

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
How I have been made into a different person: Part I China and Europe
Chapter 8: To fly out of Shanghai and “Operation Confession”
Lawrence C. Chin
August 2009, April 2011, December 2011, December 2012, some revisions later on.

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4.

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Part I

China and Europe

Chapter 8

To fly out of Shanghai and “Operation Confession”

Then, during my continual hunt for a ticket for Geneva, I somehow ended up in the area around the Shanghai South Station. After turning a few corners I actually stumbled upon a small China Eastern Airline office. Should I just try China Eastern again? I asked myself. I'd rather not, but I would ask anyway. This was a small office; only one lady and one man were working here. Surprisingly, the lady didn't exhibit toward me the sort of hostility with which I had been confronted everywhere. She just handled my inquiry in a matter-of-fact fashion. China Eastern had no flights to Geneva, she said – she could at last figure out the Chinese equivalent of “Geneva” by simply looking it up online – only to Frankfurt and Paris. I asked about the price – around 700 USD, a reasonable price – and left, thinking that I should go look for a direct flight first, which would then save me the train fare. As I was crossing the street, a man with a stack of airfare fliers intercepted me and handed me one such flier. I took a look at it without thinking but then started worrying. The incident seemed to have been staged to remind me of how I found the travel agency in Taipei in December 2006 from which I purchased easily the ticket for flying back to Los Angeles. Perhaps it was someone who had read my story “My experience...” who had staged a similar flier-passing, I thought idiotically. But then who? From which side? And why? In any case, it was no pain finding it out. And so I called up a taxi and told the driver to take me to the travel agency which was advertised on the flier. Once I arrived there, it became immediately apparent that this was a Homeland Security setup: the original travel agency had been evacuated and refilled with Homeland Security actors and actresses pretending to be the travel agency employees. All these fake employees, though Chinese and seemingly locally recruited, simply smelled like Homeland Security through and through with their utter vulgarity. One of those young girls pretending to work there found a flight straight to Geneva but it would cost 1200 USD, obviously beyond my reach. It was thus Mr Secretary of Homeland Security who had read my story and who was preventing me from flying to Geneva, which of course made me ever more determined to go. (The man passing me the flier was therefore just a Homeland Security agent.) My hope dashed that I might be helped by the MSS, I left the place in anger and eventually returned to the China Eastern Airline office near the South Station to buy the ticket for Frankfurt. Again, the same lady handled me in a matter-of-fact fashion, and I was so amazed that my effort wasn't obstructed this time. I paid for the ticket with the cash which I had just withdrawn from the ATM. Somebody wanted me to go to Geneva, it seems. It was the MSS director. Why?

When I returned to the hostel, I used the computer there to get on some European train ticket website. I

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was specifically looking for a train ticket for the Frankfurt-Geneva connection. But, again, the website would malfunction and freeze. Obviously, Homeland Security didn't want me to go to Geneva, and so was blocking my Internet connection from Shanghai Telecom. I consequently felt light emanating from Geneva in the midst of darkness, unaware that Mr Secretary was really worried about something else than some UN human rights organization over which he had total control anyway. Furthermore, there were other reasons why he had ordered his Homeland Security thugs to block my Internet connections.

The first hint of what Homeland Security and the Allies were really worried about came when, one afternoon, I was riding on the metro in Shanghai. A Chinese guy standing near me opened up a Chinese newspaper on the front page of which were printed in huge block characters: “America completely encircles Russia.... wanting to monopolize the world” (美国全面封锁俄罗斯.... 獨霸世界). It was of course a setup devised by Mr Secretary of Homeland Security as part of a sting operation on me. He was hoping that I might be so enraged by the news as to grab the newspaper from his operative and go into an Anti-American rant and so on. I had by now comprehended that, now that Mr Secretary had complete control over the infrastructure and population of Shanghai – now that he had assumed full command of this Sino-Western joint operation “Operation Shanghai” – he would constantly try to lure me to express Anti-American sentiments so that he may convince the judges of the ICJ that my coming to China was, rather than a threat to China as the MSS had been pretending, actually a threat to the United States because of what the MSS had done. I had by now understood that this was the substance of the sting operation which Wuming had run on me on New Year's Eve, even though I was still unaware that Mr Secretary and the Agency were arguing for a scenario far more fantastic than this. But then, in that case, shouldn't the newspaper read something like “America completely encircles China...”? What has Russia to do with it? I could not have imagined at the time, even in my wildest fantasy, that, from this moment on, Russia – this country hitherto completely unknown and unrelated to me – would enter my life eventually in such a prominent way that I would be forced to become obsessed with it. In any case, at that instant inside the metro train, since I knew it was a sting operation and the news was fake, I just peeked at the newspaper for several seconds and made no additional gestures. Again, Mr Secretary had failed in his sting operation because he lacked a realistic understanding of my psychology and was too engrossed in the projection of his own baseness onto me – he really believed that I was the sort of mindlessly impulsive angry freak who was so obsessed with anti-American politics as to be ready to show it off every single moment. All he had accomplished was tipping me off about what was to come: “Russia” instead of “China”.

