

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I: China and Europe.
Chapter 4: “Gaelle”
Lawrence C. Chin
December 2009; April 2011; December 2011; December 2012; some revisions later on.

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4.

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Part I

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Chapter 4

“Gaelle”

Since any hope of association with Professor Wong had vanished, there was no point in contacting him further or arranging meetings with him. Once again, whenever I tried to make a potentially meaningful contact with another human being, Mr Secretary and his cronies would get in the way to prevent it. That night, I went to a cybercafe near the hotel and wrote a note to Professor Wong saying that I would be returning to Shanghai the next day and hoped to see him someday in the future. There was of course no future: I would never see him again, and Professor Wong would know that I was only saying this perfunctorily, that I was a troublesome figure with whom no one had better associate in his or her right mind. Now that the MSS was forced to seriously consider me a “terrorist suspect” – and the Chinese government was forced to consider me a serious security threat to the United States whom they would be forced to cooperate in suppressing – they – and the Homeland Security people – must have gone to Professor Wong to slander me big time. I cried in the cybercafe while listening to Wir Sind Helden's “Keine Angst mehr” on Youtube and looking at Marie's photos. Marie, after all, a great person though she was, lay at the origin of my contracting this most deadly disease in the universe, Mr. Secretary with his Department of Homeland Security. After releasing some emotions and feeling calmer, I strolled around the town to check out the night scene of Hangzhou. I wanted to find a bar or a club. I thought that, now that I was in Hangzhou, I might have some luck in avoiding Homeland Security's evacuation of any night club I set foot into. Well, I would have, but I would have some other bad luck awaiting me, the ordinary kind, and it'd be due to my own stupidity.

I walked past a coffee place with jazz performance inside, which looked pleasant, but decided to check out the street further down before coming back. As I passed by the front door of another club, the doormen beckoned me: “Come on in”, they said. “Is this a night club?” I asked. They said yes, explaining that the place had karaoke and that one could also socialize with waitresses, etc. I jumped right into it out of prolonged lack of genuine interaction with other human beings. Don't get me wrong, it's not part of a “red light district” – I saw none of that in either Shanghai or Hangzhou – but the doormen clearly saw me as an “easy target” – a foreigner, evidently. After I walked in, one of the doormen led me to a private room with a large TV standing in front of the sofa – this was for the karaoke – but there were no other customers here. It wasn't what I had expected, but when he said he would be sending some waitress to socialize with me over drinks, that sounded good and I agreed. The girl came, a Chinese girl in her late 20s, and along with her another older woman who would go in and

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out several times. Most of the time the girl just kept on singing to the karaoke. When they asked me where I was from, I told them I was from Taiwan. They were sizing me up to probe how much an idiot I was in order to get ready to rob me. In between her karaoke singing, the younger girl ordered one desert after another, and, when I got suspicious and asked her about it, kept insisting to me that the price for all this was fixed. At one point I asked them to show me the restroom, and when they insisted that I leave my backpack in the private room, I knew for sure that they intended to rob me. (They evidently wanted to search my bag while I was gone.) Thereafter I requested to leave, but when they handed me the bill, lo and behold, it amounted to the equivalent of two hundred some US dollars because of the tons of deserts which the girl had ordered. Of course I refused to pay, and a guy claiming to be the manager of some kind came in to argue with me. I told him to call the police instead, which of course he wouldn't do. He just kept on scolding me for talking like a girl and so on, in an attempt to establish moral authority over me and thereby to weaken my resistance. Eager to rid myself of this nuisance, I in the end handed over to him about 800 Yuan, which was about 100 US Dollar, and he let me go. During all this I kept gauging if this was some sort of Homeland Security operation, if these people at the club had been alerted about me and were instructed to give me a hard time, or if it was a genuine robbery. In the end I concluded that it was really just an ordinary robbery – Hangzhou didn't seem to have been taken over by Mr Secretary for operation against a single person (me).

What a disappointment and mood spoiler. I returned to the hotel room that Professor Wong had reserved for me without venturing further into this new city. Apparently I didn't suffer any massive Homeland Security operations because the sting operations which “Cassie” was instructed to carry out had all failed. Both the MSS and the Allies were arguing in Court, and judge Higgins didn't see how I had any intention of harming the United States. The next morning I promptly got on the train to return to Shanghai.

