

My Experience with the FBI, the CIA, and the Department of Homeland Security: A horrible lesson

by

Lawrence C. Chin

(written between July and October 2007 in Los Angeles)¹

Almost three years ago I was entangled in a terrorist investigation conducted jointly by the FBI, the RCMP, and the CSIS. When the matter came to a halt one and a half year later I became instead the target of a CIA recruitment operation. But the Department of Homeland Security then followed in, busted up the CIA recruitment operation, and began the most massive “intelligence operation” in human history. The case turned from a terrorist investigation into “counter-intelligence”, and from “counter-intelligence” into political revenge and suppression of a said “monster genius”. Although this strangest case of mine would appear utterly ridiculous to any reasonable person, it has consequences of tremendous importance for the structure of the intelligence system in the U.S. The most important one is the emergence of the Department of Homeland Security as the most powerful “security” agency within the domestic U.S., its take-over of domestic clandestine operations from the CIA, and the corresponding continual weakening of the CIA. I’m here to narrate the story to you in detail. You will learn how the CIA clandestine service conducts its recruitment in a special case; some details of how clandestine operations are run; and how the head of the Department of Homeland Security destroys a CIA recruitment operation.

Since the incident, I have posted a summary narrative about my problem with Homeland Security – without detailing my encounter with the FBI or any mention of the CIA’s role – in a few places on the net. But it has been quite difficult for these few posts to get somewhere, because, since my internet activities were all monitored, wherever I posted, the DHS internauts just followed in and posted after mine mockeries intended to discredit me. I left out CIA’s involvement because they had been kind to me last year during all my Homeland Security troubles and, after their withdrawal earlier this year, expected me to keep silent. Well, things are different now; the CIA regretted ever having anything to do with me at all. Furthermore, I have just started tasting the traumatic consequences of their recruitment operation on me. Finally, I simply don’t see the point in keeping secrets for the CIA when I’ve been continually tormented by provocation from the Department of Homeland Security. This incident with its aftermath has wrecked my life to the point where it is not worth living. I have through this event become for sure one of the most unfortunate persons in the world and the most detested person in human history. I have to write down my story in all its details and explain the origins of my enormous misfortune, as the only way to preserve my sanity amidst the traumas caused by it and to make life slightly more bearable through the communication of my pain.

The FBI investigation

It all started as a minor terrorist investigation of low priority by the Federal Bureau of

¹ This current version has been, in November 2018 and October 2020, especially corrected for grammar and spelling and footnoted to point out the conceptional errors I have committed while writing it in 2007. There are however no changes to the narrative in order to preserve, as much as possible, the original story which was at the center of the debate in the International Court of Justice in November and December 2007.

Investigation, but what this investigation started would snowball to gigantic proportion two years later. It began in January 2005, shortly after my arrival to Montreal in snowy cold winter to begin a master program in religious studies at the University of Quebec at Montreal (UQAM).

During the end of 2004 and the beginning of 2005 I was a very angry person, because I had never really fitted into society. I had lived an isolated life. I had but one best friend, Wesley, whom I had known for almost 10 years and who was attending SUNY Albany at the time to complete a PhD program in political theories. Then I had Deborah, my therapist of almost 10 years also. I first met her when she was just an intern, and then saw her getting her PhD and license. These two persons were my closest confidant in life, from whom I hid nothing about myself. I would have long conversations with them on the phone during my whole time in Montreal, with Wes about two times a week, and with Deborah about three times a month. I had not had a happy life, and things were about to get much worse.

By coincidence I became acquainted with Gaurav Singhmar, a Canadian citizen of Indian descent who I later would learn was an FBI informant of some sort. His father ran a prominent business in hotel and land development back in Edmonton, Alberta. Alberta was the heartland of neoconservatism in Canada, and that's where he became indoctrinated in this right wing authoritarian philosophy and made some hard core neocon friends. These friends also introduced him to becoming an informant for the U.S. government.

Coming from a Straussian background, Gaurav was a Plato-fanatic and loved everything classical Greek. He developed a liking for me because I was one of the few people around who also studied classical Greek and read classical philosophy in the original Greek. The Café Supreme at St. Laurent in downtown Montreal was our regular hang-out.

At that time my gravest complaint was what I perceived to be racial inequality in American society. One night, as I sat with Gaurav at the coffeehouse, three American white kids from New York who were attending McGill started conversing with him. When it came time for me to strike a cord with these three "compatriots", however, they promptly ignored me. This opened up old wounds in me about racism at a time when I wasn't so happy, and so, a day later, while on the phone with Deborah, I made a threat-like statement. Well, the conversation for sure flagged in the NSA's Echelon network, and, as usual, the NSA passed a note to the FBI. This was how the snowball of disaster was first set going.²

Two days later, Gaurav called and wanted me to meet someone at the coffeehouse. There he introduced me to an FBI agent from New York who went by the name of Robert. Robert had dark skin and was actually a very nice person. He had his laptop in front of him and was typing in information as he asked me questions like the travel route I took frequently between Albany and Montreal. He showed himself very patriotic as Gaurav led us through various topics about my interests. I was curious about his racial background given his patriotism and I finally asked

² In subsequent years I would gradually come to realize that the FBI actually initiated the terrorist investigation on me since early 2004 when I was still living in Long Beach – largely because at the time I would day after day watch beheading videos posted by Iraqi insurgents in the Cal State Long Beach library. (I didn't watch them on the original websites, but on an American website which collected gruesome videos from all sources.) Evidently, the school contacted the FBI. When I made the threat to Deborah in early 2005 while in Montreal, for the FBI officers in Los Angeles it was merely: "Oh, it's he again."

him in a round-about way if he had Indian ancestry in his background. He was both surprised and appreciative of the consideration I showed in my indirect inquiry so as to avoid hurting his feeling (“Why are you so patriotic when you aren’t even white?”) and explained that his mother was white but his father was Afghan. So that must be why he was so supportive of the war in Afghanistan. Before he left he studied me intensely for a moment, seemingly unsure of the contradiction I embodied between both a gentle side I just displayed and the anger manifested in the statements I had made which caused him to have to come take a look at me. I suspected the situation very early on because the next day when I met with Gaurav again and expressed to him my suspicion about Robert being an FBI agent, he started bragging about his connection with the FBI. So many clues he gave out later on would confirm that he was indeed an informant.

My guess is that at that time the FBI considered me a low-priority matter because – as even the news has reported – ever since NSA’s Echelon system was turned inward after 911 it had intercepted so many angry people’s bullshits on the phone and, as it was required to take every “threat” seriously and pass it to the FBI, the Bureau was overwhelmed with these worthless “leads”. My statement was just one of many flagged each day but which were made by irrelevant people. The FBI was not going to move their own limited number of agents to track me but, conveniently, it already had Gaurav in place and so probably just instructed him to watch over me. Convenient, because Gaurav would turn out to be my closest friend in Montreal during these early times.

Although Gaurav was there to keep an eye on me, he also had an interest in reforming me and converting me to Straussian neoconservatism. He genuinely treasured me because I had the most developed philosophical mind and was the most heavy-weight philosophical intellectual around. He even warned me about the bugs the FBI had around me when I made anti-patriotic remarks, lest I get myself further into troubles. (Although I didn’t know it at the time, many of my conversations in the coffeehouse were being recorded by surveillance agents sitting around with laptops that had hidden cameras and recording devices in them.) Our endless conversations never had anything to do with terrorism and the war on terror. Most of the time we debated about philosophy, about Plato especially. Other than the trifling philosophical debates, we were always engaged in heated argument over China. Gaurav was an anti-China fanatic. He dreamed about returning to India someday and bringing about a neoconservative revolution there – “killing all the intellectuals and turning the rest of the population into peasants”, he said once. He had a morbid fascination with his version of Indian fascist nationalism and he projected China as a great enemy of India. Although I was born in Taiwan and had never set foot in my life on mainland China, his anti-China rhetoric always struck me as bordering on racism and extremely offensive. What’s more, he frightened me with the pathological amount of aggression inside him so typical of neocon fanatics. This would be the source of our schism later on.

I became acquainted with all of Gaurav’s friends. The two that were especially relevant were Angelo Drosopoulos, a Canadian of Greek descent who didn’t have a stable job at the time and who just wandered around hitting on women and cutting into the philosophical discussion between Gaurav and me with non-sensical comments; and an Iraqi immigrant by the name of Jamal who lived on refugee status but who was himself a hard-core expert in classics and German philosophy. Angelo would be very relevant later on. As for Jamal, he was not someone trying hard to avoid troubles; after the start of the war in Iraq he went back there to visit his

family and was at the time planning on his second trip. Another mutual friend of his and Gaurav's later told me that CSIS (Canadian Security Intelligence Service) interviewed him and tried to recruit him when he came back from Iraq the first time. (He refused.) He always came to the same coffeehouse reading his German philosophy books, and I showed interests in him because of his extraordinary scholarship in philosophy. But he wasn't very much interested in me, preferring the company of another of Gaurav's "philosophy friends", a Canadian white boy named Joshua Collin. I never know if my casual encounter with Jamal ever had anything to do with my investigation later on. But Gaurav was very close to him and knew well all his Muslim friends. He must have informed on them as well. But he genuinely cared for Jamal and probably just reported, "No, there is nothing particularly interesting with him."

Around mid-February the increasing evidence that Gaurav was an informant of some kind and the frequent expression of his inner aggression had finally frightened me to the extent that I "broke up" with him. Gaurav was genuinely disappointed to have lost a "treasure" like me. Then I spent most of my time either busying with homework or revising the theories I had on my website. The Canadians were probably monitoring me at that time, and they were undoubtedly disappointed. I was more troubled by the politics that were going on in the department of "sciences religieuses" at UQAM than by current events. The probable Canadian monitoring in fact had something to do with the departmental politics. The head of the department, Prof. Guy Menard, was a hard-core secessionist, and was running some sort of nationalist-religious cult in his small department. He wanted to keep his department or "cult" "racially pure", so to speak, and did not want an outsider, a non-Quebecer, in it. And so he instructed his closest students, his "disciples", not to associate with me. He particularly did not like my getting cozy with the two PhD students who were teaching two of my classes and who were his former students. However, one student by the name of Pierre Losier-Côté ("koalamagique") broke my isolation and tried hard becoming my friend. He majored in education but was taking many classes in the religious studies department. Only later would I become aware that he was probably a police informant sent to figure me out, and that's really why he approached me with insistence, in defiance of Prof. Menard's plan. The signs were there in the beginning: he had long been an employee of the police force and worked part time as a prison guard outside school work. Of course there was really nothing to inform other than my struggle with the departmental politics, and ever since this the Canadians would be unconvinced that I constituted a threat. The first of the series of blunders that would characterize my investigation later on also started with Pierre, for Menard failed all three of Pierre's religious studies courses because he dared associate with me the "outsider", little did Menard know that he was doing so as an undercover informant! Pierre complained to the principal of the university, who then had Menard removed from teaching. Pierre probably also noted to the Canadian intelligence services that I had some sort of talent in intuitively finding out what was going on in the dark by looking at people's faces and behavior, for I was aware of Menard's plan to isolate me even though all the students were instructed by him to keep me in the dark about this. This "talent" would snowball into my disaster later on. Well, after one semester I dropped out of the religious studies program, both because of this and because the fees were just too high. Then, in May, I started meeting up with Gaurav again, and he was genuinely happy to have me back.

In June 2005 I became a regular customer of a girl working in Club Octopussy near Concordia whom I shall only refer to as Marie. Marie was an ordinary looking Quebecer girl, 32 at this

time, with a generous and open personality. I became more and more enamored of her and pretty soon she occupied my entire mind.

Gaurav then swung again into his dark side of moodiness and aggression. I had been wanting to introduce him to whom I regarded as the greatest philosopher of modern time, the German scholar Eric Voegelin. So on one hot day of July I brought to him the first volume of “Order and History”, “Israel and Revelation”, and we sat at the coffeehouse shoulder to shoulder and read through the introduction together. Now Voegelin and Straussianism are like water and oil that do not mix, and Gaurav went into a sarcastic rage after reading it. This time I decided not to tolerate the aggression he showed toward those who were supposedly his friends, and so I “broke up” with him again, and I wouldn’t see him again until a year and a half later under a much different circumstance.

The surest sign of my being entangled in a terrorist investigation came in August 30, 2005. With no more school and no more money, I decided to return to California by September to find work. I was not allowed to work in Canada. I was in love with Marie and she liked me somewhat but hoped I had some sort of a job rather than just wandering around. So Wes came up to Montreal from Albany at the end of August to help me move back to the States. He packed up all my boxes of books, notebooks, and clothing in his car and drove down to Albany to put them in his apartment storage for my later retrieval, while I would gather the few things I could carry and ride down to Albany on a bus to meet up with him the next day. When Wes arrived at the border with my things, however, the custom officers stopped him and directed him to drive his car into a separate garage for a thorough search-over. He himself was then interrogated in a separate room by two officers, and was then asked to sign a document stating that so and so were his parents and that he did not carry 10,000 dollars or more and did not carry a bomb. Evidently when the authorities found out through monitoring the phone calls between Wes and me that he was to carry my things in his car, they decided to check them up. Wes went through that ordeal because of me. But after this incident things went quiet for several months, and the investigation would not start again until the end of 2005.

I stayed in California only during the month of September. Things weren’t going well in Los Angeles: I had difficulty in finding housing, missed Marie terribly, and found the same old ugly Los Angeles culture quite tasteless in comparison with the flamboyant francophone culture of Montreal. So in early October I returned to Montreal, got enrolled in an intensive French course, and started seeing Marie weekly again. This time I would stay until April next year. By late November I also found a job on the internet translating theology from English to Chinese for the Orthodox Church of Taiwan. But what occupied my mind the most in Montreal was always Marie.

I believe that the FBI reinstated my investigation at the end of 2005 because they initiated an investigation on some other people unrelated to me in Montreal and thought that they should check me out because I had a prior record, and then confused me with someone else. (In retrospect, I always suspect the case of that Concordia professor jailed in Lebanon, the investigation of which also began in late 2005.) To be sure, the Canadians did take note of my re-entry in October, since, during my second night in town, while I was sitting in a coffeehouse on St. Denis, Pierre showed up out of the blue pretending to be passing by (my whereabouts were

evidently tracked through my cellphone) and we then chatted until mid-night. I should have suspected him at that time, because when I lied to him that I had a “rich family background”, he looked at me like he knew I was lying – that is, he must have been briefed by the Canadian security agencies about my poor finance, information which the FBI had for sure shared with the Canadians. After that I’d never see him again. There just had to be a mistake of identity. By the end of the year, Marie filled all my phone conversations; I talked little about politics with either Wes or Deborah. I never saw Gaurav and avoided running into him, still remembering our friction. I never saw Jamal either and only talked with Angelo on the phone a few times. Most of the time I worked on translation, revising my theories, and writing diaries about Marie. The only “political thing” I did was starting a web page on “The Reasons for the War on Terror” amidst a hundred or so of my other web pages on purely theoretical matter. How else can you explain the intense interests FBI was showing in me?

Thus my obsession with Marie was in large measure what was responsible for the troubles I was about to get into. For if I had not stayed in Montreal during the rest of 2005 and the beginning of 2006 I would most likely not have been entangled up in another terrorist investigation: the FBI would probably have left me alone had I been in California instead.

The earliest sign of the FBI investigation came around the Thanksgiving time of 2005. That Sunday night, as usual, I went to Octopussy to meet with Marie. While Marie had to go serve another customer and leave me watching TV alone in the back lounge sofa, five American white guys came into the parlor; three, in their late 20s, were wild and drunk, and the other two, in late 30s, were more stable, one tall and the other short and stocky and with a shaved head. The three threw a mean look at me, what are you doing here. An especially wild one among the younger ones kept saying, “This is the place, this is the place!” I had a bad feeling about these guys, and so I inquired the tall, stable one of the older two whether they were from around here. The man just said, yeah, we are from Sherwood, etc. This made me even more suspicious, because my address in Montreal was on Sherbrook street, and the man was clearly trying to say Sherbrook, but couldn’t remember it well, coming up with another familiar name Sherwood instead. That meant that he was playing with me. After hearing the price from Coree (the bouncer), however, the three young guys left to drink in the bars, yelling about having no money. At the time only two girls – one a petite girl with black hair from Van Culver and the other, a tall, supermodel looking girl of Lebanese descent – were available. The two older ones that were left seemed like best buddies; they were very considerate of each other and kept asking each other, “Which one do you want?” “I don’t know, which one do you want?” for about several minutes. After they settled their matter, the tall one chose the girl from Van Culver and the shaved head, the Lebanese girl. After they finished, as the girls were walking the two men out, the tall one left his business card to the Van Culver girl, and she ran back to the girls’ dressing room, all excited and showing the card to everyone. When she walked out, I had to ask her what the fuss was about. “Shuh! He is an FBI agent!” “What?” “Don’t worry, I think he’s just trying to impress me!” “Are they from New York?” “Yes.” The two stable, older ones were probably both FBI agents, partner with each other, which explained why they were so polite to each other. They were there most likely to check on me and to check this place out – making sure it wasn’t other than a massage parlor.

Two weeks later, another older white male about 50 claiming to be from New York came to the

Club with a companion on a Sunday night while I was there in the lounge waiting for Marie. He did get a massage – and his company chose Marie in particular – but after that he sat in the lounge with me, with his masseuse sitting in front of him. Now his attention was directed toward me and not toward the bikini woman in front of him. He started blasting off topics of current events in which I had shown interests in my internet activities (which were of course being monitored) – the precariousness of the Dollar, the current account deficit, etc. – and then shouted: “Why does Canada need a military?” “To give poor people jobs,” I intervened. The masseuse concurred with a smile. The man was trying to provoke me with topics he thought were sensitive to me, but instead I just asked him personal questions like where he was from and what he did for living. I wasn’t really the current events-fanatic that the Bureau thought I was. I’m sure that, if he and his company weren’t FBI officers sent to check out Marie and what I was doing every week at the Club, then they were associated with the Bureau. But after this, surveillance and investigation of me would mostly be conducted by the Canadians. The Canadians however were not that enthusiastic as they quickly learned that this target that they had already dismissed in a way but which the FBI wanted them to check on again was such a loser and completely irrelevant to any supposedly terrorist activities being monitored. Once again, my interests were about as far away from Islamic extremism as possible. Other than seeing Marie, I liked seeing freak shows and enjoyed techno music in the dance club. After November, as snow began to fall, I became increasingly depressed. I already had my fill of Montreal experience and missed home terribly, but I simply could not become more than just a client to Marie. On the phone with Deborah and Wes I talked endlessly about my despair over my unreal relationship with her and increasing jealousy of her. To the CSIS and RCMP officers who were monitoring my phone calls, this guy was just too pathetic to spend any national resources on.

Without contacts with Gaurav and his bunch, my life in Montreal this time was extremely isolated. After I finished my French course in December and stopped contacts with the professor of the class and other students in it, I was left with Vahe Saliban as the only person I hanged with outside my weekly meeting with Marie. This contact must have despaired the Canadian investigators even more. Vahe was a middle-age gay man of Armenian descent. He was born in Lebanon and immigrated to Canada in his 20s. Other than Armenian, English, and French, he spoke Arabic and Turkish. He had wide connections in the Middle-Eastern gay community in Montreal. We always hanged in the coffeehouses in the gay district of the city, along St. Catherine east of Berri. Since I found out later that the FBI had an Armenian translator on my case, I can only surmise that the Bureau considered this contact of mine of extraordinary importance. After all, Vahe was the only one in my life that had wide connections among people of Middle-Eastern descent – that’s it, there must be something here! But when CSIS and RCMP officers closed in on this guy, they found only sex and more sex. Vahe and his Middle-Eastern friends, like all typical homosexuals, were obsessed with sex as the only thing in the world that occupied their attention. They had sex with each other, introduced each other to other sex partners, and talked endlessly about sex and relationship with sex partners. You will never find a jihadist within the gay community of Middle-Eastern descent when they are so busy with having sex. When the Canadian officers looked into Vahe’s internet connections, they found nothing other than his masturbating through the net with his cyber gay lover in Amsterdam. This was the most worthless investigation they had ever engaged themselves in.

My impression is that at first it was CSIS which was in charge of my investigation, but then soon afterwards it was passed to RCMP (Royal Canadian Mounted Police). CSIS agents tended to be young college student-looking Quebecers, females more often than males. When I was in the McGill library doing my translation or in the club watching freak shows, they would come just to check on me for a few minutes, sometimes flirting with me, amused by my worthlessness. When RCMP took over my case in early 2006, their annoyance at the worthlessness of the case finally prompted them to give away the surveillance. One night in late January 2006 as I was doing my reading and writing as I did every night at Utopik near Berri-UQAM, one of these four RCMP officers – all Quebecer guys in their late 20s or early 30s – sitting across me started laughing violently at me and mocking massively all the stuff I had said on the phone with Deborah in recent times (about how much I missed home, etc.). The other guys just turned their head in annoyance. I stared at the officer in disbelief – how does a complete stranger know the topics of my phone conversation? It took me a while to figure out what was going on and I told Deborah during our next conversation my suspicion that the FBI had gotten the Canadians to investigate me as well.

Now, someone in the FBI was very insistent on my case. Later happenings would reveal that the agent – or at least the leading figure of the team – that had insisted on reopening and continuing my case was a 30-something white female, perhaps new to the Bureau, whom I would later on always refer to as “Big Sister” for convenience’s sake. “Big Sister” and her team worked in the Federal Building in Westwood, Los Angeles. For her, there was something personal about my case. First of all, my past didn’t speak well to her. She was rightly offended by the fact that I made obnoxious anti-patriotic statements while at the same time receiving government aid. She and the other females on her team were further offended by the remarks I frequently made while talking with Deborah about my jealousy of Marie which would sound to them disrespectful of women. Adding to her fire was my critique of feminism which I put on my website and which had an anti-white female tone to it. In other words, I had acquired a misogynist aura for her. This misogynist aura combined with my sexual frustration to produce a repulsiveness that the female kind couldn’t avoid feeling about me. Most likely mistaking me for someone else, “Big Sister’s” team was thus motivated more than ever to intensify their investigation of me. The final shot came when, blaming my mother for the way I turned out which then led to Marie’s rejection – long ago she was a very troubled person and not a good mother and didn’t raise my brother and me; but that was another story – I wrote her a nasty letter saying she should have aborted me given all her troubles at the time. The “girls at the Bureau” now found this guy to be about as detestable as a human being could get, and were dying to bust him. The problem was that the Canadians – those RCMPs – just didn’t share this enthusiasm and, making fun of him right in front of him, now gave the whole thing away. The “Big Sister” must have complained bitterly, and the RCMP would try a little harder. And so, a mere few days later, when I was walking home late at night and just about reached my apartment building, a car followed me to where I was and stopped to wait for me to enter my apartment. The driver, a Quebecer guy in his 30s, stuck his head out to watch me open my door. I pretended to be doing something at my door before entering, to see if that would get him suspicious, and then I watched him from inside the building through the pin hole on the door. Lo and behold he walked out of his car and came to my door to check out what was there. I abruptly opened my door and asked him (in French) if there was something here. He was shocked at my “interception”, stared blankly aside for a minute, then came back to his senses, said no, and walked away. I watched him drive away and

was sure that the guy was a Canadian agent, though only later would I understand that this was a RCMP officer.

I was all over the phone with Deborah and Wes about this incident. The blatant manner in which the officer conducted surveillance again bespoke RCMP's lack of seriousness about my case. "Big Sister" must have complained again, so that, after this debacle of RCMP's, CSIS took over my case once more. For the rest of my time in Montreal I can remember two specific instances of CSIS' physical surveillance of my interaction with Vahe. Once I met with Vahe and a colleague of his from the past (a young lady of Italian background) at the Starbucks on St. Catherine in the gay district, and, as usual, CSIS sent in a man in his late 40s to sit at the table next to us. He was reading his newspaper but probably also recording our conversation. Of course at the time I didn't know he was from CSIS conducting surveillance on us, but I would see him again some months later and figure it out then. As usual, Vahe talked nothing save sex. He started recounting to me and the girl about how once he explained to an anxious Chinese girl who was a virgin and marrying the next day that she was about to see that there was a thing in her husband's lower part which was only this big but which would get bigger and then bigger... The way he put it was so funny that the CSIS man also couldn't help but burst into laughter. "Should I read this or should I listen to you?" he said. Vahe then looked at his newspaper. "What are you reading? Obituary!?" The CSIS man was a bit embarrassed and that was the highlight of that night.

On another night, an old Quebecer man about 60, dressed in suits and ties, came and sat down at the table next to Vahe and me. He started reading his newspaper. As usual, Vahe started talking about sex, narrating the origin of condom, while I started talking about inventing an "asshole-phragm" for the passive homosexuals. The old man grabbed the opportunity and joined in our conversation, talking as if he himself were homosexual. We all talked about sex the whole night. At the end of the night the old man introduced himself with his business card as Jean Boisclair, the chairman of the Liberal Party's division in Quebec province. By itself this incident wouldn't raise suspicion in anyone's mind, but in retrospect of the whole series of strange happenings before and after I hypothesized that the man was an experienced CSIS agent who was finally called out to make things straight after so many blunders. Later when I looked for this "Jean Boisclair" on the internet there would be no traces of him. CSIS had used the rapport-based approach instead of anonymous surveillance to at last conclude that Vahe and I weren't "threats" at all.

By mid-March I had decided to leave Montreal and return home to Deborah on April first. Although once in February I ran into Marie at UQAM and we hanged out, almost as if she were finally willing to be my "friend", she quickly withdrew. I fell ever deeper into depression and had to go home. But I was worried about how I would then cope with the unavailability of Marie. A week before my return I posted an ad on the Craigslist for the Los Angeles community hoping to meet a woman that would take up Marie's place in all my intense emotions as soon as I should be in Southern California. The quickest way, as always, was to meet a foreign woman who wanted to meet a citizen or something like that in order to stay in the country: that worked well in the 90s, though not so much in these turbulent times. And so my ad was written implying that. This of course could not have more offended the "girls at the Bureau on my case". The "Big Sister" instructed her female translators to respond to my ad in a sting operation: she probably already had some inkling in her head that she wouldn't find anything "terrorist" with me; and yet

given my detestability she had to bust me on something. This was it, then.

And so, another solicitor aside, I first received an email from a girl named “Vee” who claimed to be from Germany, working in the film industry, and dying to stay in Los Angeles beyond her visa. “Big Sister” was probably hoping that I would propose something illegal like “marriage of convenience”, and so when I replied expressing interests in a real relationship – even a swinger arrangement, in imitation of Marie – she got another translator to reply my ad again. This one was an Armenian woman by the name of Gayane Apokova. Both of these translators used real email addresses with real names. However, Gayane’s email was particularly suspicious. After introducing herself, she wrote out of the blue: “I am not crazy at all, not a drama queen, and do not have inexplicable mood swings. I managed to reach my age without applying for help of a therapist and do not intend to do that in the future.” Since Wes had been calling me “drama queen” and since anyone who had been monitoring my phone calls for a long time would see how I went through inexplicable mood swings, this email not only demonstrated knowledge about me but also had an intent of mockery behind it.

My suspicion notwithstanding, the next morning I talked to Wes on the phone about the legality of what I was doing. Of course it’s legal, he said. It would be illegal only if the conveniently married couple lived separately. Lo and behold, an hour after the conversation I received another email from Vee asking me if I would be willing to “fake a marriage” *where we would be staying under the same roof*. I immediately realized what was going on and called up Wes to tell him that this was a sting operation and the definitive proof that the FBI was onto me: having just listened in on our conversation, “Big Sister” thought that I now believed that faking marriage was only illegal when the couple was living under different roofs, and so immediately she instructed her translator to tempt me with a fake marriage where the couple would share the same roof – which then must be illegal nonetheless. Wes burst into heavy laughter after he heard my hypothesis as to the FBI’s action behind the scene – and of course “Big Sister” was also monitoring this very conversation of ours as we spoke, so that, as soon as I fashioned out a reply to Vee making it clear I would not engage myself in such illegal activity, Vee replied: “That’s okay. With your personality, I’m sure you will meet someone soon!” Vee was later revealed to be a young Chinese girl from Australia subcontracted with the FBI as a translator. She served on Big Sister’s team to translate the Chinese conversation I had with my family members and was repulsed by my personality just as much as Big Sister herself and the other “girls in the Bureau”. Now that the sting operation was exposed, she just finished off immediately with a mockery of me to show her disdain.

The blatant disdain Vee expressed both saddened me and revealed a lot about the officer(s) in the Bureau bent on getting me. I called up Wes that night to tell him how shameful I felt “because the FBI hates me”. Wes laughed: “Why does it bother you that FBI hates you? Why do you need approval from the FBI?” Well, I knew exactly why I had offended the FBI people, as explained earlier. Then I offered him my analysis: “I think the agent in the FBI in charge of my case is a female.” “Oh it’s a female!” he laughed again. “It’s a white female”, I added. That would really explain the disdain: he’s sexually frustrated because he couldn’t get laid, she analyzed; so he hates women and becomes misogynous; so he writes anti-feminist (anti-white female) essays; so he wants to join those religious extremists that denigrate women; and so on. This profiling sounded clever but was all just simple-minded stereotyping and hardly captured the complexity

of what was going on inside me. I had been so often mis-profiled in the past in just this way by white females who thought themselves so clever these days, so I was pretty confident in my profiling of the agent through her profiling of me. And it is from that time onward that I would in all my conversations with Wes and Deborah refer to this invisible figure responsible for all the strange happenings around me as “Big Sister”. The only error I made at the time was believing this “Big Sister” worked in the Bureau’s New York office as well, just like all the other FBI agents I had run into thus far.

I have to imagine that, in the Bureau in Westwood, Los Angeles, “Big Sister” herself was beginning to understand the unusualness of the target she was handling after listening in on this conversation between me and Wes. She just got correctly “profiled” by her target. But at this time this could only make her angrier and more determined to fight. This guy is pretty smart, she thought. But she will get him.

On March 31st 2006 I met up with Marie one last time at the Club, packed up my things when I returned home, and got on the bus to Albany the next day. I had lunch with Wes at Albany, discussed with him my sadness over Marie’s refusal to be my friend, and flew back to Los Angeles from there. As I stepped onto my plane an average-looking blonde in her mid-20s got behind me and studied me intensely for 5 minutes at least, her face filled with disdain. Well, in her cautiousness the “Big Sister” would definitely have sent someone to watch over me on board a flight, and this girl must be it. After being briefed she must have been disgusted with me as well, such that she chose not to sit next to me even though she was supposed to watch me and Southwest flights always operated on “open seating.”

By returning to California I was getting myself into the hot spot of FBI investigation and surveillance. However, the FBI did not expect that I would turn their ultra serious terrorist investigation into a Quentin Tarantino style comedy show. I would be the funniest terrorist suspect they had ever investigated, and provide them with un-ending laughter. This began immediately.

As soon as I got off the plane in LAX I took the bus directly to Westwood/ UCLA area, where I planned to pass the first two weeks before moving back into my old apartment building in Long Beach. “Big Sister” or her team that was on my case had decided to welcome me with some insults. I dragged my luggage into Ralph supermarket to buy some daily necessities and two young white guys were already there waiting to ambush me. “Hey, chaste! Are you chaste? You are chaste, aren’t you?” they shouted as they came up to me. “Big Sister” had sent these two guys to mock me about my sexual frustration in regard to Marie in an effort to provoke me, but, perhaps fortunately for me, I didn’t know at the time what the word “chaste” mean! The two guys continued mocking me without end about how miserable I was, and I nestled toward the security guard and she took sympathy of me and threw the two guys out. The two guys were so angry at this that they followed me for a block or so to continue their mocking. They shouted something about how I should tell the security guard about the money I took from someone – I couldn’t hear whom.

Afterwards, struck by the strangeness of all this, which followed closely upon the fake marriage sting operation, I couldn’t help but suspect that “Big Sister” was responsible for this. I called up

Wes a day later to tell him my suspicion. I mean, these two guys clearly knew something about me. Just before I left my mother gave me 100 dollars and our conversation about this on the phone was of course picked up by the FBI. The two guys seemed to be referring to this: they were angry that this security guard didn't know what an offensive loser I was – after insulting my own mother I dared take money from her – and so unjustly took my side. Did the FBI hate me so much that they sent in two guys in UCLA student police to try to provoke me? The only problem, I told Wes, was the name they were calling me – I didn't know what it meant! “Chased, chased...” I tried to imitate to Wes what I heard. “What does it mean?” But Wes suddenly got it: “Chaste! Someone who doesn't have sex!” I said, “See, how did they know that?” That's definitely another clue that these two guys had already been briefed about me. But Wes played his typical role of devil's advocate: “I'm sure when people look at you they would say, ‘Yes he has sex, he has sex this morning.’” “Alright”, I said, accepting the explanation, but no, I didn't buy it. These two guys clearly knew my history.

You can imagine the laughter around the FBI officers who were listening to the conversation and the reaction of “Big Sister” when they told her about it. Provoking me was her plan, and the plan floundered as her provocateurs were thrown out of the store instead. Yet, she failed, she thought, because I didn't understand the provocation. Both angry and amused she must be. And yet it was only the beginning.

Then there was the strip club. I had been going to Century strip club, located at Century Blvd and Aviation, regularly since my move back to Southern California in 2001 until my move to Montreal. This had been the place I was most comfortable with, and I never bothered to go elsewhere. Weeks after my return to Long Beach I started going there again. It was like going home; the strippers I had seen before Montreal were still there, after almost a year and a half. Most importantly, Simone was still there. She was black, but a Hale Berry look-alike, in her late 20s or early 30s, very friendly and accommodating, never showing an attitude. Before Montreal I would get dances from her regularly about once or twice a month, continually for about a year and half. Missing Marie terribly, I was glad that I could find a familiar face to console me. We would begin again our regular thing after my long absence.

Well, the strip club, by being near LAX airport, couldn't have been located in a worse location. Planes were flying above it all the time. Going there was always suspect for the Bureau. The first time I went back there the FBI sent in a 20 something Hispanic looking white guy with dark hair to conduct surveillance on me. (Again, the FBI always knew where I was by tracking my cellphone.) He came in with a funny smile, obviously happy to be given an assignment busting terrorists and protecting the country – in a strip club. He sat right next to me even though there were plenty of empty seats around. He eyed me with that funny smile and when I noticed he uncomfortably avoided eye-contact and was totally embarrassed. I then went with Simone for a dance, in our usual spot: in a booth in the remotest corner in the club where usually no one went. This guy then chose the sexiest blonde in the club and came with her all the way to the only booth next to my booth in that remote corner to have his dance, even though all the other booths were open. Afterwards I went to the bathroom and he just had to follow in too. You can't be more conspicuous than that. The guy was a complete idiot and had obviously had no experience in surveillance before. A young idiot like that could not possibly be in the employment of the FBI, and later the same sort of idiots would show up in massive number in Department of

Homeland Security operations. He was therefore either a Homeland Security agent diverted to help in with my Big Sister or else was from a private security company subcontracted with federal agencies to provide surveillance agents. I could just imagine him going back to the FBI headquarters in the Federal Building in Westwood and asking “Big Sister” and the rest of the FBI team on my case for 30 dollars to reimburse him for the lap dance he got while on his “mission”: “In order to follow the suspect to the booth in the back, I had to get a lap dance too.” The FBI agents wouldn’t know whether to laugh or to cry: what kind of terrorist investigation is this?

In contrast with the Canadians, the FBI’s surveillance effort against me was extremely intense. As soon as I moved into my old apartment building – at 1037 East 4th Street, Long Beach, CA 90802 – “Big Sister’s” team sent a Hispanic “cable man” one day to ask me if I wanted cable installed in my place. He waited outside the building specifically just for me while I was walking home that day, and when I walked to my door he made his request and I refused it. He then just walked away, without bothering to offer his ware to others in the building. It was quite obvious that he was there just for me. The Bureau wanted a chance to install hidden cameras and other surveillance devices in my place but had failed to find it. Instead, three men who seemed to be from the Long Beach police moved into the unit directly above me, and they took turn staying there: one for a couple of days, and then another would take over and the previous one would go away for a while, and then the third man would come to take over, etc. The surveillance devices they installed in the upstairs unit could somehow film and record what happened downstairs in my unit – through the concrete between the two units. Later the three men were replaced by just one “full-time” officer (from Long Beach Police). He, like many Long Beach police officers, had an enormous amount of hostility toward me. Three years prior there had been a mysterious incident involving one of their police cars, and they had never figured out how until a year and a half later I revealed my involvement to Gaurav 3,000 miles away and Gaurav related it to the FBI and the FBI to Long Beach Police. For this reason, the Long Beach Police had something personal against me in addition to the current investigation.

In addition, an undercover cop was installed at the corner of 4th and Martin Luther King where I would always pass by whenever I walked from or to the metro station. He was a middle-age obese white male who always put on a disheveled look. I would always see him sitting against the wall in that corner whenever I passed by, whether it be 4 o’clock in the afternoon or 2 o’clock in the morning. When months later I started befriending him, I’d find him in fact quite likable. Only that he would try several times to set me up with a prostitute so as to give the police a chance to arrest me. That happened when it had become clear to the FBI that their “terrorist investigation” was going nowhere. In any case, the fact that both the Long Beach Police and the LAPD had already been notified by “Big Sister” about me saddened me. From now on I could no longer be anonymous.

Returning to Long Beach also meant going back to the famous Portfolio Coffeehouse – located at Junipero and 4th – as my regular hangout. It had been 10 years since Wes first introduced me to this wonderfully bohemian hangout, but my return this time would mean that the coffeehouse would become an intelligence operation hotspot for the next coming year. Now as soon as I returned in April I had given myself the project of understanding special relativity, mostly through reading Einstein’s original articles in the original language, in addition to continuing my

translation projects for the Orthodox Church of Taiwan. In my sadness over Marie's affair, I decided to return to my old habit of conquering theoretical matter, temporarily interrupted by my obsession with her. Even though my knowledge of mathematics was rudimentary, I managed to understand special relativity with success because it does not involve complicated calculus or tensor analysis such as general relativity does. Every afternoon or night then I would come to this coffeehouse to work on penetrating special relativity. Naturally FBI agents would start showing up in the coffeehouse to conduct surveillance on me. Many of the FBI agents, however, just like their Canadian counterparts, were not at all happy about being given the assignment of conducting surveillance on me, having to spend time and energy on a crazy childish nerd who simply did not fit the profile of a terrorist and made the investigation look more like a joke. Usually one male agent would come – without any of the surveillance gadgets that I'd see in massive number later on: that is, surveillance in the old fashion style – just sitting around and checking me out, visibly upset and annoyed. Sometimes female agents would come – always white – sometimes using a surveillance laptop wherein cameras and recording devices were hidden, but these agents were typically pleased by the comedy of having to conduct surveillance on me “the terrorist suspect”, always ready to burst into laughter. I was now under surveillance around the clock.

Returning to Southern California meant most importantly seeing my therapist Deborah on a regular basis. Since Deborah had been my most intimate confidant, the FBI considered the monitoring of my therapy sessions of the utmost importance. At first they would park a white van outside her office window to listen in on our conversation, but later on they would simply issue her a National Security Letter or some such thing and oblige her to assist in the monitoring of my words and thoughts. They proceeded to install bugs and closed-circuit cameras in her office, and eventually simply to wire-tap her. The close monitoring of my therapy sessions was a frustrating and annoying experience for the FBI team on my case, since the only “intelligence” they managed to gather was my struggle with the absence of Marie, some childish acting-out, and my complaint about racial inequality, especially about the pre-eminence of white females nowadays in the North American society – things, again, which with their irrelevance made the “terrorist investigation” look more like a joke than anything else. What they did observe was my degeneration to infantility because of my sadness over Marie's rejection.

But something that would prove to be of tremendous value – though a source of even greater frustration – for the FBI would come right out of my “therapy”: my feedback about FBI surveillance. From now on during every one of my sessions with Deborah I would discuss the flaws in the surveillance I had just experienced which had allowed me to detect it. Hearing my feedback, “Big Sister” and her team would then patch up the flaws I had indicated in the next round of surveillance on me in order to perfect it to the point of being un-noticeable. Thus, right after the surveillance incident in Century strip club, I told Deborah a few days later about all the ways just mentioned in which that idiot made himself as conspicuous as he could be; the next time I went to the strip club “Big Sister” would carefully instruct the surveillance agent to sit far away from me, avoid eye-contact with me, and not follow me to the booth in the back, etc.

On the other hand, Deborah's cooperation with the FBI helped confer upon the investigation an increasingly parental character. Knowing that “Big Sister” and her colleagues were repulsed by my treatment of my mother, Deborah asked me repeatedly when I would apologize to her. I

finally did through email, and sent her good wish on Mother's Day. She also wanted me to explain well why I kept going to a strip club near the airport. "But I have been going there for so many years... And the LAX area happens to be where all the strip clubs and massage parlors are concentrated." I really couldn't help the fact that my search for things sexual had always to acquire an air of "threat alert" to the Bureau. Although Deborah knew my innocence and wanted to help "Big Sister" realize it, she was forbidden to reveal to me her cooperation with the Bureau under the Patriot Act. But her face really said it all – I had known her for 10 years, don't forget. At the same time my scholarly side was spreading fame among the FBI officers: this guy indeed has good potential; too bad he has gone astray. As "Big Sister" initiated the whole investigation out of "intuition" and personal detestation, not out of evidence, she was really utilizing federal resources to butt into my family business and character problem. Not all that bad, and I gradually developed a good impression of the FBI officers, for, from Robert onward, none of them that I had or would run into seemed like terrible people.

As my life settled back to normalcy in California, I also started going back to Westside Center for Independent Living in Venice Beach, whose services I had been utilizing on and off for almost 8 years. WCIL helped the poor and the disabled with housing needs. I knew well the co-director of the Center, Aliza. I went there this time specifically to find a roommate to reduce my rent. Soon I hooked up through the agency with Lee Donovan, a young African American who fell blind because of kidney failure and who needed to take a ton of medication daily for his kidney transplant. He was quite a drag, because the medication made him hallucinate. But I enjoyed his presence. After all, Marie's rejection had plunged me into self-pity and made me feel ever closer to the "disenfranchised" as "my kind". I was now actively enjoying my status as the "disenfranchised".

