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QUESTION OF THE VIOLATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS AND FUNDAMENTAL FREEDOMS
IN ANY PART OF THE WORLD, WITH PARTICULAR REFERENCE TO COLONIAL
AND OTHER DEPENDENT COUNTRIES AND TERRITORIES

Letter dated 9 March 1981 from the Permanent Mission of
the Syrian Arab Republic addressed to the Chairman of
the Commission on Human Rights

Addendum

Article published in the Syrian newspaper Tichrine on 21 November 1980 */

IN AN IMPORTANT TELEVISION INTERVIEW ZIYAD SALKA REVEALS THE EXTENT OF THE INVOLVEMENT OF THE JORDANIAN GOVERNMENT AND LEADING JORDANIAN PERSONALITIES IN THE CRIMES OF THE BROTHERHOOD GANG AND IN THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST STEADFAST SYRIA AND ITS NATIONAL UNITY. HUSSEIN AND HASSAN RECEIVE AL-ATTAR AND TLEMSANI. BADRAN PERSONALLY SUPERVISES THE TRAINING. AL-BAKRI IN AMMAN AND ZEID HAIDAR IN BAGHDAD ORGANIZE THE ACTS OF SABOTAGE AND MURDER AND PAY THE AGENTS.

Syrian Arab Television interviewed a Syrian Arab national who recently returned home after having left the country in 1964.

"My name is Muhammad Ziyad Salka and I was born in 1934 in the district of Shaghour in Damascus. I left Syria in 1964 after the failure of the 18 July Movement since I was afraid of being prosecuted together with the other Nasserites. Although I had not taken part in any conspiracy and was not connected with the latter, I was afraid of being prosecuted. Consequently, I fled to Iraq in the mistaken belief that I would be respected there. I was imprisoned in Mosul and then taken in handcuffs by train to Baghdad. After a period of investigation, they decided to accept us as political refugees and to pay us a daily allowance of 700 fils, i.e. 7 Syrian lira, plus accommodation in tenth grade hotels.

*/ Translator's note: The Arabic text is mostly in the vernacular.

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This was a very distressing period for me. It was also a shock since I was keenly interested in politics and had the impression that Iraq was promoting Arab unity or something of that sort. However, I was surprised that the refugees were receiving 700 fils for which they were being chased morning and evening for signatures. Consequently, the situation was not conducive to peace of mind. Nevertheless, I attempted to adapt myself to circumstances and found employment with the Al Manar newspaper. The work was not to my liking and the pay was not very high. I spent about one year in Iraq, after which I wanted to leave and return to Syria but I did not have much money for the trip and the Iraqi Government did not allow me to return. I tried, without success, to make contact.

The Iraqi intelligence services found out about my attempts to return to Syria and they allowed me, together with a large number of other Syrians, to submit applications to travel anywhere except to Syria. I submitted applications for a number of countries but received a promising reply only from Jordan. When I went to Jordan I was fairly well received although, as in any other country, incoming political refugees are always screened by the intelligence departments.

While being questioned in the intelligence departments, I was surprised to see a person whom I had previously known as a student in Syria. This person was Mudar Badran, the current Prime Minister of Jordan. I was surprised to find that he was occupying the post of Deputy Director-General of the Intelligence Service. He recognized me, welcomed me, and was most helpful. He kept in constant touch with me until I left Jordan.

While being processed, I learnt that anyone applying for political asylum in Jordan must work in a Government department since Jordan does not have sufficient material resources to support political refugees. They offered me a job in the Ministry of Information, where I worked for about six months. The work was difficult and I found it hard to get along with those people whose way of thinking and attitude to hard work were different to mine.

After a while, I clashed with one of the people in charge and went back to the Intelligence Service where I remained until the beginning of 1967, when I was sent for by the Director of the Service who officially requested me to work in an information department since they were going to make arrangements for a radio programme directed against Syria.

In effect, as I was a political refugee, I had no choice but to do as I was told, even though it went against my principles. I was assigned to the Publications Department where I worked with Selim Hatoum and his group on the programme called "Defenders of the Homeland" against Syria, against Egypt and against all the progressive Arab States.