What was really going on was that my purchase of a ticket to Europe had just enabled Russia to join the lawsuit on China's side, or rather on the side of the MSS director, and that the MSS director was desperate for this to happen. As I have mentioned, the Russian intelligence had once received even more information about me from the Big Sister, and now that the MSS could be convicted of “conspiracy” with me at any time and was caught in this idiotic debate about whether I was myself or my twin brother, Russia's entry to this lawsuit on its side would be a big help. The information which the Russian intelligence service (or rather its FSB) had received about me was so extensive that it even included proofs that I had no twin brother at all, which the Russian government now intended to use to

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establish United States' violation of UN Resolution 1373. The reason why the Allies did not want me to go to Geneva, and why the MSS director wanted me to go there, was that my flying over Russian airspace would give Russia the right to enter the lawsuit just as my flying over Japan's airspace had enabled Japan to become party to the lawsuit. Mr Secretary's objective in the earlier sting operation was to demonstrate that I intended also to help Russia harm the United States, which would then be evidence that I was purposely purchasing the ticket to enable Russia to become party to the lawsuit. In this way, not only would the new evidences which Russia was about to bring in be suppressed on ground of conspiracy, but the Allies would also be able to force the Russian government to convict its own intelligence service as a way to neutralize the threat I posed to the United States. Putin and his Russian government were even more motivated than China to reverse our Vice President Cheney's “War on Terrorism” since this fictitious war was devised to destroy Russia even more than it was devised to destroy China – but I will not discuss this issue here. Furthermore, the Russian intelligence community was close friends with the MSS director, in consequence of the close cooperation which China and Russia had developed in intelligence-sharing on the eve of 911 attacks. The Russian intelligence service had wanted to come to the aid of the MSS director, but had been rejected out of the Court – until now.

Back at the hostel, Xiuxiu continued to go absent for a day or two from time to time, and Lingling had all but disappeared. Both the MSS investigation and surveillance of me and the Chinese government's cooperation with Mr Secretary were beginning to annoy me. One night I went on my usual “discos trip”, just enjoying the music at the night club without interacting with anyone at all, and, when I was walking back to the hostel on the broad Nanjing Road, a vast number of taxis drove past me one after another – around 25 of them – to “conduct surveillance on me”. This was the MSS effort, evidently. Now that they were caught pretending to believe that I posed some serious terrorist threat, the MSS had to continue running a serious and honest investigation of me, including conducting serious surveillance on me, sometimes on a vast scale, even though everyone knew nothing was going to happen. At the same time, the Chinese government needed to cooperate with the Americans by permitting Homeland Security to conduct surveillance on me as well, so that, in between the 25 or so taxis that sped past me, those regular Homeland Security surveillance agents – locally recruited Chinese, it seems – also showed up on this or that street corner and, in accordance with their regular techniques, pressed a button on their cellphone when I came within their sight and then put the phone away. While the MSS was running surveillance on me because I was a terrorist suspect potentially posing a threat to China, Homeland Security was running surveillance on me because I was posing a grave threat to the United States. I felt so oppressed by the efforts on both sides – and so despaired over the impossibility of ever getting out of “Homeland Security reality” and “Homeland Security prison of deception” – that, when I arrived at the hostel, I was even less inclined to restrain my behavior. Mr Secretary of Homeland Security had been sending in this Chinese old lady pretending to be a Chinese secret agent trying to establish contact with me as part of his effort to prove to judge Higgins that I was conspiring with the MSS director and thus waiting for his “contacts”, even though I never actively sought them out myself. But I had so far not bothered to go very far with this old lady, knowing that something was wrong. Tonight when she came to me again to offer me food, I just rudely brushed her aside, telling her not to

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bother me. I was no longer polite to strangers.