In late May 2006 I took a brief trip to Montreal to visit Marie again. I planned on visiting her once in a while for as long as I could to keep up our contact. When I got to the airport I delayed my flight for two days because of the stormy weather in Chicago. Three Russian men came behind me on my line and one of them stared at me intensely for minutes without end and was trying the whole time to restrain himself from bursting into laughter. It really wouldn't require too much sensitivity on the part of someone like me who was universally ignored before to figure out that "Big Sister" had sent in these guys to keep watch over me on the flight. But the comedy into which I had turned my "terrorist investigation" had clearly got to these guys: "That's our terrorist suspect?!"

The next day I saw Deborah and told her how much the three Russian men freaked me out with their incessant stare and that they were probably sent in to watch me on the flight. "Big Sister" and her team, listening in carefully on my therapy, would take note of this and adjust their surveillance method so as to avoid triggering my sensitivity to strangers' staring. They had another round of surveillance waiting for me as I went back to the airport the day after.

It is during this trip that I discovered for the first time that iPods had been doubled as surveillance devices. My flight was from Los Angeles to Washington and then from Washington to Montreal. This time, for the flight to Washington, "Big Sister" sent in a super-athletic woman – whose hand was bigger than my head – to sit on my right and two marines – also super-muscular – to sit on my left. I immediately felt something was wrong as I was surrounded by

military-looking body-builders: had “Big Sister” prepared all the muscles around me so that I would be taken down should I try to “take over the plane”? I truly felt hurt for being so misunderstood: I only wanted to see Marie. The “super-woman” in particular was wearing earphones from her iPod. As the plane was about to take off, she started manipulating her iPod and these words popped up on its screen: “The plane is taking off the ground.” I watched the whole thing from behind her shoulder without her noticing. In the middle of the flight she tried to manipulate (“communicate with the base through”) her iPod again. This time she noticed me watching her, and she covered its screen with her other hand. My painful struggle with iPods would start from that day onwards.

As soon as I arrived in Montreal, CSIS was of course obliged to put me under their surveillance again, no matter how much they regarded my case as a worthless nuisance. The moment I descended from the airport bus at Berri-UQAM, walked into a nearby restaurant, and sat down to eat, I noticed the same older CSIS man who had conducted surveillance on Vahe and me (the one reading the obituary) sitting two tables across from me. With a mere cup of coffee, he tried not to stare at me – evidently as instructed by the FBI – and when he noticed me noticing him, he quickly avoided eye-contact. He clearly knew I knew he was there to watch me.

In the next few days CSIS did their duty but was clearly not that enthusiastic. When I went to the bookstore or restaurant or something like that one of their agents – always a college-student looking Quebecer guy or girl – would come to check on me briefly and then leave. When I checked into a hostel one agent – this time a mean-looking Middle-Eastern fat guy – came to check on me too. But that was all. While there I told Deborah on the phone about that older CSIS man – seeing him for the second time pretty much established that it was “Canadian intelligence” and dispelled my other hypothesis at the time that a woman in Quebec City who seemed to have stalked me once before with her friends was behind my strange happenings lately – and CSIS would have therefore known that this otherwise worthless case was becoming problematic.

I spent three happy nights with Marie while in Montreal. During the last night, while I was waiting for Marie in the Club’s lounge, eight Cantonese guys – all in their late 20s or early 30s – came in and sat around me. Only one of them chose a girl and went into the room with her, the rest just waiting around in their sofa. I became suspicious and asked one of them on my right where they were from and all that stuff. Boston, he said. He explained that the guy who went in with the girl was about to get married and so wanted to get his “bachelor party night.” The guy returned with the girl, but apparently didn’t get anything more than a massage because he was supposed to be married soon. Then the guy who sat on my left suddenly laughed and said, “So you came to Montreal just for this?” How did they know that? That pretty much gave away the fact that they were agents or police officers sent by “Big Sister” to check on me. I got embarrassed and tried to point out to him my “friend” just as Marie came out. They watched me go into the private room with Marie. The Bureau had once more ascertained that this massage parlor really was just a massage parlor. This time I didn’t play any games with Marie but we just chatted. Well, it was at least a comfort that these guys were more amused than contemptuous of me as an “enemy of the state.”

When I returned to Southern California, I of course told Wes on the phone and Deborah during session what I saw about the iPod. You can just imagine the FBI officers’ disappointment after

they heard this through monitoring my conversations. Not only did they find nothing of substance, but they ended up giving away their surveillance secrets. The woman – clearly an ex-military – was probably also not a FBI agent herself but a surveillance agent privately contracted with the Bureau.

The Bureau's next blunder came in early June when I went to the Century strip club again. I felt increasingly uncomfortable about taking my cellphone with me when going on a "sex trip" through the city's "red light district" in the LAX area, because I really did fear "Big Sister" might just decide to bust me with prostitution or something like that. So that night I went without it. This move, unfortunately, just alarmed her and the Bureau even more. What is it that he's trying to hide? Perhaps he's meeting up with his "cell" tonight? Thus surveillance was vastly increased. On the metro blue line three metro police officers were sent into my cart to conduct surveillance on me – unprecedented. I had my fill in the strip club under surveillance, to be sure. Then I wandered through the massage parlors on Century until I reached the Hawthorne station at Lennox around 11 PM. Well, there was no busting. "Big Sister" was not going to bust me on such trifling matter after all with so much resources moved. My fear was unfounded and ended up alarming the Bureau. But near the metro station two men crossed path with me to make sure I was entering the station and when I got there, I was struck by the conspicuous presence of a white female in her 30s waiting for the train and wearing earphones and iPod. Besides the fact that I had already become over-sensitive to iPods, in my decade long experience of riding metros and buses I had never once seen a white female waiting for trains or buses in the Inglewood area in the middle of the night. It's as strange as seeing a pretty white girl dancing around in the middle of Compton. She took the train with me and, lo and behold, she got off at Imperial just as I did to transfer to the Blue Line to go to downtown Long Beach. She had to be artificial – my surveillance escort. FBI had taken care of the previous mistake by instructing her to sit farther away from me and not look at me – to just let the hidden cameras inside the earphones and iPod work their magic. Just like many previous surveillance agents sent to me, she was extremely annoyed at her assignment, just sitting there quietly with an angry face. She became even more annoyed as she noticed me staring at her while we both waited for the train at Imperial: the surveillance agent was being watched by her target. I got off at 5th Street Station in Long Beach while she continued riding to the end of the line.

The next time I saw Deborah I told her that I was pretty confident that this woman was a FBI surveillance agent because she was white and yet riding from Inglewood to downtown Long Beach in the middle of the night, and because she wore iPod. Deborah retorted, why would the FBI knowingly send a white woman to the ghetto? I replied that "Big Sister", being a white female, didn't know that no white people existed after you passed the sign "Welcome to Inglewood": she, being white, was simply not sensitive to these racial divides of the city. Big Sister's team must have been disappointed again – there were still flaws to fix – and taken in the feedback, and from then on they would use far more minorities to do surveillance on me.

So on buses they would now mostly use Asian girls wearing surveillance iPods to conduct surveillance on me. They (or the private security companies that provided the FBI with these surveillance gadgets) had furthermore taken in my feedback about the iPod and adjusted it so that these words of communication (like "The plane is taking off the ground") would never appear on the screen again, but only song titles. Perhaps song titles were now used as codes to

communicate. Who knows. These surveillance agents still raised suspicion because up till now I had never seen iPods or earphones on the bus – and I had been riding buses for ages – and because they really didn't look like bus-riders. For example, I remember one pretty Vietnamese girl riding the Culver City #6 with me all the way from UCLA to the end of the line at Aviation Green Line station – where, again, no one went except blacks and Hispanics from the ghetto – and then getting picked up there by her white boy friend in a sedan. She did that two times.

One day in mid-June I brought many of my old family photos with me to show to Deborah. Among them were two photos taken in the 1960s, one showing my grandfather, who was a two-star general at the time in the Taiwanese military, posing with generals from other countries after a missile training exercise at a USAF base in Texas, the other showing him in a Taiwanese military delegation visiting an army base in San Francisco. Both photos were marked the property of the Defense Department. We talked a lot about these interesting photos. I presumed the FBI must have by that time checked out my family background, but it's still possible that "Big Sister" and her team were a bit surprised as they watched this through the cameras in Deborah's office.

That day after the appointment I went to the cafeteria in UCLA Medical Center to get dinner. On my way I felt watched by several perplexed undercover FBI officers, one of them pretending to ask me the time. While I was eating and watching CNN news, this woman, in her mid-30s whereabouts, walked in: she had long brown hair, very skinny, with slightly wrinkled skin, not a good dresser, wearing a light-colored skirt and a pair of old flat-heel shoes. This woman stared at me intensely, looking frustrated and puzzled, as if wondering, was I really wrong? Was he really not the monster that I thought he was? I was convinced afterwards that this was the "Big Sister" – or at least one of the "die-hard" female team on my case – who had been insisting despite reluctance from everyone else on investigating me. These photos on my family background were the last of the indications that I simply didn't fit the profile of a "terrorist" at all. She projected onto me this image of a very selfish, shameless, and anti-social personality which I simply was not. Perhaps she was very confident in her "feminine superior intuitive power". It must have surprised her tremendously that I in my dream-like existence turned her work into a Quentin Tarantino style comedy show. I was almost sure that she hated me for all my anti-feminist, anti-white female comments.

In any case, she went behind me to the back corner of the cafeteria and instructed the janitor to change the cafeteria TV's channel to Fox news instead. She was trying for the very last time to provoke me. In her imagination, when the mindless right-wing propaganda streamed forth from the TV, I would get so offended and jump up and down. Instead, I watched it quietly, finished my dinner, threw away the trash, and just left. "Big Sister" now realized she had truly failed in her profiling of me.

It was also around this time that I discovered the true identities of the two females involved in "Big Sister's" fake marriage sting operation earlier. During my session with Deborah I talked once again about my shame over FBI's disapproval of me, that "Big Sister" must be angry with me because I received government aid and yet made unpatriotic declarations. I told her I was truly sorry. Since the Bureau was playing more and more a parental role, this must have generated some good feelings among the FBI officers. That night when I got home I wrote an

email to Vee to apologize. At the time I was still under the erroneous impression that she might be the “Big Sister” herself, and I asked her so. “Wrong person. But I’m glad to hear that you are sorry,” she wrote me the next morning. Who was she then? So I googled the beginning part of Vee’s email address and, lo and behold, I was led to the ads she had placed on Craigslist, her blog, and her website where she kept a log of her frequent travelling around the world. These together revealed that she wasn’t the girl from Germany that she said she was (although she’d been there), but an Australian Chinese girl who had been living in Los Angeles since December 2005 – just the time when the second round of my investigation intensified. When I searched for Ms. Apokova among the people-search websites, she was also revealed to be an Armenian woman of 50 living in the valley north of Los Angeles. It didn’t take much imagination to figure out that one was tasked with translating my conversation with my family in my native language and the other with translating Vahe’s conversation with his family in his native language. I left several messages at Vee’s website and blog, one asking her if she was subcontracted with the FBI to do translation work, and she immediately deleted this message and banned me from ever posting on her blog again. Since this incident Ms. Apokova’s records and Vee’s websites would disappear from the internet altogether and Vee herself would be listed on a different website advertising her profession as a make-up artist in the film industry – a decoy.

The next time I saw Deborah I told her not only about my discovery of “Big Sister’s” translators, but also about how I thought I might have seen the “Big Sister” herself. I told her how pretty I thought the “Big Sister” was. Then in our session after that I made the funniest move. I professed to Deborah that I “had fallen in love with my Big Sister.” Deborah, in her attempt to make it more psychological as a way to exonerate me before the Bureau, followed in: “You want to be your Big Sister.” I concurred, “Yeah! I want to be her!”

That afternoon as I got on the 720 bus on Wilshire and Westwood to go home, near where I stood sat a gentle-looking white man of 50 or so, dressed in late 70s or early 80s old clothing. I looked at him bedazzled because he looked so much like a stereotypical FBI investigator from the late 70s. He refrained from paying attention to me – again, knowing my sensitivity – but then he suddenly started to stare at me on purpose without end. I thus became quite uncomfortable. The man’s purpose was evidently to see for himself this sensitivity on my part to strangers’ undue attention which had by now acquired such fame. He was then ready to get off the bus, but, instead of the front exit right near him, he chose to exit through the back door, having to squeeze past me in the process. I said to him: “The door is right there,” pointing to the front door. But he said he’d rather use the back door.

I have to imagine that behind the scene all the FBI officers in the Westwood Federal Building were just amazed by the final exposure of the identities of a few of those in the team that was on me. This was indeed one of the strangest cases they had ever handled. You must also imagine Deborah having afterwards to discuss my case with “Big Sister” and her team – with perhaps Bureau’s own psychologist by the side – and telling her that I was developing “transference” toward her – transferring feelings I had about my mother onto the all-powerful, all-observing female agent from the FBI. The “Big Sister” couldn’t be more freaked out as the “pursuer” in her serious terrorist investigation turned after a series of blunders into the object of her target’s fantasy life. The strangeness of the case was what prompted an experienced senior FBI agent – the older man on the bus – to come take a good look at me in person.

To continue this “thing”, two days later I called up Wes in the afternoon and told him about my new found love for my Big Sister. “Are you in love with her?” Wes asked. “Yes.” “Do you want to have sex with her?” I thought I’d better not be so explicit like this, so I said no. “Do you think she’s listening now?” “I’m not sure.” “If she were listening now, what do you want to say to her?” Wes continued. I hesitated. Then Wes suggested: “Do you want to go out on a date with her?” That would suggest equality, but I’d rather consider her superior, so I just said I wanted her to “take me out.” Wes found the whole thing comical too and was going along with it. Before I hanged up I told him that I would be going to Century again. That got the Bureau ready to try another round of surveillance at the strip club.

It was a Sunday night and usually Sunday night would be a slow night for strip clubs with very few customers. But that night, after I came in, the place was gradually filled up to a full house. I counted 26 customers just in the front stage area. What’s more, 16 of them were Asian males. Usually Asians amounted to only 10 percent of the customers at most. These were clearly artificial customers that were sent in. “Big Sister’s” team thought they could fool me this time, but clearly didn’t understand the schedules of a strip club and was over-using Asians. Then, while I was smoking at the designated area outside the club, a white guy in mid-30s purposely stared at me without end with a face of utter annoyance at me. When I objected he just said something and walked away with total disdain. He did this purposely knowing my sensitivity to strangers’ staring because he was one of those FBI officers who had just had enough of me when they heard me several hours ago seemingly mocking their colleague the “Big Sister” – even though I wasn’t trying to mock her at all.

I knew then that the Bureau was not amused by this “falling in love with the pursuer”. The next day I called up Deborah to tell her how sorry I felt, and I wrote more emails to Vee to say the same thing. Vee’s email account had now become my channel of communication with the FBI. For this reason she would never reply me anymore. In my last email to her I expressed how saddened I was. “I know she [Big Sister] was so angry because she couldn’t squash me like a piece of pancake. Why does she hate me so much?” Immediately after I wrote this I got an AOL instant message from someone posing as a Middle-Eastern man. I ignored that and then I got another one from someone purporting to be a minor. “How old are you?” the message asked. “I’m an adult! How old are you?” I replied. Now I had been using AOL on and off for 6 years and I had never gotten even a single instant message. Obviously “Big Sister” – or whoever was working with her – was upset and was sending me these messages as a final try at stinging me – with anything, if not terrorism then pedophilia. But I just wouldn’t fall for it – for, what interests did I have in Islam or pedophilia? In any case, to my dismay, “Big Sister” was still angry with me because of her blunders in my investigation.

In my next meeting with Deborah I cried: I was upset because there were still a few incidences of surveillance on the bus; because I just didn’t understand why “Big Sister” would even think I wanted to “attack”: Look at this city, I said. Everyday you ride the metros and buses and you see nothing but poor blacks and Hispanics and the neighborhoods they pass by all look like Pakistan. Why would anyone “attack” these people? Meanwhile “Big Sister” doesn’t know how lucky she is being a beautiful white female, that most prized entity in society. This was the heart of my frustration: racial and gender inequality. The sexual frustration an Asian male might experience

in this society as compared with males from other racial groups can all be traced to this. I don't know how "Big Sister" and her colleagues felt about this "confession" – it was very strange to me that she had ever thought she could find something with me. Then in the next session with Deborah I commented on the ridiculousness of this whole investigation: "The target is going to the strip club again! Total mobilization! Send agents there!" thus would FBI officers shout. Deborah warned me: "Don't you think you have gone too far with your little game with the FBI? Why this? They are watching you and you are watching them?..." After this the FBI surveillance and sting operations suddenly all stopped. Clearly, no threat was emanating from me and there had been enough of this crazy surveillance game. The CIA was to take over from now on and they had a much different purpose.

The beginning of CIA clandestine service recruitment

In the underground bunker beneath the Federal Building in Westwood, officers from the CIA clandestine service had been working side by side with the FBI officers. These CIA officers were responsible for the Agency's domestic operations, directed from the National Resources Division headquartered in Colorado.³ They must have been watching my case evolve for a while, and they must have been laughing along the way. At some point it must have become clear to both the CIA and the FBI that "Big Sister's" team had got the wrong person.

But the game of "counter surveillance" I had been playing with "Big Sister" – along with the great entertainment I had provided – must have greatly impressed the CIA clandestine officers that had been following my case. This guy was naturally gifted for espionage, they thought. He possessed a tremendous degree of intuition, allowing him to detect surveillance, profile the agent that was manipulating the show from behind the curtain, and find out what was going on behind the scene. Intuition is an extremely important attribute in the intelligence business. Not just that, but this guy was quite an academic as well, they noted as they examined through my huge website hosting my theory of everything – in 2000 printed pages, the theory covered over sociological world-history, theories on the origin of religion, ancient philosophy East and West, and the history of science. If you know something about the CIA, you'd know that its clandestine service values greatly academic education: not only are its ranks and files filled with academics, but the Agency has had a long tradition of connection with distinguished academia at the Ivy leagues universities. Not only did my writings demonstrate my superior skill in English writing equal to that of any educated native speaker, but my translation also showed my mastery of the Chinese language – and I was fluent in both the simplified and traditional script. In addition I knew French and had reading comprehension of German, plus knowledge of classical Greek. Complex psychological make-up was another plus for espionage: the CIA officers had witnessed with amazement my transformation into another personality upon my return to California, almost as if I had multiple personality disorder. Another plus was that I lived a relatively isolated life, having few friends and acquaintances. Then there was my impeccable family background: they had evidently followed up on the photos I presented to Deborah, checked with the Taiwanese government about my grandfather's distinguished career in the Taiwanese military and civil services, pulled out from the Pentagon whatever records there were about him there, and noted my aunt and uncle-in-law's long history of working in the defense industry on classified

³ See Dana Priest, "CIA Is Expanding Domestic Operations: More Offices, More Agents With FBI", Washington Post, October 23 2002.

material. My aunt and uncle work at Northrop Grumman currently; my uncle-in-law had been an aerospace engineer all his life.

Some kind of terrorist suspect, the CIA officers must have thought. Wasn't the Agency looking for a native Chinese as spy against China, the growing worry for the United States? This guy grew up and was thoroughly acculturated in America and yet had not lost his native language fluency – my website further showed my expertise in Chinese history and philosophy and culture. This was a golden pick. If I could somehow be “turned around”, I would be of great use. So the CIA officers took my file up their chain of command in NRD and someone higher up in the clandestine service must have approved sending agents out to study me, re-educate me, and recruit me. That someone whose loving treatment and approving observation of me I could always feel in all the Agency's operations around me later on, I would for convenience's sake refer to as the “Invisible Hand”. And so the CIA made the request to, and received the approval from, the FBI to take over my case.

To “turn me around”, the cause of my being “in the wrong direction” of course had to be diagnosed. After much reviewing the “Invisible Hand” and his psychologists must have easily concluded that the source of my unhappiness which had led to my anti-patriotic statements that got me into troubles in the first place was my frustration over my inability to enter into the white society. They must have perceived that in particular I had issues with white females. This was the nexus where this guy's sexual frustration combined with his feeling of racial inferiority, they analyzed. The “reform” then would be a piece of cake, since the Agency had nothing but pretty white faces. If they could simply make me feel welcomed and integrated among “white peoples” then my loyalty would have been ensured. So the Agency would lure me with a series of beautiful and intelligent white people – especially white females.

That was July 2006. I believe the group came from an elite unit inside the CIA clandestine service, given their enormous skillfulness in understanding human psychology. I first noticed systematic visits from Downey to every webpage of my online book, a rare occurrence. There were many highly skilled psychologists working inside the clandestine service that had studied my personality and interests, and many more academics that had studied my theoretical orientation. Some portions of my online book were extremely technical and very deep in theoretical thinking, and required enormous amount of scholarship to understand, but that posed no problem for the academics that made up the clandestine service, which probably had professors at universities look at my website as well in order to evaluate my theoretical capacity. In place of the FBI anonymous surveillance which had failed, the CIA would employ rapport-based approach. They must have searched among their personnel to find someone who would attract me and successfully establish a relationship with me. This fitted into their strategy of “turning me around”.

Well, friends of the same sex always come before partners of the opposite sex, and so the Agency first selected this guy with the alias of Rod Godot (whose real name seemed to be Dennis something), a golden candidate: he had a master degree in philosophy, was white, beautiful, and bohemian in look and personality, just the kind of friend I had always wanted. The method for initiating a rapport with me was for him to be doing in front of me something that would be of tremendous interest to me. Knowing that I was into ancient Greek philosophy, he

appeared in Portfolio and had a book on Presocratics on his side and was teaching an online philosophy class on his lab top. I fell for it and asked him if he had studied ancient philosophy. Rod burst into a surprise laughter; apparently he didn't expect the plan to lure me to work this fast. We then started a conversation. There started what could be a beautiful relationship but what would be the roots of my later troubles. When I bid goodbye that first day, he quickly produced a business card with the chick "rodGodot" printed on it along with his cellphone number and email address.

Rod's laughter had another meaning, that of triumph over others, of proving oneself superior to others. By the time the CIA had requested taking over my case, I had become legendary as an extraordinarily difficult target. Sometimes female officers in plain cloth from Long Beach Police would come to me in bookstores or whatever and say hi to me, without the typical hostility. Now once the consensus was reached that a rapport-based approach would be more effective in concluding the investigation – for, although the mistake of identity was cleared up, I did make a "threat" in the past, and a definitive proof that I no longer held intentions of threat was still needed to close the case – some officers from the local police wanted also to join in as a way to make a name for themselves: whoever was able to succeed in attracting me and befriending me would acquire instant fame as "the one" who had "managed" "the most difficult". Thus, even before Rod appeared, I had already noticed some out-of-place men trying to lure me with books they thought I would be interested in. But none of them had enough education to use the right books. I remembered one police-looking muscle man trying to read right in front of me one of those popular books on the parallel between physics and mysticism. I had on my website a commentary on Fritjof Capra's "Tao of Physics" which was the easiest of all my essays, and so uneducated people trying to lure me with intellectual interests could only go along this line. Only the CIA had agents educated enough to be able to lure me with the true academic material in which I was really interested.

The CIA carefully crafted Rod's fake identity: attending classes at Cal State Long Beach to further his graduate studies, teaching an online class at a community college near Claremont where he said he obtained his master degree, being into music and having a band, being engaged to his girl friend named Courtney. In the jargon of clandestine operation, this elaborate manufactured identity and past life is referred to as "legend". Although his identity was fake, when the CIA sent an agent to pose as something, say (like this time) a philosophy graduate and a musician with a Bohemian streak, they would actually find among their agents someone who really was a knower of philosophy – down to the details of specific specializations among the fields of philosophy – and who really was a player of music. When they had Rod pretend to teach an online class on philosophy or do his students' grading in front of me, they really had him do the teaching and grading. The philosophy of the CIA clandestine service was to use a real diamond to pose as a fake diamond. They also created fake web pages about Rod that further supported his "legend" and stuck those pages into the Google search engine. When I googled Rod Godot on the internet bohemian-looking web pages on his musician status and on his band would pop up – one at icecreamman.com, along with a picture of him and his girlfriend. Google, you should know, was in partnership with the CIA and other intelligence agencies; its search engine would quickly index and cache the fake web pages the CIA has created for its clandestine agents and would quickly drop them and destroy their cache to leave no trace of them when afterwards the CIA withdraws its agents. All this flawless pretending and fakery worked to get

me to believe in the beginning that he really was who he said he was. I would learn just what a master at fakery the CIA clandestine service was.

To help further the illusion the CIA had turned the entire Portfolio coffeehouse into their set-up. They had recruited the owner of the coffeehouse – a German lady by the name of Kastin – as their asset. They sent in several other agents to come to the coffeehouse regularly posing as regular customers. Again each of them had a carefully crafted fake identity. The most notable were a middle-aged cool-looking man of Iraqi descent who posed as a Canadian citizen from Toronto and working at Myspace in Beverly Hills, and a beautiful blonde who posed as a teacher at a public school. Again, the beautiful blonde would be really grading papers in front of me, and the Iraqi man would feign not knowing her and hitting on her for the first time. The illusion was perfectly sewn, and I would not know until much later that everything that happened in front of me in the coffeehouse was staged.

The CIA clandestine agents were trained actors and actresses. “Staging” meant that I was trapped within a theatrical play where actors and actresses that CIA agents were acted out their respective roles so naturally and so realistically that I would not know everything around me was fake, pure “acting.” (Later you would learn just how much clandestine operations – with all the staging and set-ups – have to do with film-making.) Rod claimed to be living near the coffeehouse and would always come riding his bicycle. But whenever I wanted to walk him home he would always say no. The reality was that he didn’t really live near at all, and when he “rode his bicycle home” he probably just rode out of sight, stopped at some street corner, and got picked up by a van that would drive him back to the “station”. The Agency solidified the illusion that Rod was part of the neighborhood by sending in other young agents – again the artsy bohemian type that fit into the neighborhood – to pass by the coffeehouse and, pretending to accidentally run into him, to greet him and start a chat with him. Another technique the Agency used was fake phone calls. Often, in the middle of our conversation, Rod would get a phone call from “Courtney”, either asking him to come home for dinner or simply asking him for direction to get home from some part of Los Angeles. Of course the caller – Courtney or not – was probably calling him from the station; all this was to create the context that would perpetuate the illusion about Rod’s identity and circumstances.

You might have heard of Jean-Jacques Rousseau’s “Emile”, a “manual” on education in which all the adults around the boy Emile – the target of education – secretly conspire to stage every circumstance the boy enters into in order to mold his taste and form his dispositions along the proper path – all done without the boy’s knowing, of course, otherwise it wouldn’t be effective. The philosophy behind this is that only education by experience – in concrete circumstances – works to teach and form a person’s character, not education in the abstract environment – by books and in a classroom. The planners within this elite unit within the CIA clandestine service – the “Invisible Hand” et al – thought along the same line and were probably inspired by this famous book, and their operation on me consisted in just the same technique: they would work to stage numerous circumstances around me – all without my knowing – in order to (1) test me – my personality, my moral character, my mode of thinking, my political orientation, my language skill – (2) “reform” (re-educate) me, (3) teach me, and (4) bond me with their officers. Again, the CIA believed in using concrete circumstances to test a person, to teach him about how clandestine operations worked, and to reform his character. For this end they proceeded to

gradually seal me up in a bubble of fakeries and set-ups: they thus not only created artificial (fake) environments around me as they did in Portfolio, but they also went ahead recruiting everyone around me – friends, relatives, and acquaintances – as their asset or agent to help stage particular situations for me and test me and educate me. This would result in the strangest happening a person could encounter, as he sees just about everyone he knows suddenly all change into a different person. This would be the source of unbearable trauma for me once the recruitment operation failed.

Another significant figure in the set-up at Portfolio was a kind old man who claimed to be a counselor and who evidently was an experienced psychologist. He went by the name of Mark. He appeared in Portfolio at roughly the same time as Rod and was looking for opportunities to strike up a conversation with me. One day as I sat down in the sofa in the coffeehouse next to his reading my Einstein's article, he finally decided to try his chance and ask me out of the blue what I was reading. He was impressed and delighted by the fact that I was reading Einstein's seminal "Zur Elektrodynamik bewegter Körper" in the original German.

Mark was a dorky looking white man between 50 to 60 years old, with white hair and a slightly protruding stomach. He was the one – or at least among those – within the clandestine service who had high regard for my potential: he would be my sponsor, so to speak. During our first conversation he asked much about my theory as hosted on my website, pretending to know it for the first time even though he had clearly already looked through it. (He must have been among those that were systematically visiting my website just a week prior to this.) He and Rod were the two that were to establish close relationship with me and to do the main chunk of my testing and reform. Their mission would sound simple on the surface: to hold deep philosophical discussions with me.

Rod and I would meet at Portfolio about twice a week in the beginning. He would engage me in endless philosophical debates. His goal was not just to figure out what interests occupied my head and where I stood on issues, but also to study my mode of thinking. The FBI might have been perplexed by my sudden interest in relativity. Rod figured out that I jumped to this study in order to advance on my project of a modern version of Platonic forms: the laws of nature as encapsulated in these fascinating equations of dynamics were in my theory the true *eidoi*. I was thoroughly Platonic. He also figured out that my political stance was rather conservative – i.e. paleoconservative – I was skeptical of the revolutionary spirit of utopian radicals because too often in history the radical efforts of the revolutionaries to change the world for the better ended up making the world far worse off, and because of this I disdained the neoconservative radicals that now held sway in the government. Rod was eager to learn about my most admired German scholar Eric Voegelin, who inspired me with his warning about the revolutionaries. Rod also learned that I was definitely on the side that there was an absolute, objective truth independent of human imagination and making and that I was thoroughly logical in my reasoning. At one point of our discussion once, he let out a clue that I was being tested by remarking: "We are here to understand how you think, right?..." Then he commented: "Your way of thinking is extremely logical...." He himself was however on the other side, somewhat of a relativist bent: while I was Platonic and Voegelinian, he professed to be Wittgensteinian, having studied at Claremont under a Wittgensteinian professor, and he was far less enthusiastic about an absolute, objective truth somewhere but more into the way in which human subjectivity and activity produced what posed

as “objective truth”. We had countless debates back and forth along this line and he delighted in debunking me and proposing opposite views every time I expressed my philosophical and epistemological views. He seemed bent on frustrating me so as to test the limit of my toleration and how easy I would be to work with, but I was never dogmatic – that was not my personality – and always accepted his opposition calmly. Rod started appreciating this gentle side of me and once he put his arm around me after we finished our debate and were exiting the coffeehouse. As regards my feeling toward him I was absolutely enamored of him. He was just the kind of friend I had always wanted.

While Rod’s purpose in holding debates with me seemed to be testing me, Mark’s in having philosophical and theoretical discussions with me seemed to be to bring out my potential and probe the depth of my intellect and knowledge. He would always bring with him to the coffeehouse a couple of philosophy books, read them with a notepad on his knees for note-taking, and ask for my opinions on these books. Since these books were always in the analytic tradition and I detested analytic philosophy as not genuine philosophy, I’d always criticize the books he brought in and hint that he shouldn’t put all these efforts into them. His knowledge of philosophy seemed restricted to the analytic tradition, and he was always very interested in my explanation of the difference between analytic and continental philosophy, and between the latter and ancient, “true” philosophy. (More on this later.) While Rod was at first surprised that I could read German, Mark was very interested in knowing how much German I actually knew. He himself knew German pretty well in the past, but had neglected the language in his later years. Perhaps demonstrating a relationship with Rod – whom he pretended not to know – he also professed to be a Wittgensteinian. He had read Wittgenstein in German and often quoted him in German for me. The CIA already took note of my French ability – and later they’d try to test me on this – but from Mark I got the impression that the Agency would like for me to be fluent in German as well.

About half of the time Rod and Mark would show up in the coffeehouse together. The other times when Mark was there – usually in weekday afternoons – Rod wouldn’t be, and vice versa. When they did show up together, however, Rod and Mark always pretended not to know each other, this all the way until the end. But the Iraqi man would once introduce himself to Rod, and from then on every time I met with Rod at the coffeehouse, the Iraqi man – who was there every single day – would come for a short chat with Rod. It is in this chatting acted out right in front of me that I was fed with the details of his fake identity and fake past: his Canadian citizenship, his employment in Myspace, his recent move to Long Beach, the ease with which he could pick up “blondes” in this new town...

If the CIA’s philosophy is to use a real diamond to fake a diamond, then you can understand why academic theoretical capacity is so important to its recruits. The Agency’s clandestine service has implants in all the various institutions of society, and uses people with real expertise to fill these professional roles. If it has a “doctor” implanted in a hospital, for example, this “fake” doctor would have to have the real credential and expertise of a doctor – he would be a “real” doctor, in fact, just pretending to be another, non-existent doctor. Only then would the “pretending” – the faking – look as real as it could – because it is real. An educated person can always pretend to be uneducated, but not the other way round. My later impression is that the Agency was looking for a heavy-weight intellectual to implant in oversea academic institutions

(most likely in China, of course). A polymath like me who could pretend – as realistically as possible – to be a non-existent academic is rarely found. The kind of scholarship that was requisite for this post would take decades to build up. This is why the Agency had such a high valuation of me.

Throughout the summer of 2006 I also began educating myself through the internet about the 911 truth movement. The CIA was monitoring all this but did not care much about it. But this was to have significant repercussion later on.

By August I was once again agitated by my anxiety over losing Marie. But as I contacted her this time about visiting her again a miracle happened. She became receptive to my advance and was eager to see me. She even called me on the phone out of the blue. This had never happened before. It seemed that she was finally considering accepting me as a friend and meeting me outside the Club. I was euphoric and reserved a ticket for August 11, unaware that my passion for Marie was about to entangle me into another round of “terrorist investigation”, this time much more serious.

The Department of Homeland Security thrust itself onto the scene

The FBI must have left me on some sort of watch list – either the list of Terrorist Screening Center run jointly by the Department of Homeland Security and the FBI, or the FBI’s own Violent Gangs and Terrorist Organizations File – for when my second flight to Montreal in August 11 2006 coincided with the timing of the London terror plot, that day I was pulled aside and then put back into line several times at the airport as I was getting ready to board my plane, and on the previous day my email (Hotmail) stopped functioning. The translation I had just completed couldn’t be sent to the Orthodox priest in Taiwan, and it is only after I already arrived at Montreal that it was finally sent, with a notice from MSN sent to me about the delay of email service. My guess is that someone very high up in the Department of Homeland Security – possibly Mr. Secretary himself – was checking over the list and in his enthusiasm to get somebody – even though he knew full well that the London plot was fabricated – he let loose his suspicion about the coincidence and wanted to arrest me. Thus I was pulled over. But the CIA already had plans and the “Invisible Hand”, knowing that I had nothing to do with anything and that the London plot was bogus, part of the government’s annual population-scaring ritual, was not about to let Mr. Secretary’s mindless attempt to score some points destroy the plan he had been preparing for me for months now. He must have told those in the DHS and TSA to clear me. Thus I was put back into line.

Since its establishment the DHS had never caught a single terrorist, even though that presumably was its *raison d’être*. (The real purpose of the DHS is of course something entirely other: the alignment of local governments and enforcement forces with federal agendas, and the extension of federal presence into local affairs: centralization.)⁴ The DHS was eager to bust someone and score some points. The problem was that there had not been enough supply of terrorists to feed the growing “counter-terrorism industrial complex”: by that time the CIA had already killed off or captured 3,000 Al-Qaeda operatives, and the FBI was more than enough to handle the

⁴ The neocons were also attempting to replace the CIA and the FBI with Homeland Security, as I hadn’t yet realized at the time of writing.

remaining terrorist wannabes in the country, both leaving the DHS with nothing. Mr. Secretary was therefore not about to let me slip by. He was probably warned by both the FBI and the CIA that I was a rather difficult case, and the CIA must have wanted DHS to back off from my case. But the CIA probably refused to share my files with Mr. Secretary – the Agency had probably even sealed off my records so that no one else could see them: not the police, and not the DHS. Thus, looking at my videos and photos, Mr. Homeland Security Secretary simply could not appreciate the “difficulties”: a small, nerd-looking inconspicuous Asian kid, always wearing a baseball cap and a girly purple backpack – how difficult could it be to bust him? He was alarmed by the record of my internet activities which showed my leaning toward the 911 truth movement. Then, taking note of the only one of my web pages that was politically charged, that one on “The Reason for the War on Terrorism”, he was also probably incensed by my citation of these 911 conspiracy theorists with their anti-Semitic tone. He must have then and there given the order to his subordinates to go after me, despite the fact that the CIA had, so to speak, claimed jurisdiction over me. He like the other neocons probably didn’t have a particular liking for the CIA but this time especially because of the CIA’s non-cooperation. Mr. Secretary had probably thought that this would in fact be his department’s chance to finally score some reputation among the far more reputable CIA and FBI, which amazingly had had difficulty with this slam dunk. Thus the DHS would proceed to investigate me, conduct surveillance on me, and run sting operations on me, all at the same time that the CIA was running a recruitment operation on me.

On the Air Canada flight from Los Angeles to Montreal I was sandwiched between a 50 something professional- and sophisticated-looking white man with white hair on my left and a middle-age woman with a New Zealand passport on my right (I remembered her name to be something like Marie Jensen). Although at the time I didn’t suspect anything, now I realize that the man on my left was probably an officer in the upper echelon of the CIA who decided to take a good look at me. Aware of my sensitivity to undue attention, he read his book acting oblivious of me. Only when the Maui writing on Mrs. Jensen’s passport aroused my curiosity and I openly asked her about it, did the man turn his head toward me to study my exercise of curiosity.

When all the passengers descended the plane and lined up for custom examination at the airport in Montreal, this man disappeared. I was interrogated thoroughly by the immigration officers and searched by the custom officers like never before – evidently because of the fuss the DHS had put up, and from then on whenever I entered Canada I’d be so interrogated – and when I arrived at the airport shuttle stop, there was no one around except me. This was strangely unusual. What happened to the hundreds of people that got off the airplanes and were lining up earlier before the custom? The CIA was in fact present at the airport getting ready to set me up for another “clandestine test”.

The CIA had this technique of separating the rest of the crowd from you clandestinely without anyone noticing something was up. Its crew would set up road signs and road blocks, etc., at the right places – as if there were construction or repair going on – to direct the flow of people away from their normal path, but then quickly remove these signs when you approach (your movement would be monitored from above) so that you would continue on the normal path while nobody else does. (I learn this from my later experiences with the Agency’s operations.) The objective of the “Invisible Hand” was to isolate me for testing purposes.

Instead of the regular-size bus that would come pick up the passengers under normal circumstances, a tiny bus arrived at the bus stop for me to get on. I felt like a VIP sitting alone in this “special” bus just for me and the driver, instead of dropping me off at the Berri-UQAM central bus station as the airport bus always did under normal circumstances, drove straight to the front door of the hotel at which I made my reservation to drop me off there. What a VIP treatment. On the bus the driver – an immigrant of Middle-Eastern origin – chatted with me in French. We talked about the contrast between the hard-working individualist Anglophone culture and the fun-loving and socially oriented Canadian Francophone culture – and then he hit me with the essential question: “Vous êtes américain alors?” “Non, je suis citoyen américain.” The fact is that I still did not feel like I fitted into the American society even though I had already admitted to the FBI that I was no longer “angry” (with America, that is), and that I thus felt comfortable in admitting only to the formality of being an American citizen – but not a full American. Yet, other than my French conversation ability, this was precisely what the “Invisible Hand” wanted to test me about – Do I identify myself thoroughly as an American or not? – and, this not being so, he would try further to “re-educate” me.

This Montreal trip was rather disastrous for me. Just when Marie said she was going to meet me outside the Club, she flecked. The last night I was there I went to the Club to find her. We went into our private room to chat about this and I cried while stammering and groping for her hand. She looked guilty for having hurt my feeling so deeply but didn’t want to have a real relationship with someone like me after all. I’m sure that the Agency, together with CSIS, had already installed hidden cameras everywhere in the Club and the “Invisible Hand” was watching all of this. He would plan the next step in my “reform” accordingly.

After I came back from Montreal to Southern California, I noticed that, not only was there always someone watching my interaction with Rod, but in parallel to the CIA operation a second operation started taking place around me which was of drastically lower quality, much meaner and rougher, and which was intended on busting me. The people of this second operation were mostly scum-looking and from the minority race, not like the CIA folks who were predominantly white and educated. What happened was that, with the order from above, and full of eagerness to score some reputation with this “legendarily difficult case”, the Department of Homeland Security jumped immediately after my return onto this slam dunk case. At first it was quite simple. Once on the Metro Red Line on my way to see Deborah, a young guy of dark skin in nursing suit sat in front of me and grabbed from my hand the Bernadete translation of Plato’s Symposium that I was reading and tried to figure out what kind of book it was. He was not educated and could not figure out why I had an interest in this obscure book. He then took from under his blanket a Koran or some Arabic book like that and offered it to me, giggling and saying “Look what I’m reading.” I knew it was a sting operation and just ignored him. A devout Muslim certainly would not throw around his holy book in such disrespectful manner. He was a bit surprised at his failure and got off the train. At the time I didn’t know they were from the DHS but instead theorized that they were from LAPD.

At this time the CIA started the most interesting part of its recruitment operation on me: to set me up with one of its female agents – to give me a girlfriend! Its first try was unsuccessful. When I just returned from Montreal, the “Invisible Hand”, having witnessed my disappointment with Marie, sent in a young attractive white girl in her early 20s to be picked up at the LAX

terminal by the same shuttle that was to take me to the Green Line station (Aviation). As we stood waiting for the metro train, she hesitantly eyed me – as if not sure about luring me – while studying the metro rail map on display. I went up to offer her my help, but in my depressed mood over Marie I purposely did not try to talk normally but spoke like a retard instead, adding to my unattractiveness. She became even more hesitant and uncomfortable, and said she was going to Sunset. I showed her the route: from Aviation to Imperial and then from Imperial to Downtown and from Downtown to Sunset. That's the only way. And yet when we both stepped onto the metro train she became so uncomfortable that she aborted the ride and exited the train after merely two stations at the Green Line – in the middle of nowhere. I was simply too unattractive for her to complete the “mission”. Later I would learn the sort of latitude that the CIA clandestine agents had during operations – they are free to abort the “mission” if they feel too uncomfortable about it.

