

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
The government investigation of a “schizophrenic”: Part II of III
Lawrence C. Chin
December 2008, June 2009, April 2011, March 2013, March 2017

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

3.

Government's investigation of a schizophrenic Part II

Homeland Security traps

Composing “My experience...”

Allow me to rewind a bit. As I was saying, I had been homeless on and off for most of 2007 up until then. It was the best way to build up a saving that was depleted when I escaped to Taiwan in December 2006. It was not much use to find a job at this time because all the businesses around had received an alert about me. My corner at night was a nice spot on Glendon in Westwood Village. Two weeks before I flew to Belgium, in the beginning of April, as I had already saved up about 3,000 dollars during the three months of homelessness, I found a sublet right inside Westwood, a dirty house shared by four graduate students in engineering from India. Coincidentally, one of the four Indian students **was** also named “Gaurav”. I always wondered at the time whether they, as UCLA students and Westwood residents, had seen the alert about me and had any dealing with Homeland Security handlers behind my back. They seemed not to know who I was, until one night several of them asked me out of the blue: “So, tell us about this 'Mary', Lawrence.” Are they referring to my “Marie” in Montreal? How did they know about that then? They had indeed been contacted by Homeland Security's personnel, then. Between January and March 2007, I was spending most of my time reading philosophy again: Greek mathematics, Spengler's *Untergang* once more, Herder's “Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit”, and Hegel's lectures on the philosophy of history, just after I finished writing on my website a long commentary on Plato's *Republic* and a revision of Spengler's philosophy of history in terms of my own “supraorganismic life-cycle”. After I returned from Belgium in late April, I suddenly underwent a most severe episode of depression which lasted through the entire month of May – all because I had such a good time being well-taken care of by Regine while in Belgium and now I was by myself again. I was suddenly tormented again by that same existential anxiety in the face of absolute meaninglessness and could no longer do any academic studies in order to finish my “Scientific Enlightenment”. However, I did meet one person around this time in UCLA Biomedical Center who would provide me with some needed comfort. Her name was “Ana Marcos Gonzales” and she came here from Spain for a temporary internship position. I will have more to say about her later on.

By July, after becoming frustrated with telling people about my ordeal with Homeland Security on various online forums – I was courteous enough to not mention the Agency at all in any of my narratives – I decided to write out a detailed narrative that would leave nothing out, that is, that would also include every detail of the Agency's involvement with me. In four months, this would become “My experience with the FBI, the CIA, and the Department of Homeland Security”, the origin of such an international scandal later on and one of my greatest master pieces but of which I would eventually be denied authorship through the falsehoods perpetrated by both the Agency and the Department. Because

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of this government-orchestrated theft of my authorship, I should perhaps here comment a little about how I had composed the story.

Since at the time I was still homeless, I would at first write out paragraphs here and there on paper and then go to the cybercafe (the one located on Normandie and Wilshire) to type out the written fragments on Microsoft Word and save the Word document on a USB flash drive. I spent about two to three hours a day writing. Because Homeland Security would later on gain clandestine access to my USB flash drives (see below), I also had to go to the cybercafe once a week to print out the draft that I had written thus far in case the electronic file inside the USB flash drive got erased by viruses which Homeland Security agents could have inserted into it when they physically accessed it. I would then make further revisions on the print-outs. Most of these print-outs – eventually amounting to several thousand pages – I would subsequently throw away when I cleared out my storage unit where I had kept them in September 2007. By that time I had moved into an apartment building in downtown Los Angeles. But I managed to preserve a few hundred pages of the draft which can serve as circumstantial evidence that I had indeed written the story myself.

In August, 2007, I bought my first laptop ever, a Gateway, from Bestbuy with a Bestbuy credit card, just so that I wouldn't have to keep going to the cybercafe to write out my story where the Department could see every word I wrote. However, since I was still homeless, I still needed to go to the same cybercafe every week to print out the hard copy of my story. I continued to rely on this tactic until I finished the preliminary version of my story in October 2007. Then I printed out four hard copies at the Copymax in Westwood Village.

Agency's females

By August 2007, while impatiently writing out “My experience...”, I also began contemplating finding legal help. I was prompted to do so because Homeland Security had resumed their heavy surveillance on me in this month. Within a week or two I had also composed a letter that could basically serve as a summary version of “My experience...”. This is mentioned on page 111 of “My experience...” I shall attach a redacted version of the letter (with people's last names crossed out) at the end of this chapter.

Unexpectedly, the Invisible Hand began sending his female agents again to the Biomedical Center where I went daily to use the Internet. I have mentioned earlier Agency's renewed interests in me as soon as I started writing my story – probably because they were concerned with it. Because only a few agents were involved this time, I wouldn't know that these were CIA girls until I had returned from my “world-tour” in February 2008 when they were charged with running some serious operations on me to do me harm. The first agent that appeared was a 50 something white female with gray hair who went by the name “Bird” (“Deborah Bird”). She claimed to be going back to school (UCLA) to study evolutionary biology, in which, as you can see from my “Scientific Enlightenment”, I used to have tremendous interest also. She professed to agree with the reason why I loved evolutionary biology – that it demonstrated that, as all living beings on Earth had descended from the same ancestors, we were all “brothers and sisters” so to speak – and graciously checked out my artworks on my website together

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with her husband. At first I had no idea that she was Invisible Hand's agent, and I only fully realized this in 2008 after I came back from China and Europe. I would be running into her once a week or so in the Biomedical center.

Then several other agents from the “Invisible Hand” also showed up around me masquerading themselves as doctors in the UCLA Medical Center. A particularly memorable instance occurred one day in July or August or so. A female agent masquerading as a doctor was standing in line before me in the cafeteria while we were waiting to pay for our food. She purposely wore straps which read “Central Intelligence Agency” in order to catch my attention. She succeeded magnificently in stirring up my curiosity, and she led me to sit with her “colleagues”, two female and one male “doctors”. They started putting up a show in front of me in order to enable the Invisible Hand to observe my reaction from his hidden location. Her uncle worked for the Agency, the doctor with the CIA straps said. He first declined, or was denied – I don't remember which – then went to the Marines (or something like that), and was only recruited after that. I don't know if that was supposed to be a signal to me. The other female “colleague” made the comment, “Isn't it awful in this job that, when you do something remarkable, you cannot tell anybody?” The “Invisible Hand” was testing me about something. Actually, as for me, what is really awful is that, when you suffer remarkable injustice, you cannot tell anybody – namely, Homeland Security's operations on me – which is precisely the horrifying predicament in which I was caught and with which I would continue to struggle. As these “doctors” chatted on and on about the Agency, I said nothing but just sat there like an idiot. At the end, however, I shouted, “Doctors, I met a lot of CIA agents too!” They all laughed. “Excellent”, the male “doctor” said. This was always the reason why the Agency came to me at all: who would have believed that this homeless little guy, seemingly (only *seemingly*) suffering mental problems, would be working for the CIA. He would never be caught, for not even his interrogator would believe it. But I must say that the “Invisible Hand's” renewed interest in me would not only prompt Mr Secretary to interfere again, but would also turn into worries – as he watched me writing “My experience...” – that I was going to talk.

“Cam”

Another very important interaction over the Internet during the hot summer of 2007 which I have previously failed to mention because of its insignificance at the time but which would become important later on is my cyber penpal communication with a girl in France whom I shall simply designate as “Cam”. What happened is this. My “May depression” was made worse when my old doctor Deborah W, during our meeting on May 8, told me she would not see me anymore. Afterwards while I was in the Biomedical library I discovered on Youtube a song by the German pop group “Wir Sind Helden” which would for the next year and a half become “my song”: “Keine Angst Mehr”. This is because the lyrics would soon become tremendously symbolic of my situation:

Kein schmaler Grad mehr
kein Unten kein Oben
du hättest während du schliefst

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alle Wolken verschoben und
all deine Fragen sagten
sie bräuchten dich nicht mehr
und du könntest gehen

Stell dir vor,
du hättest keine Angst mehr
vor nichts und vor niemand
nie wieder
Allein

Der Wind heulte nachts nicht mehr
vor deinem Fenster
Im Muster der Wand wohnten keine Gespenster
mehr, die dunklen Gestalten
wärmten die kalten
Hände jetzt woanders als an dir

Du hättest keine Angst mehr
vor nichts und vor niemand
nie wieder
Allein

Du könntest jeden so lieben
wie diesen einen
Du könntest alles verlieren
müsstest um niemanden weinen
und all deine Liebe
bliebe für immer
egal, wohin die Leute gehen

Stell dir vor,
du hättest keine Angst mehr
vor nichts und vor niemand
nie wieder
Allein

Du hättest keine Angst mehr
vor nichts und vor niemand
nie wieder
Allein

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No fear anymore

No narrow ridge anymore
No below and no above
You have while you were sleeping
Pushed the clouds away and
All your questions say
They don't need you anymore
(They said that) You could leave

Imagine
You would have no fear anymore
Before anything or anyone
Never ever
Alone

The wind didn't howl at night anymore
In front of your window
In the pattern of the wall there lived
No ghosts anymore
The dark creatures warmed their cold
Hands somewhere else than on you

You would have no fear anymore
Before anything or anyone
Never ever
Alone

You could love anyone
Just like this one

You could lose everything
Would not have to weep for anyone
And all of your love
Would stay forever
No matter where people are going

Imagine...

All during May I was obsessed with Wir Sind Helden, and I eventually discovered a French website, Allemagne-au-Max, which had a forum reserved for the French fans of Wir Sind Helden. Nostalgic

about everything European, I started writing private messages to the participants on the forum. Most people either did not respond or just responded one time, except one person, the girl whom I have nicknamed “Cam” here. I first wrote to her on May 18 via a private message. In her third message to me she mentioned that she was 15 year-old. This was of no importance at the time, since “Cam” and I never talked about anything other than “Wir sind Helden”, family affairs, and her friendships. I was of course under Homeland Security surveillance, but no one cared at the time. When they wanted to “get me” later, however, this worthless chitchat would suddenly acquire a pivotal function.