Knowing that interacting with people was a waste of time – every single person around me in the hostel was an actor – I spent most of my time in the hostel studying computer matters, either reading the computer hacking bible which I had bought, or looking for online tutorials on the public computers there. I finally found that mysterious freeware “Netrobocop” on the Internet. I tried to download it, but each time my download would be blocked. If Homeland Security was blocking my download, then that meant I must have found the right stuff – so went my reasoning. I therefore became convinced that it was through something similar to Netrobocop that Homeland Security was able to interfere with my Internet activities. In reality, the software system which Homeland Security had set up in Shanghai Telecom was much more sophisticated than some freeware which you can find on the Internet; those Homeland Security thugs were preventing me from downloading the worthless Netrobocop only as a matter of caution: since, when they allowed me to use the Internet freely the last time, I managed to cause such damage to United States' national security, they would from now on block all my downloads just in case I was planning new tricks which they hadn't thought of. I tried to download Netrobocop again and again. After fifty tries or so I finally succeeded in downloading it onto my USB flash drive. I then tried to install it on the hostel's computer just to see what it looked like, but an error message popped up saying the installation could not be completed because this thing called “WinPcap” was missing. At the time I had no idea what “WinPcap” was – whether it was a real thing or a fake thing. Not knowing that “WinPcap” was a standard component in all network sniffers – Netrobocop could not function without it – I hesitantly assumed it was real and tried to download it one night. But the public computer on which I was downloading it, per Homeland Security's remote control, began slowing down in its operations until it practically froze up. I was angry and frustrated and sat on the sofa facing the computer stand. Another Chinese fake lodger whom Mr Secretary had sent into the hostel came asking me if he could use the computer I was using (我用一下電腦行不行?) since I seemed to be merely staring at it. I replied an emphatic “No” (不行): “I'm downloading something!” My rude behavior was out of the ordinary since I wasn't even touching the computer and yet I acted as if I owned it. He was surprised and walked away offended – you should understand that, since the Chinese people were characteristically unaggressive most of the time, the aggressive manner which I had just displayed was not something which anyone here would usually expect. “You are very high class, you know that?” (你很刁也，你知道嗎?) he said to me while walking away.

Mr Secretary then started an operation on me which was so mysterious that I could not understand its purpose until months later. He wanted to lure me to sign up an account at Facebook. He thus instructed all his fake lodgers to constantly check their Facebook accounts in front of me, hoping that I might imitate them. But I had never bothered to create a Facebook account because I had lost interest in looking for friends on the Internet. Now that the MSS had been practically shut off from contributing to the staging of this fake hostel, I was still friendly to some of the fake lodgers whom the “other side” of the Chinese government had sent in but who had by now fallen entirely under Mr Secretary's command. A particular Chinese girl who caught my attention told me that she was learning French at

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the local Alliance française. Under Mr Secretary's command, this girl would also repeatedly invite me to watch her check her Facebook account in front of me. I would stand by her side and listen to her recounting who was who that was leaving this and that message on her Facebook page. The technique never really worked – I was simply uninterested in Facebook. I was just surprised by the fact that, after two weeks, everyone at the hostel suddenly had a Facebook account. Nobody was using Facebook when I first arrived at Etour. I couldn't see that this was a malicious trick, even though I knew that everyone was putting up a show for me under Mr Secretary's command. What was going on was that, unable to prove that I had purposely deposited my story “My experience...” in my 126 email account to enable the MSS to intercept it, Mr Secretary and the CIA had decided to frame me for pedophilia as a way to suppress the story as evidence. They had already asked the Chinese government to forge a piece of evidence to this effect; you will learn the details about this later. Using the forged evidence, Mr Secretary had obliged the Interpol to prepare a warning about me as a pedophile so that, should I have ever signed up an account at Facebook, this new profile of me as a pedophile could receive important reinforcement and justification for further propagation in international law enforcement channels.

