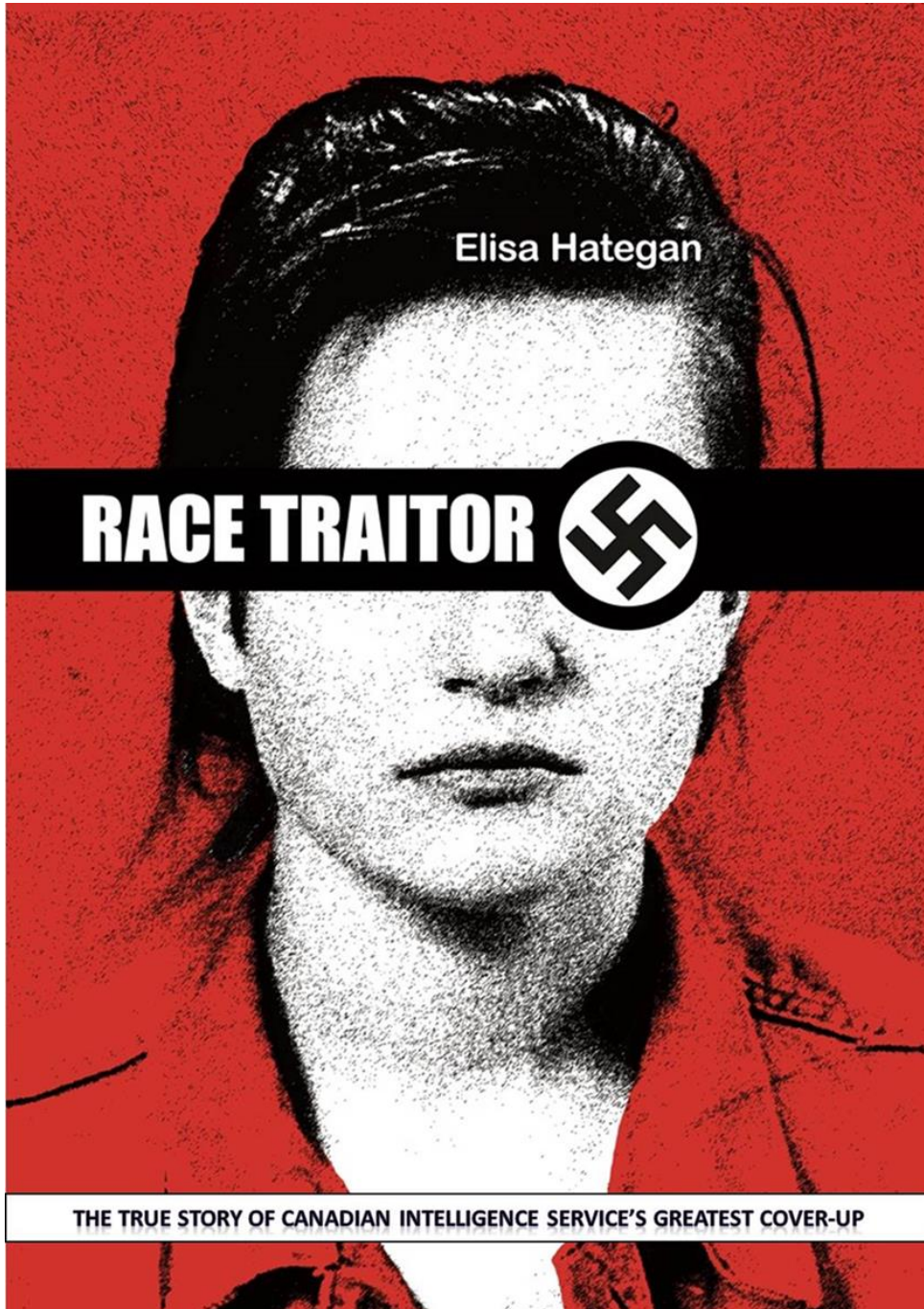


EXCERPT FROM 'RACE TRAITOR: The True Story of Canadian Intelligence's Greatest Cover-up'. © Incognito Press, 2014.

BY ELISA HATEGAN



## A SHORT INTRODUCTION

*“We’ll tear her to shreds.”*

**CSIS Toronto Region Investigator speaking of eighteen-year old Elisse Hategan, whose affidavits implicated CSIS agent Grant Bristow in criminal activity. *CBC’s The Fifth Estate, October 1994***

My name is Elisa Hategan and I’m a Canadian writer and freelance journalist.

When I was sixteen years old, I was recruited by a Canadian domestic terrorist group calling itself the Heritage Front – an extremist right-wing, white supremacist group with strong ties to Neo-Nazi Holocaust revisionists, the American Ku Klux Klan and even Muammar Khadafi. They became the family I never had. Two years later, after I witnessed the targeting of innocent people for harassment and violence, I realized I had to find a way to shut them down.

At first, I couldn’t see a way out. After I found support from a few courageous anti-racist activists, I spied on the Heritage Front for four months. In March of 1994 I took the stand and testified against a handful of group leaders in a contempt of court case that led to convictions and jail sentences. Within months, it was revealed that one of the three founders of the group was a paid agent of CSIS, Canada’s intelligence service. To put it bluntly, the Heritage Front had been created and partially-funded with the help of Canada’s own Security and Intelligence Service.

Despite the fact that I possessed a significant amount of information related to criminal activity within the Heritage Front, authorities showed no interest in taking any kind of action against the group. After repeated appeals to the OPP (Ontario Provincial Police) and the RCMP (Royal Canadian Mounted Police) were ignored, I was officially denied admission into the Witness Protection Program.

All my affidavits (detailing names and addresses of Heritage Front members who owned various weaponry and explosives, as well as detailed accounts of verifiable stalking, threats and harassment of community activists) were dismissed by police without as much as a single attempt to verify their authenticity.

I would later find out from an insider (as broadcast in a 1994 episode of CBC's *The Fifth Estate* that featured evidence obtained from anonymous, highly-placed police and intelligence sources) that a CSIS mandate had circulated advising police forces to deny me protection and ignore my information, even at the risk of Canadian taxpayers and the threat to my own life. Over a period of five years, CSIS had sunk a huge amount of money into *Operation Governor*, which involved the creation of a neo-Nazi organization in Canada and escalating its levels of violence and armament. They couldn't risk their house of cards to fall apart on the testimony of a teenage girl.

When details of CSIS' Operation Governor did come out in the press, after an exposé authored by Toronto Sun reporter Bill Dunphy in August 1994, the operation was terminated. The agent who had co-created the Heritage Front, Grant Bristow, was quickly whisked away into Witness Protection, given a payoff totalling hundreds of thousands of dollars, two new cars and a four-bedroom, three-car garage home in another Canadian province.

***No testimony or information from Grant Bristow EVER resulted in any arrests and convictions.***

In the spring of 2015, Canada's Prime Minister Stephen Harper (who in the 1980s was a member of the extreme right-wing [Northern Foundation](#), which had Heritage Front and Reform Party members, along with skinheads, anti-abortionists, Holocaust-deniers and Conrad Black) has announced a new bill that essentially duplicates the NSA laws of arrest without warrant under the pretext of "terrorism".

**Bill C-51 is extremely troubling, considering that they will be giving CSIS far greater powers than ever before, turning it into what many have called a "Secret Police" with far-reaching powers. However, it has now become LAW.**

Given the context of Bill C-51, it didn't surprise either myself or the numerous activists, anti-racists and aboriginal protesters I've communicated with, that we cannot get any mainstream press coverage in Canadian media. Telling the story of how Canada's own intelligence agency formed a domestic terrorist group that stalked, harassed and assaulted several left-wing activists in the 1990s would be in

direct conflict with what Stephen Harper's government has passed into law – a law whose definition is so broad, so undefined, that anyone in direct opposition to our government's interests (such as [Aboriginal protesters](#) and the [Idle No More](#) movement) would fall into the category of "terrorist."

**Under C-51, CSIS will have the power to:** 1) detain people without charges for up to 7 days; 2) interfere with bank transactions and seize bank accounts if they are "suspected" of potential terror activity; 3) order the seizure of "terrorist propaganda" or order it deleted from an online source; 4) stop any passengers "suspected" of travelling overseas to commit a terror offence to be removed from a flight; 5) seal court proceedings; 6) make it illegal to "promote" or "counsel" terrorist activity – the definition of what this constitutes is, of course, left up to CSIS' interpretation. Using "disruption warrants," Canada's spies will do just about anything: "enter any place or open or obtain access to any thing," to copy or obtain any document, "to install, maintain, or remove any thing," and, most importantly, "to do any other thing that is reasonably necessary to take those measures."

C-51 MUST be stopped, or at the very least re-examined. The [repeated violations](#) and [more violations](#) on the part of the former [intelligence unit of the RCMP](#), which became CSIS, which evolved into CSEC, cannot be overlooked. Neither is Harper's ongoing use of CSIS as his personal domain pet whenever he wants to keep tabs on anti-fracking protesters, Green Party members, or whoever is opposed to the Conservative Party's mandate. Such collusion between government and intelligence agencies is insidious at best, and will be used politically to defeat (or even imprison) political opponents.

History has already showed us what can happen when agents run amok: Grant Bristow's handlers had been inherited from the same RCMP department which preceded CSIS's inception. Back in the 1970s they were [burning barns](#) in Quebec while blaming it on the FLQ. After that scandal ensued and RCMP intelligence was disbanded, they moved over to the newly-minted CSIS and taught neo-Nazis and violent skinheads (some of whom were part of the now-disbanded Airborne Regiment) intelligence techniques, thus contributing to assaults, stalking, harassment and worse. Since they got away with all of the above, I cannot imagine what will happen [when they gain autonomy](#).

