

CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE

The Memoir the Canadian Government Confiscated

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INTRODUCTION

“Silence is a lie. Silence has a loud voice. It shouts, ‘Nothing important is happening - don’t worry.’ So, when something important IS going on, silence is a lie.”

A.M. Rosenthal.

My identity was stolen at birth. Even though I am an award-winning artist, to this day no one knows who I am. While searching for my birth mother, I opened Pandora’s box. Military, government, and family plots and cover-ups tumbled out.

Twenty-months after Al Qaeda terrorists crashed planes into New York’s World Trade Center, I was falsely arrested and incarcerated in the infamous Celebrity Budget Inn Detention Centre in Mississauga, Ontario, Canada, a casualty of the worldwide paranoia that developed in the wake of the destruction of the Twin Towers. Every war has its casualties. They are listed in the statistics and news reports giving their name, rank, serial number, the unit they fought with, and the battles they fought in. Civilians are also included in the count. Even though I, too, have been injured, my name does not appear on any list.

I arrived at Terminal 2 in Toronto’s Lester Pearson Airport on June 16, 2003. “Birth certificate, pass-port, drivers’ license, ‘Declaration Card,’” the rotund, balding customs officer barked. After examining my documents, he ordered me to report to Immigration Canada’s section of the terminal.

Immigration Canada officers interrogated me from 2:00 pm until midnight – ten hours without access to food or water. After Officer Alice Hung, a trim Oriental with black hair and glasses, recorded my name, address, phone number, birth date, social security number, and age she asked, “Your religion?”

"Jewish," I replied.

I had flown to Toronto to locate relatives I had not seen since I was a child, do genealogical research, attend the American Library Association/Canadian Library Association Convention, and participate in Bloody Woods, a mystery writers’ conference. But Canadian barristers Peter Biro, Lawrence Cohen, Leon Damonze, Mendel Green, Daniel Kingwell, Joel Sandaluk, and Mordechai Wasserman said, “There must have been something that caused

Immigration Canada to think you were a security risk.” After the destruction of the Twin Towers, the United States blamed Canada for having the lax border security that allowed terrorists to enter the U.S.; they had traveled on false identification papers. During ten hours of extremely invasive and adversarial interrogation by Immigration Canada Officer Hung and a blonde security officer, I revealed that I have five birth certificates. They were issued by the state of Ohio, but Ohio refuses to certify which one is correct.

Toronto barristers also stated, “When you presented your father's Canadian birth certificate and told Officer Hung you are the daughter of a Canadian national, under the "Citizenship Act of Canada", you should have automatically been granted Canadian citizenship and have been released.” They claimed they had never heard of a sixty-one year-old woman being treated so harshly. Instead of Immigration releasing me, what followed was:

Under the duress of a very lengthy, aggressive, and offensive interrogation by Officer Hung and a fair-skinned Caucasian blonde female security officer who refused to tell me her name, and who looked like she had spent many hours in the gym toning her muscles, I revealed I had written a memoir. Subjected to intense pressure, I blurted out that I thought someone was trying to harm me to prevent its publication because it relates how my father, a Canadian national, created secret weapons for the U.S. Army Air Corps during World War II. It also reveals that the U.S. military created false documents and erected a phony Army base in California. And after I contacted Pete Geren, the Special Assistant to U.S. Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, questioning the authenticity of my father's Army records, I began receiving calls in which the caller said, “You're not going to live very long.” My house had been broken into and searched, and documents and photographs were stolen. I was also run off the road at late night by unmarked cars while the Plano, Texas police watched but did not come to my aid, and the week before I flew to Canada I had been attacked by two big burley men in the Collin Creek Mall. When I screamed, “Fire!”, my assailants ran down a mall corridor and disappeared among the shoppers. I would have been better off if I had withheld this information from the Canadian authorities. But, intense probing by extremely skilled interrogators, who used methods similar to those used at Guantanamo by U.S. Intelligence Officers questioning Al Qaeda suspects, and lack of food, water, and sleep deprivation had deprived me of my ability to use discretion.

I showed both female immigration officers the bruises and black and blue marks on my arms and upper body as proof that I had been attacked in the Collin Creek Mall, and repeatedly requested that my injuries be photographed for the record. Immigration, and subsequently its Wackenhut/Group 4 Flack guards, refused to photograph them.

Immigration's questions dealt mainly with my memoir – *Conspiracy Of Silence*. Immigration confiscated it, my research, documents, all of my identification, and funds. From time to time, my interrogators led me from the interrogation booth to a waiting area. Each time they saw me looking in their direction they came out and moved me to another spot. I repeatedly refused to sign any documents for Immigration Canada, stating that I did not have counsel and could not sign them without having a barrister present to advise me of my rights.

Around eleven o'clock Officer Hung adjusted her glasses, looked at the computer on her desk, and informed me, “You have been investigated by the RCMP [Royal Canadian Mounted Police]. They could not even find a parking ticket under your name. You have an exceptionally clean record.”

About midnight, I again refused sign any documents. Officer Hung phoned a barrister who worked for Immigration Canada. He advised me to say I wanted to return to the U.S. immediately. She also sent for Supervisor Raffe. I told him Immigration's barrister had advised me to return home. Raffe, a tall, stocky Caucasian with Northern European features, glared at me through thick lenses and bellowed, "Barristers do not make the rules here. I do! You're a flight risk. I will not let you go! If you dare to question any of my decisions, I'll put you in a maximum security prison." He ordered me handcuffed and dragged off.

In steel manacles, I was taken from Immigration by two burly Wackenhut/Group 4 Flack guards to Customs to claim my luggage. The short, rubber-gloved inspector, with a Roman nose and hostile brown eyes, plowed through my belongings, trashing them. "You Americans have a no right to complain about mad cow disease when you have more cases of it than we do," he scowled, flipping back his straight black bangs with the back of his hand. "Your president has destroyed our beef and tourist industries by declaring that Americans can't eat our meat or travel to Canada because of SARS. Bush is punishing us because we refused to fight in his Iraq war. It's Bush's war for oil! He has no right to punish us like this!" He confiscated my business cards, placed them in a clear plastic pouch, and handed them to another Customs Agent. "You're lucky that I don't confiscate all of your stuff." He zipped my suitcase up and shoved it at me.

I was too tired to comprehend everything that was happening. But, the inspector's message came through loud and clear; Americans were *persona non grata* in Canada. What I couldn't understand was, why, if Americans were not welcome, didn't Immigration put me on a plane and send me home? Or why Raffe had refused all of my offers to post the outrageous bond he demanded?

The "Detention Review Hearing" Officer Hung had promised me, which Canadian law required to be held at Lester Pearson International Airport on the day I arrived, was denied me by Supervisor Raffe. "Your wealth makes you a flight risk," he barked. Where could I go after he had confiscated all of my documents and funds? Without a hearing, Raffe sentenced me to the Celebrity Budget Inn Detention Centre, a prison disguised as a motel.