In actual fact, the programme did not last for very long. There was more than one Syrian working on it.

Selim Hatoum used to act in an arbitrary manner, cancelling any part of the programme that he wished. We were subjected to all sorts of interference and were treated like soldiers.

After a while, thank God, the King ordered the cessation of the information campaigns against all the Arab States. After his reconciliation with Abdul Nasser, the King returned from Egypt accompanied by Ahmad Shuqairi as an indication of Jordan's new orientation. Twenty days later, the catastrophic June war broke out and they gave us to understand that we were persona non grata, and would have to fend for ourselves and return to our country as they could no longer afford to pay our salaries.

During the battle, Selim Hatoum and his group returned to Syria where they were arrested. I regretted having worked with him even though I had been forced to do so. Realizing that this collaboration would be my downfall if I ever returned to Syria, I preferred to stay on for a while. I tried to work in various places but just did not fit in. Things were difficult after the execution of Selim Hatoum and it became impossible for me to return to Syria since I would meet the same fate. I worked for some Syrian merchants for a period during which I published a number of books by King Hussein and King Faisal. I remained in this job until 1968.

During this period, I was in constant contact with Mudar Badran whom I had known since he was a student at the Syrian University. He treated me as a guest in his country and occasionally invited me to his house or to accompany him to his village near Jarash.

I was on very good terms with him. In 1968 the organizations began to create a lot of problems and there was a clash between the Government and the organizations. Mudar Badran was Director of the Intelligence Service at that time. He often said that he would find a job for me and he knew that he would be transferred to the Royal Cabinet as an adviser to the King. After a while he contacted me to inform me that it had been decided that I would work for the Cabinet. In effect, he did introduce me to the head of the Press Section there and, for a while, I worked with them monitoring Arabic newspapers and recording their comments on the royal family, Jordan and public policy, which were submitted to the King in the form of a report. I held this job for a while at an excellent salary. During this period there was an aggravation of the problems between the organizations and the Jordanian Government and the situation got worse day by day. At this time they were intending to change the protocol within the Royal Cabinet and delegations were sent abroad to study protocol systems in royal palaces. They sometimes used me in the Press Section to handle the credentials of ambassadors and guests. They suggested that I should be transferred from the Press Section to the Protocol Section and this operation required a certain amount of protocol study. After completing the requisite studies I was sent to Japan for six weeks. Afterwards I returned to work in the Royal Cabinet. The situation was bad, and even the King himself was unable to enter the Palace which the Popular Front was bombarding with rockets. It was impossible to work during this period. The King then transferred the royal household to Al Homar, and since we were of course not part of this inner circle we remained where we were, receiving our salaries without working.

During this period of 1970 I experienced a personal tragedy when my house was hit by a rocket. I was not at home at the time and when I returned I found that my wife, our two-and-a-half year old child and a young maid had been killed by the rocket. I was extremely distressed and was unable to work.

At the end of 1970, President Hafez Al Assad led the Correctional Movement and I felt that there was a possibility for me to return to my country. I submitted an application to the Syrian Embassy explaining my position and expressing regret and repentance. The Chargé d'Affaires promised that he would forward the application to Syria. In effect, during this period I was in contact with Mudar Badran, whom I used to visit frequently. He asked me to work for the Jordanian newspaper Al-Rai. I worked there for about one month. One day, when I was walking with Mudar Badran on his farm, I found his two brothers arguing with an agricultural labourer. I intervened in the matter, asked what had happened and was told that the land, covering 140 dunums, was not as productive as it should be. It was a very large plot of land containing a citrus grove. I asked him if I could work on the farm since that would be better than remaining in Amman where life was becoming tedious for me. I succeeded in making arrangements with him to take over the farm at a nominal rent. I subsequently requested an official interview, after which I was released from my duties in the Cabinet. I began working full-time on the farm where I tried to grow flowers. This had been my hobby while I was working in the Royal Cabinet and I had obtained several very beautiful specimens during my visit to Japan. Flowers are a splendid pastime, especially for someone who has tragically lost his wife and son and needs something to occupy his mind. That is to say, I needed something to talk to that would not talk back. I used to handle the flowers and arrange them in the manner that pleased me most. The flower business was good and commercially profitable. Matters in town were in a sorry state and you could acquire any shop for a paltry amount of money since people were abandoning their businesses and leaving for the Gulf. I acquired a very large shop in Jebel Amman where I specialized in the sale of flowers and those things that they used to bring to the Royal Cabinet from Holland packed in cartons containing natural flower arrangements, etc. An English lady used to be employed specially to arrange the flowers for the dining table, coffee tables and corner stands. This sort of thing became a bit of a hobby for me and I felt that I had a real vocation for the business. After establishing the business, I informed the Cabinet that I was able to provide them with services. They stopped importing from Holland and began to buy from me. Business was really booming and my shop became one of the most famous in Amman. My business was 100 per cent pure commerce.