The story depicted in *Race Traitor* took place in Toronto, Canada between 1991-1994. In the twenty years since these events unfolded, new technologies have revolutionized the planet. But these advances in technology have also paralleled a confiscation of our civil liberties that has been so slow, so insidious, that we've hardly noticed it. In the name of "the war on terror", governments around the world have begun to erode away at our personal freedoms. New laws are being created that infringe further upon our human rights. And newly-reported cases of terrorism are hailed as proof of why this loss of privacy is a necessary evil in the fight for our freedom.

Sometimes the laws do work: we get the bad guys and everyone can breathe easier. But at other times, as shown in the events you will read about here, we lose the sight of who the bad guys really are.

I unquestioningly believe that there are true cases of terrorism in the world. It would be foolish not to monitor dangerous, fringe extremists who recruit others to their cause. On the other hand, I also think that any of us – of any religion, race or nationality – can be accused of being terrorists by our own governments. It doesn't matter if you're Jewish or Muslim, if you're a woman or a man, a teenager or a senior citizen.

With the rise of unprecedented powers given to intelligence agencies around the world, anybody can be detained without arrest or placed under surveillance under the guise of national security. The United States' PATRIOT Act, for example, has enabled the routine use of roving wiretaps and the surveillance of "lone wolves" (individuals who are merely *suspected* of terrorist-related activities, such as visiting a controversial website, but not actually linked to terrorist groups) without a court order.

The definition of what exactly is a terrorist, and what contributes to his/her violent escalation, is often left up to the determination of agencies that, at times, may resort to covert action to provoke criminal activity that justifies their surveillance operation.

Why do intelligence agencies do this? This kind of operation doesn't always start out with ill intentions. Most often, agents are ordinary people who believe they are fighting for a worthy cause, combatting terrorism, and infiltrating dangerous groups

(even if, in their minds, this means attending local mosques). But as time goes by, some agents begin to cut corners. Maybe they're on a budget crunch and have to justify an ongoing operation; maybe they're tired of monitoring extremists who aren't actually contravening the law. Slowly, a "nudging" process begins: embedding suggestions of criminal acts, providing money and supplies for someone to make a bomb, planting the confidence needed for so-called terrorists to begin waging a proper attack.

And sometimes, as in the case of Operation Governor, it goes beyond nudging. The blueprint of criminal activity is handed out, as well as a list of targets. Illegal actions are planned, delegated and maintained by a puppet-master who himself is immune to prosecution. This is when the tables shift and the question rises as to who the real terrorist is.

**At the end of this PDF sample you will find a brief media library with photos, links to newspaper articles, blog links and videos that cover the events described in Race Traitor. This is only a starting point, and consists of articles myself and other activists managed to collect during that time. *All these articles are still in the public domain and easily accessible via archival libraries and microfiches.***

**I also included direct links to sites where you can purchase the book.**

I am grateful to all who buy a copy or offer a donation for this free PDF. Without the support of wonderful people and community activists who believed in me, I would never have made it through my teenage years – I am deeply thankful for your help.

Elisa

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

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### *THE PUPPET MASTER*

In the winter of 1992, about thirty of us in the Heritage Front core had gathered at the Parkway. The only thing we knew was that the meeting had something to do with the direction of the HF. What were we going to do next? Somebody thought maybe we should plan another concert, or go distribute flyers in the Beaches. Wolfgang said nothing, smirking his usual Cheshire cat grin.

Around 10:30 PM Grant made his entrance, briefcase in hand, file folder under the arm. We all turned to him expectantly, eager for instructions.

Wolfgang cleared his throat. "Grant and I have been speaking about the direction we should take the Heritage Front. As I've said before, we'll continue to have the HF as the political arm of the organization, like Sinn Fein has done in Ireland, and keep our noses clean in order to infiltrate the Reform Party. But we've also decided to take a step in a different direction and create a Heritage Front Intelligence Unit. Grant will take on the role of Director."

An intelligence unit? Was he going to train us to be spies? We simultaneously turned our attention to the Director in question, waiting for an explanation.

"Folks, it's time," Grant said with a twinkle in his eye. "Time to ramp up the fight against those who want to shut us down. Time to fuck with heads and make them shit their pants."

He paused to scan our faces, building up the suspense. Finally, he took a deep breath. "As you all know, I'm a licensed private detective. I have a certain skillset that is in high demand. After discussing things with Wolfgang, we both agreed that we need to form an Intelligence cadre in which all of you will play a role. I'm going to teach you the tricks of my trade and how to fight back against the enemies of freedom. How to put degenerate faggot scumbags like Kevin T., his fine-feathered friend Rodney, and despicable commie dykes like Ruth M. out of their misery. How to push them until they self-destruct."

He paused to let the news sink in. “There’s only so much we can do without wiretapping, unless we recruit someone who works for the phone company. But there are always ways to find out who these communist degenerates are.”

Grant’ list of alternative data-gathering means was straight-forward. In no particular order, we would be taught how to:

- 1) Use special tricks to crack into anti-racist groups’ answering machines, starting with the Native Canadian Centre on Spadina Road and the Anti-Racist Action Hotline. When we had gathered enough data, we’d break into the answering systems of those who had left their numbers on the original machines.
- 2) Use reverse directories to track home addresses. If an address was unlisted, use other deceptive ways to get it, such as calling to pretend the target had won something and offering to mail out their prize.
- 3) Impersonate the target, then spread rumours about the target.
- 4) Impersonate reporters and call up various ethnic and Jewish organizations to conduct mock interviews for the purpose of gathering information.
- 5) Attend anti-racist rallies in disguise and wait in cars equipped with police scanners, thus intercepting any demonstrators’ information that cops might radio back to headquarters.
- 6) Use Hydro utility directories and voters’ registries to identify all residents at a particular address. Follow people to and from work. Watch and photograph targets.

It was a game in which we competed against one another in who could be most clever, gather the most addresses and phone numbers. My biggest competition came from The Fischer brothers, an interchangeable pair of meatheads who constantly vied for Grant’s attention. One year later they (along with Drew Maynard) would be arrested and charged with the kidnapping and torture of one



Tyrone Mason. Already teased mercilessly by the other skinheads for having a “black guy name”, the poor bastard had been accused by George Burdi of stealing a computer that contained the full membership list of the Heritage Front. Even though he denied it, the guys decided to drive by Tyrone’s place in a white van, pull him inside, beat him up for over three hours and threaten to inject him with a syringe filled with Windex.

Aside from providing security at Heritage Front and COTC events, both Erik and Elkar “Carl” Fischer were members of the Canadian Airborne Regiment, a unit of our armed forces that would get disbanded in 1995 after the Somalia Affair (and the leadership’s attempt at a cover-up). The Somalia Affair would be seared into the collective memory of Canadians for decades to come because it involved the brutal beating death of a Somali teenager at the hands of two Canadian soldiers deployed to serve humanitarian efforts in Somalia.

Instead of sticking to their peacekeeping duties, Cpl Clayton Matchee and Trooper Kyle Brown caught their victim, Shidane Arone, in the vicinity of their compound. Without any evidence to back their charge, they accused him of trying to steal army supplies, proceeded to beat him, sodomise him with a broomstick, burn his genitals, and take “trophy” photos of the torture. The killing took place weeks after Canadian soldiers shot two other unarmed Somalis in the back, killing one of them. In that incident, allegations were made that trophy photos of the corpse were also taken. Two additional Somalis had been killed on that tour of duty.

Aside from thrill-kill murderers, or boneheads like the Fischer brothers, who gave Church Of The Creator skinheads weekly paramilitary training and had now been recruited by Grant Bristow for the *It Campaign*, the Canadian Airborne Regiment was rife with other neo-Nazis like the eight soldiers who attended a Nazi rally in Metcalfe, ON, and the unforgettable Matt McKay. Posing in front of a Nazi swastika banner hung in his army barracks, Winnipeg-born McKay gave a straight-arm Seig Heil salute while wearing a Hitler tee-shirt – a bit of an overkill, but his desire to make sure the world *really* knew he was a Fascist added to then-Defence Minister Kim Campbell’s and Canadian Armed Forces’ decision that the Airborne Regiment was a lost cause and needed to be kyboshed before it caused further embarrassment.

Incidentally, Cpl Matt McKay was an associate of Aryan Nations Canada leader Terry Long and a past member of the Manitoba KKK and the Final Solution Skinheads in Winnipeg. He was quoted as saying that he went to Somalia to “*shoot me a nigger,*” and was caught on video saying, “*we ain’t killed enough niggers yet.*”

The Dirty Tricks, a preamble to what would come to be known as the *It Campaign*, got underway that winter. It essentially marked the commencement of psychological terror tactics against community activists, Anti-Racist Action and Toronto Coalition Against Racism members, and organizations such as the Native Canadian Centre – its executive director Rodney Bobiwash being a particular target given that he ran the Klanbusters Hotline and had lodged a Human Rights Commission complaint against the Heritage Front Hotline (or HateLine, as opponents called it).

It started with threatening phone calls. At least a dozen people were targeted further, having their workplaces called by Heritage Front members directed by Grant Bristow to use every pretext in the book to get targets fired from their jobs. He had a short target list of ARA protesters and Aboriginal rights activists he hated more than anything in the world. One of them, Kevin Thomas, had been targeted mercilessly and at one point topped the IT Campaign list.

