judge Higgins, the only female among the fifteen judges of the Court, as the most vulnerable to "psyop". She was very liberal and leftwing, very reactionary, and very offendable on one account. As you shall see, it is precisely with psychological warfare on her that the Agency would eventually turn the tide.

Before Wes went to Brazil, he would communicate one last warning to me. One afternoon – it was just before December 15 – we had our last phone conversation for the year 2007. As usual, I was telling Wes about the thing that upset me the most in the world, namely, the new "alert" which Mr Homeland Security Secretary had broadcast to all the residents in Los Angeles about me starting in December and which he had instructed everybody to keep a secret from me. This time Wes asked me to provide a detail account of each of the possible elements that I thought made up the alerts. I basically gave him

the same answers which I wrote in my "Addenda":⁶ "(1) that I'm schizophrenic but paradoxically at the same time extremely intelligent... that I have imagined up this fantasy story about the FBI investigation, the CIA recruitment, and the DHS surveillance and practice... (2) that I have made threats; (3) that I like to spy and snoop on people (false); (4) that I have an extremely selfish and vicious personality (false); (5) that I had bad hygiene – that I take shower and do laundry only infrequently; (7) information about what kind of women I'm attracted to... (8)... that I'm a computer mad genius and an extremely dangerous hacker; (9) information about my pathetic relationship with my family members and the fact that they still have to regularly provide me with financial help..." Basically character assassination, I told him. Obviously, it was the CIA which had instructed Wes to ask me to provide a detail account of the alert. The discontent which was manifest in my complaint would later be used as evidence to refute MSS director's claim that I was using the alert as my "cover" and to demonstrate my motivation in helping China hurt the United States. After I finished, however, Wes suddenly changed his tone of voice and yelled at me seriously: "That's what you get when you mess with the Big Boys!" Some sort of warning. The number one "Big Boy" in the country was of course our Vice President Cheney, and Wes was hinting that I had disrupted Cheney's entire "War on Terrorism" and "Project for a New American Century" – and, beyond that, his project to refashion human civilization itself. I didn't say anything, but had simply developed an inkling that something far more serious than I could have imagined might be going on right now.

I knew that a brand new alert had been broadcast about me to all the residents in Los Angeles in early December when I saw that the attitude of everyone I met around town had suddenly changed for the worse. For example, one afternoon I was in downtown Los Angeles shopping for new shoes at those cheap Hispanic street stores. I thought that, before I flew to China, I should clean myself up first. I walked up to a table displaying a heap of cheap shoes in front of a shop and made gesture of buying. The Hispanic saleswoman, recognizing me instantly, gave me a mean face and tried to dispel me. I didn't care, and insisted on buying, at which point she gave in. On another occasion, I went to the hair salon in Westwood Village which I frequented. Now, while cutting my hair, Ms hairdresser treated me like an evil traitor who had sold off this great country in an act of high treason. But she also followed the instruction given her by not showing fear and pretending to be nice to me. I was rather upset with all this, and knew that, every time when Mr Secretary felt he had lost his battle with me, he would mobilize national resources to slander me as the gravest threat, overlooking his own negligence which was really the cause of it all. Thus my description to Wes of the content of the new alert was in fact not entirely accurate. The alert must have informed everyone that I had conspired with a foreign power to harm the United States. This was the scenario for which the CIA was arguing right at this moment in the International Court, and apparently our Homeland Security Secretary could already broadcast it to the population as if it were established truth.

By this time I had made a reservation at a hostel in Shanghai, "Etour". Not the same hostel which Ms Mermaid had recommended to me during the sting operation. I had communicated to both Ms Mermaid and Professor Wong about my new flight date. The trip was ready, and I therefore spent the remaining two weeks advertising on the Internet my new website hosting my story. Again, Homeland Security

6 This "Addenda" I would append on the end of "How I have been made into a different person: Part I".

would disrupt my endeavor to the point of driving me to despair. Whenever I got onto websites that the Department of Homeland Security had decided I should never see (ordinary people's blogs, the blog of Professor Wong, and even the website of Chinese consulate), they would freeze up my Internet connection, block it (with a "HTTP 404 error" showing), or simply close the browser in front of me. I would then get the librarian to come look at the problem. Homeland Security personnel, watching all this through the hidden cameras installed on the ceiling, would then allow my Internet connection to function smoothly again. The librarian would then walk off disbelieving me and thinking that there had never been any problem. At the time, my impression of Homeland Security's tactic was this. The librarians had of course already been alerted that I was a schizophrenic who had concocted a fantasy story about the CIA and the DHS, and, by allowing only me but not the librarians – nor anyone else – to see the tricks they were playing on me, they had further convinced the librarians that I was constantly hallucinating about computer malfunctioning – and those Homeland Security thugs hoped that I would myself eventually believe that I was crazy. In reality, Homeland Security was aiming at something far more serious. While the CIA was trying to prove to the ICJ judges that I had planned the whole affair, Homeland Security was still trying to argue for Mr Secretary's scenario that I was David Chin a twin brother of myself and that I did suffer from schizophrenia. The Department was in fact trying to produce evidence – gathered from the librarians' reaction toward me – that I was indeed hallucinating all the time, and that their warning to the Chinese was in fact no lies, insofar as it pertained to Lawrence Chin's twin brother David Chin.