After two or three months I received a reply through the Chargé d'Affaires to the effect that my status was okay as far as the Syrians were concerned and I need have no fear of returning to Syria. I told him that I had bought some land and that, at any rate, there was no harm in my staying here. He said that, on the contrary, if this was my home then my home was going up in flames. However, I thought that I had made a new start in a new and profitable business after which I could return to my country. On this basis I engaged in the flower trade in Jordan. Naturally, at this time there was a large number of Syrians there. If the Government paid them any salaries at all only small amounts were involved - perhaps 20 dinars, although the rent of a house was 40 dinars. In short, only symbolic amounts were paid. I tried to help whenever I could. My closest acquaintance at that time was Abdul Wahhab Al-Bakri with whom I had previously studied here at the Ibn Khaldoun secondary school. I had known him for a long time. He was there with his family. He had gone as a political refugee with a group known as the Group of Dr. Maaruf Al-Dawalibi and had been received there as

a political refugee. They gave him a salary of 100 dinars, although the rent of his house was 45 dinars and he had six children. He had a hard time meeting all his expenses. He used to tell me his troubles, I used to tell him mine and we always tried to help each other. Whenever I felt able to help him I used to do so. In this way, I had very good relations with many Syrians. In the period from 1973 to 1979 my work was 100 per cent commercial, although I did maintain very close links with the Syrian Embassy. Every year on 17 April we used to take flowers to decorate the square, the Professional Club or the Hilton Hotel where they held the celebrations. On 8 March we used to do the same thing. My name was included on the list of persons to be invited to the Embassy, with whose staff I maintained excellent relations. The Jordanian Government used to ask me why I had such good relations with my country. Since giving up my political work I had in no way been involved in politics. I continued my commercial activities until 1979. At the beginning of that year I noticed that Abdul Wahhab seemed to be more prosperous and that things had changed. When I asked him about his new furniture he claimed that he had brought it from his house in Syria but when I was in Syria 10 years ago he had nothing like that. Certainly not those Italian styles which were obviously new, as was the bedroom suite. He claimed that they had bought it with money which his wife Umm Bashar had received from her brother in Kuwait. So he said. At any rate, in Syria he was always trying to get his furniture reupholstered. I often used to visit him at his house where we would spend the evening together. Whenever guests came knocking at his door, his son or daughter would let them in but he would never bring them into the parlour in which we were sitting. He always used to sit with them in the garden outside. Because of the strange visitors I used to see and the improvement in his material circumstances, I thought that they were engaged in smuggling, possibly hashish or whisky to Saudi Arabia. At any rate, I thought that he might have been engaged in that sort of activity. We all have to earn a living somehow or other. The best of luck to him. It never occurred to him that he might have been involved in a different business, at least not until the end of 1979 or thereabouts, when I began to have trouble with a blood clot and the doctors advised me to rest. I left the hospital and decided to convalesce at Jarash on the farm. I remained there for two or three weeks. During that period Mudar Badran resigned as Prime Minister. He also came to the farm for a period of convalescence and we used to pass the time playing backgammon and chess and smoking the water-pipe. When I asked him about things he said he was very pessimistic about the situation in the town and also in Jordan as a whole. Sharif Abdul Hamid was a newcomer and was acting in a rather high-handed manner. He did not talk much about such things. For my part, I was not really concerned with such matters and was interested only in making a go of my own business.