Shackled and forced to drag two huge suitcases behind me, I was paraded through the terminal as if I was one of America's most wanted. Praying that no one would recognize me, I bowed my head as travelers in the concourse gawked and pointed at me. Shortly after midnight I was taken in a prison van by Wackenhut/Group 4 Flack guards from Pearson Airport to the Mississauga Detention Centre. I was locked in an un-air-conditioned, windowless holding cell, where three scruffy men ogled me. The door to the filthy lavatory did not have a lock. I was afraid to use it, terrified the men would do more than ogle. Because the guards never checked up, I watched the men for any sign that my safety would be compromised. I remained in the holding cell until 3:30 am, when I was taken into the intake room, frisked by a rubber-gloved black woman dressed like a cleaning lady, photographed, fingerprinted, and had all my belongings thrown on the floor like trash, searched, and confiscated. From there, under guard I was marched upstairs to a seedy motel room. At 6:00 am another guard ordered me into the dining room. I was too frightened to eat. I sat there until 8:00 am, when I was handcuffed again and my belongings and I were dragged back to Pearson Airport.

On June 17, 2003, instead of the “Detention Review Hearing” I was promised, Immigration Officer Dan Kunzer violated the “Canadian Criminal Code” by coercing me into signing the documents I had refused to sign the day before. The tall, handsome, muscular officer, whose Germanic looks and actions reminded me of SS officers I had seen in movies, stated in a flat monotone devoid of all emotion, “Sign!” He slammed a fist down on his desk. Startled, I jerked in forward my seat. “A maximum security prison will be far worse than the detention center is. If I send you to prison, you’ll have a criminal record.” After spending a restless fearful night in what Kunzer referred to as a minimum security prison and having gone forty-eight hours without sleep and more than twenty-four without food or water, I caved in to his threats. During the entire time I was held by Immigration Canada, I never had access to independent legal representation.

Officer Kunzer refused to view my bruises or injuries and would not allow anyone to photograph them for the record. Shortly before I flew to Toronto, I had been run off the road late at night. It was pitch black and the car was a dark color. My only interest was in protecting myself. I did not stop to ask my assailant his name, address, phone number, make and model of his car, or license plate number. Because Officer Hung reported that I could not supply this information, Kunzer barked, “I don't believe anything you say. I don't want to hear anything from you. You're a wealthy American Jewish woman. You don't belong here!” This was the first hint I had that I was a target of religious discrimination. Kunzer's putting the words, “Wealthy American Jewish woman” together in one sentence was like hitting me in the head with a brick. The anger rising in his voice made me recall Raffe's and the customs inspector's anti-American prejudices, too. My heart stopped. I was being sentenced to hell because I was an American and a Jew. “You'd be better off if you were a criminal,” he sneered. You'd have a better chance of remaining in Canada. If you'd been convicted of murder and had come here to escape the death penalty, we wouldn't send you back.” I asked for my memoir, my father's and my birth certificates, money, and documents to be returned to me. He growled, “No! Your books are being kept to use against you at your Removal Hearing.” Again, I asked to be permitted to return to the U.S., but Officer Kunzer denied my request. He ordered me handcuffed and returned to the Celebrity Budget Inn Detention Centre.

During my first “Detention Review Hearing” on June 20, 2003, I was held in a guarded room in the prison. Male guards armed with stun guns blocked the room's exits. Like a gun pointed at my head, a video camera recorded the proceedings. The male representative from Immigration Canada, who was seated at a table behind me, jabbed his sharp fingernails into my back every time I attempted to turn around to look at him. “Face the camera,” he growled. The minister (judge) and Jackie Esmonde, a law student from Roach Schwartz who falsely claimed to be a barrister, were in a downtown Toronto courtroom. Watching her on the television hookup, Jackie appeared to be a frightened little mouse, out of her depth, and afraid to bring any issues before the stern-faced minister. She never informed him that, as the daughter of a Canadian national, I was automatically entitled to Canadian citizenship, and therefore, I should be released on my own recognizance. But, she did fiddle with her bangs and glasses, remain silent through most of the hearing, and look around the courtroom, as if she was seeking someone to come to her rescue. The gray-haired minister read the report compiled by Immigration Canada's officers at Lester Pearson International Airport into the record. I learned that Officers Hung, Kunzer,

Raffe, and the female security officer had written words I had never said and claimed they had come from me. When Jackie failed to say anything that could help gain my release, I felt I had to speak for myself. In American courtrooms the judges had always let me present the facts. But I quickly learned that Canadian courts are very different, ministers do not let you utter even one word.

"Be quiet!" the minister barked. "You are not allowed to speak. You're a flight risk! You will remain in detention until you have a Canadian bondsman and supervisor."

All I could think was, *where am I going to get a Canadian to post a bond for me?* I left the hearing shaking and in tears. When I asked Roach Schwartz to cash my traveler's checks to bond me out, they refused. Instead of helping me, Ms. Esmonde demanded additional funds for time and services improperly performed.

During my incarceration, the Wackenhut/Group 4 Flack guards, a mini-United-Nations of women carrying stun guns, mace, and batons, refused to permit me to follow the orders issued by Doctor Zell, the detention center physician who tried to get us the medical care we needed. During the eighteen days I was imprisoned, I lost twenty pounds because I spent every night vomiting up the greasy/fatty food they fed us. Beginning with a hard cough deep down in my throat, choking on bile and struggling to bring the food up, it progressed to hot and cold flashes. Rivers of sour smelling sweat poured down my forehead and the back of my neck. Dizziness, with jagged, flashing yellow lights blazed before my eyes. The room spun around. I clung to the walls for support as I shuffled off to the bathroom on swollen feet. I grabbed for the edge of the bathtub as I pitched forward, crashing to the floor. Pulling myself up on my knees, I retched into the open toilet, then slid back down onto the slippery ceramic tiles. Vomiting and intense stomach pain left me weak and exhausted. Each episode made my throat raw and dry, but I refused to drink dirty sink water to quench my thirst. I was afraid the bacteria in it would give me an illness which, like my other medical problems, Dr. Lewis, the grumpy, gray-haired, over the hill, provide as little care as possible doctor, would refuse to treat. I stumbled around in the darkness because, if Wackenhut/Group 4 Flack guard Zoya, the one with the flaming red hair, angry brown eyes, and glasses sliding down her nose, caught me with a light on she would report me for violating the lights out rule, and Immigration Officer Peter Missio, the administrator of the Mississauga Detention Centre, would use it as excuse to come down hard on me.

Detainees Joyce and Anita's kindness kept me from starving. Joyce, the soft-spoken kind-hearted Nigerian, who had been raised in a mud hut and wrapped herself in colorful native costumes, and Anita, the sympathetic black American lawyer who braided her hair in corn rows, gave me their salads at lunch each day. When the Wackenhut/Group 4 Flack guards saw all the weight I had dropped and how my clothes hung on me, they said, "We'll never allow you to die in here. You'll be sent to a maximum security prison where they'll feed you intravenously." It was Joyce's and Anita's emotional support that helped me survive the jailers fanatical brutality.

The rent-a-guards wore plastic badges with their photograph, name, and identification number on them clipped to their starched white shirts. If they caught us trying to read them, they would turn them over so the backside faced out. Both the black and white guards insisted that we call them "Mama", an African term of respect. They did not want us knowing their name or calling them by it.