I had thus learned that anyone in their control center can remotely control any public computer in the United States. When I was working in the cybercafe they would suddenly turn off the computer I was using or cause the floppy drive to malfunction when I wanted to save another copy of my story on a floppy disk. When I was using a payphone they would suddenly disconnect my phone call. Because my Paypal debit card was set to expire on the end of December 2007, I called Paypal repeatedly to ask for a replacement card. Since my Paypal account information was also on the FBI document in Chinese hand, Homeland Security thus instructed Paypal to not send me a new debit card. My past relationship with Paypal had to be erased from history. The international court case was thus causing my entire environment to malfunction.

Then there was the battle with Homeland Security on the Internet. Since no visits came from search engines to my Lima-City website (guess why), I had to constantly post messages on the internet forums and blogs or sign guestbooks on other people's websites in order to provide a link back to my website and generate some hits. Homeland Security personnel in their control center would censor me half the time: while I could post messages on others' blogs or guestbooks all I wanted, if I included a link, the message would never go through. This happened whether I was on American websites, German websites, or Chinese websites. Either the connection would freeze up, or the post would just disappear, or Homeland Security thugs would manipulate the guestbook or vbulletin software to fashion out a false popup message. When I was signing guestbooks, the message would say, "The message is awaiting review by the website owner". Once when I was signing up a Russian forum (the English and German version of www.aktuell.ru: I know no Russian), the popup message said, "The account is awaiting activation by forum administrator". Once when I was putting in a link on the signature section

of my profile page on a Chinese forum, the popup message said, "The signature must be less than 10 words", even though I had already reduced it to less than 10 words. Of course, none of the messages or accounts were ever approved because they were never sent but intercepted in between. Homeland Security was always between my computer and the server.

I was able to sign up some German forums. But on all these forums what happened in June 2007 happened here too: whether at Lima City or Exilblog, as soon as I posted a description of the remote control capacity of the "Bundestrojaner" which had disabled my Toshiba Satellite, a massive amount of vulgar and hostile posts devised to discredit me would follow in. The strange thing was that, even though the vulgarity which these posts exuded clearly indicated that they were from Homeland Security, they were posted using long-time handles on the forum. Either these handles were taken over by Homeland Security personnel from their control center (under the approval of the German authority), or the users behind them in Germany had been recruited by Homeland Security to post messages on Homeland Security's behalf.

If I simply posted inconsequential messages on these forums describing insignificant matters as a way to provide a link to my website, replies which clearly came from Homeland Security "internauts" would soon populate the rest of the thread in order to cover up my posts. Soon it became clear that I was only interacting with Homeland Security internauts pretending to be the preexisting handles on the forums. This happened first with German Internet forums, but then with Chinese Internet forums as well. The worst possible scenario was that I didn't even get onto the "real" German and Chinese Internet forums but was redirected, via techniques such as DNS cache poisoning, onto fake, duplicate sites which Homeland Security had temporarily created on their servers just for me, and that thus no one else was seeing these sites but I. Some of the visits I received on my websites were clearly Homeland Security fake visits, despite the fact that Homeland Security thugs were able to route their visits through German ISPs in order to create an appearance of authenticity on my visitors' log. (The Department of Homeland Security used Linux as their operating system far more frequently than ordinary people.) In other words, my communication with the rest of humanity had been completely cut off. Once again, I lived in bubble, in an artificially created "Homeland Security fake reality".

Meanwhile I left my Toshiba Satellite in the closet at my apartment: a mistake. One night in late December I came home to find that it had been moved. The next day when I took it back to the Best Buy in Westwood to ask the Geek Squad personnel about re-installing Windows Vista using the recovery CDs, he said – without even looking at the computer and with the sort of hostility which everybody had reserved for a menace to society like myself – that the hard drive was probably damaged, that this happened all the time with new laptops. You can guess what had probably happened: in order to convince me that I was wrong about the Trojan horse, Homeland Security had sent agents into my room to perform alteration on the hard drive so that it might now look like it was damaged, and then instructed the Geek Squad personnel to tell me that the hard drive was damaged, so that if I ever had them fix it, it would appear that I had mistaken a damaged hard drive for a Trojan horse.