I don't know what made him do it, but, after we had spent a restful period there, he took me in his car, leaving his driver behind, and headed out along the road to Ajlun through the forests and hills. I thought that he just wanted us to have a breath of fresh air. He was talking about things in general and did not touch on political matters or anything of that sort.

We arrived at the entrance to a camp, that is to say we reached a point where the road, leading into a camp, was barred by a wooden gate. As soon as the guard saw us, he raised the wooden barrier and saluted. This indicated that, although he was no longer Prime Minister, he often used to come to this area.

We drove for quite a long distance inside the camp which was situated on top of a hill. After crossing to the other side of the hill, we reached a flat area where a black Mercedes car could be seen. There were also two people on a motor bike hiding a machine gun between them. The pillion rider was holding on to the driver so that the machine gun could not be seen. They were racing after the car and when the motor bike approached the car it maintained the same speed as the car so that the pillion rider could pull out the weapon and aim it at the rear of the car. It was quite an eye-catching sight and, although I was tempted to ask what it was all about, I didn't. He held a general conversation with two of the people there but I had no idea what they were talking about. I did notice that there were about 30 of them, all in the same age group 16-25. We stayed with them for a while. He acted as though he had a pain in his back, his hand and various other places. We did not stay too long and came back in the car on the Irbid road which is longer.

Naturally, while we were in the camp he did not say a word. While we were there I noticed that there were no tanks, artillery or anything of that nature. After we had left the camp he asked me if I would like to return on the Irbid road. Since that road is longer, I assumed that he wanted to take the opportunity to talk. He began to talk about things such as these Syrian members of the Moslem Brotherhood. I expressed surprise that Syria would send people such as those for training in Jordan. He replied that they were not sent by the Syrian Government but were members of the Moslem Brotherhood. I asked him how they could be from the Moslem Brotherhood when he was the prime advocate of rapprochement with Syria, since he himself had been educated in Damascus and had endeavoured to achieve a kind of unity between the two countries. He gave me some justifications which, although they might have been valid for the Jordanian Government and for him as a Jordanian, did not convince me. He said that, from the point of view of Jordanian general policy, the Syrian socialist system was too radical and Jordan could not follow that path. I did not take this conversation too seriously although, in his case, he had an ulterior motive for talking that way. He asked me if I would like to work with the group. I asked what group he was talking about. He then told me that Abdul Wahhab Al-Bakri was working with some Syrians and that I could collaborate with them since I had a large family which would be able to train people and enrol recruits. I told him that, unfortunately, my brother Faiz was working in the film industry and was far removed from that sort of thing, as was my second older brother. We had no inclination to engage in that sort of business, nor did we have any contact with those people. No members of our family could be described as activists.

I told him that Abdul Wahhab Al-Bakri had very little to do with religious matters. His wife went unveiled and his entire family were members of the Al-Hussein swimming club at the Sports City in Amman. Any guest who came to his house was offered whisky. That is to say, he was not a very religious man. When I asked whether Abdul Wahhab was really engaged in religious matters, he said that those matters were not really religious since their objective was to change conditions in Syria with regard to religious affairs. I just listened to him since I was unable to argue or contradict him. We bought some things on the road and returned to the farm. He did not raise the subject again.