Canadian law requires detainees to have a Canadian sponsor/supervisor in order to be released from detention. On June 24, 2003, I asked Maria Wilson, a pretty, well-dressed blonde secretary in Immigration, to fax documents to B'nai Brith Canada and Jewish Immigrant Aid Services of Canada, organizations I had asked to sponsor me. Peter Missio, Caucasian, the balding, middle-aged frumpily dressed prison administrator, caught her faxing my documents and bellowed, "What do you think you're doing? This is not an immigration matter." She ignored his outburst and continued transmitting them. "You're wasting money," Officer Missio roared. "I'm going to take it out of your paycheck!"

Maria smiled and replied in a very sweet voice, "Don't worry, Peter. This is an immigration matter and I'll pay you whatever it is."

Missio growled, "You sure will! Where's the mustard for my lunch?"

I had to take a deep breath and force myself not to burst out crying. I could see by the way Missio was eyeing me with contempt and licking his lips, it would be the highlight of his day to have succeeded in reducing me to tears.

On June 26, 2003, Toronto's newscasters advised the public to stay indoors because the city's air was so polluted. By threatening to use their stun guns on me, the rent-a-guards forced me to go outdoors, then countermanded Doctor Zell's rest order when I became ill. From the exercise yard, a narrow strip of asphalt surrounded by two sets of barbed, razor-wire fences, they coerced me into going into the dining room, by threatening to lock me in the windowless holding cell if I didn't obey. A stocky African guard waddled up to me, handed me a glass of Pepsi, and ordered me to drink it to settle my stomach. The soda's carbonation and caffeine aggravated my system. By the time the cafeteria dished up its greasy spoon lunch, my hands were shaking uncontrollably. I dropped a cup of boiling water, splattering it across the table. It barely missed burning three inmates. The guards rushed over to the table and thrust a pile of paper napkins into my hands and ordered me to clean it up. Anita helped me mop up the mess. I was so sick that I spent the rest of the day vomiting.

Night after night, Zoya burst into our room, threw open the bathroom door, shined a flashlight in my eyes, and watched while I stood over the toilet puking. "Get back to bed," she growled. "Now! Or I report you violate rules." Because night brought out the look of a rabid attack dog in her dark eyes, I refused to change into my nightgown, sleeping in the jeans, sweater, and denim jacket I was detained in. I never took a shower unless Joyce was in the room, too.

On the occasion Zoya escorted me to the intake room to collect my medicine, she rubbed her abdomen and complained. "Oey, my stomach hurt so much. Doctor not give me medicine for it. You give me yours." When I refused to share my Prilosec with her, she whined, "I fired from other jobs. Take this one for insurance. I like the Jewish. Eat Jewish-is gefilte fish and potato latkas. Have to boil meat. Stomach in much pain. Jewish is so rich. Can buy anything wants. You give me medicine. Jewish-is has money to buy more."

On June 27, 2003, when I got sick to my stomach from the greasy food, I requested that I be allowed to follow Doctor Zell's order for rest. Zoya's brown eyes blazed red hot with anger. "No!" she yelled. "I not care if you're sick! Shift change! Go sit down!" Her refusal to honor Doctor Zell's order resulted in my spending the day vomiting. Because I complained about the way she treated me, Zoya threatened to harm me. After Joyce was released from the detention

center, she told me, "Zoya said that she would not kill you." What Zoya screamed when she cornered me alone in the room was, "You dreadful Jewish woman. Not even President can save you now! I am Immigration. I speak to Immigration. Tell them what horrible Jewish person you are. They believe me. They not believe anything you say." She had held a black nylon stocking between her hands, knotting and twisting in a threatening manner.

When we were alone in a hall where no one could overhear us, I discussed Zoya's menacing words and actions with Refugee Law Office Barrister Berhane. "Did you report her to security?" he asked.

"No. I was afraid to. She is security. Last night was the first time she went behind the serving counter. She saw to it that I got no dinner. Anita and Joyce shared theirs with me."

Berhane replied, "There are some crazy people in here. The most you can do is avoid them and ignore them. Be sure to leave your door open so everyone can see what's happening."

Margaret, a detainee from St. Thomas, who earned money for her toddler's disposable diapers by braiding the African, African-American, and Jamaican women prisoners' hair, warned me, "Stop complaining about the treatment in here or they'll punish you! They've threatened to take Alicia away from me if I complain again. I'm terrified they'll do it."

Anita added, "Before you came, there was an African woman in here, who the guards couldn't silence. So, in the middle of the night they came and tore her child out of her arms. In the halls, you could hear her and her baby screaming for each other. So the guards muzzled and shackled her and threw her on the plane back to Nigeria, alone."

All of the female detainees were imprisoned on the second floor. The medicine I had brought from the U.S. was locked in a guarded cupboard in the intake room on the first floor. The guards, who were required to be in intake room around the clock, were often absent from their post. If I had had an allergy attack, in the time it took to get permission from a guard on the second floor to be escorted downstairs to the intake room, find a guard to open the cupboard and locate my medicine bag, record the medicine I was receiving, and give me an injection from my EpiPen (adrenaline/epinephrine), I would have been dead!

In spite of the fact that Immigration Canada had issued documents requiring that my prescription medications be covered under Canada's socialized medical system, Doctor Lewis snarled that I would have to pay someone outside the prison to purchase them. Because I did not know anyone in Toronto who could do it, when I ran out of medicine I could not get my prescriptions refilled. If I had had someone to do it, it would not have helped. Guard Rocky, the young, Hispanic female with curves in all the right places that the male guards in the intake and hearing rooms ogled, repeatedly refused to let me take any of my funds out of the intake room safe. She said, "You don't have any need for money in here."

Women from former Communist countries with false passports, Jamaican shoplifters, Hungarian prostitutes, and Chinese smugglers were released into Toronto's population within twenty-four to forty-eight hours after being incarcerated. While I was being processed in, a man who had committed six rapes was processed in, too. A few days later the detention center grapevine listed him as having been bonded out into Canadian society, while I, who had never committed a crime, remained incarcerated for eighteen days.

In order to communicate with my husband in the U.S., I had to purchase a long distance phone card from Joe, a slim non-descript Caucasian man with thinning black hair, who turned to

Missio for approval for everything he did. The only funds I had were U.S. Travelers' Checks. Joe demanded that I obtain Officer Missio's authorization to cash them. Missio squinched up his beady brown eyes and barked, "I will not authorize it! I don't know her! I've never seen her file. Show me your identification."

"I can't," I informed him. "Immigration confiscated it."

He held up the letters I wrote complaining about how ill the detention center food made me, studied my signature, and growled, "I won't do it!"

After Missio refused to let me purchase a phone card, Anita took pity on me and lent me hers so I could call the U.S. Because my husband Stan had been laid off in 2001, had been unemployed for almost two years, had recently obtained a temp job to put food on the table, and if the Canadians imprisoned him too he would not have had the funds to bail himself out; my first two calls went to my siblings, who I knew were financially and otherwise in a position to be able to help me. I cried into Harvey Splaver's and Marsha Kaplan's answering machines, telling them where I was and begging them to help me obtain my release. I never heard from either of my sibling. I was not surprised that they ignored my pleas for help because, when my children and I wound up on welfare thirty years earlier and had nearly starved to death, Marsha and Harvey ignored our plight while at the same time using my Baltimore home as a free hotel for their vacations.

