

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person, part I: China and Europe
Chapter 2: The Agency's argument in the ICJ
Lawrence C. Chin
October 2008, April 2011, November 2012, May 2017

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Chapter 2

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Over the next few days – from January 6, 2008 onwards – a vague idea of the correct scenario was finally taking shape **in my head**. Ever since the Homeland Security agent “Grey” had made his mysterious angry statement I had been spending hours at a time lying on the sofa in the bar lounge in the hostel regurgitating all the events that had taken place in their correct order so as to come up with a scenario that would consistently explain every one of the reactions of the people around me, from whichever side. I had not been sleeping well and had been subsisting in a constant nervous state since arriving in Shanghai just because I was over-using my brain to try to understand why Homeland Security and everybody else were here and what all the confusing events around me (e.g. Wuming's appearance) were about. Now I saw the light. The first key to solving the mystery was Allies' (notably Homeland Security's) complete take-over of the infrastructure of Shanghai. There could be no possibility under normal circumstances that the Chinese government would allow this. As I read in a Chinese newspaper while on the train coming back from Hangzhou days later, the project of Golden Shield, for example, commonly known as the “Great Firewall of China”, which protected the Chinese Internet, had made it much harder for Western intelligence agencies to gather information within the Chinese Internet domain. Western governments' condemnation that the Chinese government used such device to suppress dissent was merely a pretext. This was how precious the Chinese government held its infrastructure against Western intrusion. Now clearly Homeland Security was using the operation on me as an excuse to completely take over the Chinese infrastructure in Shanghai in order to gather information on every aspect of it. This scenario would get further confirmed later on. Why would the Chinese government allow this? My original guess about a dispute over some treaty in which the arguing parties were on a par of equality increasingly gave way to one where a “higher authority” presided over the matter and “ordered” the Chinese to cooperate with the Allies. But what higher authority was there who could order super-powers like China or United States to do something? Furthermore, the aggressiveness and anger with which those on the side of the United States were collecting information on China's infrastructure, along with the complacency and even cooperation of the Chinese government in general (that is, the “other side” in the Chinese government than their MSS), seemed to indicate that the act was a sort of revenge and that the MSS director had done something shameful in the eyes of international community such that the conservative elements in Chinese government, always worrying about their country's international standing, had decided to permit Western powers to get even as a way to demonstrate that they were after all fair and just.

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In the beginning, without knowing what the MSS director had done, I was rather disgusted by Homeland Security's attempt to again use me to accomplish their nefarious goals. Even while I was in Taiwan in October I had thought about the possibility that Homeland Security's goal in suggesting me to go to China might be to find an excuse to take over China's infrastructure as a way to extend their surveillance network. The second key in the matter was the infection of Professor Wong's computer by a Trojan horse, as he described it on his blog post. Thirdly, I had often thought about what Ms Mermaid was about when, during the first time we were chatting using MSN Messenger, she asked me for my passport number. Her action became very suspicious when, after I gave the China Eastern my passport number, the whole airline was taken over by Homeland Security and my passport number was erased from its database. I now thought more about the four possible scenarios that I had considered as to who Ms Mermaid was before my flight: (1) Ms Mermaid could be just who she said she was, a guide, which would be almost unbelievable given that, for about a year and a half before that, there was almost never any moment when I wasn't surrounded by informants or secret agents. (2) She could be a Homeland Security informant. Although this was at first the most likely scenario, I certainly should have ruled it out even before my flight since there was no reason why Homeland Security would want to trick me to give out my passport number. (3) She could be a member of a criminal organization. (4) She could be a Chinese intelligence informant. Although even before my flight I had become sure that she was indeed recruited by the MSS, at this juncture I began seriously contemplating the reason why the MSS had wanted my passport number. Fourthly I thought about the frustration on Allies' side after I told Guoming my suspicion that Ms Mermaid might be a criminal element given her suspicious action of switching my SIM-card. Fifth to consider was the certainty that Homeland Security had been caught lying about me by Chinese intelligence – this was certain given the Department's zealous attempt to prevent me from escaping to China. Sixth to consider was my suspicion that the Big Sister, who was desperately trying to find something terrorist with me, must have communicated her increasingly groundless obsession that I was a terrorist to the Chinese while asking the Chinese to furnish information on Professor Wong. The Chinese would then have information about me as a “terrorist suspect” in addition to – and this was the decisive assumption which had prompted me to decide on China as the place to escape to – knowing my business with Homeland Security from August to late October 2006 when supposedly they had a mole in Homeland Security. To understand what was going on around me, I just needed a scenario which could explain all these things: Ms Mermaid's asking me for my passport number, the sting operation involving Wuming, China's apologetic attitude, the Trojan horse on Professor Wong's computer, Allies' frustration – all this in light of what I knew for certain, that Mr Secretary of Homeland Security had been caught lying and that the Chinese government also knew about my status as a “terrorist suspect”. Now if Ms Mermaid was a MSS informant, why did she want my passport number? To establish my identity? I gradually realized there may be more to Homeland Security's attempt to censor my passport number: my passport number would not just allow me to fly out of the States, but would do some other wonder. But shouldn't it be obvious to everyone that I was who I was, the schizophrenic on Homeland Security's warning to the Chinese and the “terrorist suspect” and all that other stuff in China's database? It occurred to me that only in a court of law did people argue over, and try to provide evidence for, what was the obvious because of all sorts of issues regarding technicalities and “proof beyond a reasonable doubt”. Yes, then, I started imagining the

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Chinese suing the Department of Homeland Security for lying – for deliberately deceiving the Chinese government into allowing someone whom the United States itself had labeled a “terrorist suspect” to enter into their country: however ridiculous a “terrorist suspect” I might be, duping another large country like a donkey in this way was certainly insulting to the extreme. The scenario of a lawsuit would explain everything far better than could a dispute over treaties. But in what court? I thought maybe it was in some federal court in the United States itself – maybe the Chinese were complaining about baby Homeland Security's insulting act to the Supreme Court – since I knew very little yet about the UN and its accompanying organs and could barely imagine myself – one of the smallest persons in society – turning up in the discussion within the highest international body. (Recall that, even though I had thought about the possibility of a dispute about me in the UN, I had refrained from visiting UN's website and so had prevented myself from hitting on the right target, the International Court of Justice.) Then what? Mr Secretary would want to find a way out of his embarrassment by trying to deceive the Chinese again with some scenario about “mistaken identity” through routing my Skype call to Ms Mermaid through Taiwan: “See, the 'terrorist suspect' is actually still in Taiwan, and the person about to fly from Los Angeles to Shanghai is someone else. A mistake! You are complaining about the wrong person!” But when this trick failed to fool the Chinese – I was imagining the anger of the federal judges over Homeland Security's ever more insulting lies – then what? What was the one and only way left to get out of the lawsuit? If Ms Mermaid was a Chinese intelligence informant running a sting operation on me, I realized that United States and its allies had one last option left, namely turning the whole complaint of the Chinese into a “conspiracy” and thus dismissing it by arguing that the Chinese were just pretending to consider me a “terrorist suspect” and that I knew when the Chinese were running a sting operation on me through Ms Mermaid that it was a sting operation, that I consciously cooperated with it, and that even including my passport number in my email to Professor Wong was a deliberate attempt to help the Chinese continue their complaint. I had thus hit on the beginning stages of “Plan B”. To be sure, I did want Ms Mermaid to be recruited by the MSS as an informant on me, although I had always doubted whether I had succeeded. And I did want the Chinese to intercept my passport number in my email to Professor Wong around the time of Christmas, even though I never knew why they had wanted it. I couldn't have fathomed the new rule that evidence could only be intercepted, and, even when I began to comprehend that what was going on behind the scene was a lawsuit, I didn't understand what was wrong with “conspiracy”. By comprehending that “conspiring with the MSS” would hurt China, I began to understand the reason behind Wuming's sting operation and the Allies' frustration as manifested through “Grey”. Somehow the United States had caught the MSS pretending to believe I was a terrorist and thus obtained the justification to run a sting operation on me to prove that I was conspiring with the MSS. The United States seemed to have succeeded, and China was embarrassed by its spy chief's frauds. By pretending to believe I was a terrorist, the MSS director had raided America's secret databases, and, because he was caught pretending, the Chinese government had to apologize by allowing the Allies to gather sensitive information on China's infrastructure and the MSS had to seriously consider me and Professor Wong “terrorist suspects” by running surveillance on me with a sorry face and infecting Professor Wong's computer with a Trojan horse. Then, when I pretended that I didn't know the MSS was running a sting operation on me through Ms Mermaid, China was saved, and United States frustrated. Now this mystery which puzzled me as soon as I arrived in the