When I returned to Amman from Jarash, Abdul Wahhab Al-Bakri and his family visited us more than once at the farm. After my return to Amman, he used to bring his wife, his daughters and the rest of his family to see me every day at the shop,

and they used to invite me to dinner. I was on excellent terms with him during this period and wanted to know what was really happening. I approached the subject by asking him about his furniture. He said that they had bought it in Syria a long time ago. I remarked that, since the furniture consisted of new Italian styles, maybe there was more to it than met the eye. He laughed and said that it was only a question of some new modifications. I then told him, quite frankly, that Mudar Badran had informed me that he was working with the Moslem Brotherhood and had asked me to collaborate with him. Although I had no intention of accepting that offer, I would be interested to know what he was doing. He said that trouble in the streets and the death of garbage collectors embarrassed the Syrian authorities. Explosives were placed in garbage cans in order to keep the authorities busy on the telephone and to give the security services a headache. When I asked him about the purpose of all this, he said that their objective was to bring down the régime. I asked him who would take over if the régime fell. He said that there were people ready to do so. I was surprised when he told me that he was in contact with Iraqi officials, Amin Al-Hafez and others. I knew him to be a member of Maaruf Al-Dawalibi's group which, as a pro-Saudi group, was pursuing a totally different policy. Hence, I was surprised at his links with Iraq. He asked me whether I knew Zeid Haidar. I said that I did not. He said that he had been with us at the Ibn Khaldoun secondary school. I replied that, as the Ibn Khaldoun secondary school had 1,700 students and he had not been in our class, I did not know him. He might have been in a higher class. At any rate, he told me that he was a member of the national or country leadership, and was at present a refugee in Iraq. He also said that Zeid Haidar was co-operating with him from Iraq. When I asked why we should co-operate with him, he said it was because they were giving us arms and money for the purpose of engaging in acts of sabotage.

Question: Who gave you the arms and money? Was it the Iraqi Government?

Answer: Yes, the Iraqi Government gives us arms and money. Amin Al-Hafez has neither arms nor money. Hence, there are people behind Amin Al-Hafez. Who could these people be? The Iraqi Government, of course.

I asked how the Iraqi Government could give them money to commit such acts in the name of the Moslem Brotherhood. He said it was because the Moslem Brotherhood was allegedly a religious group and, as such, attracted religious support. A religious affiliation was a better expedient than to be known as a Ba'athist dissident or something of that nature. I was astonished at what he had told me. I said that that sort of thing must cost a lot of money since the United States intelligence services pay millions to bring about the downfall of certain régimes. He replied that they also had millions, 10 million Iraqi dinars in fact, at their disposal under the signature of Zeid Haidar, which could be paid by the bank at any time. He offered to take me to his office to show me the bank receipt for the money which had been deposited in the Arab Bank. Since he was prepared to back up his words with that sort of proof, I knew that he was not lying. Had I asked him to show me the cheque book, he would have shown it to me. I asked him how they paid the people. If they found an unemployed person who wanted to work, what would they pay him? He said that there was no fixed amount, so they could not tell someone that he would be paid 100 Syrian lira or 1,000 Syrian lira and that he should go and collect the money from the person

responsible. They had people scattered throughout Syria and there was a person in charge of finances within the country. Any member who needed something only had to ask for it. I asked him how he could be sure that members would not draw money and do nothing in return. He said that, of course, they did not give to everyone. On principle, once they had begun the work and made a name for themselves, they could take what they want.

Their so-called reputation for piety and faith was all a front. I was astonished at what he was telling me and continued walking with him in order to learn more. He told me of several incidents, in one of which they had killed a certain doctor. I asked him what the doctor had done to merit such a fate since he could have treated his sick mother, my sick sister or anyone else for that matter. His death would hardly bring down the régime. I asked him how the death of a garbage collector, for example, could embarrass the authorities. A day might come when there would not be any garbage collectors left. What was the point of all that? Why did they not concentrate on specific targets? He said that they did not have an order of priority but they did have a sort of organization. They had divided Syria into three zones, and the members working in each zone acted more or less as they wished, the entire group being a State within a State. I asked him who they were. He said Shaikh Zuhair Al-Shawish and Shaikh Ibrahim Zeid Al-Kilani.