I suppose there was some MSS surveillance officer on the train to watch over me, although I didn't particularly try to discover who it was. After returning to Shanghai, I made my last attempt to reconnect with humanity in this new land. I never contacted the second guide I had also contracted while I was in Los Angeles, Ms Ming, because I wanted to preserve my money. Now, I had signed up an account at Couch Surfing in December before I came, and I had been emailing several females at this website both before and since my arrival in Shanghai, they were mostly Chinese locals in Shanghai, but also included one Czech woman who lived in Hangzhou. Upon my return, I called up one girl who had before my departure replied to me saying that, although she couldn't offer me any couch to crash on, she would like to meet. Her name was “Gaelle”. She suggested meeting in a restaurant bar in a tower in the People's Square, just near the hostel I was staying at. It was now the middle of my second week in Shanghai.

The evening had just begun, and I arrived early at the restaurant she suggested, only to discover just how pricey the place was. This may be the beginning of a new phase of Homeland Security's operations on me, operations designed to waste my money so that I couldn't carry out any more “tricks” and would be driven to desperate situations. I will say more about this later. I wasn't yet aware of the fact, though I

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could certainly think of the possibility, that Homeland Security had already come to this Gaelle and recruited her as a temporary operative against me, and that she may have chosen this expensive restaurant just in order to waste my money. When she showed up, I asked her if we could change to somewhere less pricey. So she suggested that we simply go to the Starbucks next to the tower in People's Square.

Gaelle had an interesting background. She was a native Shanghainese and the daughter of a “people's representative” (人民代表), having done quite a lot of traveling in Canada, Brazil, Australia, Europe, and Thailand. As we sat down and started our conversation over a cup of coffee, it gradually became apparent that she had indeed been recruited as an operative against me, charged with the task of luring me to bad-mouth about the Chinese government and persuading me to go to Beijing. As regards the first task, she started criticizing life in China after she heard my wish to settle down here. Life in China was not free, she said; one could not criticize or dissent from the Chinese Communist Party (CCP) which held monopoly, and, although some other parties were allowed to exist, they were mere puppets of the CCP. These words of hers immediately reminded me of the afternoon in December (2007) that I spent in the little reading room in the Chinese consulate in Los Angeles, when I read a little pamphlet introducing China's political system and was surprised to learn from there about the existence of other political parties than the CCP in China. For a long time I thought that Homeland Security had obtained the surveillance video of what I was doing there that day from the Chinese consulate and that, knowing what I was reading, Mr Secretary instructed Gaelle to discredit for me China's supposed multi-party system. Well, the United States isn't all that freer either, I said; one is of course permitted by law to criticize the government, but if one does it, one will have troubles coming, enormous troubles. The freedom that USA champions, especially under the neoconservative scheme of things, is merely a sham. I was thinking, not just about myself, but particularly about the sad story of that certain Michael Ruppert, who wrote *Crossing the Rubicon* and ran the website “From the Wilderness”.¹ Besides, I added, for an ordinary person, a good life consists merely of going to work and, after work, making friends. Why would one feel the necessity to stick one's nose into government's business, I retorted. I was being quite genuine. Gaelle replied, “If you think like that, you will find living in China quite 'comfortable'”. I thought that the first sting operation she was charged to carry out had failed.

But then I floundered – or so I thought – due to my weak personality and my desire to please others for fear of being rejected. Gaelle continued to criticize the undemocratic life in China. Those “people's representatives” – among whom was her own father – were only nominally elected by the people, but performed no real, substantive function in the governmental process, so that the “people” could never

1 I have mentioned Ruppert's story in “My experience...”. His exposure of Vice President's orchestration of 911 attacks had incurred the the latter's wrath. Homeland Security agents went after him; they recruited his staff members in From the Wilderness, instructed one of his female employees to falsely accuse him of sexual harassment, and, when all failed, broke into the FTW building and smashed up everything. Ruppert escaped to Venezuela, but Homeland Security agents followed him there, stole his credit cards, drugged him, and poisoned him. Ruppert's friends had to bring him back to Canada for hospitalization in late 2006. All this you can read on From the Wilderness website (www.fromthewilderness.com).