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hostel – why Homeland Security was here after all that – had an explanation, and I was thoroughly depressed over the fact that, while I came to China to escape from Homeland Security operations and law enforcement investigation, I ended up becoming the target of even larger operations by even more agencies. The scenario I had started imagining was only vague for me at this time, and I wasn't clear about some crucial details – such as the fact that the lawsuit was of the greatest proportion in the International Court of Justice – until I was in Hong Kong another week later. It would take years for me to fully understand the rest of the details. However, for the sake of a clear and well-connected narrative, I shall reveal everything to you right now in a single stroke.

Recall that I have mentioned that, by mid-December, the Agency had obtained definitive evidence for MSS director's dishonesty. What had happened was like this. The Agency had a mole inside the Chinese intelligence – a very pretty Chinese woman whom you will read about later – who had furnished them with proofs of MSS director's dishonesty: Not only did these proofs show that the MSS director didn't believe “Big Sister's” paranoid assessment – that he didn't believe I was planning terrorist harm against China – not only did the proofs show that he believed instead, just as the Agency's lawyers had argued, that I planned the whole thing and intended to furnish my story to him in order to benefit China while defecting, but they must have also demonstrated that he in fact planned to save me: as soon as I arrived, either Ms Mermaid or his agents would lure me to a meetup and “take me in”. This is why he didn't want the Allies to come over to China to run joint operation with him. Furthermore, the proofs also showed that the communication between Professor Wong and the Uighur separatist was orchestrated by the MSS director himself: the MSS director had simply instructed Professor Wong to make calls or write emails to someone connected with the Uighur separatists (“terrorists”), and then made sure that his own crew intercepted the calls or emails. Professor Wong need only have been instructed to make in the communication the vaguest references in order for the MSS director to interpret it for the ICJ judges as “secret coded communication between terrorists” since he had already convinced them that the Big Sister was correct in her paranoid methods in interpreting any meaningless and mundane actions on my part as hinting at a sinister terrorist plot. The proofs showed that the MSS director had long ago figured out that the Big Sister had made a stupid mistake, and that he was planning on doing the same thing: after his lawsuit had succeeded and he had saved me, he would just claim: “Ops. Perhaps we have made a mistake. Maybe that gibberish in Professor Wong's communication was not coded communication after all; and the Uighur terrorist has turned out to be someone else...” In other words, he wanted to copy the mistakes made by the FBI and Homeland Security.

Now, the CIA lawyers did not immediately bring these proofs to the attention of judge Higgins because they were not sure if she would allow this kind of evidence since this would violate the work product rule under normal circumstances. This was the real reason why the Agency was persuading me not to fly to China, the real reason why they were worried that their “Plan B” might not work out. The Agency's lawyers had an argument ready to justify the violation of the work product rule in this case, but they weren't sure if judge Higgins would accept it. It is only when I did fly to China, on December 29, 2007, despite Agency's persuasion that their lawyers had no choice but to present the argument and

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begin implementing “Plan B”.

Now what did these proofs look like with which the “mole” had furnished the Agency and which had thus turned the tide? A piece of audio recording? Did the “mole” come near the MSS director and record him saying that he believed that I was consciously furnishing him with information about myself in order for him to use it against the United States? I don't know. I have never found out. I just know that the “proofs” had existed.

This is how “Plan B” worked. The first thing which the CIA and the State Department lawyers did was to request to judge Higgins that she close up the International Court to shut off all observers from nations which were not directly involved. The move to classify the lawsuit as “super-top secret” had a strategic importance surpassing your wildest imagination. It was the most important step in the plan to reverse all the damages which the MSS director had inflicted on the reputation of the United States and the Agency in the United Nations. This request must have been made while I was on the Boeing 767 flying across the Pacific Ocean. When judge Higgins agreed, the Agency's lawyers then put forward the evidence which their mole had furnished – that the MSS director was dishonest, that he did not believe I was planning terrorist harm against China, that he had forged an important piece of evidence, and that he had even planned to save me. The CIA lawyers then tried the argument they had prepared: “Because the very trade of intelligence agencies is infiltration, stealing information, and recruiting moles within each other, evidence obtained by such measures as violate the work product rule should be considered legitimate in a court battle between intelligence agencies.” To their surprise, our Madam President of the International Court was persuaded by this argument to ignore the work product rule in this case. She had accepted this argument as valid, just as she had earlier accepted as valid the argument that evidences in such cases must be gathered without the suspect's voluntary cooperation. When she and the other two judges were shown proofs that the Chinese intelligence's director wasn't really seriously considering me a threat but was putting up a show for an hidden agenda – to get into CIA's and other agencies' secret box and to convict the United States as a terrorism-sponsoring state – the favor they had earlier shown him because of their indignation toward Mr Secretary's perjury began dissipating.

