

Sentenced To Life:

How the World Peace & Communist Link Begin

My Canada CSIS File: A 2 Continent Activity

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Smyth
have returned from Bangkok,
Thailand, where they attended
the conference of World Inter-
line Clubs. Mr. Smyth had
previously returned from
Moscow where he was a
delegate to the World Peace
Conference held at the Krem-
lin.

The Montreal Gazette, November 20, 1973.

The One Key Legal Point:

I will try to stick to facts, so allow me a few perceptions. I know already that many will find my story unbelievable, so I ask you to HOLD this one FACT in your mind. Did I fit the rule for beginning a CSIS government surveillance file? I think: government and harassment. Yes, I fit the one rule, and all government bureaucrats and lawyers know that I most clearly did.

The one rule: the victim/terrorist must have a link between

1. The world peace movement
2. Communism, Communist Party.

The Canada World Peace Link/Kremlin History:

My father, Ross Smyth, was an original Ban the Bomber, who gave many speeches stressing the need for nuclear disarmament and unity among the major world powers: America, China, Britain, and Russia. He was lucky, in that he was a classic Canadian Liberal at mid-century, who rose steadily in his career as an Air Canada executive, combining travel all over the world with his volunteer work for Chamber of Commerce, the World Federalists, the United Nations Association, and many other groups.

Dad spoke on behalf of world peace at the Rotary, the Lion's, the Elks, the Montreal Board of Trade, sometimes using the joke of "Better Red than Dead." Our own American relatives in California joked back, that Dad was a Commie, as Americans began this saying, "Better Dead than Red." As a child, I found that mildly irritating as the Commie Tag could affect a person's career.

My own mother wondered if my father's analysis of global politics hindered him from the top position at Air Canada, that many friends expected him to obtain. Compared with careers of the past few decades, Dad led a charmed life, travelling all over the world, and only working for one company, Air Canada.

As a family, I see a historical pattern of interest in three causes. World peace, women's rights, and racism. Dad admired Franklin Roosevelt and Zhou Enlai as statemen. He despised organized religion, and loathed the song, Onward, Christian Soldiers. He found it baffling that the Germans and the British stopped killing one another on just one day: Christmas.

In my late teens and early twenties, I became very interested in women's issues, and did volunteer work in Britain where I lived for 5 years, as part of the Second Wave of feminism. Hearing many sad stories of women who had had much worse problems

than my own, tales of physical and domestic abuse, I stopped pitying myself for my parents' divorce case. I also learned how women are not believed, and subjected to a second abuse, when they attempt to communicate with the police, the media, and the courts of law. These lessons and memories shaped my stoicism and self-containment in later life, as I too was isolated.

(By the Government of Canada: another story. Focus.)

Until the divorce began in my early teens, I did at least catch a few years of real happiness, stability, and love with both my supportive mother and father. That early start was to sustain me greatly in adult life. Before I began school at age six, I spent most of my days playing with dolls, learning to read, or drawing on yellow manila pads the story of The Stick People. We travelled by car to Old Orchard Beach, or my Nana's cottage in Bobycageon, and by train to my other grandmother's home in West Vancouver.

Life then was a wonderful blend of freedom and responsibility. My parents taught me to read at the age of three, and I crossed out words with a pencil, as I learned the found from my parents' voices. I also loved art, and Mom was not thrilled when I received an oil painting kit on my fifth birthday, with the carpet staining oil paints, and the turpentine cleanser, which only spread paints around more.

She cheerfully laughed after she complained, and later bought me an easel. The part of me that loves visual arts, this I am grateful for, as my love of books and writing, and thinking seriously about world events, would one day lead me to total disaster: a writer who never made much money, yet came to the attention of CSIS secret police, a group of Canadians fully entrusted with hundreds of millions of dollars, to do whatever they want to others.

My father and I did not agree on women's rights, yet when I cooled down my interest in this in my twenties, he told me he missed my arguments! I was surprised, yet there was a strong tendency in my family tree to Fight Back in Life. My grandfathers had gone through four years of World War One, serving Canada, and my mother's father, also an Olympic athlete, joined the military full time.

I am from a five generation Canadian family. I had a right to my Canadian citizenship, and it should not have been removed from me with no courtroom trial. It was slyly by simply refusing to renew my Canadian passport while I was in another country, and then producing a flurry of lies, run-arounds, and hidden powers as one of the Great 5 Eyes Democracies, beloved rescuers of others around the world.

The sale alone of my Canada Identity is valued at \$50,000, and a reason why lower-level staff deceived me as to thinking this was an ID theft. There is clearly some political motivation, and the lower-level women were silenced somehow.

The America Communists/Abraham Lincoln Brigade, Spanish Civil War

Not only do I visit American Communists, they are famous American Communists, I visit after I join the Buddhist World Peace group, my travelling is in the spring of 1987? CSIS is formed already. I am living in the 3534 Aylmer home with friendly Chinese Communists.