Then sometime in late August or early September an attractive blonde in her early 40s began to appear in Portfolio. The first time she showed up she simply sat down at the sofa reading newspaper in order for me to see her, acting oblivious of me and Rod. Again, the Agency's training: always be natural. I pointed her out to Rod and Rod feigned a serious oblivious face, although when the second time I eyed her as she was leaving the coffeehouse Rod couldn't help but burst into laughter. Rod later mentioned to me and the Iraqi man that he thought the lady had just moved into the neighborhood. The Agency had carefully studied the case of my disastrous obsession with a therapist named Chaya back in 2003 and selected among its agents one that resembled her in look and age. This time this agent was willing to take on this comical case. She would later introduce herself as Debbie.

But the most amazing part of the CIA's recruitment operation was its extension right into my family. To my utter disbelief the Agency had also recruited as its clandestine agent my cousin – let's call her Wendy (not her real name) – who had grown up with me. This must have happened between June and July. The fact is that the CIA clandestine service always recruits a bundle of people during each of its recruitment operations. When the CIA clandestine service wants to recruit someone, it never just recruits that person alone, but also that person's brothers or sisters and close friends. In my later encounter with CIA agents, I would often notice that one agent at this occasion would physically resemble closely another at another occasion – because they were sisters. The whole-sale recruitment of a group of closely related individuals each time blends in with the clandestine service's objective in keeping itself a tightly knitted “family”. I would later learn just how much the clandestine service resembles a cult. Wendy must have long ago come under the notice of the FBI since she was the one who every month, during the whole time I was in Montreal, came to my bank to deposit in my account the 300 dollars my family reserved for me. When the CIA took over my case and was searching for a recruitment operative inside my family, the “Invisible Hand” apparently decided that she would be the best candidate. In early September Wendy sent me an email out of nowhere after years of non-contact with me, saying she had moved back to Southern California again and would like to get together with me. Again, unusual. She would become a most important part of the set-up to test me. The first task with which the “Invisible Hand” entrusted her was to test my moral character by studying my reaction toward my old cat Samantha.

In 1998 I adopted a cat by the name of Samantha from a girl in Venice Beach who had to give

her away. Samantha turned out to be of a psychotic personality with temperament difficult to manage. This caused additional stress to my already precarious living situation. I transferred Samantha's care to Wendy at one time, but later she gave her back to me. Then in 2002, deeply depressed at the time, I took it out on Samantha and gave her up to the West Los Angeles animal shelter. In my view this was the most horrible thing I had done in my life and I deeply regretted it afterwards. I had always aspired to contribute to the animal rights movement because I had always had enormous sympathy for the powerless and exploited and none in the world were more powerless and exploited than the animals at human hands. And yet I was not even able to take care of my own cat. After much monitoring of my conversation with Wes and Deborah, the Agency learned that this event, which for others would be totally insignificant and forgettable, was my greatest pain – my Achilles' heel. As the "Invisible Hand" placed enormous emphasis on the moral character of potential recruits, he wanted to test the limit of my sympathy for the weak and my sense of righteousness by eliciting and gauging my guilty feeling vis-à-vis Samantha.

So one night in September Wendy proposed taking me to her apartment in Irvine to watch a video with her. In the car she suddenly asked me what happened with Samantha. I lied with discomfort that I gave her up to another girl who was good with animals. When I entered the apartment I saw immediately on the kitchen counter a row of photos of all the pets she had ever owned – and right in the middle were two of Samantha. My heart jumped. Wendy then produced the video she wanted me to watch: "The Earthling", the by-now famous documentary that documented human cruelty toward animals in factory farms, animal experimentation laboratories, circuses, etc. Like many other viewers, I was not able to watch the whole thing and had to break off in the middle. I ran outside because I didn't want Wendy and her boyfriend to see me cry. I called up Wes to tell him about the enormous guilt I felt for abandoning Samantha – and my new commitment to become vegan and never again support the meat and veal industry. The "Invisible Hand" had succeeded in his test. I told Wes that I would have to go to the West Los Angeles animal shelter in one of these days to find out about the fate of Samantha.

Other than testing my morals,⁵ the "Invisible Hand" wanted also to use Wendy to repair my self-esteem which had been badly damaged by my year-long obsession with Marie. Thus in September Wendy took me out a few other times to eat and to shop. Now, in the eyes of my family members – Wendy included – I had always been a loser without hope. Whenever they saw me they could only scold me or mock me. They certainly had no idea that I was intelligent at all. When Wendy was told by her superiors why she was recruited at all – "your cousin, he had so much potential" – her jaw must have dropped to the ground. So now Wendy tried to talk me out of my self-pity with encouragements. Once while we dined together, I told her about my roommate's disability and about my recent failed adventures on a dating website for disabled people. She encouraged me: "Don't surround yourself with these kinds of people," hinting at my superior talent. How strange is her 180 degree reversal of attitude, I thought.

Meanwhile the Department of Homeland Security was coming into serious competition with the CIA for my attention. The CIA had evidently put on an attitude that they were the only ones

⁵ I would only realize more than 10 years later what exactly the purpose of this "test" consisted in. Because the operation for which the Agency had me in mind amounted to – as you shall see – helping minorities in southern China liberate themselves from Chinese domination, they were looking for one of those typical leftists who had sympathy for those on the bottom as opposed to a typical right-winger who habitually glorified those on top. The "test" was thus supposed to ascertain that I was indeed typically leftwing as opposed to typically rightwing.

skillful enough to handle me, that the DHS should just drop out lest it get itself into unexpected troubles. CIA's seeming snobbishness must have greatly offended the DHS – which since its establishment had been regarded as a non-entity in the intelligence business by both the FBI and the CIA. Furthermore, the DHS personnel, with their die-hard support of the Bush administration and the neocon attitude “We are stronger, and so we should rule”, could not withstand the fact that the CIA, instead of aiming at busting me, wanted actually to recruit me – a quintessential “liberal” in their eyes, who was furthermore continually educating himself on 911 conspiracy theories: the most unpatriotic thing for them. Thus, failing in their previous sting operations, this time they tried their hand in the rapport-based approach as well and attempted to attract my person. But they stuck to my temporary profile in late 2004 and early 2005: angry and anti-Republican. At that time I had been attending a co-dependent group meeting at Share in Culver City where I shared with others about my sadness in regard to Marie. And one night the DHS sent in an agent to infiltrate the meeting. He was a mean-looking white guy in his early 30s. While everyone else in the group was talking about personal matter, this guy started rambling angrily on how he was born Jewish, now angry with the government's policies, being investigated by the Secret Service, but “not a terrorist”. His loud ranting was almost disruptive to the otherwise quiet meeting. The DHS thought that they could attract me away from the CIA agents with this guy who was supposed to bear striking resemblances to me – or so they thought. But instead I became so frightened of the anger he feigned on the exterior and the total vulgarity and insubstantiality in his interior, and just ran away and never came back to Share again.

At the same time my reputation of academic aptitude was spreading among the DHS people and causing them a lot of jealousy. The DHS employed many ghetto gangsters and homeless-looking bums to conduct surveillance on me, whether on the streets or in buses and metros. Some of them would stare at me on the metro and made comments in a mystified tone to the effect: “So you are pretty smart, huh? What are your reading/ writing, Einstein?” Or point fingers at me on the street: “You think you're really smart, don't you?” Because the DHS people were uneducated and came mostly from the ghetto, their hostility toward me increased daily as they, mystified, watched me doing my relativity stuff.

I started telling Wes on the phone about the increasingly strange situation of the two parallel operations on me – one with harmful intention and conducted by mean-looking guys and the other with loving intention and conducted by educated beautiful people. I asked him if he had noticed strange happenings around him also. He said he surely did: there had suddenly appeared around him a huge number of bums and seemingly homeless men acting bizarrely or making noises at him. I immediately recognized that the “new people” – the DHS – had also surrounded him with massive surveillance since he was the one I communicated most often with. I of course suspected that, throughout 2005 when I was “under the care of the FBI”, the Bureau had also conducted surveillance on him, read his emails, and monitored his phone calls. Why should this time be any different? I told him right away that these bums were actually surveillance agents sent out by this “second group.”

Amidst this series of DHS parallel sting operations the momentum was building up to my realization that Rod and the people around him were from the CIA. Since the very beginning I suspected both Mark and Rod were sent by some agency – and I was sure they were working together even though they pretended not knowing each other – but I didn't know which one.

They came in as the last one of a long series of strangers who suddenly showed interests in me whereas I was universally ignored before. Rod gave out too many clues – that remark regarding my mode of thinking was one – the others were that he always seemed to know what I did in my own privacy away from him. The ultimate give-away came one night in early September. For a while now I had been singing the song “Secret agent woman, secret agent woman” in my own apartment, enjoying the reverie of what I might have done to embarrass that surveillance super-woman sent by “Big Sister” after I saw her communicating through her iPod. On that night, sitting outside Portfolio with Rod, I told him about my little plan of singing a song to embarrass the surveillance woman. He immediately said in an a-huh moment: “Secret agent woman!” Well, the Agency couldn’t read my mind, but could only hear my singing, and had been wondering why I kept singing that. Now they knew.

That same night the Iraqi man gave out clues too. He came outside to take a break from his study and join our chat. He joked about taking me out for a drink at a bar and getting me drunk, and then about fixing me up with a woman and getting me sexed up. Then, following upon his revelation of his “Toronto story”, I asked him about Montreal, and told Rod about this city’s saturation with sex. The Iraqi man burst into laughter and bent toward me: “That’s *really* why you liked Montreal, isn’t it? Hahaha...” Well, the FBI thought I went to Montreal to connect up with “terrorists”, and yet my purposes and contacts had to their embarrassment all turned out to be sex-related: Vahe, Marie... The Iraqi man was referring to this.

That night Rod also gave out clues about the interagency competition that was going on around me. I started telling him about the series of DHS sting operations on me. At first he just said, as he was obliged to say, I was paranoid about nothing, but then he finally just laughed: “Let them waste their time.” This was another indication of Agency’s snobbishness toward the Department of Homeland Security which would get them into trouble later on.

Finally, one day while I was waiting in the waiting room at Deborah’s office, I picked up a New Yorker magazine that was lying around and read an article in it critical of the President, saying that at the behest of his entourage he took up many new readings to educate himself, among them “The Stranger” by Albert Camus. That weekend I sat down with Rod at Portfolio and told him that I had decided to become a vegan after seeing the video “The Earthlings”. He said there were greater issues we should be concerned with, such as the President’s perilous state of ignorance. He said that he just read that only now did our President start such basic reading as Camus’ “The Stranger”. We then had a long discussion on neoconservatism. As usual, a fat lady sent by the DHS came and sat down next to us and started joining in the discussion, blasting off angrily with anti-Bush remarks. The DHS thought that, with these cheap “liberal” outbursts, they could attract my attention away from the CIA and toward them, but to her surprise I just ignored her and continued my discussion with Rod. Thus the fat lady left in embarrassment.

The Department of Homeland Security never understood that they consistently failed in their competition with the CIA for my attention because their people simply lacked inner substance and knew only to repeat stereotypical and formulaic – meaningless, that is – anti-Bush ranting, while I was more attracted to the intelligence, education, and personality behind the words – things which the educated CIA agents possessed but which the vulgar and uneducated DHS agents could not even fathom, let alone possess.

What followed that afternoon was a several hour-long talk with Rod where I exhaustively expressed my criticism of the current situation fostered by the neocons: their recklessness in promoting wars with catastrophic unintended consequences, the corruption of the industrial elites in bankrupting their own nation in order to enrich themselves, the perilous state of the Dollar. This was a thoroughly paleoconservative position nourished by my frequent reading of *The American Conservative*. Since I was already suspecting that Rod was here testing me about my political orientation, I made this clear: anti-neoconservative, but truly patriotic paleoconservative. This would play well with the officers of the clandestine service back in the station monitoring this conversation. The CIA had not necessarily been pro-neoconservatism. At the end of my conversation with Rod I also suggested North American Union as the solution to the looming Dollar crisis (defaulting on the loan owed to Asians and adopting a regional common currency) which would have again impressed the “Invisible Hand” and other officers about my intellect – since, without my knowledge at the time, the neocons have in fact been working in these years toward the establishment of a North American Union (North American Security and Prosperity Partnership) and the institution of a common currency (Amerco).

But afterwards I became very suspicious: with his busy schedule, how in the world did Rod manage to pick up a *New Yorker* magazine and read the same article that I just read a few days ago? Evidently there must have been a camera in the waiting room of Deborah’s office, my reading of the article was being filmed, and another conversation was staged to finally test my political orientation – just which side I was on. The sophistication involved in all this staging went beyond the level of FBI operations that I had experienced earlier, and the testing, why the testing? – thus I realized what was going on.

With the testing about my guilty feeling toward my cat Samantha the CIA must have concluded that I was a gentle person. But the DHS evidently disagreed with the CIA’s assessment of me. They had decided, based on the fact that I used to watch beheading videos on the internet, that I must be of a sadistic and anti-social personality. The next Monday, on my way to see Deborah, I finally decided to take a detour and go to the West Los Angeles animal shelter to check on Samantha’s fate. As I got onto the Santa Monica bus number 7 on Pico and Sepulveda the DHS had their own set up ready, having a couple of guys loudly discussing in front of me the beheading of that Korean man in Iraq, trying to lure me into the discussion so as to reveal my sadistic personality. I ignored them and got off the bus on Bundy and walked to the animal shelter. Amazingly, records about Samantha were still there after four years: the clerk read from the computer screen that Samantha was euthanized the day after she arrived at the shelter because she had fallen sick. To this day I do not know if the report itself was genuine or just made up by the Agency – part of the set-up – to test how I would react – to probe the depth of my guilty conscience. At the time I had no doubt about the authenticity of the record and went on to see Deborah very upset, writing out Samantha’s fate on a piece of paper.

When I arrived at her office, I started searching the waiting room for camera. Nothing behind the painting and the sign on the wall, but when I looked up and checked the ventilation shaft, I found a small camera installed in the interior. Later I would realize that the interior of the ventilation shaft, whether on the ceiling or inside the car, was CIA’s favorite place for the secret installation of a camera.

I asked Deborah to take a walk with me outside in order to leave behind all the bugs in the office and have some private conversation without any government agency listening in. While I remarked on the injustice of animals' suffering at human hands in factory farms, Deborah suddenly mentioned why I watched beheading videos in the past if I had so much compassion for animals. Evidently both the CIA and the DHS had tasked her to resolve this contradiction in me. We walked to the park and sat on a bench together, whereupon I handed her the note I wrote about Samantha and started crying. I truly felt guilty about what I did to the defenseless cat. Then I also told her that I thought that my new "philosopher friend" Rod was a CIA operative, and that the CIA didn't seem bent on busting me with sting operations – that they seemed to be considering recruiting me instead. Deborah turned her face toward me and gave me a worried look. That's when I realized that she had already known about this, that, after the FBI, the CIA must have come to her also to enlist her help in my testing and recruitment. In my sadness I said to her that, talented and intelligent though I may be in the domain of theoretical understanding and observation, when it came to practical application I'd probably screw up more often than not, just as I had screwed up with taking care of Samantha.

When we walked back to the office and were ready to part in front of the entrance to the building, Deborah suddenly made a remark agreeing with me that I'd probably screw up when applying my intelligence to practical situations. I realized then and there that she was actually wire-tapped all this time, and that she said this as a way to persuade the CIA to drop me, thinking that getting entangled in the secret world of power struggle between nations was ultimately not to my benefit.

That Saturday Rod called me to tell me he was out of town and couldn't meet. Hearing that I now knew who they were and why they were here, the CIA had decided to suspend their operation for a week.

But continuing DHS operation against me would prompt me to return to the CIA's bosom. Early in the following week I went to Alhambra to visit my grandfather. After dinner my grandfather showed me an old photo album. The photos in it were mostly from the days when he was still a high-ranking official in the Taiwanese government, and they showed him receiving on behalf of the Taiwanese government dignitaries from around the world: a queen from Africa, a team of military generals from Argentina, a rich "royal Arabian", delegation of Japanese businessmen, etc. Then there was another photo that was only taken recently, showing him receiving an American flag from an American general from the West Point during a ceremony for the eightieth anniversary of the establishment of the Chinese Military Academy. The ceremony took place in California and was organized by the former graduates of the Academy who now in their retirement were residing in California and who had earlier invited my grandfather their former principal to serve on the board of directors of the alumni organization. I took these pictures home and was excited to show these family histories to Deborah the next time I'd see her.

So two days later, Wednesday, I went to see Deborah carrying these photos. As usual we walked away from her office to leave behind the bugs and cameras in her office. We sat down in the park area in the UCLA medical building behind Gayley. A police officer on bicycle, under DHS instruction, came to check on us. Then I showed her the old photo album. That's when I

discovered, to my surprise, that the photo my grandfather had taken with the rich Arabian had disappeared. Apparently Homeland Security agents had already come into my apartment and searched through the photos I carried home, and, typical of their style, instead of making a copy of the original and inserting the original back to where it was to avoid my detection, had simply taken that photo out of the photo album and carried it back to their base. The DHS personnel must have been euphoric over the “discovery” because, in their idiotic head, that 30 year-old photo was evidence that my family had had a long history of connection with Al Qaida (before it even existed!) or whatever it be. They were about to beat the CIA, they thought. For, just when I noted the disappearance of that photo and the possibility that, perhaps, the police man upstairs took it away as “evidence”, Deborah suddenly said, in a very satirical tone indeed and with an expression of annoyance to convey the ridiculousness of the situation: “I’m gonna help turn you in in order to protect this country – from you!” She must have already been contacted by the DHS about the impending “arrest”.

But on Friday, when I met with Deborah again, things had changed. Deborah was no longer worried and annoyed, but had on this victorious smile. I told her that at first I was worried that I might have gotten my grandfather in trouble because of the photo, but that now I thought it would be all the better. If the police – actually DHS – arrested my grandfather, my aunt was going to make phone calls to Taiwan, and it would be a huge news there. Then the Taiwanese government would have to call the State Department, and the State Department the LAPD... It would be huge scandal: a well-respected three-star Taiwanese general, former principal of the Chinese Military Academy, and so on and so on, retired to California to be with his sons and daughters, and you idiots arrest him for terrorism! Then I explained: when you are a government official, you shake royal Arabian hands, just like government officials do all over the world. How can you mistake that for terrorism? Deborah, continuing her victorious smile, made some expressions of agreement. And I stared up into the ceiling – into the surveillance camera, I was hoping: but I didn’t really know where the camera was – hoping that my words had enlightened the idiots enough that they would back off.

The next day, Saturday, I walked to Portfolio to find that both Mark and Rod were there expecting me. Did they come back from last week’s suspension because they were impressed by my performance the previous day? In any case, from Deborah’s victorious smile it was clear that my performance was not needed at all. The DHS had already backed off from busting me and my family together on the evidence of that photo. Perhaps they were trying to identify the “royal Arabian” in the photo and, when they did, the Arabian turned out to be some one of importance – like one of those friends of the Bush family. Only then did they come to some inkling of their stupidity and a premonition that what they thought was a “slum dunk” was not going to be easy. Perhaps the CIA officers and the Taiwanese intelligence official cooperating with them (see below), so annoyed by “Homeland Stupidity” out to destroy their project because it wasn’t aware of its own stupidity, helped in too in the identification.

What I was so curious about – and to this day I have not figured it out – was the photo of my grandfather together with the general from the West Point. It was taken sometime in late June, just the time when the character of the operation around me changed, from FBI’s surveillance to CIA’s loving and testing. The coincidence made me suspect that the general came to check my grandfather out on behalf of the Agency. The Agency’s later attempts to cover up the meeting

made the suspicion even more valid. First of all, when I later showed Rod the photo to ask him if it's possible to find out who the general was, he did a lot of feigning and tried hard to quench my curiosity. Secondly, when I googled for this event my grandfather had participated in, I got a web page in Chinese saying that it took place in Northern California, that the alumni of the Military Academy saluted my grandfather, with no mentioning of a general from the West Point, as if that had never happened. I had to call up my big aunt in Northern California to confirm that the event actually took place in Southern California, and to realize that the web page was a fake created by the Agency to deceive me. Two months later when I looked for this web page again it would have completely disappeared – from Google and every other search engine.

By the middle of September I had finished my webpage on the summary and history of special relativity, which took excellent account of all of Einstein's original writings on the matter supplemented by a few contemporary references. Moving onto general relativity, I now started chewing on Einstein's original 1915 article in German, "Die Grundlage der allgemeinen Relativitätstheorie". The "Invisible Hand" must have been greatly delighted as he watched me developing my understanding of special relativity day after day on my web page until it came to fruition. He was a lover of academic intellect – of that I'm sure – who couldn't be more pleased by my heavy-weight polymathic attempt to penetrate anything that was difficult: "If something is easy, then it's not worth learning", so my motto went. At the same time, my translation of Orthodox theology had also directed my interests toward Orthodox Christianity, and I started attending services every Sunday morning at the Assumption Orthodox Church in Long Beach. The Agency took note of this and an older but sophisticated lady by the name of Pamela – whom I believe the Agency sent in – started appearing and sitting next to me during the liturgy to help me through it. Much more was about to happen in this church.

Starting in September my TV started flashing regularly CIA recruitment commercials: "Come be a clandestine agent at the Central Intelligence Agency..." The Agency evidently was sending this commercial – just to my TV and not to anyone else's – in order to "prepare" me, to "condition" me, that is.

The Clash

The events started building up momentum. In late September the Department of Homeland Security did the most annoying thing by inserting a virus into my website hosted on Hostmatrix.com. The Hostmatrix was an internet forum where people participated in exchange for a free web domain. The DHS agents signed up for the forum too to "infiltrate" this mundane web community. Then one day when I went to meet with Deborah in Westwood she, knowing that I was under surveillance, warned me to stay out of the north side because the President himself was in town for fund-raising activities. I went south to go home but I was escorted by several surveillance agents on the metro rail. The authorities must have thought that problematic individuals like me must be kept under watch when the President was in town to keep him (the President) safe. The surveillance was not so different than usual but that night I blew up because more than a year and nine months of being considered a threat had finally got to me. The next day I talked angrily to Rod about my being annoyed by the constant surveillance and told him that "they" were also watching him too. I also told him about my plan to file a case with the American Civil Liberty Union to see if I could put an end to all this investigation and

surveillance. I was simply going into my periodic over-reaction as a way of catharsis to unload all the frustrations that had built up since last time. The Department of Homeland Security became alarmed – they probably thought I was about to snap and do something! – and was about to increase their surveillance of me. That night I also talked to Wes on the phone about how maybe I should just move back to Taiwan to get out of this “terrorist investigation”. The day after I decided to take a trip to ACLU. On my computer I first looked up the ACLU website, which gave its address on Beverly Blvd near downtown Los Angeles. I then called up the Taiwanese government office (Taiwan Economic and Cultural Office) in Washington to obtain the address of its branch in Los Angeles. It was on Wilshire Blvd. But when I used Google map to locate this address, the Google map just froze up. I knew immediately that DHS thought they could prevent me from going to the Taiwanese government office by freezing up the Google system. It was strange, for, obviously, I could still easily find the office at Wilshire just by counting the house numbers at Wilshire, and, besides, what’s the point of preventing me from going to a foreign government office? I certainly wouldn’t be planning terrorist attacks with the Taiwanese government. As you’ll see, most of what Homeland Security did at this early stage made little sense.

So I went to find ACLU but not to the Taiwanese government office for now. I left my cellphone at home so that DHS couldn’t track me through it. This, of course, only further alarmed the Department that I was up to something sinister. But I rode the #14 bus from downtown to Beverly Hills and back to downtown again without being able to find it. As I stood at the downtown bus stop frustrated as ever, a man who looked obviously like an ex-military came wearing an iPod to conduct surveillance on me. I felt the situation oppressive and left but then came back to him and started begging him for help, tears running down my cheeks. I asked him to take me to ACLU and when he refused I just clung to his presence and followed him. “You cannot follow me” he said but I in my frustration followed him onto the bus anyway with tears pouring down my face. “Weren’t you a soldier? Soldiers are supposed to help the weak!” “Didn’t your mommy teach you anything?” I cried. The DHS surveillance agent man was quite surprised by the development – I just wouldn’t let him go nor stop crying – while I just thought, since he was there to find out where I wanted to go, and since I couldn’t find where I wanted to go, we might as well help each other by having him take me to where I wanted to go. But he was not amused by the tactic and slipped off the bus in anger in Beverly Hills and although I followed him out the bus I lost him. I went around asking where ACLU was, but no one knew. Then I was directed by a woman bystander to a restaurant and in that restaurant two beautiful ladies were extremely helpful, one of them asking the cashier to hand over the phone, calling the operator to get the ACLU address, and then writing out the direction to it on my phone book. She flipped around my phone book a bit. Apparently I passed over it near downtown without noticing. I went. On the bus to ACLU the DHS used relays: one surveillance agent would exit the bus while another one would come up, all wearing earphones as usual. By the time I arrived at ACLU it was already after 5 PM, and a black lady at the counter handed me a complaint form to fill out. I briefly stated my struggle with surveillance beginning with the FBI, but mentioned nothing about the CIA. I found the whole thing very strange afterwards because my past experience seemed to indicate to me that ACLU was somewhere far away, near Griffith Park or something, and I clearly remembered the recording of ACLU’s line saying that the office closed at 5 PM sharp and that they never accepted walk-in. Yet I walked in after 5 and was allowed to fill up a walk-in complaint form. And why was the beautiful lady at the restaurant so enormously helpful, even

correcting the information in my phone book?

When I came out of ACLU, another surveillance agent, wearing earphones as usual, came next to me at the bus stop. I decided to follow him again as we both exited the bus at downtown. This seems to have alarmed the DHS even more and they sent out a helicopter to track me. I got on another bus with more surveillance agents on board to go to my next destination, my grandfather's place in Alhambra, to discuss the possibility of returning to Taiwan, my home country. When I came back to the downtown transit station late at night a DHS agent came up to me looking bemused and trying to talk with me. Apparently the way I dealt with their surveillance that day – especially the first agent – had amused some in the DHS as well.

That night when I got home I called up Rod to tell him all that had happened. Strangely, he suddenly said he had put in a word for me at the ACLU. He would never later on follow up on this statement he made, but this was indication that the Agency had a plan to use the ACLU to do something in my case. It would confirm my suspicion that that day I had in fact fallen into a trap that the CIA had set up: the Agency had in fact infiltrated ACLU and taken over it sometime between March and September 2006. The Agency didn't want me to file my complaint to the "real" ACLU; either that they controlled my internet connection and had sent me a fake ACLU website listing a fake address in order to direct me to a fake ACLU they had set up, or that they had simply evacuated the "real" ACLU near downtown and sent in their agents to pretend to be ACLU employees. Their other agents were then following me on my trip, and, when I failed to find it, they showed up to direct me to it. Yes, the ladies that helped me were CIA agents. The people I met at ACLU were also CIA agents pretending to be ACLU employees. A week later of course I would receive a fake ACLU letter refusing to take my case. In this way the Agency hoped that I would give up all hope of getting the ACLU to mediate my case.⁶

The next day I went to WCIL. As I ran after the Culver City bus #6 after getting off the metro train at Aviation, I found the bus actually waiting specifically for me. I got on and an average-looking fat white lady about 40 year-old was sitting in the front waiting for me. She shouted with anger and impatience: "Where are you trying to go?" "Sepulveda." "Sepulveda and what?" "Venice." She thereupon went to the back, satisfied. She was in fact from the DHS, angrily surprised by the strange failure of their surveillance the previous day. She and the Department personnel were finally getting an inkling about the difficulties they had brought themselves into by naively intending to score with my case. I arrived at WCIL to find that several cameras had been installed all over the interior of the building. Moreover, when Nola the receptionist refused to let me use her phone, the other director, Keith, stepped out with an angry face toward me and told her to let me use it. Thereupon I realized Keith had already been notified by the DHS about me "the terrorist threat" and wanted to see what "threat activities" I was about to engage myself in. I was so angry with DHS's misunderstanding due to their stupidity and paranoia, such that I now had to suffer everyone's contempt of me.

That night I called up Wes and told him how I had figured out that the second set of operations was from the Department of Homeland Security: the quality of surveillance was much poorer – the surveillance agents always distinguished themselves conspicuously from ordinary bus riders

⁶ Only much later would I realize that ACLU had been in the Beverly Blvd location for quite a long time. Whether the ACLU personnel on that day were really CIA agents, the place itself was certainly no fake.

by wearing earphones and going empty-handed, even if they had taken in my earlier feed back by avoiding eye-contact with me and pretending to be oblivious of me, just letting the control center do the work through the cameras that the agents carried in their iPods or earphones. This befitted a new agency that was doing this kind of work for the first time. And then I called up my big aunt in San Jose and was going frantic about what big troubles I had gotten myself into, how the CIA and the DHS both were running operations on me. The DHS didn't understand that I was simply over-reacting as a way of catharsis and from this point on went into a state of emergency and increased the number of surveillance agents around me: again, they thought that my frantic reaction was a sign that "something big" was about to happen. The next day I counted 17 surveillance agents in total from Portfolio coffeehouse to Cal State Long Beach. When I was at the Cal State Long Beach library that night to use the computer there to check on the status of the virus that had infected my website, several surveillance agents came in one after another. They were all young Hispanics except one pretty white girl. They would come in, wearing their earphones and iPods, to use the computer for a few minutes and leave when another one came in. Again, the relay. When I went outside for a smoke I found another DHS surveillance agent wearing his surveillance iPod and smoking. He was a Japanese foreign student. I went up to him to test him by asking him in a low voice for a light. He heard me just fine – the earphone notwithstanding since he was not really listening to music at all – and lighted me up. The Japanese kid barely spoke English and had not the slightest cleverness in pretending. The DHS hired just about anything with two legs to serve as its "secret agent".

The next day I went to Portfolio in the afternoon and was relieved to find Mark sitting on the sofa and writing notes on his note pad as usual. I couldn't help but burst into tears when I saw him. He took me outside to chat about what was wrong. I told him about how the DHS inserted virus into my website to destroy my "wisdom" and how they even sent out a helicopter to conduct surveillance on me. Mark was upset that I cried like a baby and wanted me to calm down and behave with more dignity. He then asked me what medication I was taking – of course a CIA officer as a matter of duty could not reveal the "secret operations" of another government agency even if he was also annoyed by it. I told him that I loved my website because these writings I posted on it were my "baby". He said he understood and he needed to get back inside to care for his "baby". All this time a 20-something Hispanic DHS agent, wearing his surveillance walkman, was standing next to us to conduct surveillance on our interaction. I went inside, sat down next to Mark, and expressed my apology for having called his "baby" (i.e. analytic philosophy) "boring". He then said kindly that it was only natural that we all cared about our own babies more than other people did. That moment I realized just what a kind-hearted deep person he was and developed a strong sense of attachment to him. He then showed me the diagrams drawn on his notebook and I immediately recognized that these were quarks. He was absolutely delighted. I had passed another test. He would go back to his superiors with another positive mark I made.

Mark left. Debbie for all this time was also sitting in the corner, pretending not to know Mark and be oblivious of our interaction that just took place. When she saw me eyeing her she couldn't help laughing softly: this must be the funniest assignment she had ever got. The Department of Homeland Security agent that was conducting surveillance on Mark and me then gathered up his agent friends in front of me and tried to have a conversation about quantum physics to lure me in. When you observe quantum interactions the same pattern you observe would show up in your

head, he said. He didn't know that he really had no idea what he was talking about and I just ignored him. Again, the DHS was competing with the CIA in attracting me. The DHS agents were suffering from serious inferiority complex before the CIA agents and were desperately trying to show that they too could do the "educated talk" like CIA agents could. But uneducated people simply couldn't feign being educated and had difficulty in comprehending how foolish and revolting they appeared by doing so, because one simply doesn't know what one doesn't know.

That day I gathered up the strength to start a conversation with Debbie. She introduced herself as a school teacher from Downey – again, Downey: was the station in Downey? – and she was grading students' essays. That of course was just her cover. When I stepped outside for a smoke and looked inside at what she was doing behind her back, I could observe her actually reading through the essays and writing comments on them. Again, when the CIA agent pretended to be doing something, he or she would actually be doing that something.

It is only too funny that while the DHS was running around preparing to ward off some major attack, the CIA calmly continued its operation as usual. Rod and I were getting ever closer. That Friday night Rod and I had a long chat over the phone about the generalities of my personal life – something we hadn't done before. Then we talked about Debbie, which got me excited – I was about to get a "CIA girlfriend." Something noteworthy is that Rod suddenly asked me when I would be going to Montreal again. A CIA agent would never just pose a question without purpose. There was always an objective. The Agency must have prepared something for me in Montreal. What was it that was waiting for me there? But I wasn't planning to go there any time soon, having just had my share of disappointment with Marie.

Then on Saturday I went to meet Rod again at Portfolio. He showed me the new studies he had embarked upon: Classical Greek and calculus. A CIA agent was always studying something to enrich himself. But it now looked more and more that the Agency was about to pair us up together, getting Rod to feed on the same scholarship as I: that combination of ancient philosophy with modern science. We then had a debate about Platonic forms and the absoluteness or relativity of truth and beauty. A DHS agent – some young guy of minority background – sat at the table next to us, looking onto us with the usual DHS jealousy that he didn't have the education to participate in our conversation.

But on that day the DHS went further into their state of emergency. I think I have located the cause in retrospect: that afternoon while walking to downtown Long Beach to check out the once-a-month Saturday Art Walk I looked through my wallet in my boredom, picked out a piece of paper with the extension of Aliza's phone number on it which I no longer needed, and threw it onto a trash can in front of someone's home on Broadway street – I was simply cleaning my wallet. That night DHS agents – all mean-looking 20-something Hispanic guys – swarmed up the art exhibitions I walked into. I can just imagine the Department of Homeland Security putting the innocent residents of that home under the tightest surveillance possible for the next month, perhaps even detaining and interrogating them.

The next night my website went down. It was hosted on a server in Britain. This was the second time I had seen this and I could confidently guess that what happened was that the agents here

called up the security service in Britain to move the content of the server in question to another server for a day, and then move it back to the original server; the second server was then carried off for analysis. You would then notice that your website is down during the time of the transfer of the server and that, when it comes back on, the content you have added to your website during that day of transfer just disappears: it has been carried off. “Big Sister” had already done the exact same thing three days before my return from Montreal to Los Angeles. Then, desperate to find terrorist connections with me, the Department of Homeland Security also intensified their sting operation against me on the internet. They started inserting into my search results links they were trying to lure me to visit. For example, when I did a search on some topics of philosophy on Google or Ask.com, interspersed among the links that the search engine produced would be links to terrorist websites that the DHS had artificially inserted. I never took the bait and just skipped these. Once when I did a search on a topic of feminism, the DHS, trying even harder, inserted among the results this link: “Aristotelian Nietzsche Al Qaeda appreciation of North America...”, thinking that since I liked philosophy I might take this bait and look at the website. I did get surprised by DHS’ control of the search engines.

Homeland Security paranoia finally exploded onto the scene in the following week. On Tuesday I had my usual appointment with Deborah in Westwood. As soon as I left my apartment the DHS surveillance agents emerged from their apartment hide-outs and started following me in relay, this one wearing surveillance earphones pretending to be walking his dog and that one pushing her cart and passing me by in front. On the Blue Line surveillance agents came in and got off in their usual relay. Some wore surveillance earphones as usual, while others just got on empty-handed. They were mostly Hispanic. Again, these Hispanic kids angered me with their open hostility toward me, one nodding his head at me as a sign of challenge, as if they were in the right and I in the wrong because they were the patriotic souls protecting the society from a terrorist like me. Man, all you’re doing is hampering CIA’s operation, for Christ’s sake, I shouted inside me. You’re really harming national interests, you idiot! I became so annoyed by the strange stupidity of the Department of Homeland Security personnel in believing that an attack was imminent, since the only contacts I had at this time were with CIA agents and those around me that were helping the CIA conduct tests on me. Perhaps they were thinking that I was planning terrorist attacks with CIA agents? Noteworthy was a 40 something Hispanic surveillance man getting onto the train, wearing sunglasses and carrying a portable CD player in his hand, the earphones from it plugging his ears. He sat on the seats next to mine and, avoiding eye-contact and trying to be inconspicuous, started adjusting his CD player so that its front surface would be facing me exactly. Obviously there was a hidden surveillance camera on the front surface of the thing and the control tower was giving him instruction through his earphones to move the player this way and that so that the camera on it would be in the right position to film me. I stared at him completely amazed by how amateurish this Homeland Security spying was in comparison with the previous FBI effort.

I first went to WCIL to see Aliza in order to inform her that DHS was after me and ask her for help with the ACLU matter. Aliza just smiled calmly and seemed already to have full knowledge of what was going on. Little did I know at the time that she had in fact already been recruited by the CIA as their asset for the purpose of my “reform”. Again, the Agency intended to gradually seal me up in their artificial reality so as to re-educate me, and so was recruiting everyone in my surrounding one after another. When my bus approached West Los Angeles the DHS locked

down the part of the town that the bus traversed through. The entire Westwood village was filled with surveillance agents; something like one out of every three pedestrians was a surveillance agent. As soon as I sat down with Deborah in her office, I started recounting to her everything that had happened in the past few days, from the ACLU incident through how my website went down to the sending of helicopter. I then told her about the massive surveillance effort by the DHS this day, and made imitation of that amateurish Hispanic surveillance man in order to convey to her the incredibly low quality of the current surveillance. I then took her out to show her all the surveillance agents. I kept saying hi to these surveillance agents with a dorky smile, which caused not a few of them to burst into laughter. Then, walking behind a Hispanic girl doing surveillance and seeing a poster about a missing kitten, I said, "This is important! Homeland Security is not important, this kitten is important. Homeland Security should mobilize to look for this kitten!" The surveillance girl in front burst into laughter. "Don't you agree?" I said to her. "I agree," she laughed. As we sat in front of the ice-cream shop another surveillance agent, wearing sunglasses but without the earphones, tried to move in closer with an ice cream cone in his hand. I easily pointed him out and thereupon he got all embarrassed and started pretending to feed the birds with bits from his cone. I said to Deborah, "See, now he got all uncomfortable. These Homeland Security agents are not trained." Referring to the Japanese student serving as surveillance agent, I noted to her that he gave it up when I talked to him and yet somehow he was able to hear me: so he was not listening to music after all. As we walked back to the California Graduate Institute clinic where Deborah had a shift coming up, I joked about how DHS screwed up with a person on disability – what were they going to do when a real terrorist showed up?

I did all this – resistance – because I was just angry with DHS stupidity, such that they somehow thought they could find something with me when the FBI couldn't and I would pull off an attack when I had been surrounded by CIA agents. Stupid people were not intelligent enough to know they were stupid, so that the Department of Homeland Security somehow believed they could do better than the FBI and the CIA – discovering something these two reputable agencies couldn't. And now I had to suffer the consequences of their stupidity. After dinner I went to the Best Buy in Westwood Village to get my old pre-paid cellphone turned on again. The Asian guy working there went out of his way to call up Virgin Mobile and get my service turned back on. Later I would realize that this Best Buy's regular employees had all been replaced by the young, beautiful 20 something CIA clandestine agents. These were fake employees. If you have heard of how the CIA was actively recruiting business executives, you'd now know why. Some executive(s) in the Best Buy must have been recruited by the CIA, and when the need arose, such as during this operation around me, that executive would withdraw the regular employees at a particular store and insert CIA agents as substitutes. The CIA had in fact inserted many of their agents in the various businesses in Westwood Village in case the operation on me needed their meddling. Later these CIA agent-employees at the Best Buy would prove handy. I noticed the difference – without knowing exactly what was going on: that I was in a CIA set-up – when I suddenly found Best Buy customer service improved ten-fold and the store so pleasant to be in, like a paradise, where the employees were more beautiful, more pleasant, and friendlier than usual.

When I walked out, I saw a limousine parked right in front of me. The driver, an extremely mean-looking muscle man, came out to guard me against approaching too close. I'd later figure

out that the Secretary of DHS had been amazed by my recounting in detail all the things they supposedly did in secret and had decided to come take a look at me in person. He had at last started appreciating the warnings he had got in the beginning. I then went to the UCLA Biomedical Library. The library was evacuated because of the “threat” I supposedly posed and empty with only a campus security officer patrolling. Chill came up my spine as I realized the Department of Homeland Security was not going to be as tolerant of my resistance as the FBI.

That day I counted more than 70 surveillance agents. The Department of Homeland Security was so alarmed that, when I got to downtown Los Angeles to take the Blue Line metro, three surveillance agents were installed in just a single block to watch me pass by, all having the surveillance cellphone receivers on their ears. While on the rail back to Long Beach another DHS agent – this time an okay-looking white guy – came sit next to me, was amused by me as ever, and wanted to converse with me. “Hey”, he held up his fist. I was tired and so I just curled up on my seat, ignoring him. When I arrived at my station, I said to him, “I surrender.” “Okay,” he nodded his head in a moment of mutual understanding, but followed me out the train and wanted to converse further with me. Many other surveillance agents got off the trains too at my stop – the DHS had already rented many of the apartment units in my neighborhood and put their agents in them.

The Department of Homeland Security couldn’t have been more humiliated that day. Not only had they gone into total mobilization – all for nothing – while neither the FBI nor the CIA thought there was any sort of emergency, but they had exposed on a massive scale the inferiority of their methods and personnel.

As soon as I got home and lay down on my bed, the CIA commercial flashed again on my TV: “Come be a clandestine agent at the Central Intelligence Agency...” My performance that day had not only surprised the Secretary of DHS, but had further impressed the “Invisible Hand” et al sponsoring me behind the scene. They couldn’t help but flash me with their secret summoning the first chance they got that night.