Now the lawyers from the Agency and the State Department were ready to propose to Madam President judge Higgins their radical interpretation of UN Resolution 1373. For this to work, they must show her that suspicion existed that I planned the whole thing and intended to harm the United States. For this end, the CIA lawyers might have even played for her the various intercepts of my conversations with Wes in which I was anti-neoconservative or China-praising. I have mentioned in “Government's investigation of a schizophrenic” that I once told Wes that I thought China might constitute our planet's last defense against the tide of neoconseravtism. I have not mentioned that, hours after I put in my passport at the Chinese consulate to apply for a Visa, I called up Wes and said to him, “I'm gonna give the Chinese government a gift...”, by which I meant my story “My experience...” Talks like these the Agency's lawyers could certainly present to Madam President as indication that I planned the whole trip in order to enable China to sue the United States – that I indeed wanted to hurt the United States. Madam President judge Higgins was now awakened to the possibility that an extremely sophisticated

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conspiracy to defraud the International Court for political purposes may have indeed existed, just as the CIA had been arguing all along. Now the Agency's lawyers made two motions: firstly that, insofar as the “actual spirit” of UN Resolution 1373 consisted in nations' working together to neutralize the threat which the terrorist suspect was posing to any one of them, this Resolution would in fact require China to help the United States to neutralize the threat I was posing to the United States when it was demonstrated that I, the terrorist suspect, did not intend to harm China but rather the United States, and this to China's benefit. The Madam President agreed that the Resolution indeed required this. Then that the United States should be given a chance to substitute their fake Chinese agents for the real Chinese agents who were originally ordered to “take me in”. The Agency motioned that they be allowed to intercept the MSS' conspiracy with me, in other words – just as, ordinarily when an intelligence agency discovers a terrorist suspect planning harm, it has the habit of recruiting his conspirators as informants against him without his knowing. This would become Wuming's sting operation on the night of December 31, 2007. The sting operation was necessary because China's obligation to help the United States neutralize the threat I posed to the United States could not be established until my intention to harm the United States was demonstrated in this instance as well, not just for the past such as in my conversation with Wes from before. The CIA had devised this sting operation to prove this intention of mine, and thus that a conspiracy had existed between me and the MSS director to harm the United States. The Madam President agreed. It is at this point that she ordered that, since it was established that the MSS director was defrauding the International Court, the Chinese government should cooperate, per its obligation under UN Resolution 1373, with the United States in determining if the fraud indeed extended into a “conspiracy” (with the suspect, me). This was the real reason why the Chinese government had set up “another side” – the “other side” of the Chinese government of which I spoke earlier – to cooperate with the CIA in running the sting operation on me on the night of December 31 2007.

All this argumentation had happened on the night of December 30, when I had just landed in Shanghai and arrived at Etour hostel. The argument unfolded in front of the MSS director so fast, that he was absolutely shocked. Only now did he realize that the CIA had played a trick on him. The CIA knew that he had no idea that his entourage had already been infiltrated by them. The CIA's plan was to make him believe the United States' own “conspiracy scenario” so that he would talk about it with his entourage – how he himself believed I was helping him – allowing the “mole” in his entourage to catch him playing fraud. The MSS was simply not a match for the CIA when it came to the game of deception and manipulation. The MSS director had been trapped by the Americans just as he had earlier trapped Mr Secretary of Homeland Security. Furthermore, the Chinese president was himself shocked by the revelation that his spy chief had forged evidences and attempted to deceive the ICJ judges. His spy chief had represented his country to express its grievance without telling him that he was playing frauds. Our Chinese president, along with the rest of the Chinese government, were truly embarrassed before judge Higgins and speechless before the Allies.

Thus a joint operation between the Chinese “other side” and the Allies to figure out what I was about had been set up in the Etour hostel on the night of December 31, 2007. I had already explained how the

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hostel was taken over and made into a fake, and surveillance devices were for sure installed all over the place. Officials from both sides of the lawsuit, plus the three judges of the International Court, must have been stuffed into a control room somewhere in the city and watching me very closely. The control room was serving as the temporary court room, that is. The Russians and the rest of the world not parties to the lawsuit were no longer allowed to know what was going on here. This complex scenario explains the confusing fact of a seeming division within the Chinese government – while some of the Chinese “operatives” masquerading as hostel employees came indeed from the MSS, the others came from the “other side” in Chinese government working against the MSS, with the rest being imported by Homeland Security.

On the morning of December 31, when judge Higgins had authorized the CIA's sting operation, the MSS director and his entire crew must have been frightened to death. Since they had truly believed the CIA's scenario that I had planned the whole thing, they were pretty sure that I would fall for the sting operation, enabling the Americans to establish my intention to harm the United States. Then, everyone knew how the United States would request China to neutralize the threat I posed to the United States: namely, to oblige China to confirm the United States' counter-scenario and to convict itself as a terrorism-sponsoring state and its own MSS as a terrorist organization. This is why, when I called up Ms Mermaid on the morning of December 31, she was suddenly instructed by her MSS handler to warn me: “Today's weather is bad”, namely, “The Americans are planning a sting operation for you tonight!”

Wuming and his girlfriend – imported from the Allies' side – and the manager of the hostel – from the “other side” in Chinese government – were thus selected to run a sting operation on me on the night of new year eve. I have somewhat simplified the legal procedures above. For “Plan B” to work, the United States must not only establish my intention to harm the United States in this very instance, but also the very basis of everything, that I had known all along that the Ministry of State Security personnel had intercepted my story and my passport number, had posed as Ms Mermaid's handle to chat with me, had pretended to file this lawsuit in the International Court of Justice, and had planned to save me – that I knew everything and planned the whole thing as a way to escape and harm the United States at the same time. All this would have to be proven in this single sting operation. To design a sting operation which can “prove” my awareness of everything, the CIA must have decided to admit all the secrets about me to judge Higgins, especially my “special ability” to identify a secret agent by the mere sight of him or her. Given this “special ability” (which they probably even exaggerated), the Agency's lawyers argued, there would be no possibility that I didn't know that Chinese intelligence was behind Ms Mermaid's chat over the Internet or that she was already recruited as an informant. You see, when it suit their purpose, the Agency, along with the rest of the US government, would suddenly admit that I didn't suffer from schizophrenia after all, but when the purpose was achieved, they would go back to labeling me “schizophrenic” to all the world. Now, once judge Higgins had been “convinced” that I had this “special ability”, she was ever more convinced that I had planned the whole thing. She was now susceptible to CIA lawyers' suggestion that a sting operation can prove all this – that I knew everything and had planned the whole thing – a sting operation which outwardly would continue as MSS director's original plan – sending in agents to take me in – but which inwardly would have been subverted as fake

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Chinese agents were now substituted for the original real agents, and which would result in nothing. If I behaved in any way which suggested that I knew these were MSS agents to take me in – even without saying so explicitly – then I must have known everything and have planned the whole thing. Since the Agency's argument was that I had planned a sophisticated attempt to defect while leaving the United States permanently damaged, the way which they thought could elicit from me a response which would suggest I expected to be “taken in” was to let the fake Chinese secret agent offer me “defection” to see if I would agree. The fake Chinese agent would also try to elicit from me anti-American statement which, the Agency's lawyers argued, should be sufficient evidence that I had intended to harm the United States even in the current instance as well. If both objectives were accomplished, then the terrorist suspect's intent to conspire with an intelligence agency as a way to cause harm to the intelligence agency's enemy state would be established, in which case the United States could proceed to implement the rest of its Plan B: (1) motioning for the suppressing of the two definitive pieces of evidence which had established legally beyond reasonable doubt that I was Lawrence Chin the terrorist suspect and none other, namely, my passport number and my story “My experience...”. If only the Agency could prove that a conspiracy did exist between me and the Chinese intelligence, then they had proven that I had purposely deposited my story in my 126 email account, and furnished Professor Wong with my passport number in my email to him, in order for the Chinese intelligence to intercept **them** – then they could suppress my passport number and my story as evidences on the ground that I had conspired with Chinese intelligence or that Chinese intelligence had improperly gathered its evidences. (2) Motioning for China to help the United States manufacture evidences proving the United States' counter-scenario that I was actually someone else than myself. (3) Motioning for China to help the United States reverse the rest of the damages which the MSS director had inflicted on the United States (the exposure of the truth about 911 attacks, the United States' sponsorship of Islamic terrorists through the CIA, etc.).

