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In the Event of MY DEATH

gaRETH LLEWELLYN 30 Apr 2010 06:43 GMT

CSIS abuse

In the Event of my Death...
Life Under CSIS Rule

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Recap: The writer is a 53-year-old intelligence analyst at the Canada Border Services Agency (CBSA) who returned to work in the fall of 2006 after a stroke. The author has an astonishing tale about the abuse of 'national security' practices that begins in January 2007 near 300 Slater Street, Ottawa. The author recognizes that any story involving CSIS isn't 'provable' unless a new government feels a review of their actions is in order; otherwise, since CSIS are the experts at hiding their traces, the reader must take the author's word for many of the events described. For liability purposes, please insert "I believe that..." before any statement of fact herein.

Part II

The so-called offer to penetrate the neo-Nazi movement as presented by Ray Kaduck was the most ridiculous I've ever received. He and I were sitting in Local Heroes – I don't know if Ray was oblivious to my head shaking in disgust or not, while he pitched the offer. The 'attraction' was to spend quality time with neo-Nazis, and this was after I survived the CSIS slime-job in the 1990s and the associated health impacts. Who could resist that gobsmacking offer! They even asked my manager, Ken Lamontagne, to investigate my lack of interest.¹ And by the way, the offer was bogus, since they aimed to lure me from my job protection with CBSA, then I would be fired.

This offer was so weird, in fact, it was the first time I seriously considered whether the Right Hon. Stephen Harper was the author of it.

I like to believe that a sitting Prime Minister would not have the interest, inclination or time to stoop to interfere with a 'target' from twenty years previous. On the other hand, does not Harper have a reputation as a vindictive sort or no? A control freak maybe? After I recounted this story to an intelligent woman whose judgment I respect, she thought Harper was responsible for it too.

Anyway, I said no (again) to CSIS' offer to join their ranks.

CSIS wouldn't take no for an answer, apparently.

Thus, the ongoing gangstalking campaign in June 2007 was tailored to make it seem as though I was being 'escorted' to my lunchtime swim, or for coffee, or during my walks home in order to persuade me that I really really wanted to be part of the CSIS team. And when you're part of the team, these 'escorts,' according to Ray Kaduck, were part of their standard operating procedure; in this case, to protect me from neo-Nazis. The 'harassment' crew was less visible. The 'escorters' now seemed to be civil servants from my building. Many of them – Marc-Rene Ouellette, Doug Jenkins, Daryl Stevenson or Tom Torosian come to mind – seemed to respond to CSIS direction much more quickly than from CBSA, their employer. CSIS had a separate office on 300 Slater St. just to monitor me. Over time, I recognized many of the occupants.

"Why are they doing this?" I asked Lamontagne about CSIS.

"Just ignore them. That's my advice."

And for the most part, I ignored them.

CSIS had set up a 'static post'² in an apartment behind our house on 1174 Rockingham St. that overlooks our bedroom window, my office window and our backyard. The 'residents' there cut circles

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in our foliage to have unfettered line-of-sight. Also to harass my wife. When I brought this subject to Ken Lamontagne, he replied, "They're not supposed to do that."

CSIS followed us to our cottage in PEI in the summer. On the way back, they even waited on the highway as we stopped for gas.

By September, Lamontagne gave me an assignment, or more precisely, a 'make-work' assignment that public servants recognize instantly. Normally, a 'make-work' assignment is assigned to a guy they want to lose, but haven't figured out how to do it yet. The assignment is to preoccupy him. But I applied myself to it. Periodically, Lamontagne would march into the centre of our work space, a windowless secure room we call the 'box', to verify that I was indeed working at my desk and return to his waiting telephone. Sometimes he would wander to my desk and announce in a loud voice for my colleagues' benefit, "No-one is out to get you, Gareth!"

Sometimes I liked to read in the washroom. So CSIS put a camera in the stall right in front of me and several others, perhaps to save them the bother of following me back and forth from the facilities. Despite the fact that this was a top-secret operation (Top-Secret-cleared people gossip more, not less), much of my entire directorate knew a great deal already, which I could see on their faces. Some people grimaced in front of me at the thought of what I was going through.³

For a long time I presumed that this obscene exercise was to judge my loyalty under stress.

Lamontagne once said, very late in the game, "It looks like we can trust you after all."

Whatever.

I realized I was waiting for the shoe to drop.

It finally did in January 2008, an entire year after it began.

My wife and I were married in Antigua, West Indies in front of family and friends on January 15. They returned to Canada on January 20th and my wife and I retreated to another resort on the island for our honeymoon.