Ibrahim Zeid Al-Kilani is a Jordanian and the brother of Muhammad Rasoul Al-Kilani, former Director of the Jordanian Intelligence Service. This person is the Dean of the College of Islamic Law and I can not imagine him engaging in this type of activity or concerning himself with such matters. Also, he does not travel to Syria. Perhaps he was just organizing support and was in charge of that aspect. He said that they were providing him with assistance through a Syrian youth called Abu Al-Haw, from his name Hawa, who was running the show. They had designated Shaikh Ibrahim as the person responsible in matters involving lack of loyalty. I understood from him that they had divided Syria into three zones, the northern zone being under Shaikh Zuhair Al-Shawish who, of course, travelled to Saudi Arabia and Turkey and supervised the work of his group. The central zone of Syria, from Lattakia to the Iraqi border, was under Abdul Wahhab Al-Bakri. The southern zone was under Shaikh Ibrahim Zeid. Sayyid Hawa was, of course, Said Hawa and Shaikh Ibrahim Zeid was Abdul Wahhab Al-Bakri himself who was enriching himself in that manner. He asked me whether I would be able to engage in such work. I replied that it was absolutely out of the question since we were two brothers, each of whom had a son with children at university.

I asked him what their objective was. He said that they wanted any kind of volunteers. They were recruiting people who were either unemployed, draft dodgers or criminals on the run. All they had to do was to come or to say where they could be found and, immediately on arrival, they were given Jordanian passports and forged identity cards under assumed names. They were also given forged Syrian identity cards. In short, they had substantial resources at their command. I tried to get more information out of him and began to feel that he was even more deeply involved with the shaikhs. At the beginning of 1980 he had a meeting almost every day with the Mufti of Amman and with Shaikh Asaad Bayoud Al-Tamimi and various other shaikhs. Those shaikhs were Jordanians and it appeared that they were planning to organize themselves even in Jordan. Of course, the Government

was supporting them. I can confirm to you that the Ministry of Religious Endowments, from the Minister down to the messenger, were backing the Moslem Brotherhood. In other words, they could do exactly what they wanted. The mosques and the religious schools were at their disposal. Whenever there was an incident involving a bomb explosion in Syria, whenever a member of the Moslem Brotherhood was killed during an assassination operation, they would set up a microphone at the headquarters of the Moslem Brotherhood in Salt Street and deliver a lecture glorifying their dead martyr, belittling the person he had killed and distorting the facts of the whole affair. The Government allowed them to do that sort of thing. I was so disturbed at what Abdul Wahhab Al-Bakri had told me that I was in two minds as to whether or not I should inform the Syrian authorities. After all, Syria was not far away. Abdul Wahhab Al-Bakri's wife often used to go by car to Syria and her brothers also used to come and go. In other words, they did have links with Syria and the whole affair could turn out to be rather serious. I thought that I really should establish some sort of contact with the Syrian authorities but that, first of all, I should collect more information. During that period, there was a young man called Taha working for me in the shop. Three or four years ago he had left Jordan and returned to Syria. He was of Palestinian origin and was working as an electrician, although he had initially been engaged in the flower trade. At the beginning of the year, I was surprised to see him back in Jordan and he asked me for a job in the shop.

I told him that I knew he had been working in the electrical contracting business for three years, that he had married in Syria and had children. I asked him why he had come back. He replied that the contracting business had not been successful and that he had had various problems. At any rate, he had not been happy living in Syria and bore a certain amount of malice towards the Syrian authorities which, he alleged, had not treated him well since they were discriminating against Palestinians. However, I knew only too well that the Palestinians were living a better life there than the Syrians themselves. Having given him a job, I noticed that he engaged in whispered conversations over the telephone and used to leave the shop for short periods of about 15 minutes. You just cannot do that sort of thing in a flower shop as there always has to be someone to answer the telephone in case a customer calls asking for a basket of flowers to be sent somewhere. An assistant in a flower shop cannot keep the telephone engaged or leave the shop for a single instant during business hours. I also noticed a black Mercedes car which I knew belonged to the Iraqi Embassy since it carried CD 2 registration plates. At first I thought that the young man might be engaged in some sort of immoral liaison. That was a natural assumption in the case of a young assistant working in a shop frequented by female Iraqi customers. As that sort of thing could damage the shop's reputation, as soon as he came back I demanded that he give me an explanation. He replied that the person in the car was Basil Taqa, the Iraqi Military Attaché in Amman, who was engaged in an affair concerning Syria. When I asked him exactly what he meant by that, he told me some sort of story to which, at first, I did not pay much attention.