The fact that Homeland Security was able to take over the Chinese websites I frequented indicated just how the tide had been turned in the International Court of Justice. As my flight date approached, the necessity of "Plan B" was becoming increasingly obvious. The third key step in "Plan B" was to overcome MSS director's objection to letting the "Allies" follow me into China. Now the MSS director didn't want the allied forces to come into China and run operations with him for two reasons. One was that, after he had freeloaded all the secrets of the allies, he didn't want the allies to come in and grab up the secrets hidden in his own spy organization. The second reason was that he had developed plans to save me. The CIA had been vehemently arguing to the judges that the MSS director didn't really believe I intended to harm China and that he was just using me as a pawn to steal everybody's secrets. The CIA now charged the MSS director in his face, in front of the judges: "If you really think he is such a threat to your security, if you really feel that we are running a conspiracy on you, then let us work together on this... If you really mean it that your sole concern is the national security of China and if you really didn't have ulterior motive such as freeloading intelligence from us, then you shouldn't be stingy in sharing your organization's secrets with us by running a joint operation with us." In the end, the Agency's lawyers even invoked UN Resolution 1373 itself: "Resolution 1373 obliges nations to work together to neutralize the threat a terrorist suspect poses to any one of them. We are thus obliged to work with you, Mr director of MSS, to neutralize the threat you say he may pose to your nation! We must obey international agreement and come to your country to work with you!" The MSS director would be dumbfounded: he not only had to accept "cooperation" from the Allies in order to maintain the appearance that he believed in his scenario, but he was also obliged by international agreement to not reject Allies' "help". This cooperation would include not just allowing the Department of Homeland Security to take over the Chinese Internet sites I was using, but also letting the Allied forces come over to Shanghai, take over the hostel where I had made my reservation, and remake it into a fake.

The United States was now also able to successfully practice hypocrisy of its own. Other than "Plan B", Mr Secretary and his Homeland Security thugs, angry as hell and filled with the desire for vengeance, were determined to not let me escape from their grip – as you can surely imagine. Even though the MSS officers were standing next to Homeland Security thugs in the control center when the latter were disrupting my Internet activities to prevent me from advertising my website, the CIA had already taught these thugs how to respond: "According to you he is just advertising his terrorist status as a way to cover himself. Well, you say his plan is designed to harm your country right? So we should help you by disrupting his plans to advertise his story! Let us take over all the websites in your country too and disrupt his attempt to advertise his story to your citizens!" The MSS officers would have to agree because they had to maintain their scenario that I counted on the alerts to make people not believe I was really a terrorist, even though they knew in their heart that the Americans were really trying to prevent me from sharing US national security secrets with more people on the planet. The malfunctioning on the Chinese websites should have at this point alerted me to the fact that I was not going to get out of "Homeland Security fake reality prison house" when I flew to Shanghai.

Then there was the Wir sind Helden message on the night of December 17. That night, as usual, I was surfing the Internet on the public computers in the UCLA Biomedical Library. Toward the end I went onto Youtube to watch Wir Sind Helden's "Keine Angst Mehr" once more. I started crying while

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watching the music video because the lyrics was just so symbolic of my situation. Look at the lyrics again.

“Alle deine Frage sagten sie bräuchten dich niemehr und du könntest gehen...”

Read: “The Homeland Security people no longer need you and now you can go...”

“Stell dir vor, du hättest keine Angst mehr, vor nichts und vor niemand, nie wieder allein...”

Read: “Imagine, you would have no more fear after you get to China, about anything and anyone, and you will never be alone again, because you will have new Chinese friends...”

“... In der Muster der Wand wohnten keine Gespenter mehr...”

Read: “The wind no longer blew outside your window, and no more ghosts lived in the cracks of the wall”, meaning: no more Homeland Security ghosts in your environment...

“Die dunklen Gestalten wärmten die kalten Hände jetzt woanders als an dir...”

Read: “The dark forms – the Homeland Security people – now warmed their hands on someone else than on you” – after you get to China, you would be free...

Refrain...

“Du könntest jeden so lieben wie diese einen...”

That's when I pulled out Karin's picture from our Meetup website, “You can love anyone as much as you love this one...” – my new Chinese friend would replace Karin...

“Du könntest alles verlieren, du müsstest um niemand weinen...”

Read: “You can relinquish everything you have here in the United States, and you musn't cry over anyone...”

“All deine Liebe bliebe für immer, egal wohin die Leute gehen...”

Read, “All you love would remain forever, no matter where people were going...”

Refrain...

By playing this music video I seemed to be saying to all the people who were watching me in the control center right on that moment – like the Agency's officers, especially the Invisible Hand, and their

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German, Canadian, and Taiwanese partners – that it was Homeland Security which had driven me to pull this stunt, and that Mr Secretary's depriving me of Karin was what had prompted me to find new friends in China, even if only in China's Ministry of State Security. Because the message was so obvious, I had probably further convinced the CIA that I had planned the whole thing and that they must resort to their "Plan B".

It was only too coincidental that, after I finished watching the music video, when I went on 5281's forum, I would find a new messaged posted by the administrator (话务员):

只要你有着一颗爱国的心，在这里纯朴的人们会热情的环迎你的。

“As long as you have a patriotic heart, the simple people here will whole-heartedly welcome you.”

I thus cleared up my tears, got up, and left the library, wondering however whether it was all a bit too obvious: After I had explained to the Agency why I was flying away through the snowball I had thrown down the hill and which was rolling up into a gigantic dimension causing the US government tremendous troubles, the Chinese on the other side were applauding my patriotism. *This was in fact the case.* And the Agency was ever more determined to prove to the judges that I was secretly communicating, and conspiring, with the MSS to defraud the International Court. The proof would not come easily, because, as you can see, this kind of spy communication was so indistinct that it was designed to fly over eavesdropping or the International Court's evidentiary rules.