Grant, who often called male ARA activists *faggot* as a rule of thumb no matter what their sexual orientation was, boasted of having phoned Kevin’s workplace in an attempt to get him fired. Using a three-way conference calling system, he ensured that I listened in on some of the calls as ‘examples’ of what I should say to managers. “Did you know your employee is engaging in political activity on company time?” Grant cackled. “Did you know your employee is a pedophile and procuring children for sex? Were you aware that your staff is involved in bestiality?”

Wanting to push the envelope on the bestiality angle, Grant had ordered a box of live gerbils to be delivered to another activist’s workplace, cash on delivery of course. Later I would be told by Rodney Bobiwash that they often had pizzas and weird knickknacks delivered to the Native Centre – he’d even received a large doll that had been delivered in his name.

For extra kicks, Grant would tell another frightened Human Resources personnel that the employee in question was “a virulent white supremacist.” It was the office’s duty, therefore, to stop him in order to save children from the Nazis who would use them in various sexual perversions. He especially got a kick out of that line, *Save the Children*.

Answering machines were broken into and phone numbers lifted. The list of people to be terrorized was passed around at the Parkway to skinheads who bragged about it afterwards. Anti-racist activists, along with those unfortunate enough to have left their personal information on those answering machines, were stalked.

Along with handing out telephone numbers indiscriminately and rattling off the names of enemies who were out to shut us down and needed to be neutralized, Grant instructed members on how to use the Freedom of Information Act and easily-accessible sources – reverse-directories, water bills, voters’ registries, drivers’ licence bureaus – to track down people who could be targeted for future actions. He taught us how to spot and avoid surveillance and how to get around police questioning.

Even though I had no idea what Grant was going to do with the information we fetched and delivered like trained dogs, I forced myself not to think about it. Wolfgang had drilled it into my head that it was best not to ask questions – ignorance would never be incriminating.

This was only a game.

As the only female at the Parkway the night our Intelligence wing was born, Grant had a special request for me. He scrawled a name and number on a notepad and ripped out the page, pushing it over to me.

“I want you in on this one, Elisse. Start by calling some personal sex lines,” he said, eyes shiny with glee. “Like the ones listed in the back of *Now Magazine*. Record a personal ad saying your name is Ruth M and this is your phone number. Say that you’re into real hard-core masochism, that you’d love to be raped by blacks and beaten with chains. Say that they can call you any time, day or night. The later the better.”

I didn't do it, but I kept her number. His odd request made me wonder who Ruth was and why he had such a hate-on for her. This was a side of Grant I'd never seen before. I wasn't sure how to react to the ever-widening gap between the dignified Grant Bristow, respected leader in the Heritage Front, and this new man who delighted in tormenting people arbitrarily.

He boasted of having directed a small group of skinheads to show up and pound on her door in the middle of the night. After the police was called and the skinheads had scattered, he'd waited an hour before calling to say, "We're still on our way."

If anyone else had any qualms, they certainly didn't reveal them to me. Everyone was careful not to question him.

Moving forward, I resolved to put any misgivings out of my head. To be on Grant's good side meant getting swept up into an exciting cloak and dagger operation. He was training us to be spies. I marvelled at Grant's ability to hack into any answering machine. His talents were incontestably brilliant. You'd never want to go against him; his intense hatred, even among white supremacists, was scary. He did all this with flair and persuasion of a thousand men. Nobody could say no to Grant. He was god.

Months later, in a moment I would recall vividly in one of my affidavits, I would summon the courage to ask, "Why Ruth?"

Grant would shrug dismissively. "Collective guilt – collective responsibility. She must be punished. And to think, the miserable bitch hasn't even thanked me. Not even once, after taking all this time out of my busy day to deal with her."

He burst into hysterical laughter. "I want to pound Ruth's head in. I want to give her a facial massage with a sledgehammer."

[...]

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

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### *THE IT CAMPAIGN*

*St Patrick's Day, 1993*

In a world where nearly every Heritage Front member had a criminal record, news of my arrest, about a week after I had warned the ARA activists, made little splash. Everybody assumed I had been caught putting up a flyer at Brock and that Celeste contacted the police because her name was on it.

It would have been inconceivable to imagine I had done something that could be considered a profound betrayal of the Heritage Front. When Max French, Gerry and Wolfgang himself pleaded with me to tell police that I had fabricated the flyers and take the rap for Wolf, I refused. "You won't do any time," Wolfgang argued. "You've just turned eighteen, you're a girl and don't have a criminal record. You'll get probation."

I may have been willing to go along with the Heritage Front on almost everything, but this was one sticking point I wouldn't budge on: lying to save Wolfgang's ass. As far as I was concerned, he should have been happy that I hadn't ratted anybody out. But I'd rather have gone to jail forever than admit guilt when I was innocent.

Now that I couldn't go over to the Bunker or hang out at the Parkway without breaking bail conditions, finding things to occupy my days became increasingly difficult. I looked forward to the St. Patrick's Sunday afternoon parade to see if I would run into my Gaelic teacher who, after my arrest, had decided to have me kicked out of her class. I figured she owed me an explanation.

A ten-foot tall leprechaun wearing an enormous hat with a gold buckle sauntered by, throwing strings of green beads at the multitude of watchers. I stuck my hand into the air and snatched it, pleased as punch that I had beaten a pudgy seven-year old boy to it. I slipped the necklace around my neck and scanned the crowd for familiar faces.

Further along the street, a black bomber jacket gleamed in the sun. It belonged to a skinhead with white power patches sown on. He was standing next to someone I assumed was his girlfriend, a tall strawberry blonde with a Chelsea haircut.

I walked over to them. "Hey, guys."

His face brightened. "I know you...Heritage Front, right?"

I smiled. "Yup. You guys up to something or just hanging out?"

"Just chilling," he said. "I'm Dave. I saw you on the news. Meant to go down to the last concert but I was in lock-up."

"You're not members of the HF, are you? Bail conditions, you know."

He nodded sympathetically. "Nah, it's cool. We don't have membership cards or nothing like that. Actually, the only group I'm a member of is the local Imperial Knights of the KKK, but doesn't look like I'll be staying."

"Oh, yeah? Why?"

"I haven't gone to the last bi-weekly meetings and they have this retarded rule that if you skip three meetings, you're out. They're assholes about it. Found out the hard way that they don't let their people go easily. I've already been in one fight and they're following me and Holly around now, can you freaking believe it?"

"No shit."

The girl piped in. "Wanna come to the Eaton Centre with us? We're headed there now."

As we hung out for the afternoon, I realized that Dave suffered from the classic "I-wanna-start-my-own-group" syndrome. "What I'd really like," he confessed, "is to have a heart-to-heart with Wolfgang and share some of my plans with him. You think you could fix it for me? And can you ask him if I can get in without having to pay ten bucks for membership? We're two months late on the rent already and the landlord is gunning to evict us. So you think Wolfgang might let me in? I really think he'd be interested in some of my ideas..."

Before I could answer, he went on. “Oh, I do realize he is quite busy. I approached him at a rally but he was so ambushed by all these people, I barely had the chance to say hello. But who knows, if you put in a good word for me...”

I kept my face impassive. “I’ll see what I can do.”

Holly looked pleased. “We live down on Sherburne and Parliament, you know the area?”

“That’s just around the corner from where I live.”

“Cool, we were just heading back. Wanna walk over to our place?”

Over the next few weeks, I got to know Dave and Holly well. They were former street kids who’d pulled their shit together just enough to get into a basement apartment in a hooker building that always smelled like piss and stale cigarettes. But they were ten minutes away from my building on Shuter street, and hanging out with them kept me from going crazy.

Their scene differed immensely from the Front. For them, life wasn’t a political debate – it was gritty, hardcore reality. Street kids didn’t give a rat’s ass about ideology. Skinheads drifted in and out of the left wing. It wasn’t unusual to have friends on both sides, as friends were made while food was scavenged and shared. No one in their right mind would turn their head when offered a drag from a joint just because the offer came from an anti-racist. Their motto was simply, *Don’t fuck with me and I won’t fuck with you.*

The thing that made them most appealing to me was that they knew a lot of people in the ARA. Holly in particular had gone back and forth on the scene, depending on which boyfriend she’d had at the time. We started to talk about anti-racists when Holly casually mentioned, “Yeah, I know a few of them.”

It caught me unprepared. “W-what?”

“I know some of those people. I used to volunteer at the 519, the gay community centre on Church Street. Why? You think it might be important?”

I took out my notepad. “We need to talk,” I said.

As it turned out, she was a goldmine of information on the left-wing. I knew I’d hit the jackpot. No sooner did I get home that I called Grant. He insisted on taking me out for lunch at the Parkway to discuss a strategy, right then and there. Only an hour later, I was sitting across from him – the first of several private meetings we would have over the months to come. He handed me a stack of grainy prints taken from rally videotapes, mostly of youth with bandannas obstructing half of their faces.

“Try to get her to identify some of these fuckers,” Grant said. “You’ll be doing me a huge favour.”

He fished around in his pocket and came up with a twenty-dollar bill. “Make friends with this girl, take her out or something. Get her talking and scoop her brains. Find out everything – where the street kids hang out, where they’re squatting, who’s in charge.”

I was elated. Sure, I couldn’t attend rallies or work at Ernst’s Bunker, but the honour of working behind the scenes on intelligence matters with Grant surpassed all other duties in importance.