When Madam President judge Higgins agreed to the manner in which the sting operation was to be conducted, she had basically agreed to the two presuppositions inherent in it, both of which, because they would have importance later on, I shall lay bare at length. The first presupposition concerns what exactly constituted a “conspiracy”. The presupposition here was that “conspiracy” was all about knowledge. The Agency had just offered proof that the MSS director *knew* that I was purposely furnishing him with information most likely because I wanted to defect while letting him sue the United States to oblivion. If they could offer another piece of evidence seemingly demonstrating that I had the same knowledge and intention in my head – purposely furnishing information in order to defect to China while helping China harm the United States – then “conspiracy” would have been established, all the evidence which the MSS had gathered would have to be suppressed, and UN Resolution 1373 would require China to help the United States instead. If it cannot be shown that I knew my information had been intercepted by the Chinese and that I intended to defect, however, then “conspiracy” cannot be established, and China would have won the lawsuit – in that the United States had violated UN Resolution 1373 – even though its spy chief had committed fraud.

While the first presupposition was a matter of course for judge Higgins, the second presupposition,

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concerning “espionage convention”, was not something immediately acceptable to her given her training and duty as a legal expert. Let me tell you why the Agency had selected Wuming as the fake Chinese secret agent to run the sting operation. Wuming was the “mole” whom the Chinese had installed in Homeland Security more than a year earlier and who was arrested after my bullshitting on the phone with Wes on that day in late October, 2006. The CIA took him out of jail, along with his girlfriend, who was then also in the United States as a spy, and offered them the opportunity to run this sting operation on me, the reward being that, afterwards, they would be free living a merry life somewhere in the United States under a protection program very similar to the Federal Witness Protection program. When the Agency's people brought forth Wuming, the MSS director would have been dumbfounded. The CIA's message for the MSS director was pretty clear: “See, we have read his story too just as you have used his story. He writes here: 'Our philosophy is to use a real diamond to serve as a fake diamond.' So we are going to use a real Chinese secret agent to serve as a fake Chinese secret agent.” In order to make me fall for the sting operation, the fake Chinese secret agent whom the Agency would use had to look as real as possible, hence the Agency had decided to simply use a real Chinese secret agent to serve as a fake Chinese secret agent, in accordance with their typical *modus operandi*. The MSS director was dumfounded because he was sure that I would be fooled to take the fake Chinese secret agent for a real one. Now all the “real Chinese secret agents” who were available in the United States for the government to make use of were without exception found in federal prisons, and, although there were many Chinese secret agents serving their sentence in the United States prison system, the Agency probably thought that the one that was caught in direct connection with me would be most suitable and motivated. This explained the seeming viciousness and anger hidden behind the deceitful smile of Wuming and his girlfriend: they were going to have their revenge. Not just against me, but also against the MSS director himself. When the Chinese intelligence lost a spy, the Chinese Foreign Ministry's response was always denial that such a person had been their spy at all. When you are caught, you are on your own: such was the Chinese way in the espionage business. This is the exact opposite of the Agency's way, as you shall see, which was more or less identical to American military's way, “Leave no one behind.” Wuming had probably developed a lot of anger toward the MSS director himself as well for having abandoned him in American jail.

When I thought, several days after the sting operation, of the possibility that “Wuming” might be the Chinese mole in Homeland Security caught in October 2006, I couldn't help but laugh inside as to the dramatic quality of what I was going through: the whole drama had now come a full circle. The trap was ingenious not only because the fake was as real as it could get, but also because of another element – and this is the second presupposition which CIA's lawyers must have tried hard convincing our Madam President judge Higgins to accept. The Agency had to explain to her how communication between spies worked, namely, always hiding real meaning in ordinary, inconsequential speech and depending only on the intuition of the addressee for its deciphering. A spy, holding a book, might simply say to another spy “The main character in this book dies at the end of the story” in order to metaphorically convey some other secret information (for example, “The 'target' had been assassinated by a proxy”). Spies never tell each other straightforwardly what they want to say, but always use metaphors as if they were talking about something else, so that, even when their enemy is

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eavesdropping on them, he would not know what they are talking about. (Thus, when the MSS director wanted to warn me about a sting operation, he would merely instruct his recruit to tell me “Today's weather is bad!”) Now it's almost impossible under normal circumstances to use such communication in a court of law as “evidence” for proving anything because the court room usually demands “proof beyond reasonable doubts”, that is, unambiguous, analytical statements, and has little tolerance for the ambiguous, metaphorical, and intuitive statements commonly used in espionage. But somehow the Agency had persuaded judge Higgins to allow such ambiguous, metaphorical statements as evidence for communication about something else, perhaps after having presented some precedents where the court did admit such evidence before. They wanted to claim that, for example, when I “as a master spy” said to Ms Mermaid during our Messenger chat that “I would really like to find a job in Shanghai”, I was really communicating to Chinese intelligence my intention to defect to China. They wanted judge Higgins to see that I had been secretly communicating with the MSS since the beginning, such as through our postings on 5281's forum. Now, when the Agency's lawyers convinced judge Higgins to recognize my “special ability” and the common use of “indirect communication” in espionage, they were setting up for themselves a unbeatable condition in which the element of deception in the sting operation could always be *interpreted* as successful even if it had failed in reality. You see, the Agency must have requested that, during the sting operation, the “fake secret agent” not identify himself as a secret agent because, they argued, secret agents do not identify themselves as such in practical reality. Judges Higgins agreed. When the “fake secret agent” started talking to me, it would simply be *assumed* that I believed he was a secret agent even when I didn't make any indication to the effect that I believed he was a secret agent – although it would also be assumed that I had been duped into believing that he was a “*real* Chinese secret agent” – because I was already *assumed* to be able to identify a secret agent in one second and to not want to identify him openly in accordance with “espionage convention”. Even if *in reality* I *didn't* believe that he was a secret agent at all – whether a real secret agent or a fake secret agent who was fooling me to believe that he was a real secret agent – the Agency would convince the judges that I *did* believe he was a secret agent because, according to the Agency's files on me, I of course could not miss a secret agent but wouldn't identify him as a secret agent even if I believed him to be a secret agent! By admitting as “evidence” the assumption about my “special ability” and the common use of metaphorical, indirect communication in espionage, judge Higgins had caused a lowering of the evidentiary standard that would later on confer upon the United States incalculable advantage insofar as it would permit the United States to abuse it by *interpreting* virtually any interaction, however unintentional, on my part with anybody as “secret communication with a person whom I believed to be a spy.”

And so Wuming was charged with two tasks specifically when he was *automatically supposed* to have fooled me with his being a *real* Chinese secret agent: to get me to utter anti-American statements and to get me to accept his offer of defection. As I have explained, the operation was guaranteed to be successful unless I specifically should say “No” to the offer of defection and refuse to make anti-American statements.