Because, however, "Plan B" was still rather precarious, I would, on the next day, receive another "secret message", this time from the United States. This occurred when I volunteered with the Silverado Hospice for the second time. That afternoon Virginia drove me to a very fancy convalescent house to visit an old man who was said to be recently widowed. The man didn't particularly want to be bothered, it seemed. It's quite an idiotic job for I was merely sitting on the sofa while Virginia was having conversation with him. I don't remember the man's name; let's just call him "Bob" for convenience's sake. Suddenly, Virginia shouted, "Bob, did you vote for Bush?" And "Bob" replied, "Of course." "Me too," Virginia said. Then Virginia shouted that she loved President Bush precisely because he always did what was right regardless of what others thought of him. Meanwhile I was stuck in my corner totally embarrassed since I was the only one here who didn't vote for President Bush – even if I didn't end up disliking him all that much. Now even at the time I understood that it was the President himself who had instructed Virginia to communicate this message to me to tell me not to go to China – he was trying to convince me to follow his example and not worry about what other people might think of me because of the alert!

Not only did I not listen to President Bush, but I was increasingly worried that the validity of my passport number was still in doubt. I was right. The MSS director had in fact not yet "intercepted" my passport number: the passport number I had entered into China Eastern's system had been deleted by Mr Secretary, and the MSS director had not had a second opportunity. I had called up Professor Wong on my phone in the middle of December and he had mentioned how he could reserve a hotel room for

me when I came to Hangzhou. It was the MSS director who had instructed him to say this, trying to clandestinely communicate to me that he still needed to "intercept" my passport number. I didn't understand the "secret message" right away, however. A few days before Christmas, I suddenly realized that there might be a "message" there, and so did the most important thing which would establish the Chinese claim against the United States once and for all. I went to the cybercafe and consciously wrote an email to Professor Wong from the public computer there asking him to reserve a hotel room for me in anticipation of my visit to Hangzhou. I included my passport number in my email, thus enabling at last the MSS to intercept it. Now that the MSS director could establish my identity as "Lawrence Chin" in the International Court, there were however no visible changes in the operations on me for the next few days. Meanwhile, in the United Nations, China could now ask the nations to vote on the evidences it had brought in. But the United States was only close to a conviction of violating UN Resolution 1373, and continued to play obstruction to delay procedures in the UN.

The Agency packed the final days of December with fun and excitement in their last attempt to retain me in the United States. During the last few days before my flight to China, I would be going to so many of the Meetups that I liked. As Christmas approached, there was first of all one more French Quarter meetup, this time to take place in a restaurant in Brentwood. I went and all was swell. The girl from Switzerland whom I met at the skating stadium showed up as well. Everyone acted as if nothing was going on. Although half of the people were new faces, I still enjoyed the congenial atmosphere. The only mood spoiler came at the end of my good time. A Homeland Security operative, ugly and vulgar, came to sit in front of me and began speaking French which he had lately learned wanting to befriend me. He was Hispanic and was obviously proud to be Homeland Security – having risen from the ghetto to become a "secret agent" after getting language training and becoming semi-fluent in French. Getting chosen to work on the jackpot of clandestine operations had obviously excited him. It was just Mr Secretary imitating the Agency again, trying to demonstrate to himself that he also knew how to play softball by sending an agent to befriend me as a way to retain me in the US. I almost vomited. A few French words were no replacement for education, sophistication, and sensitivity.

More significant was Karin's yearly Christmas Meetup. Every year, on Christmas day, she would plan a movie event at the Academy Theater as a meetup. It seemed almost like the quiet good time before the storm. As usual, the Academy Theater charged each of us only two dollars for a movie. Like always, I didn't even bother to check what movie we were seeing but just went because it was Karin's meetup. When it was my turn to buy the ticket, I joked, "I don't know what the movie is about, but two dollar sounds good." The girl working at the ticket booth laughed out loud. Even Karin had to bend over and laugh. I was so glad to be able to entertain her. We saw an excellent movie: "Love in the Time of Cholera". It was not an operation at all, it seemed! After the movie, we went to dinner at a Thai restaurant. As usual I desperately wanted Karin to drive me to the restaurant, but she was walking to her car with two other meetup members and I simply didn't want to glue myself to her constantly. I ended up in the car of an Argentinian woman, and was upset throughout the ride even though she tried to talk to me. When I arrived and sat down with everyone on the big table, surprise, Ala brought an Iranian girl to our meetup – the purpose of which I could barely comprehend at the time. The Iranian girl introduced herself as "Niku". I remember this because, out of boredom, I started playing with her

by writing down her name in Farsi on a napkin and showing it to her. Stunned, she said with an embarrassing laughter: "This is not fair!" Elissa then surprised me by giving me a card wishing me a good trip.



Christmas dinner at the Thai restaurant
From left to right:
"T", Karin, "John from Glendale", Ala, and myself

At one point, as I continually looked in Karin's direction, I asked her about the two pearl ear rings she was wearing. "Are these new ear rings?" "No, these are old," Karin replied. I was worried that such question might be too obvious, and hence embarrassing, to ask. "John from Glendale", sitting on Karin's left, laughed, saying, "He wants to know if someone gave these to you," hinting that I was wondering if Karin was dating someone. Although Karin was sitting diagonally across the table from me, I didn't get to talk to her very much, and, towards the end of the evening, she went to the other side of the long table to chat with the people with whom she hadn't had a chance to chat. I was afraid to move with her, even though everybody was moving about when the meals were finished, because I

didn't want to be too obvious. But finally I went to sit in front of Karin just before it was time to leave. Karin looked me in the eye and asked me if I needed a ride to the metro station. She had clearly been instructed to do this as a way to make me feel happier about being in the United States. And so I got my needs met a little bit tonight.