That month, true to my word, I became Holly’s best friend. I told her the Heritage Front Intelligence needed her assistance and how important she was to us. She was flattered, so much so that she helped me identify more than half of the grainy stills. She also gave me the address where the ARA held their meetings, along with the names of everybody who lived there.

The information I collected from Holly would, in turn, bring me closer than ever to Grant. I met with him weekly, and he fed me further questions to ask. “You’re doing good work, real good,” he praised me. “This shit really gets into your blood, doesn’t it? And you have a real knack for it.”

I nodded. Making Grant happy gave me a good feeling. I was of value to him.



He smiled generously. “Didn’t you once go to a meeting with the Irish Freedom Association?”

“Yeah, but it wasn’t too exciting. Just a bunch of middle-aged people who get together for pints of Guinness and listen to depressing ballads.”

“Doesn’t matter. Think you could go there again and get me some names? You know that IFA group is a bunch of commies, don’t you? You’d be doing me a big favour.”

“Of course,” I said. “Anything.”

“And keep holding that Holly girl’s hand,” he added. “Buy them a six-pack, see what comes out when they get drunk.”

Girls made more money panhandling so lots of times Holly and me sat on the sidewalk on Yonge Street and begged for spare change. Dave kept watch across the street in case anyone hassled us. When hunger forced us from the curb, we made our way to the Evergreen youth drop-in centre or the soup kitchen on Dundas street. Why bother wasting our newly-earned money on food when we could get meals for free? I let them keep my share of the panhandling money since they were always on the brink of running out of smokes or falling back on their rent.

“There’s a trick we use mostly in case of emergencies,” Holly said. “You know that cruising spot near the corner of Dundas and Shuter street? The one where all the hookers and pimps hang out at night? I go there sometimes, real late, and wait for some loser john to approach me. I lead him down this alley and tell him to wait a sec because I have to go check that there’s no cops. Then I hide while Dave and his buddy Mike come out from this fire-escape ladder where they hid and jump the guy. They beat the shit out of him and take his money.”

“For real?” I looked at her quizzically. She stared back and laughed.

“Hey, it’s not like we do it that often – only in case of emergencies, you know? Those guys are total creeps. One time, one of them tried to rape me before Dave kicked his head in.”

Although they were on welfare, it wasn't enough to cover Dave's hash addiction. He had some debts Holly wouldn't tell me about and the situation was dire. "He thinks our only choice is to move north to Sudbury and live with his mom. Maybe I could get a job at the mall or the local diner. Who knows, right?" she shrugged, lighting a cigarette.

A couple of months later, they did just that. There was nothing left for them in Toronto. All their friends were broke and squatting in abandoned warehouses. Dave's best buddy Mike was in jail again, this time for aggravated assault. And everybody was pissed off at Monica, a girl who had crashed at their place for a while and now was talking to the cops about the firebombing of the Youthlink group home on Runnymede, which she claimed to have information about.

Apparently some skinhead she knew had done it. And because everyone was out to get Monica and she was known to have stayed at their apartment, Dave and Holly were getting hassled left and right. The last straw came when another friend of theirs who lived upstairs had his throat slashed and had lain in a pool of his own blood for two days before the smell of his decomposing body forced the neighbours to alert the police. That Monday, Dave and Holly were gone.

I didn't have time to miss them. Grant was hot on another anti-racist's trail. Phone calls to be made, answering machines to be broken into, houses to be watched, that sort of thing. I quietly took notes. My Intelligence notebook was filling up fast.

One afternoon when we had met up at the Parkway, Grant unexpectedly took a notepad out of his back-pocket, scrawled half a dozen names, tore off the sheet and pushed it to me. I recognized some of the names: one person was in charge of a local gay youth drop-in group. Another name belonged to a woman who had been on the news recently as the founder of a Native rights group. I would follow through with the usual stuff – track down their addresses, then check the voter registries of those addresses to get the names of the other individuals who shared the residence. I'd forward everything to Grant and wait for further instructions. But before I did, I asked him why he targeted women more.

“They’re the easiest targets, the first to break,” Grant answered. “They’re more emotional, much more likely to totally lose it.”

The more Grant trusted me, the more he let his guard down and bragged about his latest actions, such as the women he’d had followed to and from work. One woman had skinheads dressed in military fatigues posted outside her workplace for days on end, doing nothing but staring at her through the windows. What could she do to stop them? They were just standing on a public street, doing nothing illegal. Other than fuck with her head.

“Who’s Sister Ruth?” I asked Grant, noting that name again on his updated hit-list. I hoped he wouldn’t remember that I was supposed to have impersonated her on sex hotlines.

“Oh, just your average dyke activist. She’s this fat, ugly woman – the type of lesbian kike who fights for a free Nicaragua or starts a collective for feminists from El Salvador. A hard-core communist. The fucking bitch really has it out for the Front and wants to shut us down.”

“So what do I have to do?”

“Oh, nothing much – just make her wish for death.” A giggle escaped his lips. “But seriously, call her at work and at home, the later the better. Use a phone booth or call-block so she can’t trace your number. There’s this exchange router in Toronto – let me write it down for you – where if you call it, a different number shows up on her call display screen. So if you don’t want to bother going to a phone booth in the middle of the night, call her through this system. Make sure you use chewing gum or muffle your voice to get rid of your accent.”

“But what do I say?”

“Tell her she’s being watched. Make the stupid dyke so paranoid she’ll turn on herself. Don’t worry, I’ll show you how. When we call her, just stay on the line and say nothing. I’ll do all the talking.”

Tethering on the verge of uncontrollable laughter, Grant couldn’t keep his voice straight. “By the way, remember our buddy Kevin Thomas, ARA’s spokesman? Things aren’t going so well for our little friend. I called his landlord last week and

asked him, what's he doing renting his place to a child molester? Oh, and did you know he's a heroin user with AIDS?"

Choking on another giggle, he cleared his throat. "Fucker totally bought it. Man, I wish I was a fly on the wall when our boy gets his eviction notice."

"Wow," I said. Where did Grant get his creativity? There didn't seem to be any limit to how low he could go. An unease in the pit of my stomach spread into my chest.

"Going back to Ruthie," Grant said, starting to breathe heavily. His eyes glossed over, giving him the appearance of someone aroused. "She's *this* close to the edge. One more tiny push and she's going over. I'm gonna make her shit her pants and have a total breakdown. She's *It*, you know. Like in tag. Last time I called her up, I said to her, My name is Marcus, and from here on I am your closest friend. You have been selected to be 'IT'. If you don't want to be 'IT', all you have to do is give me the name and phone number of someone else so they can be *IT*."

The ins and outs of this new technique would involve mobilizing everyone in the Front's Intelligence network to go after one person at a time. Unlike before, where the target was random and people were making crank calls indiscriminately, this was a specific tactic that was designed to break down the intended mark faster. Grant called this evolution *The It Campaign*.

When someone was made *It*, that person's life would be made miserable. They were to be harassed 24 hours a day. One would not be able to eat or sleep in peace. The goal was to make *Its* life miserable, get *It* fired from *Its* job and made to fear one's own shadow. The only way an individual could stop being *It* was by giving up someone else's name and phone number, so that new person was going to take *It's* place.

"Ruth's going to regret the day she was born," Grant giggled. "You watch and see."

One night Grant called me up. "Wanna do something fun?" he asked. Sure, I was game.

“Ok, just listen quietly and don’t say anything,” he said, breathing heavily. “Watch and learn.”

A few clicks later, and suddenly a tape began to play. I listened intently, trying to figure out what was going on. Then it hit me – this was somebody’s answering machine. Another click, and we were in. Grant chuckled softly. Then, presto! The messages were all wiped out. He hang up that line and came back on with me.

“Remember that recorder gadget I told you to get, the one where you plug one end into the receiver and the other into a cassette recorder? Well, I just got all of Klanbusters’ voice mails and they didn’t. Wanna see something else?”

I marvelled at his ability to crack into electronic gadgets. Of course I wanted to learn more. “Ok, check this out,” he said. “Just keep quiet, ok? Don’t make a peep. This one’s a real nasty piece of work. Fucking piece of shit kike. A total useless waste of human tissue.”

“Hello?” a female voice called out on the other end.

Grant said nothing. Just kept breathing heavily, trying to stifle his snickers. After a moment, the woman slammed the phone down. Grant burst out laughing. “Man, you should see how she’s freaking out right now.”

The It Campaign elevated the psychological warfare against Heritage Front opponents to a whole new level. It was the logical progression of Grant’s training, which up until now had involved impersonating reporters and putting on different guises in order to fish for information on unsuspecting citizens, information that could be later used to terrorize them.

Front members were getting bolder. Grant’s mentoring had boosted their confidence. The fear they now elicited from community activists empowered them, made them feel downright invincible. Rallies grew larger. Concerts attracted hundreds of attendants.

We owned this city. We had the cops on our side. This was the year of Dudley Laws and the Black Action Defence Committee’s organized marches against the police, whom they had accused of targeting black women for unwarranted strip searches.

The boys in blue were tired of being called racists. Even the head of the Hate Crimes Unit was chummy with Wolfgang. He'd gone over to his place for coffee, Wolfgang told me, and they spent more than an hour chatting about how violent the ARA was. They looked at video stills of protesters in order to ID them and discussed who among the activists should be arrested during the next riot.