My third call went to my husband. Shaking and in tears, I told Stan that I had been imprisoned by Immigration Canada. Hearing the shock and disbelief in Stan's voice, I feared that he would have a heart attack so I did not tell him anything but the address and phone number of the place where I was being held.

Wackenhut/Group 4 Flack guards, Zoya in particular, and Immigration Officer Misso and his fellow officers taunted me several times a day with, "You're never going to get out of here! It doesn't matter what any barrister has told you, we make every decision here. We can keep you in prison as long as we want to."

Officer Missio growled, "You need to post a bond in order to be released."

"How much is my bond?" I asked Misso, timidly.

The heavy set, jowl drooping officer slouching at the desk beside Misso's shrugged and said, "It's anywhere from \$10,000 to \$100,000. Have you got it?"

"I guess my husband can raise it."

"He's not a Canadian. I'm not going to let you post a bond. With your wealth, you're a flight risk. Get back to your room!" he barked.

Because Misso and the other immigration officers and the Wackenhut/Group 4 Flack rent-a-guards convinced me that I was never going to be released, had confiscated all of my documents and funds thereby preventing my ability to travel anywhere, and would not give me the food or medicine I needed, I believed I would die in the detention center. After being incarcerated for more than a week, I finally broke down and told Stan, "I've been told I'm never going to get out of prison alive. I don't want to ruin your life, too. I want you to divorce me and get on with your life." He begged me to let him to come to Toronto to rescue me. Because I feared that the Canadian authorities would incarcerate him, too, I refused all his offers of help.

Men and women detainees were never permitted to mingle. A two-story high barbed, razor-wire fence separated the buildings housing us. Except for the rare moments when the female guards could not subdue a prisoner, we never saw a male guard on the second floor. The female guards pointed to the double fence with the razor-wire edging and electrified gates

surrounding the compound and taunted us with the fact that we could not scale them or escape from the detention center. They boasted that if we tried to run, all they had to do was use the stun guns on their belts to subdue us. The big brown eyes of one who was very fit lit up with excitement as she licked her lips and bragged about how she would enjoy tackling me. Sandra made it very clear that she was the hunter and I was the animal she couldn't wait to bag.

When the women from India went on a hunger strike and refused to eat beans and rice, their boring vegetarian diet, Officer Misso supplied samosas and other Indian foods for them. However, when Doctor Zell issued an order that I be given fresh fruit and salads because I could not eat the fatty/greasy dishes they served the rest of us because I have colitis, severe allergy problems, and a weak immune system due to not having a spleen, Missio barked, "We can not provide a special diet for you. It costs too much money." He scrunched up his eyes and glared at me like I was shit beneath his feet, something to be scraped off his shoes and be disposed of as quickly as possible.

"But, I need it for my health," I pleaded.

"I don't give a damn about your health or the Geneva Convention rules. You can't have it! Get back to your room!," he roared. Article 3 of the Geneva Convention section on international standards prohibits "outrages upon personal dignity, in particular humiliating and degrading treatment." "It also prohibits the denial of food, medicine, and medical care."

After my second "Detention Review Hearing" on July 3, 2003, Sister Lois said, "I was in shock about what happened at your hearing. Nothing like this has ever occurred before. Before the guards brought you into the detention center hearing room, Immigration Minister Dave Wilson and Refugee Law Office Barrister Berhane struck a deal for your release without any bond into my supervision." Sister Lois, of the F.C. J. Hamilton House Refugee Project who works with refugees and has had years of experience supervising them, also said, "When Minister DiCarlo [the judge] went on the record, Wilson rejected the deal he made with Berhane. After Wilson rejected the deal, Minister DiCarlo called Michael in as a Canadian bond grantor and supervisor for you. She also set a cash bond and performance bond. In all the past cases I've witnessed, immigration ministers always accepted the deals like the one Wilson struck with Berhane." Because Minister Wilson reneged on the deal he struck with Berhane but only agreed to release me for cash and performance bonds to Michael, who had never worked with detainees; I felt like a slave on the auction block who had been sold to the highest bidder.

My video taped July 3, 2004, "Detention Review Hearing," was held shortly before noon. Michael, Sister Lois, Barrister Berhane, and Minister DiCarlo, a blonde who wore blouses so low cut that very little was left to the imagination, were in the courtroom at 74 Victoria Street in downtown Toronto. Minister Wilson, a man whose body odor was so sour and foul smelling that I had to hold my breath and pray I would be able to endure it during the entire proceeding, and I were miles away, in a guarded hearing room in the Mississauga Detention Centre. Immigration informed Michael that he had until four o'clock to bond me out. At 4:30, guard Irma, a good-looking African woman who appeared to be of mixed races, handed me a slip of paper with barely legible writing on it and told me to go into the dining room. "Your barrister called. Here's his number."

By the time Michael's wife answered, I was biting my nails and shaking with fear that something had happened to prevent my release. "The administrative office said you could only receive calls from your barrister. So, I told them I was your barrister," Susie said. "Mike got there at five minutes after three with the money to pay your bond. The guard was real nasty;

yelled at Mike that it was too late to get you out. Mike pleaded with him, told the guard he had made a long trip to come and get you. But the guard said he didn't give a damn. He hollered that Mike should get the hell out of the detention center. Mike will try again tomorrow."

I sank down on the floor, buried my head between my knees, and cried. An elderly black cleaning lady attired in a gray and white hotel uniform came into the dining room. She handed me a wad of paper towels. "Dry your eyes. Don't let them guards see you like that, or it will go harder on you." She knelt down, gave me her hand, and helped me to my feet.

At Lester Pearson International Airport, at the Mississauga Detention Centre, and at my two "Detention Review Hearings" Immigration Canada's officers and Ministers described me as a "very wealthy woman", which I am not. My offer to have my husband go out and raise my bond was rejected by them. None of them took into account that there was no way I could leave Toronto after they had confiscated my passport, driver's license, birth certificate, plane ticket, credit cards, and all of my funds. Stan is a computer programmer. It would have been very difficult for him to have raised any bond or to have taken off of work to bring it to Canada. He had been unemployed for almost two years, had used up his unemployment benefits more than a year earlier, and was working a temp job to make ends meet.

On Friday, July 4, 2003, Mike, a father, grandfather, and an orthodox Jew, bonded me out of the Celebrity Budget Inn Detention Centre. I was so happy to be out of prison I could have kissed his feet. He drove me to Greater Toronto Enforcement Center (GTEC) so I could request the return of my documents. The surly, young Caucasian male GTEC officer adamantly refused to return them. I left knowing, that even though I was not behind a guarded barbed wire electrified fence, they still had complete control over my life. From there, Mike drove me to the room I had rented at Ryerson University and, for the rest of my stay in Canada, he was always there to help me.

Anita, who was also released on July 4th, and I celebrated by going out to dinner at the Pickle Barrel. I savored every bite of an extra large Greek salad. Anita relished a huge Belgian waffle piled high with whipped cream. That July 4th and the measured freedom it brought had an extra special meaning for us.