The Iranian girl "Niku" was actually a test requested by the MSS director. Now that my identity was established as Lawrence Chin, the MSS director had obtained the right to "operate" on me even before I got on my plane. The CIA had to cooperate with the MSS director in my "investigation" per obligation under international agreement. The Agency, as requested by the MSS director, thus selected one of its operatives who was of Iranian origin and instructed Ala to bring her to me. I fell into the trap and showed Niku I knew how to write her name in Farsi, thus demonstrating that I knew the language. This was the evidence which the MSS director had wanted. The MSS director was linking me to the Uighur separatists, and since many Uighur "terrorists" were trained in the Mujahideen (or "Al-Qaeda") training camps in Afghanistan, and since the majority of the Afghans spoke Farsi, the MSS director would use this instance as evidence confirming my affiliation with Uighur separatists and other Islamic terrorists. Those in the CIA couldn't be more incensed by the MSS director's hypocrisy. After the FBI and Homeland Security had wasted all this resource investigating me as a possible terrorist, the Agency had to degrade itself by sending its million dollar operative to conduct a serious investigation of me as an "Islamic terrorist". Here was another instances where the MSS director had so pushed the CIA to a corner that the CIA was forced to spend all its genius helping its political enemy (Vice President and Mr Secretary) to knock him down.

Believe it or not, Karin then scheduled two more meetups before my departure to Shanghai: her German Language meetup on December 27 (a Thursday) and her Any Language and Culture meetup on December 28 (a Friday). I was supposed to be very happy with all this, but Karin would write me an email to completely ruin my mood.

On December 26, while I was spending the night in a cybercafé on Sunset Blvd, I carefully composed a sentimental email to Karin:

"Hello Karin,

I'm flying to Shanghai, China, this Saturday and I just want to bid you goodbye. My return is set at Jan. 25 but I could stay longer or shorter. I want to go there because I want to see if I can make friends and find employment there without being sabotaged by secret false rumors about me.

If someone were to ask me to describe what happiness is, I would always describe how a fabulous Karin runs many groups and how she genuinely welcomes me to join them each week. This might sound exaggerated but it is really what makes me happy. I don't know if deep down you dislike me, I only wish that you won't think of me as a bad, bad person. What I want in life are really simple things, like gathering together with people I

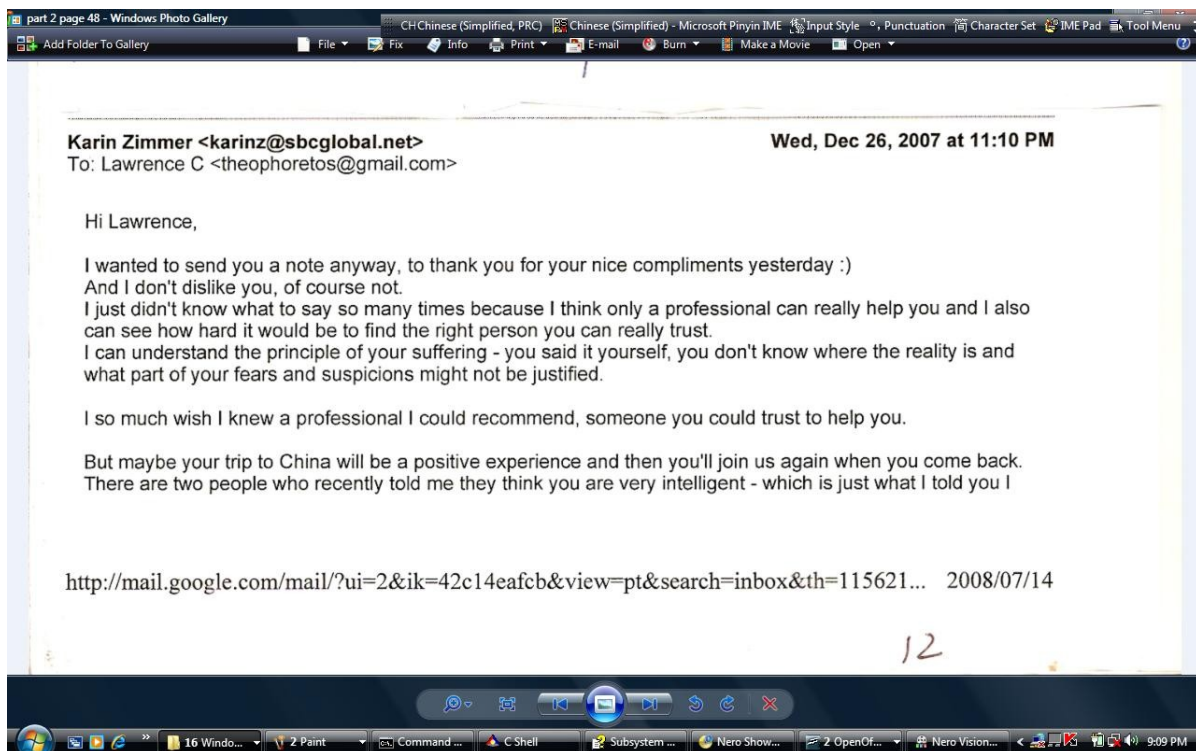
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like and who genuinely accept me and having a few people visiting my website sharing my short story. And yet I am not able to have these in this country but have to go elsewhere. I know you have put in a lot of effort to make me feel welcome, and I am grateful to you from the bottom of my heart. I only wish it were possible to take back the words and drama that came out of me and reverse everything to what it was before, but that's not possible. I felt that happiness I describe in July and August and I wish I could go back to that time again.