Over the winter, the It Campaign escalated in viciousness. The streets were run by violent left and right factions whose actions were inflamed by the targeted attacks. One female ARA activist, a friend of Ruth's who had also become the target of a terror campaign, found the personal attacks worse after she adopted a black baby. All her car tires were slashed and she was left messages that said she was a race-traitor and both herself and the child would be swinging from a pole when the Day of the Rope came.

Then the Morgentaler abortion clinic blew up. Just in case the media failed to connect the dots, a clue was left behind: the Heritage Front's telephone number spray-painted in life-size numbers on the wall of a building directly across the street from the clinic, with the caption underneath reading *'Peace, Love and White Power!'*

Spray-painting was a favourite activity for HF skinheads: aside from synagogues, the Native Canadian Centre on Spadina Road and a local left-wing bookstore on Bloor Street, Pathfinder, were both targeted on the same Friday night. The Native Centre had a black swastika painted on its front steps, while the bookstore was marked with a Star of David.

A Jewish activist's home in Kitchener, Ontario was firebombed, not once but twice. Her name was Mona Zentner, a Canadian Jewish Congress member and professor at the University of Waterloo who had demonstrated vociferously against David Irving when he made his appearance at the European Sound Imports store – a talk I had been kicked out of because Michael Rothe, the store owner, had freaked out when he took one look at me and screamed at Wolfgang that he had brought a Jew, a fucking goddamn Jew, into his store.

I remember asking Wolfgang about Zentner's house right after it happened. He had shrugged and flashed his usual grin, and even though this wasn't an admission of culpability, I couldn't shake off the feeling that he knew who was behind those arsons.

In May 1992, a Rahowa concert scheduled at the Boys and Girls Club in Ottawa led to a massive confrontation directly in front of Parliament Hill between some six hundred Anti-Racist Action and Heritage Front members. The incident, which made international news, led to lead singer and Church Of The Creator "reverend" George Burdi kicking a female activist in the face and breaking her nose (a brawl recorded by CTV cameras). One of four HF members charged with assault after that riot, Burdi would be convicted and sentenced to a year in jail.

Then the street attacks began. Three South Asian men were beaten within a short period of time: two of them died, including 32-year old Gunalan Muthulingam. A third one, a 41-year old Sri Lankan Tamil immigrant, former science teacher and father of three by the name of Sivarajah Vinasithamby was punched and kicked in the head so violently that he became brain damaged and paralyzed. The last attack happened right after a RaHoWa concert had let out, and the skinhead convicted, Jason Hoolans (one of three skinheads responsible for the attack) was a card-carrying Heritage Front member.

One of the most vicious incidents involved Runnymede House, a Youthlink group home for runaway girls. The home had been firebombed after one girl, whose boyfriend was a Heritage Front member, was evicted for wearing white supremacist paraphernalia and putting up racist Heritage Front posters in her room. The onslaught of accompanying death threats led to the staff and remaining girls having to be relocated under police protection.

The HF tried to spin the whole thing as bullshit, but I knew it was true. The fourteen-year old girl who had instigated the attack was dating one of Holly and Dave's skinhead friends. Dave himself had told me that the teen's boyfriend was itching to get revenge and was asking around in the Heritage Front for assistance with a plan of attack.

Soon thereafter it got out that one of the female staff members at the home was black; perhaps that was the reason they singled her out. The teenage girl held her responsible for the eviction. The youth counsellor was targeted with threatening calls involving the word “nigger” and followed to and from work multiple times by a white van that would drive slowly beside her. She sought refuge at a friend’s place out of town, but that place was also broken into and death threats scrawled on the refrigerator door.

The culmination came when she was a skinhead broke into her apartment, beat and raped her with a foreign object. When she called police to report the sexual assault the cops argued she had done it to herself, arrested and charged *her* two days later with public mischief. Although Dave and Holly had told me that a Heritage Front cell was responsible for the attack on that group home, I wouldn’t discover the specifics of the incident, how vicious the assault had been, until much later, when told the horrific details by the woman at the top on Grant Bristow’s hate list.

The blatant escalation to violence left me unsettled. The fact that the majority of targets were female was sickening. Judging by the sexual nature of the attacks, the victims’ race or political bent was only an excuse for being targeted. No philosophy or ideology, no matter how radical, could justify this.

Of course Wolfgang denied any connection to the attacks, but I couldn’t ignore the fact that the leadership believed in setting up covert cells of HF members who were never to intersect. At any moment a cell could be activated and directed to do a job at the leadership’s request. It was more than possible that the people responsible for the attacks were in some way connected to the Front, if not part of a cell itself. The fact that the flyer I’d been arrested for had also listed a female target, only served to embolden my suspicions.

This thought haunted me, turning into an obsession. I needed to know the truth.

“Is it really true? Is the Heritage Front behind that youth counsellor’s attack?” I decided to ask Wolfgang one night. “Because if it is, it’s all fucked up. What’s all this got to do with patriotism? With revolution?”



I watched his face in the gloomy twilight, silhouetted against the darkening café window. “Do you really want to know?” he asked me. “Because I don’t think it’s a good idea for you to ask too many questions. At this point, we need to operate on a need-to-know basis.”

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## RACE TRAITOR MEDIA LIBRARY

*Please note that this is by no means a comprehensive list of resources. At the end of this list, I've included several photographs, assorted articles and affidavits.*

If interested in further research, there are also quite a number of articles in the press regarding the shocking treatment received by Brian MacInnis, a Parliamentary aide who leaked a secret CSIS report to the prime minister detailing the controversial actions of a spy gone rogue. For his effort to expose the cover-up, (this was in the days before the Julian Assange and Edward Snowdens of the world made leaking documents cool) MacInnis was charged under Canada's insidious Official Secrets Act and his career was permanently ruined.

Furthermore, there is extensive coverage of the more-RECENT (as in 2010) illegal actions of Bristow's new persona, "Nathan Black" in targeting the Jewish former mayor of Edmonton Stephen Mendel for harassment using his old spy tricks. I've compiled some of those articles in this post:

<https://incognitopress.wordpress.com/2011/11/17/old-habits-die-hard-the-dubious-adventures-of-grant-bristow-or-how-csis-taught-me-everything-i-know-about-phone-hacking/>

## VIDEOS

CBC, The Fifth Estate, October 4, 1994.

Excerpt from the Toronto Star, October 5, 1994, describing the content:

“The government-appointed CSIS watchdog, called the Security Intelligence Review Committee, wrote a top-secret 1992 report to Mr. Gray’s Conservative predecessor, Douglas Lewis, warning that Mr. Bristow was involved in ‘unlawful activities’ that could ‘generate controversy.’”

“CSIS is scared Grant will blow his lid,” one police source tells The Fifth Estate.

“What they’re scared of is Grant’s going to say: ‘Yeah, we desecrated Jewish synagogues. We threatened people’s lives. We were throwing rocks through windows and we were manufacturing (violent) incidents and we were doing all of this on the instructions of CSIS.’”

The program says CSIS not only did nothing to prevent these incidents but allowed Bristow’s handler, whom it identified as Al Treddenick, to get Bristow out of trouble with police on several occasions.

It says Treddenick is a former officer of the discredited RCMP security service, disbanded in the early 1980s after it was found to have committed illegal acts against Quebec separatists and other domestic dissidents in the 1970s and 1980s. CSIS was created to replace the RCMP security service.”

*FIFTH ESTATE QUOTE: “When Elisse came out and said she was going to tell the truth, CSIS was saying they were going to get out and discredit her because at least Hategan was pointing the finger at Grant Bristow... we’ll tear her to shreds”.*

White Pine Pictures, “Hearts Of Hate: The Battle For Young Minds”. Peter Raymont, 1995.

It’s About Time, VISION TV. “Racism, Sexism and Belonging.” Sadia Zaman, 1994.

## **ARTICLES**

Dunphy, Bill. “STIR IT UP. Spy Unmasked: CSIS Informant ‘Founding Father’ of white racist group,” Toronto Sun, 14 Aug. 1994.

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Dunphy, Bill. "Top racist in welfare scam," Toronto Sun, Nov. 29, 1992.

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Dunphy, Bill. "Canada's Neo-Nazis", Toronto Sunday Sun, November 29, 1992  
*Includes description of HF leader Grant 'Briston'*

Swanson, Gail. "Fire guts rights activist's house". Toronto Star, 92-11-09. *involving arson of Jewish community leader's home*

Deverell, John. "Metro constable facing charges". Toronto Star, December 17, 1993. *involving metro Toronto cop member of HF*

Mascoll, Philip. "Public mischief charge dropped", Toronto Star, March 8, 1994 – *involving an HF sexual assault on a black woman*

Platiel, Rudy. "Front played dirty, court told." Globe and Mail, 17 March 1994.

Platiel, Rudy. "Front tried to thwart agency, court told," Globe and Mail, 16 March 1994.

Oakes, Gary "Woman's hate-crime charges withdrawn," Toronto Star, 24 Jun 1994.

Salot, Jeff, Henry Hess. "Memo leaker questions CSIS conduct," Globe and Mail, 27 Aug. 1994.

Swainson, Gail. "Elite soldiers members of racist group, leader says," Toronto Star, 6 May 1993.

Speirs, Rosemary, David Vienneau, "Commons panel to probe CSIS," Toronto Star, 25 Aug. 1994.

Speirs, Rosemary. "CSIS told to 'clear its name' publicly," Toronto Star, 24 Aug. 1994.

Speirs, Rosemary, David Vienneau. "Who's watching whom?," Toronto Star, 27 Aug. 1994.