Beside this Chinese girl, the other American and European fake lodgers whom Mr Secretary had imported into Shanghai increasingly upset me with their poor acting. As I jumped up and down in anger everyday over Homeland Security's obstruction of my Internet connections, Mr Secretary suddenly wanted to deceive me into believing that the computers at the hostel were not being remotely controlled but were malfunctioning of their own accord. He therefore instructed his fake lodgers to use the computers in front of me, and then ordered his personnel in Shanghai Telecom's control center to remotely freeze up the connection of these computers, so that these fake lodgers could pretend as they had been instructed: “Gee, the computers freeze... What's going on?” Watching this staged show upset me very much. I was upset with our Homeland Security Secretary for his absolute persistence in the pursuit of his objective. He found the purpose of his life in the successful deception of others. As long as there was one person in the Universe whom he had not yet succeeded in deceiving, he would continue trying until he could succeed – or until either the deceiver or the deceived had passed into oblivion. A strange purpose of life a person could find for himself! Remember that, in his notion of things, he was supposed to be the master of neoconservatism, and that the neoconservatives were supposed to be the master deceivers of all time – a better deceiver than even the CIA and all the other intelligence agencies in the world. Being caught lying while trying to deceive others and falling into their trap – nothing could hurt Mr Secretary's self-esteem more than this.

The MSS director had gained an upperhand when he obtained the evidence about my handwriting. Now that a massive amount of new evidences were pouring in from the Russian side, while the Allies could not establish my premeditation in bringing about this lawsuit nor could they suppress either my passport number or my story as evidences, the MSS director was in fact about to win – proving that I was Lawrence Chin while evidences were lacking that I had conspired with him. The CIA persuaded judge Higgins to permit them to run another sting operation to test me. I was now due to depart to Frankfurt on January 22, and the sting operation would happen two nights before my flight. That night, after I came back to the hostel, I sat down on the sofa in the bar lounge angry and upset as usual: my

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environment was locked down; I could neither meet people nor use the computers. Just then, an attractive and classy American woman sitting on the other sofa caught my attention. She was chatting loudly with two Irish guys, and her sophistication made her stand out from among the vulgar and ugly fake tourists whom Mr Secretary had imported into Shanghai. I turned around and looked at her for several seconds and noticed just how much she resembled Jennifer Day. Since, as I have said, when the CIA recruits anyone it always recruits his or her entire social circle altogether (brothers and sisters, friends and best friends), I immediately realized that she was probably Jennifer's sister and that the CIA had probably sent her in to lure me to talk to her. But what would be the purpose? This aside, I was also surprised by the fact that the Agency would so overtly send their precious secret agents – many of whom were supposed to be operating in China itself – to run joint operations with the Chinese intelligence service whose prime responsibility it was to catch them! In any case, I was so lonely and so hungry for company that I thought I might as well voluntarily jump into the trap, and I thus went to talk to her. “Can I join you guys?” I said to them. “Oh please,” one of the Irish guys said enthusiastically, having been expecting me and offering me a seat. And so we all pretended to not know each other even though we all knew that the “plan” was for us to gather together.

Now that I was sitting next to “Ms JD look-alike” – thus shall we refer to her – I started playing with her and showing off my superior intuition by telling her “You remind me of someone”. I then pulled out Jennifer Day's advertisement card – the one which Jennifer Day gave me in November 2006 in the Century strip club – to show her just who it was that she reminded me of. This was supposed to be an indirect way of telling her that I knew that she was Jennifer's sister and therefore that she was a CIA operative sent here by the “Invisible Hand”. “Ms JD look-alike”, holding the advertisement card, could not help but burst into laughter – it was just so comical that she would be in a foreign country holding a picture of her big sister posing sexy. It was nice that, amidst all the nervousness and tension around, some of us could still make fun of the situation and laugh.

As we started our conversation, “Ms JD look-alike” mentioned something about her work experience. “Work?” I said, “Where did you work? At MacDonal'd's? Or at the Central Intelligence Agency perhaps?” She smiled, terribly amused, and replied that she had indeed been contacted by the Agency for recruitment, but that she had declined, and that, in the beginning, she was actually considering working for the FBI. *This was really her mission: to be identified as a CIA agent* – certainly the strangest mission which the Agency had ever given to any of its agents. It wouldn't take me more than a few days to figure out that the Agency's purpose in the staged show was for me to identify her as an agent from the Agency so that they may establish before judge Higgins my “special ability to identify secret agents by mere sight” – well, in this case it wouldn't be too hard, wouldn't it? It's sort of cheating because I already knew Jennifer Day was a CIA operative and this was clearly her “look-alike”. But, upon being so identified, “Ms JD look-alike” was supposed to deny it in order to lend realism to the staged show because Agency's girls were supposed to always deny that they worked for the Agency. Now, to answer the question: why would the Agency send its agents out on an assignment “to be identified as an agent from the Agency”? What about my supposed “special ability to identify secret agents by mere sight”? Only after I had left Shanghai would I understand the purpose. The CIA was