Meetups

I mentioned in “My experience...” only briefly my joining Karin's meetup groups (at www.meetup.com) in June 2007 and her subsequent recruitment as a “snitch” against me, unaware of how important this ordinary meetup business would eventually become.

The “meetups” were such a god-sent to me at the time, and Homeland Security's destruction of my meetup groups would be one of the two principal reasons why I later decided to “escape” to China. First the French group (the French Quarter) as I've mentioned before, then Karin's Pasadena Any Language and Culture group. These groups, but especially Karin's group, would produce so much happiness for me that I would be instantly lifted out of my “May depression”.

In “My experience...” I have mentioned how Homeland Security had infiltrated my first meetup group, the French Quarter of Los Angeles. In early June, I attended my first French Quarter meetup at a French dip restaurant in downtown Los Angeles. A certain “Mark at Irvine” showed up, and he was the first Homeland Security mole in my meetups. He was a middle age white man who dressed that day in a business attire. Sitting down in front me, he feigned anger while criticizing the President and the Vice-President as a bunch of fascists. He was trying to lure me to join in so that Homeland Security could continue to build up their profile of me as a politically dangerous schizophrenic who harbored extreme hatred toward government officials. He didn't succeed, however, because I made no response, merely alarmed by how out of place his political outbursts were in this context (where everyone was talking about French culture) and disgusted by the vulgarity which every Homeland Security operative exuded. I was deeply unhappy that I couldn't avoid Homeland Security anywhere.

As for Karin¹, she has been a “government snitch” against me since September 2007. As I have noted, when I first joined her Pasadena Any Language and Culture group, Rolf² was immediately recruited as a snitch by Homeland Security to watch over me in the group. In fact, looking at his divorce file which I later obtained from Pasadena court house, I can see how he was the most likely candidate: after an automobile accident, because of which he filed a malpractice suit against his medical provider, he divorced his wife (who was an engineer from Cal Tech) and lived off the alimony his wife provided. He has remained unemployed ever since. Furthermore, he wasn't a citizen. Money and citizenship must have been his rewards for his operation on me. After Rolf was Vincent. Their Homeland Security

1 Zimmer. “KZ” in my “Letter of Petition to the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights”.

2 Mauermann. “RM” in the “Letter of Petition...”

handlers probably told them the same thing: “This Lawrence is a schizophrenic under investigation because he believes in his delusion that we have been running surveillance on him and going after him, and that he has personally offended our chief during the process. He is also a left-wing radical and could be dangerous because, even though he couldn't distinguish between hallucination and reality, he is extremely intelligent. This is why we need you in the meetup to watch over him.” When I gave Karin the “letter” in early September explaining the origin of my present predicament with Homeland Security, they *had to* recruit her as a “snitch” as well in order to prevent her from believing my story.

Now let me talk more about Karin and her meetup members in order to prepare you for the subsequent narrative. Then, at the end of this chapter I will narrate in detail how Homeland Security recruited Karin in their “investigation” of me, because – believe it or not – this incident would assume massive importance in the upcoming massive disaster on the international scale.

From Michelle to Karin and to Karin's meetup

I should first mention my brief hangout with Michelle,³ for she would later on become an important actress in the TV show in which I would be engulfed. I met Michelle during my very first attendance of Karin's meetup. It was a movie event on June 21 2007; we were to see an Italian film called “Nuevomondo” (“Golden Door”), at the Laemmle Playhouse 7 in Pasadena – a place that would become so significant later on also. It was such a good movie, and I was enamored by Karin the first second I lay my eyes on her outside the theater when I arrived. I thought her “fabulous” – a descriptive that would append to Karin's image in my head for the entire coming year. Those who showed up were, other than Karin and myself, Michelle, “John from Glendale” (a middle-age white male of whom you will see more later), and Ellissa (a pretty Taiwanese girl of whom you will also see more later). When the movie was over, we walked to Zona Rosa Cafe one block away – this place would also become significant later on. In fact, this was the first time I was getting acquainted with this nice neighborhood in Pasadena which, as I would not be able to imagine in my wildest fantasy, would become such an important operational theater half a year from now.

While we were walking, Michelle started speaking French to me and Mandarin Chinese to Elissa. It turned out that Michelle was a professor of French and film at UC Riverside and was learning Chinese at the moment. Her Chinese was hardly fluent, but I saw a chance to cure the loneliness which I had inherited from my “May depression”. We were having such a nice chat upstairs in the wonderfully Bohemian Zona Rosa, and, other than a white guy sitting on the sofa near us with his earphones and iPod, there were no traces of any Homeland Security surveillance or operation – that is, none of these new people seemed to have been alerted about me. What a miraculously pleasant night since my return from Belgium.

At this time my greatest fear was merely that these wonderful people I had just met might find out that I was sleeping on the street. The blanket I used to cover myself at night was not a problem because

3 Bloom.

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everyday I would hide it in the bushes around Westwood Village. On the day of the meetup, I washed myself in the restroom of the UCLA Medical Center and did laundry in the laundromat before going to meet Karin and everyone else. I would employ this tactic until September 2007 when I moved into my new apartment unit on Grand Avenue in downtown Los Angeles.

Although Michelle didn't have the kind of perfect ten figure which I admired in womankind, she was older than I – a quality which I did admire in womankind – and, because she was studying Chinese, I dared invite her to see a strange Chinese film that was being shown in Westwood Village during the Los Angeles film festival. That was early July, 2007. She congenially agreed and, after we saw the film, didn't mind that the film was incomprehensible and hardly enjoyable on account of that. We ate dinner together after the film and I was able to be sociable because she was so approachable. After that we met regularly in her home in Silverlake or at a cafe nearby in order for me to tutor her on Chinese. However, during our last tutoring session, she suddenly frowned and became withdrawn when she suspected that I might be looking for a romantic relationship with her. I wasn't, but I didn't make it clear to her. After that she took me to Chinatown one night to have some fun. We were drinking in a fancy bar, and I almost told her my “Agency story”. She then let me stay in her house for two days while she was away in New York for business. That was in August, 2007. I have to say that, other than her withdrawal when she wrongly suspected I had romantic intention, she proved to be an extraordinarily generous person, for she could barely remember my name when she let me stay at her home, and her home was full of expensive things.

Now let me talk more about Karin and introduce the rest of her “crew” to you. On July 13, 2007, when I just came back from Montreal, I immediately attended a meetup of Karin's. Michelle didn't show up that night, for she was still in San Francisco – and I called her about it in the afternoon before going to the meetup. This was the first meetup during which I had contact with Karin. That night, when a girl from Latin America showed up, Karin spoke fluent Spanish to her, which surprised everyone. The atmosphere was so relaxing that night and I particularly enjoyed the small-size gathering: there were, as you can see in the photograph below, just the five of us. (I should of course discount Rolf.) I had regretted so much venturing away from Karin's meetups to go to Montreal – it had cost me so much money for just one meeting with Marie.



The group picture of our meetup on July 13 2007
From left to right: Ellissa, Karin, unknown Hispanic woman,
myself, and Rolf

Another pleasant meetup event took place on August 7 2007. I had learned that, in order to have some interaction with Karin, I would have to catch her alone, and that I would therefore have to be the first person to show up. For today's meetup we were to meet at Memorial Park in Pasadena Old Town for a “Music Under The Stars” concert event. Now when I arrived in the park as the earliest bird, Karin was sitting alone on the grass fixing balloons as signs for her meetup. Although she didn't have much interest in me, she didn't dislike me either – not yet – so in accordance with her diplomatic style she extended her hand out to me to welcome me as I sat down next to her. We chatted for a few minutes until the next person who showed up stole her away. I wouldn't have any more opportunities to interact with her during the rest of meetup, although when she saw me being left out of the discussion she would always try to ask me one or two artificial questions.

Now Ala. Ala was of Palestinian origin, PhD in Geophysics and working in Jet Propulsion Laboratory. He showed up also in this “Music Under The Stars” concert event. The next time I would meet him would be at a French meetup in late August 2007 in a certain “Connie's” house in Altadena. He was then talking to Karin in French. I joined them and the three of us, left out from the rest of the group, were practicing our French with each other. I kept telling Ala how much I admired him because he was a physicist. Karin's French was not that fluent. I then shouted out to Karin (in French) something to the

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effect that she resembled the big sister I had always wished I might have. She was stunned for a second when she heard me expressing my sentiments for her, but quickly forgot about it. My action would certainly have worsened her impression of me were I of any lasting interest to her.

There was then Gabi. She was a chubby German woman, a professor at Cal State Long Beach and Fullerton, and a very good friend of Karin. Very educated also, and she would prove to be very cunning and clever. Another frequent member of Karin's meetups was Virginia, the prettiest white female in our group. She worked in a theater with her good-looking husband who originally came from the United Kingdom. Then there was Jacqueline, who was past middle-age and originally from Switzerland. She was married too, but her husband showed up only infrequently in Karin's meetups. Finally there was Margaret, who was a Brazilian woman fluent in German. All these people's personality will shine through in later narratives and so I shall say no more about them for the time being.

I have just introduced to you the “crew members” who would play important roles in the narrative that shall soon follow. Together the “crew” – you might not believe it – will be the Agency's and Mr Secretary's instrument in sinking away half of China by the end of 2008.



