

**HUMILIATION AND TORTURE
OF THE COLD WAR'S
LAST PRISONERS:
THE GRENADA 17,
BY U.S. AND CARIBBEAN FORCES
DURING ITS INVASION AND
OCCUPATION
OF GRENADA IN 1983**

**Extracts From The Court Record
And Statements To Police Investigator:**

**Hudson Austin
Dave Bartholomew
Callistus Bernard
Bernard Coard
Phyllis Coard
Leon Cornwall
Liam James
Ewart Layne
Colville McBarnette
Cecil Prime
Lester Redhead
Selwyn Strachan
Christopher Stroude
John Anthony Ventour**

A POLICY OF HUMILIATION AND TORTURE

Today's news is full of reports of the torture and humiliation of prisoners at Guantanamo, in Afghanistan, and in Iraq. Official spokespersons – and even many in the supposedly 'independent', 'objective' and 'free' media – have sought to portray the testimonies of detainees released from Guantanamo, and the photos from Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq, as 'isolated', 'one-off' events by 'rogue' US and Allied troops.

It is in this context that it may be helpful to remind the world's public that two thousand eight hundred (2,800) Grenadians, out of a total adult population of 60,000, were kept as Prisoners of War during the Invasion and Occupation of that country in 1983 –1985. It is important to recall how the top political and military leaders of that country were treated by US and Allied troops when they were captured, while they were kept at the Concentration Camp (called a POW camp by the US Military) at Point Salines, on two US warships offshore, and at Fort George and at Richmond Hill Prison, in Grenada.

You will read of detentions in 'sweat boxes' designed so that the POW's had to crawl on hands, knees and stomach to get in and out; the setting of guard dogs halfway into the 'sweatboxes' to terrorise the POW's; the forcing of the lone female POW to strip naked in front of non-medical personnel on a US Warship, supposedly for a medical examination - something that was not done to the male POW's on that ship; the placing of black plastic bags over the heads of the three most senior military leaders of Grenada; the forcing of the former Deputy Prime Minister of Grenada to lie face down in oil, an ant nest and animal dung; the verbal abuse; the sleep deprivation; the tying of towels around the necks of senior Grenadian military officers and lifting them off the ground in this manner until they lost consciousness; the beatings; the threat of the use of electricity during the torture sessions to obtain 'confessions'; the threats to shoot POW's and cover it up as attempts to escape. The humiliation, the disrespect, the racism, the fear of not knowing what was going to happen from one moment to another.

US government and military spokespersons continue to offer as an explanation for the humiliation and torture of Iraqi detainees the excuse that only 'rogue elements' are involved in this activity. According to *The Guardian Weekly*, (London, March 18-24, 2004, page 9) "A Pentagon

spokeswoman described the allegations as 'simply lies', while the Secretary of State, Colin Powell, said he believed the US treated detainees 'in a very, very humanitarian way'. He said: 'Because we are Americans, we don't abuse people in our care.' ” The International Committee of the Red Cross, however, has gone public and stated that these abuses in Iraq were and are widespread and systematic, and they had warned senior US government officials about this situation on numerous occasions starting as far back as one year ago. The *Guardian Weekly* also revealed that, with respect to three of the five British citizens recently released from the US Guantanamo concentration camp , Messrs Asif Iqbal, Rhuhel Ahmed, and Shafiq Rasul, “after three months in solitary confinement they admitted attending a meeting between Osama Bin Laden and Mohamed Ata, the leader of the September 11th hijackers – despite having been in Britain at the time. The US military believed their alibis only when MI5 proved that the men could not have been present.” So much for the assertions that no mistreatment or torture of prisoners are taking place in Guantanamo.

We leave it to the reader to decide whether the Grenada experience, occurring 21 years ago, reveals US conduct in Iraq, Afghanistan and Guantanamo to be a part of a longstanding pattern of humiliation, physical abuse and torture in dealing with the leaders and ordinary citizens of the many countries they invade and occupy, or the 'one-off' conduct of a few 'bad apples' who are tarnishing the image of the US military and government.

21 years later, the Grenada¹⁷, victims of physical and psychological torture, are still in prison.