Perhaps when I come back I'll come to your groups again. Karin I have been praying for you, and I hope you will be blessed with a much better new year than this year.

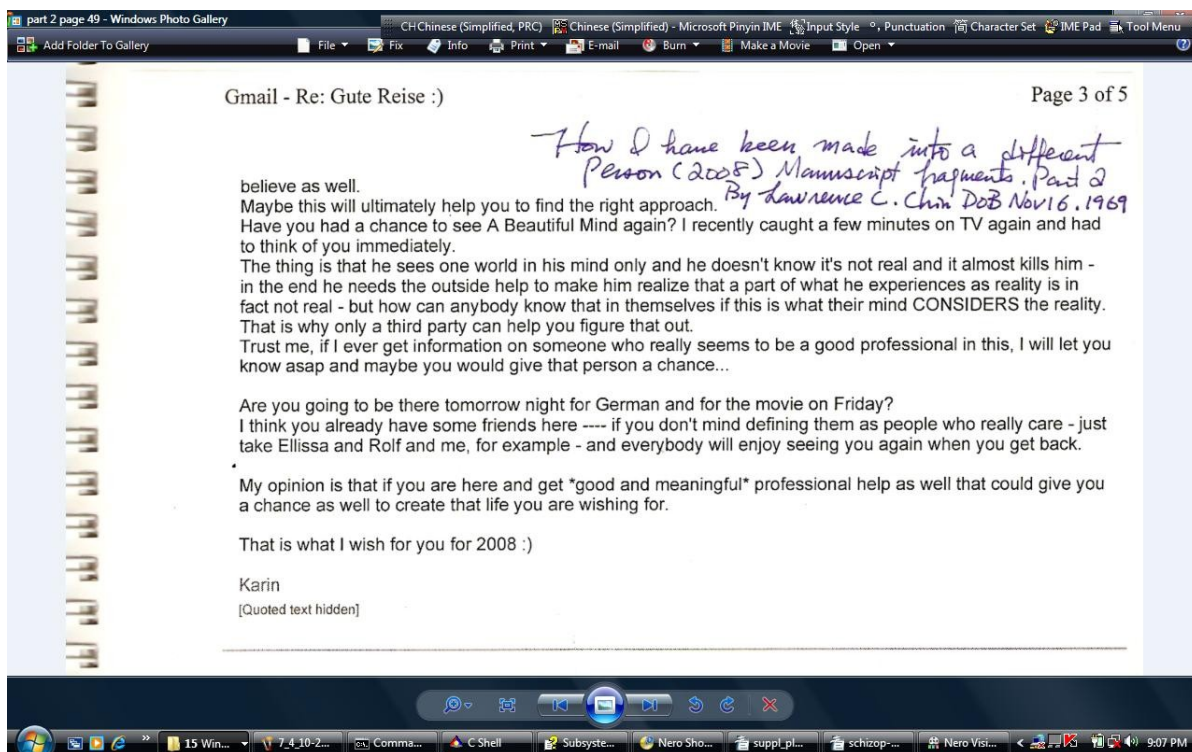
Bye bye Lawrence”

The next day, December 27, I was around Westwood in the afternoon shopping for some cheap clothing in a vintage clothing store. I bought new pants and hat, etc., for my Shanghai trip. Then I was off to the cybercafe at Wilshire and Normandie, wanting to check my emails before going to Pasadena to attend Karin's German language meetup tonight. Surprised – I discovered Karin's response to my email to her the previous night. It was however not a pleasant response, as you can see below:



Karin's reply, December 26, 2007

I had of course never said things like "I don't know where the reality is". Karin was just instructed by the Agency to write me a message like this evidently with the intent to once more persuade me to accept Mr Secretary's labeling of me as a schizophrenic so that I would not run away to China, thus ending the MSS director's case against them right there and then. At the time the missive had just the opposite effect on me – it so enraged me that it would further solidify my determination to seek freedom, sanity, and security in the "Middle Kingdom". Besides, I had already developed the inkling that the MSS director was expecting me and I certainly would find it very hard to disappoint him after he had been so eagerly waiting for me. All this, despite my attachment to Karin and the likelihood that I might not ever see her again if my trip should prove successful. In any case, my mood was spoiled for the day, and I took off to Pasadena without even remembering to take with me the clothing I had just bought.



Karin's reply, continued.