Vienneau, David. "Spy agency kept watch on CBC," Toronto Star, 19 Aug. 1994.

Vienneau, David, Rosemary Speirs, and Shawn McCarthy. Ex-aide admits leaking spy note," Toronto Star, 26 Aug. 1994.

Cal Millar and Dale Brazao, Parliament set to probe secret actions of CSIS spy Committee to see if Grant Bristow was a spy or racist. Toronto Star, September 12, 1994.

Derek Ferguson, "Report 'whitewash' of spy agency mole. Toronto Star, June 14, 1995

Toronto Sun, October 1995 MPs rip Bristow spying scandal: CSIS broke the law, leaked report says"

Clayton Ruby, Fighting racism going out of fashion. Toronto Star, December 13, 1995

Toronto Star, September 10, 1994. "Exclusive: CSIS spy snapped in Libya: Portrait of the vanishing spy: Grant Bristow was a man with great contacts and plenty of money to spend."

Dale Brazao, "Star finds Grant Bristow", Toronto Star, Apr 20, 1995.

## **BLOGS**

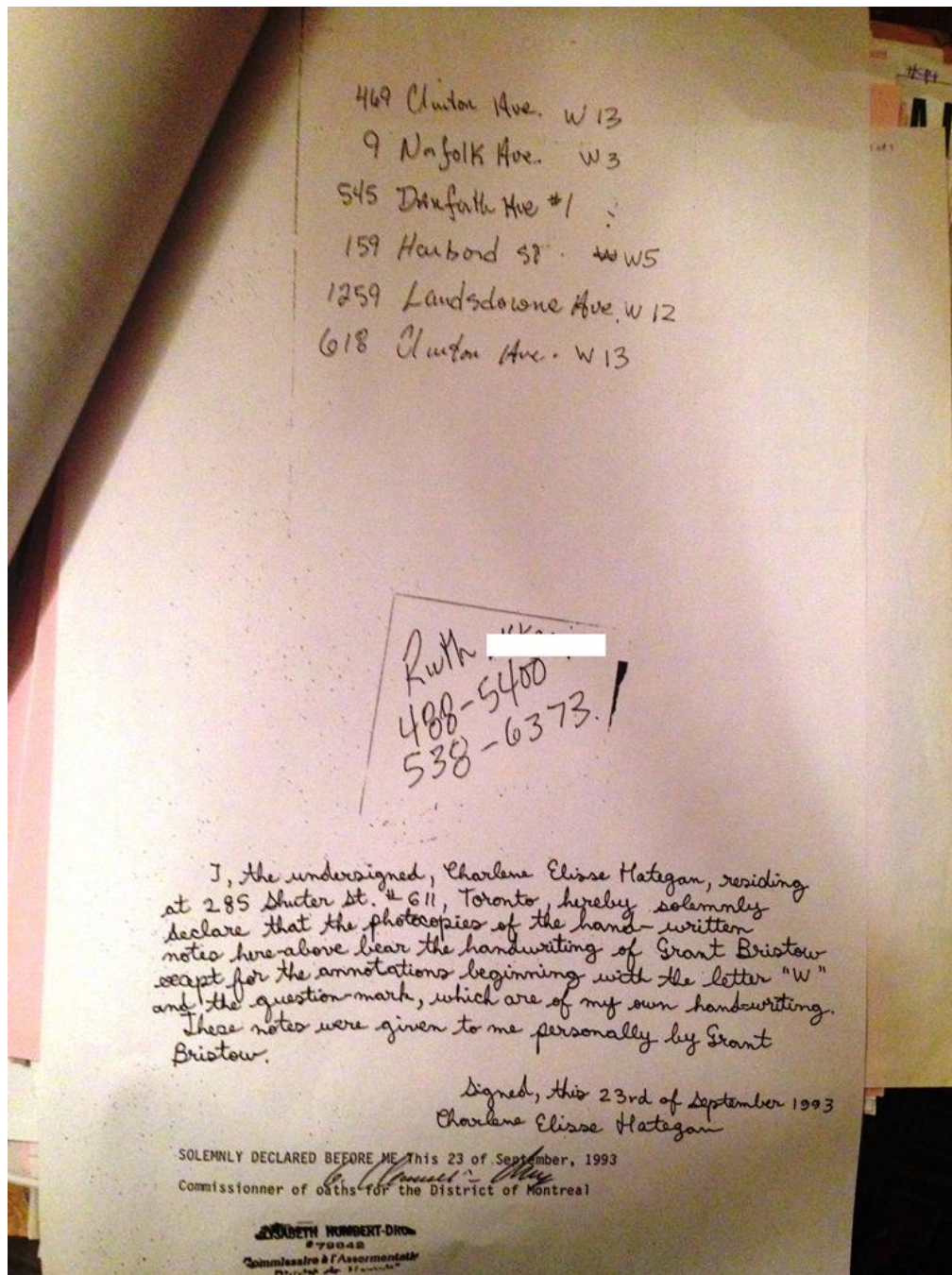
Anti-Racist Canada Collective, A History of Violence, 1989-2011.

<http://anti-racistcanada.blogspot.ca/2011/10/history-of-violence-1989-2011.html>

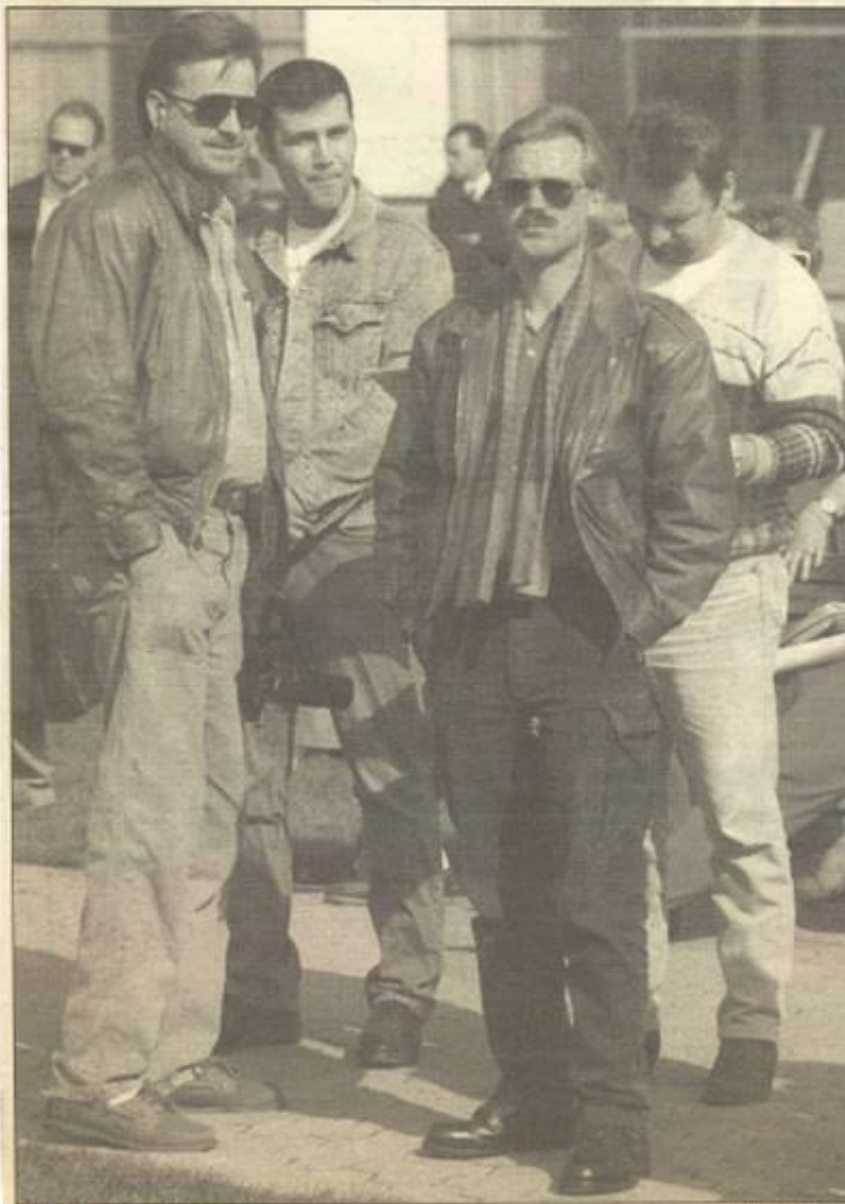
Elisa Hategan, Incognito Press. Old Habits Die Hard

<https://incognitopress.wordpress.com/2011/11/17/old-habits-die-hard-the-dubious-adventures-of-grant-bristow-or-how-csis-taught-me-everything-i-know-about-phone-hacking/>

Grant Bristow's hit list of people to be targeted for stalking and harassment:



# 'STIR IT UP'



**BOYS IN THE FRONT** ... In May 1992, (from left) Grant Bristow (with camera), Peter Mitzevski, Max French and Heritage Front leader Wolfgang Droege were caught spying on an anti-racist protest.

■ *Grant Bristow was paid by CSIS to spy on the Heritage Front. But he soon became one of its driving forces*

By **BILL DUNPHY**

Toronto Star Toronto Sun 94-08-14

Grant Bristow mopped his broad Slavic brow nervously, looked straight ahead and said, "No comment."

He'd just been told he was going to be exposed as a paid informant, someone who'd spied on the racist right for the Canadian Security Intelligence Service.

Worse, he was going to be shown to have played a key role in creating the monster he was to monitor and goading it into a dangerous rage. Justify yourself, he was urged, tell your story.