I decided to wait and see if the car came again. Sure enough, two or three days later it returned and I went out to take a closer look. It was indeed Basil Taqa, the Iraqi Military Attaché who is currently the Chargé d'Affaires in Beirut. He was driving the car himself. My assistant got into the car beside him and they drove off. When he came back 10 minutes later I really had him on the

carpet. I told him that I wanted to know what there was between them. I told him of my suspicions regarding an immoral liaison and asked him if he was engaged in anything of that nature since it would be bad for my business. He replied that it was nothing like that. Some people had introduced him to the Attaché since he had just come from Syria and was resentful towards the régime. It seems that he had mentioned this to the owner of the house that he was renting and who happened to work in the Iraqi Embassy. They talked with him, brought him to the house and said that they would give the young man money and compensate him for all his losses in Syria if he would help them to assassinate a prominent Syrian. I asked him what he knew about such things. He certainly did not have any experience of that type of work before he went back to Syria. He told me a story to the effect that there was a type of small plastic explosive that could be placed in a box and exploded by remote control from a distance of 1,000 metres. They were planning to assassinate H.E. Dr. Rifaat Al-Assad, Head of National Security, whom they regarded as too diligent in his job. He told me that they wanted to get a Suzuki car in which they would place crates of vegetables containing four or five explosive devices. They would then leave the car on the road leading to Dr. Rifaat Al-Assad's village after having jacked up the car and removed one of the rear wheels to give the impression that the tyre had been punctured. Even if someone searched through all the vegetables there was no chance of the explosives being found since there were no wires or timing mechanisms and they could subsequently be detonated even if the escort was suspicious. A similar incident had taken place in Beirut when Abu Ali Hassan Salama was killed. By this time I felt that I had some real information and tangible evidence. One day, after there had been heavy snowfalls, Abdul Wahhab Al-Bakri drove up with snow chains on his car and asked me to go with him for a drive to Salt. We went up to the farm of Muhammad Rasoul Al-Kilani. There was a guard at the gate carrying an ordinary rifle. Al-Bakri asked him where we could find Abu Al-Haw. He replied that they had gone down to the camp. Al-Bakri asked him whether the road to the camp was passable but the guard did not know. I asked what camp they were talking about and he said it was the Ira and Barakat camp in Salt. I remarked that that area was full of steep cliffs and that it was dangerous to drive there in the snow. On the way back, I asked him about the purpose of the trip. He replied that he wanted to see Abu Al-Haw. When I asked him who Abu Al-Haw was, he spoke very highly of him. In fact, he was full of praise for Said Hawa and his group of young men who were training at the camp. He said that any one of them could stand up to the fire of 100 guns. Abdul Wahhab Al-Bakri had a quaint way of expressing himself. At any rate, he told me that those people were being trained by an officer in the Jordanian Special Forces "Al Saiqa" called Mishaal Al-Bakhit. He said that they were receiving very thorough and vigorous training. After that, we returned to Amman. I also recall that every time he took me to the farm of Muhammad Rasoul Al-Kilani, I found that as soon as one group went off to be trained at the camp they were replaced by another group. I also recall another incident. He told me that he had once invited Prince Hassan to an area called Umm Al-Jimal at H 4 on the Al Uraiq road overlooking the Jebel Druze area behind Jebel Druze in Jordanian territory where one of those groups was being trained. There was also another incident. Once he asked me to drive him to Jarash. When we arrived at Jarash he said that we should continue on to Irbid. I thought that he wanted to go to the farm. When we arrived at Irbid he asked me to drive on to an area called Hawwara between Ramtha and Irbid where there was a mill. We met someone in the mill and all sat down for a while. The stranger greeted me and I was introduced to him

but I cannot exactly remember his name. After a while, Abdul Wahhab Al-Bakri reached into his pocket and produced a large quantity of new Jordanian 20 dinar notes which he gave to him. A receipt was written out and signed. As we were leaving, I asked him what it was all about and he said that the money was compensation for someone who had been killed while trying to assassinate the Governor of Hama. His name was Faisal Ghanama and he was a member of the group.