The Wackenhut/Group 4 Flack rent-a-guards had forced us to sit for sixteen hours a day - eight hours in the dining room while they searched our rooms. Because my legs were so weak from having to sit for such a long period I had difficulty walking. I wound up tripping over a chair in my dorm room and broke my toe. It was a four hour round trip via subway and bus from Toronto to GTEC in Mississauga, where, as a condition of my release from the detention center, I had to report in on a regular basis. Because I could not climb subway steps after I broke my toe, Sister Lois drove me to GTEC on my reporting days. I asked the stocky, Caucasian, middle aged male Immigration Enforcement Officer, who struggled to squeeze himself into the chair behind the glass partition separating us, to permit me to report less often. He reviewed my medical file and scowled, "It doesn't matter what condition you're in. You'll report on your assigned day or an order for your arrest will be issued. The next time, you'll be in a maximum security prison, not the nice place you were in this time."

Immigration informed me that I could leave the country after my release, but also stated I had to leave via official channels or I would be rearrested and thrown into a maximum security prison. Between my July 4, 2003 release and October 23, 2003, I repeatedly asked Immigration how I could legally leave Canada. Like a little mouse trapped in an endless maze, officials had me running from one office to another, from building to building all over Toronto, while they

held my passport and the documents. But no one in Immigration would tell me how to leave the country legally.

Anita advised me, "Security's been very tight since nine-eleven. Make sure that you leave via legal channels. Immigration has its cameras trained on all the cars, buses, and trains at all of the border crossings. While guards question you, other guards sit in booths monitoring video cameras. So, you can't just come and go as you please." It was a beautiful summer day. Anita and I were seated on a bench outside the church that sheltered and hid asylum seekers like her from political entities seeking to harm them.

"If security is so tight, why is the U.S. blaming Canada for the lax border security that allowed terrorists to enter the States?"

"That's ridiculous!" Anita snapped her fingers. "There's too much security on the border for it to have happened. It's only Bush's propaganda that says they did it."

During this period, I was being treated for a bronchial infection by Doctor Ladislaw, a European immigrant who had his practice in one of Toronto's stately turn-of-the-century homes. He said, "Canada is full of Arabs. Canada would rather take in Arabs than Jews. This is why Immigration is giving you such a hard time. No one likes Bush."

Once more it was the nuns at the F.C.J. Hamilton House Refugee Project who came to my rescue. They provided the information and assistance I needed to return to the States. The rules for detainees returning to their native lands included the provision that we had to purchase a one way plane ticket home. The American Airlines ticket I had flown to Toronto on expired thirty days after my arrival. Again, Immigration's officers sent me from one office to another, from one building to the next, all over Toronto because no one would tell me if I could purchase a round trip ticket. I wanted it because it cost one third of what a one way ticket did. Sister Lois sent me to Immigration Barrister Guidy Mamann. His assistant said there was nothing that could prevent me from doing it. So I purchased a United Airlines ticket and presented it to GTEC Enforcement Officer Ashley Manuel in Mississauga. The way Manuel looked at me and questioned my reason for not complying with the one way ticket rule, I thought she was going to refuse to issue the Departure Order that would permit me to leave Canada. When she finally did, I breathed a sigh of relief.

During the period I was forced to remain in Canada, Immigration required me to be examined by their physician. I had to explain to Doctor Martin Taylor, a thin, balding, beady eyed Caucasian with glasses, a hooked nose, and sallow skin, the difference between Prilosec, the gastrointestinal medication I take for colitis, and Prozac, a drug used to treat people with emotional problems. He had never heard of DES cancer, a drug-induced cancer which is transmitted from mother to daughter during the birth process. He looked down his long nose when he reviewed my single-spaced, typed two page allergy list and said, "That's some story." Having his cold clammy wrinkled hands touch me sent shivers up and down my spine. His looks, high-pitched squeaky voice, and his movements reminded me of a weasel.

Anita, who was also examined by Taylor, claimed she had told him about having been run off the road in Detroit, in a similar manner to the way I had been forced off the road in Plano, Texas. Taylor looked at the photograph Immigration Officer Alice Hung had taken of my face and said, "I don't see any bruises there. That's some story." How could he see any bruises on my face when they were on my arms and upper body? Or when his examination occurred more than three months after the incident and my injuries had healed? However, Taylor did not turn in a false report about Anita, like he did about me. Was it because the American Civil Rights

attorney had told him she was suing the FBI, CIA, and the State of Florida in the United States Supreme Court? It was his false report that Immigration Canada used to refuse to grant me a SIN card, a Social Insurance Number, so I could work in Toronto and the Canadian citizenship I was entitled.

Sisters Lois and Elaine of the F.C.J. Hamilton House Refugee Project, kind-hearted, middle aged women who had devoted their lives helping people in trouble, never asked me for a penny for their help and emotional support. They were there for me whenever I needed them. Because I saw how Immigration Canada and the Wackenhut/Group 4 Flack guards abuse detainees, after my release from the Mississauga Detention Center, I volunteered at the F.C.J. Hamilton House Refugee Project. Before I left Toronto, I donated the contents of my apartment to them to help refugees establish a new life in Canada.

During the hours I was not doing volunteer work, I did research in the Metropolitan Toronto Reference Library and the University of Toronto's Bora Laskin Law Library. I discovered that Immigration Canada had violated Geneva Convention rules by not notifying the International Red Cross that I had been incarcerated, by denying me the food and medicine I needed, and by permitting the inhumane conditions under which Immigration Officers and the Wackenhut/Group 4 Flack guards were free to torture us. From medical texts I came to understand that my night sweats, nightmares, and walking my apartment floor all night were the result of my terrifying experiences at the hands of my jailers. Even though I had not been a soldier who served in combat, I too had done battle - I had struggled to stay alive. I was suffering from Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome.

My name is Elaine Sandra Splaver on two of my five birth certificates. It is the name I have always used. The guards called all the detainees by their first name, but me. They always called me "Sandra" or "Alexandra". Because Immigration Officer Alice Hung told me I had been investigated by the RCMP, I wondered, *Did they find out who I really am?*

October 23, 2003 Stan met me at Lambert Airport in St. Louis, Missouri. I never saw such a happy and relieved look on his face. He hugged me, kissed me, and held me tight. I was so happy to be back on American soil. We spent our first night together in a room he rented in Esther's condo. He felt I would be safely hidden there from the entity that had harassed me in Texas. When I returned to the Plano/Richardson, Texas area at Christmas to sell our home, the stalking, break-ins, phone threats, and document theft resumed. Everything stolen came from my files on my father and my research for my memoir. Stan got a big powerful white Labrador Retriever from a no-kill animal shelter to protect me. John, real estate agent with a heart of gold, gave me his cell phone and watched over me.

In January of 2004, I learned my problems with Immigration Canada and its Wackenhut/Group 4 Flack guards were not over. Opening my credit card statement, I discovered charges posted for cell phones. Within minutes of seeing the Mississauga purchase address I knew who had stolen my ID and how it had been accomplished. On June 16, 2003 Immigration Officer Hung had entered all of my personal information, including my social security number, into Immigration Canada's computers. June 17, 2003, when the Wackenhut/Group 4 Flack guards processed me into the Mississauga Detention Centre, they confiscated all of my possessions and scanned all of my documents and credit cards into the intake room computer. This gave them

my signature from my driver's license and passport. Combining this information, it was easy to uncover who had obtained goods and services in my name. I reported the theft of my ID to the police, FBI, credit reporting bureaus, my bank, and credit card issuers. But, it hasn't done any good because the theft of my ID continues to this day.