"I'm bound by an official secrets act too," he said, his eyes fixed on some distant point. The conversation, and perhaps his career, ended there.

Putting a finger on the time his career began is not so easy. A big guy in a dangerous business, Bristow's real name and origins are shrouded in mystery.

He's told some he's a recovered alcoholic, an orphan whose parents died in a boating accident. His brother's a cop. He's an only child. He's single. He's married with a son. He's gay.

Those and more stories about Bristow have floated through the neo-Nazi network. The truth has become obscured in the murk and mire of years of lies.

What is clear, however, is that the 6-foot-2, 225-pound Bristow arrived on the racist scene here in Toronto more than five years ago, in early 1985.

## Paid informant

Intelligence sources have confirmed he was acting as a paid informant from the first day.

Curiously enough, one of his tickets into the paranoid, anti-Semitic movement was a confused, Jewish, anti-communist and would-be Nazi. One more person fooled by a man of whom one young racist said: "I'm just glad he's on our side — if Grant was on the other side there wouldn't be a racist right-wing."

Bristow's arrival at the small and often beer-soaked Nationalist Party "meetings" in February or March 1989 was timely.

Two months later a small, but decidedly sober racist returned to Toronto after spending most of the '86 either working with a secretive white-supremacist cell, or living in a cell block, courtesy of the American people.

Wolfgang Droege had recruited for the Ku Klux Klan, worked alongside Klan leader David Duke, tried to overthrow a foreign government, sold cocaine, stashed money and run a show in prison. In 1989 he was released from prison and booted out of the States to his adoptive home, Canada. Droege was given a hero's welcome in Canada by the motley mob gathered in Nationalist Party leader Don Andrews'



**OSTRACIZED** ... Ken Barker (centre), seen with Heritage front co-security director Eric Fischer (left) and Front member Marc Lemire at 1993 demo, says he was turfed from the neo-Nazi group after he raised suspicions about Grant Bristow.

east-end home.

Over the coming months, as Droegge worked to re-establish himself, a small group of racists gravitated to Bristow, complaining about the brand of white rights activism practised by the Nationalist Party.

As Droegge surveyed this small group, he saw two people in particular who struck him as different.

Gerry Lincoln, a 30-ish engineer, and Grant Bristow, an unlicensed security guard for an international trucking company. Both were intelligent, articulate and could put their hands on a decent suit if the need arose.

They were, in short, a better class of racists. And both were urging Droegge to form a new group.

Throughout 1989 the urging grew, over coffee at kitchen tables or dinner at the Golden Griddle just down the street from Bristow's apartment. Bristow was not shy about picking up the tab.

In 1989 a bunch of the local Nazis got an invitation for an all-expenses-paid trip to Libya. Droegge, Bristow and another dozen members of the Nationalist Party took the ride.

A real split between pro-Droegge and pro-Andrews people hardened on the trip and the resolve to form a new group grew. When their return flight went through Chicago and Droegge — previously barred from the States by the Americans — was arrested, Bristow urged everyone else to carry on while he stayed behind to secure Droegge's release.

The bond between the two was strengthened.

A month later Droegge, Bristow, Lincoln, a courier named James Dawson, a U of T student named George, and others agreed to form the Heritage Front.

Droegge would later say he agreed to front the group only because Lincoln and Bristow were part of it and urging him to make the move.

Over the next year Droegge and Bristow travelled across the country, setting up the network that would become the Heritage Front. Bristow often picked up

the tab — for rental cars and hotels.

Canadian taxpayers, through CSIS, were unknowingly paying for someone to build the Heritage Front — the leading organization in a movement CSIS would eventually identify as a national security threat, a terrorist menace.

As the organization grew Bristow — a prickly guy not adept at making friends — took on the role of intelligence chief and head of security.

He took Heritage Front members on stakeouts and jobs for his trucking company and taught some of them the tools of the intelligence trade. When it came to getting information especially by trickery over the phone — Front members were a little in awe of Bristow.

In 1991, when cops swooped in on Bristow's car one afternoon in Scarborough traffic they found what they were looking for.

Bristow and the target — Aryan Nations member Sean Maguire — were boxed in by the cops, dragged out of their cars at gunpoint and arrested. Then the flak-jacketed cops found the shotgun and the rifle in the trunk of the car.

It was not exactly the first lapse in judgment Bristow would make — and it was far from the last. Bristow avoided criminal

charges, but caused his frantic CSIS handler to do some very quick handling of the local police.

By 1992 the Front had gone public and grown huge — thousands of people had made contact with them, hundreds kept in touch. It was the most successful white racist movement since the real Nazis set up shop here back in the '30s. And Bristow was at the heart of it all. He'd had some wonderful moments.

Like the time he got to "sweep" the Carlton St. bunker of Nazi propagandist Ernst Zundel, who'd feared the feds had bugged his place.

So Bristow, a paid informant of the people Zundel feared, ran through the propagandist's lair with a suitcase full of electronics and pronounced it clean.

His handler probably dined out on that for a month.

But by the fall of 1992 the Front's success — and its excess — had resulted in the formation of anti-racist coalitions aimed at stopping them.

A story in the *Sunday Sun* that named the Heritage Front leaders — including Bristow — resulted, Bristow told everyone, in his being fired from his investigator's job at the trucking company. A new Bristow emerged.

Elisse Hategan, a Front detector who'd hooked up with the racist movement about that time, says Bristow orchestrated a vicious harassment campaign targeting individual anti-racists.

"He'd say so-and-so was 'it' this week," Hategan recalled in a recent interview. "When someone was made it that person's life would be made miserable ... 24 hours a day. One would not be able to eat or sleep in peace."

Hategan tells of Bristow handing out an anti-racist's phone numbers and instructing Front members to call the person at work, at home — "the goal being to make its life miserable, get it fired from its job and made to fear one's own shadow."

Hategan names several victims she called at Grant's urging or listened as Grant called them.

Kevin Thomas, a long-time activist familiar to many who've covered demonstrations and strikes, was made it for a while. At first it was simply probes for information. He was called at work by a man he later realized was Bristow.

"He said he was Rob Tafer, and was supposedly from the Ottawa Citizen."

Unable to get information from him, Bristow apparently changed tactics. Thomas says. The calls — made to his business — would sometimes be profane and abusive.

In June 1993 — after three bloody clashes between racists and anti-racists — Bristow led a group of Front members to Thomas' Richmond St. offices and told his landlord Thomas was a violent terrorist and had a record for procuring children for sex.

Worse, in an apparent attempt to inflame a tense and violent situation, Bristow tipped

Thomas off to an upcoming racist rock concert a mere six days after racists had beaten several anti-racists in an Ottawa street.

As a committed anti-racist and foe of the government, Thomas has an axe or two to grind with the Front and CSIS. But important parts of his story are supported by other anti-racists and even a former Heritage Front organizer, Ken Barker.

Barker remembers Bristow calling him up "on the three-way" (a telephone conference call system) routinely and having him listen while he hacked into someone's answering machine. Barker said he and several other Front members were given instructions by Bristow on breaking into voice mailboxes and answering machines.

By 1993 the Front was expanding into Ottawa, Montreal, and had announced plans for chapters in several other cities. But somehow they seemed to be devoting a lot of energy to fighting the increasingly enraged and even violent anti-racists.

There were bloody clashes in Ottawa and Toronto.

Barker — who says he was ostracized from the Front by Bristow after raising suspicions about the man — is bitter at what happened to the group.

"It was perfect sidetracking — these people (the anti-racists) were not our enemies, the government was."

In the space of two months the Front went from a growing, vital organization, to a group paralyzed by legal difficulties and internal dissension.

Only two of the group's top 10 people escaped the storm of criminal charges that followed the Front's collapse. One, Gerry Lincoln, was careful. Bristow was the other — just barely.

The *Sunday Sun* has learned Bristow and another Front member were targets of an obstruction of justice charge that came close to derailing one of the ongoing criminal trials involving a key racist leader. Metro Police detectives used electronic surveillance and a co-operative victim to set up a trap aimed at Bristow and a companion, but only the companion took the bait.

The hidden microphone caught what a detective thought was evidence of an attempt to obstruct justice — but an experienced Crown attorney said it wasn't enough evidence to convict.

Still, Droegge lawyer Harry Doan was furious when he learned that Bristow was a CSIS informant.

Bristow, he said, was privy to solicitor-client discussions of the defendant's defence and may have passed those on to others. He confirmed a lapse outlining that defence was played in the judge's chambers where the alleged attempt to obstruct justice was raised.

Bristow began to pull out of the Front around this time. He told the *Sunday Sun* he had to leave. If Droegge — who's facing aggravated assault charges — is imprisoned, Bristow said, he'd have to take over. "And that couldn't be allowed to happen," Bristow said, referring to his paymasters.

When allegations of Bristow's involvement in a harassment campaign first surfaced with Elisse Hategan's defection, he as much as admitted the charges, but denied any illegality.

"You know what we did with the numbers from their hotline, you know what the game was ... Call and say we were from the Third Reich Welcome Wagon and when they asked where you'd got their number you'd say Rodney (Bobwash, native anti-racist activist) said it for \$2. Nothing illegal about that. No threats and if they hang up you don't call back. We called it 'Shirring it up.'"

Stir it up he did. The question is, on whose behalf and in whose best interests.