Ala (right) and a close friend of Karin's, Victoria (Hispanic), during the meetup on August 7 2007

The sign about the Chinese consulate of Los Angeles

When I began composing “My experience...”, I also began studying the terrain of China's Internet domain. I wanted to find out which websites, and which web forums, were popular in China. During June and July, I also spent a lot of time in UCLA Biomedical Library looking up many news reports on Youtube about the modernization of China's military. I even called up Oliver and Wes to tell them how admirable the new China with its modernized military equipment was. The most troubling thing I did was my dinner chat with Wes on two nights in July when I transited through Albany before going to Montreal to see Marie. On one night I was telling him about my impression that the neocons hated CIA because they hated intellectuals and preferred stupid people who would obey blindly. Wes agreed. But then I told him that I would one day seek vengeance for what I had suffered in the hands of Homeland Security. On the next night I told him once more how much I admired the new China and how China could form an effective hedge against neoconservatism. “Don't say that,” Wes warned me nervously, for he genuinely cared about me. “You can think that, but don't say it,” he emphasized. None of these had of course escaped the notice of the Agency and Mr Secretary. I was under surveillance and Wes knew this, and that's why he warned me. My latter statement to Wes would later provide ammunition to Mr Secretary in his attempt to alienate the Taiwanese government from me – while both statements would have tremendous import in the disaster after that.

I had been wondering for the past several months just how much the Chinese government might know about my case. Given their reaction, Homeland Security must have caught a mole amidst themselves. A very suspicious recurring phenomenon during the long summer of 2007 was this. I started visiting regularly the website of the Chinese consulate in Los Angeles. Because I hadn't yet bought my Gateway, I did this mostly from the computers at UCLA. Soon, I noticed that my connection was being blocked. Homeland Security was concerned that I showed too much interests in the Chinese consulate and so started blocking my connection. Now, why were they so concerned about it? The Chinese must have known something about my case then. And think about it: which country in the world has most spies in the United States such that, when Homeland Security catches a mole, this mole is most likely from that country? China... Then, I also frequently had flashbacks about that suspicious Chinese girl who was part of the Homeland Security setup in UCLA Medical Center in January...

Seeing “Greg”

Weighed down by the ordeal I had gone through during the hot summer of 2007, I decided to contact “Greg”, one of the two interns that I was seeing during Chaya's absence between June and September 2003 at the California Graduate Institute (CGI). Greg⁴ had by now obtained his PhD and was a psychologist practicing on his own. His office was on Sepulveda Blvd, only a few blocks away from Westwood Village. Let me quote from the progress notes he made of our first session on August 22 2007:

“[Patient] described events over the past three to four years since I worked with him at CGI.

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[Patient's] story, which featured his involvement with CIA, FBI, and Homeland Security and his mistaken identity as a terrorist suspect, had a strong paranoid and psychotic features. [Patient]... was seeing a psychologist in a regular [?] up until two months ago when she terminated therapy (Deborah [W]). He was referred to another therapist – who infrequently terminated his therapy about two months ago.... Clear narrative – cogent, but clearly bizarre, delusional content. Described [patient's] therapeutic goals – he stated that he simply wanted someone to listen to him...”

I would see Greg only three times in this hot summer of 2007. I gave up on therapy after realizing how pointless it was to tell him about my “story”. Greg would appear briefly in the subsequent narrative.

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PROGRESS NOTES		
CLIENT: L.C.		
DATE	MODE	NOTES
8/22/07	Consult	Pt. described events over the past 3-4 years since I worked with him at CGI. The pt's story, which featured his involvement with CIA, FBI and Homeland Security and his mistaken identity as a terrorist suspect, had strong paranoid and psychotic features. Pt. was seeing a psychologist on a regular basis until 2 months ago when the therapist (Deborah Weiss) he was referred to another therapist - who subsequently terminated his therapy about two weeks ago. Pt. stated that he believed she was afraid of him. Flat affect. Monotone voice. Clear narrative - coherent - but clearly bizarre, delusional content. Discussed pt's therapeutic goal - he stated that he simply wanted someone to listen to him. Discussed fee. It is not clear that pt. can afford minimum \$60 rate ^{CMS} on a weekly basis. We set our next session for Th 3. Pt. will think about whether he wants to see me as his therapist - and call me 24 hours before that session. CN
8/30/07	TS	Pt. reports feeling "miserable" and that he would rather be anywhere else on the planet. Predominant depressive symptoms, strong paranoid ideation, delusional thinking. Pt. reports that he is currently homeless, trying to work with his social worker at Westside Center for Independent Living to secure Section 8 housing. Recent

TS = Therapy Session PC = Phone Call TVM = Voice Mail (therapist) CVM = Voice Mail (client) CN = Consult

Greg's progress note on 8/22/07

Seeking legal help

Out of stupidity I also began implementing my impossible plan to vindicate myself as innocent of "terrorism" or "national security threat", unaware of my changing status with Homeland Security. I had by the end of August 2007 completed the "letter" summarizing my ordeal; it's now time to use it. I have mentioned in "My experience..." how I had sent two copies of the letter to the Center for Constitutional

Rights, but have not bothered there to mention my minor choices such as the Human Rights Watch. It began when I discovered on the Internet the fact that many universities' law department had such a thing called the “clinic” which accepted cases on pro-bono basis. In fact there was one right inside UCLA. One morning I went there and asked questions about it. Then, while in the research library, I discovered on the Internet a Human Rights Watch that was again just nearby, on Olympic Blvd⁵, and so I decided to go there right away. Looking up the address of a place on the Internet was of course the most insecure way, and Homeland Security, monitoring my Internet activities easily from their control center, immediately knew that I was going there. I took the bus from Westwood to Olympic, and, while I was waiting for the second bus on Olympic and Sepulveda in front of 711's parking lot, a Homeland Security agent drove by, parked his car right behind me, walked out carrying his large camera in his hand, circled about me one round, and re-entered his vehicle and drove off. You can't get any more obvious than this. There must have been a hidden camera embedded on the side of his otherwise normal-looking camera, and the agent walked about me with it in order to film me for the viewing pleasures of his buddies inside the control center who thus must be keeping an eye on me in real-time at this very moment.

So I arrived at the Human Rights Watch hoping that Homeland Security wouldn't have come before me, evacuated the place, and replaced all the employees there with their secret agents pretending to be Human Rights Watch personnel. Homeland Security was of course watching me going into the building, but they weren't going to evacuate the place. Mr Secretary had simply prepared the same trap for me there. It was an office suite in a large office building where visitors came to the waiting section but where the interior office was made inaccessible by an electronically locked door. When I arrived, I was received in the waiting section by a young Asian woman working there. I took out the letter I had prepared but didn't want to show it to some receptionist or low-ranking employee at the place, so I asked if I could speak with someone who was in charge of “taking cases”. She said “Okay”, went inside the locked office, took a quick peek at me through the window of the locked office, and almost burst into laughter. She was already notified about me, and told something that had made me into a laughing stock, but I was at that time unaware of what was going on. I only thought her behavior strange. What must have happened was simply, again, that Mr Secretary had already caused a general alert about me to circulate among the law professions and related institutions such as this one, in the manner I have already described. Although I have never seen it and probably never will, I can of course guess that the content of the alert consisted in making me into a laughing stock, a joke of the day who thought with his deluded mind that he was some sort of terrorist suspect and that the FBI, CIA, and Homeland Security were going after him, etc. The alert must have been particularly pernicious in slandering me, and this is why the girl working here wanted to laugh her heart out: “That stupid schizophrenic we were just told about is here, acting out his delusion that the government is going after him and coming here to find legal remedies for it, without a clue that all is just in his head. How funny!”

After the girl went in, an older woman came out to receive me. Apparently these two females were the

5 11500 W Olympic Blvd, Los Angeles, CA 90064.

only ones working in this disorganized office filled with boxes and computer equipment. I handed my letter to this woman, who must of course have been told the same lies about me and was shaking her head quietly saying to herself simply that this pathetic figure really thought that the government was going after him as a terrorist suspect, that he, delusional to such extreme, had no clue that all this was in his head only and none of what he believed existed, and that he, so clueless, was now acting out his delusion and came to seek legal help. But she must keep this alert a secret from me and pretend to listen to my plead per the instruction of the alert itself, and so she did start reading the letter. She, under the spell of the lies she was told, of course didn't believe anything I wrote in it, but couldn't help but be impressed by the quality of the writing. She thus said to me, “Oh, you are a very good writer.” “Yes, I studied philosophy and write very well,” I explained.

In any case, since the official alert which she and others at the Human Rights Watch must have received had already preemptively discredited me, she of course wouldn't take my pleading for help seriously at all. After finishing reading my letter, she simply explained that her institute did research on human rights issues around the world only, and was not an attorney service that “took cases”. True though that may be, even if they *were* an attorney service, she wouldn't help me anyway, since she didn't believe a single word of mine thanks to the spell which the alert had cast on her.

Then I suffered a major trauma. One night I was sleeping in my usual spot in Westwood Village across the street from Denny's. It was particularly hot, and so I had to strip myself down to my shirts without wrapping myself up in my blanket. That morning when I woke up, I discovered that the two flash drives that I hanged around my neck had been taken off me and were lying next to me. When I checked them on my Gateway laptop the “properties” dialog box of many of the files indicated that they had been accessed just that morning, around 6 AM or so. If I wasn't mistaken – namely, if I never sleep-walked and unconsciously took the flash drives out of my pouch and if the “properties” dialog box wasn't giving erroneous indications – then that meant that Homeland Security agents had indeed come, took the flash drives off my neck, stuck them into their computers, copied all the files, and then threw these back at me. I felt so violated. (But the good news in this episode was that, contrary to my paranoid fear, Homeland Security apparently did not have remote access to the files in my Gateway, at least when I refrained from connecting to the Internet with it. Otherwise, they would have simply obtained my story “My experience...” from my laptop remotely without my knowing.)