And so I arrived at the Metropolitan café in Pasadena to get ready for the German language meetup, which was supposed to begin on 7 PM. As usual, Karin was never the first person to show up any more like before, and after appearing she sat down far away from me. I was still thoroughly affected by her email and wasn't paying attention when Margaret turned around and asked me something in German. I just stared at her with a blank face. Out of sadness I started putting forth the opposite and wanting to trash the whole meetup. I studied Karin closely as she ran the group and noticed how her face had been totally touched up with make-up, something which she normally never did. Obviously, the Agency and Homeland Security had together dressed her up just before the meetup. I could just imagine CIA's

make-up team coming to Karin's place hours before the meetup and, setting her up in front of the mirror, adding this touch here and that touch there on her face, just as it is done to TV stars or politicians before they go on stage.

In Chinese we call it “嘔氣”, and so I just walked out of Karin's meetup. Karin tried to pretend everything was normal and put on some artificial smile. She turned around feigning a cavalier expression and asking me if I was leaving. I just nodded my head in anger and left ignoring everyone. I rode the metro back to the cybercafe on Wilshire and Normandie. Sitting in front of the computer station, I immediately logged into my MSN Messenger account to see if Ms Mermaid was there. Luckily, she was online, and we began our chat right away. By now I had calmed down, knowing almost for sure that my communication with Ms Mermaid *was* my communication with the director of MSS himself. If the Agency and the abusive and jealous Secretary of Homeland Security didn't give me Karin as a friend then I would go find new friends in China and get you all embarrassed. Hence I immediately wrote to Ms Mermaid: “其實我也是有台湾护照的 – 那我已经是中国人了” (“Actually, I do have a Taiwanese passport – which means I'm already a Chinese citizen...”) Ms Mermaid responded enthusiastically: “那你过来可就很方便了” (“In which case when you come over it will be very convenient.”) When I read this response, I was almost sure that this meant that defection was a sure thing. Then came the most touching words from Ms Mermaid: “上海天气很冷 – 要记得多带点衣服哦” (“Shanghai is very cold – do remember to bring a lot of clothing.”) I was sure even at the time that this was the MSS director caring for me and appreciating me for pulling off some major stunt to help the Middle Kingdom triumph over the United States in the struggle for world-domination. I was melting inside because I had not heard such *genuine* kind words for such a long time. This is my new friend, I thought, and you guys in Homeland Security and so on finally regret treating me like shit, huh! I would imagine later on that the MSS director had gotten away with this in the International Court by arguing that he needed to dupe me the terrorist suspect with kindness in order to lure me over. It was another hint that the case was blown much larger than I could ever have imagined. You must know that, occasionally, the Western news media do provide you with correct information about the Middle Kingdom, such as once when I saw an article in *Time* magazine which attributed the Chinese drive to development to an inferiority complex. That was true, that was what prompted the MSS director to blow this up as big as possible so as to push the Middle Kingdom suddenly ahead of the United States in international relations. He was playing fraud, but he was desperate to make himself the “great hero of People's Republic China” – which he would when he should win the lawsuit. He was aware that the Bush administration was filled with the meanest and most domineering bullies in the history of humankind – like Vice President Cheney – and that sticking a knife right in Vice President's eye was the most dangerous thing you can ever do in the world. But he was sure of his success, unaware that his entourage had been “penetrated”. He thought he was about to redeem “the Dragon Race”. The descendants of the Middle Kingdom who are old enough are familiar with the sort of anger they feel when hearing people calling them “Chinckers” and so on, and yet most of those who insult them like this do not know that Oswald Spengler's “Morphologie der Weltgeschichte” applies so perfectly to the Middle Kingdom that the Manchu period in terms of which most people think of China is in fact no more than the decay and dying of a great civilization. The Middle Kingdom used to be much greater, and much prettier, and is now on the path of becoming prettier again, as I would soon find out.

Now the decisive moment of this episode of my communication with Ms Mermaid came at the end. When I was just about to disconnect with her, she suddenly asked me for my cell phone number. Strange, as if she wanted to call me from Shanghai! I thus typed down 310-614-5429, acting perplexed ("But that's my number in America!") because I did have an inkling that this was a sting operation which would cause major inconvenience to Mr Secretary of Homeland Security. Lo and behold Ms Mermaid responded "Got it!" and, when I disconnected, the Internet connection on my computer was promptly shut down – a confirmation from Mr Secretary that I had just done something very wrong – which means something very right for myself. What was going on was of course that, of the two elements on my visa application, my passport number and my phone number, the MSS director was even able to intercept the second one – in accordance with the new evidentiary rule governing dispute in a terrorism case. The MSS director's evidence is now complete: my identity having been established, the case could now move forward unimpeded by technicalities.

Now, on the next day, December 28, Karin had another meetup. After buying new clothing again at the same store and leaving them at home, I rode the bus to Pasadena. I had calmed myself down and decided not to miss this meetup one day before my flight. We were supposed to see a movie at Laemmle's Playhouse 7. I arrived late, when everyone had already gone in. I bought a hot dog and a soda and was suddenly imbued with sadness because I might never see Karin again. I walked into the theater as if crippled because tonight might be my last ever "Karin's meetup". "Genie" was not happy!