**I'm just glad he's on our side — if Grant was on the other side there wouldn't be a racist right wing... ?**

— young racist, on Grant Bristow

## ANATOMY OF HATE

- At its peak in 1993, The Heritage Front was the largest and best organized neo-Nazi group in Canada since the 1930s, boasting a contact list of 1,800 names.
- The first planning meetings to form the Front took place in the fall of 1989, six months after CSIS informant Grant Bristow arrived and four months after Front leader Wolfgang Droegge was sprung from a U.S. jail and deported to Canada.
- In February 1991 the first of seven telephone hotlines is established.
- In June 1992 Bristow's information helps a combined Immigration, Metro Police and RCMP task force arrest U.S. racist leaders Tom and John Metzger.
- In September 1992 Anti-Racist Action is formed — two months later it clashes with police and Front members.
- January 1993 a harassment campaign targets ARA activists at home and work.
- May 1993 ARA and Front members brawl on the streets of Ottawa — four Front members charged with assault.
- June 1993 ARA activists trash a Front leader's home and three people are hospitalized after a brawl between the groups.



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A10 THE TORONTO STAR Monday, September 12, 1994 ★

# Parliament set to probe secret actions of CSIS spy

## Committee to see if Grant Bristow was a spy or racist

By CAL MILLAR  
AND DALE BRAZAO  
STAFF REPORTERS

The secret life of Grant Bristow is about to be scrutinized by a parliamentary committee.

It will try to determine if the smooth-talking Bristow was a super spy for Canada or a racist fanatic involved in wrongdoing.

An investigation is already under way by the Security Intelligence Review Committee, but various groups, including the Canadian Civil Liberties Association, the Canadian Labor Congress, and the Simon Wiesenthal Centre, suggest neither probe will discover the truth.

Alan Borovoy, head of the civil liberties association, called for an inquiry that is "independent of the system and free from the taint of partisanship."

Borovoy said such an inquiry is needed to restore public confidence.

"What is needed is a fresh face to take a look and try to help the public understand what are the facts ... if anything went wrong ... and what can be done about it," he said.

## Members of the Heritage Front are anxious to appear before any inquiry

Bristow is alleged to have infiltrated the Toronto-based Heritage Front and may have used government funds to incite hatred.

Reports say he was paid as much as \$60,000 a year to spy for the Canadian Security Intelligence Service.

The committee, set to convene tomorrow, will probe allegations that Bristow, while working as a paid CSIS informer, spied on anti-racist groups, labor groups, the CBC, and tried to infiltrate the Reform party.

Jean-Claude Parrot, vice-president of the Canadian Labor Congress, said they want the broadest possible investigation to determine if CSIS had gathered information on any union members.

So far, CSIS has refused to even acknowledge whether Bristow was being used as a paid informant, but has denied it spied on the Canadian Union of Postal Workers.

Members of the Heritage Front say they are also anxious to appear before any inquiry to testify about Bristow's activities during his five years with their neo-Nazi group.

"We believe there's two sides to every story and we'd like to tell ours," said Jim Dawson, who helped found

attending neo-fascist congresses and rallies. He attended the annual Ku Klux Klan congress in Alabama, and the Aryan Nations rally in Idaho.

The Heritage Front says David Duke, a former Klan member who ran for governor of Louisiana, has already called Droegge trying to determine what damage, if any, Bristow may have done to their organizations.

A Star investigation showed Bristow's life as a racist may have been an act to gain the confidence of right-wing extremists so it would be easier to infiltrate their groups.

While denouncing Jews, blacks, East Indians and other minorities, he bought a house in a racially mixed neighborhood.

Before helping form the Heritage Front, Bristow, as a member of the ultra-right Nationalist party, travelled to Libya as the guest of Moammar Gadhafi, The Star investigation showed.

Bristow's possible connection with CSIS began to surface after Heritage Front member Elise Hategan defected from the group after her arrest on hate-related offences.

Hategan, 19, of Toronto spent four years as a member of the organization and worked closely with Bristow.

Martin Theriault, co-ordinator of the Canadian Centre on Racism and Prejudice, told The Star during an interview in Montreal that Hategan had been providing information to their group for some time.

Items turned over to the centre from the Heritage Front by Hategan include membership lists, personal letters and dossiers on individuals connected with anti-racist organizations.

Hategan volunteered to assist Theriault's Montreal-based organization after being charged with hate-related of-

fences in Metro, Theriault said. The charges were dropped when it was revealed she wasn't a racist.

Hategan, who is in hiding, told a television interviewer last week that she gave statements to the Ontario Provincial Police during meetings at a Toronto hotel room about incidents Bristow had been involved in while a member of the Heritage Front.

## Some sources say Bristow has been given a sum of money and told to 'take a powder'

Her mother, Lucia, said she received a telephone call from her daughter Wednesday, the first call she'd received in several months.

"I'm worried about her," she said. "She hung up when I asked where she was staying."

She said her daughter would only tell her that she was flying away.

Bristow ended his affiliation with the Heritage Front soon after Hategan appeared in court to testify against Droegge and other members of his group.

Bristow broke off all relationships with Heritage Front members after being exposed as a possible CSIS spy, but remained at his Mississauga home until two weeks ago.

Some sources have suggested Bristow, his wife, Kim, and her 7-year-old son, are being protected by CSIS agents pending an appearance before the government's committee.

But others say he's been given a sum of money and told to "take a powder."

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# Report 'whitewash' of spy agency mole

He 'was coach and designer . . . . He called the shots'

By DEREK FERGUSON  
OTTAWA BUREAU

OTTAWA — A report that exonerated paid government informant Grant Bristow is a "whitewash," says a woman who worked with Bristow on his harassment campaign for the racist Heritage Front.

"In my opinion, the SIRC (Security Intelligence Review Committee) report is a whitewash and a cover-up," Elisse Hategan, a former member of the Front, told a parliamentary committee yesterday.

The December report by SIRC, the government-appointed body that oversees the Canadian Security Intelligence Service (CSIS), said Bristow was a tremendous help to Canada in countering right-wing extremists and deserves "our thanks."

But Hategan, 20, told the subcommittee on national security that Bristow spearheaded a "massive terror campaign" in Metro against anti-racists from the winter of 1992 until her departure in late 1993.

"Grant Bristow was the coach and designer of the campaign," she told the committee during two hours of testimony.

She said Bristow was instrumental in teaching members of the neo-Nazi group techniques on how to acquire private and public information on individuals, methods of harassment, from surveillance and stalking to psychological terror such as phone threats and intimidation.

"He was the key intelligence worker in the Heritage Front," she told reporters later. "He called the shots when it came to harassing people."

Hategan said that on June 11, 1993, the night of a violent confrontation between the Heritage Front and anti-racists, Bristow advocated using the private information compiled to attack the homes of anti-racists, urging everything from defiling them with excrement to firebombing.

She said his approach was overruled by a more charismatic leader who urged direct confrontation.

Far from protecting anti-racists, as the SIRC report suggest, Hategan claims "the fact that members followed other Front leaders that night avoided a potential major war on the streets of Toronto and possible arson."

"The only person that to me came out to be credible in the SIRC report was Grant Bristow. . . . There is nobody against the Heritage Front who is made credible in that report."



RICK MADONIK FOR THE TORONTO STAR

**REVIEW DENOUNCED:** Elisse Hategan tells MPs informant Grant Bristow led the racist Heritage Front on a "massive terror campaign" against anti-racists.

Hategan has been in hiding since leaving the Toronto-based ultra-right group in late 1993.

The SIRC report, which never identified Bristow, concluded that CSIS broke no laws when it recruited Bristow to infiltrate the Heritage Front. But it said Bristow went too far, engaging in a telephone harassment campaign against opponents of the Front and remaining involved with the Reform party after he was told to "avoid" contact. Yet at the same time, Bristow may have prevented violence against the same people by warning police, the report says.

Star reporter Dale Brazao tracked Bristow down in April in suburban Edmonton, where he had been relocated by the government. Bristow's current whereabouts is not known.

Bristow's connection with CSIS began to surface after Ha-

tegan defected from the group following her arrest on hate-related charges in early 1993. The charges were eventually dropped.

Hategan subsequently testified against three members of the Heritage Front, including founder Wolfgang Droege, on charges of spreading hate propaganda. Her testimony was instrumental in their conviction.

Yesterday she called for a full public inquiry, and said her refusal to testify at the in-camera SIRC probe last fall was because it refused to pick up her legal fees and other costs.

Hategan found bitter irony in the fact that the government has given Bristow a new identity, but that she must go into hiding at her own expense although her information resulted in convictions.



**GRANT BRISTOW:** Paid CSIS informant was given a new identity.

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



**ELISA HATEGAN** is a Canadian writer, freelance journalist and social media strategist whose prose and poetry have appeared in several publications throughout North America. Elisa has won several literary endowments that include two Toronto Arts Council Grants, a \$12,000 Ontario Arts Council grant, and a \$12,000 Work-in-Progress grant from the Canada Council for the Arts.

Elisa emigrated to Canada at age 11 following her family's defection from Romania shortly before the fall of communism in Eastern Europe. Much of Elisa's writing is related to the universal themes of identity and belonging. Her writing has appeared in premier Canadian literary journals such as *The Fiddlehead* and *Grain Magazine*.

A University of Ottawa graduate with a double major in criminology and psychology, Elisa was featured in numerous articles and has appeared in several documentaries that discussed the radicalization of youth by extremist groups. She has been invited to speak about terrorist recruitment tactics to high school audiences across Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia, and at community gatherings such as Toronto Mayor's Committee.

She lives in the Toronto area.

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