These statements were drafted in the form of affidavits approximately two years ago with a view to pursuing further legal action by way of Constitutional Motion on the part of the Grenada 17. They were first given to police Inspector Evan John of Dominica within days of the tortures, when he was appointed to investigate the spate of tortures which took place in early and mid November 1983. The same detailed information about the tortures is to be found in Volume 1 Parts Two and Three , and Volume 2, Parts 1 to 21, of the Court Record of their Kangaroo Trial in March – December, 1986 (Case No.19 of 1984). The moment Inspector John began his investigations (at the behest of the Jamaica Defence Force, JDF, Colonel in charge of the Caribbean Forces), the torturers named in the statements hurriedly left Grenada to return to Barbados and Antigua with the connivance of US forces, who were in overall command. Three months later, in mid February 1984, this torture squad to which US military and intelligence officials had ‘subcontracted’ the job of torturing Grenadian political and military leaders [The US would release POW’s from the Point Salines POW camp to be tortured by this squad and then returned to the camp; See extracts of Callistus Bernard and Lester Redhead] returned to resume their ‘work’. This time, the JDF Colonel had strict instructions from the US military not to interfere [see statement of Bernard Coard below, re his wife’s torture], and not to pursue the investigations of the tortures. Inspector John was shipped back to Dominica, and that was the end of the torture investigation.

This document, for reasons of space, does not cover those aspects of the Grenada 17’s affidavits detailing the humiliations, beatings and psychological tortures inflicted on them, which lasted for 7 ½ years from the time of the initial US invasion until June 1991 [a newly elected government in Grenada put a stop to these]. These longlasting atrocities took place under the direct management and instigation of a Barbadian member of the US led invasion force whom they installed as the Commissioner of Richmond Hill Prisons. That the US authorities both at the Embassy in Grenada and back in Washington DC knew what was being done to the Grenada 17 prisoners at Richmond Hill Prisons is revealed in secret US (now declassified) documents; copies of which can be obtained via the Committee for Human Rights in Grenada (CHRG), General Secretary, Alan Scott, c/o 101 Regal Way, Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex HA3 0SG, England.

AFFIDAVIT OF HUDSON AUSTIN

I, HUDSON AUSTIN, prisoner at the Richmond Hill Prison in Grenada, being duly sworn, make oath and say as follows:

1. I am the Applicant herein, and make this affidavit from facts within my knowledge save where stated to be on information and belief in which case I verily believe the same to be true.
2. I am a sixty-three year old Grenadian. I have been incarcerated at the said Richmond Hill Prisons since November 6th 1983. I was originally incarcerated at the Richmond Hill Prisons with the status of a prisoner-of-war. Prior to being incarcerated at the Richmond Hill Prisons I was a prisoner-of-war on the American military ship.
3. On October 30th 1983 around 3:00 p.m., I was captured in the area of Westerhall in the parish of St David's along with two of my co- applicants. **Upon being captured I was made to lie down on the ground with guns pointed at my head. I was handcuffed and chained up. I was led away on a walk of approximately 400 meters to a nearby beach where a helicopter was waiting. During the walk I was constantly taunted by US soldiers. They referred to me in a very hostile manner as 'commie, pig' and 'nigger'. Upon arrival at beach I was thrown on the ground and a plastic bag was forced over my head.** I was then loaded into a helicopter. In fact I was thrown in as if I was an item of cargo. The helicopter then proceeded to the airport at Point Salines.
4. **At Point Salines I was physically kicked out of the helicopter to the ground before the helicopter landed, then bodily lifted like a bit of cargo and thrown into another helicopter.** I was not told where I was being taken to but the helicopter headed out to sea. Eventually I was taken to a helicopter carrier, USS Saipan where I was questioned by U S officials (dressed in civilian clothing) about the amount of North Koreans, Vietnamese, East Germans, Libyans, Cubans and Guyanese soldiers and intelligence operatives in Grenada and where they were living. **I was made to kneel on a hot pipe in the ship and from time to time the heat was increased or decreased. All during the questioning my knees, left shoulder, both elbows and back were bleeding, but I was given no medical attention until sometime later that night.**
5. On Saipan I was led down some steps and placed in a cell at the bottom of the ship. There I saw Liam James and Bernard Coard and Phyllis Coard. I was not permitted to speak to them. Later I was finger printed by US officials.
6. After being fingerprinted and photographed on USS Saipan I was removed to another helicopter carrier, USS Guam. On USS Guam I was again placed in a cell at the bottom of the ship. **I was subjected to the most rigorous interrogation, they put me to sit down against the bulkhead of the ship, they tied my arms to the columns, so that my hands could rest on a table and one man kept asking questions and one kept on pounding my finger joints with a kind of rubber hammer,** the questions were: how many people you kill? What kind of missiles you have? What kind of weapons you have? How many Cubans and Soviet soldiers landed in Grenada on the 8th of September? I was under armed guards guarded for twenty-four hours each day. While on that ship I was interrogated for more than four hours every day.