This incident triggered a bad reaction on my part. I went to the CGI, just nearby, looking for my old doctor Deborah, tears flowing down my face. Deborah, however, was not there at the time, and the secretary working there, seeing me going frantic, offered to call up Deborah at her cellphone for me. When we were connected, I started crying frantically and unloading to her my feeling about how violated I felt. “Calm down, calm down”, she said, “Homeland Security has been going after you for a very long time now...” She slipped while trying to comfort me. This, I gather, would be the origin of the terrible harm which she would later have to inflict on me per Homeland Security's instruction. Talking to Deborah was merely catharsis, for she could do nothing other than telling me to go to WCIL, which was no good advice at all. Well, when the most powerful government in the world was going after you, what good advices can others give you anyway that could solve your problem?

That same afternoon Karin had a meetup, a movie event in Pasadena. We were incidentally going to see a documentary on the mismanagement of the Iraq war. When I was at the bus stop in downtown, I was so traumatized that I started crying. A Homeland Security agent happened to be doing surveillance on me and, pretending to be a mere stranger, asked me what was wrong. I told him about the physical search by Homeland Security agents that morning. “They were doing their job,” he said with a righteous face. They were, of course, for their principal job – like that of any government agency – was to protect themselves, regardless of the fate of their targets.

I arrived late at the theater and sat with Karin and her bunch, but I really wasn't in the mood to watch the movie at all. They were having a good time, unaware of the tremendous trauma I had been going through in the past year. Several Homeland Security agents, pretending to be movie watchers, were sitting behind us – thanks to me, Karin's entire group was now under surveillance – and would pretend to clap their hands whenever the movie criticized the current administration.⁶ In any case, I left the theater early to wait for Karin's group outside because I was too absorbed in my trauma. When everyone came out, I followed them to the nearby restaurant, but finally couldn't hold it anymore and ran away without explanation. Karin and Gabi and everyone else stared at me in amazement, wondering what was wrong with me. The next day Karin wrote me an email asking me if everything was okay. I didn't explain to her my predicament right away, but I was now prepared to.

Then came the deadly and stupid event “in search of Ms Olshansky in Stanford”. This fateful and disastrous event I have mentioned only briefly in “My experience...”, on page 109. I must recount it in more detail here because of its importance later on. I first heard of Ms O's name from reading the story of Maher Arar on the website of the Center for Constitutional Rights.⁷ How lucky this guy was that he could in the end find lawyers to vindicate him! I read the entire file which the Canadian Commission had compiled for his case and which they had put online. Perhaps Ms O could help me too? Before I went I bought a 24-hour pass at Intelius, a website for searching for people's addresses and phone numbers, etc. I was about to make a major mistake. I was afraid that, if I would just mail a letter to Ms O, then Homeland Security could very easily intercept the letter through the postal service and prevent Ms O from ever seeing it. Since she was located in Stanford and therefore quite within reach, I should go up there silently and hand her the letter directly and personally, so that I may see with my own eyes that she did receive my request for help. This was a lack of judgment on my part which Mr Secretary was going to exploit to his advantage.

What happened seems to be like this. Even though I never told anyone except my old doctor Deborah

6 Did I tell you that, as soon as I joined an animal rights meetup group through Meetup dot Com, Homeland Security agents infiltrated the group and started passing out fliers about the evil of factory farm on Santa Monica Promenade together with the other activists, who were completely unaware of what I had brought to their group, even though I soon stopped attending the group events because I was marginal in the group and found it too boring?

7 I read his story in Commission of inquiry into the actions of Canadian officials in relation to Maher Arar: http://epe.lac-bac.gc.ca/100/206/301/pco-bcp/commissions/maher_arar/07-09-13/www.ararcommission.ca/fr/26.htm, and also on his website: <http://maherarar.net/>.

W that I was going to look for Ms O to “represent me” (how naïve I was I must emphasize again), somehow Homeland Security was able to orchestrate a show by which they and the local law enforcement were able to notify Stanford and Ms O herself that a schizophrenic, who thought he had been investigated by the authority as a terrorist suspect and who was extremely dangerous, not just because he was acting out this delusion of his, but also because he had a history of obsession with female authority figures, was coming up to look for the famous lawyer.

Now of course Homeland Security was watching me very closely as I looked up Ms O's information on the Internet – through the surveillance agents they sent in to watch over me in cybercafe, and through remote monitoring of my Internet activities from their control center. But, as noted, they had to pretend that they were not watching me and had to find a normal mechanism by which Ms O and the Stanford staff would be alerted about my coming. What they had most likely done, as I have gathered later on despite everyone's keeping secrets from me, was simply instruct my old doctor Deborah to call up law enforcement reporting (falsely, of course) that a patient of hers, who suffered from schizophrenic delusion and believed he was mistaken as a terrorist suspect etc., was acting out his delusion and wanted to find a famous lawyer to represent him. Deborah would be forced to make such false report and false statement because the Department must have used her (aforementioned) slip of the tongue as an opportunity to blackmail her: this slip of the tongue was technically a violation of the Patriot Act, they would tell her, and if she wouldn't cooperate and lie, then they would prosecute her, namely, a plea-bargain, or the typical way in which a “snitch” was recruited. Because of Ms O's public persona Homeland Security and the Secret Service would both have a very good reason to get involved. Mr Secretary now had a perfect chance to have his revenge. He of course could not possibly like Ms O, who was a liberal and who had been causing headache for the administration by defending the “rights” of so-called “terrorists” in Guantanamo Bay, etc. But this would be a great opportunity to “disable” her under the pretext of protecting her from some dangerous schizophrenic. Since the woman I met in Ms O's office in Stanford really didn't seem to be the real Ms O at all, my hypothesis as to what happened is this. After notifying the Stanford law faculty and Ms O herself that a dangerous schizophrenic, guided by his delusion, was coming up to find her, Homeland Security's clandestine team was mobilized and came to the Stanford faculty telling them that, as they had been tracking this schizophrenic for a while, they knew just how to deal with him. Evacuate Ms O, evacuate many of the faculty members, and replace them with Homeland Security's clandestine actors and actresses pretending to be students and faculty members, creating, that is, a fake Stanford law faculty for a day. If any of the faculty members who were there that day were “real”, they were then for sure notified and then trained to participate in the set-up designed specifically to deceive this schizophrenic. The most amazing part of the set-up was of course finding an actress that looked like Ms O and inserting her in Ms O's office to impersonate her and to receive the schizophrenic's “letter”. In this way, they said, the threat would be neutralized, while the schizophrenic would be kept in his delusional world and “happy” in this way. Homeland Security would have appeared to Ms O and everyone else as an amazing bunch of brilliant good fellows who had saved everyone from a dangerous and monstrous craze and Ms O, fooled like a donkey, would be thankful to the very man (Mr Secretary) and Department to which she had heaped so much criticism before. One stone three birds: Mr Secretary got to disable a political enemy by manipulating her to feel indebted to him through lies and deception and to believe falsely

that she truly lived in some sort of “democracy” where, despite her dissent with authority, the latter assumed the responsibility fairly and protected her; Mr Secretary got to set up otherwise friendly people against me by staging a show in which I appeared falsely as their enemies, thus further isolating me and ostracizing me; and Mr Secretary got to silence my voice and suppress the truth even more by making me appear ever more hopelessly crazy. This is his favorite game: deception, orchestrating a show from behind the scene to divide his enemies, isolate the most hated enemy, and deceive the less hated enemy into subordinating herself to him, all the while suppressing the truth and making the liar with evil intent (himself) look like a truth-teller and good-hearted protector and the truth-teller and victim needing help (me) look like a crazy non-sense and dangerous monster. This was the essence of neoconservatism.

Meanwhile, as for me, merely within hours after meeting the fake “Olshansky”, I had noticed that this was not the real Ms O – even though the actress had affirmed to me that she was Ms O – and, scared to death and going frantic, called up Wes to tell him about it (“Homeland Security has replaced Ms Olshansky with a fake! Oh my God!”). When I got onto Greyhound to go back down to Los Angeles, I had just recovered from a nervous breakdown.

Mr Secretary had scored a definitive victory, and, watching me panicking and breaking down, must have been very happy with himself. The alert system which he had put in place and the law enforcement system he had instituted around me had been so effective in depriving me of my otherwise constitutionally guaranteed rights to petition. He had now built up a certain degree of pride, which would cause him to be negligent when, less than two months later, he attempted to assert his new pride in himself as the master of deception against the Chinese foreign intelligence.

By this time I had increasingly fallen into Mr Homeland Security Secretary's trap. To talk a little more about the issue of “decoy earphones”, I note here a particular type of incidence that would keep occurring. When I entered into the Stanford library to use the computer, for example, an Indian girl that was using the computer, when seeing me walk in, immediately put on her earphones which she had earlier taken off to get a break for her ears. At another time in August or so, after I left a meetup of Karin's and was at the Memorial Park station waiting for the metro to go back to Los Angeles, the two disgruntled-looking girls that were waiting there also, upon seeing me, immediately put on their earphones which, again, they had just taken off to get a break for their ears. I made myself look like a hopelessly delusional schizophrenic when I made my sarcasm to them: “Yes, put on your earphones and start your surveillance.” They were in fact just ordinary people instructed by Homeland Security to carry earphones with them at all times so that, when they encountered me – the person in the pictures of the alerts from whom they were instructed to keep the fact of their being alerted a secret – they would look to me like surveillance agents. They were most likely previously alerted that there was this schizophrenic who believed in his stupid head that people wearing earphones were surveillance agents, and that, since he was dangerous, the population should wear earphones to deceive him into the false impression that he was being watched so that he would watch his moves. The community would then be “protected” from him. Again, the favorite technique of Mr Secretary's, dividing the targets and playing them against one another through deception, what made him feel pride in himself. The whole

community was set up against me.

