

Diary excerpt...

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I asked my dear friend, Bashir Ahmad from Afghanistan to write down for me a beautiful poem from one of his favorite poets (possibly Hafez):

*"When I saw her hair on my shoulder
I felt that my normally sensible heart was going crazy
When she looked at me with a smile
I saw my hands on her shoulders
When I pressed my lips on hers
I saw that she was going crazy too
I saw taverns in her eyes
And I saw the waitress and the glasses...
... This is the way to stay young and happy—dreaming parties.
But all I said here was just a dream."*

Feb. 20, 1980

As usual I woke up early this morning. I am sick and tired of the monotonous life in the hospital. But having hope one day to go back to dear Iran, and pay a bit of my duty to my country keeps me alive.

There was not much to do till 10:30. One of the nurses called, "Bijan, telephone for you." I didn't expect a phone call at this time of day. I thought that the caller might be my lawyer or that German family which has been struggling so hard to get me set free.

It was Mr. Griggs. I was surprised, since my attorney had been Mr. Holthaus, and it was supposed that if the case went to court, then Mr. Griggs would be my lawyer. Anyway Mr. Griggs is a black man, who cooperated relatively well with me this first two weeks after I was arrested. Mr. Griggs immediately told me, "Bijan, you're supposed to go on trial." I wasn't surprised because I knew that they would do it sooner or later. This was the only way left for them to keep me here, since I had fulfilled all their demands with the cooperation of the consulate of the Islamic Republic of Iran in Chicago, the Iranian Embassy in Washington, D.C., and the Ministry of Foreign Offices in Iran, and otherwise they would have had to send me back to Iran. The only way left

for them to keep me here would be to put me on trial. Mr. Griggs told me that my court proceedings had been arranged for this afternoon. I got ready very quickly.

It was as if my sixth sense was telling me that the American pigs were coming to handcuff me. At the same time I got a phone call from Pennsylvania. Then I washed my hair and I was called, "Bijan you'd better hurry up. They have come for you." I saw two pigs waiting for me in the hall. I was told to pick up my stuff because I wouldn't be coming back here and I would be taken to jail. So I got ready immediately. A nurse helped me. I picked up everything within two or three minutes. I wanted to comb my hair but one of those pigs told me, "Since no one will see you in the jail you don't need to comb."

They handcuffed my hands behind me and took me to the jail. While I was in the back of the car, which was separated from the front seat with a screen, I could hear the two agents (cops) chatting together. When we arrived at the prison they put me against the wall with my hands touching the wall and inspected me. Then after asking me some questions they took me to a small room, and a few minutes later they put me in a cell. And in this way I became incarcerated. This dark cell had a light even weaker than a sleeping light. There was also a toilet in that cell. I was there for about 20 minutes when someone came and told me to go with him. They took me for finger printing of five pages of both hands and also each finger separately. Then they put a number on my chest and took two pictures, one from the front and the other from the side. They took me back to the cell. Ten minutes later they took me back to the previous room again. There, I saw a skinny man with a wicked face who told me he was a lawyer.

I said, "I have my own attorney." He told me back, "Don't talk to anyone except me and your lawyer." I was returned to the cell. Fifteen minutes later the agent (man in charge) opened the cell's door, and took me to a room. This room was separated from another room with a glass. A lady sitting in the next room pointed and indicated to me to pick up an earphone. She asked me several

questions and wrote the answers down on paper. Then she left. Meanwhile three big (hulking) young men were brought into the room. They were talking loudly and laughing grotesquely. I sat in a corner of the room. One of them asked me, "Hey man, what's your charge?" I said, "I don't know." Anyway three minutes later I was brought back to the cell again. I was there for a while until the man in charge came again and took me with him, this time, in order to go to court. They handcuffed me with two other Americans. Also, two other prisoners were handcuffed together. Four ladies, also prisoners, joined us in the hall, and the boys told me that they were prostitutes. We were taken upstairs with an elevator, and then put into a car. On the way the girls were laughing, using profanity and joking with the agents (police). They took the girls with them and left me and the two Americans in a room with other prisoners until they wanted us.

We were waiting there for a while until an agent came and took one of the two men. Not too much later he came back and took me to the court. The man in charge had made a mistake and it wasn't my turn yet. I was taken back to the room and the American boys were taken. I was alone until the man in charge came and took me to an area called the court. I asked, "Where is my attorney?" The skinny man I talked to earlier this morning introduced himself as my attorney and said, "Your lawyer cannot come this morning. I will represent you instead of him." He knew nothing about the report, the charges, or my case.

The judge was sitting there and seemed to be leaning back proudly.

When they read him the case the judge ordered that I be held under a \$25,000 bond, of which I should have to pay 10 percent, which makes \$2,500 to be released. One of the men standing next to me pointed to the judge and the judge and all those around him and the attorney went away to a room except for a man at the end of the hall sitting on a chair. My lawyer told me to wait until he gets back.

When they left for negotiation they took me to the waiting room. It took but two minutes before they came after me and I went in front of the judge, and he said that the bond is \$50,000 and they agreed to put me in jail but the judge said that I could go to the hospital if I wanted to, until Tuesday, Feb. 26 when I return.

Anyway, hospital was better than prison, so I chose the hospital.

Official : Postage rate raise would hurt UNL

The possible five-cent increase for first class mailing rates recently requested by the U.S. Postal Service would tremendously raise costs for university institutions, according to Dick Schenaman, manager of the UNL Postal Service.

The increase, which would raise the price of mailing a first-class letter from the present 15 cents to 20 cents, would cost the UNL Postal Service roughly \$30,000 in the coming year, Schenaman said.

"About a half million is spent from the postal budget each year, but the increase would be substantial," he said.

Questioned as to probable means of handling the increase, Schenaman said that the Postal Service might ask for an increase in its budget or mail more third-class letters.

"Maybe we will just have to start mailing letters sooner," he said. "No one will know definitely until the Legislature meets again."

The original request for the increase was blamed on inflation, and Postmaster General William F. Bolger said the Postal Service will need new revenue by next February or March because of rapidly raising labor and energy costs.

Before approval, the rate request must be reviewed by the Postal Rate Commission and the Postal Service board. The new rates would take effect early next year.

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