7. Whilst on that ship I became disoriented as to day and date, I was suddenly awoken and taken above, given a large green surgeon gown to put on, they put me to sit down and took my photo, and this photo I have been reliably informed was plastered throughout Grenada labelling me as a corrupt murderer and butcher. This green smock, or gown, was the dress they said in their propaganda that I tried to use as a means of escaping, such degrading treatment was only a small part of the whole diabolical plan orchestrated by the United States and their puppets in the region.
8. On the morning of the 6th November, I was blindfolded and thrown on a helicopter. I can't say where the helicopter landed. I was placed in a transport and driven to a location, when I arrived at that location I heard the voice of a certain man and I knew I was at Richmond Hill Prison, My blindfold was taken off and I saw a soldier. I knew not whom he was, but I did enquire as to where he came from, and his answer was, that he came from all over the Caribbean. **The cell had nothing but a mattress on the concrete floor. This is the condition I had to endure for many a day and night.** I subsequently learned that from USS Guam I was flown to Queens Park in the parish of St George's, and then transferred to Richmond Hill Prison. At Richmond Hill Prison I was placed in a cell which contained a mattress and nothing else. Subsequently I was provided with a bath towel by the IRC.
9. Sometime before November 15, 1983 I became aware of a cable from Mr. Ramsey Clark, a former attorney-general of the USA, which was sent to the detainees. The cable introduced Mr. Clark as an attorney retained by the brother of Bernard Coard to protect the interest of Bernard Coard and all others detained by the U.S. administration. Mr. Clark advised us that if questioned we should exercise our right to remain silent and if we were to give any interviews at anytime we should exercise our right to have an attorney present.
10. After receiving the legal advice from Mr. Ramsey Clark I immediately requested permission to see a lawyer. My request was not granted for another full month. Therefore I was denied access to a lawyer for the first eight weeks that I was held by US troops. I therefore had no means of legal redress; of petitioning a court on my behalf.
11. On the 8th November a policeman, a member of the occupying forces, came and opened the cell. He was from St. Lucia. He was called 'moustache', because he had a big moustache. He brought me to a room. In that room I saw three gentlemen, two in uniform and one civilian. The two in uniform said they were Colonel Stewart and Captain Donahue of the United States Army. The civilian said he was Mr. Gillespie of the State Department. I noticed they had with them my two brief cases in which I kept all my official and private documents, my distinctive mark was still on them (8+1=12). They said they wanted to ask me some questions. What I knew about Bernard Coard's plot to kill Maurice Bishop and others; if I had any knowledge that the NJM Central Committee wanted Bishop off the political scene. They continued in that vein for over three hours. The prison officers present in the room were Stafford Lewis and Augustus Lambert.
12. **Sometime in February 1984 the same men (Colonel Stewart, Captain Donahue and Mr. Gillespie) returned to the prison, with some prepared documents they wanted me to sign. Among the things that I was supposed to agree to were: (a) that as general of the army I agreed with Sir Paul Scoon in inviting the United States to**

intervene in Grenada because of the then situation; (b) that Bernard Coard was responsible for the death of Maurice Bishop; (c) that I would meet with Sir Paul Scoon and be absolved of all blame. I refused to sign any of the document until I see the Governor General to discuss the documents. An appointment was set up by Lieutenant Colonel Ormsby of Jamaica, commander of the occupying forces. The appointment with His Excellency the Governor General Sir Paul Scoon was carded to take place on the 11th of March, but nothing happened.

