

[PROVISIONAL TRANSLATION FROM PERSIAN]

[Translator's notes appear in square brackets]

[Personal information has been **redacted**.]

27 Esfand 1378 [17 March 2000]

To the esteemed Mr. Mohri, Head of Branch 17 (Gooya)

With respect, after I was released from “Klinik im Alpenpark” on 25 Esfand 1378 [15 March 2000], I heard the news of my forthcoming evacuation order issued by you, etc., and I sent a letter together with the enclosed documents and a copy of my daughter's old passport (by mistake), whose apartment you are intending to sell. I am sending herewith two copies of my daughter's most recent passport and other documents. Please pass on one copy to the office of Mr. Nayyeri to be included in our files. Please note the expiry date of 23 Dey 1383 [12 January 2005].

Dear Mr. Mohri, do you remember the evening of 24 Bahman 1365 [13 February 1987] when you (or another person in your name) together with someone else, who was apparently your guard, exited Mr. Fahim's level and followed me up the stairs? As I had my shopping trolley, I invited you to go forward, thinking that you were after Mr. Alavi (Isa Valizadeh Miankolah). When I reached the entrance to the third level, I realized that you were after me and were about to enter my house. I spoke to you in a loud voice to warn the woman who had come a long way to visit her husband who was imprisoned in Evin Prison for being a Baha'i, of your arrival. She, who had left the entrance open for me, did not show herself because she had heard me.

According to her, I answered your questions for three quarters of an hour and explained what had happened to me. You listened to me politely (as opposed to others). Your guard was standing over you and appeared worried, while looking at the closed doors and windows. In brief, upon leaving, you told me, “Bring your documents to the public prosecutor's office tomorrow.” I asked your name and you said, “Bring them to Mohri's office.” You then went to Mr. Valizadeh's house. That night, apart from you, two other groups repeatedly rang my doorbell until 11:30 p.m., but I didn't open it. In darkness, I looked at the streets from behind the curtain of my window. (What does the Day of Judgement mean? In my opinion that night was like a night in hell).

Anyway, the next day, I left my house to make some photocopies. I saw Mr. Fahim and he asked me, “What happened last night? So many people were coming and going.” I said that I had only spoken to two people and that I was going to make some photocopies to take to Mr. Mohri. Fahim said (that his name wasn't Mohri and that it was X; I can't remember) because he had rung Mr. Khoeiniha from my level.

He continued, “Don't go to the public prosecutor's office, don't go. Those two people first came to my house, then went to the basement and then back to my level until you arrived. The basement resident informed the Central Committee and a group came from there and were ringing your doorbell repeatedly. Those two men came down and opened the door. One of them asked, ‘Who has directed you to come?’ Someone mentioned Mrs. Vahdat. The man asking the question said, ‘That's

impossible, we were there a few minutes ago.' Anyway, the two men and Alavi came to my house and made a phone call and the order was issued for the third group, the illicit drug control agents, to enter. After a phone call, the drug control group interfered and went to the basement and inspected that place" (these were Mr. Fahim's words).

The usurper of the basement level was a young single man who called himself a doctor and the brother of one of the interrogators, and I heard that he had suddenly died. Dear Mr. Mohri, your name reminds me of that night, which was full of memories and divine confirmations, which gave me strength and courage. It was also a reminder of the terror and anguish I experienced with the constant sound of the doorbell being rung by various people and hearing their repeated car horns and wondering what those night games meant.

Dear sir, I now hope that after viewing these documents you trust that my children and I are Iranians, like thousands of other Iranians, who reside in countries who are friends with Iran. I hope that you and Haj Agha Nayyeri and the public prosecutor general, whom I have personally met twice, and Mr. Farkhondeh and Mr. Ebrahimi, through your high-mindedness and endeavour, will revoke the circular, dated 15 Dey 1371 [5 January 1993], so that the innocent, honest and loyal Baha'is, including members of my family, can appeal to the Supreme Court (the Justice Administration Office, not the Revolutionary Prosecutor's office) and request the administration of justice by applying the provisions of Article 35 of the Criminal Courts 1 and 2 Procedures Act.

Dear Mr. Mohri, once when I was waiting or being interrogated for hours at the Prosecutor's Office, Branch 17, situated at Evin, I told Mr. Habibi, the respected inspector, a number of times, "Behind this wall is the execution place of the prison. Execute me right now. I have run out of patience and don't want to do anything wrong.... But I want to receive the bullets in the same way that my husband did, for the Baha'i Faith." That day, unlike on other days, he became intensely sad and depressed, as though his heart was affected. His eyes turned red and he released me. Apparently as I had met Mr. Raiesi, the public prosecutor at the time, and Messrs. Mohseni and Akhlaghi a few times, they had organized a meeting, and without giving me a written document, told me verbally to reside in my home and didn't demand any payment for rent (no Baha'i was ever given a written document).

Dear sir, you know that not only did they martyr my husband in the year 1360 [1982], having charged him with being a Baha'i, but they also stopped his and my superannuation payments and all the other income received from our apartments. They imagined that God is not the Provider and Supplier of all mankind. Strangely, whereas 19 years have passed since all our income was cut off, I swear to Almighty God that I never asked for money from anyone, but worked proudly and did not eschew any job. On the other hand, look at the inflation.

Dear sir, history shows that it has always been God's will to water the tree of religion with the blood of its martyrs and with the sacrifice, selflessness and steadfastness of its followers. We therefore abide by the will of God and it is Him who tests us—me, you and humanity—by our deeds; our greatest and most perfect reward will be in the next world, which is eternal and everlasting.

Respectfully,

[Signature]

Pari Vahdat-i-Hagh

27 Esfand 1378 [17 March 2000]

Enclosed are five pages

[Handwritten English note at the bottom of the page]

Pari Wahdatehagh [Vahdat-i-Hagh] [redacted] Deutschland

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Tel +Fax [redacted]