Three months before arrived in Canada, in April of 2003 Remedy Staffing employed me as an income tax payment processor. Remedy, provides temps for Bank of America, an I.R.S. sub-contractor. When Remedy sent my fingerprints to the F.B.I., the Bureau could not classify them because they do not have ridges. Bang! Remedy fired me. I was beside myself with worry. Stan had been laid off in September of 2001 and had long since gone through all of his unemployment checks. If I didn't work we would have to cut back on groceries and other necessities. In May of 2003, Stan received a temp position and I breathed a sigh of relief. In March of 2004, Remedy required a birth certificate as proof of U.S. citizenship. I was afraid to apply for the position again because I was worried that, combining my unclassifiable fingerprints with the I.R.S. and F.B.I. checks on birth certificates, in this ferret out every terrorist's climate I would be thrown in prison again.

As a result of my numerous birth certificates, I live in a Catch-22 situation. I am afraid to travel anywhere that requires one or to apply for any positions demanding it. If I claim I have five birth certificates (The terrorists who blew up the World Trade Center traveled with multiple sets of identification papers.), in today's terrorist paranoid atmosphere with governments looking under every rock for them, I could land in prison again. If I only acknowledge one, I could be thrown in prison for providing false information to the government.

The state of Ohio has repeatedly refused to certify which one of my five birth certificates is authentic. It was the cause that led to my false arrest and imprisonment in Canada and the subsequent theft of my ID. In January of 2003, Larry Osborne, the Registrar of Special Registrations for the Ohio Department of Vital Statistics in Columbus, Ohio, informed me he had located two more birth certificates, bringing the total to seven. On August 12, 2003, the state of Ohio cashed my check for a certified copy of my birth certificate but kept my funds. To this day, Larry Osborne concocts excuses for why he refuses to send it to me.

Ohio's refusal to certify who I am has made me a prisoner in my native land. Frustrated with over eighteen years of stalling and all the road blocks Ohio has put in my way, on March 27, 2005 I wrote President George Walker Bush. I requested his help in obtaining the life the Constitution guarantees all U.S. Citizens. I stated I had been imprisoned in Canada, am unable to obtain jobs requiring a birth certificate as proof of citizenship, am not able to travel, and I am a prisoner in Texas because Ohio filed multiple birth certificates for me. April 11, 2005, Marguerite Murer, Acting Director of Presidential Correspondence replied, "The White House is sending your inquiry to the Department of Health and Human Services [DHHS]."

August 22, 2005, The White House sent a copy of Regional DHHS Administrator Percy Devine's April 26, 2005 letter advising me that DHHS had no jurisdiction to help me obtain a valid birth certificate and referred me to the Texas Agency On Aging. I wrote President Bush again, at the White House and his Crawford, Texas ranch requesting an end to years of being

shunted from one agency to another without any relief in sight. I reminded him that I had been a victim of ID theft many times and the situation violated my Civil Rights. It was business as usual, he did not reply.

July 6, 2005, I attempted to renew my driver's license on the Texas Department of Public Safety's (DPS) website. The message, "Our records indicate you are not eligible to use this online service to renew your Driver's License." blocked my efforts. After several emails to the DPS I was informed that my "license was alarmed" for use in another jurisdiction. Under the Freedom of Information Act(FIOA) I repeatedly requested that DPS advise me as to who was using my name and in which jurisdiction the offender was doing it. Even though I am legally entitled to this information, the DPS refused to divulge it. I knew Immigration Canada and its Wackenhut/Group 4 Flack rent-a-guards had struck again.

When Stan accepted a position in Missouri in May of 2003, I remained in Texas to sell the house. Because I could not get DPS to renew my driver's license or comply with my FIOA request, On July 24, 2005 I wrote President Bush again. I stated that during the twenty-five years I had driven in Texas I had never even had so much as a parking ticket. With staying behind to sell the house, lack of a driver's license would leave me stranded. I would not be able to get groceries or go to doctors' appointments, libraries, museums, nor do any of the other things Americans take for granted. I mailed the letter on Sunday night and emailed a copy to DPS. At 8:30am Monday morning DPS phoned to apologize for inconveniencing me and offered to expedite my license. July 27, 2005 Terri L. True wrote, "Our records reflect an administrative alarm was on your record indicating you were licensed in another state or jurisdiction. Your information was entered into the National Driver Registry and we verified that you are not currently licensed in another state or jurisdiction. Your record reflects a clear status." I heaved another sigh of relief. I had over come one more hurdle in my battle to keep my identity clear. But it also struck me as ironic that DPS didn't realize that my letter could not have reached The President by snail mail during the fourteen hours that had elapsed before DPS rushed to reissue my driver's license and clear my record.

When the middle-aged Immigration Canada officer, with thinning brown hair, glasses, and a navy sweater covering his uniform, put me on the plane at Lester Pearson International Airport on October 23, 2003 and returned my passport, I thought my problems with Immigration Canada, the IRB, and GTEC were behind me. But, it wasn't long before I found out how wrong I could be. In February of 2005, I received a call from the IRB informing me that a hearing was going to be held in Toronto and I would be receiving an order to appear. When I inquired as to what the nature of the hearing was, the woman with an angry voice changed the subject. In spite of the fact that she phoned me in Texas she said she thought I was still in Canada. When I informed her I had returned to the USA, she said she no record of my leaving the country legally.

On December 5, 2005, Anne-Frances Gauthier, IRB Case Management Officer issued an order requiring me to appear at 74 Victoria Street in Toronto for a videotaped hearing. American court orders state the reason you are required to appear, the IRB document did not. I was afraid I would be extradited and imprisoned again because the IRB caller did not know I had returned to

the USA. And officers at the IRB, GTEC, and Immigration Canada had repeatedly warned me that I had to leave Canada via legal channels or I would be rearrested and thrown into a maximum security prison.

The IRB's December 13, 2005 hearing file contained documents to be used against me on January 31, 2006. Enclosed were Immigration Officers Daniel Kunzer and Alice Hung false and misleading statements and the application for refugee status Kunzer coerced me into signing on June 17, 2003, a form I had refused to sign the previous day. Also included were documents proving Immigration Canada had confiscated my memoir and used its contents out of context.

Linda Doutre, Agente de gestion des cas/case management office CISR/IRB-Montreal, refused my January 11, 2006 request to postpone the hearing, demanding that I return to Toronto. I replied that it would be unfair hearing and a violation of the Geneva Convention. I described how I had been tortured at the Mississauga Detention Centre, adding, "Canada screams when any nation tortures detainees or detains persons illegally. Canada has willfully and maliciously violated the international treaties it is a signature to and this hearing is continuing to violate my rights as a human being and the daughter of a Canadian national.

I have never committed any crimes and have no intention of doing so. Because I was illegally incarcerated and tortured, I have been advised that I should receive a written guarantee of safe passage before returning to Canada for any reason whatsoever. For humanitarian and compassionate reasons and to prove that Canada is a great nation, this guarantee of safe passage should include that I will not be detained, jailed, imprisoned, or incarcerated by any Canadian agency for any reason whatsoever."