Next morning, as I sat in the patio of La Fuente restaurant on 4th and Alamito in Long Beach sipping on my coffee, more limousines showed up and drove by. Evidently many important people were surprised by my “special ability” to detect surveillance and came to see me in person. I was frightened and called up Rod in desperation and left him a message saying I’d be waiting for him in Portfolio. But of course he never showed up. A DHS agent, a white guy in his early 30s, sat down in the table next to me with his surveillance lap top. I cried. This DHS agent happened to be very kind-hearted and came to ask me softly what was wrong. I said, “These important people had nothing to do, huh? Riding in their limousine, fighting over someone living on disability... I just want to do my writing... Why can’t they believe that?” The kind-hearted DHS agent felt terribly guilty, looked down and thought about things a little, then packed up his surveillance laptop and walked away. Ten minutes later another two Cadillacs with tinted windows drove by. Apparently the “important people”, listening to my words in real time right there in their limousines, were amazed yet again. “How does this guy know we are here and what we are doing? Does he have psychic power or something?” They must have thought. I then went to the computer at the coffeehouse and wrote an email to Rod – knowing that it was all being monitored right at this moment – and told him that I wanted a stable job... that maybe he could

find one for me... that I still wanted to stay in touch with my best friend and my family though.... That was an indirect plead that I was willing to work for them.

I then took the bus to Cal State Long Beach. The campus was filled with surveillance agents. I kept count of them just as I had been doing. Finally, while I was walking through the campus, Rod called. I was happy and told him about the city lock-down the day before and that “more than a few people were affected by the moon.” He pretended not to know what I was talking about but as I walked by another grotesquely looking surveillance agent sitting on the grass I said “Like this guy. You are number 15!” Rod burst into laughter. He was probably in the control tower and watching me close in on the screen and identify the easily identifiable DHS secret agent in one second. I then asked him about “getting a job”. He replied that he “worked in Santa Ana” and did not have job openings at his place. That’s an indirect way of making a refusal. I just said, “Well, I’m just asking you to keep your eyes open for me...”

By now the Department of Homeland Security had become so alarmed by my wild resistance to their surveillance that they started mobilizing the entire city against me. All the bus drivers were now informed about me and either were scared to see me or gave me angry looks because they were told I was a “terrorist”. So were the librarians at Cal State Long Beach. When I went to the school’s alumni office to get my alumni card, the office lady there was scared out of her body to see me. The whole city of Long Beach was now in a covert state of emergency. Instances like this just made me so angry. Ordinary people simply didn’t know how stupid and paranoid DHS was in believing that I was about to attack while I was doing nothing more than hanging with my CIA buddies. On the bus the DHS sent in these Hispanic teenage kids to conduct surveillance on me. These kids would nod their head toward me with a disdainful look because supposedly I was the terrorist menace while they were the good. I was now pissed off to the extreme. But all I could do was continuing my count of surveillance agents each day. As the Department of Homeland Security continued to increase the number of surveillance agents around me, it also made it ever easier to identify them, since my environment had literally changed by the massive influx of grotesquely looking strange faces.

I then went back to Portfolio. Portfolio was now becoming a mad house of “secret agents”. The Department of Homeland Security had taken in my feedback about the Japanese surveillance kid, so that, when the surveillance agents they sent in – mostly community college students, wearing their ear phones and iPods as usual – saw me sit amidst them, they all suddenly started nodding their head heavily trying to create the impression that they really were enjoying their music. And they would blast their music really loud – this was the second time that this iPod surveillance system had had to change because of me. And yet the purposefulness in their acting immediately gave it away. Real acting is no acting at all, but simply being oneself. But amidst these amateurs one person was increasingly coming into my attention, a mysterious white man about 50s wearing glasses and always sitting in the corner reading Durants’ “The Story of Civilization”. He never had a particular inclination to converse with me, but was just there to keep tap on things. He clearly wasn’t from the DHS, and since there were hardly any more real customers in the coffeehouse, I’d always refer to him as the “mysterious CIA officer”.

Mark finally appeared in Portfolio. I felt like my savior had at last arrived. I sat next to him, feeling suddenly un-threatened by the DHS agents that filled up the coffeehouse. An old man

wearing a huge hat – a surveillance agent – came and sat on the table right in front of us. Emboldened, I promptly gave him a middle finger. He smiled, but Mark got nervous and was about to stand up. “Don’t embarrass me,” he said, “or I’m gonna leave”.⁷

Mark was getting uneasy. He wanted to continue our usual philosophical chat – to continue the testing – but the aggressive DHS surveillance all around had clearly destroyed the mood for that. He did pay attention when I explained to him how to identify DHS surveillance agents by analyzing their facial expression. What had further disrupted the atmosphere was my own nervousness: I was hardly in the mood for any philosophical discussions. I angrily told him how the lady at the alumni office almost shifted her pants when seeing me. Concerned about the troubles I might be in, I couldn’t help but ask Mark repeatedly about the limousines that kept showing up and about whether I was going to be “assassinated.” Although he was supposed to keep all this secret, Mark was finally softened by my entreating and said, “These people in the limousines don’t care about me, and they don’t care about you, so don’t worry.” And he assured me that I would not be “assassinated.” That pretty much ended all possibilities of continuing our chat as usual, and so he left.

That night I had dinner at the Chinese restaurant on the 4th street between Portfolio and my apartment. Reflecting on all the limousines that I saw, I called up Wes and said: “You said you saw the Vice President once, and he looked like a nice guy, right?” I was afraid that, after all the important people were awakened to my case, it might reach all the way to the White House together with all the nasty comments I had made about the Vice President – and I’d be proven right later – so I thought I had better now do something to “compensate”. “I don’t know, I guess so,” Wes replied in a confused tone. I then continued with a lavish praise of all the currently important Republicans – disingenuous though it may be – and expressed my admiration for the older Bush and Reagan – which was genuine. Wes, knowing what I was doing, ended the call with his typical sarcasm: “God bless America!” I angrily told him that from now on he’d better rein in his sarcasm, given the large number of limousines that were circling around.

On Thursday Debbie appeared in Portfolio, sitting on the sofa grading papers. I was excited but at the same time nervous: the CIA was after all continuing its re-education of and bonding with me even under the massive eye of the DHS. I purposely sat on the sofa across from her, watching her doing the grading. Then her cellphone rang. “Hello stranger,” she answered the call. A short conversation followed. Of course this was all just an act. Another agent was probably calling her from the station in order to reinforce the illusion that she was who she said she was and was not “acting” at the very moment. After her conversation ended I approached her to greet her. I made some stupid comment about how I had always wanted to become a teacher just like her. “Yeah I saw you watching me grading from there,” she said, full of smiles and good humor.

When I went outside for a smoke, I saw a brand new black Mercedes parked right in front of the coffeehouse and a super muscular DHS agent wearing a pair of sun-glasses, black T-shirt, and black jeans grabbed a chair and sat next to his super-expensive car and stared at me with a devilish smile. He was about 40 and his mafia look and manner typified your Homeland Security

⁷ Again, I would only realize much later the reason why Mark was so embarrassed that afternoon. Imagine this: very important people – even those from the White House – were watching me through the surveillance around me, and yet they saw me giving them a middle finger on their big screen. Imagine the laughter of Homeland Security personnel in their control center.

agents. I asked him if that Mercedes belonged to him, and he nodded his head with a cruel expression. I went inside and sat around Debbie, waiting for her break on her “work” so that I could continue conversation with her. But after a while she suddenly received a call. She picked up the phone, listened to the 10 second long message, and turned into a worry look. Thereupon she packed up her things and was about to leave. That was the only break I got and so I went up to her and bid goodbye. She was no longer accessible, just saying goodbye with a hesitant face and wanting to avoid further conversation with me. Then she retreated. I’d never see her again. She was “recalled”. Apparently the Agency under the circumstances decided to suspend their operation of bonding me with a female agent of theirs. The Agency would no longer provide me with a “girlfriend”. More on this later.

The next day, a Friday, I found that my cellphone was suddenly dead. It couldn’t be turned on in any way. This was the strangest thing. At the time I thought it was the DHS that had shut off my phone, and I was terrified because I thought with only the landline available to me the DHS could monopolize the monitoring of my communication – with the cellphone, the signals flew all over the place and any agency could intercept them. Only later would I find out that it was in fact the CIA which had shut off my cellphone. Evidently the people higher up had not been amused by my comical tactic to please them and the Vice President, and the “Invisible Hand” was concerned enough to shut off my phone so that while he and all the important people were negotiating and deciding on my case, I would not be able to meddle and piss off people by passing indirect messages with monitored cellphone talk. But since at the time I didn’t know this, I was frantically running around, taking the bus to Cal State Long Beach and seeing that the place was full of DHS surveillance agents wearing their iPods and walkmans, who, as usual, were all males and Hispanic and distinguished themselves conspicuously from the ordinary student body by looking extremely grotesque and mean-spirited. I angrily addressed one of them as he exited the main library: “I graduated from this school – I belong to this school and you don’t!” He walked away upset about the ridiculousness of his “secret agent status” being so easily identifiable. I then went to Portfolio and, thank God, Mark appeared. But he had to pretend that he didn’t see me, and when he sat down on his usual sofa next to me, he acted surprised to see me suddenly, “Ah here you are again!” He was trying to pass me a message: the previous time when he comforted me with assurances about the important people in the limousines and about my not having to be “assassinated”, he had given too much away, indirectly confirming all the operations around me – the Agency’s recruitment operation and DHS’s surveillance. When he returned to the station he was probably reprimanded by his superiors and by the DHS. This day he had to make it as if he ran into me accidentally and only started conversation with me incidentally, oblivious of all the DHS “secret operations” all around. So he said he wanted to read his Quine for half an hour and didn’t want me to disturb him for the time being.

Without his comforting words I felt at a loss, impatiently waiting for him to finish his share of the reading for the day so that I could talk to him. Finally, he was ready to talk. I told him that the previous night I was looking at General Hayden’s photo at Wikipedia and that “he eyes shone through with so much dignity”. “Oh you mean the CIA director,” he said. Of course he knew exactly what I was doing, that I was pleading for the CIA director himself, who by now was most likely also listening in on all this, to bail me out. But he wasn’t impressed. He remarked sarcastically that the government of course would only select the one photo where the general did shine through with dignity, throwing out the rest where he didn’t. What he wanted instead

was for me to demonstrate my knowledge of German by talking round and round about Heidegger and other philosophers. But I wasn't really in the mood at all. I spewed out "Sein und Zeit" and that was all. Thereupon he just left.

My neighborhood had by now become a circus: everyday when I went out the street would be peopled with strange looking surveillance agents pretending to be homeless or disabled moving about slowly or pretending to be holding up signs ("house for sale" and so on) or reading newspaper in the car. The area looked completely abnormal. When I got on the bus there would be no real passengers at all on it but only their surveillance agents pretending to be passengers. They apparently, keeping track of my whereabouts through their surveillance agents all around, evacuated the bus on previous stops and re-filled it with surveillance agents only, and then, following the movement of the bus, evacuated all real passengers waiting for the bus at the upcoming stops.

As if these happenings were not enough, even Wes started talking strangely on the phone. While I was telling him about what was going on, he asked out of the blue: "So what do you think about Kim Jong-Il?" and many other what seemed like test questions. Was the Agency also using him to test me? He did joke quite often lately how I would be the perfect candidate for the CIA. Months later I would have no doubt that the Agency had interviewed him already and enlisted his help in the staging – not a surprise, since he was the person closest to me in the world.

This weekend Rod didn't show up in Portfolio and no sound came from him as I called him time and again. I waited for him both Saturday and Sunday at Portfolio amidst all the DHS agents that filled up the entire coffeehouse. There was no sign of Mark either. When I saw Rod's friend the Iraqi man from Myspace I asked him if he would call up Rod for me. He gave me an embarrassed look and told me that it was rather "inappropriate" at the moment to call him. What did that mean? In fact because the Homeland Security Department Secretary himself had stepped in, the "Invisible Hand" and the CIA clandestine service had had to suspend their operation on me for the moment while the important people on both side worked out the issue.

At the same time the DHS had become increasingly desperate at demonstrating they too could attract me. Seeing that I started talking to one of their surveillance agents recruited from a church because I had an interest in his biblical study, the DHS began to have all their surveillance agents read the Bible in the coffeehouse. Suddenly, Portfolio was full of Bible-reading. Then, they sent in several young fairly attractive white females to the coffeehouse to hook up with me. These girls might have the look, but desperation and inner insubstantiality showed through their face. They were all recruited from nearby community colleges and were hardly as intellectual as the mature attractive white females from the CIA. Suddenly all the girls in Portfolio started showing interests in me! I ignored the others but one young girl was very nice and I was willing to converse with her even though she was merely 22 year-old. She said she went to Cal State Fullerton. Seeing that I was responsive to this girl, the DHS sent her to the coffeehouse again the next day. She was all dressed up – but in her poor-girl way, hardly with the atmosphere of sophistication which "CIA girls" carried – and carried several books which they thought would be of interest to me: among them the Bible (once again) and the "Confederacy of Dunces". Well, the "Confederacy" was a good book, but still of a grade lower than the academic books which Rod and Mark brought in. The DHS was dying to imitate the education of CIA agents, but just

couldn't do it, really. And the girl was of course of a grade lower than the "CIA girls": younger, less educated, and less sophisticated. But she was a nice person, and so we chatted and I told her about how all I wanted was a second friend, i.e. Rod. She then talked about her family background. But after this she never showed up again – whether it was because the DHS thought me "too dangerous" or because the girl, seeing that I was just a childish lonely guy now taken for a genius – not the terrorist mastermind – and that all DHS was doing was competing with the CIA, decided not to participate in this ridiculous game any longer.

Monday night I got home to find that my electricity was cut off. (My roommate was not home.) I called up Deborah and my tongue was loosened because of anger: "Don't you know what is going on? The CIA is running an operation in the neighborhood; we don't know why. But fine. It's none of our business. Then Homeland Security came in and tried to imitate the CIA, but they couldn't do it, because they're too stupid, so they got jealous, destroyed the CIA operation, and filled the entire neighborhood with hundreds of their agents in order to prevent CIA officers from showing up. Everyone believes there is a major anti-terrorism operation going on; in fact it is a major anti-CIA operation. Why does the government do that?"

I wanted to spell out all these over the phone because I had the suspicion that my phone was being monitored not just by the usual CIA, DHS, and possibly NSA, but also by the local police. (The frequent click sound I heard every time I started talking on my phone seemed to indicate a second source of old-fashioned wire-tapping, besides that by the intelligence agencies which nowadays monitor your phone calls digitally through the phone companies.) I was afraid that the Long Beach police might not know the full story – that I had been selected by the CIA – and instead have bought into the DHS bullshit that I was some sort of terrorist suspect. I desperately wanted the Long Beach Police to know what was really happening.

Next day I went to Westwood to see Deborah for our usual appointment. While on the bus I became quite nervous over the strange letters I had been receiving concerning the student financial aid loans I owed under AFSA. Unable to pay these, I had been on forbearance of one kind or another ever since I last dropped out of my master degree program at Cal State Hayward in 2000. But lately I had been receiving these letters from this new entity "Wachovia" stating that the four loans I owed – adding up to a few tens of thousands of dollar – had been paid off one after another. This was just another one in the series of strange happenings I had encountered in these days. I presumed that the "Invisible Hand" in the CIA was responsible for this. He was now pretty certain about my entrance into the service of the Agency and so started cancelling my debts so as to "conclude" my former life and get me ready for my "new life". But this day I suddenly had doubts about the matter. Don't forget that the DHS was trying hard to harm me while the CIA was "loving me". What if the DHS was trying to frame me by falsely linking me up with some "terrorist funds" they had invented? Chill came up my spine and when I got off the bus in Westwood Village I first ran to the Federal Building in an attempt to ask the FBI to "investigate" the matter in order to make sure that everything was fine, and, when refused entry to the building because the FBI no longer allowed walk-ins, I went to the Washington Mutual branch across the street to ask the bank manager about the possibility of fraud in regard to my financial aid loans. The bank manager, a beautiful Hispanic white lady in her late 20s, introduced herself as Ana Vallejo, and stated that, often, when one loan company sold the loans to another, you would receive the strange letters stating mysteriously that your loans were paid off, while

more letters from the new company saying that you owed the money would be coming. Meanwhile, a grotesque-looking, highly conspicuous Homeland Security agent grabbed a seat nearby and stared right at us. He was of the white trash trailer park extraction, wearing a pair of sunglasses and having on his face a mafia smile and tremendous arrogance: your typical Homeland Security agent look. I told Ana, “Look at that Homeland Security agent”, referring to the enormous vulgarity he exuded. Ana took a sneak peak at him, frowned, but then, amazingly, just went on with her explanation with a very familiar serenity, immune both to my otherwise bizarre public behavior of openly pointing out Homeland Security “secret agent” and to the threatening look and vulgarity of that “agent”. What was furthermore strange about this whole scene was that neither the AFSA loans nor Wachovia had anything to do with Washington Mutual, and yet Ana took such an effort in explaining the possibilities, and exhibited a seeming foreknowledge about the matter. I then remembered her loitering around a week ago outside the bank while I was waiting for the bus right next to the bank.

As soon as I sat down with Deborah I started recounting my suspicion about the letters. Deborah, cooperating with the Agency as usual, tried to dissuade me from the unusualness of the matter. I was just about to buy into Ms. Vallejo’s explanation when, reflecting on her calm and serene facial expression, I suddenly realized: “The bank manager is a CIA agent!” For that was a typical aura of a CIA agent: because the agents of the same agency are trained in the same way, they all tend to have the same aura about them. This would furthermore explain her unusual helpfulness with regard to an irrelevant matter. I went on: “Those two ladies in the restaurant that helped me find ACLU – they were CIA agents! That’s why she was flipping through my phone book!” Stunned for a few seconds, I then swung my fist in amazement: “God they were such good actors!” Deborah’s face sank. Gagged as she was, she also didn’t want me to figure out what was going on, fearing that my being “too smart” might get me deeper into trouble. Since the day when I was looking for ACLU I wasn’t carrying my cellphone and yet the CIA officers were able to keep track of where I was and appear just where I got off the bus to direct me to the “fake” ACLU they had set up, they must have been tracking me through Homeland Security: they either were intercepting Homeland Security communications or had moles inside Homeland Security. That gave me an idea to further set up DHS against the CIA, hoping that this stupid agency would thereby hit a wall. Throwing out my defunct Telus cellphone on the sofa, I said: “I don’t need this anymore. I carry this because I want the CIA to know where I am. But the CIA had moles inside Homeland Security.” “Moles?” Deborah said nervously. I had no idea about the storm I was about to unleash. I was expecting the DHS to eat itself alive as the retards in it went into a total confusion suspecting and accusing each other. “The CIA loves me.” “The CIA loves you?” she said. “These people are expert psychologist. They know exactly what I want in life.” What I was trying to say was that the DHS had no understanding of me. By knowing me from the inside, the CIA knew that I had no interests in terrorism. I expressed the reason for my unhappiness with the DHS: “These best people in the world came into my life to be my friends. But then Homeland Security came in and took everything away! The CIA was about to give me a girlfriend!”

Afterwards I went to Best Buy to ask about my cell phone. The young CIA agents posing as employees turned on my phone and the phone was suddenly all working well. They came gathering around me one after another and tried to convince me that the battery had probably run out. I walked out confused – I knew full well that when the phone went off its battery was still

full – and it was only later that I’d figure out that the regular Best Buy employees had been replaced by CIA agents and that that meant that it was in fact the CIA which had shut off my phone. I took a different route of bus, thinking of dropping by at the Century strip club before going home. While on the bus Rod called and lied that he was too busy with work and studies, and that that’s why he had been absent all this time. I was happy that we got back into business.

In the strip club I as usual found Simone and had my fix with her. Simone – just like everyone else around me – was suddenly much friendlier than before. After the dance I mentioned something about her boyfriend. But amazingly she replied with a shining smile, “No, no, I don’t have a boyfriend.” And then she eyed to show her availability. This was a complete reversal of attitude. Before she would always try to establish a firm boundary against me – I was merely a client and no personal relationship of any kind was to happen between her and her client – by not revealing personal information about herself and by confirming the presence of a boyfriend in her life. Evidently the CIA had got to her too: she fell to CIA’s enormous charm and was only too happy to do favor for the CIA and to hook up with me. As I sat back down in the lounge area, a striper brand-new to the club – an attractive blonde with enlarged breasts – appeared. I knew she was new because I had been coming to this club regularly for almost six years and I knew every single striper that had ever worked there. Later I would find my suspicion confirmed: she was a CIA clandestine agent implanted in the strip club as part of the operation on me, using the alias of Jennifer Day. She came over to me to ask me for a dance, but, having just had my fill, I declined.

When I exited the club and went to the bus stop to catch the bus to go home, six limousines appeared one after another passing me by. I had again generated a storm of astonishment among more important people this day, and they all just had to come to take a look at me in person.

What happened that day among the important people I can only guess based on what happened before and their reactions later on. My best guess is this. My therapy had for some time now become an international TV show. Whether in the bunker inside the Federal Building in Westwood, or in some other FEMA emergency control center, officials from the FBI, the CIA, and the DHS, and those from the city government and law enforcement had all glued their face to the TV screen watching my conversation with Deborah unfold. When I mentioned CIA moles in the DHS, Mr. Secretary could not but turn angrily toward the CIA clandestine officers standing next to him: “You have moles in my department?” Given my reputation for accuracy in identifying “secret agents”, Mr. Secretary of course took my words quite seriously. The CIA officers would of course deny it. “Don’t you know he is using the classic technique of playing you off against us?” They would thus remind Mr. Secretary. But they would then confirm that Ana Vallejo and the two ladies at the restaurant were indeed their agents. Astonishment would then spread through all the observers from all sides. And so suspicion remained in Mr. Secretary’s head, and he probably went to those much higher up – in the Directorate of National Intelligence and finally in the White House itself – to clear the matter. When orders came down from the top, the CIA clandestine service finally had to reveal the “mole” – whether it was someone high up in the DHS or lower down, whether it was someone recruited specifically for my case or put there long before for other reasons. Those high up – that would then include the President and his entourage, even – were then further stunned to learn that the whole matter came to light because the target of the “investigation” told his therapist. What a strange comedy.

Another important development this day was the definitive proof of the CIA's superiority among all the security and law enforcement agencies. The FBI, local police, and now the Department of Homeland Security had all floundered so badly in surveillance operations on me and failed to attract me when attempting a rapport-based investigation. The CIA had now however demonstrated that it was alone among all able to attract me – easily, in fact – with their agents and to successfully deceive me with their agents directing me to their fake ACLU and now fooling me about my phone. This made a great impression on Mr. Secretary. After all, I had praised the CIA agents (“good actors”) and praises from me counted! While the FBI officers were professional and experienced enough to swallow their inferiority before the CIA – and the local police of course had nothing to say – the aggressive personality of Mr. Secretary was not up to the professionalism of admitting such inferiority – even if the inferiority was well-deserved because he was a lawyer who now found himself in a profession in which he had had no prior experience and training. He now wanted what the CIA had. He now gave himself the unrealistic goal of topping the CIA – all the more now that that little elite unit in the CIA clandestine service had offended him and behaved snobbish toward his department. To my amazement, he would succeed in all his assaults against the CIA – I was at the time under the illusion that the CIA was the most powerful agency in the world and that the DHS was a piece of junk that would surely destroy itself by colliding head on with the CIA; I wasn't aware of the tragic fate which the Agency had undergone in recent years, that it had through so much of the political in-fighting going on since 911 been reduced to a skeletal weakling. For this you have to read up on your own.

Just when I thought that Rod would show up again – that the CIA would be back in business – that Saturday there was no trace of him at Portfolio. I went into a frenzy, going around the whole place and counting out loudly every DHS surveillance agent sitting in the coffeehouse pretending to be studying or whatever, wearing or not wearing their usual iPods and walkmans. I banged on each's table while identifying him or her: I counted 11 in total. These DHS agents, mostly in their early twenties and looking like community college students, either looked at me with stunned face, nodding head to acknowledge my unbelievable special ability to identify “secret agents” in one second – simply by looking at them – or were scared as hell and looked down at the table, afraid to look at me. You can just imagine the storm of astonishment I had generated at the control center where the important people on both sides were watching all this. In reality, this was not as impressive as it might have seemed: this was a bohemian coffeehouse with regular bohemian customers with whom I had been well familiar, while the surveillance agents were non-bohemian new faces. I sat in front of the Iraqi man and called Rod again, “Rod you'd better show up, otherwise I would think people are following me. I think you are good for my mental health!” The Iraqi man produced a bitter smile as he heard me blackmailing the Department of Homeland Security to put my “CIA friend” back onto the scene. I then mocked the DHS in front of him: “Ever since I mentioned I liked the Bible, everyone here started reading the Bible.” He produced another bitter smile, seeing that Portfolio had looked more like a Bible school in the past week. Shortly afterward, Rod called, but said he was caught up at the moment; maybe later.... The important people on both sides were busy negotiating my case and, troubled by my blackmailing attempt, ordered Rod to give me a comfort call to buy some time. In anger, I went to the CSULB library and submitted over the internet an application to the CIA that I had been preparing (!).

More black Cadillac limousines with tinted windows appeared and circled around in my Long Beach ghetto neighborhood. The Department of Homeland Security was now gearing up for a full-scale surveillance war. Mr. Secretary and his Homeland Security associates did not possess the sort of *esprit ouvert* which FBI officers had by virtue of long experience in dealing with strange matter; for Mr. Secretary, my ability to detect his surveillance agents by mere looking indicated that I was a super abnormal monster genius of tremendous threat to national security, and that extraordinary measures were now required. Thus he and his associates and the city mayors and all those important people in local government and police force were circling around Long Beach in their limousines and planning on the evacuation of the entire neighborhood where I was living. The city had to be emptied to isolate the “threat” as a first step.

That night, upset that Rod didn’t come back after all as promised, I called up Wes. I offered him my analysis: that because the Department of Homeland Security was created instantly and was a new agency, it had had to hire a large number of people all at once; that, yet, the people it hired were all junkies left over from the job market – competent, intelligent people already had a job, and anyone interested in this kind of work would have gone to the far more reputable CIA or FBI; that the DHS was consequently filled with people that had below average intelligence and couldn’t get a job elsewhere – it was basically a welfare system keeping the jobless employed – otherwise it was the home of the ex-convicts; that none of these left-over junkies filling up the DHS knew what they were doing – none of them knew anything about intelligence service or security operations. I then referred to those two DHS officers that came to my church to look at me and sat with me toward the end: it might be appropriate for these people to work in the DMV, but certainly not in an intelligence agency. Other countries seeking to infiltrate American security services would find it hard to do it at the CIA or FBI because these two agencies were made up of professionals and had had long experience in dealing with this problem. But they would find the DHS to be the easiest agency in the world to infiltrate. So I concluded: the Department of Homeland Security needed to do a thorough mole-cleaning. Russia, China, Israel, France – and Wes jokingly added Canada – these countries that spied on America the most must all have moles inside the DHS, and both the FBI and the CIA probably knew this, so that they would be reluctant to share any information with DHS. “Because any information you shared with Homeland Security, the entire world would know about it. Homeland Security is the leak-bag of America!” I was trying to use the same tactic again: knowing that my call was being monitored, I was hoping that the conversation would again cause the people in the DHS to go into a frenzy looking for moles among themselves and suspecting each other, thus becoming paralyzed. What I did not expect at the time was that I had just created another bitter round of inter-agency rivalry.

The next day, Sunday, there was a full-house at the Assumption Orthodox Church because of a certain event. Now ever since the DHS had gone into its “total mobilization”, it obviously was not going to leave alone a place where I went every Sunday. The Department had sent in agents regularly to infiltrate the Sunday services. These agents were readily identifiable from among the “real” church members because the latter were still predominantly ethnic Greeks while these agents were not – conspicuous new grotesque faces – and because the agents showed little respect or interests in the services: during liturgy they wore sunglasses, kept their hats on, or just didn’t bother to stand. A few of these agents however would become regular members of the

church, most notably a pair of brothers of Middle-East descent, the little one of whom was missing an arm.

After the services that morning Pamela enthusiastically invited me to meet her husband and other family members. She was making progress in her plan to “invite me into the family.” But I couldn’t stick around, because I had arrangement made with my aunt and uncle to get together. They came to the church to pick me up for lunch. As we arrived at the Chinese restaurant Haixieng in Westminster in Orange County and were waiting outside for seats, a DHS surveillance agent (a young Chinese guy) went behind my aunt to try to record her conversation. I waved my hand in front of his face. My aunt turned around and asked me what was going on. I told her about the whole DHS deal, how they would evacuate the entire bus and refill it with surveillance agents only when I needed to take the bus, how my count of DHS surveillance agents had reached 500, and how their surveillance agents were so easily identifiable, sometimes just by looking at their face. My aunt and uncle were stunned, withdrew the reservation at the restaurant, took me instead to the Mexican place La Fuente next to my apartment in Long Beach, and were super-courteous to all the surveillance agents that filled up the whole restaurant there. Apparently they must have heard of my story at work – Northrop Grumman having all those business dealings with the Department of Homeland Security – how one insignificant guy had completely exposed the weakness of DHS surveillance program and the incompetence of the Department and humiliated their Secretary, save that they didn’t know the guy in question happened to be their very nephew.

In the car they emphasized to me in an apocalyptic tone that whether or not the Department of Homeland Security was conducting surveillance on me was not my business. Then in the restaurant I said full of tears that I wanted to be a good Christian, to be Christ-like, because: “I must learn to love the enemy; even sinners love those that love them, and if you only love those that love you, then what’s the reward? When the entire society turns against you and hates you, this is the only way out!” At which point my aunt shouted out that they didn’t hate me – which showed that they were on the side of DHS.

When I came back to my apartment I murmured to myself. “If I get my friend my back I’ll shut the fuck up”. Knowing that they were all listening, I was making a request, a trade. Then I went to Portfolio and sat quietly among the DHS agents filling up the place. As before the CIA also sent in their own attractive white female agents to sit in among the DHS agents in the coffeehouse, probably to keep me calm. This time it was an attractive 20 something blonde studying nursing who shared a table with me. I waited silently, and quietude permeated the coffeehouse, everyone doing his or her things. The calm before the storm. I could feel that the important people – the CIA clandestine service, DHS Secretary, and those high up in the Directorate of National Intelligence – were far away busy with their negotiating. The fact is that my remark from the previous night had hit right at the sour-spot of the DHS. Although I did not know this at the time, both the FBI and the CIA had been since the beginning refusing the regular entry of the DHS into the intelligence business that both agencies dominated and unwilling to share with the DHS raw intelligence of substance that would include their sources and methods. Although both agencies were required to furnish intelligence on terrorism or whatever to the threat-assessment center in the DHS, what they gave away was always only in the form of summary report. They simply did not trust the Department of Homeland Security –

whether it was because they regarded the DHS personnel as too incompetent to handle sensitive matter or because they really did suspect that the DHS bureaucracy was insecure. Mr. Secretary was evidently so furious with everyone around – with the CIA and the FBI officials – and had so embarrassed himself in front of all observers – his little serious “terrorist investigation” had now turned into a bureaucratic nightmare of hole-patching – that the high-ranking officers within the CIA now thought it better to just give me what I wanted in order to shut me up – lest I should with my mouth cause even more acrimony between Mr. Secretary and other important people. Thus, by night fall, Rod called and showed up at Portfolio, finally. The important people had reached an agreement. The CIA agent posing as the nursing student smiled and left. So while Rod worked on his laptop I chewed on my “Die Grundlage der allgemeinen Relativitätstheorie”. The buddies were enriching their mind together: what a nice scene for the “Invisible Hand.”

The Homeland Security exercise: Department of Homeland Security and Central Intelligence Agency “joint operation”

The next day, Monday, I strode to Portfolio in the morning and found Mark sitting on his usual spot. He was back also. Then another old man, clearly from Homeland Security, appeared and greeted Mark: “So here is where you have been hiding your little head.” The two then started their “acting”, pretending to have known each other for a long time and having a supposedly deep conversation about Buddhism, while excluding my participation! The Department of Homeland Security finally realized their dream of doing exactly what the CIA people were doing. There had been a patch-up between the two sides. From now on the Agency would have to cooperate with the DHS, basically apologizing for its snobbish attitude earlier.

When they were done, I finally had a chance to talk to Mark. He was about to leave for lunch and I was just dying to go with him. He put on a fatherly pose and said, it’s a fact of life that others have engagement that you can’t participate in. An attractive white female was sitting next to him all this time – she was from the CIA, don’t even bother to ask: why would a real customer even be allowed in by now – and started giggling at Mark’s fatherly reprimand. She was thinking, how easy it is to get the loyalty of this little genius: just start acting parental! And look how quickly he has become attached to us!

I did not know the tremendous price in suffering I was about to pay for my small victory in getting Rod back. Given my reputation for accuracy in perception, both the FBI and the CIA were probably busy helping the Department of Homeland Security re-examine the long-standing issues of possible security breaches within the latter, and, as moles were most likely uncovered later on, my case was now causing such a sensation in the intelligence community and in the highest levels of the government. Moles? Not again. Those in the government, even the Presidents and his entourage, would be shocked and amused to the extreme by the comedy that someone completely irrelevant had just helped uncover serious problems in the interior of the Department of Homeland Security. This is the best guess I can come up with given the enormous scale of the events that would follow. Because of the enormous inter-agency acrimony I had just unleashed with a few words, and because I had embarrassed him so tremendously before everyone else in the higher levels of the government, Mr. Secretary would henceforth consider me a top priority threat to his Department even when he must have realized by now his mistake in classing me as a terrorist suspect. He was now convinced that maximal force was needed –

finally appreciating the warnings that the CIA had given him in the beginning and saying to himself that he had vastly underestimated “the power” of his enemy – and would mobilize tens of thousands of “agents” (many of them hired temporarily) to seal me up in a “surveillance bubble”. Because I had now become in his eyes a super-genius with such enormous power to do damage on such large scale by just bull-shitting, Mr. Secretary considered me too dangerous to allow me contact with the ordinary population. Not only should the neighborhood I lived in be evacuated, but from Monday onwards all real people would be evacuated from my world and replaced with his “agents”. Everywhere I went the place would be evacuated and re-filled with surveillance agents pretending to be doing whatever, and I would never come into contact with “real people” but only with his bum “agents”. I must be sealed completely in Mr. Secretary’s extremely ugly alternate reality. That afternoon, as I was going to Westwood to see Deborah, I was shocked by the massive deployment of surveillance force that had just begun. Not only was the Blue Line metro evacuated of all real passengers but it was swarmed up with so many hundreds of surveillance agents that there was hardly any room to breathe – even though it was in the middle of the day when normally there would be few people riding it. From this moment on, for the next two months, the bus and metro lines that I rode regularly would always be jam-packed with surveillance agents, who were squeezed together like sardine fishes in a can.

But that day with Deborah I mentioned nothing of the DHS or the CIA, as if nothing had happened, but just chatted about ordinary stuff. Since Rod had come back, I was keeping my promise of keeping my mouth shut. I mentioned merely that I had had to put in a lot of effort to get back my new philosopher friend: a tremendous understatement.

After the appointment while I was having my dinner at the Noodle Planet in Westwood Village, I could see a black, compact Mercedes with tinted windows slowly moving in and parking itself across the street from the restaurant in some distance away where the person(s) in the backseats of the car could get a good look at me. The driver came out and just stood around the car, and then had to argue with the parking enforcement officer who came to give the car a ticket. Finally, this time, someone important in the CIA had come to look at me – it’s no longer the conspicuous large-sized limousines used by the DHS big-shots and the “politically important people” who wanted to be secretive but never knew how. You can easily guess that the “Invisible Hand” and those high-up in the CIA were not really that angry with me despite the enormous problems I had created for them; they were so impressed by how so quickly and intensely I had bonded with their agents that I almost tore down the Department of Homeland Security in order to get them back. Their tactic of re-aligning my loyalty through emotional bonding had worked well beyond their expectation.

After I had my dinner I strode to the UCLA research library. The library was suddenly empty of the usual UCLA students. There were a middle-age trailer park white trash pretending to be cutting papers and another young depressed and poor-looking red-neck girl with a blank stare using the computer. These were not the usual energetic, educated and beautiful UCLA students. I sat next to the poor girl and asked her a question about how to search books with the UCLA online catalogue in order to test her. She responded without energy and with a blank face that she didn’t understand much about computers. The librarian gave me a frightened look and the whole place with its atmosphere of eerie emptiness and the vulgarity and depression radiating from the fake people pretending to be students was simply frightening. It became immediately evident that

the Department of Homeland Security had evacuated the place and re-filled it with their lower class agents. There was however one attractive French woman using the computer who did look like a real graduate student. Now since the library was evacuated why would a real student be allowed to come in? She must be a secret agent too, and, as real as she looked, she could only be from the CIA. It thus again became evident that, instead of running conflicting parallel operations, the CIA clandestine service was now obliged to run joint operation with the Department of Homeland Security. Frightened by the eerie atmosphere of emptiness I asked for her help. She went out of her way to help me and be nice to me, although always ready to burst into laughter, and she escorted me out of the library. The fact was that the clandestine service was already seeing me as a part of them, and so she – and other agents after her – would always treat me like their brother. (Remember the clandestine service was such a tight group as to resemble a family or a cult.) She introduced herself as Celine – she used the alias of Celine Dauvert – and she told me that she would come to the library again the next day. As I sat in the Powell library reflecting on what had happened, I realized that what happened at the Best Buy was the same thing. This technique – taking over a store or institution at any time when knowing that you are about to go there, evacuating everyone therein and then filling up the place with secret agents pretending to be the employees and customers in order to trap you – was a technique of clandestine operation that the CIA had developed and the Department of Homeland Security was now learning it and practicing it on me. Thinking about my “promise”, I went back to the research library to tell Jack the student security guard (with whom I would have much to do later) that I left frightened because I had an anxiety attack – I was lying – that is, I did not leave because I noticed that the library was a fake – in an effort to make Mr. Secretary think that he had succeeded. As I walked out of UCLA and into the Westwood Village, another black limousine with tinted windows slowly escorted me by. Was Mr. Secretary studying his target closely?

As I was going home the same thing happened: on both the 720 bus going on Wilshire and the Blue Line metro all the normal passengers were gone: only those disgruntled males working as DHS surveillance agents – mostly Hispanic – were getting on the bus. There must have been a team going ahead of my bus evacuating all those waiting for the bus at the bus stops and replacing them with surveillance agents. These fake passengers had obviously already been well briefed about my “special ability” to detect surveillance agents by the mere sight of them; they sat nervously like automatons, eyeing me and then quickly withdrawing eye-contact when I noticed them, and afraid to make any sound. Then on the metro Blue Line I counted 200 surveillance agents or fake passengers in total, this time mostly poor black people recruited from the ghetto – from now on I could no longer count them in exact number. Later I’ll tell you how the metro trains could be turned “fake”, keeping real passengers from getting on.

The next day, remembering Celine’s word, I went to UCLA again. Toward the evening she did show up just as she said at the Research Library amidst all the DHS agents pretending to be students using the computer. She came to the computer next to me, accessed “her dissertation”, and started printing it out. Of course the dissertation was fake but it was written just as a real dissertation would be: again, using only real diamonds to serve as fake diamonds. The dissertation was on the history of the Mediterranean region in the 12th century: her area of expertise. Perhaps she had really written it herself, or perhaps the academic team inside the clandestine service had written it for her to use. She did this in front of me in order for me to see:

apparently the clandestine service was letting me learn techniques of clandestine operation first hand, in accordance with its philosophy of education through concrete circumstances.

Celine then walked out saying that she must return to her office in the History Department. The Humanities office building was only a few steps away from the Research Library, and I offered to escort her. She said okay, withholding herself from bursting into laughter just as in the previous day. Just when we approached the stairs of the office building she stopped and bid goodbye. She didn't want me to escort her all the way to her office – because she didn't really have an office in UCLA at all, as I'd learn the next day – so I left her alone and went back to the library.

I sat down on the computers and googled the name Celine Dauvert. Google returned a ton of links. Presumably Celine had written a review of another book on the Mediterranean history; several webpages within the UCLA domain itself listed the conferences she had attended and classes she was teaching, and gave information about her past education in European universities; even Amazon.com produced a book she had written together with her “husband”, a German guy, also a PhD in history. When I some days later googled this supposed husband of hers, there were again a ton of webpages indicating that he was teaching at a Cal State University near Los Angeles, that his expertise was on the history of Pacific Islands and some other stuff, that he had studied at which and which European universities.... On another later night when I was looking over these pages again I decided to call up Celine's husband's office number as provided in one of his university webpages. I reached an answering machine saying that he was on leave for the next few months and that the best way to get in touch with him would be through email. Of course. All these webpages were fake – part of the “legend” manufactured – and today if you googled “Celine Dauvert” you wouldn't find anything because, once she had been given a new assignment and thus a new fake identity, the supporting “documents” for the old would all disappear without a trace.⁸

This night for going home I took the Culver City bus #6, but amidst all the black poor people that were recruited by Homeland Security to serve as fake passengers getting onto the bus was one attractive white female in nursing suit – obviously a CIA clandestine agent. I saved the seat next to me just for her and she, getting the hint, promptly sat right there. She introduced herself as Danielle. Meanwhile the DHS bums had been trained by the CIA to properly pretend: to keep up the realism, instead of sitting there like automatons nervous about my noticing them, they relaxed, and chatted with one another as naturally as possible: one asked another about the bus routes, another pretended to know another and started conversing about daily affairs. The acting and pretending was just overdone, however, and the DHS sent in so many of these movie extras that the entire bus, at most half-packed at night time normally, was again jam-packed with hardly room to breathe. The fakery was furthermore obvious because the #6 bus passed through white neighborhoods and so was normally not filled with poor black people from the ghetto. Danielle couldn't help but burst into laughter because of all the comical acting around. “It's strange that so many people are taking the bus today,” I joked. “Yeah, especially during this time of day,” she said while giggling. We then chatted about her childhood in Oregon and her family composition, enjoying each other's company while ignoring the theater all around. She then got off the bus on Sepulveda and Olympic – much later other CIA agents would also get on and off

⁸ I was quite wrong about this, as I would realize when I look over the manuscript again in May 2011.

the bus on this intersection. The Agency had something there.