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arguing to judge Higgins that, if I could identify *their* secret agent by mere sight, then I should be able to identify *Chinese* secret agents also by mere sight. And if I could identify Chinese secret agents by mere sight, then I should also be able to identify MSS director's sting operation on the Internet without even seeing him! Then, the CIA lawyers would argue, there should be no way that I didn't know that Ms Mermaid had been recruited by the MSS as an informant, that my story and my passport number would be intercepted by the MSS, and that the MSS surveillance officers were passing me “secret messages” to instruct me to pretend to not know they were around me. The point was to prove that I had been running a “conspiracy” with the MSS director. After observing my behavior in the past three weeks, especially my visitation of the websites of the UN Security Council and the ICJ, the CIA clandestine service officers who had known me well had concluded that I probably didn't plan the whole thing. They had by now developed a realistic assessment of my ability: I could not have planned this lawsuit because I didn't know anything about international laws and the International Court of Justice, but I had certainly wanted the MSS to intercept my story and my information and was well aware that they had me surrounded and were passing instructions to me. They wanted to prove this even if they could not yet prove that I had wanted to harm the United States. Just the fact of my awareness of MSS' involvement could cause my passport number and my story “My experience...” to be suppressed as evidences. The MSS director would then not be able to prove that I was Lawrence Chin and the very basis for CIA's status as “associates” of a terrorist suspect would be eliminated.

“Ms JD look-alike” then said to me she was in Shanghai for a job at a software company, and I asked her a little about her family situation. She said something to the effect that she had only one sister, which was a lie because I remembered clearly Jennifer Day herself telling me in January 2007 that she was the oldest of three or four sisters – which would be a truer version of her family history because I would later on meet more of her sisters (!). The lie however was not designed to deceive me – because I already knew something about her family composition – but only to reinforce the realism of the staged show since the Agency's girls were supposed to lie about their family background. After she had accomplished her first “mission” – to be identified as Agency's girl – “Ms JD look-alike” proceeded to perform her second “mission”. She kept on saying how she liked her job because all the men loved her for being so “hot” and “sexy” – and she shook her breasts while saying this. I knew that the Agency's objective here was to lure me to make sexually offensive gestures to her, but I didn't know why. I have always thought that Mr Secretary was trying to build up a law enforcement profile of me as a sex-offender who harassed every female I ran into. This is true, but CIA's more important objective here was to make me appear offensive to judge Higgins in order to convince her that I was not as innocent as she thought I was and that I had been putting up an act to deceive her. By this time, the Allies had probably succeeded in removing from the trial even the two judges from China and the United States, so that the power to decide the life and death of the MSS director and the entire structure of international relations in the future had become concentrated in the hands of judge Higgins. The Agency had wanted it this way because they were aware of her vulnerability.

One of the Irish guys then cut in and would dominate the remainder of our conversation even though I was only interested in talking with “Ms JD look-alike”. “So what do you do in America?” he pretended