A series of incidents of this type indicated to me that he was, indeed, an activist, quite apart from the other background information that I had gathered. I then realized the extent of the activities of the Moslem Brotherhood in which Abdul Wahhab Al-Bakri and Mudar Badran were involved. I remembered the general background and the picture became clear to me. I recalled that, in 1978, there was a municipal council in Irbid headed by the retired Brigadier Muhammad Ahmad Saleem. The council had been elected in a legal manner. For the first time in the history of Jordan, I was surprised to find one municipal council replacing another municipal council. Badr Al Mufi, a prominent leader of the Moslem Brotherhood, was appointed as mayor. It was most unusual for a municipal council to be dissolved and replaced by another. After a while, they transferred the Governor of Irbid and brought in Atwa Khalaf Daoudiya, another prominent member of the Moslem Brotherhood in the southern region. They brought him from his home in the south, 300 kilometres away. New municipal elections were held. They brought Dr. Abdul Razzaq Tuwaishat, head of the Moslem Brotherhood organization in Irbid, and a list of 12 members of the Moslem Brotherhood. They entered the elections against Muhammad Ahmad Saleem who put forward a list of his own candidates. Three months previously he had won by a large majority of votes, but this time he did not even get 20 votes.

There must have been some sort of fraud to secure the election of Tuwaishat and his list of candidates from the Moslem Brotherhood. The election was followed by some very strange changes in the Governorate of Irbid. The Director of Education, the Director of Public Works, the Director of Health, in fact every department head, was a member of the Moslem Brotherhood. In view of these incidents, it is quite easy to put two and two together. The closest region to Syria had become like a private State run by the Moslem Brotherhood. There were all the incidents and activities that I had witnessed. There was also the fact that Abdul Wahhab had confirmed that 10 million dinars had been given to them by the Iraqi régime of Saddam Hussain for the purpose of causing trouble in Syria. The Jordanian Government was also supporting them and Mudar Badran was supervising their training. At all events, as a Syrian, it was my duty to contact the authorities in my country. Everyone must do his duty.

While I was working for the Royal Cabinet I recall that it was customary for the King to go to the airport only to receive another king or head of state. The same was true of Crown Prince Hassan. Then Essam Al-Attar arrived. He had been a member of parliament during a period of unstable administration in Syria. He was not arriving as a head of state or even as a minister. He was coming from Germany on a secret visit to Jordan. Yet he was received at the airport by Prince Hassan and baskets of roses from Prince Hassan and Princess Sarwat were sent to him at the house of his nephew Maan Abu Nuwar who was the Jordanian Minister of Tourism. This signified that there was a close link between the leadership of the Brotherhood and the Jordanian monarchy, i.e. the King and his brother Prince Hassan. It could also be said that Essam Al-Attar had a personal relationship with his nephew who was a Jordanian minister.

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When Omar Tlemsani came from Africa he was received at the airport by Prince Hassan and some of the highest officials in the Government, such as Bahjat Talhouni. They reserved a private wing for him in the Jordan Hotel - an entire wing containing about 22 rooms. The wing normally reserved for royalty. He was closely guarded by two or three people. All of this, together with the baskets of flowers, led me to believe that there was a huge conspiracy. It was a well-known fact that the Syrian authorities were trying to help Jordan by entering into a partnership and establishing a free common market. In spite of Syria's good intentions and endeavours to achieve unity, the other side were making different and more far-reaching plans. Possibly not all of the Brotherhood knew what was happening. At all events, as a Syrian, it was my duty to tell the authorities what I had observed. During a private business visit to Beirut, I contacted the security authorities, told them who I was and said that I had information for them if they would like to send for me. At their invitation I returned to my country and gave them what information I had. I do not know whether it will be useful or not. The important thing is that I have done my duty.