On Wednesday I tried my luck and went to UCLA again to see if I would run into Celine once more. The Research Library was evacuated for me again and I sat amidst the bums the DHS had hired to fake students, and waited, but Celine never showed up. I gathered up courage to go into the Humanities office building and searched for her office in the History Department, but found nothing. The place was quiet, and, amazingly, no DHS surveillance agents followed me in to conduct surveillance on me. I finally went to the History Department's main office to ask the personnel there for the office of a "Celine Dauvert". The students that worked there searched through their lists and replied me completely bedazzled: "We don't have this person here." Of course, as it had suddenly become clear to me: Celine was a CIA agent pure and simple, not a UCLA PhD student recruited by the Agency as I had previously thought, and those webpages that advertised her UCLA academic status were entirely fake. "Celine Dauvert" did not exist – was no more than a ghost.

Then I sealed my fate that Wednesday night. Coming back from Westwood I found no beautiful CIA agent escorting me on the bus and metro. There were only those ugly and uneducated DHS bums serving as fake passengers to keep me company. Mr. Secretary had evidently decided to cut the CIA off and own me entirely with his bums. I just blew up. When I arrived home and was lying on my bed, knowing that every word I uttered in my apartment was recorded, I addressed angrily the Secretary of DHS himself: "Yes I know I know every single person on the bus and metro is fake! Because you don't know how to do it, you dumb mother fucker!" Referring to Monday night when I entered the UCLA research library to find that all students there had been evacuated and replaced with his bums pretending to be students, I shouted out to him: "The CIA can evacuate a place and refill it with their agents and it would look real because they have the right people, but you don't have the right people." Their red-neck agents that came in to replace the students just didn't look like students. Just when I finished my criticism, my roommate stumbled out of his room after hearing me call out the name of the Secretary and started talking to me: "You must trust in God... That Michael whatever his name is, he's a movie director right? He's a movie director." He's hallucinating again because of his medication and didn't know what he was talking about, but fate had it that he should have hit right on the target, for you have seen how all these clandestine operations in the making of fakes – this replacing of passengers on the bus and students in the libraries with secret agents – had to do with filming. So I shouted in concurrence, "Yeah he's a movie director!" I then went on a rampage pointing out all the flaws in his surveillance in the past days and mentioning too that his fake people never included a single attractive white female over 21 because such person wouldn't work for him. What do you think had happened when the recording of this conversation found its way to the ears of all the important people and the Secretary himself the next morning? Some would inevitably burst into laughter, but Mr. Secretary, full of aggression and lacking a sense of humor, would be all the more enraged for such mockery of him, as it would later be confirmed to me.

Anyone who knows something about the Secretary of DHS knows that he is a very vengeful person. His temperament reminds me of Empress Dowager. Now that I had made him look like a fool in front of all the important people and exposed the poor performance of his department by easily pointing out their "secret agents" in public and exposing his fakes, he would try his best to conduct on me the most pointless exercises in clandestine operation in order to demonstrate his

ability to fool me and reclaim his dignity. And he would use every possible mean to prevent the CIA from recruiting me: the mean character of Mr. Secretary was such that anyone who had slightly affronted him, he would deploy the maximal amount of force at his disposal to destroy this person, notwithstanding a CIA recruit. At that time he really couldn't care less about the CIA or national interests; his personal satisfaction in avenging himself and keeping himself the master feared by everyone around took precedence over national interests. He would make up his inexperience in intelligence operation with sheer viciousness and aggression.

Thursday morning, I walked to Portfolio. The coffeehouse was completely empty save a couple of DHS agents pretending to be the customers. The exciting, bohemian atmosphere of the coffeehouse was completely destroyed. The cool and beautiful musicians and artists and intellectuals that were the usual customers weren't there, but only a fat redneck, an unintellectual and overweight Filipino ghetto girl, and a vulgar white trash gang-banger. What was mysterious to me about this strange technique which the CIA originated was how they managed to keep off the later would-be customers from coming in after they had evacuated the place. Based on my later experiences I suppose that the neighborhood must have been blocked off and that their crew putting up signs to block off the streets must have been constantly on the move when I started moving in order to stay out of my sight. (Of course my movement was being monitored 24/7 by cameras set up around me, by surveillance agents, and through my cellphone.) Local residents weren't made aware of the massive operation that was going on in the neighborhood – except for those that were directly involved, such as the employees at the coffeehouse. The DHS operational crew would masquerade as film crew and block off the streets pretending to be filming. One person I recently talked to who was living in the neighborhood at the time of these operations recalled seeing a large number of trucks moving into the area during that time carrying filming gear. They used the same technique when evacuating the metro system to create “fake trains” for me. “Film crew” with their trucks would block off the metro entrance to prevent “real people” from coming in and the temporarily hired DHS movie extras (literally!) would be allowed in to fill up the metro trains wearing their surveillance gadgets and ride the trains back and forth pretending to be passengers.

I was angry at how whenever the Department of Homeland Security took over a place, the place would suddenly turn so revolting, and so I poured water onto the newspaper that the fat DHS red-neck was reading. When I got to the public library in downtown Long Beach, the same thing happened again: the decent and educated lady that had always worked there at the information desk was now replaced by an obese and dim white trash woman recruited from the trailer park. The entire downtown Long Beach was infused with several hundred DHS bums and gangsters. The otherwise chic and fancy downtown now suffered a massive degradation in look and ambiance. That afternoon I went on a rampage insulting them one after another, calling them “scum”. When I saw a DHS agent on the street corner pretending to give change to another DHS temporary agent pretending to be homeless, I pointed my finger at him and shouted: “Look, Homeland Security agent pretending to give money to homeless man!” Then I saw three guys, all with their surveillance cellphones to their ears, walking in tight formation and passing me by. (The cameras in their phones were supposed to film me when they walked by me.) I was so amazed by the way DHS easily gave away their surveillance techniques and gadgets through over-using. Now, just four days after I made my “promise” to keep my mouth shut, I started disintegrating under DHS' enormous “sensory attack” through massive bombardment of ugliness

and vulgarity. Then, I went to Cal State Long Beach.

When I entered the university library at Cal State Long Beach, the place was evacuated and re-filled with DHS young agents pretending to be students studying. The sloppiness with which the fake was created was simply amazing: first of all, the entire human composition was just bizarre. While the university library – like all university libraries in California – usually had 30 percent white female, 25 percent white male, 40 percent Asian and a 5 percent others, the DHS had filled the place up with half Asian and half Hispanic and blacks, with just a few whites here and there. Secondly, none of these pretenders looked like students at all. Most of these were hired temporarily for the occasion, mostly 18 to 19 year-olds. They with their disheveled look and dimness showing through their depressed face were clearly extracted from the poorest of the poor – especially among minorities – desperate for money and so joining the DHS “clandestine operations” as the last resort. The few whites among them were all of white trash trailer park extraction, this one copying on a piece of paper from a book randomly taken out of the book shelf, not having the slightest idea of what he was copying, the other two boy and girl huddling together and doing some doodling on their drawing pad. What kind of “studying” was that? Who were they trying to fool? DHS would continue to have the same problem throughout the month when they’d attempt to create fake libraries or fake places to fool me. The people in DHS simply weren’t sensitive to details in the environment. The best way to test them was of course just to talk to them. But these pathetic “clandestine operatives” were already well aware of my “reputation” that they became so frightened of me and just curled up in their little space when I started talking to them.

Although it wasn’t the intention of the Department of Homeland Security, they were basically waging a psychological warfare against me by destroying the beautiful, intellectual, and artistic ambiance around me and replacing it with the culturally dead ghetto. I walked from floor to floor in the library distressed to the point of bursting into tears by the ugliness and eeriness of the fake library. Until on the fourth floor I found two girls who actually looked like college students: intelligent, aware, decent looking and with brightness shining on their face: they were CIA agents posing as students as the Agency’s contribution in this massive DHS operation. I was immediately attracted to them like a magnet.

The two CIA girls introduced themselves as Nikki and Jenny. They both were in their mid to late 20s, white, with dark hair, and wearing glasses. They welcomed me to sit with them like I were a brother to them – again, they already considered me part of the “family”. Unlike the DHS fake students around, these two girls were engaged in serious studies, one studying political science and the other writing a paper on the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction on her laptop for her “class” on international studies. Whenever I met a CIA clandestine agent she (almost always a “she”) would be doing some serious academic studies: that’s how much the Agency’s clandestine service valued academic aptitude. I took out my Greek New Testament to catch up on my new Orthodox faith. We chatted intermittently about our personal backgrounds and the two girls kept praising me for how smart I was. My reputation as some sort of super genius had now spread widely in the Agency. I was almost embarrassed about it. We then talked about how I was distressed by the sight of fake students from UCLA to here in the CSULB library. I mentioned how there was simply no sign of education and intelligence on the face of these fake students. Just at this time another DHS fake student walked in, a fat black teenager from the

ghetto with an exaggerated afro hair style. All three of us started pointing: “See, see, where did that kid come from? How does he look like a student at a university?” Jenny then said proudly, “We look like students.” Jenny was of course referring to the inter-agency competition that was going on: while the Department of Homeland Security tried to reclaim its dignity before all the important observers by showing itself capable of clandestine operations as well, it became clear that only the CIA was able to do it right.

These two beautiful girls – beautiful in terms of the ambiance they exuded, not necessarily in terms of physical look – were just what I needed in order to feel comforted in the midst of tremendous ugliness and vulgarity – again, in terms of ambiance – that the DHS had substituted for real reality. After two hours of good time with them, I bid goodbye and rode the DHS fake bus home.

In the next few days I started noticing the scale of the DHS operation. The entire neighborhood I was living in now seemed evacuated – I don’t know what, but the streets were filled only with surveillance agents pretending to be pedestrians; and all nearby stores were evacuated and re-filled with surveillance agents wearing their earphones. You really couldn’t fail to notice the change when you have lived there on and off for over 10 years and, suddenly, the entire population is one day switched over into grotesquely looking bums. What was happening was evidently that Mr. Secretary was ordering a massive Homeland Security exercise in which the CIA was also to participate. The exercise consisted in the creation of “fake neighborhoods”: all “real people” were to be replaced by agents. The participation of the CIA would make it that, wherever I went, I would see a CIA agent amidst a ton of DHS extras – but no more than that because the Agency’s clandestine service had far fewer people than the DHS. Then the question is: where did the original inhabitants go? Perhaps the extraordinary measures that the U.S. government had been preparing for sometime were ridiculously activated for this idiotic occasion and the “real people” had been sent to those FEMA concentration camps. I don’t know.

Friday afternoon. At Portfolio I was told by Patrick – a great artist who had worked there for many years – that I wasn’t allowed there anymore because I had poured water on a customer. He said if I ever wanted to come back again I’d have to talk to Kastin, who’d be there in the next few days. I strode across Junipero to Hot Java instead. As expected, Hot Java was evacuated of all its usual employees and customers and only DHS bums and gang-bangers and obese ghetto women were there pretending to be the employees and customers. But amidst all these ugly and dim people there was one decent, beautiful, and intelligent woman in her late 20s sitting there with her laptop. Well, again, she had to be the CIA agent obliged to participate in this Homeland Security exercise. I immediately went to the sofa next to her, and the DHS agent occupying there, knowing that I would gravitate toward the CIA people, was very cooperative and immediately gave up his seat for me to lie down next to her. She introduced herself as Jessica.

She was tall with short hair and wearing a baseball cap. I asked her what she was studying and she said she’s going to law school. I was mesmerized by her beauty and started flipping through her huge volume textbook of exemplary legal cases. Then a tall, athletic nice-looking white guy walked in and Jessica got up to welcome him with a kiss on the lips. Without my asking she introduced him as her boyfriend. From now on whenever I met an attractive female CIA agent she would always immediately introduce herself – without solicitation – as engaged, married, or

involved with a boyfriend. My comment the previous time “CIA was about to give me a girlfriend” had exposed this most comical part of Agency’s recruitment operation to all the bystanding important people, and I could just imagine the Secretary of DHS mocking the Agency before the President and his crowd in the White House: “Look at how ridiculous the CIA is getting... They wanted to reward the terrorist suspect with a girlfriend!” The master-mind behind my recruitment within the CIA clandestine service – the “Invisible Hand” – was a man and didn’t find such tactic offensive at all, but now a high-ranking female officer in the CIA had probably stepped in and objected to this tactic. Hence all female agents from this moment on had the order to make it crystal clear to me that the Agency would no longer be in the business of providing me with a “girlfriend.”

After the kisses, Jessica, seeing me reading her law textbook, started laughing with her boyfriend: “He’s reading it! He’s reading my book!” Again, my reputation as a “boy genius” was now widespread in the clandestine service, and Jessica couldn’t help herself with the funny scene of an innocent boy reading intensely her thousand-page technical law book.

As Jessica started working on the sandwich her boyfriend had brought her, I started explaining to her the difference between “real” laws and “fake” laws. Scientists study “real” laws – the laws of nature – while lawyers study “fake” laws – human-made laws. “Real” laws are “real” because they need no enforcement; human laws need enforcement because they are not real. Any real laws would be physically impossible to violate, and if human laws were real, it would be physically impossible for us to commit murder, for example. Jessica objected that we “violated” the law of gravity by flying in rockets. I explained that that wasn’t really a violation of the law; that the law of gravity specified that you could leave the ground if you did x, y, and z, but that when it had dictated that nothing with mass could fly to the speed of light, then you could never fly to the speed of light no matter what you did. Jessica said nothing more, and just returned to her laptop. But I could see from the dent in her eyebrows that she was upset – well, I basically insulted her by saying that she was studying “fake” laws, not “real” laws – and so I said, “You are upset.” She was surprised that I had noticed it, and, appearing embarrassed, said “No”. Then, as I was still lying on the sofa admiring her beauty, I started flipping through her notes, remarking on her good handwriting. She became increasingly uncomfortable, and just got up and left. “Do you come here often?” I asked before she exited. “Not really.” She was truly upset, and that’s why she left. Again, she had the freedom to “abort” her mission – being part of DHS fake coffeehouse.

When Jessica left, I took the bus down Broadway and settled at the coffeehouse named Library at Broadway and Redondo. While I was smoking a cigarette outside, unbelievably, Mark showed up at the street corner. Wearing a pair of sun-glasses, he walked toward me and sat down right in front of me.

While I was searching for ways to express my appreciation for his presence, Mark remarked: “You pissed people off! Like the guy you poured water on in Portfolio.” Of course he was really referring to Mr. Secretary, who, pissed off, was obstructing the recruitment. After letting me in in this way on the current situation behind the scene, he immediately got to the point: he wanted me to demonstrate my knowledge about China – its history, politics, culture. He was conducting an interview with me! I immediately got it. Apparently those important people high up in the CIA –

higher up than the “Invisible Hand” – were so impressed by my performance with Jessica – my argumentation and intuitiveness to her emotional state, coming at the end of a series of demonstrations of my abilities – and by my natural bonding with and attraction to the Agency – that I always immediately, as if by instinct, gravitated toward the single CIA agent amidst a sea of DHS agents whenever I entered upon an environment – that they finally accepted the recommendation of the “Invisible Hand” et al and okayed the recruitment. So, while he took out a note pad and was ready to take notes of what I would say, I fixed my tone of voice and became serious, knowing that very important people in the CIA were now watching closely. He first wanted me to explain this theory I had about the origin of Chinese civilization, and so I did: I explained that the ancestors of the Chinese people – proto-Sino-Tibetans – originated in the Himalayan region and migrated into the western part of the northern China plain around 10,000 years ago; that even up to the classical era of Spring and Autumn the eastern part of the northern plain and the entire southern China were occupied by peoples speaking, not Sinic but Austro-Asiatic tongues – of which Vietnamese is a modern descendant; that it is only after the establishment of the Qin empire – the unification of China – that the Sinic speaking peoples began migrating eastward and southward, gradually converting the indigenous Austro-Asiatic speakers to their new tongue; that many of the “mountain tribal minorities” in Southern China today were pockets of Austro-Asiatic descendants who had escaped conversion. I also explained that this “theory” of mine was the version of the origins of the Chinese people widely accepted in the Western academia, but not in China itself, that the Chinese historians and archaeologists, under the influence of politics and the new Chinese nationalism, would rather think of all the East Asian peoples as descended monolithically from a single stock that had continued from East Asian Homo erectus ever since one and a half million years ago. Mark appeared very satisfied with my thorough explanation. Then he changed the subject and asked me to clarify once more the distinctions between analytic philosophy, continental philosophy, and classical philosophy (which I had told him before was the only “real” philosophy). I told him that the purpose of philosophy in ancient time was the salvation of the soul through the study of the source of being, but that this original theme of philosophy had been perverted in modern philosophy; that, while “continental philosophy” still continued the study of the source of being in a modernized “metaphysics of being”, it had lost the theme of salvation, and “analytic philosophy” had even lost the study of being altogether. Mark then wanted me to name the representative figures of “continental philosophy”, and I named Hegel, Heidegger, Jasper... I then had to present to him, at his request, the difference between Jasper’s and Heidegger’s metaphysics of being, citing my old professor Daniel Guerrière as the basis of my presentation. Mark carefully jotted down Dr. Guerrière’s name, even though I suspected that the Agency had already interviewed him. He then produced a news article on the current White House scandal (Libby) and asked me if I could translate that into Chinese. “Of course,” I said. “And I can do it for you without charge.” At this point my cousin Wendy called up my cellphone, apparently unaware of the important business I was involved in. But as soon as I answered the call, a beautiful female voice voiced over Wendy: “Sorry, wrong number.” The CIA officials at their station were listening attentively to my “interview” and did not want any interruption; thus one officer simply voiced over the call. Mark and I then turned to the topic of genetics, and he jotted down a few of the key points of my short presentation of the famous work of Cavalli-Sforza on the “history and geography of human genes.” After that our conversation returned to China – our main topic of the day. Mark asked me: if the history of the population movement in China was as I had said, then wouldn’t the people living in eastern and southern China during the classical times resemble modern

Vietnamese in genetic make-up? I answered the question with a hypothetical scenario: suppose the ancient “Chinese” practiced mummification – but of course they didn’t – and suppose we unearthed today a 2,500 year-old mummy in southern China, with DNA analysis the mummy would show *genetic frequencies* similar to those of a modern Vietnamese. Mark was happy with the answer. With this, the “interview” was concluded. Mark got up and was about to leave. I was desperate to know something about him for once and so I squeezed in a question about his religious background. “Ex-Catholic,” he emphasized the “ex”. And just as always he refused to take me along to his next “dinner meeting”, but just disappeared in the street corner.

Saturday. I strode to Portfolio to see Kastin. She came out of the coffeehouse to have a short chat with me. Given that I had been a customer of this place on and off for almost 10 years, she said, she was willing to forgive me. She looked at me with a deep expression and said that, while I should be banned from the coffeehouse throughout the month of November, on December 1st I could come back to see her, and, if I could behave well during this month, she would let me come back again. I listened to her with amazement: was she sending me a message that the Department of Homeland Security would continue this massive exercise until December 1st, and that if I could behave well with them, then they would let me go and let the CIA have me? But that would mean that Kastin herself had been recruited as an asset by the Agency and had become part of the CIA set up around me. That was simply incredible, and so I wasn’t sure about the “message”. Only later would it be confirmed to me definitively that Kastin was indeed passing message to me.

That weekend Rod didn’t show up at all and didn’t return any of my phone calls. The CIA recruitment operation was once more suspended – evidently due to Mr. Secretary’s effort. The neocon philosophy of government in which he was thoroughly steeped was that the government should be the supreme power in the universe which alone has the final say as to who can say and do what, who is permitted to live and who not, and with which there should be no room for the citizens to negotiate. If Mr. Secretary decides that I should not have my CIA friend, then that would be the end of the discussion: I certainly should not have the power to make a deal with him in order to get my CIA friend back. For the rest of the Saturday afternoon I sat in the restaurant across the street from Hot Java, sipping on my noodles while tears rolled down my cheeks. After Mark’s miraculous appearance the day before, there was no more sign of CIA presence anywhere. That night I strode like a ghost to a bookstore in downtown Long Beach, saddened by the fact that the “deal was off” after all. But suddenly Rod called and said he wanted to meet me for a midnight dinner. He said he would be taking the taxi to the bookstore to pick me up. I waited happily for him to appear around the street corner, and thereupon we walked together to Pine Avenue in downtown Long Beach. The street was filled with Halloween festivities, and, after we chose the restaurant, Rod grabbed me to sit on the patio facing the street so that, while we conversed, rows of limousines passing by slowly could see us clearly. Evidently even more important people joined in and wanted to take a good look at me. They selected this spot because they thought the festivities would provide a good cover for the otherwise conspicuous presence of so many limousines. Rod and I chatted mostly about our personal lives while a Homeland Security agent, wearing his surveillance earphones and in a nursing suit, stood next to us to conduct surveillance on us.

Before he left, Rod promised to spend the entire next day with me. Thus, Sunday, he called me

around noon and we met at Hot Java. Rod first showed me the book he wanted to introduce me to, a book on the Gospel of Thomas, with which he tried to convince me that Christianity was a wisdom religion rather than a salvational religion. Then, instead of his Greek, he worked on his calculus textbook while I tried to understand my introductory lessons on vector analysis, a prerequisite to understanding general relativity. We were both doing mathematics this time. This was just the scene which the “Invisible Hand” and the other academics composing the CIA clandestine service loved to see, their agent and would-be agent doing their academic stuff. Meanwhile, the Department of Homeland Security surrounded us with nothing but their fake customers and fake employees in order to practice making fakes. No real customers were coming in. The DHS was doing much better here. They especially selected surveillance agents and movie extras to come in regularly that actually fitted into the ambiance of the neighborhood. There was a gay white male pretending to be a school teacher, getting out his grades book and grading students’ papers, just as the CIA agents would do. There were Japanese foreign students doing their homework. There were chicks and dudes from the bohemian neighborhood. There were college students of diverse racial backgrounds – no longer just the blacks and Hispanics recruited from the ghetto or white trash taken out of the trailer park and then all transported to neighborhoods where they didn’t belong. For the whole month ahead, Hot Java would be the most successful of DHS fakes. It is here that the Department of Homeland Security would first successfully master the CIA’s clandestine techniques in the making of fakes.

Meanwhile, I had passed a happy weekend with Rod, but this in fact would be our last happy time together. Banned from Portfolio, I would find home in Hot Java throughout the rest of the month. That “mysterious CIA officer” started showing up here too.

Halloween. When I woke up around noon I decided to walk to the Talbert Medical Group near my home at Alamito and 5th. I had been concerned for a while about my bladder since I for years I had had to urinate every 20 minutes or so. When I walked in the place had this eerie feeling of emptiness. The receptionist, in her Halloween costume, directed me to fill up the paper work. I was sure that something was up with this place – this place was a fake: the employees and patients had been evacuated and secret agents were sent in to replace them – but wasn’t sure which side was doing the faking, the CIA or the DHS. The receptionist was a Hispanic white girl with black hair. When handling my request she had this calmness and politeness about her that you usually see in a CIA agent. But this was in fact a DHS fake and she had been trained by the CIA to exhibit the realism and professionalism that CIA fakes always possessed. From this time on, because the CIA was training the DHS the DHS fakes would often look indistinguishable – at least initially – from the CIA fakes. I tried to test her by putting down “CIA” in the part of the consent for treatment where it asked for the person to whom I would delegate responsibility for deciding on my treatment in case I should fall comatose and asking her if that was okay. “That’s fine,” she said calmly without a fuss. That’d really have me fool for a while that this was a “CIA place”.

But then things started getting obvious. A middle-eastern man came in claiming to be the “doctor” and directed me to provide a urine sample. I did so, but for the rest of the time he just sat there playing with his hand-held organizer. I asked him: “What about my bladder?” He had no clue, and diagnosed the problem simply: “You drink too much water. How much water do you drink?” A CIA fake doctor would just be a real doctor, whereas this guy, clueless about

medicine, I would always later on refer to as “the doctor from Kazakhstan”. Finally a nurse (a black woman) drew my blood. Her skillfulness showed that she was really a nurse, perhaps the only real personnel of Talbert Medical Center that was left. Only after I walked out did I realize that I had just been to a DHS trap and had provided the Department with both my blood and urine samples, without getting any medical treatment at all. Even the CIA had not obtained these yet. For once the Department of Homeland Security was ahead of the CIA.

Several days later I would receive a letter from the Talbert Medical Group. It read: “Dear Lawrence Chin, This letter is to inform you of the results of your recent lab tests. I have reviewed all of the results and they are mildly abnormal, your protein is a little high, please reschedule to follow up w/ an M.D. Thank you for choosing Talbert Medical Group.” And at the bottom: “Sokhin Koy, MA, Long Beach-Talbert...” The letter barely made any sense. It was obviously a fake letter the DHS had devised and, since at this time the Department was still groping for its way and its personnel were not educated enough to even understand the basics of biology, they came up with such ridiculous facts as “proteins a little too high” and “Master of Art” for hospital personnel.

In the afternoon of that Halloween day, after Talbert, I wandered to the famous Second Street in Belmont Shore. While on the bus, in the company of a few grotesque DHS agents faking passengers, I started crying again because of the evaporation of the environment I so loved. Arriving at the Second Street, I walked into a hair salon and saw women inside greeting me with the utmost friendliness. One sitting on the bench pretending to be a customer was a trashy looking overweight blonde who I was sure was a DHS movie extra because I had already seen her and would see her all over the place: one day she would be faking pedestrian on Junipero, another day faking customer in the Thai restaurant next to WCIL, and yet another day somewhere else. Now if the customers were actors, that meant the beautiful and sophisticated-looking blonde with dyed hair who was cutting another fake customer’s hair and giving me the most comforting smile had to be a CIA agent. This store was part of the Homeland Security exercise to create a fake environment for me. Now I don’t know if the other stores on the street were also evacuated and refilled with agents just to fool me; I wandered through them and I was clueless. By night fall people started swarming up the street wearing Halloween costumes and going trick-or-treating. I assumed that these were real residents; there couldn’t be that many fakes!

Before going home I wandered into the famous bar Prospector at 7th and Junipero. The bar was filled with young punks and bohemians. Whether they were real or fake I don’t know. But what caught my attention was an extremely attractive blonde around 30 sitting by herself at the bar. She eyed me a few times to lure me to talk to her and so I went. She was dressed up for Halloween and had plastic dead birds pasted to her suit and fake blood all over it. She immediately introduced the bartender as her “boyfriend”, making her unavailability known and also her CIA identity. The only nicety about this whole Homeland Security exercise was then that, everywhere you go, you’d always run into a beautiful CIA agent. After a few simple exchanges she asked me what I wanted to do in my life. “I want to join the CIA,” I said. She got very happy and said that she had a friend who was “adopted” by the CIA. She was purposely using parental language to further attract me to the Agency. Then she said: “I think you would be a very good spy. They’d look at you and they’d think nothing of it. And then you would just

throw them off.” She was of course specifically referring to the DHS experience. But I said, “I want to work in an office.” “Oh” she acted out a very disappointed face. Fearing disappointing her, I finally said, “I mean, I can be a spy.” Whereupon her face turned bright again with a smile. Then she commented on how one must keep things quiet working as a CIA spy. “Cannot tell any body.... That’s always the problem”, I said. I said that I would wish to be able to keep a blog. “You cannot have a blog,” she said. I then explained to her that something that’s very important for me in life was to have a witness of everything I did, and that that’s why I had a therapist to whom I told everything that happened to me. “You cannot tell your therapist,” she replied with a grim face. “But aren’t there therapists inside the CIA to serve the agents?” I asked. She seemed to agree, although she did not specifically say anything.

The next day Mr. Homeland Security Secretary struck again, just as I had recovered my mood somewhat. That night when I was walking to the Borders Bookstore in downtown Long Beach and telling Wes about where I was going on the cell phone, Mr. Secretary, monitoring my phone conversation in his limousine, went ahead of me, immediately evacuated everyone in the bookstore, and sent in their agents to pretend to be the customers and employees. When I arrived the “fake” employees interacted with me, answering my questions about the books I was seeking just as in normal days. It was of course not hard to detect that all was fake because, once again, the original beautiful and decent bohemian employees and customers were gone and overweight and uneducated blacks and Asians took their place – the racial composition of the customers and employees had all changed – and the place had this eerie atmosphere of emptiness. It’s painful to see the original beautiful environment I once loved evaporate and replaced by an eerie and dead new environment, but I pretended I didn’t notice anything in my better mood and when I walked out – the entire shopping mall was empty of people – I saw only a white limousine cruising around and inspecting the place. It’s not hard to guess who was inside.

The next morning I had an appointment with Father J – the priest in charge of the Assumption Orthodox Church – to discuss my desire to get baptized and become a true member of the church. He was not at all pleased to see me. We sat in his office and, after we had talked a bit about my background, I asked him, “I hope I’m not bringing too many troubles to the church.” Father J went into an exaggerated outburst, banging on the table, “Not at all. Don’t even mention it!” Since the day he was ordained he had probably never imagined this could happen. Both the Department of Homeland Security and the CIA must have come to him, one wanting to take over the entire church to isolate the “terrorist threat” that had come hiding in it, and the other wanting to recruit him as an asset to help in the staging needed for my recruitment. All he wanted was to serve God by preaching and taking care of the church, and now all these intelligence agencies were converging on him trying to turn his church into an intelligence operation. Many in the parish council were also notified of the presence of a “major national security threat” in their midst. In the end the CIA must have succeeded in convincing Father J that his cooperation with the Agency was the best way out, and he thusly duly became a CIA asset – something he would never have imagined while in theological seminars getting trained for priesthood.

It was now early November and one day my grand father suddenly called me up to summon me to his place for dinner. I had a gut feeling of certain purposefulness in this. I went, and, as usual, on the metro from Long Beach to downtown Los Angeles and on the bus from downtown to Alhambra I was accompanied by only DHS movie extras. Now Alhambra was a district of

mostly Chinese and Taiwanese immigrants. When I arrived at the neighborhood, however, I immediately noticed that something wasn't right with the place. The shopping mall across the street from my grandfather's housing complex was evacuated of all its usual Chinese and Taiwanese shoppers. In their stead were Korean, black, and Hispanic movie-extras the DHS hired to pretend to be shoppers and strollers, some wearing their surveillance iPods as usual. The Washington Mutual bank on the street corner was similarly evacuated of all its usual Chinese customers and refilled with Korean movie-extras pretending to be banking. As I walked into the housing complex toward my grandfather's house, I was struck by that same eerie and frightening ambiance of emptiness which the Department of Homeland Security always left behind when they had taken over an area and evacuated everyone therein. I looked into the windows of the houses around and every house was empty. The DHS had evacuated the entire housing complex – my grandfather and his maid were the only ones left.

My grandfather and his maid received me with bright, happy faces as they had never done before. These were the same happy faces that others had shown and would show when the CIA had come to them to enlist their help in setting me up for a test – Simone before this and Marie after this. While in time past whenever I gathered together with my grandfather he only talked to me about everyday and family trifling matter and never about serious world politics and current events, this day he immediately hopped onto the serious topic of Taiwan Strait. He talked about the decline and downsizing of the Taiwanese military – how the last time when he visited the military academy he was surprised by the reduction of the student body, and how he himself had recommended to the military command the reduction of the size of the army corps – and then commented on the impossibility of Taiwan's winning a military confrontation with China. He finally had me agree that the only chance Taiwan had was American protection: this was the goal of the conversation – of the “test”, I suppose. The CIA had now aligned me definitively with the “right side.” However much I might be at the moment bathing with delight in my grandfather's approval – I had been forever a disappointment for him and now he was as proud of me as he could ever be for the honor that the most elite intelligence agency in the world had “chosen” his grandson – I was nevertheless struck by a sense of sadness: the Department of Homeland Security just had to ruin my “moment” by evacuating the entire neighborhood where CIA wanted to conduct a simple test and creating a frightening environment because of their inability to master clandestine operation. What's the need for evacuation? What an exaggeration. I was amazed by the fact that the Agency was able to manipulate a 90 year-old senior citizen – with such reduced capacity because of senility – to help stage a test (or “reeducation”) for them. It had also become apparent that, within the “Invisible Hand's” team that sponsored my case in the CIA, there must be a Taiwanese intelligence official or someone associated with Taiwanese intelligence who had worked with the Agency before and who served in my case as the liaison between the Agency and my grandfather.

That night, as usual, I returned from Alhambra by bus with all the grotesque-looking DHS movie extras faking passengers. When the bus passed by the Philharmonic I suddenly decided to get off and go into the center to have dinner and do people-watching. This was outside my normal routes and so the place was not evacuated but was operating just as normally. I was so excited to see all the beautiful high-class and cultural professionals that came for the concert – I was so hungry for the sight of pretty, decent and, above all, “real” people, and I finally got a break. I stayed there for two hours, watching the concert from the TV screen on the wall even when all

the beautiful people had gone into the concert hall. A few Homeland Security surveillance agents wearing their earphones were sent in, and of course the security guards were alerted that a major national security threat was in their midst, and they watched me tightly. But it was a good experience.

Afterwards, as I was waiting for the bus in the darkness of downtown streets with two poor black guys serving as Homeland Security extras, I became increasingly angry. The CIA had instituted around me a paradise environment of beautiful and cultural people, and yet the DHS just had to stick their nose in it, ruin it because they suffered from paranoid schizophrenia, and then replace it with their hellish reality of ugly and uneducated bums from the ghetto. Why is it that in life I never have what I want, but what I don't want is always right in my face and just wouldn't go away? I felt like Genie, that girl badly abused and having never learned to talk, who then became the object of study for a psychologist who took her in to her own home.⁹ She was happy there, because the psychologist's family was white collar educated professionals, and surrounded Genie everyday with culture, music, and tenderness. But then she was transferred to a foster home, an uneducated working class family, and there she became depressed because there were only vulgarities, ugliness, and emptiness in the house. The paradise is always only for a moment, then the trash can will last for the rest of the time. So, although since the patch-up between the CIA and the DHS, the DHS people were no longer displaying what I regarded as unjustified hostility, so that the black guy on my right actually said hi to me with a friendly face, I went into a rage and lashed out on him: "I feel sorry for your mother for giving birth to you, because you shouldn't be alive!" The man didn't expect to receive all of a sudden such incredibly vicious insult, and just turned back, visibly hurt. On the bus another DHS extra sat down next to me, a white trash trailer park extract. I started insulting him too: "What grade did you graduate from? Sixth grade?" He was hurt too and got off the bus. This acting-out would prove to be a grave mistake, for, just when the DHS bums became happy as they were now being pampered and trained by the CIA – something they had never dreamed of when growing up in the ghetto – I immediately antagonized them with the most vicious insults imaginable. From then on the DHS personnel would brand me a "racist" and the fight between us would become personal. It would seem that my former "gravest complaint" had reversed itself: my disdain for white people's – especially white females' – superior status had now been replaced by my disdain for the poor minorities. "This guy likes the CIA because they are all white and detests us because we are not!" the DHS thought. In reality I detested them, not for their race, but for what they had taken away from me – unjustifiably because it was really their strange stupidity (thinking that I would pull off an "attack" right under CIA's scrutiny) that caused them to disrupt CIA's operation – and their ugliness had more to do with their uneducation which felt like a prison wall because, unlike the CIA, they would not be intelligent enough to understand anything I put forward.

So the DHS surveillance bubble continued throughout the month of November and I was surrounded by about 1,000 surveillance agents and movie extras per day with few repeats. Most of these surveillance agents or fakes were clearly hired on the spot just for this because they were either disgruntled males who couldn't get a job elsewhere or poor immigrants or gang bangers and old folks "recruited" out of jail houses and nursing homes. There were also Japanese foreign students (again), teenagers, kids... Often the extras came in families: husband, wife, and children came together to play fakes. Many of these families were clearly from out-of-state, looking very

⁹ Russ Rymer, *Genie: A Scientific Tragedy*.

rural.

As if the thousands of surveillance agents weren't enough of an exaggeration, once when I returned home late at night and the street was short on surveillance agents (perhaps they were changing shift) the Department of Homeland Security got a police helicopter to fly above me (again!) to conduct surveillance on me until I entered my apartment.

While the police guy in the unit above me would continue to be there until the end, another Homeland Security agent also moved into the unit next to mine on the right side, and he and other Homeland Security agents regularly had my manager open my door – no, they don't pick locks – so as to search my home while I was away. Having your home searched by DHS agents was a terrible experience because, other than moving things around without putting them back in order, they regularly stole things from my place: my old cell phone, my phone jacks, my sweater, anything. Their clumsiness also often caused incredible mess in my place after their “clandestine searches”. Once in late December when their agent wanted to install surveillance devices or something like that in my bathroom, for example, he fell and tore down my bathroom curtain. Their agents also disabled the anti-virus software in my computer, and did who knows what else with my computer.

Not only did the Department of Homeland Security have agents sign up for the internet forums I frequented, but they even once extended the bubble technique to the internet forum physicsforums.com. Now that I had commenced my impossible project of understanding general relativity, I started posting questions again in this forum for the physics students just as I had always done while studying special relativity. But one Saturday night as I was posting my question I found the forum evacuated of all its usual physics expert users with only a few DHS agents left taking over some real users' handles and pretending to be them. They then bombarded my posts with replies that were completely non-sensical and intended only to make me look stupid in front of non-experts. Just like the DHS fakes in the outside, real world, their fake virtual forum exuded an eerie ambiance of emptiness and the non-sensical mockery replies against my posts made the whole place seem like a twilight zone. For example, the DHS replies mocked me for stating that the difference between special relativity and general relativity was that the former was Euclidean while the latter was not. “Special relativity Euclidean? Hahaha,” the mockery went. The DHS agents picked out passages here and there from randomly selected textbooks to justify their mockeries. Once again an environment I once loved was destroyed. I finally just wrote that I knew where they were from and what they were doing, hoping the important people wouldn't be fooled by this.

Worth mentioning is the one day – the only day – when I successfully docked the DHS bubble. From my home I took the Blue Line from downtown Long Beach to Imperial station, and then the Green Line from Imperial to Aviation. At the Aviation station I waited for the Culver City bus #6. What I frequently did was to take the #6 bus to Sepulveda and Venice and then the #33 bus to go to the Westside Center for Independent Living. I called up WCIL and then hanged up, giving the impression that I was about to go there and thus prompting the DHS to concentrate its manpower at the vicinity of WCIL. But after I got onto the #6 bus, I suddenly got off at Century Blvd in front of the Century strip club. I sat in the strip club for about 15 minutes – Jennifer Day was not there for this afternoon shift – and finally surveillance agents – mostly older Hispanic

males – started rushing in one after another. In another 15 minutes I counted 17 surveillance agents coming into the club and now the place – usually empty during the weekday afternoon – had become a full-house. I thereupon exited the club, walked along the Century Blvd to Hawthorne, and took the bus there to go to L. A. Philharmonic in downtown. The bus was “real” – there was not a single person on the bus wearing earphones: the way the buses were prior to the entry of the DHS into my life – no surveillance agents, no DHS fake passengers, just your ordinary black and Hispanic bus riders in this ghetto area going through their daily business: real passengers. What happened was that the DHS had already used up their manpower in the Westside near WCIL and then around Century strip club and was caught by surprise by my sudden diversion to Hawthorne. So I got myself a real bus for one afternoon, but this would also be the last time in my life when I would ride the bus without a ton of people wearing earphones either doing surveillance or serving as decoys (more on this later). Only after being on the bus for a while did one Hispanic man wearing earphones get on and sit next to me to conduct surveillance on me. When I got to the Philharmonic, I saw more “real” pretty people. I was so grateful for the existence of this oasis in the middle of the desert. But the Department of Homeland Security would take even this refuge away the next time.

On Saturday – the day of my usual meeting with Rod – Rod disappeared again. No phone calls, nothing. Whether it was due to the Agency’s internal business or to Homeland Security Secretary’s insistence, Rod was withdrawn and would not be seen again until much later. Instead, Wendy called and suggested taking me out to see a movie, perhaps Borat. From now on the Agency would use my cousin on me rather than Rod. When we drove through downtown Long Beach I pointed out to her all the bums that sat and circled around the street. “The city is evacuated,” I said. She didn’t know how to respond. When we got to Santa Monica we saw hundreds of DHS bums that were sitting around or walking amidst ordinary people. I got ever angrier. I was already suspecting that my cousin had been recruited into the Agency – it was really quite obvious: if you were sealed up in a bubble, why would anyone be allowed to come in and hang with you unless he or she was part of the bubble, working for one or the other of the intelligence agencies involved. Besides, her being part of the Agency would really explain many of the strange things she did and said earlier, from Samantha’s photo parade to her unusual encouragements. When we got to the Californian Vegan I decided to test her. My typical technique was to just talk about all those operations happening around as if the other person had already known about it and see his or her reactions. The technique, as you saw earlier, was quite successful with my aunt and uncle. So I said to Wendy that it was not about my “paranoia” of being “followed”, but that I simply didn’t want to be surrounded with uneducated bums every moment of my life; that I didn’t mind what happened at the Best Buy because the people there were decent – I was giving out signals that I knew that that day the Best Buy was a fake, a set-up by the CIA, and lo and behold Wendy got very nervous and asked me to shut up. It’s not a good idea to give out the fact that the Agency had failed to fool me after all. This pretty much confirmed my suspicion about her.

While we were in the car again circling around she suddenly asked me if I believed in the 911 conspiracy theories. This was clearly a test. By this I no longer had any doubt that she had indeed been recruited into the CIA clandestine service. It was the strangest feeling: “My cousin is a CIA agent!” While growing up with her, never could I have imagined that one day she would become a CIA agent. How bizarre. By this I had also become sure that Mr. Secretary had indeed gone all

the way to the White House and that now even the President and the Vice-President knew about me: Of my “inglorious” past what concerned the President the most was, of course, not those obnoxious anti-American statements I had once made, but my subscription to the view that 911 was actually perpetrated by the U.S. government itself. The CIA didn’t really care about this and so they never bothered to test me about my position on the matter, but for the politicians this was of utmost importance. I replied that the 911 conspiracy theorists said that 911 was a joint operation among the CIA, the Pakistani ISI, and the Pentagon, and that they must have been wrong about this: why would the CIA do this? I was being totally honest: none of the people from the CIA that I met seemed like they could have participated in such evil, being the nicest people in the world.