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be said to have exerted influence on the central government. The “people's representatives” are “people's representatives who do not represent the people”, but just socialize all day and “waste their life away”, to quote her exact words (浪費生命). You of course cannot fail to notice that the very fact that she could be sitting in the middle of a public place criticizing, in such blatant manner, her own government for being undemocratic and her own country for being unfree demonstrated that people in China *were* free enough to criticize their own government, just as one can supposedly do in the West. But then again, you must also know that she was doing this as part of a “special operation” authorized by the International Court of Justice, so that the Chinese government would do nothing about it under the special circumstances even if it would ordinarily not allow it. Gaelle's actions certainly couldn't be understood as “typical” in China.

In any case, I found her comment to be quite offensive, but then I didn't want to offend her. I was in this new world to find a new country for myself – in which case I dared not criticize any aspect of it – and to find new human contacts and new friends – in which case I dared not disagree with her. In such bind I just went the “middle way”. I feigned out a laughter and repeated her words, “People's representatives who do not represent the people...” I then continued, “When you talk about your father like this, wouldn't he beat you up?” This “middle way” was a bad idea, I have always thought, for I had fallen into Mr Secretary's trap. The conversation between Gaelle and me was of course being closely monitored at this very moment. Other than the MSS, those in every other branch of the Chinese government must also be listening in on it. I thought that they were very likely offended by me. It was after all not a common occurrence in China to hear people openly stating the undemocratic nature of their country's political system by referring to those in the government as “people's representatives who do not represent the people”. I have always assumed that it was Mr Secretary who had instructed Gaelle to say these things to me as a way to show off, to everyone present, his native talent – his famed talent which he had amply shown off back in the 1990s when he gained notoriety as a nightmarish political attack dog for the right-wing parties: his neoconservative talent not just for slandering his political enemies, but also for setting one up to offend another, which in Chinese is properly called 離間. I have always thought, in other words, that Mr Secretary was trying to redeem himself from his stupidity in having been fooled by the MSS while trying to fool them, by luring me to offend the Chinese government officials, all so that the Chinese government would not favor the idea of letting me stay in this country after I had saved them from disaster.

When Gaelle kept on commenting on how wonderful Beijing was and suggesting that I go there, I became aware of what Mr Homeland Security Secretary was trying to do here. He wanted me to go to Beijing so that his Department and the allied powers could take over the infrastructure of Beijing and collect information about it. This signaled to me once more that the MSS must have used my case as an opportunity to freeload intelligence from the United States, Canada, and Taiwan and that the United States and its allies were now retaliating, using the same tactic. I was given yet another important clue as to what had happened in the ICJ prior to my arrival in Shanghai, even if I still didn't have enough peace of mind to reflect on it and to understand what was going on behind the scene. By this time I also

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had no doubt that Gaelle was acting as a Homeland Security informant just like Cassie was, and that I would definitely never be able to befriend anyone in China, especially on the Internet, since, tracking my Internet communication from their base in Shanghai Telecom, Homeland Security would immediately go to this person and recruit him or her as an informant against me. They would even shut off the MSS from this. If I were to find Ms Ming or any other guide, she would be made an informant by Homeland Security, and not any longer by the MSS. I was increasingly having the inkling that the MSS had suffered embarrassment for pretending to treat me as a serious terrorist suspect in order to get into the “secret boxes” of United States and its allies and had lost all rights to run operations on me in their own territory. I began to realize that Ms Mermaid was the only MSS informant I would ever meet. Somehow, I was disappointed by this fact; not understanding the magnitude of the crisis, I seriously thought it would be an enjoyable experience to have the MSS run operations on me.

I was also increasingly struck by Chinese government's own embarrassment as a result of the embarrassment of its MSS, which was clearly indicated in its complacency toward letting Western powers take over the infrastructure of its capital. For sure, the studying of the infrastructure of Beijing would help the United States, should war ever break out between the two countries, hack down China's entire infrastructure as prelude; and the occupation of Beijing would certainly contribute greatly to disabling MSS' own secret networks centered around their headquarter in the capital.