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to ask me. “I take welfare and sleep on the street,” I replied and burst into laughter. He wasn't finding it funny, however. “It's funny but it's true,” I added, trying to hide my embarrassment. “What's your purpose in coming to China?” he then asked me. It was now getting kind of obvious that he was conducting some sort of interview with me because judge Higgins was watching our interaction carefully through surveillance and wanted to get my testimony. “I want to make friends, find a job, and have my website,” I replied. This was my honest answer – the baseline of my expectation. I wasn't acting at all, and this intention of mine should have been obvious to anyone who had read through my story “My experience...” and seen all the messages I had posted on Internet forums before coming to Shanghai. How the MSS director was able to twist a *credible* “terrorist threat” *out of my story* – namely, on the basis of my story which he had himself established to be truthful – in the International Court of Justice would be beyond my comprehension for the next few years. “What's your most memorial moment in Shanghai?” the Irish guy continued. “There is a Chinese girl working at the counter over there that I really like,” I replied, referring to Xiuxiu. We all laughed. Well, I wasn't joking about this either. Xiuxiu – this simple phenomenon – was really the best thing I had found in Shanghai, just as I had confessed to her in my email to her several days earlier. The Agency then tried their most simple and yet extremely effective technique – stuffing words into people's mouth. The Irish guy said to me, “But you hate Japanese right? Chinese hate Japanese because of the Nanjing massacre.” I was totally dumbfounded. Since when did I ever give out a sign that I hated Japanese? And I said so. He then talked about how Chinese had killed a lot of Mongolians in the 1930s. I was again dumbfounded and frustrated by the sudden imposition of this garbage on me. The Chinese had never killed any Mongolians in the 1930s. According to my knowledge of Chinese history – and my knowledge was quite good – nothing was going on between the Chinese and the Mongolians in the 1930s, while plenty was going on between the Chinese and the Japanese at that time. The statement was as dumb as “The French have killed a lot of Egyptians in the 1200s”: an anachronistic lumping-together of unrelated matters. I didn't know if this Irish guy was simply not much of a fan of history or if he was uttering nonsense purposely. Skipping over the fact that there had been no conflicts at all between the Chinese and the Mongolians in the 1930s, I retorted: “That was 1930. Now is 2008!” “What then is your opinion about the Nanjing massacre?” he pressed on. I was really annoyed, and just told the obvious truth. “I don't have any opinion on it. I don't think about that. I think about *my* problems.” The question was really dumb. Why would a guy think so much about these grandiose issues about race and nations when he was about to fall off a cliff and was only hanging onto a tree branch? But the Agency's purpose in this stuffing of words should be pretty obvious to you – they wanted to “collect” evidences showing that I was some sort of Chinese nationalist who wanted to do good to China. Since the Allies had difficulty in proving that I intended to harm the United States, the CIA clandestine service officers wanted to try proving the reverse side of the coin, that I had intended to benefit China. They thought that “Japan” would be a better bait because anti-Japanese feeling was rampant among those Chinese people who were conscious of history. Besides, since Japan was a member of the Allies, the intention to harm Japan could be sufficient to demonstrate that the terrorist suspect had pulled off his stunt with the intent to harm the “Allies”.

I was so naïve that I actually believed that the Agency still liked me and that in time of crisis they

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would help me out. I hence stupidly asked “Ms JD look-alike” if she could take me to Geneva. I was pleading the Agency to accompany me to the UN High Commissioner on Human Rights. Of course “Ms JD look-alike” shook her head. I was simply not thinking – partly because I had hardly grasped what the MSS director had done: the Agency, even under normal circumstances, would never help its target petition legal authorities, let alone under the current circumstance where the target had almost entirely destroyed them. Besides, it would be against the interests of the Agency to help me petition. My naiveté was partly due to the fact that I was so desperate that I started believing that I could get out of my prison house just by asking the prison guards to take me to Disneyland. When you were alone in your troubles, you would just ask anyone for help. I had no allies, everyone was my enemy, and I had to do everything myself.

The Irish guy continued the show by pretending to not know what I was asking about. “Why do you want to go to Geneva?” he asked me. “In Geneva there is this United Nation institution on human rights and stuff,” I replied while making exaggerated hand-gestures. I was again falling into Mr Secretary's malicious trap without realizing it. Since Mr Secretary was obsessed with the idea of reducing me to a criminal nuthead – he, as the most extreme instance of neoconservatism, epitomized the American desire to make the world believe the opposite of reality, insofar as I was actually a genius – he was going to instruct “Ms JD look-alike” and her companions afterwards to report somewhere that some crazy nuthead was not only sexually harassing girls but was also saying crazy things about going all the way to Geneva to harass a UN institution in regard to a grandiose problem which he had imagined up in his delusional sick mind. The effect of all this you will soon see. “Ms JD look-alike” and the two Irish guys then went upstairs to the pool table to play pool. I went up there also to join them. I was acting ridiculous as if I were drunk, even though I didn't drink any alcohol at all. “Ms JD look-alike” continued to flaunt her sexual assets in an attempt to invite me to flirt with her, and at one point I joked to her ridiculously: “The three of us are going to impregnate you”. Unbeknownst to me at the time, she was *both* inviting me to offend judge Higgins *and* going to report me about this, maybe via the hostel manager, until it reached the American authority in China or the Interpol.