Then Wendy started blasting off the President as the devil. She was, of course, just pretending to be hating the President, being instructed to do so to test if I would continue in my bad-mouthing of the President and concur with her. Knowing that the President himself was watching my response, and being the honest person that I was, I said: “But the President is loyal to his friends.” “But the President is not racist.” If I were to just reverse my formal attitude 180 degree and start singing my praises for his policies, I would obviously be lying and the important people on the top would know it. But then I couldn’t any more blast off how much I disliked everything the President did. The best thing was to tell the truth, but some other truth: find some qualities that I genuinely admired in the President and sing praises of that.

Wendy’s mission this day was not just to test me. Now that Mr. Secretary had decided that his department needed also to master clandestine operations, this time he would not do it alone but would oblige the CIA to help train him and his associates in the art of making fakery. With the help of the CIA his department had taken over a movie theater in Lakewood, evacuated everyone therein, and sent in his agents and temporarily hired movie extras to fake employees and moviegoers. Then he would have Wendy take me to the theater and hopefully successfully fool me. It’s not just that I had become the “clandestine operation standard” – if I couldn’t notice that it was fake, he figured, then no one could: the fakery had passed the test – but also that he must avenge himself – reclaim his “elite status” – by successfully fooling me consecutively.

But Borat was being played in many theaters, not just at this fake theater which the Department of Homeland Security had prepared. The trick would then be to lure me to just this fake theater in Lakewood all the way from Santa Monica without my becoming suspicious. In the car Wendy called up with her cellphone the theater nearby to ask for the location and show time of Borat, but when we got to the theater Borat was not playing there at all. Instead the theater employees directed us to another theater – the one in Lakewood. This is how the Agency guided us to the fake theater out of the way: by faking movie information phone call with Wendy, and then having the theater employees direct us to the fake theater far away.

When we got to the theater all the people there – employees and customers alike – were from the DHS, so that, as usual, over 90% of them were non-white minorities. Then there were a few surveillance agents who gave themselves away by wearing surveillance earphones. But, other than this, the theater looked almost as real as it could: clearly the CIA clandestine service had put in a lot of effort in showing the Department of Homeland Security how to stage a fake movie theater. The effort was vast: there were hundreds of “fake” people in this multiplex. Mr.

Homeland Security Secretary and his associates were becoming effective “movie directors”. If it weren’t for the fact that I expected its coming – why would the DHS leave me alone for one day and why would my CIA agent cousin take me out for nothing – I wouldn’t have suspected that it was all fake. But the context had given it away.

While we were sitting on the bench waiting for the movie to start, Wendy suddenly asked me if I found European white women more beautiful than American white women. Clearly this was a CIA test question: the Agency was worried about the possibility that, while now they had succeeded in securing my loyalty to them with their beautiful female agents, I might be lured away in the future to the other side by even more beautiful white females. I answered no: European women are indeed less likely to be overweight, but, hey, a beautiful woman is a beautiful woman, American or European!

That night we then met up with Wendy’s two friends first at the restaurant, then at their house in Pasadena to play games. At the restaurant there was a DHS agent – a young white guy without the usual surveillance gadgets – watching over us. I had no idea if my cousin’s friends were also in on this whole “operation”.

When Wendy was driving me home to Long Beach, road signs were placed along some of the routes on the freeway to direct us to merge into the same route as a series of limousines ahead of us. Wendy started acting again: “What’s going on?” Of course what was going on was that the Agency’s clandestine service crews had placed the signs to clandestinely separate us from the “real” traffic and put us within the observational range of the important people in the limousines. The important people in the Department of Homeland Security were directing the whole “clandestine operation” right from their conspicuously looking limousines.

Next day, Sunday morning, as I was in the bus going to Orthodox Church to attend Sunday service, I became increasingly angry over the freaky environment formed by the strangely looking DHS bums faking passengers all around me. When one of them got off the bus with me, I couldn’t help but pour coffee on him. Then at the church the Department of Homeland Security obliged one of the church officials to try to hook me up with that one-arm undercover agent, getting these good Christians to do the acting and the lying that the agent in question was a long time church member. I of course didn’t act out in that holy place; I ignored the agent and just walked away, but I was even more infuriated. As I was taking the bus home from the church, I decided to get off in the middle of the way at Redondo and walk toward the coffeehouse Library. On my way I saw a DHS young agent wearing his surveillance iPod walk out of an apartment at Redondo. I was amazed that even this area of Long Beach was evacuated of residents. The Library of course contained only DHS surveillance agents, all of them bending over their surveillance laptops. I took out a razor blade and sliced a wound at my left arm. I was naïve, thinking that the hospitals would have to be CIA assets because professional places would have to be under CIA control – the CIA had real doctors under its employment and had probably enlisted many hospitals as fronts for a long time already – and that the Agency would grab onto this opportunity that I created for them and transport me to their paradise in Colorado or something like that. A kind-hearted Homeland Security agent rushed in to stop the bleeding. Ambulance came and took me to St. Mary’s Hospital in down town Long Beach. When I got there I was thoroughly disappointed: Homeland Security people were there ready to receive me:

a middle-age DHS woman was pretending to be the nurse, and there was also a 20 year-old DHS white kid claiming himself to be the doctor assigned to me! He himself laughed when he so professed. I was amazed that the DHS were actually expecting to fool people with this. At last, since the Department of Homeland Security didn't have any real doctor at its disposal to fake a doctor while the CIA did, they had had to let the latter take up the business of my medical treatment. So a CIA agent-doctor – again an attractive white female – with the alias of Catherine Linkowski came to treat my wound and sew me up. Before she did so she suddenly said to me – unsolicited – “I’m married; are you?” That again! While she was sewing me up the kid pretending to be the doctor started making fun of me. Dr. Linkowski gave him a dirty look, disgusted by the vulgarity of this DHS fake doctor. At the same time Homeland Security movie extras pretending to be patients rushed in and Dr. Linkowski had to pretend to be treating them after she was done with me. A decent and beautiful white female nurse with dark hair, full of smile and radiating graciousness, came and drew my blood. She was evidently from the CIA and not from the DHS. Finally, the CIA found a chance to “clandestinely” take my blood sample after the DHS had done so the previous time.

While I was lying on bed the Department of Homeland Security struck again. They sent in a file of teenage girls (again, fat and from the minorities) pretending to be participating in an orientation around the hospital, with a hospital personnel pretending to be giving the tour. One of the few real nurses left in the hospital called me into the nursing station and closed the door for fear that I'd start identifying the fakes again. (That of course meant that the hospital personnel at St. Mary were already well aware of my problem – my “special talent” in identifying Homeland Security “secret agents”.) I watched these fakes in amazement: what kind of strange show were they trying to put on here? That blonde kid “doctor” was also in the nursing station folding bed blankets. I couldn't help but go up to the nurse and ask her, pointing to the “doctor”: “Is he really a doctor?” She and all the other real nurses left got so angry that they yelled at me: “Go back to your seat!” They were terrified that the Department of Homeland Security would be offended again – they themselves knew full well just how ridiculous these “fakes” were but were already annoyed enough by these “national security operations.”

That night I was transferred to a mental hospital. The two intelligence agencies used the laws on the book as cover: since the wound on my arm “looked” self-inflicted despite my denial – of course they would never pull out the surveillance videos showing me cutting myself as definitive proof – the legal mechanism was in place to put me in a mental hospital for 72 hours under “5150”. The first hospital was a run-down hospital. At that time I suspected it to be a DHS fake but later I realized it was actually a CIA fake. The clue came early on. When the nurse came to ask me about the person to make decisions in case I should fall paralyzed, I replied again the CIA. She thereupon gave me an extremely mean look, letting me know one should not throw out Agency's name like that. The second day the nurse requested that I turn in my wallet for her to keep. I went to my room, got all the credit cards and cash out of my wallet, hid them in my pocket, and gave her my wallet. An hour later while I was lying on the sofa she came and offered me a pill, saying it was one of the medications that I had been taking. But the pill looked nothing like it. I put it under my tongue and, after she left, I put a blanket over my head to feign sleeping and secretly spat out the pill, discovering that it was a fake, an empty capsule only.

In the afternoon I was transferred to College Hospital in Costa Mesa. The College Hospital was

again a CIA set-up. I had to wait all this time to get transferred here because that's how much time it took for the CIA to take over College Hospital, evacuate all the patients and doctors and nurses there, and send in their own agents to pretend to be nurses and doctors and patients. The CIA clandestine service again demonstrated that they were master of fakery, for the entire hospital looked flawlessly real. The most amazing part was the other mental patients they sent in: they looked and acted just like the mental patients you'd normally see in a mental asylum: disgruntled, irresponsible, childish, confused. It is of course possible that they were simply real patients that remained after the evacuation of the hospital personnel or were shipped in from elsewhere. (The amazing thing would then be their unquestioning of the sudden change of hospital personnel.) Flawless set up – save for a few white-trash bums that DHS sent in to act as patients, which then exposed the whole patient population as fakes.

Upon my arrival the CIA agents posing as nurses took me to a private room, stripped me down to my underwear, and took photos of every inch of my naked body. Having photos of every inch of the new recruit's body was probably part of the Agency's standard procedure. Then they took my blood sample again. I suddenly remembered that when in early September I went to Western Dental on Anaheim and Alamito in Long Beach to get my teeth cleaned as I did there every year, a different doctor – a middle-age black woman – whom I had never seen in all these years while there came in, not just to clean my teeth, but to take x-ray photos of all my teeth all over again. She then carefully examined my teeth once more. I realized that that was in fact a CIA doctor inserted into Western Dental for that one time to take the most up-to-date record of my teeth. You can now appreciate the meticulousness with which the Agency studied its recruits: by this time they had collected my dental records, several of my blood samples, and photos of my entire body. Everything else in this "fake hospital" ran as things usually do in a "real" mental hospital: in the morning and afternoon there were groups for exercise and drawing. The agent-nurses continued to feed me with the same fake medication. I have never figured out what that empty capsule was for. My best guess is that it was some sort of tracer: my hiding of cash and credit cards before turning in my wallet was most likely filmed from the ceiling by hidden cameras, and the Agency was afraid that I did that because I was planning on escaping.

In the second day a really nice and attractive older lady – of course a CIA officer posing as a nurse – showed up and I was assigned to her. I was extremely excited because I had an immediate liking of her. I nestled next to her on the floor as she sat on the chair asking another patient in front some basic questions. She was evidently moved by my expression of intimacy and her face flushed red. The election was on and we talked about that; then the topic wandered to the environment and the gas price. She remarked that although the gas price had been high, it went lowered lately. I then said that it was only a ploy to help the election, that after election the price would surely soar again. She acted impressed – although anyone with some awareness of current events could have come up with these answers – and remarked that I needed to keep my mind stimulated. Once again, the CIA officer treated me as if I were a boy genius, even though I was already 36 year-old. As she again started questioning the other patient, I got onto the table next to her and started drawing a quick portrait of her. I showed her the product. This time she was rightly impressed by it, took off her glasses, and struck a pose for me to do another more formal one. The likeness of the second, better done portrait only impressed her even more.

The Agency gave out the clearest clue that the hospital was its fake by continuously having its

agent-nurses there ask me if I needed medication for my “anxiety attack”. The Agency had been very concerned with this alleged problem of mine ever since I lied in UCLA library about having “anxiety attack” from time to time. They had Wendy call me on several occasions to tell me she had been continually troubled by “anxiety attacks” in order to probe my reaction. This time I finally made it clear to the nurse that I did not suffer from “anxiety attacks” at all.

In the last day the psychiatrist in charge of the place – a psychiatrist working for the Agency – wrote me a diagnosis of schizophrenia. Of course he knew I didn’t have schizophrenia and he knew I knew he knew I didn’t have schizophrenia. Even while the CIA was still considering recruiting me, it had already put in place this back-up plan: in case things should go bad and they would need to retreat, they had their doctor write me off as crazy so that subsequently no one would believe my story: pre-emptive strike.

I returned from the hospital to find that my roommate had disappeared. Up till the early part of November Lee, blind and often left alone in his room all day, did not know what was happening all around. Before this sometimes his best friend would come to visit him. In their frenzy of mobilizing every means possible to bombard me with surveillance, the Department of Homeland Security had also recruited this best friend of Lee’s to come to my place to snoop on me, going through my papers and my books. Thereupon I rejected his coming in the future. Now during my stay in the hospital the Department of Homeland Security had finally decided to get to Lee, to inform him on what a major national security threat I was, and probably to interrogate him about me. He got so scared that he left my apartment hurriedly with the help of his parents and was never seen again, leaving behind a ton of his belonging which I had to dispose of later. He had not even paid his rent for the month yet, and I had to get it from his social worker at WCIL later on. After he left I discovered in my apartment a soda bottle half-filled with what looked like grape juice, and when I dumped it in the sink I discovered that it was actually dish-washing detergent mixed with grape juice to make it look like soda-juice. Was that a DHS attempt to poison me? The lowliness and ruthlessness of the tactic was surely the signature of some of their agents who were ex-convicts. I wasn’t sure if the Agency knew about this and so I called up Wendy to tell her about the incident. “Oh” she responded. Since the police were probably also monitoring my calls, the purpose of the call was also to let everyone else know just how low the DHS had gotten.

Later in the afternoon that day I had an appointment with Deborah. But before going to Westwood I passed an hour or so in Cal State Long Beach. I didn’t even know if any of the “students” there that day were “real”. As I lay on the grass in the middle of the campus, several overweight Filipino and Hispanic girls, wearing their surveillance iPods to conduct surveillance for Homeland Security, came one after another and lay down around me, pretending to read their books while conducting surveillance on me with the hidden devices they carried. Can you imagine that enormous feeling of freakiness when every moment of your waking life you were being surrounded and watched by a dozen surveillance agents? I even started praying to the President to bail me out, hoping that, perhaps, my whisper, the movement of my lips, might be picked up by surveillance and read by the important people behind the scene.

When I saw Deborah I told her about this possible “assassination” attempt. I made a final plea to the President, telling Deborah that if the President saved my life, then by Chinese standard I

should be loyal to him unto death. The President valued loyalty the most in this world, both in himself and in others. I never found out how high this little speech of mine reached.

But when I walked out of Deborah's office I saw this woman sitting in the waiting room looking at me. She was white with short orange blond hair, thin and wearing expensive business suits and pants. She was so extremely beautiful and the ambiance about her was so classy that she could only be from the CIA – my jaw almost dropped to the ground because she didn't even look normal but "superhuman", and, given that, I figured I must be face to face with a high-ranking officer inside the clandestine service, not just with a "foot soldier" (i.e. field agent) that I had been meeting all the time. I said hello and she said hello. I then asked her if she was a doctor and she said no. I then said, so you came to see a doctor. "Yes." I wanted to stick around her but I was just too frightened and shy before this "super-woman", and so I left. I don't know why she suddenly decided to come look at me. Was she impressed by my avoidance of an assassination attempt? Did she only recently get briefed about my case and feel she had to come and take a look at the "legend" in person?

Friday I got onto the Blue Line and then the Green Line, seemingly going to the Aviation station to take the #6 bus as I always did. But instead I suddenly got off at the Hawthorne Station and went to the famous Jet Strip. I had never taken this route before and was trying to avoid the DHS bubble. Remember it was precisely at this intersection that I for once rode a "real bus". But the Department of Homeland Security had decided to avoid the mistake last time by simply mobilizing more agents to populate even those places that I usually wouldn't go. At the Jet Strip the customers were evacuated and replaced with a couple of red-neck DHS agents pretending to be customers. But thank God the strippers didn't seem replaced, for they were pretty as usual. When I came out of the strip club this Lennox/ Inglewood ghetto area, usually devoid of pedestrians, was filled that afternoon with DHS movie extras and surveillance agents pretending to be pedestrians. These DHS people were mostly blacks and Hispanics, and, just like before, some came in their entire family: husband, wife, and children. A limousine was again circling around the blocks and got so close to me at one point within inches so that the person inside – Mr. Homeland Security Secretary, who else? – could get a close look at me. He was planning a sting operation on me this day. He calculated that I might wander through nearby massage parlors afterwards as I had done before, and so all the parlors in the area were notified. Sensing this as I walked through the neighborhood, I just got onto the bus that went directly to Philharmonic. On the bus, a rather unattractive Hispanic girl in skimpy dress to look like a prostitute was sent in among the few fake passengers on the bus. Mr. Homeland Security wanted to bust me with prostitution that night but I didn't fall for it. Besides, the girl was really not all that appealing – again, the DHS' inattention to aesthetic. I was amazed by the vast amount of resources mobilized just to bust someone for this chicken-shit offense. Philharmonic remained unevacuated like the first time. After I enjoyed my pretty people-watching and left the place, another prostitute-looking girl – this time a blonde, but very vulgar-looking – was sent to walk around me. I just ignored all that and went home.

Saturday, three days after I got out of the hospital. As usual when I strode to Hot Java I would intentionally pass by Portfolio to see if Mark was there. Amazingly, this afternoon Mark was there chatting with another DHS agent. When he saw me staring at him from the outside, he came out of the coffeehouse to have a chat with me. I had been dreaming of this opportunity for

the longest time. But he was pretty upset. My behavior had been pretty crazy in the past weeks, wasn't it, he shouted. "Remember what the owner said? Behave well and on December 1st I'll see you here!" He yelled. He had finally confirmed that Kastin was indeed passing message to me for the CIA. He couldn't be more explicit than this. "Don't fuck up!" he warned, waving his index finger at me. I asked him why he couldn't come to Hot Java instead. He said the large screen TV hanging on the wall there bothered him. I pleaded that perhaps we could petition the manager to shut the TV off, that if the majority of customers wanted it off, the manager shouldn't have a problem with it. "I wish it would always be like that," he said. "But that's not how it works out in life." He was again telling me indirectly what was going on. Apparently most of the important people up there were in favor of CIA's recruitment of me, but Mr. Homeland Security Secretary, merely one person, managed to obstruct it. If the decision process were democratic, I would already have gone into the CIA or the CIA operation would be able to continue without interference from DHS. I left him feeling reassured; little did I know that this would be the last time I'd ever see him.

Meanwhile, now that my roommate was gone, the social worker at WCIL through whom I received him was instructed by the Department of Homeland Security to set me up with one of their temporary agents during a roommate-finding meeting over at the Center. That day when I arrived at the Center, I found the whole place evacuated of all its usual clients and re-filled with twenty something DHS agents pretending to be the clients of the place, and the social worker approached me to offer that DHS agent (a middle age black man) as my new roommate. The set-up was so obvious that I immediately refused the offer, knowing what a disaster living with a DHS agent would bring – he would perhaps put things in my food, even.

The night of my birthday (November 16) Wes called to wish me happy birthday. We then chatted during the next two hours on the phone. I mentioned to him a story I came across in Luke in the New Testament that made a deep impression on me: the allegory about how in a wedding one should always occupy the lowest seat so that one can only get honored by moving up to higher seats, but should never take the highest seat since one has then only the possibility of dishonor by moving down. The conversation, as usual, would find its way to the ear of Mr. Secretary and would not play well with him. To him I was using the story to symbolize the situation between me and him even though that wasn't my intention at all. And it would again greatly enrage him. The "Invisible Hand" became concerned over my unfettered mouth and decided to send me a warning. Three days later, I attended Sunday morning worship at the Orthodox Church as usual. By this time, Pamela had already withdrawn herself from me, and I was always left sitting alone during service. After the liturgy Father J stepped onto the podium and announced that he suddenly decided to put aside the original message he intended for this Sunday because something else had just come to his mind. He said that members of this church, as good Christians, were supposed to keep their mouth in check. He quoted James 3: "Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell." Afterwards I went to the CSULB library and read this New Testament chapter more carefully. I started quivering. I knew the CIA had instructed Father J to read and comment on this chapter this morning just for my sake. The CIA was scolding me. I had already created problems of such proportion with nothing else than my tongue. The immense maturity, wisdom, and faith of the

“Invisible Hand” behind the scene put me to great shame. But I still had so much to learn, and neither would this be the last time the Agency would send me messages using Biblical passages.

On November 17th I took a detour bus and went to a French restaurant in Manhattan Beach (not my usual stop) to celebrate my birthday with myself, but Mr. Homeland Security Secretary had evidently called up the owner and managed to have her greet in front of me their “agents” just coming in so as to fool me that they were real customers. I became so enraged as it appeared that I couldn’t get even one moment of respite without being bombarded with deception and acting. The DHS’ persistent addition of new tricks and provocations each day weren’t for me part of our bargain (“I’ll behave and you’ll leave in December”). When I arrived at downtown Long Beach I spat – unprovoked – at a DHS agent standing there. The DHS agent proudly indicated that I had reneged on the “promise”. I went into the supermarket and tried to provoke another DHS agent (a black man from the ghetto wearing a cellphone receiver on his ear) into beating me up. He was stopped by his companion but several police officers were called in by the manager of the store (who evidently had been made aware of my “trouble maker” status). The Long Beach police must have for some time now been caught between the CIA and the DHS. On the one hand, one male police officer angrily dragged me aside, detesting me for the “police car incident”. On the other hand, a female officer just ordered me to hand over an I.D. and then pulled all the officers away, letting me go. She evidently wanted to leave me intact to the CIA. This would be the first of the two times when I would obviously fail to “behave” as according to the deal made.

As explained, my disdain for DHS bum “agents”, contrasted with my liking of CIA agents, was interpreted by the Department of Homeland Security as a sign for racism, and although the original CIA staff in charge of my case might not care much about it, it became an issue of concern for those high up in the Agency or the President’s cabinet who were observing my case. One after another they butted in and instructed Wendy to test me on this. Wendy was frequently instructed to take me out toward the latter half of November, either alone or together with her boyfriend. In the car whenever she saw Hispanic pedestrians she would shout out “Go go you fuck’n Mexicans” with all kinds of racial slurs. I could just imagine either Alberto Gonzales or the Director of the National Clandestine Service Jose Rodriguez, taking note of my disdainful sarcasm about the degradation of “intelligence agency” to such point that it had to employ tons of Hispanic manual laborers to do spying and surveillance, instructing Wendy to shout racial slurs about “Mexicans” to see if I would concur. Of course I never fell for this sort of trap – and besides what I really despise was the DHS bum agents’ surveillance and disruption of CIA operations, not their national origin – and would either say nothing or retort in amazement: “Gee Wendy, since when did you learn all these racist attitudes?”

If you are a racist, that would not look good for the President. Although the President is definitely for the rich and couldn’t care less about the poor, he isn’t racist, as I said – and definitely not toward Hispanics, and for sure not toward the Jewish people. Knowing this, Mr. Secretary would try to frame me into, not just a racist, but a Nazi (hence anti-Semitic), in order for the President to decide unfavorably on CIA’s recruitment of me.

For example, when I searched for anything with Google or Ask around this time, among the top

ten links that the search engine returned would be links to white supremacist websites that the DHS control center had inserted into my search results, hoping I'd visit these and acquire a bad reputation before the President or those higher up in the intelligence community. I had already seen enough of this technique earlier when the DHS was trying to lure me to visit "terrorist" websites and so I never fell for it. Seeing that I enjoyed learning German and things German, however, Mr. Homeland Security Secretary would do better next time. Once when I clicked on Google videos to see what were available, it showed a German language video as the most visited video, the number one of Google top 100 videos. This was of course unprecedented. So I clicked on it and within 10 seconds I discovered that it was a German white supremacist video. I immediately realized that the DHS had inserted this video into my search results so as to lure me to look at it and thereby discredit me in front of the important people observing me. I clicked away as soon as I could, chill running up my spine: this was the only time I had fallen into Mr. Secretary's trap.

Another incidence for illustration. When November approached its end, I spent more and more time at home just watching DVDs, waiting for the arrival of December 1st. One night I went to the nearby Blockbuster to look for some German movies. Of course the store, like every other store in the neighborhood, was most likely taken over by the Department of Homeland Security, there being no customers in it except me and the employees being most likely DHS agents. I wanted to pick out "Downfall" ("Untergang", that movie on the last day of Hitler) along with a few other German DVDs I found, but couldn't find it. I asked the "employees" about it and they said they didn't have that one on stock because there was no demand. The next day when I went there again to return the DVDs, however, several copies of "Downfall" suddenly appeared on the shelf. I knew immediately that the DHS people, hearing the previous night that I wanted to see this movie, shipped a whole bunch of its copies to the store as fast as they could, hoping that I would rent it so that the important people observing this would get the impression that I was into Nazism. But I rent it anyway, along with another German video about some run-away teenage girls.

And so you can see how my profile went all over the place for the Department of Homeland Security: from terrorism through prostitution to white supremacism – and yet I was an Asian guy born in Taiwan!

Then there was the story of Jennifer Day. I went back to the Century strip club a week or so after her first appearance there to test out my suspicion. She, as expected, came to ask me for a lap dance, and I agreed. At the time the club was evacuated of all real customers and only DHS agents were there pretending to be customers, although the strippers were real and original. Before the lap dance began, while she was putting her club card into the booth machine on her bare feet, she tried hard walking and standing on tip toe. She had evidently looked at my websites hosting my paintings and drawings where I always portrayed my beautiful Greek goddesses walking and standing on tip toe, and now she thought that she'd do her best to imitate my goddesses in order to attract me. What it did of course was to give away the fact that she had already studied me at the Agency.

I mentioned to her that I "didn't like the other customers". This was a hint that I knew where she's from – I always only liked the one CIA agent amidst the sea of grotesque DHS agents. I

wasn't sure if she caught the hint. After the lap dance she said she was both going to UCLA studying psychology and trying to make it into the entertainment industry. She then produced from her purse a card advertising a free concert in Studio City where she'd be performing and invited me to come. In all these years of frequenting strip clubs I had never heard of a stripper inviting a first-time customer to her private performance – which simply confirmed to me without lingering doubts that she was from the Agency trying to set me up for something. Only that I wasn't sure of the purpose of the set-up: was she the “girlfriend” the Agency wanted to set me up with after its recall of Debbie? Was the recruitment business still on?

On November 20th I happily went to Jennifer's concert, full of curiosity as to what the Agency was up to this time. The concert took place at Cap Theatre at 11316 Ventura Blvd in Studio City, 91604. When I got there I found that the dozen or so audience and employees were all DHS “secret agents” doing the pretending – again all blacks – and that only the singers themselves – Jennifer and her girlfriend, a high-class Asian woman – were pretenders from the CIA. It was a fake concert that the CIA clandestine service set up to show the Department of Homeland Security how it was done. Again, the context that the Department of Homeland Security had created made it almost impossible not to notice a fake event when it came up. Since I had been sealed in a surveillance bubble every single moment after I walked out my door, if I walked into a place and surveillance just stopped – with no surveillance agents wearing their surveillance gadgets around or inside – then the place was guaranteed to be a fake. You won't even have to look for flaws. Why would the DHS leave me alone even for a moment without bombarding me with surveillance and fakes? Why would they let me walk into a real concert without surveillance? (The two times at Philharmonic were miraculous exceptions.)

The CIA organized the concert super-well, paying meticulous attention to its every detail: the sounds, the lighting, the stage... Jennifer sang poorly, but that was part of her fake identity. When she sang, images of her sexy posing flashed on the screen behind her to create the mood that fit her “legend”: a smart college girl determined to use her look – not voice, really – to make it into the entertainment industry. Inside the Agency's clandestine service, there was a whole media team made up of former experts from the film industry who designed all the operational staging of fake events such as this one wherein their agents played out their roles, and of course also of expert web designers who manufactured fake web pages advertising the fake events or telling the fake past of those non-existent persons whom their agents posed themselves as. Mr. Secretary and his people were busy learning all this. Instead of a concert to set me up with their beautiful agent, then, the CIA in fact was again training those in the DHS in the art of fakery: this was simply another DHS attempt to practice clandestine operation on me, I being the clandestine operation standard.

The aggression that Mr. Secretary had unleashed against the CIA went beyond obliging its elite clandestine unit to run joint operation with his bum agents in order to train these poor minorities he recruited from the ghetto, but, by the end of the month, his department had taken over all of the Agency's assets in Westwood. The Best Buy, Expo Design Center, Washington Mutual – all of the CIA agents that had earlier been inserted in these places had been withdrawn, and many of the staff at these places were now replaced by DHS ghetto bum agents doing the pretending. It was quite bizarre because these ghetto people would by themselves never get hired in any of these places, and yet, after joining the Department of Homeland Security as their last resort, they

could actually “pretend to work” in these places by virtue of the Homeland Security Act or something like that which enabled the federal government to take over private institutions in an “emergency” situation. At Borders Bookstore on Westwood I actually witnessed one DHS agent pleading the customer to find someone else to help him because he didn’t know what to do. “It was my first day,” he said. Just like DHS’ take-over of Long Beach neighborhoods, their take-over of Westwood Village put enormous psychological pressure on me, not only because, for example, I couldn’t just go to a key-store and get a new lock for my apartment door so that Homeland Security agents couldn’t search my place any more – the store wouldn’t be real! – but also because CIA’s beautiful paradise was now replaced by a most ugly and – more importantly – hostile environment.

What had also been making me uncomfortable was the fact that the Department of Homeland Security took great interest in my dietary habits. Their surveillance agents at Portfolio earlier constantly asked me what brand of juice I was drinking or what brand of cigarettes I smoked, etc. I suspected that the restaurants I dined at all had to report to DHS what food I just ordered. Why would they want all this information in their dossier on me unless they were planning to poison me?

But the event which had exacerbated me the most in this long month of November is my discovery in the last day of the month that the entire web domain on which my website was hosted was moved from its original server in Britain to one server in California that was registered under an Asian guy. A search on the internet for his name revealed that the guy was a notorious spammer. Apparently the man was recently convicted and came into the employment of the Department of Homeland Security -- too typical of this monstrous agency to employ all the ex-cons available -- and now *he* had control of my precious website on which I had saved years of academic hard work. The thought that the Department of Homeland Security needed to own my entire life produced an unbearable sense of oppression. I got so angry and started throwing pots and pans onto the ceiling, knowing full well that this was the last day I was supposed to “behave” – and the second time I misbehaved. The “bubble” was complete. I now lived entirely inside the artificial world of DHS.

Montreal and Taipei

December finally arrived. I woke up that morning and, full of anxiety, walked to Portfolio to see Kastin. But she was not there and the other employees told me to come back the next day. I walked to the Hot Java in a depressed mood, and, when I got there, I could no longer help but burst into tears. The promise was a lie. Mr. Secretary was not going to let the CIA recruit me despite the agreement reached. Some of the DHS extras there turned to look at me with curiosity. I contemplated a bit and decided to go to the Taiwanese government office.

While I rode the bus going to downtown Long Beach, in the middle of the way the mysterious CIA officer with glasses got on the bus as well and sat down on the seats across from me. We had a brief exchange of polite talk and he seemed to be the Agency’s way of comforting me: “Don’t despair. We know the time is up and yet Mr. Homeland Security Secretary won’t let you go. But we are working on this. Be patient!” But I was not a patient person. I didn’t get off the bus together with the CIA officer when he got off near downtown Long Beach, but was

determined to go to the Taiwanese government office.

There I was given the slightly comforting news by the Taiwanese official that, despite my American citizenship, I had always remained a Taiwanese citizen. There was room for me outside the bubble after all, I thought.

Then I took the #2 Sunset bus to West Hollywood and stopped by a Subway for dinner. I ordered a tuna sandwich and the Hispanic guy working at the counter said with a grim, “You don’t eat cheese, right?” Evidently he – like the other employees at other places – was already notified about me and about my dietary habits. (Incidents like this would happen numerous times in the future.) Now he put on the hostile attitude that he was the patriotic soul guarding the nation and its people against me the “bad guy”. Again this made me so angry because, in reality, he was doing no more than corrupting a CIA operation – where’s the patriotism in that? Since the promise was unfulfilled, I started again insulting the other Hispanic surveillance agents on the street who were pretending to hold up advertisement signs by taking pictures of them with my cellphone. I then got onto the bus again amidst all the hostile-looking fake passengers, mostly Hispanic and Filipinos.

My last stop of the night was the Philharmonic, but this third time the DHS finally did decide to evacuate the place and fill it up with fake audience. They evidently had noted that the audience there were usually classy or upper class whites, so again they requested CIA to send in its mature white female agents to supplement the DHS pretending. But you can still notice immediately that DHS had taken over the place because, just like every other time, the people were uglier, fatter, and dumber-looking than usual and the ambiance had suffered such degradation. There were only a few decent-looking CIA agents to lighten up the place. The DHS tried so hard that night that they even evacuated the two restaurants nearby and replaced the original eaters there with movie-extras temporarily hired to play fakes. Again all the “customers” in the restaurant suddenly looked much fatter than usual. I bought dinner and, after much searching, decided to sit down with a middle-age Brazilian woman having her dinner and a glass of wine. She was the most decent-looking person there that night. She welcomed me and we were soon joined by a tall white woman with black hair whom she introduced as her “daughter”. She took her “daughter” aside for a private “briefing” and then came back and introduced her “daughter” as having just had a baby. This “daughter” made a great impression on me because she looked so much like Jennifer Day, especially in the way her lips moved. Months later I would test Jennifer on this, but I was pretty sure that this “daughter” was in fact Jennifer’s sister and just like her sister she was a CIA agent called to participate in this ridiculous DHS exercise. She was my rescuer that day: as I told her that Cal State Long Beach was regularly evacuated of “real” people and refilled with “fake” people whenever I’d go there, she asked, with the most comical grim, “So where did the ‘real’ people go?” “You have to ask the Department of Homeland Security about that, for I really don’t know,” I said, waving my hand. Both the “mother” and the “daughter” burst into laughter, and the “daughter” said, “I think you might be right.” How refreshing it was to finally get a confirmation of the obvious.

Becoming so concerned with possible poisoning and desiring to get out of this painful surveillance bubble of bums and gang-bangers and druggies, I started calculating when I got home. The CIA was not coming back; the Agency, or that elite clandestine unit therein, simply

had too little power to decide for itself. Given that, why should I, I thought, let myself be stuck in this ghetto? I should leave town. I first planned to go to Albany NY to see my friend and then to go up to Montreal unexpectedly and unannounced. I called up Wes but, unaware of my true intention of using Albany as simply a springboard to make a surprise journey to Montreal, he refused my coming over, saying he was too busy. I bought the tickets nonetheless. On Saturday I still remembered that I had books to return. When I went to the CSULB library to return the books I had checked out, I saw Nikki standing in front of the library waiting for it to be open. She produced a bright smile for me, as if to comfort me again. Perhaps the Agency thought that Nikki would be enough to keep me happy for that afternoon, but I no longer had any faith in this “most elite intelligence agency in the world”, after witnessing its weakness before Mr. Homeland Security Secretary. I ignored Nikki and ran off home to get ready for my trip.

The surprising thing was that that afternoon Rod suddenly called and asked me to meet him at Hot Java. I hadn't seen him for a while. This wasn't normal and I didn't know what was up. When I met Rod I told him that I started acting out because I had found out that my website had been taken over by some notorious cyber criminal. He tried to get me to reverse my earlier comments about how life was considerably better under Clinton and had considerably worsened under Bush, but I in my misery just wouldn't budge. What's worse, I also refused to take back my comment that it was indecent for the ex-convicts and the poorest of the poor to suddenly get on top of the ordinary population, conduct surveillance on them, and decide what they could and couldn't do. I knew Rod wanted to escort me into the Agency and so was trying his best to get me to rectify those comments of mine that had offended some of the important people, so that they would allow me in. But I just wasn't cooperating. Finally, when we sat down together in the restaurant across the street to have dinner, he asked if I still thought “people were following me”. I refused to budge even on this one, and just said “It's always possible that one is being investigated by the government.” I had clearly reneged on my earlier “promise” that I would stop noticing DHS operations if I could get my “friend” back. Again, from my perspective, the DHS was doing so much more than what was meant in the “trade”, so that the promise never stood. What had happened that day was clearly that those sponsoring me in the Agency – the Invisible Hand et al – had persuaded those on top to test me one last time, but I had now evidently failed the test. However, Rod told me as we were about to part that he would see me the next day. As he got on his bicycle he stuck earphones in his ears – the first time I saw him doing that. I became extremely saddened because I knew that it was the DHS which told him to do that in order to fool me further that there was nothing extraordinary about the earphones – everyone wore it, even your CIA agent! Your dear CIA had by now lost all autonomy and had had to do everything the DHS told them to do. What a sad world.

On Sunday my mother came to meet me. So far she seemed untouched by either the CIA or Homeland Security, but when I got into her car I immediately became alarmed as I saw that she suddenly had the same GPS guidance screen installed on her front windshield that my cousin always had in her car. For sure that's how the Agency kept track of their operatives – and who knows what surveillance devices were hidden behind the screen. After we finished eating at a restaurant in Palos Verdes, I pulled her aside to a remote corner in the parking lot where there was no one around. I told her that “the government was trying to kill me.” She just had on this stony expression, neither shocked nor disbelieving. When I came back home I called Rod. Suddenly, he said, he wasn't going to meet me. Apparently my private conversation with my

mother had gone into the ears of the important people and tremendously disappointed them. The testing was off. They could have heard it through my mother's cellphone – which could be remotely turned on to record your conversation. But most likely she was simply wiretapped, which meant that, finally, even she was used by the important people for operation on me.

On Monday morning, I arrived at LAX to find that the airport was evacuated. Just as I was about to check in, I ditched the plan and took a shuttle down to my parents' (my father and my stepmother's) sandwich shop in Irvine to pick up my old Taiwanese passport. Both the shuttle driver and the other passenger – a middle-age woman – of course were in fact working for DHS and that woman got off at a certain Art Institute in Santa Ana where I, nervous about ridding alone in this shuttle van taken over by the DHS, decided to get off too. But where was this strange school? I went inside and the receptionist politely furnished me the business card for the institute. But the place was strange. I tried to call up a taxi from there but the taxi company could not find any listing for the place. It immediately struck me that this place might be a CIA front since the CIA fake places always had this common trait that they would not be listed in any public registries or located by postal workers. I went inside again to look around and all the illustration samples were of first rate quality and the set up was as real as it could be: a typical CIA fake. But the "students" walking around looked like your typical surveillance agents – gang-bangers from mostly poor minorities, whom you just never see in expensive institutions of higher education. That's when I realized that this was a DHS fake and another one of the tactics it had learned from the CIA: to use fake institutions as front. Deep inside this Art Institute was actually their operation center. In fact this place was most likely another CIA asset taken over by Mr. Secretary. As I left I could see a swarm of surveillance agents wearing their typical iPods and sun glasses coming out to watch me leave.

When I got to my parents' place and took over my ancient Taiwanese passport from them I discovered that it was already vandalized by the Department of Homeland Security: my picture on it was torn off and birthday changed. You might think that the DHS had searched my parents' home and retrieved the passport before my stepmother took it out of the safe in the house again where she kept it, but my later conversation with her would reveal that what had really happened was that Homeland Security agents had simply asked my parents to hand over the passport, vandalized it, and then asked them to hand it to me. They of course had my parents sign a National Security Letter or something like that to make it a criminal offense for them to ever reveal this to me. The day after I bought a ticket for the next-day flight from Los Angeles to Montreal. When I arrived at the LAX airport – that was December 8 or so – the place seemed again evacuated, empty with only a few people who looked like surveillance agents. On the plane I wondered if the passengers around me were real or fake. At the airport in Montreal, Mr. Secretary was determined to repeat exactly what the CIA did to me last time: I arrived at the airport shuttle stop with no one around except me, and when the shuttle bus came, there was only another passenger on it with me, a Quebecer girl wearing that typical surveillance iPod. My heart sank, knowing that Mr. Secretary would not give me a break in this beautiful foreign city: unpleasantness was waiting for me ahead. When I got to Montreal, lo and behold, the entire downtown seemed blocked off and evacuated. St. Catherine, normally filled with people even late into the night, had but a few pedestrians. I was pretty sure that for three days the coffeehouse at St. Laurent was evacuated and re-filled with their locally recruited surveillance agents, with ear phones and surveillance laptops, pretending to be studying and waiting for me to come in.

During my first night the Grande Bibliothèque at Berri-UQAM was after my brief entry suddenly evacuated and refilled with fake patrons: the first time I went in I saw a full-house just as it had always been, but when I returned there an hour later the place was suddenly eerily empty with only a dozen patrons – all strange new faces. The metro system seemed entirely evacuated and filled with fake passengers going back and forth waiting for me to get on. Again the “Homeland Security fake” had this frightening aura of eeriness to it which immediately gave it away. I was so scared by the fake passengers filling up the metro system that I asked the two police officers present to escort me on the metro. The two officers started making jokes on me, “Why? Do you think people are following you? Hahaha...” They had obviously been informed about me and were ticked off by the comical situation of this massive “fake downtown” all in order to fool one pathetically looking kid. On the train I tried to strike up some conversation with the officers but they had difficulty in restraining themselves from bursting into laughter. When we got off at Berri-UQAM one of them jokingly tried to set me up with a prostitute-looking girl lingering around in the station, having obviously been informed by DHS about my liking of Marie. “This top-priority national security threat likes prostitutes! Hahaha!”