As Gaelle and I started talking about her personal life and as she started talking about how much she liked Canada and wished to immigrate there, it became clear to me that, as the reward for her work on me – to harm me, that is – she must have been promised a free immigration to Canada by the Canadian government, and that this was why she was so enthusiastic about meeting up with me. I was upset over the fact that I was once again a Santa Claus bringing all those goodies to whoever I met but getting nothing good for myself. Evidently Gaelle was tired of life in China, liked to be around Westerners, and dreamed of a life in Canada. Natural as that may be, I was surprised by her complete lack of patriotism and her absolute apathy toward her own country. I had found this in the fake hostel manager, in Cassie, and now in Gaelle. She should be aware that her country was in some sort of crisis and that Western powers' take-over of Beijing would be quite harmful to China, and yet she was very enthusiastic about working against her own country as a way to find herself a more comfortable life in a Western society. I thought that, maybe, Mr Secretary, and Western powers in general, were trying to embarrass China. I thought that, maybe, Mr Secretary and his allies didn't like the scenario of someone actually wanting to defect from United States to China when, normally, “defection” happened in the opposite direction. By offering anyone randomly chosen to work against me the reward of immigration to the West – Cassie, Gaelle, and presumably a host of others – and when all of these informants gladly took up the job of betraying their own country, Mr Secretary and his allies could embarrass the Chinese government on the international arena, in that 100 more people would flee to the West from their land as opposed to the one person who wanted to flee from the United States to their land.

In any case, when our conversation had ended, Gaelle and I walked out of Starbucks together. I commented to her that I should go onto Guinness Records as the most deceived person in human

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history, hinting to her that I knew she was an informant here to trap me and deceive me, just as everyone I met in the past year and a half had been doing. She seemed to feel guilty for using me to obtain free immigration, and so offered to give me a ride back to the hostel, even though the hostel was only 5-minute walk away. She knew that I knew that I would never see her again, as she was definitely about to go on her merry immigration trip to the West. “Mission” once accomplished, there was no need to see me again. I felt tremendous amount of sadness: at least she felt guilty for using me and harming me as a way to benefit herself; thanks to Mr Secretary, this slight guilt was the best I could ever get from otherwise good people.

I was wrong in all my impressions. By December 2008, when I looked up Gaelle's information on the Internet, I would be surprised to discover that, according to her blog, she had been in Paris since February 2008, namely, since her operation against me. Her “reward” was not free immigration to Canada as I had expected, but to France. But more importantly, it was not Mr Secretary who had instructed her to bad-mouth about the Chinese government in front of me, but the MSS director, with the agreement of the Allies. What had happened was a “test”. First of all, the MSS director had by now, as you have seen, suddenly had to reverse course and run a serious, and honest, investigation of me. The Big Sister had made up this assessment on the FBI document saying I hated China. The MSS director's “honest” investigation this time consisted in verifying the information. His second, and more important, reason for running this test was that he was desperate to get out of his earlier mistake in entering the FBI document into the International Court system as possessing immutable legal power. The tactic had yielded benefits when the Big Sister had assessed that I was a genius in hiding my terrorist intention and that I hated China, but it had now backfired in that, merely by speaking French, I had produced evidences disproving my identity as Lawrence Chin the terrorist suspect. It was now deadlocked in the Court as to whether I was Lawrence Chin or Lawrence Chin's twin brother: some evidences, like my passport number and my sketch of Guoming, indicated that I was, while others, like my French-speaking and the new photographs taken of me, indicated that I wasn't. Since I had responded to Gaelle's provocation by stating my unwillingness to meddle in political activism, I had in fact demonstrated that I didn't hate China and was apolitical. The MSS director could use my response as evidence to persuade judge Higgins to establish that the information on the FBI document *could* be wrong, and to reverse his earlier attribution to it of immutable legal force. In this way, my French-speaking could be dismissed as counter-evidence in Allies' favor. After all, United States' “conspiracy scenario” required at least one piece of information on the FBI document to be recognized as wrong, namely, that I hated China. Even when the absurd FBI document had gained notorious legal power thanks to MSS director's own effort, it shouldn't be hard for him to reverse his mistake, since he could always argue that a person's characteristics like linguistic abilities and feelings for a nation were alterable: I could have learned to speak French between March 2006 when the document was composed and January 2008 when I was found “speaking French”, and I could have ceased hating China in the same time period.