The theater was packed. Karin and her bunch were sitting in the front rows to the left side of the theater, while I had to sit with "T" in the very front row to the right side of the theater. The movie was about how a Taliban abused and raped a teenage boy, and how the main character, an American of Afghan origin, eventually adopted the boy and took him to the United States. I am not sure if this movie was purposely chosen, not only so that Mr Secretary and the Agency may instill sympathy into ICJ judges' heart, but also in order to make me see the brighter side of the American republic as they continued to try to dissuade me from flying to China. During the movie I continually turned aside to glance at Karin while she fixed her eyes on the movie screen. She seemed slightly uncomfortable while pretending that nothing special was going on. I was actually more interested in watching Karin watching the movie than in watching the movie itself.

After the movie, we all got into our cars and drove to a bar on Colorado Blvd. It had become Elissa's job to provide me with a ride. She volunteered for the task enthusiastically, beaming with the same sort of happiness as Ana Marcos did earlier. What lies was she told about me by Homeland Security? We arrived, and we chatted around a table, all six of us. I got to inject a few lines here and there while everyone was chatting oblivious of my existence. When I did get others' attention, I felt the same discomfort because everyone was pretending nothing was going on. But the atmosphere was so relaxing that I actually wished to stay in the United States. But I would hate to disappoint the MSS director, for he clearly was waiting for me. Although I didn't know the details, I could sense that I was bringing him the biggest gift imaginable.

By the time we walked out, it was indeed one of the nicest times I had had in a long time. This time Elissa was charged with the task of driving me to the Metro station and Karin to her car. Karin wanted me to be in the front seat, even though I joked that the "Grupleiter" should be seated in the front. But Karin would have none of that. While in the car I turned around and asked Karin: "Karin, how come you have never married after your divorce?" Karin put up an uncomfortable fake laughter – it's actually not that my question had embarrassed her, but that she was feeling uncomfortable about something else, namely, the requirement to pretend that nothing was going on, and didn't even have any interest in my question – and just said, "Because I haven't met the right person yet. Strange question." I didn't know how it was a strange question, and her answer was clearly perfunctory, for everyone knew that she wasn't even trying to meet the "right person".

The fact is that Karin had already been informed that the Chinese had sued because they had caught Mr Secretary lying, that they had got her files from the CIA's (and Homeland Security's) secret box, that they had ascertained that she was an "asset" recruited to work against me, and that they were watching over her meetups in the past two weeks. Karin, along with Gabi and the other people in her meetup, must have been stunned: so Lawrence was telling the truth when he told us that he was once investigated as a terrorist suspect? But not very much, because she didn't care about me, so that she wasn't even angry with Homeland Security for lying to her about me. She was in fact deeply resentful of the fact that the Chinese foreign intelligence had got all her private information. In fact, in the past two weeks, the MSS director had conducted a thorough investigation of me, his officers having interviewed and investigated every single person in my life. The MSS director did this not just in order to put up the appearance that he did believe I was a terrorist, but also in order to study me, whom he now regarded as a great genius and a great hero to our ancestral homeland. He had been thoroughly convinced by the CIA.

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Ellissa and I in the restaurant on December 28, 2007, approximately 14 hours before my flight to Shanghai.

Before I close this episode of my story, I would like to quote the beginning of Homer's *Iliad* in order to establish a certain parallel between my story here and Homer's epic there. For just as the first book of the *Iliad*, exposing the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles and introducing the wrath of Achilles and the decision of Zeus, is meant to serve as an introduction to the rest of the narrative – for the wrath of Achilles and Zeus' persuasion by Achilles' mother determine the shape of the Trojan war that would last for the next nine years – so here the narratives “My experience with the FBI, the CIA, and the Department of Homeland Security” and “The government's investigation of a schizophrenic” should serve as an introduction to the rest of the narratives that will follow – for the wrath of Mr Secretary of Homeland Secretary over his failure to be the master of deception as he had expected of himself in accordance with his wish to become the king of neoconservatism was the cause of the nine year long court battle at the International Court of Justice which would eventually engulf the entire world, change the world for the better, and bring down Homeland Security and neoconservatism altogether. (Explication of the text and translation follow Thomas Seymour's *The First Six Books of Homer's Iliad* and W. H. D. Rouse' *The Iliad*.)

Μηνιν αειδε θεα Πηληιαδεω Αχιλλης

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Ουλομενην η μυρι' Αχαιοις αλγε' εθηκε
Πολλας δ' ιφθιμους ψυχας Αιδι προιασεν
Ηρωων αυτους δε ελωρια τευχε κυνεσσιν
Οιωνοισι τε πασι, Διος δ' ετελειετο βουλη
Εξ ου δη τα πρωτα διαστητην ερισαντε
Ατρειδης τε αναξ ανδρων και διος Αχιλλευσ

Sing Goddess, the destructive rancor of Achilles of Peleus
Which brought a thousand troubles upon the Achaians.
Many a strong soul it sent down to Hades prematurely
And left the heroes themselves prey to dogs and all the carrion birds
While the will of God fulfills itself.
It began first of all with a quarrel between the king of men
Of Atreus' line and the godlike Achilles