Evidently Mr. Secretary attempted to demonstrate that he could surpass the clandestine operation masters themselves in the CIA by applying the technique of fakery to such a large scale and creating an entire fake city. He was unaware of the difficulties: he had barely mastered the subtleties involved in even creating a small fake store by evacuating its employees and customers and replacing them with secret agents, and now he wanted to try an entire city block. I was so overtaken by anxiety as I saw the government willing to mobilize on such a massive scale all just for me, a single insignificant person. After spending a frightful night in a hotel at Berri whose owner I used to know, the next day I went outside of downtown to Verdun to have my brunch. I was frightened of staying in downtown. After half an hour surveillance agents began appearing there; if I went into a shop to buy cigarettes a surveillance agent would soon follow in to take note of what I was buying. Their close attention to my dietary habits freaked me out. I wandered into a catholic sermon in the Verdun neighborhood and the priest almost peed his pants when he saw me. Many of the population were already told to watch out for me – and foremost those in the churches, given my regular church attendance back in California. I returned to the University of Quebec at Montreal and the underground campus was filled with students and surveillance agents wearing iPods. iPod, remember, had been a virtually non-existent entity in Montreal before this, and it would be in everyone’s hand the two times I visited the city after this (in January and August 2007). The library of UQAM was evacuated with few people in it. Under such frightening atmosphere I anxiously searched through the directories of government offices and institutions in the reference section on the second floor. Only librarians were there in this empty library, and one of them came out of her office to greet me and asked me incessantly what I was looking for, obviously told by the Department of Homeland Security beforehand to find out whatever I was up to. I was so terrified that Mr. Secretary would utilize such maximal force as to put Canada in a state of emergency over this chicken shit matter. I felt the whole world closing in on me. Thereupon I went to the Berri-UQAM station and bought a bus ticket to Ottawa. The bus was to depart immediately; it was meant as a surprise strike, giving the DHS no advanced warning. I was also counting on the fact that Mr. Secretary couldn’t possibly evacuate the Canadian capital just for this. Furthermore, the more important people in the Canadian government were awakened by this affair, the better: let everyone see what Mr. Secretary would do merely to avenge himself.

The bus station at Berri-UQAM seemed evacuated, and on my bus I seemed to be the only real passenger while everyone else seemed to be movie extras pretending to be bus-riders. Everyone had either earphones on or laptops open or both – a scene never seen in Montreal before. I got to Ottawa, and as soon as I got onto the bus there, I could see that it was filled with surveillance agents wearing their ear phones. All the bus drivers in the city were required to wear surveillance sunglasses with microscopic cameras embedded therein or earphones or both and were obviously informed about me, constantly asking me where I was going. I got off at the downtown area and saw that, although the street was filled with surveillance agents, the city did not seem evacuated. I wondered around in taxis and all the taxi-drivers were also told to inform on me about where I was going. I was frightened to the extreme, feeling like the most wanted fugitive in the world – except I would never be arrested. In Ottawa I bought a ticket to Taiwan from a travel agency named Handa, and on the next day, a Friday, I took the bus again to return to Montreal where my flight would depart on the following Monday. On the way back so many Homeland Security movie extras filled up the bus that the bus company had to send in another one to pick up the rest of us.

I wanted to return to Montreal on Friday night because Marie would be working that night. Near Berri-UQAM I checked into the same hotel again and then took the metro to Concordia where Octopussy was located. The glass-window study lounge of Concordia University next to the metro station Guy-Concordia was normally pretty empty at Friday night, but on that night it was jam-packed with DHS surveillance agents and movie extras all wearing their headphones and having their laptops open pretending to be students studying. It is difficult to describe in words the frightening eeriness of the scene.

When I climbed upstairs to Octopussy, however, I found a paradise waiting for me. The place seemed untouched by Homeland Security. Instead, the place had clearly been touched by the CIA. Nancy and Coree both greeted me like a super VIP and with the brightest smile ever shown on their face, whereas, before, at least Nancy would always give me a dirty look whenever I walked in because she perceived me to be a troublesome customer to the establishment. Genuine happiness showed through their face as the most indicative sign that they had been touched by the CIA. They went into the dressing room to tell Marie to hurry up in preparing herself for me, against all their past convention. When Marie finally appeared from the dressing room after twenty minutes, she was loaded with make-up and exhibited the same genuine happiness and carried the same bright smile, indulging me with the VIP treatment while genuinely feeling honored as if the Prime Minister of Canada himself had come to pay her a visit. The contrast with her comportment toward me in the past couldn't have been greater. It was only now that I finally found out what the Agency had prepared in Montreal for me to fetch – they had recruited the crew of my most frequented place in Montreal to help stage scenarios for the sake of my re-education. Save that I arrived a bit too late: now Mr. Secretary had ruined it all, the crew were in place, but no test or re-education was proposed for this night.

After we booked our room Marie was so happy beyond herself that she even forgot to charge me for the session – which usually was always the most important business in a sex-worker's mind before she would deliver any service whatsoever. All I did that night was to nestle in her lap trying to explain to her in broken French that the only reason why the city was in a covert state of

emergency – being evacuated and all – was that I had personally offended the third most powerful person in the United States – that I was not a bad person, certainly not a terrorist. I explained that the FBI only started my investigation out of error – “Why? Because they thought you were a terrorist?” Marie frowned. This was the only moment that night she showed any sign of displeasure: for the rest of the time she just caressed me all over gently and with bright smile while I enjoyed a moment of comfort in her lap. That was by far the greatest session we had ever spent together.

When we came out of our private room, amazingly, someone she never met before had been waiting in the lounge for her service for a whole hour, a fat middle-age Anglophone white male. I can only surmise that the Department of Homeland Security had sent him to check her out for themselves. I had brought quite a lot of business to her.

I walked out of the place significantly more relaxed and slowly strode back to my hotel along St. Catherine. The street, ordinarily filled with people on a Friday night, had but a few pedestrians here and there. Then I saw a limousine driving by me. Mr. Secretary was there, I could feel it. Of course Octopussy had been bugged inside out and my moment with Marie was being observed not just by him, but by the CIA and possibly many others in the Canadian intelligence community.

The next day, Saturday morning, fear and anxiety over the massive evacuation and surveillance returned and paralyzed me again. At a loss about what to do, I finally figured that I should go find Gaurav. I went directly to his apartment building in the outskirts of Montreal. When I knocked on his door, he refused to see me. “I have no where to go, please,” and I knelt by his door. I was so desperate for some comforting company. Thereupon he agreed to meet me at Café Supreme two hours from now.

I waited patiently for him at the coffeehouse, which, of course, was packed with locals temporarily hired to do surveillance, wearing earphones and having a laptop open, with no real customers in the place. Gaurav finally came in, now seemingly in a better mood. As soon as he sat down, he looked around with amazement: “Where do all the people come from? The place suddenly has a lot more people than usual.” I reminded him: “And they all have earphones in their ears.” This pretty much dispelled for Mr. Homeland Security Secretary all myth that I was some kind of super genius, as his fakes were so badly done that anyone with a functioning brain could notice something was wrong. He and his associates never paid attention to what an environment was always like but just came in and substituted for it their version of what the environment should be like, while expecting those who had been in it for years to not notice the sudden change. I then started talking about my problem, but Gaurav had obviously already been briefed by the FBI or whoever and, this time, his job as an informant made it convenient for him to serve as a mediator between me and Mr. Homeland Security Secretary. He guided me to apologize to Mr. Secretary, and I did. He then assured me, “it’s gonna be okay now. I’m sure the important people would rather quit this business with you and attend to their more important things.” The assurance was so comforting, but would it really be that easy? Just at that moment, a limousine drove slowly past the coffeehouse. That had to be the first time ever a limousine showed up on the narrow street of St. Laurent. “He’s behind you,” I pointed out the limousine to Gaurav. He turned around and was amazed, just like me, that The Secretary of DHS would

always ride around most conspicuously in a limousine to direct a “clandestine operation”. Gaurav was also instructed to find out my purpose in going to Taiwan; instead of playing games, I just told him the truth, that, since the Taiwanese government officer in Los Angeles told me I was still a Taiwanese citizen, I wanted to go to Taiwan to find my citizenship papers. What a simple-minded goal. He tried to further mediate the situation by hinting at the fact that everyone had his own niche – that is, a person such as Mr. Homeland Security Secretary who was a trained lawyer perhaps shouldn’t burden himself with the impossible goal of topping the CIA in doing clandestine operations. During the latter part of our conversation, Angelo came in to join us. Even he had been briefed by the DHS or the Canadian agencies to pitch in. There was no longer anyone left in my life who hadn’t been touched by one intelligence agency or another. The three of us made arrangement to meet again the next day. Finally, as he saw me off to metro, Gaurav coaxed out some politically favorable statement from me – then and there I knew he was also testing me for the CIA and therefore had to know also about CIA’s recruitment of me.

When I got off the metro near McGill, the strangest thing happened. A Canadian white girl in her late 20s appeared next to me, smiled at me, and then walked along with me till we almost reached Sherbrook. Thereupon she entered into a “People’s Church” and turned around and asked me if I too wanted to come in. I was bedazzled by the miracle. I had been suffering from such anxiety as I saw the entire downtown evacuated for my sake and everyone being contemptuous of me as public enemy number one, and yet this beautiful girl – her pleasant and friendly aura clearly indicating she was not from the DHS – appeared to comfort me. I followed her in and had one of the greatest nights in my life. It was a pre-Christmas Christian fellowship by mostly young “college students” of diverse racial backgrounds. We had dinner together, prayed, and exchanged gifts. Everyone was so nice to me, without the eeriness of DHS fake people or the hostility of their surveillance agents. After the service I chatted with the girl that brought me in and with another girl, mostly about Canadian history. Now since most of the downtown was evacuated and a large segment of the population, civil services, and churches were notified about me, why would a church fellowship be allowed to gather in the middle of downtown and furthermore invite me in with such friendliness and generosity? Clearly all this had to be fake. I had by now become quite familiar with the respective ambiances of CIA and DHS fakes. A CIA fake place was always flawless and felt like a paradise, characterized by friendliness, beauty, and comfort – better than “real” reality – while the DHS fake was always characterized by either eeriness or vulgarity, hostility, and unreality – much worse than “real” reality. This fellowship was clearly either entirely a CIA fake or a CIA-CSIS joint operation. The “Invisible Hand” must have been watching all this DHS mumble-jumble engulfing downtown Montreal and gone to set up several small fake places therein, around stations I got off most frequently, in the hope of catching me in one of them. The purpose of the operation would then be either to comfort me – because he and other sponsors in the Agency did feel sorry for me – or to demonstrate to Mr. Secretary that only the Agency knew how to properly create a fake – real and comfortable enough that the target wouldn’t break down by being in it. You see, clandestine operation is an art; the fakes you have created always reflect your character in some way. A neocon like the Secretary of DHS knew only aggression, domination, and force and more force and dismissed the old-fashioned “strategy”, game-playing, and relationship-maneuvering of which the CIA is master. His “fake reality” was consequently always scary and most uncomfortable to be in.

After I walked out of “People’s Church”, happy for a moment, I passed by a nearby church on St. Catherine. Loud jazz music blasted off from within. Was there another “fake” service going on? I walked in curious as ever, but the Quebecer security personnel in black suit and the black woman receptionist promptly threw me out, saying in a bad attitude, “It’s a private concert.” Of course there could not be any “private concert” going on in a church when the whole downtown had been blocked off – with road signs saying “travaux” or “filming in progress” to keep the residents in the dark – for a massive “clandestine operation”. What happened here was in fact just like what happened at “Santa Ana Art Institute”: the Department of Homeland Security put up a fake concert as front wherein their temporary operational center was actually located. Also I must tell you that, the next night (Sunday), when I strode past the park on Peel south of St. Catherine, in front of the huge hotel that sat right across from CSIS’ Montreal office, I saw a huge number of white and black limousines that usually were never there. Given the state of emergency the city was under and that no other “important” activities were clearly allowed, I think you can be confident that this was where the Secretary of DHS rested his feet while here.

The next day my anxiety over the “fake city” returned and I arrived at the coffeehouse around noon about to break down. My fear about possible poisoning had actually caused psychosomatic pain in my stomach. The coffeehouse was suddenly much emptier than usual – with only four people in it. Mr. Secretary learned from Gaurav’s feedback the previous day that he had over-packed the place, so this time he went the other extreme and sent in too few people. He just never knew how to get it right. Psychosomatic discomfort and the anguish that resulted from over a month of ugly and eerie DHS fake reality had drained me to such a point that I fell to the floor in the coffeehouse. The few young Anglophone Canadian girls that were faking customers for the DHS came and offered me water. Just at this time Angelo came in and joked: “Are you all watching him? You are all watching him?” His humor and honesty in confirming the obvious brought me such relief, and pretty soon Gaurav showed up too. This time, the task of these old friends of mine had changed, however. Mr. Secretary was quite dissatisfied with Gaurav’s mediation the day before; he wanted to be the clandestine operation master whose operations, whose fakes, couldn’t be noticed at all. Both Gaurav and Angelo, having to cooperate with the Department of Homeland Security, tried to extract feedback from me about the flaws in the “fake city” – but I wouldn’t give it out – and then just coaxed me to ignore what was happening, for the secretary of DHS was simply upset about his inability to fool me and his only way to get out of the hole he had dug for himself was for me to not notice his fakes. Gaurav comforted me the whole day. I went back to my hotel to get ready for the flight the next morning.

In the morning when I got to the airport of Montreal, it was almost empty. I guessed it was evacuated as usual. The flight had to transfer at Toronto and then Hong Kong, and both airports, though not evacuated, were under a state of emergency, soldiers carrying machine guns patrolling around me. I have to assume that Mr. Secretary had notified the Chinese authority in Hong Kong about this “major threat” that I was. His real purpose however would be some other: to leak my identity to the Chinese beforehand so that I would be unusable to the Agency, thus destroying the recruitment.

What is noteworthy about the DHS operation at Montreal is that they seem to have had better luck in recruiting. Most of the surveillance movie extras were local ordinary Quebecers, not the downtrodden and poor immigrants and ex-criminals and retired old people as it was in Los

Angeles. At Toronto, where I had an afternoon to go out of the airport, however, the surveillance agents reverted back to being poor “colored” people, indicating that this city was like Los Angeles in having a much greater divide in wealth.

In Taiwan I had a break. The airport was completely evacuated when I got off the plane; the people getting off my plane – whether real or fake flyers – were the only people walking around in this completely emptied airport. I was truly amazed: I had already caused three airports in a row to be evacuated. Other than the President, who else in the world could have so caused? But Taipei was not evacuated, it couldn’t be given the enormous density of the population and traffic. But the whole city was of course filled with surveillance agents wearing their earphones, in the metro especially. Not a few of them were not of Asian stock: whites and blacks. The metro system was obviously evacuated on the first day. All the civil servants were already notified about me. Again, I was constantly asked where I wanted to go by every public service employee I ran into. I was also followed in the old fashion way by Taiwanese agents. My primary goal here was to recover my citizenship papers, so I needed to go to the government household registry office as soon as I could. Yet, wandering around in the Taipei Train Station, I had no idea which office to go to and how. I had to ask the police officers stationed in the train station. One of the officers kindly directed me on the map, although he had to restrain himself several times from bursting into laughter. He, like the police officer in Montreal, was struck by the funniness of a nation being under a state of emergency and airport and metro having to be evacuated because of a childish nerd. When I arrived at my district’s household registry office, however, a surveillance agent was there waiting for me and conspicuously working on his surveillance laptop right there on the information counter – have you ever seen anything like that? – and the civil servants had already been instructed by the Department of Homeland Security to obstruct my process. The Taiwanese lady working there approached me with an evil smile and would not let me retrieve my record. “You used American passport to get in, so that means you are a foreigner here!” she told me. I had not introduced myself at all, and yet she just gave away the fact that the whole office had already been instructed to obstruct me by confessing to know that I had entered the country with an American passport. I then said that I wanted to go to Foreign Ministry to fix my passport problem. “There’s no use! The laws are very clear on this!” the lady shouted. “You all know about my affairs,” I said to her. Another lady approached and both of them burst into a evil laughter: “What affairs?” I was thus sent away with nothing and extremely depressed about the fact that Mr. Secretary out of personal vengeance had mobilized half of the planet against me to leave me no room on earth. I lay on the bench in a park nearby, watching the Taipei 101 Tower standing into the sky.

The next day as I tried again, however, my process was facilitated. The whole “reality-altering” had this smoothness that smacked of CIA clandestine operations: I called up a taxi and told the driver that I needed to get to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at such and such location as the Taipei Station police had instructed me. But the taxi driver courteously and helpfully told me that the passport bureau of the Ministry was at another location and promptly drove me there. When I arrived a lady was standing in front of the Ministry passing me a flyer advertising a discount plane ticket between Taipei and Los Angeles available at a nearby travel agency. When I stepped inside the Ministry a most beautiful and courteous Taiwanese lady was at the information booth and she patiently examined my vandalized old Taiwanese passport and wrote a note for me to take back to the district household registry office so that I may obtain the registry records needed

to re-apply for a new Taiwanese passport. I told her my worry that, just the day before, that district household registry office was instructed to obstruct my process; she said, well, this time you just have to trust that things would go well. So I took the metro to go back to the district household registry office and as soon as I stepped in, some lady officer there came to me and handed me a ticket number, and within one second the number of that ticket was called at station so and so. I sat down at the station and it was another super-courteous lady working there. I handed her the note from the Foreign Ministry and she immediately started searching through her computer – before I had the chance to say anything – and found my records. I looked around and saw the two ladies with evil-smiles who obstructed my process the day before keeping their head down and utterly embarrassed to make eye-contacts with me. The high-ranking Taiwanese intelligence official who had been cooperating with the CIA in my recruitment operations was probably incensed by the mess that the Department of Homeland Security had turned the country into. “Are we not a sovereign nation? Have we not our own laws?” Thus had he probably struck down on the people in the household registry office. After obtaining my papers I went back to the Foreign Ministry to ask that kind and beautiful young lady at the information desk what to do next. She instructed me to go back to the oversea Taiwanese government office in California to continue applying for my passport since, after all, I was a foreigner in Taiwan.

The CIA’s purpose in facilitating my process was probably to motivate me to return to the States as soon as possible in order to prevent the diplomatic crisis which my presence in Taiwan had caused from developing any further. No wonder then immediately afterwards I heard from Wendy that she would help me get back by paying for a return ticket. I went to the travel agency advertised on the flyer, and there she faxed over her credit card information for the travel agent to book the ticket for me. The man in charge of the agency was an extremely kind middle-age man who handled my purchase with such patience that I wondered if he were an intelligence informant himself. As expected, the discount ticket for a direct flight to Los Angeles was immediately available and yet no tickets to other cities (such as to Montreal) were on discount. After booking me the ticket Wendy started her vicious game on the phone. Prior to my departure Wendy had already been instructed by her superiors to spread false rumors about me among my family members – that I was suffering from schizophrenia and exhibiting this and that symptom – as a way of pre-emptive strike in case I should start telling my family about CIA’s recruitment of me. Then when I just got to Taiwan she started telling me through emails about this and that in-patient treatment center to “fix me up once and for all” and about how she had been trying to convince her father to finance the treatment. Now she told me on the phone how angry my uncle – his father – was at my sudden flight to Taiwan and how she tried to persuade him not to blame me because “I had schizophrenia”: “He didn’t want to do these things! His mind was sick!” She had mentioned to her father about the treatment centers again, but these were expensive programs and of course her father refused to finance it. Later when I returned to California she would on several occasions flamboyantly joke about my “schizophrenia” and my “delusions about Homeland Security”. I could not have been more surprised by her selfishness, lack of conscience toward me, and self-congratulatory personality. I had never known her to be this way. After all, a person’s true character only manifested in times of crisis. It didn’t seem to bother her that the only reason why she was recruited into the most elite intelligence agency in the world was because of me – she had no special talents, possessed no academic learning, barely spoke much Chinese, knew no other foreign languages, acted poorly: just your average girl, no more. If it weren’t for me the Agency would never have taken a second look at her. She was recruited

because the Agency wanted to recruit me. But now she suddenly considered herself a hot shot and tried to show off her “skills” to her superiors – perhaps to the President himself – at my expense. You have already seen the enthusiasm with which she attempted to sting me – to draw out from me negative comments about the President and racist attitudes against Hispanics. While, after this episode, after the CIA changed its mind about my recruitment and abandoned me, I would be left to the DHS thugs for them to practice surveillance on and trample upon for entertainment for the rest of my life, she would enjoy her married life in a new home, a career in the CIA clandestine service, and, most importantly, immunity from DHS harassment and surveillance – and she would proceed to ignore me altogether. I was just a ladder for her to reach success and, once done, I would be abandoned to the side. She reaped all the benefits and happiness from my misery. Furthermore, she came out looking like an angel to all my family members for having paid 700 dollars to bail me out of my “delusional flight” while in reality she had been cutting me down to promote herself and was certainly reimbursed by the Agency afterwards.

During my first night in Taiwan I passed the night in a cyber cafe with those surveillance agents that followed me in. I googled for a cheap hostel and when I went there the second day the place seemed to be filled with Homeland Security agents pretending to be lodgers and employees and with their iPods and laptops. The receptionist was a Filipino girl who spoke no Chinese and wore her surveillance iPod from 8 AM when she came to the front desk until 11 PM when she returned to her room. The fake lodgers were white and Hispanic American kids but included a French middle-age woman. They had all learned from the CIA and each of them had a fabricated past life and fake identity to feed me with. I slept in the living quarter and the agents took turn to watch me, doing some doodling on paper to try to stay awake. Apparently they had either created a fake website about a hostel, and stuck it into the Google search ranking system to come up first in the search (they had complete control of Google system), in order to lure me into a fake hostel they had prepared to trap me; or, after monitoring my internet activities and seeing what websites I had visited, they went ahead of me to the hostel, evacuated the place, and refilled it with their agents to start the pretending and wait for me.

The Taiwanese government itself seemed to be under political pressure to see me leave: that’s the impression I got from all the civil servants I met and all the taxi-drivers who surrounded me during my last day to try to direct me to the airport without my asking.

On that last day, I finally connected up with Deborah from the payphone in the hotel lobby. I criticized Mr. Secretary’s incessant bombardment of fakes. The man simply had no talent in the art of deception, however much he tried to master it. How can you expect to fool someone when everything is fake? You don’t even need to look for flaws when the context has already guaranteed that what you encounter is fake. In order for the fake to work, it has to be embedded among the real: the real have to outnumber the fake in order for the fake to work – only a lie embedded in the context of truth could work to deceive. This was my criticism, intended for Mr. Homeland Security Secretary himself to hear, because – not that I was so eager to help him – I wished he would be motivated to stop his painful bubble; I wanted reality – real, decent, educated and beautiful people, not ugly and uneducated bums all the way – to come back.

I came back to Los Angeles around December 20 or so. When I got to the Aviation station from

the airport a Hispanic Homeland Security agent (license plate 4DCX070) was sitting in his car parked next to the station and waiting for me. (I would see him again in the future.) When he saw me he made a call from his cellphone and soon a hundred or so DHS movie extras came in in a bus to fill up the metro train I was in. I got back to my Long Beach neighborhood to find that the Homeland Security exercise was still in effect: the streets were still patrolled by DHS bums and gangsters and both Portfolio and Hot Java were still peopled by DHS movie extras. The CIA Iraqi man was in Portfolio studying his business management as usual, still obliged to participate in the exercise. The surveillance bubble would continue until the end of the month.

I estimate that in these two months I ran into about 40,000 surveillance agents and movie extras hired for the occasion to play fakes. If I had run into only one out of ten of the people mobilized (a good estimate), that means around 400,000 people in total were mobilized against me. Then you have to count all the taxi- and bus-drivers and civil servants in three different countries that were told to help in. Furthermore, you have to imagine both the DHS and CIA personnel in their control centers monitoring every one of my movements 24/7 during all this time, telling their agents to evacuate places ahead of me and setting up fakes in anticipation of me. It was the biggest mobilization in human history against one person. My estimate was that the Department of Homeland Security has by January 2007 spent approximately 500 million dollars on me – while the FBI had spent probably about three million dollars on me and the CIA between six and ten million. And, never in the history of humankind has a single person been under so much surveillance.

Furthermore, since many seasoned Department of Homeland Security agents are ex-cons, their tactics tend to steep very low. If you have heard of the story of Michael Ruppert (From the Wilderness) – how he was harassed and his office burglarized and he escaped to Venezuela and then was robbed and poisoned there – know that he was targeted by the Department of Homeland Security and not by the FBI or CIA. Although DHS was formed in the name of anti-terrorism, most of the people it goes after – about 700 at any one time – are animal rights activists, 911 conspiracy theorists, war protestors and the like. Although I’m neither of these, I’ll for sure forever remain in their databank as the most important target for as long as the Department exists.

The departure of the CIA and my ostracization from society

By January this year I moved out of my bug-filled apartment and started a homeless life in the UCLA area, leaving behind the destroyed Long Beach neighborhood. By being without a home, I had at least pre-empted the stress DHS could cause by destroying my computer and messing up my apartment. I dumped my damaged computer to Wes’ mom. But the UCLA area was filled with surveillance agents, many of the UCLA students had been recruited as surveillance agents wearing those surveillance headphones (following my advice!), and the residents seemed already notified about me the major “national security threat.” People talked behind my back and children ran away at the sight of me. This “ostracization” from society caused me tremendous pain. Meanwhile Mr. Homeland Security Secretary continued his bombardment of “clandestine operations” on me. When I went to the Taiwanese government office in Los Angeles to apply for a new Taiwanese passport with the household registry papers I brought back, he would get the Taiwanese officers there to pretend to handle documents of the surveillance agents coming in in

order to make me think they were really there for visa purposes. Although this time the Taiwanese government officials were able to proceed with applying Taiwanese laws in accordance with the nation's sovereignty and issue me a passport, they had to comply with Mr. Secretary's demand in every other way and to do in front of me all the theatrical acting he requested; and, as soon as one lady at the staff there developed a liking of me and commented on my "cuteness", the entire staff was struck down the next time by him and would never again hold personal conversation with me.

Then the bubble stopped. The last noteworthy event happened in mid-January. I was sick and I went to the emergency room at UCLA Medical Center. The hospital went into a state of emergency and the doctors started evacuating all the patients. DHS movie extras pretending to be patients and wearing all the usual surveillance gadgets – earphones, arm casts, and leg casts – started rushing in to replace them. It took the hospital six hours to get ready for me, and it's sad for me to see all the doctors and nurses having to pretend treating them and feign not knowing me even though they were already notified about me the greatest threat the USA had ever faced in its history. For all that effort I was merely given a cup of juice and an antibiotic pill by the doctor and sent away.

Meanwhile the Department of Homeland Security had finally decided to seriously get Wes as well. In December after my return to California he also came back home to Santa Ana to pass Christmas with his parents. When he went back to Albany in mid-January this year, his neighbor told him that there were people searching his apartment when he was away, and he noticed also that some of the things in his apartment were broken or moved around. Later, sometimes when he returned home he would find that his heater was on even though he had turned it off when he left the place. And suddenly his friends and colleagues in his university department all shunned him. Evidently, DHS agents had decided to investigate him also on account of his association with me, search his apartment, and interview all the people that knew him, which scared them off. (They were of course under the Patriot Act forbidden to reveal this to him.) He has been like me ostracized from society.

The Department of Homeland Security also sent in agents to infiltrate the classes he was teaching in the spring semester 2007. These "fake students" would come to him and say that they absolutely and desperately needed his class to graduate, and would already have the document showing the approval of the department dean (who of course had to cooperate with the DHS). They would then sit in the class for a period, but would never turn in any homework, and would invariably score zero on the exams. Then they would just disappear, never to be seen again, and Wes would be obliged to hand them an F for the class. Of course these uneducated Homeland Security agents wouldn't understand anything said in the class and couldn't just "pretend" to take an exam.

The DHS' harassment and surveillance of Wes was all the more remarkable because Wes was one of the many people around me that had helped the CIA clandestine service stage testing situations for me. Yet that apparently was no immunity against the Department's investigation of him as a national security threat.

As for the CIA, the Secretary of DHS had at last accomplished his primary objective of

preventing the Agency from recruiting me.

Since my return to California, I had fallen into deep depression and never bothered to call Rod again, disappointed over the fact that my passion for him had got me into such deep trouble. He wouldn't have returned my phone call anyway. And of course I never saw Mark again. But in January 2007, the same old folk in the Agency who had sponsored me – the “Invisible Hand” et al – came back into business for a little bit. One day while I was on the Culver City bus #6 going out of UCLA I saw a pretty white girl in her late 20s sitting across from me studying Korean. Curiosity overcame me and I went up to her to ask her how she had come to know Korean. She went out of her way to be receptive to me, inviting me to sit with her. Again, the context created by the DHS easily gave her away as a CIA agent, since most of the UCLA students on the bus were either conducting surveillance on me or, after being notified about me, were too frightened of me to converse with me. Besides, I had become so well acquainted with this technique they were using on me. This girl bore remarkable resemblance to Jessica and was most likely her little sister. She introduced herself as Jamie and got off the bus on the same old intersection between Sepulveda and Olympic and she happily welcomed me to walk with her for a few minutes, until she had to disappear around the corner.

I wouldn't see Jamie again until two weeks later when she showed up at the UCLA cafeteria next to the Research Library where I'd been dining every night. She greeted me with a bright smile – thus far in my life the only girls that would show liking of me when just meeting me were those from the CIA. This time she was accompanied by a Korean girl whom she introduced as her mentor. She was again busy reading a Korean book on the foreign relation between U.S. and South Korea. We didn't have much chat that night; I just remembered to give her my phone number and email address so that she could pretend to be able to contact me in the future. And of course she happily accepted these and said she would – an impossible thing if she were not an operative sent to hook up with me.

But, then, Jamie never showed up again. Instead, a hard-core evangelical Korean guy by the name (or perhaps rather with the alias) of Paul Yoo was sent in to “reform” me. He had a perfect cover. He either posed as or was actually a missionary from Campus Crusade, and came to me one afternoon while I was sitting in the middle of the UCLA campus to pretend wanting to convert me. As I explained to him that I had already accepted Christ at Orthodox Church and was waiting for my baptism, he offered to meet me twice a week on the campus to educate me about living properly as a Christian. His goal was to make me into one of those ultra-disciplined and ascetic fundamentalist evangelical Protestant such as Max Weber has described in his “Protestant Ethic”. All that was fine, but an important obstacle to my “reform” soon emerged which was my unwillingness to give up masturbation once and for all. Not that I masturbated too much at that time – only two to three times a month – but that Paul was insistent that any amount of masturbation was enough sin to block me from “inheriting the Kingdom”. I didn't really buy that. We eventually had such an argument over this issue that he stopped meeting me after we had only three weeks of lesson together. In the meantime he, just like Rod, gave out so many clues that he's some sort of secret agent – such as how he always seemed to know about my conversation with Wes and Deborah about masturbation and other religious issues and would adjust our next lesson according to the opinions I expressed to them, how he always needed to have photos taken of both of us together (to show to the superiors), or how he always needed to

return to a “secret room” in the top floors of the UCLA Student Union after our lessons.

Since the goal of this “reform” was radically different than that of the “Invisible Hand”, my hypothesis was that someone else in high position who was quite different in character had taken over my recruitment. Once again my sponsors were stopped in their track! In fact I couldn’t help but think of the President himself, who was also a disciplined evangelical, going to bed at 9 PM each night and waking up at 4 AM each day to get ready for exercise: an ascetic Christian warrior. The President was not the sort of lazy bum that New York journalists had made him out to be, and he naturally wanted someone just like him. He certainly wouldn’t have approved of the “liberal” manner in which the CIA attempted to reeducate me: luring me with attractive white females and indulging me further in my lust. Jamie would be the last one. And so he chose a most evangelical fanatic from within the Agency to do the re-education. Paul was such a disciplined believer that he could recite by heart just about any passage in the Bible and when he said he did not masturbate, I’m sure he meant it. In any case, it’s clear that I couldn’t pass the test. I chose Orthodoxy not only because I enjoyed its archaic rituals and Greek connections, but also precisely because, still remaining an ethnic religion, it was quite relaxed in matter of sensual enjoyment: church members frequently smoke on church grounds, etc. I was simply not made for fundamentalism. The President – if it was he – would have been disappointed: a “liberal” was after all a “liberal”; “liberals” just can’t stop masturbating! And he would have ordered the Agency to give up on me. Loyalty – that is, ideological correctness – was much more important to him than competence. He would have been happy that Mr. Homeland Security Secretary had at last ruined the Agency’s recruitment: he certainly wouldn’t want another “liberal” to add to the already too many “liberals” in the CIA.

The only CIA agent left in my surroundings after this was Jennifer Day. For several months in early 2007 she could still be found at the Century strip club. At least whenever I went there she would be there. Since recruitment was no longer on the table, she was there either to continue to grow her fake identity, or as part of the “damage control” afterwards. That is, the Agency must have also understood that the context which Homeland Security had created earlier – the “bubble” – had simply made their agents participating in it too obvious, and they probably suspected that I did know Jennifer was their agent, even though I hadn’t said anything yet. I went to the club several times from January to April and I would always find her there but not Simone. She tried hard to impress upon me her recent debuts in movies here and there and once in the Jay Leno show and to persuade me to see them. I never got the chance and so once she sold me a CD of her recorded live telephone shows. Meanwhile, the club personnel were no longer nice to me, having obviously been notified by DHS about my status as an on-going “threat”. I also had the feeling that, as usual, the Department of Homeland Security wanted to play a part in the club as well and implanted one of their female agents there as stripper side by side with Jennifer: there now appeared this Hispanic girl who could neither dance nor was attractive enough for the club to hire under normal circumstances.

When I went to the club once in March 2007 I asked Jennifer about the sisters she had always admitted having. She admitted that her sisters were taller than she – and the young woman I met at Philharmonic was taller than she – but started getting ambiguous about her sister’s pregnancy: “No, not that she just had a baby, but that she’s going to have a baby.” And she was adamant that her sisters were brunette. Well, if she was lying, she did a good job in hiding her emotion. But I

became sure the next day that I did locate her sister when Danielle in her nursing suit got onto the Culver City #6 with me – again at Sepulveda and Olympic – but pretended not knowing me this time. The thing is that she had her hair dyed completely. I went up to her to ask her if we had met before. She became very uncomfortable and distant, saying no and wanting nothing to do with me. Now that recruitment was off, she no longer saw me as a “brother” but only as an outsider to be excluded. I just feigned “Wrong person” and got off the bus. I hypothesized that those in the Agency – no longer the “Invisible Hand” – were a bit surprised by my identification of Jennifer’s sister and so sent in another agent I had met before but with hair dyed differently to test just how well I could recognize faces.¹⁰

The triumph of the Department of Homeland Security

Mr. Secretary has succeeded in his other goals as well. Remember a neocon like him has but one thing in mind: to have more power. The Department of Homeland Security has thanks to this incident become much more powerful than before and has now insinuated much deeper into the social fabric of American society. Even though the bubble had stopped, many of the DHS agents that were earlier imbedded in stores and institutions – Best Buy, Washington Mutual – in the Westwood/ UCLA area to play fakes were still there. DHS presence was permanently installed in businesses in the area where I was “active”. Now when I walked into Washington Mutual, I would no longer see the former Iranian, Asian, and white employees and managers, but only the Hispanic kids that DHS had inserted there. They did become skillful in handling banking transactions, though. In other words, just as the CIA used to have its agents embedded in just about every important institution in society, so now the DHS wants to have its agents embedded in all the institutions as their permanent employees. My case has allowed the Department of Homeland Security Secretary to take over much of CIA’s functions in the domestic sphere.

The DHS surveillance techniques remain the same: getting surveillance agents to carry surveillance iPods, CD players, and walkmans and to wear ear phones, to sit around me with surveillance laptops, or to pretend to have broken arms or legs and wear casts wherein surveillance devices are hidden, etc. Wherever I was, surveillance agents – most often wearing earphones – would appear one after another pretending to be passersby. They wouldn’t look at me or pay attention to me in anyway – but would simply let the tiny cameras inside the earphones or iPods or whatever do the magic. This one would pass by and film me for 5 seconds – while those in the control center could ascertain what I was doing – and another would pass me by one minute later to film me again for 5 seconds. When it came to using surveillance laptops, the Department of Homeland Security tended to create scary scenes as they frequently passed out laptops of the same brand wholesale to agents on the same mission, such that you’d suddenly notice, on the plane or in the coffeehouse where you were under their surveillance, the four or five people around you all using the exact same model of laptop, more often the Mac book but sometimes also a IBM brand. Or they may use surveillance cell-phones. When I sat in the train or in the restaurant somewhere, one or two persons may sit down at the table next to me and simply put their cell-phones on the table and let the hidden cameras on the side of the phone film

¹⁰ Another thing I would realize – from 2018 onward – is that all these girls whom I have here and – as you shall see – later identified as Jennifer Day’s sisters were in fact no sisters of hers. They all looked like Jennifer Day, not because they were her sisters, but because, as noted, the CIA clandestine service always recruited white females that looked a certain way – in addition to always possessing a master degree in a liberal arts discipline. Jennifer Day would have a Twitter account by 2018 on which she would regularly post pictures of her family members.

me, while the persons themselves would just converse with each other or read newspapers, pretending to be oblivious of me. Then there were the ordinary cameras. There are hidden real time surveillance cameras on the sides of these normal looking cameras (digital or otherwise). Their tactic seems to be: while their agent pretends to take pictures with this camera of another person or a building near you, he is she is really filming you with the hidden surveillance cameras on the sides of the camera. Suddenly, you'd see vast number of people around you taking photos of a tree or their food or the entrance of an ordinary building or the sky, etc. These are the new clandestine surveillance techniques. Finally, DHS agents may conduct physical surveillance of you by simply waiting for you at places where they predict you will go and, once they see you, just text-messaging back to the base to confirm that you are there. I managed to note down the license plate of one Homeland Security agent who did just this on a day of early October 2007 on the intersection between Venice and Overland in Los Angeles: 5MZB673. The Department of Homeland Security has also required the entire community to contribute to their surveillance program or to help in the masking of the program: The DHS passed out freely a huge quantity of iPods and walkmans and laptops among UCLA students and UCLA Medical Center personnel and required them to wear and use them in the campus and in public places as much as possible. They also required a large number of these students and doctors and nurses to walk around with arm casts and leg casts or hop around with crutches in order to feign having broken arms and legs. The requirement extended to all schools – from junior highs to universities – and all work places. From now on one out of every four persons I saw, whether on the street, in coffeehouses and restaurants, in schools and university campuses, in libraries, or on the bus, wore earphones and carried iPods or walkmans or portable CD players, and I would see at least 10 people per day with broken arms and broken legs. And not just in Los Angeles, but I saw the same things in Brussels in April 2007 and in Montreal July 2007. Certainly not all of these iPods or laptops or crutches or arm and leg casts hid surveillance devices in them; the DHS required many to wear genuine (non-surveillance) portable music devices and casts as “decoys”. If everyone wore iPods, then you wouldn't know which one was conducting surveillance on you. Furthermore, the creators of this massive “community surveillance program” got the cooperation of the media in having actors and actresses on TV wear arm casts and leg casts or hop around with crutches in order to condition the population to the normality of the increasing number of people in public places having broken arms and legs. The goal of the DHS is to alter the entire landscape of society to a new look that will facilitate the clandestine but massive deployment of surveillance among the population. I couldn't be more saddened by the fact that this massive modification of government's surveillance system is the direct result of my case.

The most frightening fact was that, now that many of the CIA's clandestine techniques had migrated to the Department of Homeland Security, the latter proceeded to mix these into their surveillance system. Homeland Security agents had now fixed their inferiority complex in regard to their uneducation before the CIA agents by adopting the “acting” in the CIA style: so realistically pretending to be doing something by really doing that something. Using me to practice, their surveillance agents often came sitting around me in the coffeehouse in Westwood and then started grading “their students” exams like they were really grading them, pretending to be UCLA graduate students doing teaching assistance work. Again, they would be really doing this – actually reading each of the answers to each of the questions and marking it right or wrong – whether you are paying attention to them or not. Or a surveillance agent may come into the UCLA Biomedical Library wearing surveillance iPod to sit next to me, then actually produce

assignments on medical subjects, and start searching for references on the matter on the computer. Again, both the assignments and references are real assignments and references, and the agent would concentrate on doing this whether you are paying attention to him or not, simply letting the cameras in the earphones or iPods do the work. You'd notice that something isn't right in all these situations only because the agents are again grotesque faces exuding vulgarity, those which you just don't see in institutions of higher education.

DHS "clandestine operations" also include creating fake crimes. In late December 2006, in these last days of the "bubble", once when I just arrived at the corner of 4th Street and Long Beach Blvd, loud gun shots rang out from Broadway and Long Beach Blvd just three blocks on my left. So I walked there. As usual, the Homeland Security extras that had earlier replaced real pedestrians and were still there at the time started their theatrical acting in front of me, saying they saw a man that looked like this and that shoot two police officers right at that corner. A police car pretended to speed by with siren. But I saw neither bullet shields on the ground, nor any blood, nor any ambulance for the injured officers, nor anything – unless all those could be removed in the two minutes it took for me to get there. And the one officer pretending to guard the "crime scene" wasn't even serious about it, just letting me walk through without a fuss. The Long Beach police were obliged to cooperate with the Department of Homeland Security in the theatrical creation of a fake crime. In November, during the height of the "bubble", they had already done that many times: often while I walked home from Hot Java police cars would race past me pretending to be responding to crimes and arresting Homeland Security movie extras pretending to have committed crimes. Of course there couldn't be any crimes going on in the neighborhood since the whole place was evacuated of real residents. But the Department of Homeland Security had decided that the "fake neighborhood" needed "fake crimes" in it as well. In this December "fake crime exercise", the Department went further by having local newspaper and TV news broadcast this "incident" where "a fake Hispanic wanted man shot two Long Beach police officers", and then follow up on it several days later with the broadcast that "the Hispanic suspect had been shot dead by police in Santa Ana". All was fabricated. The Department was doing this not just to fool me, but also to learn how to create fake disasters and crimes for future use.

The Department of Homeland Security however operates on a different philosophy than the CIA when it comes to clandestine operations. When the CIA takes over an institution and replaces people therein with their agents to play fakes, it has to have already carefully recruited those of higher positions within the institution who would then clandestinely organize the switch-over. The DHS on the other hand does not rely on these meticulous preparations made beforehand. They would simply evoke Homeland Security Act or some such measure that allows the federal government to take over private institutions. Furthermore, whereas in the case of the CIA the media team is contained within the clandestine service, the DHS is more likely to simply contract those in the real film industry to help set up the staging it needs. In other words, the DHS is in the habit of using resources outside of itself in the general society.

My life under continual surveillance

I continue to be under DHS surveillance from February to October 2007, and I expect to be under surveillance for the rest of my life, even if this eternal surveillance has been on and off.