Something notable about “Ms JD look-alike” was that, throughout her conversation with me, she kept looking at her cellphone and then saying she needed to use the restroom. She must have gone to the restroom four or five times during the two hours or so which she had spent with me. It's easy to guess what she was doing in the restroom. She was going to the restroom to look up the instructions she was receiving on her cellphone from the CIA planners who were watching our interaction very closely at the moment – instructions as to what to say to me and how to deal with me. The next significant moment of our very important interaction came when I suddenly said to “Ms JD look-alike”, “Adopt me!” It was of course my metaphoric plea to the Agency to take me away from Mr Secretary – the metaphor which the Agency had itself used on me before and so which they would certainly understand at this crucial moment. “Ms JD look-alike” looked at the two Irish guys and said with a smile, “Should we adopt him? Is he what we get on this trip?” These two guys weren't finding it amusing and didn't follow up on this. “You are not going to leave me to these monsters, are you?” I said to them all, pointing to all the Homeland Security fake lodgers who had filled up the bar lounge. “They are not

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monsters,” the same Irish guy said, “Just talk to them.” At the time I really believed he was trying to calm my fear about Homeland Security and was encouraging me to be friendly with the Homeland Security movie extras as a way to make amends with the Department thugs. Naiveté. In reality, he was inviting me to more traps, since all the fake lodgers had been instructed to complain about me – falsely if need be – as a mentally disturbed individual as much as possible in order to enable the international law enforcement authority to compile such a profile of me and to alert the world about me. Again, it is just as naïve to ask the Agency to recruit you as a way to save you as it is to ask them to help you petition any international human rights organization. I can just imagine the Agency's officials, while they were watching all this, saying to themselves: “What is this guy thinking? Is he really expecting us to take him to Geneva and to recruit him as a way to save him from his troubles?” Finally, when the moment was ripe, I began talking serious business. When “Ms JD look-alike” took a break from the pool game and sat down on the bench, I looked at her right in the face, and said loudly and seriously: “All I did was buy a ticket and fly to Shanghai. I didn't even know what was going on until two weeks after I flew here. You know, there is someone sitting somewhere who just – fucks things up. And now *I* have to take the blame for it. I need to talk to the President.” By “someone who fucks things up” I was of course referring to our Secretary of Homeland Security. This “confession” achieved some effect. “Ms JD look-alike” was looking into my face, but, when she heard “And now *I* have to take the blame”, her face sank, and, appearing embarrassed, she looked down to avoid eye-contact with me. At that moment, I knew that *the Agency knew* that, whatever the MSS director had done to them – which the Agency wouldn't make vaguely known to me until months later – it wasn't part of my intention. They had seen how I had deleted the email from Jennifer Day on the morning of December 31; they had also seen how I had never showed the pictures of Jennifer, Rod, or my cousin to anyone in Shanghai. As I have said, those wise men and women from the clandestine service had by now assessed the situation correctly: that, although I had intended to help the MSS director catch Mr Secretary lying, I had not intended to inflame the affair into an international crisis as a way to destroy the Agency. Unfortunately, the shape of the current crisis was such that they could only be saved if I *had* such intention to destroy them! My good intention had become the Agency's worst nightmare.

Now that I had “confessed”, the Irish guy seemed content, and motioned to “Ms JD look-alike”: “Shall we go?” She nodded her head, and all three of them proceeded to exit the hostel. I was surprised by the Irish guy's easy-going manner: he didn't have a sunken face at all, and appeared to be already expecting my confession. He seemed very fair-minded, as if he really only wanted to know the truth, as if he wasn't trying to extract whatever confession was favorable to the Allies without concern for its truthfulness. He looked like he was only trying to execute an assignment fairly and indifferently. The fact that everyone, whether from China's side or from Allies' side, had strict orders to enforce international laws without concern for the consequences for their native countries would continue to amaze me in the coming years.