My bus trip to New York is forgettable, though my week there is wonderful. George Watt is a greatly intriguing man, tall and kindly and gentle. He has an air of modesty as he describes his war adventures both in the Spanish Civil War and World War 2. George was a labour organizer for the Communist Party in New York in 1937, with his first wife Ruth, when he joined the Abraham Lincoln Brigade to fight in the Spanish Civil War against the dictator Franco. He even knew Ernest Hemingway, who fought along side him, though I find this out later. George does not name drop.

He was a gunner, who was forced to parachute out of his bomber, and land wrongfully in a Belgian village full of Nazi occupiers. The locals risked their lives, hiding him in a field, and then escorting him to Brussels, where he connected with the Comet Line, the Belgian Resistance. Miraculously he passed Gestapo controls travelling by train to Bordeaux, France. Basque guides helped him traverse smugglers' trails over the Pyrenees into Spain.

George and Margie suffered greatly during the McCarthy Era, and the Cold War of the early Fifties, and he almost went to jail for a long time, but his trial turned around and he continued to work for the Communist Party until the late Fifties. I am not surprised at his regret at missing the excitement of living in more central New York, as his earlier life was so stimulating and dramatic. Margie likes the idyllic town, as I do.

They live in a pretty and peaceful area on Long Island. Neighbours visit us frequently. Two little girls from the house beside ours make me a friendship bracelet, and discuss the ruffled dress I buy at a local market. An older lady visits, and offers me the unexpected job of a household companion, her relatives are not close by, and she is a good friend of George and Margie. George wants me to meet other people.

The roads not taken.

The Canada World Peace Link/Buddhist Group, Prayers for World Peace

The world peace "crime" that I myself committed was to join an international Buddhist group that does prayers and meditations for World Peace. 1984. This group does not even attend demonstrations or protests. Ever. With a heavy Japanese

influence, the Canadian Japanese pray for World Peace with China, and are sorry for the grim history of the past century between Japan and China. The group even sends cartons of books to Beijing on the subject of Buddhism.

1984: CSIS, World Peace, My Holocaust Play

April 1984: I do media interviews concerning the Nazi war criminal issue with my partner Chard Chenier. We are creating a play about World War 2.

May 1984: The play *The Orchestra Girls of Auschwitz* is produced at St. James United Church in Montreal.

June 1984: CSIS the Canadian partner to the CIA, Central Intelligence Agency, is formed.

July 1984: On the 7th of July, at 7 PM, I receive a special ceremony, formalizing my interest in Buddhism, in Montreal.

The Chinese Communists/Neighbours at 3534 Rue Aylmer, Montreal

I knew and talked regularly with two Chinese Communist Party members as they lived in the same building as I did. They were high ranking Party members as well, trusted to handle political matters, just as China opened up. There were 2 flats on each of 3 floors, or six flats in all. Our good landlord Lawrence Fung was from Hong Kong. He sold the building to another obnoxious landlord, who bent the law, as he wanted us all out of the building so he could renovate it.

This did not worry me at all, until I realized that this was the building I lived in when I travelled to New York City to stay with the truly famous American Communists. The paranoid spying agency could think I was a “go-between” between the two sets of Communists, with a father who had visited the Kremlin in 1972. I was as poor as a church mouse, and had enough troubles as a low-income Canadian artist.

The Chinese Communists. The husband worked at the Chinese Consulate in Montreal, perhaps a lawyer. When our landlord troubles began, I visited the young couple in their flat on the ground floor, directly below my own, facing the street.

“But he’s a lawyer!” exclaimed the honest young Chinese lawyer. I laughed to myself, touched by the naïve quality of the young couple, hoping that a lawyer would never do anything dishonest. We sat at their table by the large window, eating noodles, and talking about housing problems.

1988 – 1989, we were neighbours, and possibly 1987. This extra Communist link would give my CSIS file a good kick-off! I knew them for sure after I returned from my American Communist week in New York City.

The 5 Eyes Network of Hong Kong: Love Justin Trudeau! Or else!

Now I see the work my father did all his life, for world peace, being undone. By the same type of men who deny me the right to work by taking away my passport, my visa, my identity. War mongers. It is not true that Canada and the USA are always opposed. The soldiers and the money will be needed from all 5 Eyes nations if we go into World War Three with China.

This part of my life is overly documented all over the Internet, as I am trying to take the Canadian government into a Court of Law. Before they harm me further. It is not safe for me to return to a country until the present situations change. They cannot leave here, after they declare war, until they settle their accounts. They consciously gave me many problems which need to be resolved.

The proprietorial contempt they hold me, due to the longevity of this file – one area in which I camp was visited by “two Canadians, a man and a fat woman, they want to put you on a plane to Canada”. My acquaintance, also Canadian, said this with great enthusiasm, as though it was good news.

No, deportation with no resolution of my Canadian ID, and possible imprisonment for calling Trudeau a traitor, is not good. I have rights under law, both local, national, and international. It was outrageous that the Consulate knew where I was, within hours after my first successful complaint surface with help from the Canadian media.

I close with a quote from The Art of War.

When in death ground, fight.

I am.