Panicking, I turned again to Sister Lois for help. I had no idea what was happening and the IRB was not forthcoming with answers. She advised me to inform them that I had renounced all claims to refugee status in order to leave the country and to send them copies of the documents proving that I had left the Canada via legal channels. She was surprised to learn that, after I sent the IRB a copy of their Departure Order, the IRB adamantly refused to cancel the hearing.

Because the IRB acted like a secret tribunal, refusing to state why they demanded my presence at this hearing, Stan hollered, "Don't you dare set foot in Canada again. You can't trust those bastards. Once you cross the border, the Gestapo will throw you in prison again! Just like last time, they'll concoct an excuse. Then I'll never see you again."

Again, on March 21, 2006 I again turned to the only people I felt could help me. I wrote,

Dear Sister Lois and Francisco,

I'm so sorry to have to bother you again, but I am at a loss with the latest IRB letter. After we corresponded, I sent the IRB another copy of the form I signed renouncing my claim to refugee status and copies of the paperwork showing that I had left Canada via legal channels.

Because I am afraid of being put in prison again, I also informed the IRB that I would not return to Canada unless they provided me with a letter guaranteeing my safe passage. I thought this would be the end of it.

Their letter stated, "The hearing into your failure to appear on January 31st will take place at IRB Toronto at 74 Victoria Street, Suite 400. The hearing will take place on the 7th day of April 2006."

Since I have met all of the IRB's legal requirements and have renounced all claims for refugee status, what is this about? Why are they trying so hard to get me to return to Canada?

Any advice or help you can give me will be greatly appreciated.
Warmest wishes to you and everyone at Hamilton House.

Elaine

I wrote the Linda Doutre and Louis Dupont at the IRB on March 21, 2006, repeating that I had met every requirement imposed upon me by the IRB and Immigration Canada for legally exiting the country, and in violation of the Geneva Convention I had been tortured. I added that after my return to the USA the Wackenhut/Group 4 Flack guards stole my identity, causing me to spend three years trying to undo the damage they did to my name and reputation. I informed them that I had had an accident and requested that the hearing be delayed until I was able to travel.

I ended the letter with, "For humanitarian and compassionate reasons I am again requesting that the IRB grant me a letter of safe passage. The letter must guarantee my safety and protect me from being detained, jailed, or imprisoned in Canada for any reason whatsoever."

March 23, 2006 I wrote Sister Lois again,

Dear Lois,

Wish your mother a very happy and healthy birthday for me. Please tell her that I feel that you are one of the greatest friends a person can have.

On December 24, 2005 and again on January 16, 2006, via fax, email, and regular US Mail I sent the IRB in Toronto and Montreal (Louis Dupont) copies of the withdrawal for refugee claim, the GTEC departure documents, and the official departure documents issued at Pearson Airport on the day I left Canada. None of those documents would have been issued to me if I had not left via legal channels. Michael's security bond was returned to him because I did everything the IRB and GTEC ordered me to do to leave the country. I do not understand how at least one copy of the withdrawal form is not in their files. If sending him another copy is what it takes, then I will do it.

I miss being in Toronto and hope my status can be cleared up so I can return.

Wishing you and everyone at Hamilton House all the best.

Elaine

I wrote to Dupont and Doutre at the IRB stating that Sister Lois had informed me that she spoken to Dupont and was told the IRB did not have my Withdrawal Of Refugee Claim in its files. I copied the departure information I had sent Sister Lois and sent it to him. I added, "I would like to return to Canada to be with my relatives and friends. But, Immigration Canada and the IRB have put one stumbling block after another in my path, preventing me from being with my loved ones." I described how I was illegally detained and tortured because of Immigration

Canada's prejudices against Americans and Jews. I ended with another request for a guarantee of safe passage.

On March 24, 2006, the IRB refused my fourth request to delay the hearing or grant me safe passage. "On March 24, 2006, I did a verification with the Canada Border Services Agency and they faxed me a copy of this document [Withdrawal of a Claim For Refugee Protection dated October 2, 2003], which is now in our file....The Abandonment videoconference hearing will proceed as scheduled. The Board Member will render a decision according to what is before him.....Louis Dupont, Agent de gestion des cas, SPR et SAI Montréal, Case Management Officer, RPD and IAD Montreal"

On March 25, 2006, I emailed copies of my letter to the IRB to Judith Kumin, Representative of the High Commissioner for the United Nations High Commission For Refugees, and The Honorable Denis Codere, P.C., M.P. Minister of Immigration. I knew I sounded like a broken record. My words were falling on deaf ears but I was so afraid of being imprisoned again I could not give up.

Again I asked Dupont and Doure for a hearing postponement, described my accident, and stated that due to my injuries I was not permitted to fly.

The pressure of a plane ascending and descending can cause one in my condition [broken nose] to stop breathing and possibly DIE. Is Immigration Canada and the IRB Board so uncompassionate and unfeeling that they would rather see me, a 63-year old woman, DEAD than reschedule this hearing so I can attend?

The IRB waited three years to schedule this hearing. It was supposed to have been scheduled in 2004, one year after I arrived in Toronto, and "due to an administrative error" lost my Notification Confirming Withdrawal of a Claim For Refugee Protection...

The IRB had to get Canada Border Services Agency to provide them with a copy. Considering all of the IRB's "administrative errors", the backlog of cases, and the three year delay, surely, for humanitarian and compassionate reasons the IRB can find it in its heart to wait until I am well enough to attend. I strongly oppose and protest any video conference hearing being held without me..... Secret video conferences like this enable Immigration Canada to conceal its actions, and as it did in the past, enter false and misleading information into the record."

Because the IRB refused to reschedule the hearing, I asked, "Can a non-attorney Canadian citizen be permitted to attend as my representative and be allowed to speak on my behalf?" In the last two video conference hearings, the Minister seated in the courtroom at 74 Victoria Street barked, "Be quiet! You are NOT allowed to speak." In British and American courts, the defendant is always allowed to speak. I was shocked when the Minister would only allow the false and misleading statements made by Immigration Canada's representatives to be entered into the record. Most important of all, will I or my representative(s) be allowed to enter the truth into the record this time?

I am again demanding that everything written by Daniel Kunzer, Alice Hung, Raffe, Peter Misso, Doctor Martin Taylor, and the female Security Officer at Pearson Airport be stricken from the record and destroyed. The documents I

received from the IRB for this sham hearing are nothing more than work of a fiction created by them to cover the fact that they illegally incarcerated me and violated Canadian and international law. They entered into the record words I never said and made claims I never made.

I have never denied that I want the Canadian citizenship I am legally entitled to as the daughter of a Canadian national . . . On July 31, 2003, I filed an Application For Canadian Citizenship Under Subsection 5(1) and paid \$200 CDN. I also filed numerous requests that Under the Citizenship Act of Canada that as the daughter of a Canadian national that I be granted the automatic Canadian citizenship I am legally entitled to.