CSIS then returned to their harassment activities, positioning themselves so close as to overhear our whispered intimacies under the moonlight, or to stalk my wife on the beach, or to engage in the art of coitus interruptus (really), which I imagine requires that our honeymoon cabin was bugged. I also noticed that several of the Antiguan nationals were used in surveillance. By then I had had enough. I confronted one of the interlopers as he was sitting near the pool. "Let's have a chat," said I, nose-to-nose, leaning on the armrests.

He instantly waved his arms to ward off any forthcoming blows. Backup was already coming, waved in by a female friend.

The interloper mumbled something in a very British accent.

Surprised, I asked, "Where are you from?"

"London." Not London, Ontario. He was still waving his arms.

"You're not Canadian?"

"No."

I left him, reeling inside. What in the hell are Brits doing with me?! He slapped my back in gratitude as I left him.

Antiguan nationals? Brits?

Now, what do Canada, Antigua and Britain have in common? They are part of the Commonwealth, right? Now... who is missing? Hint: have you ever heard that the Caribbean is an "American lake?"

The shoe fell with a thud.

CSIS thought I was an American spy. There is a history behind that, too.

In 1990, most of my friends were from the British, American, South African or Australian embassies. We played paintball with their families. The Cold War had just ended and we celebrated by drinking beer and talking politics at Mexicali Rosa's. Two of them, Dr. John Whitehall of Australia, who worked for the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade (you had to have big personality to work for an organization with a name like that) and Tim Hunter, the personnel officer at the American embassy, I considered to be close friends. Tim gave me a tour of the embassy, and a glance told me why they needed a bigger embassy. All of it was great fun.

One afternoon in my apartment, Tim dropped in for lunch. At the end of it, as Tim was moving to the door, he murmured something like, "Perhaps you can give us a hand?" At first, I didn't understand what he meant. Then I did.⁴

He didn't mean foreign spying, but spying on Canada, which I also understood a few seconds later. I'm sure I fumbled the response out of shock ("Er, mmm, uumm,"), but I said no. I inserted a few gobbledygook sentences to beg off, such as "The Cold War is over," and "It would be like corporations spying on each other." Tim left, disappointed. CSIS has investigated me ever since.

But now that the question of spying against Canada was settled, I wasn't through with Tim yet.⁵ For one thing, Tim was an educated and intelligent man and I enjoyed his company. For another, I had resolved to try building a think tank in eastern Canada and funding was the key concern. CIA struck

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me as a great source of funding,⁶ and at the time CIA was much more regarded for their ancillary activities, like research or the U-2 spyplane, than their paramilitary actions. Besides, since most of the funding comes from Americans, they might introduce me to...

The most important thing, however, was my writing. I knew then I would write spy fiction, and perhaps I might glean a few factoids from Tim, or from someone to which he might introduce me. But such was not to be. We exchanged a few cards. Funding was not forthcoming. I sent him a letter requesting to be introduced to a CIA-type in Taipei, where my second novel was to be located, but it came back to me, "addressee moved." Or perhaps CSIS moved him for me, because while they were investigating me for being a neo-Nazi they discovered accidentally (through their eavesdropping) that I was approached by an American recruiter. I would need a secretary to pencil in my appointments if I was, in the eyes of CSIS, a neo-Nazi and an American spy.⁷ Ironically, CSIS has provided me with stupendous material for my writing by investigating me for roughly 20 years, but I never saw Tim again. I digress to observe this about spying: it seems to be an atrocious job. Imagine the look in your wife's/daughter's/best friend's eyes when they discover that you have betrayed them. Imagine the stress or your inability to enjoy life. Imagine a 14-year prison term. Spies are generally thought of as scum. Does anyone feel romantic or excited by this? The best they can hope for is to retire in obscurity in the host's country, not yours. What inspires anybody to do that? It may explain a Soviet who has witnessed the collapse of Russian society and the privations of a totalitarian state, or an Iranian who has endured the death and torture of relatives, but it doesn't apply to us. Robert Hanson and Aldrich Ames did it for money they say, but as Hegel once wrote, time is the (real) currency of human existence. Those two have fumbled one of the most fundamental questions of our lives. Nineteen years passed and I forgot all about it, but CSIS didn't. I received my Top Secret Special Access clearance in 2004⁸, and for me the only opportunity to bring the topic of the American approach was in 2005 during an interview (pre-lie detector test) for the Integrated Threat Assessment Committee (ITAC) at CSIS HQ, so I volunteered it not realizing that they already knew. CSIS waved it off, seemingly, and I attributed that to its age. As my father-in-law has said, if I was going to spy I would have done it by now.