The appearance of Jennifer Day's sister was the first definitive sign that the MSS director had done something awful to the CIA clandestine service. And yet my confession tonight would save the MSS director and damn the “Invisible Hand” and his pretty girls. Judge Higgins would believe me, and buy

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into the scenario that I had *not* planned the whole affair, that I was originally planning to escape believing that China would not cooperate with Mr Secretary in framing me into a schizophrenic, and that I was not aware that I had fallen into MSS director's sting operations on the Internet and that the MSS officers had surrounded me when I first arrived in Shanghai. She believed that I had *subsequently* discovered that the Chinese intelligence service had caught Mr Secretary lying and that a lawsuit had happened as a result. She believed my scenario that the United States was trying to get out of its troubles by making it look like *I* had planned the whole disaster. She believed that I had discovered all this by observing Mr Secretary's Homeland Security operations. This scenario was consistent not only with my story “My experience...” but also with all the words that had come out of my mouth and my hands in the past two months. My story had never changed: I wanted to come to China to make friends, find jobs, and publish my story, just as I had said in all my Internet postings throughout November and December 2007. She saw no evidence that I had purposely furnished information over the Internet by putting it out there for the Chinese intelligence service to intercept it. Neither did I ever plan anything “terrorist”. Most importantly, *I had not pretended to have anything to do with terrorism*. Both sides were wrong. Moreover, ever since I had arrived in Shanghai, I had repeatedly written to Wes about my disappointment that the Chinese government had had to cooperate with Homeland Security because I was surrounded by Homeland Security actors and the infrastructure kept breaking down whenever I used it. My testimony about my knowledge of Homeland Security operations in Shanghai had not only served to cover up my knowledge of MSS involvement but had also become my pretext for how I could have discovered the international dispute. Now *I* had gained an upperhand. I was somewhat telling the truth to “Ms JD look-alike”. Although I did suspect the involvement of Chinese intelligence since the beginning, I couldn't have expected such big lawsuit in the International Court of Justice on the ground of terrorism since, obviously, I knew nothing of international laws regarding these things. I threw the dart blindly in the direction in which I intuitively felt I should throw it, and it somehow hit right in the center of the target. What I had done was to conceal my earlier suspicion of Chinese intelligence involvement and transpose all my earlier knowledge to a later date, to the time of my discovery of the International Court of Justice while I was in Hong Kong – *all the while avoiding any dishonest overdoing in my acting such as pretending to possess ill-intention against China*. This was a very smart move. For, although judge Higgins had by now realized that the files which government's security agencies had compiled on individuals might be full of errors, she had also seen the file which the CIA clandestine service had composed on me in which it was claimed that I was “pretty smart”. It was simply unrealistic if I kept on pretending to be an idiot and to not have any clue that something vast was going on. It would also raise suspicion if I purposely acted in a way that would benefit China, such as pretending to dislike China. *By being honest most of the time but not always*, by admitting that I was “smart” but concealing the full extent of it, I had lent *my* show a kind of realism which had at last convinced judge Higgins – even though I wasn't sure who exactly it was that was watching it and wasn't aware that she had become the only audience! While both the Allies and the MSS director were twisting the truth about trying to deceive her, I ended up being the person successfully deceiving her because my “twist” was just so slight.

I also felt such satisfaction in that, at last, Mr Secretary and his Department were exposed as just the

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kind of incompetent garbage that they were. I took such pride in the fact that, while the CIA was trying to “sting me”, I was able to deflect the “sting” back onto themselves by utilizing the opportunity to accomplish my own purpose. I didn't want the United States to hurt China – and I had by now developed some notion of the vast consequence for China if the MSS director was caught “conspiring with me” – because the United States' loss was the best punishment for our Secretary of Homeland Security. Everyone would blame him! In fact, I was so happy that I was able to blame the whole disaster on him, for, when “Ms JD look-alike” avoided eye-contact with me, that was the best sign that all the important people in the US government actually agreed with me in this regard – that Mr Secretary was a great liability. Mr Secretary would be so angry about this! But I did feel sorry for refusing to deliver to the Agency – the “Invisible Hand et al” – what they had expected from me. I thus insisted on escorting Jennifer's sister and her companions out of the hostel to their taxi. “No need,” they said, but I just rambled on about how this was my “territory” and how I must fulfill my duty as a host by escorting them out. I continued to ramble funny garbage which caused “Ms JD look-alike” to giggle then and now, but the two Irish guys, as always, didn't find me funny at all. In fact, the three of them were just talking amongst themselves by now and ignoring me after they had accomplished their “missions”. In five minutes we arrived at Nanjing Road and a taxi immediately appeared to pick them up. I waved them goodbye even though they had by now lost all interest in me. I watched the taxi speeding off toward the east and then walked back to the hostel, suddenly feeling my burden lightened through this valuable opportunity for a “confession”.