

The Following is a letter to George Clark, from his client Tawfiq Nasir Awadh Al-Baihani. It appears in its original form, as written by the client.

A Letter from Tawfiq

To Mr. George M Clark,

I am sending you this letter and hope from Almighty God that you are in good health and in high spirits. I am writing this letter as you asked me to write the story of my detention and kidnapping from Iran and my sale to the Afghani government and then selling me again to the American government. Following is my story as I remember, a long time has passed since this happened.

As I was sick, I was living at a home of an Iranian. This home was raided by the Iranian intelligence services; they started firing using AK47 rifles. Then they detained and moved me, using a small truck, to a detention center that belonged to the Iranian intelligence services. Then they started abusing me by hitting me. They took away all the money that was in my possession. I had 2400 dollars, 800 Saudi Riyals, 6000 Pakistani rupees. They also took away my Yemeni passport, my personal identity card and my clothing which were with me at the time of detention. I remained in this dreadful prison for approximately one month and two weeks. The treatment that I received there was very bad.

Then I was moved to another prison that also belong to the intelligences services which was much worse. There were other detainees besides me. I remained there approximately for one full month. They told me that I will be moved to Tehran and then to my home country Yemen and therefore I was very delighted. Then they shackled me and wrapped a shawl over my eyes so I could not see anything and moved me by air.

When we reached Tehran, they took me to a prison that was underground. The treatment that I received there was very bad. I have no idea how long I stayed there. Eventually they transported me to an Iranian city called Mashhad, an Iranian border city to Afghanistan. I stayed in a dreadful and a horrible prison; it seemed as if there was no possibility of life. It was a very strange place as if it is a city of ghosts. I stayed there for two weeks and I felt as if I have spent two years there. There they intentionally provoked me sometimes by ill treating me. Then they took me to a room that had a few computer systems. Pointing to a computer screen, they said this is your photograph. If you say anything about what happened to you in Iran, we will kill you and they threatened to kill me. Then they took me along with nine others to the airport while shackled and wearing dark glasses that prevented any vision.

There was a plane waiting for us. I am not sure if it was an American or an Afghani plane but its military crew belonged to a certain military force that was heavily armed.

We were moved to Afghanistan under a deal between the Iranian and the Afghani governments. The Iranian government was able to fool the Afghani government that we belonged to Al-Qaeda organization. During the war, the Afghani government had detained

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ten Iranian individuals who belonged to the Iranian intelligence services. This was a commercial deal between the two governments to exchange us, the prisoners of war, in return of the Iranian spies, although Iran actually had its agents as members of Al Qaeda, however regretfully this was my fate. With the grace of God this is my story in Iran, in a much shorter form than what actually happened, as this is what I remember very well.

This was nothing but a game that was played by the Iranian government on the Afghani government so that it can get back its intelligence agents who had collected large amount of information concerning the presence of Americans in part of Afghanistan; these agents had obtained maximum amount of intelligence. If the Afghan government had handed these ten to the American government, then the American government could have obtained much more important and useful information compared to what they got from us through torture. This is the first part of my story.

The second part of my story begins when I reached Afghanistan. After we reached Afghanistan, they threw us into a vehicle; they threw us the way somebody would throw trash in a truck. Then they took us to a prison in Kabul area called Wazir Akbar Khan. It was under ground and we were interrogated as soon as we reached there. It was done in a very savage manner. Then they put us in a very small cell, there was no bed in the cell. We were unable to breathe and sleep, the area was very tight. Even the food was not enough and it was of very poor quality. It was one of the most difficult prisons I have been through.

When the representatives of the Red Cross would come, the authorities there would hide us so that the Red Cross would not see us as the authorities wanted to interrogate us and after they wanted like to kill us. This was told to me by one of the prisoners who had good relationship with one of the guards. However, with the blessings of the Almighty, who saved us from these criminals. One of the other prisoners who met the Red Cross representative informed them that there are some Arab prisoners here who have been brought from Iran around three weeks ago and that they are being hidden from you [the Red Cross] in some very dirty bathrooms.

The Red Cross representatives found out about us and recorded our names in a log book. Once we were discovered, the guards lost their mind and started hitting all the prisoners. Some of the hitting showed that there was no mercy in their violence. Then the American FBI agents came to question us.