Surveillance was down during June and July, except for the few days I spent in Montreal in the middle of July, and on the flights where the DHS installed surveillance agents around me with their typical surveillance Mac laptops. In these two months I ran into their surveillance agents mostly on the bus or metro, which were patrolled by Homeland Security surveillance agents as a matter of policy now. (Again, they are these riders that wore earphones and carried iPods or portable CD players – those you never saw on public transportation before this year.) When I say surveillance is “down”, this means simply that I was “almost” not under surveillance around the clock. Of course my movement was still being tracked every single day, especially if I went to the libraries or cyber cafes to use the internet. Surveillance agents then would always come to make sure which computer I happened to be on, so that not a single instance of my internet activities ever escaped the purview of the DHS. It’s just that during these better times I could hide in some corner on the street for hours without surveillance agents coming by to ascertain my activities for the control center.

During February and March 2007, I in my loneliness and under continual surveillance decided to befriend a Homeland Security informant by the name of Lorenzo Watermark just to see what it would be like. I knew his association with the DHS because he participated in the Homeland Security exercise late last year, showing up once in the UCLA Medical Center Library in November to play fake patrons when the place was evacuated and refilled with fake people as I entered in. That day, when he saw me crying he offered me a loaded copied card because he truly felt sorry for me, the government having to mobilize on such a vast scale for this little harmless genius of 120 pounds. Thus I remembered him as one of the few kind-hearted DHS people. When the exercise was over, he still came to the Medical Center Library daily to use the computers just as I did. He of course always wore those surveillance earphones and walkman and would never lend them to me for one second – I was just dying to get my hands on these gadgets for once. It must have been something of a surprise to the DHS personnel observing me that, out of the tens of thousands of their “agents”, this one succeeded late in the game in developing a rapport with me. The DHS first entrusted him with the “mission” of finding out if I had some radically political ideal for a “better society” and, when that wishing on their part came to a naught – I in my lonesome existence hardly had any interests in organizing for a political cause – then instructed him to bombard me with persuasions to the effect that I wasn’t “important enough” for the DHS to run surveillance on, hoping to reverse my memory of what happened and delude my perception of what was obviously going on around me. More on this below. In any case, as I found him not to be so “kind-hearted” toward me after all, I stopped associating with him.

From January until mid-April 2007 when I went to Belgium for a week, I continued to attend services at Assumption church just about every Sunday. The church had gone back to normalcy, but the DHS agents inserted there earlier – such as the pair of Middle-Eastern brothers – continued their presence there and in fact got along with church members better than I. It has been painful for me to accept this. On two occasions, however, Father J did deliver sermons that were clearly intended for me. He would bring up the story of John the Baptist, telling how this God’s devotee criticized King Herod to his face and humiliated him – everything he said about him being true – how the King just happened to be the meanest character on the block, how John finally fell victim to the King’s anger and got decapitated, and how the King did in the end acquire some respect for John. I knew the story was supposed to symbolize my relationship with

the Homeland Security Secretary, who just happened to be the meanest character in all of government. After my return I had severely criticized Mr. Secretary to Deborah in regard to his hypocrisy in using my case as an opportunity to grow his own power – not to protect the country – and his arrogance in wanting to now become the “clandestine operation master” even though he had always been a lawyer, a talented lawyer though he may be. These criticisms were of course true and their truthfulness was obvious to everyone. The intriguing thing was of course Herod’s respect for St. John in the end. Did my case help transform Mr. Secretary for the better in any way? Did he become humbler and gentler and learn at least slightly that love in the end works to influence others better than force? It’s unlikely that his desire for more power would change, but perhaps his personality had slightly. Now I don’t know whether it was the “Invisible Hand” passing a message to me again through Father J, or whether it was Father J who, sympathizing with my plight, had prepared the message himself, or whether it was really – and finally – God speaking to me through him. In any case I was grateful for these messages. Later, however, when I became increasingly hungry for God’s presence to guide me through my battle, I would become bitter over the Agency’s meddling through Father J such that I could no longer distinguish whether Father J was representing God to me or just the Agency.

The most annoying part of the continual DHS operation against me was their attempts to infiltrate my activities. In May when I went to Goethe Institute’s Monday night film festival for several weeks consecutively the DHS would send in a surveillance woman of theirs wearing that surveillance arm cast to conduct surveillance on me and inform themselves on the German films I was seeing. I signed up for a French-speaking group and on my first time at the group meeting (at a French dip restaurant in downtown L.A. in early June this year) the DHS just had to recruit one member of the group (a middle age French woman named Raymonde) and have her wear a surveillance arm cast to conduct surveillance on me and on the group. This is a group where a bunch of people gather together to practice or speak French. They just need to “infiltrate” such mundane gathering. In June once I participated in a Walk-a-Dog event to raise money for the adoption of dogs in city shelters. The event took place in the Tar Pits next to LACMA. DHS had one of the women in charge of the shelter dogs in cages wear a broken leg cast to conduct surveillance on the event, and then spread the news there that I was a dangerous “threat”. And when I paid to walk one of these dogs around the blocks with everyone else she had to instruct one of the shelter volunteers to accompany me in order to watch over me, and this volunteer girl was so frightened of the prospect of a “dangerous animal lover” walking the homeless dogs that she finally just grabbed the dog away from me. This hurt me so enormously.

By late summer the only things that gave me comfort in life were the German and Any Language group meetings I signed up for. The DHS left these two favorite groups of mine alone for a while, although occasionally they would send in a surveillance agent to sit near my group to conduct surveillance on us when we met at the coffeehouse or in a restaurant. But in August one member in my German group – another Taiwanese guy named Vincent – and another member in both groups – a German guy by the name of Rolf – seemed again recruited as informants so that they would have someone undercover within the group to check on me.

The prison of theater and deception

In August 2007 I felt forced to the point of breakdown. First of all, there was a sudden increase

of surveillance by the Department of Homeland Security. Apparently, Mr. Secretary's "gut feeling" meant that the Department personnel had better start running around in a heightened alert. Since there weren't really any terrorists around, as usual they dragged me out for a round of intense, round-the-clock surveillance so that they could look like they were in alertness. Their agenda would then be to use me to perfect their surveillance techniques and clandestine operations to the point that I'll not notice, I having the reputation in the intelligence community and security industries as the crazy genius who could always detect surveillance. I felt an enormous sense of oppression as all those hostile youngsters, wearing their surveillance iPods or using their surveillance Mac laptops, swarmed up around me every moment of my waking life, as the metro system would suddenly be evacuated when I walked in and refilled with eerie DHS fake passengers all wearing earphones, and as Homeland Security "operatives" recruited in my groups started constantly blasting off the same old cheap "liberal" anti-war outbursts, trying to lure me in.

I don't know why they make such efforts to continue surveillance and operations on me. I slept on the street, sipped my coffee in the morning, surfed the internet at UCLA Biomedical Library, wrote this story, and went to groups. What did they think they could find? They have already prevented me from entering the service of the Central Intelligence Agency. What else do they want? In my German and Any Language groups, I clearly just wanted to make friends to compensate my loneliness, having no interests in any "political cause". Noteworthy is the increasing affection I felt toward the organizer of the two groups, a kind German woman named Karin. I was about to engulf her as well in my problems.

The problem is that the Department of Homeland Security took themselves extremely seriously. From their perspective, my continual ability to detect surveillance and my past of having once created bitter feelings between important people mean that I forever constitute a "national security threat". From my perspective, I have helped them find "moles" in themselves and given them an opportunity to grow much stronger, and so deserve a medal instead of hostile treatment. The paralyzing chaos they experienced from my casual remarks about "moles" they really brought onto themselves, as there wouldn't have been any "threat" at all if they would just ignore me or not listen to me. When the FBI or the Department of Homeland Security made mistakes, there were no consequences for them, while I have had to suffer the consequences of these mistakes on their part. The Department's ridiculous mistake in believing that I would launch an "attack" while "under CIA's care" or with my CIA buddy has resulted in my being loaded with supposedly "top-secret" knowledge of all these clandestine operation details. Because of my knowing this I am now considered a "national security threat" in another way by the Department – and somewhat by the CIA.

Since January 2007 both the CIA and the Department of Homeland Security have made it their common cause to keep both what happened to me last year and the continual DHS surveillance a secret – ridiculously a secret only for me, that is: even though virtually all the people around me and hundreds of thousands of other people know everything about it, I am supposed to have not noticed that anything has happened at all. My knowing anything is a "threat". The Department of Homeland Security has created a "threat" through its mistake when there was no threat at all – but then, maybe that's what it wants, so that it can have something to run around about. (I wonder what the Canadian officers in RCMP and CSIS think about my case now: how the

Americans just love to make something so huge out of what originally was nothing at all.) When it comes to CIA's recruitment of me, it is of course expected that a reign of secrecy should have taken over and silence fallen on the lips of all those around me – relatives, friends, acquaintances – who have been enlisted by the Agency as assets or recruited as agent during this operation. The Agency is simply following their tradition of being pathologically secretive, and my case is especially embarrassing to them. When recruitment has been replaced by damage control as the primary goal the Agency envisions with respect to me, the “mission” of these “Agency assets” has changed from staging to deceiving me into accepting that my “sick mind” has imaged up all the things that have happened to me. But while their bombardment of lies to protect Agency's secrets is expected and acceptable, it is extremely painful to seem them also obliged by the Department of Homeland Security to bombard me with lies on the latter's behalf. You see, the Central Intelligence Agency's valuation of you is a good thing, and a good thing can be taken away without your feeling too much of a loss except some disappointment. But Homeland Security operations and the Department's labeling you a “threat” to the public so as to ostracize you cause tremendous pain and so cannot be easily accepted. And yet the only way to justify to people that you are not a “threat” to them is to drag in Agency's involvement – people will then see that the Department of Homeland Security has not only produced this “threat” itself out of utter stupidity, but also initiated the whole thing out of jealousy. The active denial and silence on the part of those around you with regard to both agencies then imprison you from the truth and reality that will not only liberate you but also rescue you from others' misunderstanding. I ask you to imagine the desperation and despair a person would feel when virtually every one of the people he has ever liked has now been turned into some kind of government operative tasked with taking reality away from him.

Well, you have already read about my cousin's attempt to inundate me and my family members with the vicious falsehood of my “schizophrenic delusions” about the Department of Homeland Security. Next came Aliza, who at WCIL blocked all my expressions of my suffering from the constant presence of Homeland Security grotesque faces right in front of me: “Lawrence, do you really think that the Department of Homeland Security would be so interested in someone like you?” Of course, who else would interest them more than I? Ben Laden? Then there was Gaurav. Gaurav came to Los Angeles in mid-June 2007 to visit some of his old friends – of course I don't know if he had some other informant-related business – and agreed to meet me for one night at Café Marco in West Hollywood. As soon as I got to the topic of the clash between the CIA and the DHS over me, his face sank, and started blasting off the lies with which the DHS had entrusted him: that none of this had “really” happened, that I had put the whole incident into my head because I had “schizophrenia”. Well, he did his duty – how well he liked this “job” I cannot say. He knew as well as I did how ridiculous the Department of Homeland Security's attempt to reverse my memory was: at one time he was there mediating on my behalf, the next time he had to act as if we were all transposed to a different history. Mr. Secretary seems to really have believed that a person could disbelieve that he had seen a pig after he had seen a pig if the government would just surround him with operatives feeding him with the most blatant lie that there had never been a pig at all. Gaurav's blatant denial of the obvious has only worked to solidify my belief – without any possibility of doubt – that he is a U.S. government informant, given the obviousness of the DHS tactic. The Homeland Security people before thought I was a genius, and now they took me for a retard. In any case, this would be the last time I'd ever see Gaurav. When in July 2007 I went to Montreal again, he would ignore all my calls and not see

me. He was evidently not interested in this “mission” of dissuasion from the obvious which he knew to be hopeless.

During my brief stay at Montreal this time I also met up with Angelo. While also “recruited” as a U.S. government “operative” with the “mission” of dissuading me from truth, he did better and simply feigned not knowing that anything had happened when I was here in December 2006, and did not try to impose that “schizophrenia” crap on me when I commented a little on my “CIA experience”. He simply said nothing. It was thus a little less obvious that he was also now a government informant instructed with this “important mission” of deluding me – but still obvious. Marie was the same in this respect. After December 2006 I saw Marie two times, once in late January 2007 and then again in July 2007 during this brief stay. The first time I saw her I tried once more to give her a brief account of what had happened to me. She nicely and jokingly knocked on my head and said “trop d’imagination dans ta tête.” Well, it didn’t feel all that oppressive given her nice, motherly attitude, but it immediately confirmed beyond doubt that she had been made into an asset by the CIA because she was clearly instructed to say that stereotypical line. So I said so to her. In fact, from thence on, whenever I heard from someone such stereotypical denial of the most obvious to frustrate my modest and harmless attempt at catharsis I would immediately announce the other obvious fact that he or she was instructed by the Department of Homeland Security to do so, in order to dissuade them from such tactic in the future – I much preferred listening in silence such as Angelo has done so that at least I could get something out of my chest. When I met with Marie in July this is just what she did, listening to my “Homeland Security pain” in silence. But when I asked her how the Agency had come to her, she of course denied that such thing ever happened. I left Montreal extremely saddened, realizing just now how traumatic the aftermath of the Agency’s “reform through bubble” was: all those who had been touched by the Agency had now found a new love and would be willing to do anything to me to please this new love – whom I gave to them! How bizarre: the CIA has taken – seduced – away all those I love! Now who else in the world has run into this sort of problem?

I cannot have been more impressed by the Agency’s ability to charm people. Even Wes, whose life has now been so wrecked by the Department of Homeland Security, still tries hard to protect CIA’s “secret”. I can talk to him all I want about continual Homeland Security harassment – and then he would start his turn – but, often, when I start talking about Agency’s recruitment, he would feign “What recruitment?”, reversing all his past words and deeds and as if all the endless conversation we had had last September and October about the parallel operations never even happened. I don’t know if Marie and Wes have ever had to sign papers that gagged them. But I’m sure that even if they had never been legally gagged, they would have voluntarily kept the Agency’s operations on me a secret. I don’t know what VIP treatment the clandestine service personnel gave them when they came to them; I just know that everyone who was touched by the Agency all fell in love with it afterwards and would voluntarily do anything to please it. After all, I myself would never have advertised the Agency’s recruitment of me were it not for Department of Homeland Security’s continual painful operations on me.

Then there is Deborah. In all the 11 years I’ve known her she has been the one who’s like a mother to me. She knew everything that had happened. But now she was obliged by the government to destroy my mental health, probably because she would have to go to prison if she doesn’t do so, in accordance with all the National Security Letters or things like that she has had

to sign, for the FBI, the CIA, and Homeland Security. Every time when I saw her, I of course would need to share with her the pain I continually had from Homeland Security operations and the traumatic aftermath of CIA's recruitment, and she was required to bombard me with "diagnoses" that these were the results of my "psychotic delusions". Of course she believed every word I said, and was unhappy about this new frightening political climate such that "national security interests" now required the therapists to intentionally "mis-diagnose" normal perception of the obvious as "psychotic": to turn health into sickness. Was it not Stalinism? Most likely because of the continual demand which the Department of Homeland Security made on her, she decided in June 2007 to quit the therapeutic profession and not see me any more. And she was leaving me, this person most important to me in life next to Wes – thanks to the Department of Homeland Security.

Among my family members that were so "taken over by the government" were first and foremost my aunt and uncle, who knew perfectly well the rancor I had caused with the DHS. Good Evangelical Christians they may be, from then on they were progressively instructed by the Department of Homeland Security on how exactly to lie to me. At first they were just instructed to throw at me the typical lines, like how I was "not important enough for the Department of Homeland Security", that favorite line again – as if anyone could be "not important enough" for the DHS – then how I simply imagined the whole thing, and how DHS could still get me if I go live in a foreign country – now *that* is true. When I refuted them, saying that I knew they were so instructed by the DHS, "so why waste your breath", they would just say nothing more, knowing the ridiculousness of suddenly reversing 180 degree their words and deeds that fateful day when they picked me up at my church and pretending all that had never happened. Then they were "trained", most likely at their work, to lie with persistence, continuing their bombardment of "Homeland Security alternate reality" despite my request for them to quit. These supposedly "good Christians" were now turned by the government into pathological liars.

Now I don't know what the CIA did exactly to get my senile grandfather to stage a test for me. When I finally asked him in August amidst the DHS hype-up he just denied such thing had ever happened. I looked at him bedazzled – his denial was pretty "real", unlike that by others – and yet clearly something was up, as he ever since last November continually praised me for "being so smart", whereas before he would only ridicule me as an "idiot". Though the recruitment failed, he was now finally proud of his grandson. That's all fine, but when I told him about my pain from massive, round-the-clock DHS surveillance and operations, he just denied that such thing was possible at all, completely indifferent to my suffering. Now that felt horrible, like he was aiding the Department of Homeland Security to hurt me. What's so hard about saying nothing? He had been "taken away".

My stepmother and my father of course had to lie to me that the Department of Homeland Security never came to them last December. My mother's case is the same as my grandfather's. It's expected and acceptable that she denies CIA's recruitment of me, but when she denies continual DHS operations on me she's basically participating in the Department's torment of me. So, just about all those in my family that I have had frequent contacts with – my cousin, grandfather, aunt and uncle-in-law, my stepmother and mother – are coordinating a scheme on me on government's behalf, and I feel I'd better avoid them in the future. The rest in my family will never believe me any way and so there is no point in even talking to them. What saddens me

especially is the enthusiasm with which they – excluding my aunt and my grandfather – helped the government in constructing a prison of deception around me. I have never had much standing in my family, and so when whichever one of government agencies asks them to sell me out, everyone is more than happy to do so to score some points with the government, even if they will probably never do that to other members of the family. Today they just deceive – or help the DHS destroy my passport in the case of my stepmother – but next time when the government tells them to cut me up and feed pigs with my pieces, I’m sure they’d show the same enthusiasm. With my mother things are less upsetting than disappointing, because I didn’t grow up with her and she came into my life only lately. She has helped me and yet once I wrote a nasty letter to her. I couldn’t really expect her to treat me seriously, but since she does seem to want to have her son back, I have always regarded her as the last hope in my family. And now that’s gone.

Then I need to face the fact that everyone at WCIL has been required to inform on me. Aliza is Agency’s asset who is now helping Homeland Security, and when I turn around Keith informs on me for Homeland Security. So are the rest of the social workers there having to “cooperate” with DHS. I really live in a prison of secret agents, assets, and informants. All I have left is Wes, my best friend and the greatest friend a person can have, whose friendship has been tested to the extreme by the “plague” of Homeland Security I have given him. Now he wants to relocate to Brazil just to avoid it.

I have nowhere to hide, really. As soon as I became “active” in an area, hidden surveillance cameras would be installed all over that place. The cameras that the CIA had left behind in the UCLA campus to watch me were still there. I even discovered surveillance cameras hidden somewhere in the bathrooms of UCLA Student Union. Hence, once when I was masturbating inside while no one was there, security personnel promptly came and threw me out. As soon as I moved into my new apartment in downtown Los Angeles and started going to California Hospital Medical Center every morning to get my coffee, surveillance cameras were installed in the bathrooms there too. It hurts me so much as I see everyday all the student employees and security guards in UCLA being utterly contemptuous of me because they have been notified about what a public enemy number one I am. What have I done to them? Has that “mole talk” hurt them in anyway? Furthermore, I have become so tired of UCLA students’ and West Los Angeles’ residents’ constant theatrical acting in front of me: this pretending to have a broken leg and that a broken arm, this saying to me she broke her leg in this way, that in that way – 10 times a day. The Department of Homeland Security has been training the entire population around to do acting just to deceive one person – a single person’s belief – whether or not arm and leg casts have ever hid surveillance devices within – becomes of importance of such magnitude. The sense of imprisonment due to all this bombardment of lies, deceptions, and hostility from both people I know and strangers becomes increasingly unbearable. Furthermore, the Department has passed out freely behind my back all different kinds of earphones and headphones and iPods to all the students and residents – including homeless people – so that one out of every three persons on the street may wear one. Meanwhile such a large segment of population know something about me – something bad – but are gagged by the Patriot Act to reveal it to me. Everyone hides secret from me, a society of secrecy. Although I’m allowed to go just about wherever I want, I’m ostracized from the common reality in which everyone participates. It is ostracization, open-space imprisonment. Who else in the world lives like this?

I'm unable to get out of this open space prison even if I fly to a foreign country. The "Homeland Security system" has now extended, not just all over Canada, but to Europe and Asia as well. I have mentioned how "Homeland Security reality" – vast number of people with earphones and broken arms and legs – moved with me to Brussels. I went there in April 2007 to meet up with my former friend and French teacher Regine, with whom I had not had contact for 10 years. And yet even she seemed recruited as an asset – by which agency I don't know – and was acting as part of my prison. One afternoon I used her computer to write to Wes about all the surveillance iPods and earphones I saw in downtown Brussels. When Regine came back home she just had to take out a pair of earphones from her drawer and put them into her pocket intentionally in front of me, obviously instructed to do so in order to protect DHS' "secret" by conditioning me to the new "Homeland Security reality". "Here in Belgium too every single person wears earphones." It only confirmed to me – together with her deeds and words – that her help had been enlisted as well. Well, I did have a wonderful time with her, meeting all her friends, but I was just freaked out by the constant DHS surveillance and picture-taking of us and the fact that even the Belgium Red Cross personnel (in whose game we participated one afternoon) were required to cooperate with the Department and take pictures of me.

In other words, since the Department of Homeland Security does not have a cause to arrest me – as the new government still wants to do everything by the book, and insulting Homeland Security agents or detecting surveillance still isn't a crime – and probably benefits better from my being loosed on the street – as a whole security industry has grown out for my sake and I am a convenient target providing the Department with an excuse to mobilize and grow and an opportunity to practice operations and train agents – it has proceeded to construct a prison for me right in the "real world". While the CIA earlier recruited everyone around me so as to seal me up in a bubble of operatives for the sake of my "reform", now the Department of Homeland Security has recruited all the people around me in order to seal me up in a bubble of alternate reality that would block me from accessing simple truth and the "common reality".

At the time I'm writing this, September 2007, the personnel in the DHS' "clandestine unit" are no longer retards. You might think, as many have said to me: so they are always watching you; what is the big deal? The "prison" is not just blocking me from truth and the common reality, but it truly restricts my action. The fact is that I'm only allowed to do what the Department thinks it okay for me to do. If I want to do something that they don't approve, they would stop it – by clandestine means, that is, since nothing I want to do is forbidden by law. Surveillance then means that I cannot do in secret what they don't approve so that I would not be stopped. In my August despair I decided to at last write letters to find legal counsels. I wanted to break out of this prison. This they definitely did not approve. On my laptop I fashioned out a nice letter to the Center of Constitutional Rights summarizing the origins of my predicament, but, since I did not have a printer I had to print out the letter in a cyber café, to whose network the Department most likely had access – and so they probably knew the destination of my letter before I put it into the mail box on the street that night. I was sure the letter I sent out was either intercepted at the post office or – an even more horrible scenario – the Center for Constitutional Rights has already been infiltrated just like ACLU and now only "pretends" to handle cases. And so I figured the only way to get my letter to a lawyer was to hand it to him or her in person. So I looked up Barbara Olshansky's information on the web in a cyber café on a Wednesday in early September, told my new therapist about doing so on Thursday, looked up the directions to her office in

Stanford and her home on Saturday, and went up there on Monday night. Well, since there was always a surveillance agent around me to ascertain which public computer I was using, the Department of Homeland Security would have known my intention by Thursday night. Thus what I found at Stanford on Tuesday was a set-up, though I didn't know how. Either the woman I met and handed my letter to was a "fake Barbara Olshansky" – a DHS impersonator – or Ms. Olshansky was already notified about me – "terrorist"? "dangerous schizophrenic"? I don't know. I just knew that the woman wasn't behaving right and didn't look 47, that young Homeland Security agents were all around her office to "guide" me, that even her neighbors were taught how to act and lie so as to fool me, and that it's physically possible for them to find a woman that resembled her, get all the film crew together to shoot videos and photos of her in speeches and conferences, and put these on the internet to fool me – all in 4 days. And of course I never heard from her since. The fact is that my trust of reality had been badly damaged by all the bombardment of clandestine operations on me. At any moment I could be getting onto a fake bus, meeting a fake employee at the store, etc. In any case I was clearly no match for the Department of Homeland Security. They control the entire infrastructure and population, like controlling the water in which the fish swims. I'm in fact just a powerless person. All the "genius" they credited me with earlier could only work for a brief moment when they literally give you the instrument to paralyze them – the context of interagency competition and the Department's overt sloppiness and ridiculous seriousness about everything you say – just as a surfer surfs only when there are waves; without the waves he is sitting duck. Thus I suffered a total breakdown afterwards.

The Department of Homeland Security operations have become increasingly secretive as they now try their best to fit their "clandestine operations" into the normal routines of society's mechanisms so as to hide their involvement behind the scene. Since this they have been dying to put me in the hospital, drug me to oblivion, and destroy my mind once and for all. If in my tiredness I lay down on the ground for a moment in the bus station, for example, security guards would be instructed by the Department to swarm around me and, pretending to be merely helping a stranger in distress, call the paramedics, even though I immediately stood up. But then all I had to do to avoid this was walk away and everyone would have to pretend they didn't know who I was and where I went, as if my movement were not being tracked 24/7 through surveillance agents and my cellphone. They all had to pretend that they were just responding to an ordinary "medical emergency" of an unknown person. Everywhere I went the people around me were instructed to pretend not to know me, look for opportunities or excuses to "help this stranger in distress", call the paramedics, and put me in the hospital.

Before I left for Stanford I told Karin my story. I became desperate as I saw her mundane groups' members being recruited as informants and worried she might be next. Her opinion being so important to me as her groups had become the only source of happiness for me at this time, I desperately wanted to tell her my side of the story first – that I was never a danger or "threat" to people – before they fed her with their version – whatever that is. But she was recruited afterwards anyway and required to coordinate a scheme on me together with Rolf. She was not as enthusiastic as Rolf was in the informant business and was terrified that the mundane get-together she had organized to have some fun in movies and jokes after her freelance translation job had now to become a national security battleground. She became frightened of me and so I thought I should just give her the gift of my disappearance by never coming to her get-

together again. I was thus left completely isolated in my time of psychological break-down.

I estimate that between January and October 2007 I have run into another 6,000 Homeland Security “agents” and informants and that the Department has spent another 30 million dollars on me this year. This means that I have so far seen 46,000 DHS people and cost them 530 million dollars in total. I have paid so heavily for that little threat-like statement and the few anti-patriotic remarks I made almost three years earlier: three years of surveillance, one year of “Homeland Security reality” and prison of secret agents and informants, ostracization from society – I have truly come to appreciate the power of the government, its willingness to employ such a vast amount of resources to alter and fashion reality for a single person. My whole feeling toward the world has changed. I no longer care about any of the things I care about before. I have no more interest in philosophy or science or any of the “intellectual stuff”; I no longer worry about crimes; I am no longer bothered by racial inequality; I no longer care to find a female partner; I no longer care about sex. The pain and depression generated by the Department of Homeland Security just stamps out all the pains and concerns I used to have.

The concluding events

By the beginning of October 2007 I was thus completely isolated in my utter hopelessness and desperation. I stumbled through the streets for several days and finally stumbled back to the Orthodox Church one Sunday morning after months of absence there. Father J just happened to deliver a sermon that was straightforwardly relevant to my situation. He said something to the effect that we should accept others we meet as mysteries – not to find out anything, because it’s up to God to reveal the purpose in the end, and that we shouldn’t be so focused on our own needs and forget about living to please God. Then on the Sunday service brochure that New Testament passage about “loving your enemy” was quoted again as the Bible reading of the day. Wherever the message came from – the “Invisible Hand”, Father J, God – it was clear that I was expected to “love my enemy”, i.e. “love” Homeland Security agents, cease resisting Homeland Security operations, stop getting upset about the fact that the whole population was hiding from me bad rumors about me, stop figuring out who was an Homeland Security informant and who a CIA asset, accept the prison of illusion that Mr. Homeland Security Secretary had fashioned for me, and finally live as a truly faithful and obedient Christian who placed all his energies and focus on the invisible God and would forget about the suffering he had endured in this terrifying visible world. He should forget his own needs, i.e. his own life, and live another life, the life with God as the only focus. The message did change my perception of my situation because the maturity exhibited in it put me once more to shame: I had been losing faith because my prayers to God about protecting me from the DHS never worked, and I had been upset with Father J for the longest time as I saw him lying and acting in front of me to help the government lock me up in this government-perpetuated illusion; what kind of “good Christian” was that? Not that, of course, I expected him to ignore the legal binding the government had placed on him and sacrifice his own freedom for my sake, but that I was truly disappointed over the fact that God had so little influence in this “real world” that His representative was so powerless to assert God’s way before the secular power. But now I could see that my simple-minded expectation for God to protect me from what I didn’t like did not constitute much of a faith, and that my perception of this secular power’s preeminence as injustice and consequent resistance to it was not all that noble but simply a sign of immaturity. But attaining this true faith in the invisible

would demand a lot of work in overcoming my nature: I have Borderline Personality Disorder; if you read up on its diagnosis in the DSM IV you would learn about the chronic emptiness and terrifying loneliness those with BPD constantly feel inside. A person with BPD is always squarely oriented toward and seeks concrete persons and concrete reality because only things concrete, visible, and tangible can fill up the inner emptiness which he or she constantly and chronically experiences.

As I still had a ticket to Taiwan that I hadn't yet used, after I completed the draft of this story I finally flew there on October 17 2007. Remember that, when you are in the United States, the Department of Homeland Security can turn your life into a living hell because they control the nation's infrastructure and population like the CIA and the FBI can never do. When your movement and location are being monitored 24/7, the Department personnel in their control center, while watching you and with the nation's infrastructure under their finger tips, can cause any machine you just touch – the computers in the library, the fax machines in Kinkos, your own phone or public phones – to suddenly malfunction. Of course I knew that being in Taiwan wouldn't make any difference since the Taiwanese government would for sure hand over its infrastructure and population to the DHS upon request. But the same prison would be experienced so much worse there. I didn't see any "Homeland Security reality" or surveillance during my first day in Taiwan. But on the second day, as soon as I saw a Homeland Security surveillance agent coming into the cyber café to ascertain which computer I was using, I suffered another nervous breakdown. The breakdown was made all the worse because I lacked the usual people that served as my emotional support – forced to cooperate with the Department of Homeland Security and to coordinate a scheme on me as they were. And then, as expected, the DHS started disrupting my internet connections no matter which cyber café I went to, which added more stress. I didn't know anyone in Taiwan except a cousin of mine from my mother's side, Danny Cheng, with whose wife and son I stayed during my week-long sojourn in Taiwan. Now Danny turned out to be the most cold-blooded Homeland Security informant I had ever met: he neither liked me nor disliked me, but merely looked at me as an object, as a means to the money and immigration status which he needed and which the DHS promised to give him for his work on me. He absolutely frightened me – in addition to disappointing me once more about God and Jesus since he was supposedly a devout Catholic – and this added another layer of stress to my nervous condition. Originally I planned to stay in Taiwan for a while to probe the possibility of having a legal case there instead, and during my first day I started contemplating about traveling to Hong Kong to avoid "Homeland Security reality" and to use the internet finally unimpeded, counting on the fact that the authorities there would be less likely to hand over their infrastructure to the Department of Homeland Security. But with my weakness I finally just returned home to Los Angeles, without even accomplishing such simple thing as getting a Taiwanese ID card.

In Taiwan there seems to have been a general "alert" about me broadcast to parts of the population. It's not hard to guess that the content of this "alert" would consist in making me into some dangerous schizophrenic with a vicious personality to whom you'd better not listen if he ever tried to tell you anything – so as to silence me – and from whom you must keep the fact of your being alerted a secret. All my personality defects, all the garbage I had said in anger on the phone long time ago, and all my dramas with my family were probably taken out of context and magnified ten-fold in these alerts so as to hype up people into detesting me. It pained me so

much to think that the Department of Homeland Security has by now purposely cultivated misunderstanding about me among millions of people in North America and Taiwan. And of course the Department had also notified all airline personnel – of whichever airline company in whichever country – about me the “threat”. Since they also knew that I had been contemplating of going to China and moving to Brazil to avoid their “reality” and to find an infrastructure not under their control, I wouldn’t be surprised if they had similarly notified the governments of these countries (in the case of China, “re-notified”) – and even of other countries. I have without doubt been made into the most detested person in human history, in addition to being the most watched, studied, and tested person in human history. Although I am never evil – I don’t have sadistic and vicious intentions toward other people – my inadmirable personality and detestability cultivated by the DHS are worse than being evil, for even Hitler or Ben Laden, though universally detested, has each always a small group of admirers, while not more than one or two persons on the planet truly have sympathy for me. I’m detested, moreover, all in secrecy. I have never been very likable, and now my unlikableness is magnified to the utmost extreme through the efforts of government agencies. This is how Mr. Homeland Security Secretary has avenged himself: by having the entire humanity keep bad secrets about you from you, thus ostracizing you from the common reality which the rest of humanity all share, and making you into the biggest fool in human history. Heed this fate: this is what you get for embarrassing him, intentionally or not!

Meanwhile the CIA cannot have been more disappointed with me, earlier this year and this August when they would have witnessed how pathetic this “genius” was when disintegrating. I’m really no genius at all: it’s now clear that, although I excel others in certain very particular and limited areas of “intelligence” such as observational attention to details and academic aptitude, when it comes to everything else that’s of importance – like emotional intelligence and social skills – I’m way below average. I’m really just a worthless bum with extraordinary bad luck, such that anyone coming to me with good intention will get a share of my massive misfortune but anyone coming to me with bad intention will profit tremendously. This is not the first time something like this has happened. The Agency’s clandestine service has wrecked itself so badly because of me: virtually all of its domestic operations have now been taken away. And it’s all because they mistakenly thought a crazy pathetic drama queen had great potential! How could the world’s most elite intelligence agency ever have thought about acquiring this piece of garbage? This incident for sure constitutes one of the worst and most embarrassing disasters in the history of the CIA clandestine service. On two occasions they sent Celine to run into me in UCLA to give me cold shoulders in order to express their displeasure with me. Once in January 2007, when they had probably finally grasped clearly my pathetic personality defects as I disintegrated into self-destruction and self-pity after coming back from Taiwan, and once in May 2007, when I for the first time broke my silence and told a therapist about the Agency’s ordeal with me. And if the DHS people ever detested me because they thought I thought I was superior to them – calling them “bums”, “ugly”, “gang-bangers”, and “uneducated” – they were wrong: deep down I always know that I am no better a human being than they are, for all this academic intellect is no compensation for my inferiority in every other domain of human intelligence. Again, I detested them only because of their aggression toward me and because they took away my good luck by their own mistake.

By now I have truly appreciated the Straussian cynicism: “Acquire as much power as possible,

so that you can do onto others what others can never do unto you.” There can be no justice or fairness in the universe, but only a hierarchy of power. Those who are on the top have the luxury of ignoring God and that good Christian maturity toward which the “other power” has been trying to persuade me, and simply asserting the basic human instinct of doing to others precisely what they never want others to do unto themselves. The Christian maturity in accepting God’s “mysteries”, such as the injustice you think you don’t deserve – that’s for the powerless only: the powerless need this maturity in order to eke out a bearable existence under the domination of the powerful. The life of the powerful is easy enough as their happiness does not have to depend on any sort of difficult growth into maturity through suffering.

By the time I came back to Los Angeles in late October 2007, Mr. Homeland Security Secretary and his team had already thoroughly read through the draft of this essay – whether from the network of the cyber café where I printed it out or later from my blog – and fixed all the flaws in his clandestine operations. From now on his “fake reality” would be almost as good as CIA’s and capable of fooling anyone. He has realized his dream of becoming the clandestine operation master. He now has his own clandestine operational unit operating internationally. He is a lover of deception and has by now also succeeded in imprisoning his most impassioned target (me) in the illusion which he has manufactured: having everyone around him pretending to like him while detesting him inside. Again, his primary objective with his target is not arresting him or anything like that, but deceiving him on a massive scale. Meanwhile as I wither away in this prison of informants and deception, my life has for sure come to an end. After my return, I no longer care much about the surveillance around me, and there doesn’t seem to be much of it anyway as long as I stick to my normal routines. I have come to terms with the impossibility of escaping them. But what’s so painful is the fact that all the people around me have been instructed to paint me into a schizophrenic so as to discredit me in case I tell my story or to lock me in a delusional state. This includes Karin when I returned to her groups, and even Wes. Then some old acquaintances of mine would also turn up – having been recruited – to do the job. So I’m in such tremendous pain everyday – because I’m utterly alone in this world. I’m utterly alone because all the people whose company gives fulfillment to my life have either been recruited as operatives tasked with taking reality away from me or driven away by my “plague”; because I’m isolated in my pain insofar as I have difficulty sharing this sad story of mine with others, e.g. my internet connection would frequently be interrupted or untrustworthy when I tried to put this story on the net – even if finally it went through; because of my community-wide infamy as wherever I go the staff of the place would be alerted about me; and because I’m ostracized from the common reality in which everyone participates. Some have remarked that DHS is no worry since they don’t ever physically touch me. But I much prefer to be physically harmed than locked in unreality or detested universally (even if in secret): the latter causes me far more anguish. Maybe this is not the case with other people, but it is with me. Physical safety ranks much lower in my hierarchy of priorities than mental clarity, inter-subjective sharing, and love from others. Those former days of FBI investigation were truly the days of paradise in comparison with the current times of Homeland Security. The FBI does not massively involve the population and control and alter the reality around you but simply wants to watch you. Life was hard enough for me before this incident given my Borderline constitution, and now my BPD lonesomeness is magnified to the extreme by government security operations. The only meaning of life left to me in my utter loneliness is to share with a few others this story of mine so as to have a few (just a few!) witnesses of the enormous misfortune I have endured and to prove to

them that I'm not the bad and crazy creature that the DHS has made me out to be for the whole world. At least, not *that* bad. Besides, I'm sick and tired of living a "double reality" as I had done from January to July 2007 when I was loyally keeping secrets for the CIA and told no one about the extraordinary ordeal I had undergone. And yet this sharing is precisely the thing that the DHS (and probably the CIA) doesn't like me to do. What a pain when your personal suffering is regarded as some sort of national secret! But how else can you alleviate the pain from the trauma of so much clandestine operations and informants and operatives, which often wakes me up in the middle of the night?

I also feel enormous guilt about bringing my "plague" of Homeland Security to all those around me that I like, e.g. Karin, Wes, and Deborah, and the only way to alleviate this guilt is by rationalizing that, well, as they are all forced to serve as informants or operatives, they all at least have an extra source of income by being in contact with me. This means that I should hang around only with good people so as to allow only them to profit from my misery, and stay away from bad people such as Danny and the like so as to prevent them from profiting from my misery: rewarding the good and depriving the bad: that shall give some meaning to my suffering. But you have seen that not all the good people around me enjoy their "second job". Nevertheless, I have to think in this way to survive. You cannot imagine the pain coming from the fact that you cannot trust anyone you meet since he or she is most likely an informant or "operative" pretending to be nice to you while undermining you behind your back. But through this rationalization I can allow the good people to undermine me on government's behalf without feeling that terrible sense of oppression and injustice which would come from being undermined by not-so-good people: at least my suffering has rewarded the good. This is the only way I can calm myself down.

Eventually the solution to all this is either the way of Christ or death as the final exit. I have been thinking a lot about the question "whether I'm a good person or a bad person." I'm not a bad person but neither am I a good person. Good persons give to others and I cannot give to others because I have only emptiness inside – that typical Borderline constitution – by virtue of which I constantly have to cry out to others for help. And now this desperation is made all the worse by Homeland Security open-space prison. I reflect often on the causes of my present predicament, how I have incurred the wrath of the Department of Homeland Security and its Secretary, something far more terrible than AIDS or cancer: being angry with the Department of Homeland Security for taking away my "CIA friend" and wanting him back. Is this so bad? I certainly pose no "threat" to the general population or the nation as a whole. But it's definitely foolish: one does not make friends with non-existent ghosts. Other than this foolishness, it's just plain bad luck. Why is it that my flight to see Marie just had to coincide so closely in date with that London bombing plot, such that I came into the notice of the most ruthless agency in the world? Now all I want is a normal life with normal pains which everyone else has: to have some "friends" (who are not informants or "operatives"), to have a job, and, most importantly, to be anonymous in society. I've given up all interests in the Agency. But it's precisely this normality which I can never have. Even if the DHS ceases all operations on me right this moment, millions of ordinary people everywhere already know me as a most detestable "threat."

The saddest thing is that, after all the services I have rendered this country – like helping the Department of Homeland Security grow an effective clandestine unit; and I'm also sure that this

book has been a source of learning for the Agency as well and deposited somewhere in its library: they have learned how a recruitment operation could have gone so bad – I have received no recognition, no gesture of approval, but only pain and suffering from being silenced and from my infamy that is spread through around me and beyond in other countries. The person who has benefitted the most from my case, Mr. Homeland Security Secretary, has despite the service I have rendered him ostracized me from reality and the entire planet. What are the lessons given me from all this if continuing living is the option chosen? Faith and focus on the invisible instead of the visible, the most difficult thing to do; learning to embody the Christian spirit of seeing God in the faces of those you don't like, especially when you are condemned to the fate that those you like will always run away from you and those you don't like will always be around you; learning to truly sympathize with others with misfortune instead of being completely engulfed in your own miseries: "If you want something, then you should start giving that something away", as the saying goes.... There are just so much to learn, so many instincts to overcome, so much work to do, and all under circumstances that are made so much more difficult by governmental interventions and which no one else faces, just in order to get a little of what is wanted. I have learned from this most bizarre and painful experience just how underdeveloped I am in every domain of life and "intelligence" outside the useless academic intellect and intuition to details. I'm ignorant of so much that others know by instinct. Now that I have written down the details of the happenings that have wrecked my life to the most unimaginable extreme, I have to step into the unknown. As you can see, the ending of this story is badly written. Well, I always have great desire to relate my pains but great difficulty in learning from them.