The “test” was actually just a classic technique in widespread use during the Mao era (and in other communist countries as well). Back in those hard days of Mao, the communist authority would

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encourage everyone to speak his or her mind freely, to criticize the regime, so that the regime could improve. A lot of people fell for it and pointed out this and that flaw of the communist system. When the storm of criticism was over, however, the regime simply threw anyone who had criticized it into “reform camps”. You can just imagine them crying out, “But I thought you wanted me to criticize!” Well, the authority was just telling the people to do the opposite of what they had really wanted them to do (namely ask no question and obey) – because they wanted to identify the subversive elements and suspected that the subversive elements would not otherwise show themselves out of timidity, but would have to be deceived into showing themselves. Only those who didn’t bother to criticize the regime despite being encouraged by the regime to do so were trustworthy.

When Gaelle bad-mouthed about China's undemocratic situation, I was in fact encouraged to show my hidden “anti-China” self (if I had one). If I didn't despite encouragement, then I probably didn't have one and was safe. I had sort of “passed the test”; but even if I didn't, nobody in the Chinese government or in the MSS would be offended. Everyone had something far more serious to worry about. It was not Mr Secretary's alienation at all. In fact, as I have hinted, the MSS director had got away with forging evidences most likely because he had pointed out to judge Higgins that it was “customary” in China for security organs to forge evidences to frame individuals whom they deemed a potential threat to the state. If I had bad-mouthed about China, I would in fact fit the profile of “an individual posing potential threat” and would thus justify further his forgery of evidences. Thus far, he had nothing but Big Sister's assessment that I hated China as his justification. It was thus actually better if I had bad-mouthed about China's political system. Since I had somewhat “passed the test”, and yet floundered when Gaelle referred to People's Representatives as “wasting their lives”, the MSS director probably concluded in his “investigation” that my intention was to escape here, not to cause harm, but that I was a potential source of troubles. He would then persuade judge Higgins to rule that the information on the FBI document was not necessarily trustworthy.

The problem for the MSS director was that he was not just fighting the Allies, but also the Chinese government itself, which was now obliged to cooperate with the Allies to work against him. The “complacency” I had noted was in fact obligation under UN Resolution 1373. While combing through American “secret boxes”, the MSS director must have also come across secrets of strategic value which would give China great advantages in the event of a military conflict with the United States. He must have shared them with the Chinese military. Now that he was suddenly suspected of aiding a terrorist suspect to harm United States – a conspirator in a “terrorist plot” – the Chinese government was obliged under UN Resolution 1373 to neutralize the harm *he* had done to the United States by helping United States regain strategic advantages in the event of war; the Chinese government was thus obliged to lure me to Beijing so that the United States could use operations on me as a pretext under which to occupy, and comb through, all the secret military facilities in the capital – *just as he had done*. Thus, my perception of Gaelle's apathy toward her country's fate, just as in the case of others, was skewed. Everyone was simply given strict orders to enforce international agreement, just as the CIA had earlier obeyed international agreement and wasted its time “investigating me”. Gaelle's reward – free immigration to the West – was agreed upon by both the Chinese government and the Allies as

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compensation for her work in aiding the international community to neutralize a common terrorist threat. Neither was there much of an attempt by the Allies to embarrass the Chinese government about its unattractiveness to its own citizens, except before judge Higgins and the two other judges, since the whole trial was conducted in secrecy.

After my disappointment with Gaelle, I no longer attempted to meet anyone on the Internet. Every single person I would come into contact with would without doubt be recruited as an informant against me, just as it was so in the United States, Taiwan, Belgium, or Canada for that matter. Xiuxiu, Guoming, Lingling – these hostel employees (actually secret agents from whichever side of the Chinese government) were now the only persons I would dare interact with in any way. I decided to concentrate on Xiuxiu only, the nicest person around, even though she would never become my friend since, as I was sure by now, she was a secret agent from the MSS and one does not make friends with secret agents, from whichever country or whichever agency they may be. I continued to go to the cybercafe to try to find employment in Shanghai. It was of course futile: Internet connection would continue to break down whenever I was about to sign up for some employment website or to submit resumes or questions, thanks to Homeland Security's man-in-the-middle blockage from their control center in Shanghai Telecom. By the end of the second week, I exhaled my last breath on the matter. I could never get through the Internet.