What Karin was told

As I have passingly noted, two weeks or so after I handed the “letter” to Karin, she received a warning from somewhere about me via the intermediary of Rolf, which caused her to be frightened of me. At the same time she was recruited as an informant working together with Rolf to run “sting conversation” in front of me as part of an “investigation”. Karin was of course per the Patriot Act or things like that required to maintain silence as to what exactly happened. Now, after more than a year to reflect on the matter based on all that has happened since then, I am going to offer a hypothetical reconstruction of how all this had happened to the best of my ability. There are in fact two possible sources from which the warning might have come: the therapeutic and law enforcement authority (including Homeland Security and the Secret Service); and the content of the alert can be easily ascertained: my one-time personal conflict in 2003 with a former therapist of mine named “Chaya”⁸, and my supposed “schizophrenic delusion” about being mistaken as a terrorist suspect and Homeland Security's going after me, namely, the same thing which Rolf and Vincent were told, or the “official story” after the erasure of the records about me.

I have mentioned in passing the incident with my former therapist Chaya in “My experience...” but have said nothing more about it, because at the time I thought it was irrelevant. But it has turned out to be quite relevant, and so I want to take a little effort in narrating it.

I have been a regular at CGI (California Graduate Institute) since October 1996, where I became acquainted with my long-time doctor Deborah W, who was doing her intern there at the time. After she obtained her doctorate she moved into her own private office which was only one block away from CGI. I was in San Francisco then between 1999 and 2001, I moved back to Los Angeles in September 2001, I was seeing Dr Caldeira while seeing Deborah at the same time since late 2001... In September 2002 Dr Caldeira terminated my therapy. I then returned to CGI in November 2002 and, via Deborah's mediation, started seeing this new intern, Chaya, a 39 year-old tall woman with blond hair who was originally from the Netherlands. She was widely regarded as charming and beautiful and loved by everyone in CGI and among her patients, and I immediately became attached to her. At first she really liked the fact that I liked her so much and developed so much “transference” toward her – she liked working with “transference”. Then a small impropriety developed. She let me sit on the floor close to her while she rocked back and forth on her rocking chair, and soon she even let me put my head on her lap and play with her hands. After six months she even let me call her “Mommy”. She evidently started realizing that things might be getting a bit out of hand – there might be legal consequences for her – and began thinking about how to bail herself out. By March 2003 another incident happened. I had been looking for her name on phone directories on the Internet, but strangely, could never find a Chaya v. E., but only a Gheert v. E., who was supposedly located in Beverly Hills. Somehow I thought she must have something to do with this “Gheert” since it was clearly a Dutch name. Then once in

8 Her Dutch family name is “van Essen”.

February Chaya called me to change our appointment time, and what appeared on my caller ID was precisely “Gheert v. E.”! I was under the impression that “Gheert” was her husband and that's why her phone number was registered under this different name. But Wes had a different opinion, and, one day, while we were strolling about in Newport Beach, he suggested that maybe Gheert v. E. *was* Chaya v. E. herself. This, comically, caused me concern because, “Gheert” being a man's name in Dutch, Chaya had narrow hips which usually are a definitive sign of transsexuality. I also became suspicious as to why, ever since I asked her if she was married, she started wearing a diamond ring on her finger in an attempt to deceive me about something. Wes was always right, and so his words should be taken seriously. I started getting nervous because I had been “on her lap” for a while by now, and didn't want to get “grossed out”. So I hired a private investigator to investigate whether she was actually married. Lo and behold, when the investigator sent me a file two weeks later, it showed that “Chaya v. E.” *was indeed* “Gheert v. E.”. In fact, together with some investigation on my own, I was taught that her original, “real” name was actually “Geertruid v. E.”; that, having come to California around 1988 to work as a paralegal in a law firm, she then married a co-worker by the name of David James in Las Vegas and settled down in a fancy apartment complex in Marina Del Rey; that she seemed to have a strange family background where she seemed to have a (non-identical) twin sister insofar as both she and her sister (a “Petra”) had the same birthday (a day in September 1963), and where she seemed also to have a little brother named precisely “Gheert”; that she seemed to often shorten her name to assume her brother's identity insofar as in so many public records and on her divorce file her name appeared only as “Gheert v. E.” (hence the name on my caller ID); that in public records her birthday sometimes appeared as “September 1 1975”, obviously erroneous – it was probably her brother's birthday; and that, finally, she seemed to have converted to Judaism after her divorce when she seemed to have discovered her hidden family history of having once been persecuted in concentration camps during the Second World War. The investigation itself was quite a story. I would discover as well that she had had another male patient who was also extremely attached to her and who called her every single day almost, and that she was having a relationship with still another patient, a 60-something year old successful Jewish lawyer who was recently divorced – just the kind of person she was attracted to. In fact, she seemed to be very fond of 60 year-old professional males, as virtually every one of her long-time friends was of such a profile, and at the time she was also dating another 60 year old successful lawyer “John Shiner”, whom she had known for a very long time, since the time when she was still living in Marina Del Rey – an old friend from the time before her “conversion”. When, however, she later discovered my “investigation” she wanted to prosecute me for “stalking”, but dropped the idea after it became apparent that doing so would have to reveal her impropriety with that other patient. This last incident would be very important later on, but I shall leave its details to the next part. Chaya ended up leaving the therapeutic profession to go into real estate business while, infuriated with me because she had basically lost her job due to me, broadcasting a series of secret alerts about me among the therapeutic community warning everyone that I had a tendency to become obsessed with therapists and invade their privacy.

It must be this piece of history which had scared the shit out of Karin in late September 2007. She had become so frightened of me that she literally trembled when around me. The only mystery is: how did she get informed of this story? I now believe that Homeland Security had orchestrated a show by which

the warning which Chaya had sent out among the therapeutic community was able to reach Karin. Now something of note is that, when Karin later on (in December 2007 and February 2008) insisted on introducing me to two therapists for treatment of my “delusion”, she said the therapists were friends of Rolf, as if Rolf suddenly had all these therapists as friends. Since Rolf was the first Homeland Security “snitch” in Karin's group, and since Homeland Security, again, would have wanted to discredit me before Karin and recruit her as operative against me at the same time – thus needing to not give out the secret that they had been going after me for over a year by then – a scenario such as this one is the most likely: Rolf was instructed to act out a show that was devised by Homeland Security's clandestine team, a show in which he was to have a therapist friend. So he was introduced to this therapist and pretended to be her friend. The therapist would be in possession of Chaya's warning about me. Karin might have shown the letter to Rolf anyway despite my request for her to keep it to herself, or Rolf was instructed to coax Karin into showing him the letter (Homeland Security of course would have known that I had handed “the letter” to Karin through their surveillance and monitoring of my email correspondence with Karin); at any rate, Rolf got to see the letter, and he suddenly revealed to Karin that he had this therapist friend who was in possession of information about me. In this way Karin would be made to know the story of how I had massively invaded Chaya's privacy – a story which for sure Chaya would have spiced up quite a bit to make me look extremely dangerous and sick. In consequence, Karin would then have thought of me as one of those stereotypical psychopathic stalker and serial killer and thus become totally frightened of me. But this, I think, is not even the end of the story yet.

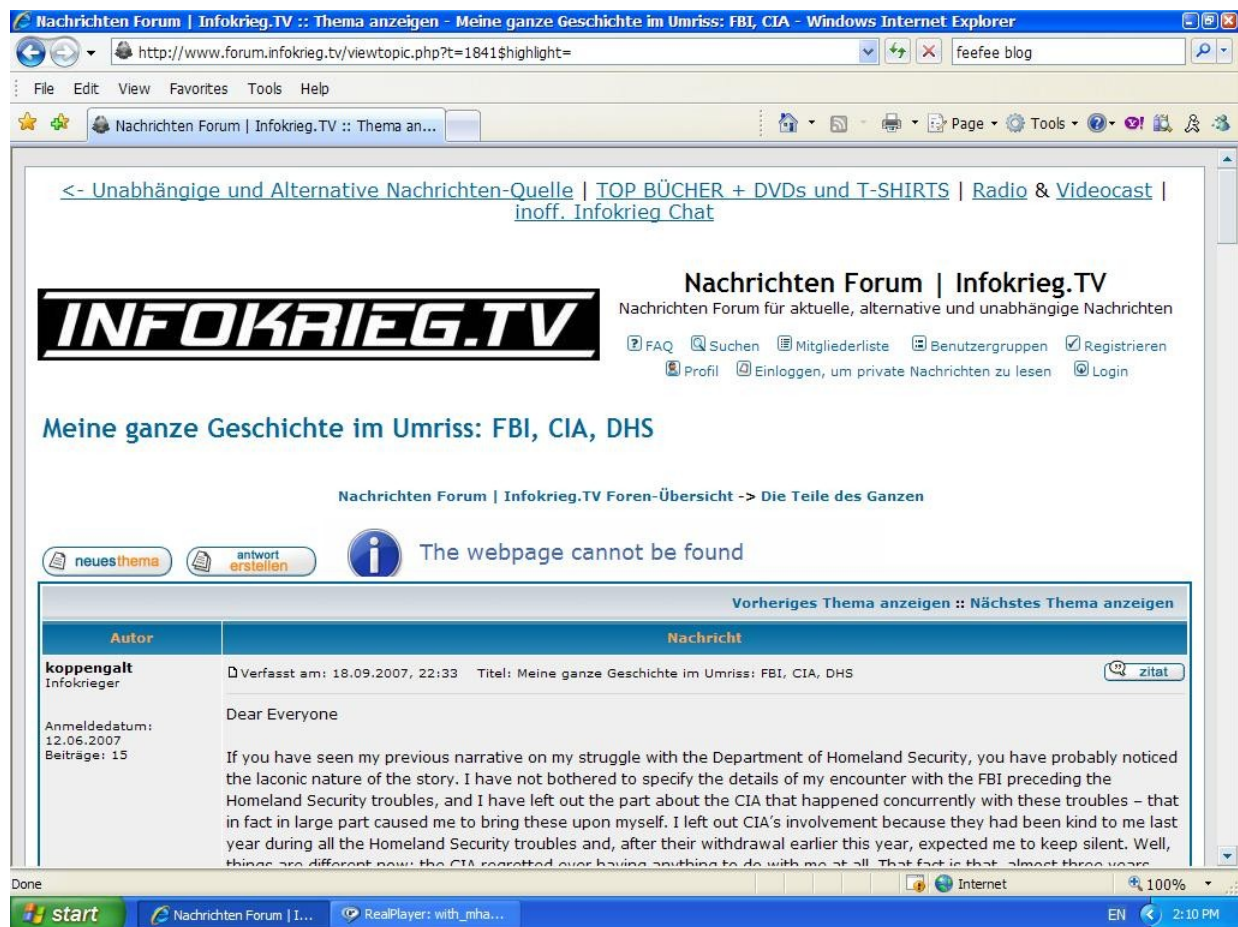
Around September 10, concurrently with my attempt to find legal help, I out of desperation and stupidity also wrote a letter to the Chinese consul in Los Angeles asking him if, since he was so active in the Chinese community in Southern California, he knew any local Chinese law associations that could help me with my Homeland Security troubles. For a long time I was worried that my letter would be intercepted at the post office and would not get to its destination; only later would I understand Mr Secretary's neoconservative tactic, which was to allow my letter to be received at destination, but then to alert the consulate that this letter came from a troublesome schizophrenic, and finally to invite the help of the United States foreign consular protection service, the Secret Service, and any other relevant law enforcement agency in dealing with such delusional and troublesome figure. “Let him tell the truth, but make him look crazy while he is telling it”: such was Mr Secretary's way of censoring his targets – an adaptation of CIA's method. Since by that time my former profile at Homeland Security from 2006 must have already been expunged to cover up the embarrassing interagency rivalry, this letter would have constituted another reason enabling – with Mr Homeland Security Secretary directing the show from behind the scene as if he had never been involved – law enforcement, Homeland Security, or the Secret Service to initiate a new investigation of me from scratch – as if I had never been investigated before, reinforcing my new persona as a schizophrenic with major delusion about persecution by Homeland Security and with a sick obsession with whatever public officials and government agencies, even foreign ones. That would be mid- to late-September, just the time when Karin suddenly became terrified of me and began carrying out law enforcement's sting operation on me jointly with Rolf. What had very likely happened then is that, given my sickness and danger as manifested in Chaya's story and the letter I gave to Karin, both Karin and Rolf reported it to law enforcement – this of course would be Rolf's idea, and Rolf was instructed by his handler from Homeland Security's clandestine team to