You must not underestimate the importance of this sting operation devised by the Agency. Whether the

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United States would be convicted as a terrorism-sponsoring state and the CIA a “terrorist organization”, whether China would rise or fall – it all depended on how I would respond to Wuming's offer. The entire structure of international relations in the future depended on my response. Our United States President and Vice President and their staff members would all have been watching the show in the “Situation Room” underneath the White House. The Agency's lawyers and officials, the State Department officials, the RCMP and CSIS officials, the Japanese officials, the European officials, and the officials from the Chinese Ministry of State Security in addition to other Chinese government officials, including the Chinese president himself, would all have been watching me very carefully from the local control center in Shanghai. I have not mentioned the people from Homeland Security and Mr Secretary himself. Madam President of the International Court and the two other judges would be watching very carefully too in that control center serving temporarily as the court room.

When Wuming toasted to the fake manager “Big brother, when it's New Year we shall all drink at your place” and I concurred uninvited from the sideline “Good,” the interpreter – probably a Chinese female – interpreting for the Allies, the judges, and the “Big Boys” in the White House thousands of miles away might have been unable to restrain herself from giggling. The Chinese officials not on the side of MSS may have themselves uttered, despite their heavy mood regarding their spy chief's being caught cheating, “This little guy is quite humorous” – even though it was hardly a time for anyone to laugh.

As you have already seen, the reality was a little more complicated. I had some vague suspicion that Wuming might be a MSS agent but then assumed he was a former military officer when he said to the manager “Do you remember the time when we were in the army?...” Moreover he didn't succeed in luring me to agree with his anti-American statement – “American government is very scary,” I said – although, when he said to me “You should come to our side...”, I did say “Okay” and ask him about how to obtain a Taiwanese Compatriot Certificate.

The result was thus indefinite. “Plan B” had not worked out successfully enough. The other sting operations earlier on the morning of December 31 had already failed to yield results. As I have mentioned, even the email from Jennifer Day that morning was a sting operation. The CIA had hoped that I would open it, for their lawyers could then argue to judge Higgins that I was trying to sell out the Agency's operatives since I must know that the MSS was monitoring my Internet connection and that my action therefore demonstrated that I had orchestrated this lawsuit in order to enable China to hurt the United States and help the MSS bust up the Agency – that I had understood surveillance so well as to know what would happen when I sent my story into China's Internet domain. The Agency was therefore quite disappointed with the fact that I simply deleted the email from Jennifer Day without ever opening it. Then, I had not shown spectacular responses when the Chinese actor shouted patriotic slogan to me and when a file of Chinese soldiers marched in front of me. And now this inconclusive sting operation led by Wuming. Although the Chinese complaint would have at this point completely dissolved, the United States and its Allies had hardly succeeded. Both the CIA, the State Department, and the “Big Boys” *chez la Maison blanche*, who had been so sure that I had intended to harm the United States, were surprised that I was in fact more afraid of the United States. I was not as bad as Mr

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Secretary of Homeland Security thought I was. Moreover, the statement I made after asking about obtaining the Taiwanese Compatriot Certificate – “Really, really, I saw it on the Internet” – was so innocent and stupid that everyone in the US government must have almost fallen to the floor. How can this be used as evidence to demonstrate the suspect's intention to harm the United States? I thought you said he has planned this because he hates us? The entire world was about to be turned upside down – literally – just because this guy saw on the Internet that he could repatriate in China with some “Taiwanese Compatriot Certificate”. The people on the other side in the Chinese government – the Chinese president included – couldn't have been angrier with their spy chief for blowing up a butterfly's wing-flipping into World War Three. This had to be the biggest joke in human history. I suspect that Wuming's horrifying anti-American statement really originated with Mr Secretary, and that everyone else on Allies' side had accepted his contribution because they had to prove my intention to harm the United States. Mr Secretary had been in the habit of projecting onto me a most vile form of anger motivated by a sick obsession with politics because that was all that he understood in the Universe. He really believed that I would enthusiastically join in on Wuming's vulgar angry expression, and his incomprehension of human psychology (in this case, mine) and of the beauty and tenderness in this world that existed beside all the ugliness of domination, deceitfulness, and vile aggression cost half of the operation. The reality was that I was a modest person. I wouldn't have made such blatant statement as “Bomb America” even if I did intend to harm the United States. Now everyone on the United States' team were actually worried that I wasn't as bad a traitor as they had thought – for they needed me to be bad in order to win the trial and reverse the damages which the MSS director had done to them.

But I did demonstrate my desire to defect, although I intended to do it legally through a Taiwanese Compatriot Certificate – that's all that which the United States could insist upon. Between January 1 and January 3, there must have been a huge debate in the court room concerning whether this intention of mine constituted evidence for my conspiracy with the MSS. After all, what does “defection” mean? A North Korean man who fled his country in search of food is called a “defector”. That's “defection” in the non-political sense. I had made countless confessions on Internet forums that I wanted to find a job and live in China and make friends there, that I was basically in search of genuine human contact and freedom of speech; it appeared that I wanted to obtain all necessary papers to legally immigrate to China and couldn't care less if I had to clean toilets for a living as long as I could avoid Homeland Security's alerting the population about me, recruiting everyone I met as informant, and destroying my chance of having normal human contact. Agreeing to “defection” didn't necessarily amount to anything; whether it was evidence for “conspiracy” depended on whether I believed Wuming was a MSS agent – for, after I had appeared so stupid, judge Higgins could no longer accept “my special ability” and “indirect communication according to espionage convention” as a matter of course. Did I look like I was taking Wuming for a “secret agent”? Judge Higgins wasn't sure. The problem was that, on the next day, I complained to Xiuxiu out of the blue, “I'm afraid to go back to the United States”, which sounded like I did take her for a “secret agent” who already knew why I was here. The MSS was hardly out of its troubles. If the MSS director could show that I wasn't aware that they had closed in on me since a long time ago, and that I didn't believe Wuming to be any sort of secret agent at all, he could argue to judge Higgins that I was only understanding “defection” in the general, non-political sense –

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like that North Korean man who escaped his country in search of food. In which case the MSS could avoid being judged “conspiring with the terrorist suspect to defraud the International Court”, and China could still win the lawsuit.

On the side of the United States and its allies, everyone urgently needed to go in the opposite direction. They needed to convince judge Higgins that I did believe Wuming to be a secret agent and that I had known I was trapped in MSS' sting operations all along. In which case, there was still a case to be made that the terrorist suspect had conspired with the Chinese intelligence to defect, so that all the evidences which the MSS had gathered about me would have to be suppressed. The United States could still avoid the conviction of violating UN Resolution 1373. In the meantime, because it had now been proven that the MSS director had committed frauds in order to get into Allies' secret boxes, judge Higgins ruled that the United States and its allies should be compensated with the right to rummage through the Chinese system as well. This is why Homeland Security was aggressively gathering information about China's infrastructure, and the CIA and its partners must have been digging into MSS' own “secret box” as well.