They took another building in the same prison, I was handcuffed behind and they put a hood on my head so that I could not see anything. When I entered the interrogation room, the American guards pushed me down to the ground in a very savage manner. They started to cut my clothing with scissors. They undressed me completely and I was nude. They made me sit on a chair and it was very cold. I was also afraid and terrorized because the guards were aiming their weapons towards me. The interrogators put his personal gun on my forehead threatening to kill me. He asked me, if I belong to Al-Qaeda organization. I told him no, and he hit me on my head. I told him to believe me that I do not belong to Al-Qaeda and that the Iranian government has fooled you. My

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interrogation lasted for almost three hours. They took my photographs and gave me clothes to wear and I was taken back to the room.

I stayed in the prison for approximately two months and two weeks. Then they moved me to another prison with solitary confinement. Here I spent approximately five months and ten days. There were some poisonous scorpions. The guards were from Afghani armed forces and the watch was very strict and with very bad treatment. The interrogation was also very savage.

Then they moved me to another prison in a very strange manner. While I was in the vehicle, they started to hit me and strangle me, they would put a rope around my neck and I was about to die. They were American soldiers, I heard their laughter. When we reached the prison, there were Afghani guards. This was the absolutely the worst prison. It was a very dark prison and there was no light, no bed or a carpet the floor was semi cement. The restraints on my feet were very tight, they put me into a cell and kept me hanging [TN: maybe tied to the wall] for almost ten days.

Their meals were one meal every two days and the portion was very small. They would untie me from the hanging position for half an hour for meals. I would try to sleep during this half an hour but I was unable to sleep because of the extreme cold in Kabul. The irritating music 24 hours a day was very loud and hard banging on the door. When I used to go for interrogation, I was unable to walk because of the restraints on my legs and tightness on my feet. I would fall down to the ground and scream that I cannot walk. They would pick me up from the ground and I would walk with them while they are hitting me on the way to the interrogation until I would bleed from my feet. When I would fall to the ground, they would drag me while I am on the ground. Then they would bring me back to the cell and sprinkle cold water over me. Sometimes they would put a weapon on my head threatening to kill me using some provocative statements which I cannot mention in this letter.

After ten days, they brought me down from the hanging position and made me sit on the floor. Then they tied my hands upwards for approximately one month so that I could not lie down on the floor for comfort, therefore I was unable to sleep except for quarter of an hour every day. Whenever I was able to sleep for half an hour a day, I would feel as if I have slept for the whole day.

After one month and ten days, they removed all my restraints, however I was unable to rest or sleep because of extreme hunger and cold and the loud irritating music and the banging on the door. I stayed in this prison for approximately two months and a half and I had no idea whether it is day or night as it was extremely dark and oppressive conditions.

After this they moved me to Bagram base by helicopter. As soon as I reached there, the treatment was very bad there as well. They put me in a solitary confinement for ten days, however after the previous prison of darkness this place was like heaven for me. Then they moved me to a group prison, but it was almost like a solitary confinement because we were not allowed to talk to each other.

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I spent approximately two months in this base. There were some American male and female soldiers for whom I have nothing in heart except love and respect and I will never forget them. They were good to me, I still remember them and I wish I could return the favor to them for what they did to me. This is a fact and I will not deny it as long as I live. I do not hold any grudge in my heart against anybody in spite of all that has happened to me. I wish from humanity that they resolve the hatred that exists between them, as some have oppressed others for no reason. A human is always punished for oppression; the oppressed might be in situation because of some circumstances. These soldiers proved to me that they are different from the other American soldiers that I have met.

I have very fond and good memories of these excellent soldiers and I was very sad when I left them and moved to Cuba. They came to say goodbye to me. I saw sadness in their eyes for leaving me. Each one of them came to see me and say goodbye and shook my hand. I will never forget those moments which made me forget everything that had happened to me in the past.

Then my trip to Cuba began. When I reached Cuba and until now, you might know the rest of the story of Cuba. You have heard about the oppression on innocent people here who do not carry weapons or have any evidence. There is no evidence to implicate anybody or any reason to imprison them here, except for a very few, and many of those have already been released. This is all that I remember of my story.

In conclusion, I would like to thank you Mr. George M Clark for your work and efforts to fight oppression. I don't have anything I could offer you, except that I hold love and respect for you in my heart.

I hope if you could please my regards to that lady whose name I have forgotten who works for human rights organization and who wants to help me and present the truth and facts to the world so that the world would know that there are real innocent people here. Please give my regards to her and I will always be indebted to her for my life for what she has done for me.

Lastly, please forgive me if I have misused words and said something that I should not have said without my knowing about it, please forgive me.

Finally, goodbye and I hope that you will send me a letter informing me if this letter has reached you or not.

Tawfiq Nasir Awadh Al-Baihani

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