October 8, 2004, my husband and I met with David J. Martinez, Senior Consular Program Officer at the Canadian Consulate General in Dallas, Texas. Mr. Martinez stated absolutely that I was automatically entitled to Canadian Citizenship under Children Born Abroad section 5(b)(2), I did NOT need to reside in Canada to claim it, and that I was entitled to Canadian citizenship because I had applied before the August 14, 2004 deadline. Mr. Martinez said Immigration Canada denied my citizenship application because I submitted it on the wrong form.

I will never give up or abandon my legal right to Canadian citizenship. Therefore, as a matter of Canadian law and for humanitarian and compassionate reasons I am again requesting that I be immediately granted the Canadian citizenship I am legally entitled to.

On March 27, 2006 Louis Dupont replied,

Following your March 25, 2006 email, the Coordinator responds that a written confirmation (an email would suffice) of your intention to withdraw your Refugee claim in Canada would allow the Refugee Protection Division to close your file immediately. It would cancel the abandonment video conference hearing and put an end to the proceedings with the Refugee Protection Division.

The following day I sent Louis Dupont the declaration he demanded and repeated that the “refugee status” designation was a fiction concocted by Immigration Officers Hung, Kunzer, and Raffé’ to cover-up their illegally incarcerating me. I asked that all records be destroyed. I reminded Dupont that I was legally entitled to Canadian citizenship and again asked that it be granted. I ended by requesting that my father's birth certificate, my birth certificate, and my memoir be returned to me.

March 29, 2006, he wrote,

I confirm that, as of March 28, 2006, the RPD Coordinator decided to end the proceedings regarding your refugee claim in Canada and to close your file. Therefore, the April 7, 2006 video conference hearing is cancelled.

Concerning your questions about whether you are free to visit relatives in Canada, about documents confiscated by Citizenship and Immigration Canada and about Canadian citizenship, you should contact a Canadian embassy, high commission or consulate in the USA.

March 29, 2006 I replied,

Mr. Dupont:

On June 17, 2003, Immigration Officer Daniel Kunzer informed me that my father's Canadian birth certificate, my American birth certificate, and my memoir had been confiscated "to use against you at your IRB hearing".

Now that the Coordinator has canceled the IRB hearing and has closed my file, there is no reason whatsoever for the IRB to retain these birth certificates and a memoir that legally belong to me. On October 10, 2003, Ashley Manuel, GTEC Enforcement Officer based in Mississauga, Ontario, showed me GTEC's file containing my birth certificate and my father's and my memoir. She said they would be returned to me when I boarded the plane for the USA on October 23, 2003. However, my documents and memoir are still locked in GTEC's files.

Now that I have given the IRB every thing it has demanded, the IRB's retention of these birth certificates and my memoir constitutes an illegal seizure. They are of no legal use to the IRB and must be returned to me immediately.

Regarding your telling me to contact the Canadian embassy to find out if I can return to Canada to visit my loved ones again and to obtain the Canadian citizenship I am legally entitled to as the daughter of a Canadian national, there are no Canadian embassies here. This is another run-around. After having spent the time being shunted from one IRB and Immigration Office after another, I know the system quite well. I know that you have access to this information but are avoiding answering my questions.

I am requesting that you immediately order my birth certificate, my father's birth certificate, and my memoir returned to me.

I am also requesting that for humanitarian and compassionate reasons that you stop giving me the run-around and make it possible for me to visit my loved ones again without having to fear being falsely arrested and incarcerated again. I was tortured in the detention centre, denied the food and medicine I needed, lost twenty pounds in eighteen days, and nearly died there. I am 63-years old and I cannot survive being incarcerated again.

For humanitarian and compassionate reasons, I am again requesting the Canadian citizenship I am legally entitled to as the daughter of a Canadian national.

I never informed the IRB or Immigration Canada that I had been speaking to the DEA agents, former CIA agents, and private detectives I met at writers' conferences. All of them said Canada was refusing to return my memoir because the Canadians were hoping to find in it secret U.S. military or government information they could not obtain from any other source.

The U.S. embargo in 2003 against Canadian lumber and beef and the U.S. warning tourists to stay out of Canada because of SARS hurt the Canadian economy. Canadians I spoke to felt the Bush government was punishing them by devastating their economy because they did not join "Bush's war for oil" in Iraq. They thought their government had confiscated my memoir hoping to find something in it they could use to embarrass the U.S. or to use as leverage to end the U.S. embargo against Canadian products and tourism.

March 31, 2006, Louis Dupont, the IRB Coordinator in Montreal:

I have stamped documents bearing Immigration Officer Alice Hung's signature proving that Immigration Canada confiscated my father's Canadian birth certificate, my American birth certificate, and my memoir on June 16, 2003.

If, as you claim, there are only photocopies in your files now, what did GTEC, the IRB, and Immigration Canada do with the originals that Ashley Manuel at GTEC showed me were in GTEC's files on October 10, 2003? Who has them now and what illegal purpose are they using them for?

On June 17, 2003, while I was handcuffed and processed into the Mississauga Detention Centre, I was forced to stand and watch the Wackenhut/ Group 4 Flack rent-a-guards scan all of my identifying documents into their computer. Upon my return to the USA I discovered that they had used my credit cards and driver's license to illegally obtain goods and services not due them.

Unless these original documents are returned to me immediately, I will have no choice but to assume that someone in Immigration, the IRB, GTEC, or Wackenhut is withholding them from me to use them again illegally.

I repeated my desire to return to Canada to see my loved ones, described how I was tortured while I was incarcerated, asked if justice, compassion, or humanitarian values were met when they illegally imprisoned me but released criminals, and demand that all of the false information about me be stricken from Immigration Canada's and the IRB's files. I repeated my claim for Canadian citizenship and demanded that my property be returned to me. To this day, Louis Dupont refuses to return my memoir, my birth certificate, and father's birth certificate. Like, when he claimed that the IRB did not have a copy of my refugee withdrawal form, he continues to falsely claim that the IRB does not have my property. But, in emails he has admitted that the Canadian Border Services Agency Mississauga has made copies of my property. Considering how many times my ID has been stolen and used illegally, I live with the fear that another Canadian government employee will use it again.

Laws passed in 2005 require absolute proof of U.S. citizenship - birth certificates - to obtain passports and drivers' licenses, to travel abroad, to obtain employment, and to vote. Even though there are no bars on the windows of my home, armed guards at the doors, or electrified barbed razor-wire fences surrounding my property like there were when I was imprisoned in Canada, my multiple birth certificates still imprison me. Therefore, Ohio must be compelled to certify which one is my true and accurate birth certificate and purge all others in its files.

Is it a coincidence or a conspiracy? People I interviewed in my search to uncover the truth about who I am have disappeared, been fired, used false identities, recanted their stories, or have barricaded themselves behind a *Conspiracy of Silence*.

In an attempt to prevent the publication of *Conspiracy of Silence* in Canada, Immigration Canada confiscated my memoir and kept me in prison until after the joint American Library/ Canadian Library Association Convention had departed from Toronto. To this day, Immigration Canada, the IRB, and Canadian Border Services Agency Mississauga still retain the original and copies of *Conspiracy of Silence* in their files.

What follows is my story. It is the one Immigration Canada confiscated at Lester Pearson International Airport on June 16, 2003 and retains in its files to this day.

Elaine Sandra Splaver