This is why the MSS director now wished I would leave: not just because he didn't want the Allies to continue studying China's infrastructure and digging his “secret box”, but also because, if I left, then my intent to conspire with him to defect could be rejected. So he sent these kids to throw me a bunch of fliers advertising cheap airline tickets. He was still communicating “secret messages” to me because judge Higgins was now doubtful about “indirect communication according to espionage convention” and the Allies could not yet trace his chain of command. Even though he hadn't lost the case because the status of my intention to defect was still hanging in the air, he was deeply embarrassed, because he had been caught defrauding the International Court, and he now had to demonstrate to the Court that China's spy agency was after all serious about investigating me as a terrorist suspect. So, on January 1, when he sent Ms Mermaid to meet with me, he instructed her to switch the SIM card in my cellphone in order to download all the information from my phone, as if he were at last conducting a proper investigation of a terrorist suspect. It is for the same reason that he had locked up Professor Wong's computer with a Trojan horse – in order to show that he was serious about investigating him as a conspirator of the terrorist suspect. Thus came a high ranking MSS official to sit in his car near the entrance of the hostel to conduct surveillance on me. With a sullen face, because it was all too late. The most urgent task on hand was to prove to the judges that I wasn't colluding with them, that I didn't know that Ms Mermaid was an informant, and that I didn't think that Wuming was a secret agent. The MSS director wished he had a way to communicate this urgent need to me without being caught. When I asked the MSS officer who was conducting surveillance on me for a cigarette, he thus hinted: “Give you a cigarette? But we don't know each other...” It sounded like a simple refusal, but the MSS officer was desperately trying to communicate what they needed from me: a proof that I didn't know their involvement all along. Then suddenly things turned to their favor.

When I started fearing that knowing MSS involvement and playing with them might be dangerous and expressed my worry to Guoming that Ms Mermaid might be a criminal, the surveillance all around

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picked up the interaction. This was just what the MSS needed and so they went to judge Higgins to argue: see, Allies' theory of a conspiracy is pure imagination since the suspect really doesn't know that Ms Mermaid is our informant but attributes all her suspicious activities to her possibly belonging to a criminal organization. Even we have been duped by the CIA into believing that this suspect is possessed of such great intelligence as to plan this sophisticated operation to help us. The suspect couldn't possibly have consciously cooperated with our sting operations on him. All the incidents which the Agency had cited as instances where I consciously supplied the MSS with information about me now received a different explanation, that I actually began suspecting the sting operations to be criminals attempting to scam information off me. Guoming, working for the "other side" of the Chinese government, knew also that evidences indicating my oblivion of MSS involvement were absolutely essential to saving China now that the MSS director had been caught committing frauds, and this was why she was smiling when I told her my worries. The Chinese government, although obliged to help the United States, of course wished that I hadn't conspired with its spy chief. The Agency, surprised, would have objected that I figured out what was going on – that I figured out that Wuming was a fake secret agent in a sting operation and that all of them were arguing in this and that way in the court room right up to this moment – and thus put up a show to help the Chinese side. But this would be simply too unbelievable to the judges. Was I some sort of super psychic? How would I know what was going on, what sorts of arguments were being put forward, in a distant court room? The Agency would then point out that I had received a secret instruction from the MSS officer when the latter refused to spare me a cigarette by saying, "But we don't know each other..." But to accept such vague communication which sounded ordinary enough as intentional metaphorical communication between spies was to presuppose that I had the ability to conspire with the MSS on such a sophisticated operation all without direct communication – which was the very matter the Court was trying to decide on. The United States' argument was essentially circular and judge Higgins could not accept it as such. Besides, I showed no attempt after the incident with Wuming to look for "Chinese secret agent contact" in Shanghai but was really trying to find ordinary employment. Furthermore, I simply said "American government is very scary" when prompted by Wuming's luring, contrary to the contention of the United States' team. The CIA and the State Department had lost a lot of credibility in front of judge Higgins by adopting Mr Secretary's suggestion. The International Court had now gone back to the original evidentiary rule – no assumption about super-human ability to detect spies by mere sight, but only proofs.

Thus judge Higgins decided that all my testimonies should be taken as trustworthy on their face value, since my behavior was consistent with everything I had said on Internet forums and in my story "My experience..." and yet inconsistent with the arguments put forward by both the United States and the Chinese Ministry of State Security: I was tormented by Homeland Security, I thus wanted to escape to China, and I came trying to repatriate myself as a Chinese citizen through the Taiwanese Compatriot Certificate Program. She had concurred with the MSS director that, when I agreed to Wuming's offer of "defection", I was merely understanding defection in the non-political sense. She had bought into the scenario that, while the MSS director had tried to frame the United States and defraud the International Court by forging evidence and misrepresenting his intention, he had not conspired with me to harm the United States, which thus deprived the United States of the right to request China to help the United

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States neutralize the threat I posed to the United States. She believed that I was merely a pawn used by both sides, that I had merely tried to escape to China, unaware that the Chinese had me all surrounded and were running sting operations on me. She believed that both sides had wrongly believed that I had planned the whole thing, that, while the MSS director had committed frauds, the United States' Central Intelligence Agency had purposely exaggerated my ability – as if any human being could plan such a sophisticated operation and manipulate a foreign intelligence agency to carry it out – in order to bail the United States out of violation of UN Resolution 1373. Thus, even though the MSS director had committed frauds, she nevertheless declared China victorious because the United States did violate UN Resolution 1373 by lying about a terrorist suspect. By this time, of course, the Chinese “complaint” would have been watered down to virtually nothing insofar as the Chinese “concern” about my being “dangerous” simply had no ground and was proven to be disingenuous.

The International Court judgment declaring China to be the victim of United States' violation of UN Resolution 1373 thus came down on the early morning of January 4, the first Friday of the new year 2008. This is why I immediately noticed a massive change of attitude in all the people around me. Xiuxiu was happy because China, and the Ministry of State Security, had just survived a disaster. She told me to fetch Taiwanese breakfast at the street vendor because the vendor was a MSS setup and the MSS director was going to deliver to me a “secret message” praising me for my “good work”. He still assumed that I had understood his officer's message “We don't know each other..”, not knowing just how vague a notion I had of what was going on and how incomprehensible his secret messages were. The coin which popped up in my meat wrap meant “Good job at pretending to not know us. We have won!” And that was why the MSS operative sitting in front of me smiled. Meanwhile, the CIA, the State Department, and everyone else on Allies' side would have been so frustrated by this new development – what they had so ingeniously won was suddenly lost because of me. Thus were explained “Grey's” anger and “Joseph's” disappointment. Mr Vice President back in the White House was most surprised, angered, and disappointed. Just when he thought he had won the lawsuit and would be able to retain the United States' leadership position in this fictitious “War on Terror” which he had personally invented – just when he, in fact, as you shall see, would be able to destroy China to further advance his plan for global domination – it was the same guy who had put up a simple show and taken away his victory. The Vice President, Homeland Security, the State Department, and the Agency really thought that I knew everything and was consciously helping the Chinese. “He has indeed gone to the other side” the Invisible Hand et al would have thought. The Agency was disappointed because they had forever lost their clandestine service's personnel file in the International Court – even though, as you shall see, the Chinese were now unlikely to pursue a conviction of them as a terrorist organization. Everyone had given me too much credit for being a genius. I was close to figuring out a court battle, but not then, only later, quite after the fact. In fact, the funny thing was that I figured it out gradually precisely by observing everyone's reactions and by considering the Homeland Security operations all around me and their occupation of Shanghai. On the other hand, judge Higgins had expressed her concern. Her “Achilles' Heels” aside – which you will soon see – judge Higgins was a nice person who cared about the underdogs. She was thus worried about my fate as a pawn when she saw that this “terrorist suspect” here simply didn't fit the profiles given by both the United States and China. She had