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persuade Karin to make such a move: it was an orchestrated show devised to further corner me and discredit me as hopelessly crazy; and that, as law enforcement was checking over my record, they also revealed that even the Chinese consulate had reported that a delusional craze – this same delusional craze whom Karin and Rolf were reporting about – had written them a letter asking for help and saying some crazy stuff about being persecuted by Homeland Security after the CIA had sought to recruit him. What a nuthead. They thus further convinced Karin of my status as a “schizophrenic stalker” with frequent delusions about public officials and – with Mr Homeland Security Secretary directing, from behind the scene, this whole show of “law enforcement helping endangered citizens” – succeeded definitively in discrediting me for her. Law enforcement was of course aware of my case with Chaya, and, backed by Homeland Security, probably further scared Karin by saying something like: “Both you and Ms van Essen are tall blonds... This sicko must have a particular taste for blondes, and that's why he's now targeting you. You fit the profile!” At the same time they must have told her that I was, because of my sick delusion about public officials and government agencies, currently under investigation – now by none other than Homeland Security itself – and that Rolf was in fact already in on this. Now they wanted her to help in too. Karin, frightened to death, was unwilling. But eventually Homeland Security succeeded in their persuasion. I don't think Homeland Security would have blackmailed her by saying that her leftwing protest activities “might become a problem”, since Homeland Security goes after people for personal reasons – because they don't like a person – rather than for political reasons, contrary to your expectation. Whatever be the case, Karin gave in despite her lack of enthusiasm, and became an informant in the investigation of me. Thus soon afterwards I would find her feigning anti-government outbursts together with Rolf in front of me in order to lure me to participate and frame me for leftist anti-government extremism (“sting conversation”).

Since my search for lawyers had turned out disastrous, I resorted in the end to the easiest means to comfort myself, namely the Internet. I thus posted the “letter” I had composed for the lawyers on the same Internet forums where I had months ago posted short notices about my ordeal with Homeland Security (which made no mention of Agency's part). One of the forums was www.forum.infokrieg.tv. As you can see from these screenshots, I first posted the summary of my story (the letter for the lawyers) on this forum on September 18 2007.

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My posting on the forum of Infokrieg

Our meetup on September 28 2007 was the last straw. Per Homeland Security instruction, Karin planned for our meetup that night to see a documentary about Nazis' theft and confiscation of famous art works during World War Two. Mr Secretary wanted to build up a profile of me as an anti-Semite and Nazi sympathizer, and so this was how he orchestrated his “investigation”. He would instruct the Laemmle theater to show the movie and then Karin to take us to see the movie. If you were able to penetrate the deception in the otherwise kind words which Karin wrote in her emails to me in the days since September 22 (which I attach on the end of this volume), you will see that it was because she didn't want me to miss the “investigation” that she didn't want me to withdraw from her group. It would not matter to Mr Secretary whether a Chinese guy born in Taiwan could really be a Nazi at all, for he practiced the neoconservative philosophy – all too common among radical revolutionaries – “We make reality”, namely, the libido to dominate reality. If I was not the way he would like me to be, then he would *make me* into the way he would like me to be. And so, that late afternoon, while I was waiting for Karin's group outside the movie theater, Rolf and Karin arrived together and, in front of me, they began exchanging anti-Bush comments in accordance with the instruction they had received earlier from their Homeland Security handlers in order to lure me to join in: “Sting conversation”. I stood

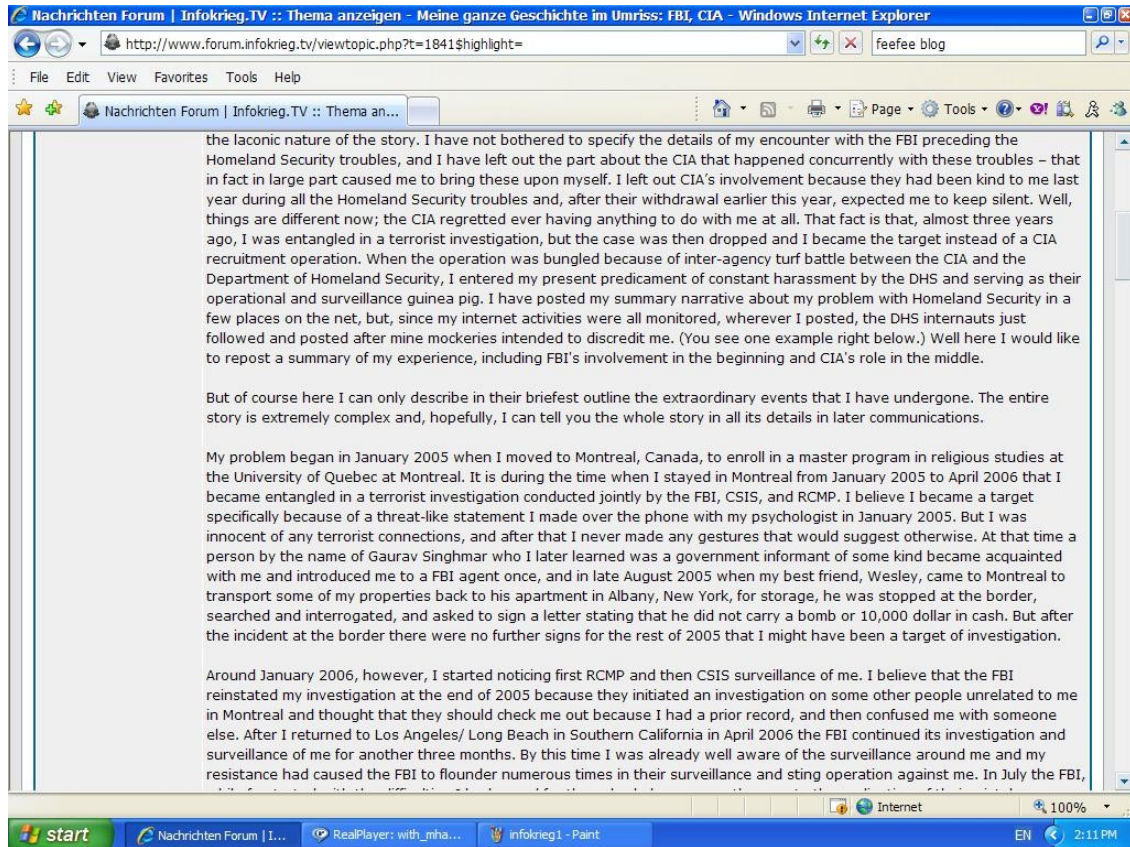
there bewildered at their “acting” and didn't say a word because I was so saddened by how terrified Karin looked and how she trembled upon seeing me while trying to stage the show. During the movie, I became so uncomfortable with the sting operation that I went out of the theater to wait for everyone outside. After the movie, we all went to Zona Rosa and sat around a table upstairs to chat. I became so distraught that I could barely concentrate on anything that was going on, because I desperately needed some good interaction with Karin in order to bridge the distance between us, and yet she had suddenly become the most distant thing in the whole universe. She had completely shut herself off from me. Interestingly, Michelle had come to the meetup tonight, and she was the only person who was behaving naturally toward me: she was the only person left who had not been alerted about me and recruited to run sting operation on me. And yet I could neither muster any interest in her nor find any way to tell her what was going on, for it would just be too bizarre to tell people what I was going through: this Homeland Security investigation of me which was engulfing every single person I ever met. I finally realized that all was lost and just got up and said goodbye to everyone when the gathering was barely over. Karin was very surprised that this psychopath which she thought I was somehow was *not* so obsessed with her but actually wanted to withdraw and just stared at me stupefied, while Ala almost jumped up asking, “Are you going to take the bus or the metro?” From the way he asked me I knew then that he had also been alerted by Homeland Security that there was a dangerous schizophrenic in the group who was under investigation and had been instructed to keep the alert and the investigation a secret from him.