The fact that CSIS has investigated me since 1990 doesn't bother me. It is perhaps their only action that makes sense. I must have made their lives easier since the only trips I took to the United States were at Disney World (with my wife and another couple), a conference in Chicago (CSIS followed me there, I now realize) and a drive through Maine to PEI with the in-laws. We also visited a Canadian couple in Maryland for the weekend, but that couple has shunned any further contact with me and now I know why. But CSIS wouldn't accept innocence for an answer. I believe I am a candidate for the Most Investigated Public Servant of our generation and have paid the price in terms of health: a stroke, a suspected heart attack, stomach problems, many periods of stress leave, etc., and based on what?... an off-colour rabbi joke I may have told 20 years ago? An offer to spy that I declined? Go ahead and ask them. I'm dying to know.

CSIS fomented another scandal in the aftermath of my interview with ITAC in May 2005, this time with CBSA. I was investigated again; I was cleared again. There was a great gossipfest that only a top-secret environment can provide. Union officials, lawyers, and a crisis with my painkillers. Six months later, CSIS mounted another op against me, this time in Paris where my wife took me for my 50th birthday, to entrap me in a counterfeit scam. It failed. I had a stroke a week later. I returned from my recovery in the fall of 2006 for a couple of months before CSIS started the ongoing disrupting and diffusing that exists to this day.

Lamontagne encouraged me to complain to the Security Intelligence Review Committee (SIRC⁹) for several months, but I demurred. The public service frowns on official complaints. When I realized they thought I was an American spy, however, I sent a 17-page complaint to SIRC including a 'Request to Correct the Record,' which is an opportunity to correct where CSIS got it wrong (that's why it's 17 pages). I explained and described any American I may have met (there aren't many), including Tim. I also mentioned Stephen Harper.

I don't believe that CSIS realized I was aware of their use of Stephen Harper as an operative against me in 1988-89,¹⁰ but they should have. After all, when a person (Harper) attaches himself to a total stranger and wreaks enormous damage, the stranger may wonder why. In 1988, Harper invited me to become his first campaign manager over lunch at the Silver Fox restaurant, probably inspired by CSIS. When I arrived in Calgary, he deducted money from my fee to pay to a close friend for my boarding in his basement beside his two daughters' playroom. Overall, I went canvassing a couple of times and witnessed his renowned temper. Occasionally Harper would drop comments about me that were clearly questionable and therefore probably supplied by CSIS. I wasn't handed any responsibility, so I resigned. To Harper's (or CSIS') credit, they paid me the balance of my fee despite resigning half-way through.

But their reaction¹¹ when they realized I knew about Harper made me wonder initially whether CSIS

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even kept a filing system.¹² Do they disrupt Canadians' lives so frequently that they just forget when one of their accomplices rises to the Big Chair? My current theory¹³ is that CSIS probably used a code name for Harper that the current officers had no clearance to access, and therefore were not given a chance to avoid this pitfall. This is a chronic failure in secret systems where too much secrecy hampers the operation.

An entire year had passed after this ordeal began. It struck me that this period (February-March 2008) was ideal for CSIS to step back and review their handiwork over the past 20 years. Why didn't CSIS confront me or interrogate me, for instance? This would be the perfect time after I sent 17 pages of my story to SIRC. Or, why not withdraw my security clearance? That didn't happen. Presuming it is politically damaging for an incumbent PM to acknowledge he was a CSIS operative 20 years ago, and this is a big presumption¹⁴, it would be easier and a lot cheaper for CSIS to meet me to resolve things. I made it clear that I had no grudge against Harper since I always knew that CSIS was the bad actor. It would also be a perfect opportunity for Steven Harper to show some Prime Ministerial savvy and say something like, "Well, we've (they) made some mistakes, here's some money. Go away." That didn't happen either. I still don't know whether CSIS even told Harper at the time, or whether Harper was behind everything. I invite you to ask them.

I have heard some feedback from CSIS officers over the years about their 'D & D' campaign against me for being an alleged neo-Nazi. It goes something like this: "Yeah, at first we thought you were a neo-Nazi, but then we didn't." No regrets, perhaps? Nah. They're too manly for that.

After they've ruined my honeymoon, it became increasingly clear how bad an actor CSIS has been. All the puzzling events and misfortunes for nearly two decades fell into place. All the informants they have attached to me, explained. All the investigations, all the rumours, all the hostility... for nineteen years. Of course I complained to SIRC.

In response, CSIS turned my life into a freak show, the subject of the next part.

End of Part II

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