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seen how I had failed to conform to Agency's prediction about me on almost every turn: I showed concern over the loss of my story in my Chinese email account on December 13; I had not tried to "show off" Jennifer Day's email to the MSS on December 31, etc. She had seen me express, not any ill wish against the United States, but only fear for the US government, and then heard me say how I wanted to become China's citizen using my Taiwanese citizenship because "I saw it on the Internet..." This suspect just seemed so retarded. He was clearly neither the terrorist mastermind which the MSS director had tried to make out of him, nor the political extremist bent on the destruction of America which the CIA had tried to convince everyone he was. Now that China, the MSS included, had to pretend to treat him as a terrorist mastermind even when knowing that he had nothing to do with terrorism, and that the United States had to insist on his being a traitor bent on destroying America just in order to survive, what was he supposed to do, when he in fact had nothing to do with terrorism nor had he intended to destroy America? When judge Higgins became concerned over my fate as the patsy for both sides, this would seriously jeopardize the "Plan B" which the United States strove to carry out. The number one priority on which the CIA and the State Department now focused their attention was thus to convince judge Higgins that I was putting up a show to deceive her.

"Grey", a Homeland Security agent, thus came to warn to me, under the instruction of the CIA and the State Department. "Grey" was sent here to hint to me as to what was going on behind the scene, but it was a trick devised by the United States' team. Won the case though the Chinese may have, what all this meant for me was that, contrary to my expectation, the MSS director would now have to seriously consider me an unwelcome "terrorist suspect" in order to avoid the charges of conspiracy with me. For if not, if his spy organ didn't own up his original argument that I was a terrorist mastermind, they would risk being labeled a "terrorist organization" per international laws (UN Resolution 1373). To avoid the charges of conspiracy with me, the MSS director was probably even considering arresting me – in which case, he could even prevent the United States from running more operations on me to prove my knowledge of MSS involvement and thus seal the case. Even though it was now known on both sides of the Pacific that I had nothing to do with terrorism at all and that I was labeled by the FBI a "terrorist suspect" purely by mistake, the MSS director probably still had the legal right to arrest me because the laws in China were looser: laws and convention in China gave its security organs greater latitude in dealing with suspects, and they could, by laws or convention, arrest innocent people and frame them. The MSS director could pull out this fact as justification for arresting me in front of judge Higgins and the Allies. Knowing that the MSS director could get out of his troubles by arresting me, the US State Department (the US ambassador to China, that is) must have vehemently protested: He has entered China as a US citizen, and we will not sit by watching you arresting our citizen knowing he has in fact no connection with terrorism. The United States' protest was the reason why I was still a free man during the first weekend of 2008. "Grey" was hinting at this situation when he shouted to me: "You have got yourself into deep shit, and now the only people that could save you are the very people you are pissed with", namely, the US government. Well, why is this warning a trick? Because, if I comprehended his hint, then I would be afraid, and my fear would be evidence that I was quite aware of the configuration of the trial in the International Court – that I was quite aware that the MSS had been caught conspiring with me to defraud the International Court – and hence that I was all along

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aware of the Chinese involvement. My conspiracy with the MSS would then be proven – thank God then that I simply shouted to “Grey”: I don't know what you are talking about! When “Joseph” came in next, it was the same trick. However much he didn't look like it, “Joseph” really came from the inner circle of the Invisible Hand. His admission that he came from California was a hint about this, and his sorrowful face was meant to tell me that the CIA had lost the lawsuit. If I showed any comprehension at all of what he was hinting at, I would have betrayed the fact that I knew what was going on in the court house – and also that I could understand “indirect communication common in espionage” – and hence that I knew about MSS involvement since the very beginning.

I have mentioned that, on Friday morning, when I went to buy a sketch book at the local bookstore, a sedan with tinted windows was parked across the street, evidently because someone very high up in the Chinese government wanted to take a look at me. Now that I have understood the situation, I can say for sure that whoever was in the sedan – it could even be the Chinese president Hu Jintao himself – was not so happy about China's bitter victory. The victory, or “gift”, I had brought to China was really like a curse, for anyone who examined the situation could be sure that the United States was not going to forget about this and that the United States could still interpret the evidentiary rules and UN Resolution 1373 in a variety of ways to fight back. The Chinese president, given his conservative nature, must have on January 4 begged the United States that he wanted to negotiate. But the United States refused. Why? 911 attacks were the problem. Everyone in the UN had already seen the proof that it was our Vice President himself who had orchestrated the attacks. Our Vice President simply cannot swallow this, even if the Chinese president was willing to forget about the whole thing and not seek a conviction of the United States as a terrorism-sponsoring state. Our Vice President had decided that he must cover up the truth about 911 attacks in the *perception* of the world's elites. The CIA and the State Department had already devised a perfect plan for him, our “Plan B” – *to force the Chinese president to order the MSS to forge its own records as a way to convince the world that the evidences everyone had seen were fake, and then to blame 911 attacks and all the past terrorist attacks onto the MSS director himself.* That the MSS forge its own records to such effect was the condition which the United States insisted upon and would never give up, even if the Chinese president wished to negotiate. The Chinese president of course would not agree to such condition, the negotiation failed, and this is why the Chinese president was worried: the United States would continue to find ways to force him. In order to force him through an International Court order, however, the United States must demonstrate a conspiracy between me and the MSS, and, for that, my intention to harm the United States. The United States and its allies would fight on.

As I would learn weeks later, the rule of the International Court of Justice was that the judgment of the Court, once issued, couldn't be changed, but that the losing party could always bring in new evidences to prompt the judges to reconsider the judgment they had already issued. Now that the judgment for the United States' violation of UN Resolution 1373 had come down, the United States could easily oblige judge Higgins to withhold her judgment by bringing in new evidences which supported its counter scenario that I wasn't myself Lawrence Chin but my own twin brother who looked exactly like myself – the only way to explain why the person on the FBI document which the Chinese had received looked

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identical to the person on the false alert which Homeland Security had communicated to the diplomatic services around the world. This is why, on Saturday morning, after “Grey's” sting operation had failed, the Allies sent in a Canadian agent and two Japanese agents to lure me to speak French and Japanese.