The next day, while I was sitting in front of the computer in the UCLA Biomedical Library, I saw another garbage email from Karin. I had told her a long time ago that I had fixed my ticket to Taiwan and now she suddenly asked me in the email, “Hallo Lawrence, so are you leaving this weekend?” See the entire email exchange which I have attached at the end of this volume. The way in which she tried to appease me as if I were some sort of psychopath – with all that explanation about German jokes – made me even more despair of ever becoming part of her circle. After reflecting for a moment outside the library, I decided to break off relationship with her. I wrote to her on 1:05 PM: “Karin, I won't come to the group any more, please don't be frightened of me. People were either told that I'm a terrorist or a dangerous schizophrenic, neither of which is true. I swear to God. Please believe me. Bye. Bye.” Then, on 8:33 PM that night, Karin wrote me a reply, in which she admitted only that she “could never even imagine my being a terrorist” but mentioned nothing about whether she could ever believe I was a schizophrenic. She was merely a new recruit, and was not yet that comfortable with outright lying: I'm telling you that she was indeed alerted by Homeland Security that I was a dangerous schizophrenic who had imagined up everything I told her in the letter and recruited as an informant for the “investigation” on me. Do not be deceived by the apparent nicety in her words to me. She couldn't be happier that I had decided to leave her group. It's just that her handler wished that I would stay in her group so that the “investigation” could continue – for if I were by myself I would never go see some movie with an endless series of Nazis in it.

These incidents – failure to find a lawyer to advocate for me, failure to share my misery with Karin, failure to make my plea to the Chinese consul general – were extremely traumatizing for me and rendered me ever more hopeless. I tried to get out of my situation by pleading to others, and yet,

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because of my poor social skill and judgment, had merely enabled Mr Secretary and his Department to discredit me even more and to lock me further in my prison – suffering without even the ability to get others to believe that I was suffering. What help did I think I could get from the Chinese consul general? Why did I bother to explain my plight to Karin? Stupid.



Posting my “letter” on Infokrieg's forum, continued.

Appendix 1:

“The letter”

(To Karin, the Chinese consul general of Los Angeles, and Ms Olshansky)
(Persons' last name censored)

To whom it might concern:

I’m writing to you because I seek you or your organization's assistance with respect to my peculiar predicament. Almost three years ago I was entangled in a terrorist investigation, but the case was then dropped and I became the target instead of a CIA recruitment operation. When the operation was bungled because of inter-agency turf battle between the CIA and the Department of Homeland Security,

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Lawrence C. Chin
December 2008, June 2009, April 2011, March 2013, March 2017

I entered my present predicament of constant harassment by the DHS and serving as their operational and surveillance guinea pig.

In this letter I shall only describe in their briefest outline the events that have led to my present predicament. The entire story is extremely complex and I will communicate it to you in all its details in later communications if you should decide to hear me further and to probe the possibilities of helping me.

Allow me to provide you first of all with some biographical information about myself. I was born in Taiwan in late 1969 and immigrated to the U.S. in 1982 and became a U.S. citizen in 1985. I have been residing in California ever since my immigration. I went through junior high and high school in Irvine, California, and graduated from the California State University Long Beach in 1997.

My problem began in January 2005 when I moved to Montreal, Canada, to enroll in a master program in religious studies at the University of Quebec at Montreal. It is during the time when I stayed in Montreal from January 2005 to April 2006 that I became entangled in a terrorist investigation conducted jointly by the FBI, CSIS, and RCMP. I believe I became a target specifically because of a threat-like statement I had made over the phone with my psychologist in January 2005. But I was innocent of any terrorist connections, and after that I never made any gestures that would suggest otherwise. At that time a person by the name of Gaurav S----- who I later learned was a government informant of some kind became acquainted with me and introduced me to a FBI agent once, and in late August 2005 when my friend, Wesley N-----, came to Montreal to transport some of my properties back to his apartment in Albany, New York, for storage, he was stopped at the border, searched and interrogated, and asked to sign a letter stating that he did not carry a bomb or 10,000 dollar in cash. But after the incident at the border there were no further signs for the rest of 2005 that I might have been a target of investigation.

Around January 2006, however, I started noticing first RCMP and then CSIS surveillance of me. I believe that the FBI reinstated my investigation at the end of 2005 because they initiated an investigation on some other people unrelated to me in Montreal and thought that they should check me out because I had a prior record, and then confused me with someone else. After I returned to Los Angeles/ Long Beach in Southern California in April 2006 the FBI continued its investigation and surveillance of me for another three months. By this time I was already well aware of the surveillance around me and my resistance had caused the FBI to flounder numerous times in their surveillance and sting operation against me. In June the FBI, while frustrated with the difficulties I had posed for them, had also apparently come to the realization of their mistake, stopped their surveillance of me, and cleared my status as a terrorist suspect. They then passed my case to the CIA. At this time the CIA clandestine service sent out its agents to come study me and recruit me. It seems that the CIA was impressed by the ease with which I could detect surveillance and the resistance I put up against it from Montreal to Southern California. They wanted to recruit me also for other reasons such as my family background and my academic aptitude, which the CIA clandestine officers greatly valued, themselves being mostly academics. The CIA officers and agents were extremely charming and intelligent, and I

quickly bonded with the few that I met on a regular basis. Other than sending agents (posing as non-existent persons of various professions) to establish good rapport with me to study me and bond with me, the Agency's recruitment method consisted in recruiting many of the people I was close to as assets to help stage situations and hold conversations with me in order to test my aptitude, personality, and position on issues and then to reform my dispositions, all clandestinely and in concrete circumstances. The CIA was such an extraordinary charmer that everyone around me was more than willing to help in and became so much happier after being touched by the Agency. The Agency had even recruited my cousin as its agent, and from my experience with the four dozens or so CIA agents and officers that I had encountered during their recruitment operation I learned that the CIA clandestine service regularly recruits members from the same family all at once.

The CIA agents and officers had made it clear to me on later occasions that they wanted me for their espionage operations against China. In August 2006 however the Department of Homeland Security somehow decided to re-initiate investigation and surveillance of me as a terrorist suspect, running operations in parallel with – and frequently in conflict with – CIA's recruitment operations. While I met frequently with CIA agents, the DHS started a series of sting operations against me in addition to conducting surveillance on me around the clock. I cannot overstate to you the strangeness of the situation of these two agencies competing for my attention, that is, the enormous contrast between the extremely vulgar, uneducated, mean-spirited, and ugly DHS agents and the charming, educated, intelligent, and beautiful CIA agents. By October 2006 the DHS interference had caused the CIA to suspend its recruitment operation. The DHS then suddenly went into a state of emergency at this time, apparently convinced that I was about to launch an “attack.” It is difficult to gauge the strange stupidity of the DHS personnel in believing thusly, since the only contacts I had at this time were with CIA agents and those around me that were helping the CIA conduct tests on me. Perhaps they thought that I was planning terrorist attacks with CIA agents? The DHS then became increasingly alarmed because of my ability to detect their surveillance agents by the mere sight of them – their surveillance agents were so much more conspicuous than FBI's – and increased the scale of its surveillance operation on me, enlisting the help of local police, public transportation personnel, and librarians at California State University Long Beach. (The Long Beach police, who were cooperating with the FBI in the beginning, were now caught between the CIA and the DHS.) I became in the eyes of DHS a genius of tremendous power and threat. I would later learn that the CIA had had to suspend its operations because the secretary of DHS [...] himself had stepped in and complained about “CIA interference” with his department operations. Upset with the withdrawal of CIA agents and officers from my life, I tried resisting the DHS efforts by pointing out to the DHS (based on my earlier experience of the CIA and DHS parallel operations) that the DHS had moles in it from the CIA clandestine service and possibly from other countries. This generated enormous chaos inside the DHS, and, as moles were most likely uncovered, my case was now causing a sensation in the intelligence community and came into the attention of those in the highest levels of the government. I used the opportunity to blackmail DHS that I would shut up only if they returned my “CIA friends” to me. The CIA and DHS worked out a deal and part of the CIA recruitment operation was allowed to continue. But Mr [Secretary of Homeland Security] henceforth considered me a top priority threat to his department even when he had realized his mistake in classing me as a terrorist suspect, and began a legal assault against the CIA clandestine