Unless the United States had an interest in driving me home – eventually it would – Homeland Security's disruption of my Internet activities served actually no particular purpose. Mr Secretary's thinking was that, since the “terrorist” had succeeded in “harming” the United States by sending information through the Internet, he, as the Tzar appointed to protect the United States, must neutralize the “terrorist” bent on “harming the United States” by preventing him from using the Internet. Even if sending resumes did not apparently cause the United States any harm, he was “careful enough” to prevent it because he must “protect the United States” in his duty as “Homeland Security Secretary”. He would of course not consider his own criminal intent as part of the “harm” which he had caused to the United States.

By now, whenever I returned to the hostel and Xiuxiu asked me what was wrong or if I had found employment, I could only repeat the simple truth, “No, machines malfunctioned again” (机器失灵). These four characters had become my most oft-repeated phrases in my exchange with Xiuxiu. She of course must have understood what I meant, but she never said anything. Do you know how frustrating it is when every machine you touch will suddenly breakdown just because you touch it, when living a life in modern societies consists essentially in the manipulation of machines (computers, phones, etc)? Xiuxiu was a very good person but, because of her silence, I was never sure if she did have sympathy for me in this regard.

Meanwhile Mr Secretary's operations on me became increasingly harsh. One night while I was walking back to the hostel from the cybercafe, one Chinese man intercepted me on my way to offer me “massage by pretty girls”. Knowing immediately that this was a Homeland Security sting operation and

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that the whole world was watching me closely, I just ignored him. Surprised, he chased after me to continue his offering, and only gave up after seeing that it was absolutely impossible to elicit a response from me. On another night, when I just walked out of the hostel and onto the grand avenue next to People's Square, another man intercepted me to offer me “girls accompanying drinks” (小姐陪酒). I also ignored him and continued on my way, and he only gave up offering when seeing that he could not elicit a response from me. Of course both of them were instructed by Mr Homeland Security Secretary to offer me sex services as traps. At the time my guess was that Mr Secretary was trying to get me into trouble with Chinese laws, since the absence of red light districts in such tourist town as Shanghai probably meant that prostitution was formally illegal in China. In reality, Mr Secretary's, and the entire Allies', purpose was to get me to offend judge Higgins. The CIA had well studied her before – it had nice files on every important figure in world affairs – and knew that she could be easily offended by acts of sexual impropriety. Judge Higgins had so far remained unconvinced that I had planned the whole thing to help China knowing that Ms Mermaid was a MSS informant, etc., and could not be persuaded that I had put up an act to deceive her. As I have noted, she saw me as rather a sorrowful idiot deserving sympathy, so that the CIA and the State Department thought it urgent to overturn her innocent conception of me. Mr Secretary had picked up this idea, and, inspired by my blunder in Hangzhou, thought that he could lure me to procure prostitutes right under judge Higgins' watch. Judge Higgins would be severely offended, and become open to the suggestion that I was not as innocent as she thought I was, and therefore that I had maliciously deceived her because I was aware of MSS' predicament in the International Court trial. But again, the operation had failed.

What was causing me more problems – other than my inability to use the Internet freely – was Mr Secretary's increasing aggressiveness in the operation to waste my money. Now that CIA officers' analysis of the current crisis had shown that I was able to cause damage also because I had money, Mr Secretary proceeded to neutralize the threat I was posing by wasting my money. Together with the operations to disrupt my communications, Mr Secretary was basically embarking on a project to make my life in Shanghai as unlivable as possible. By this time not just the entire infrastructure, but also the entire population, of Shanghai were under Mr Secretary's control and were to be used by him to strike me down hard. All store owners were instructed to raise the price of commodities by one-fifth or one-third when I came around to make purchases. At the same time, the Chinese government contributed its effort by lending to Mr Secretary some of its best clandestine operatives. The Chinese clandestine service (the MSS included), it seems, had been recruiting some of the best pick-pockets that roamed the streets of big cities in China. The Chinese government sent out one of these to go after me – the best, who everyday followed me around, clandestinely came close to me, and retrieved one or two hundred Yuan each time from my wallet which I stupidly kept in the outer pocket of my sweater. He did this so stealthily that I had never been able to notice his coming. I only noticed that the cash in my wallet had been disappearing by a fixed amount every single day without exception, and it would be weeks later, when this super pick-pocket followed me to Germany, that I would finally see him face to face and realize what was going on.