What I am going to explain to you now is something which I would not know about until almost two years after the event. There must have been a very ridiculous error on the FBI document which the Big Sister had sent out to the Chinese. It must have said something to the effect that, according to the RCMP officers who had cooperated in the investigation of the suspect, *the suspect did not speak French*. It was not clear to me how the idiotic RCMP officers could have come to such conclusion after seeing me surviving one semester in UQAM, an entirely French-speaking university. When the RCMP was urged by the Big Sister to pick up my investigation again toward the end of 2005, the new officers assigned to my case, all Quebeckers, were probably too deluded by their stereotype of Americans as forever unable to learn a foreign language. Remember that the Agency's lawyers must have argued that this FBI document in the Chinese hand was full of fantastic errors and that I had never had anything to do with the case of terrorism under investigation at all (namely, the case of the Concordia University professor who was later arrested in Lebanon) – that the FBI officer in question had simply confused me with someone else. But the MSS director, in order to advance his case, must have continued to insist on the legality of the document in the domain of international laws. Now that the FBI document had been set down as if it were the ten commandments in the evidentiary records of the International Court due to MSS' director's own insistence, the Agency's lawyers wanted him to eat his own mistakes. If they could obtain surveillance intercepts showing me speaking French then they would have evidence that I did not fit the description of Lawrence Chin on the FBI document and that I was therefore likely to be someone else. After the CSIS officer spoke some French with me in Etour's lounge, judge Higgins would have no choice but to rule that new evidences had emerged suggesting that I might not be Lawrence Chin the terrorist suspect after all but Lawrence Chin's “twin brother” – even though she must have known by this time that the evidences on the basis of which Lawrence Chin was said to have a twin brother, the misprint of my birthdate and birthplace on my US citizenship certificate, were also paperwork mistakes – and thus that the judgment declaring United States' violation of UN Resolution 1373 should be withheld. In this way, the Agency's lawyers were able to exploit the mistakes on the FBI document for their own advantage. You can then imagine that the FBI document must have also said I possessed rather poor foreign language skills, so that if I did reveal my smattering of Japanese to the two Japanese secret agents, that would be more evidence contradicting the Chinese claim that I was Lawrence Chin. The Agency's lawyers could use the new contrary evidences to prolong the lawsuit so that, not only would the judgment declaring US violation never pass into reality, the possibility would always remain of convicting China instead.

It was in order to counter the new evidences brought in by the Allies that I did not fit the description of Lawrence Chin on the FBI document that the MSS director first instructed Ms Mermaid to suggest to me that I bring a sketchbook with me to the Shanghai art district, and then ordered the lady at the Office of Taiwanese Affairs to bend the laws to facilitate my “repatriation” with something like “amnesty” or “exception”. For the FBI document did describe me as having great artistic talents –

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having a web gallery and so on – whereas, as you shall see, it made a reference to my having a brother by the name of “David” who was a computer programmer – and yet specified nothing as to whether it was my older brother or my younger brother, allowing the United States to claim that it was my twin brother. If I was caught drawing while under surveillance, then the MSS director could use this as evidence suggesting that I was indeed Lawrence Chin and not David Chin, for the FBI document had specified that Lawrence Chin was the artist and David Chin the computer programmer. The MSS director was thus happy when I drew a portrait of Guoming. Similarly, the MSS director wanted me to go to Hong Kong and come back in with my Taiwanese passport because he knew that my Taiwanese passport contained my correct date of birth, November 16 1969. The United States could drag on this lawsuit forever by arguing that there was always the possibility that I was David Chin, a twin brother of Lawrence Chin. If somehow my Taiwanese passport could be intercepted into the International Court as evidence, then the Allies' argument that Lawrence Chin and David Chin were twin brothers because my American passport had my brother's date of birth printed on it would be nullified. The MSS director would at once be able to make judge Higgins recognize the obvious, that Lawrence Chin and David Chin had the same birthdate on their US citizenship records purely because of a misprint, not because they were twin brothers. Besides, once I could re-enter China as some sort of Chinese citizen, the MSS would have the authority to arrest me immune to any protest from the United States government.

You should now understand why Ms Mermaid, at the end of our tour on Saturday, was suggesting to me to go home after some tourist activities instead of finding employment. As things stood, the MSS director could not arrest me: the United States would not allow it. Yet he could not afford to let me stay in China, for his spy agency would then risk the suspicion of conspiring with me for me to defect. Besides, as long as I was here, China's infrastructure and other secret matters in the Shanghai region would be subjected to Allies' inspection and study.

On Monday (January 7, 2008), as I put into chronological order the sequence of events and people's reactions on a piece of paper while eating in a restaurant near the hostel, I developed a vague notion of what was going on: that there was a lawsuit between the two superpowers, that conspiring with the Chinese was cheating, that China had avoided the charge of cheating when I acted like I didn't know these MSS operatives around me were from the MSS. I have explained this in the beginning of this chapter. What I didn't understand at the time was the gravity of this court battle. If it was only taking place in some “federal court”, what was the big deal if the United States had lost? Why were “Grey” and “Joseph” so angry? Besides, I didn't know why the CIA and Homeland Security would be so upset with me even if I had intended to cause them to lose: why would I want to “stay on this side” when there was only a torturous existence here? But then, when I further reflected on the matter, I realized that, since the Chinese had been caught “cheating” – this was why they looked so shameful – they had to allow Homeland Security to stay as long as I was here despite their “winning”. When I came to this realization, I was very disappointed. I hadn't yet thought about the possibility that the MSS might arrest me. I was still thinking that, if I swapped citizenship, then Homeland Security would be kicked out since they would have no authority to run operations on a foreign citizen in a foreign country. But everything here in this strange land just frightened me: although it hadn't dawned on me that I might be

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arrested, I had intuitively sensed that the Chinese environment wouldn't be entirely friendly. Then there was still the question of who's from which side, since some of the people in this fake hostel must be from the MSS. I was pretty sure that Xiuxiu was from the side of the Ministry of State Security, and that MSS operatives were in fact not numerous here. Xiuxiu was after all the nicest person here with the kindest heart. Even so, I simply couldn't trust the Chinese – whichever side of the Chinese government. I started thinking about the one Yuan that popped up from my meat-wrap on Friday morning. Was that some sort of “message” for me? Or maybe the Chinese were trying to kill me (choke me to death with the coin). Everything was so uncertain and confusing that I was exhausted from employing my brain to the maximum trying to figure out every little detail, to examine whether there was a meaning behind it. I started thinking about Karin, Wes, and my psychologist Deborah W; although they were all prison guards in the prison of deception in which I was trapped, at least they were predictable. I started thinking about going home; perhaps I should never have come.

NOTICE ABOUT JUDGE ROSALYN HIGGINS
(Added May 6, 2017)

At this point I would like to interject a comment on judge Higgins' concern about my wellbeing on January 4, 2008. Her thinking was a little more complicated than I have presented the matter in the foregoing narrative. As noted in the “Notice” appended at the end of “Frankfurt and Brussels”, the foundation of “Plan B” was the Agency's argument that this case should be considered a “terrorism case” because I had attempted to use my fake status as a “terrorist” to harm the United States. Judge Higgins' concern was that, since CIA's sting operation on December 31, 2007, had failed to establish my intention to harm the United States, and since evidence had emerged on January 3, 2008, that I didn't conspire with the MSS director, I couldn't be considered a “terrorist” in Agency's sense nor anyone intending to harm a nation-state. In which case, the International Court must exonerate me and consider me an innocent person whom both the MSS and the United States were trying to harm (to use as a pawn) – an innocent *victim* of nation-states' aggression. Since judge Higgins was very concerned with observing human rights while applying international laws in cases of conflicts between nation-states, she was concerned that both China and the United States might be violating my inalienable rights as a human being. Given her habit of strictly enforcing laws, norms, and ethics in the domain of international laws – she was much more than simply having sympathy for the underdogs – she would use her power to prevent this even though the “victim” in the case wasn't even aware that his rights were being violated.