service as well. The result was that the DHS began aggressively taking over CIA's institutional assets and obligating the CIA clandestine service to run joint operations with its agents on me in order to train its inexperienced agents in clandestine operations. At the same time the CIA agents who had befriended me were withdrawn again under the circumstances. Convinced that maximal force possible was needed to suppress a “genius” and CIA recruit like me, [Mr Secretary] at the same time worked with the Long Beach city officials to evacuate the entire Long Beach neighborhood I was living in and mobilized thousands of “agents” (many of them hired temporarily) to seal me up in a “surveillance bubble”. Because I was able to generate enormous chaos within the DHS with a few words, [Mr Secretary] considered me too dangerous to [have] contact with the ordinary population. A main staple of the CIA clandestine operational techniques consists in the creation of fake organizations, events, or circumstances to trap the target therein: either taking over an institution when knowing that the target was about to go there, evacuating all the people therein, and then sending in secret agents pretending to be the original people evacuated, or simply setting up a fake institution made up of their agents and diverting the target to it, all in order to create an artificial environment to trap and deceive the target and set him up for whatever is intended for him. The CIA had successfully deceived me several times with this technique. Mr. [Secretary] was impressed by the effectiveness of this technique, copied it, and continually practiced it on me: He did this in Cal State Long Beach, Talbert Medical Group, UCLA, the UCLA Medical Center, metro lines, buses, bookstores, restaurants, hostels. Wherever I went he would evacuate the place and send in his agents to replace the original people there, so that I’d not come into contact with “real people”. This daily “bubble” was then punctuated by the occasional DHS and CIA joint operations to set up fake concerts and fake theaters, etc., and to lure me in with my CIA “friends” and cousin so that the DHS could practice clandestine operation. It seems that [Mr Secretary] wanted to use his victory in the interagency turf battle as an opportunity to grow a clandestine unit in his department. But I further offended him in the beginning of this ordeal (around late October 2006) by mocking his copies of CIA tactics which were badly done, and thus embarrassing him in front of other important people that were observing the case. The CIA officers sponsoring my recruitment then let me know that the DHS ordeal would continue until December and that, if I could behave well and not defy DHS as I had done, the Agency would continue its recruitment of me in December. When December arrived and the CIA recruitment officers never came back while the DHS “surveillance bubble” continued, I flew to Montreal, Canada, hoping to avoid the “bubble”. To my surprise, [Mr Secretary] was ahead of me and had already evacuated most of the places and the entire metro system in downtown Montreal and filled them up with his movie extras and surveillance agents so that I would again only interact with his fake people. The operation was so massive and involved thousands of people, and the Montreal police also helped in. When I went outside of downtown the next day I found only that most of the residents, even the priests in churches, were already notified about me and shunned me as a “terrorist suspect”. The eeriness of the whole situation caused me so much anxiety that I took the bus to Ottawa the following day. Ottawa was not evacuated but was filled with surveillance agents, and every bus driver and taxi driver was already informed to watch out for every move I should make. I bought an emergency ticket to Taipei, Taiwan, and went back to Montreal to take the flight. I met up with Gaurav S----- again, who tried to mediate between me and [Mr Secretary] but to no effect.

I arrived in Taipei, Taiwan, around December 12, 2006. Although Taipei city blocks were not evacuated and refitted as “fake”, all the public servants and employees were notified about my “terrorist status” and told to watch over me. I went to Taiwan specifically to obtain my household registry papers in order to renew my Taiwanese passport and citizenship and to probe the possibility of relocating back to Taiwan. At first the DHS forced out a cooperation with Taiwanese government to block my process of obtaining my papers, but later the CIA or the Taiwanese official who had cooperated with the CIA in regard to my recruitment operation stepped in and facilitated my process. I was then instructed by Taiwan’s Foreign Ministry to return to California to continue the procedures for my passport renewal.

While [Mr Secretary]'s goal in all this was to demonstrate himself capable of mastering CIA's art of fakery and deception and of deceiving me, his other goal was to prevent CIA's recruitment of me at all cost. Mr. [Secretary] was an extremely vengeful person and would not allow someone who had offended him to have any sort of social standing, let alone enter the service of the CIA. After my return to Southern California, he had finally succeeded in this objective: by February, the CIA officers and agents had withdrawn from my life, regretting over the tremendous losses they had suffered at the hands of [Mr Secretary] because of me, and I would never see them again.

The DHS then went after my best friend Wesley ----- as well. In December after I returned to California from Taiwan he also came back home to Santa Ana, California, to pass Christmas with his parents. When he went back to Albany in mid-January this year, his neighbor told him that there were people searching his apartment when he was away, and he noticed also that some of the things in his apartment were broken and moved around. Later, sometimes when he returned home he would find that his heater was on even though he had turned it off when he left the place. And suddenly his friends and colleagues in his university department at SUNY Albany all shunned him. Evidently, DHS agents had decided to investigate him also on account of his association with me, searched his apartment, and interviewed all the people that knew him, which scared them off. (They were of course under the Patriot Act forbidden to reveal this to him.) The DHS also sent in agents to infiltrate the classes he was teaching in the spring semester of 2007. He continues to be under DHS surveillance just like me. The remarkable thing was that Wesley had earlier helped the CIA in staging tests for me, and yet his status with the Agency somehow was no immunity against DHS harassment and surveillance.

Although the DHS “surveillance bubble” had stopped weeks after my return to Southern California, up till today the DHS still constantly practices surveillance and clandestine operations on me, using me as guinea pig. On three occasions this year I have traveled to Brussels, Belgium, and Montreal, Canada, and the DHS had its surveillance set up in these places for me also. I believe that their agenda is that they must use me to perfect their surveillance techniques and clandestine operations to the point that I'll not notice. The most awful thing however is that the DHS had informed a large segment of the population and workplaces in West Los Angeles, Santa Monica, Long Beach, and Montreal to watch over me as a potential terrorist. (The DHS furthermore obtained the cooperation of population to wear decoy surveillance gadgets en masse in an effort to create an artificial environment wherein their surveillance gadgets may function more clandestinely.) I have been widely shunned by people in all these cities and am effectively ostracized from society. Everyone avoids conversation with me and

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keeps secret from me because of being gagged or instructed to keep silent before a “terrorist suspect”, while few of the people working in the organizations to which I belong, although still talking to me, are all required to get information about my plans, etc., and pass it to the DHS.

Meanwhile, after the cessation of CIA recruitment in January, a reign of secrecy has taken over in regard to it. Silence has now fallen on the lips of all those around me – relatives, friends, acquaintances – who have been enlisted by the Agency as assets or recruited as agent during its recruitment operation on my. They constantly bombarded me with lies on behalf of both the CIA and the DHS and will always act as if none of this has ever happened. I have in effect lost all my friends and family members as well.

I understand that nowadays citizens have few rights of redress against government agencies, and I further understand that my case is extremely atypical, but I still seek your assistance in probing if there are ways to prompt the DHS to cease operations on me, to effect disclosure about my case, or to obtain compensation for the suffering I have endured. Above all, I long for a day when I can walk through society – whether in this country or elsewhere – without everyone shunning me and keeping secrets from me because I am a major “terrorist suspect”. I am crying out for your help because the anguish of being pushed out of society is so hard to bear. I’m not a “terrorist” but a bungled CIA recruit and the DHS has known that very well for some time, and their operations on me till this day had no justification but for the purpose of practice and because of a personal grudge – because they consider me a threat to their department due to my “talent” in detecting their surveillance and operations and my mouth which had caused them chaos. The DHS agents showed very little respect for law while conducting operations on me: they have vandalized my old Taiwanese passport before I flew back to Taiwan, even though it was in violation of Taiwanese laws; during their regular searches of my apartment they have routinely stolen objects that belonged to me and damaged my computer; they have once denied me proper medical treatment by evacuating the clinic where I received treatment regularly (Talbert Medical Group in Long Beach, California) and sending in their agents to pretend to be the clinic personnel, and the agent that pretended to be my doctor was clueless about medicine and so did not engage in the medical treatment I requested but just sent me home after obtaining my blood and urine samples for the department’s record.

As noted, my case has generated such sensation in the intelligence communities, not only in this country, but also in Canada and Taiwan. My case is widely known in all levels of the government in this country, from the White House down to the local police and private security companies. In Long Beach, I’m certain that the Long Beach Police Department knows the whole story from the FBI investigation through the CIA recruitment to the DHS operations at the end. As for the rest, members and personnel of the following institutions and organizations in Long Beach and Los Angeles would have knowledge at least of the DHS operations against me because of their participation or involvement in these operations: Mayor of Long Beach; St. Mary’s Hospital (downtown Long Beach); California State University Long Beach; Assumption Orthodox Church (Long Beach); University of California at Los Angeles (a large portion of the student body knew about me); UCLA Medical Center; MTA; Long Beach Transit, fire departments and ambulance services in Long Beach and Los Angeles.

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Taiwanese government agencies, including the Foreign Ministry, intelligence services, and Taipei police, as well as the Taiwan Economic and Cultural Office in Los Angeles, would have knowledge of my case. So would also many who worked in the public transportation and taxi services.

In Canada, not only are the usual Canadian security agencies such as RCMP, CSIS, and Sureté de Québec and many in the Canadian provincial and federal government well aware of the entirety of my case, but the police, churches, public transportation agencies, the taxi services and a large segment of the population in both Montreal and Ottawa have also knowledge at least of DHS operations against me.

I'm providing you with this list of people and agencies that would have knowledge of my case in order to facilitate your inquiry should you decide to initiate one. But you of course do know that just about all of the people involved have already been gagged or obligated to keep silent about my case.

Finally I would like to caution you about communication with me. All my communications are without question being monitored, from phone calls through emails to possibly written mails. Every word I type into my computer is probably being logged. The trustworthiness of certain resources is also an issue. For example, from the hints I received from the CIA agents I befriended last year, I take as given that the ACLU has already been infiltrated by the CIA. I thus would always exercise caution in seeking out the right legal resources. Furthermore, the DHS has attempted frequently to this day to disrupt my internet communications whenever I should try to communicate my predicament to others on the net. I'm therefore somewhat frightened of possible DHS disruption of our communication should it know – as it most likely does know – about my reaching you for help. I ask you to exercise caution in reviewing my request.

I'm slated to travel to Taiwan on September 27 and may stay there for up to two weeks. If you could not furnish me with a reply that will arrive before the 27th, I plead you to reply me after the 12th of October. I plead you furthermore to write me at both my current temporary address at 12901 Venice Blvd, Los Angeles, CA 90066, and at my new address at 1621 S. Grand Avenue, #309, Los Angeles, CA 90015. I will provide you also with my cellphone number and email address: 310-614-5429 and xxxxxxxxxxxx@gmail.com, but I of course would like to remind you that these are the least secure channels of communication.

Thank you very much for taking the time to review my communication to you.

Sincerely,

Lawrence C. Chin