13. On the 16th March I was again taken from my cell to see Mr. Gillespie. He had a few documents in his hands. This time he made promises of up to \$5,000,000.00 for my future welfare, promises for my family, if I signed the documents. I bluntly refused to sign any of the documents. He got very angry, and on leaving said to me: "General, for your failure to co-operate with us, if you did not hang you will become a vegetable in this jail". Officers' Augustus Lambert, Stafford Lewis and Iphil Thomas were present. I did ask them to take note of his statement.
14. On the 2nd of March 1984, around 8.00 a.m., my cell was opened by a Jamaican soldier who said to me "dem Bajan police want you man". I was taken out to the prison gate-lodge where I met three men who said they were Peacekeeping police investigating the murder of Maurice Bishop and others, and that they were taking me for questioning. They:
- (a) placed my hands behind my back and hand cuffed me;
 - (b) **Put me in the back of a car with armed men at both sides, who started saying that if I did not tell the truth my balls will sing.**
 - (c) They took me to Fort George and placed in one of the under-ground tunnel. A Barbadian police by the name of Watson, one named Brathwaite, and one named Holder, told me they wanted to question me about the incident that occurred at Fort Frederick. I told them I was not present at Fort Frederick at the time. I therefore cannot help them. They left me for a while. I could hear them arguing among themselves in the distance. Then came a white American who said his name was Winn. This white American who said he was from the CIA did most of the questioning. I was there with him for over two hours handcuffed to a table while he asked all sort of questions. Then Holder and Brathwaite returned with a form, asked me a few questions and left. About half an hour after Watson returned with the same form asked, some more questions and left. Then all three returned. One removed the handcuff, and Watson said to them take the General back to the prison. On my way back to the prison they cast many remarks about the foolishness of communism, the backwardness of Grenadians, and the need to educate Grenadians. When they handed me back to the prison Gate-Lodge they said to me, tell your other murderers friends that we treated you like a general.
15. I make this affidavit for no improper purpose.

SWORN TO by the above-named
Deponent at Richmond Hill Prison
in the parish of St. George,
this day of September, 2002

AFFIDAVIT OF DAVE BARTHOLOMEW

I, DAVE BARTHOLOMEW, prisoner at the Richmond Hill Prison in Grenada, being duly sworn make oath and say as follows:

1. I am the Applicant herein, and make this affidavit from facts within my knowledge save where stated to be on information and belief in which case I verily believe the same to be true.
2. I am a forty-five year old citizen of Grenada having been born in the village of Marli in the parish of St Patrick's on the 13th day of January 1956 and subsequently baptised with the name Dave Bartholomew. I was originally incarcerated at the Richmond Hill Prisons with the status of a prisoner-of-war. **Prior to being incarcerated at the Richmond Hill Prisons, I was a prisoner-of-war at the United States Prisoner of war camp at Point Salines with the number 1001.**
3. **At approximately 6.00 p.m. on the evening of November 1st 1983 about thirty American soldiers arrested me at High Street in Sauteurs. They proceeded to tightly blindfold me; my hands were tightly bounded with rope and tied behind my back; and my ankles were very tightly bounded together.**
4. **In that position I was taken to the Sauteurs Police Station which at the time was taken over by American troops. There, those who had arrested me locked me into a cell. I was kept bounded as I described above from about 6.00 p.m. on the evening of the 1st of November 1983 to about 5.00 p.m. on the following day, which was the 2nd of November 1983. At no time was I given any thing to either eat or drink and once during that night I was forced to urinate on myself. While I was in the cell I was repeatedly subjected to verbal abuse of a racial kind and I was repeatedly threatened and made to feel in eminent physical danger.**
5. At no time during this ordeal was any member of my family, or friends, informed of either my detention or my whereabouts by those in whose captivity I was.
6. **During the afternoon of the 2nd of November I was lifted up by several American Soldiers and thrown into the tray of a truck.** I had no idea where they were taking me but sometime afterwards I ended up at what I learnt subsequently, was the Mt Craven Recreation Ground in St Patrick's which at the time was being used as a base of the operations for American helicopters.
7. **I was tossed out of the truck and left in the hot sun tied up as I originally was for a few hours before I was put on an American helicopter that took off and headed in the direction of the sea. I had no idea at the time where I was being taken but my captors convinced me that I was going to be thrown into the sea to perish.**
8. **The door of the helicopter was left open as it travelled over the sea in extremely high winds. I was made to sit at the opened door and told repeatedly that I would be thrown out into the sea. Several times during this ordeal American soldiers almost pushed me out of the helicopter and then pulled me back inside, each time**

this was done they would laugh and subject me to racial and other forms of verbal abuse. I feared for my life.

9. **That on the same evening of the 2nd of November 1983, at about 5.00 p.m., the helicopter eventually arrived at what I learnt afterwards was the American-run Prisoner of War Camp at Point Salines where hundreds of Grenadian patriots associated with the revolutionary process were being detained. While the helicopter was still several feet in the air, before it landed, I was thrown out and landed on to the ground injuring several parts of my body.**
10. A few minutes afterwards the rope was removed from my hands and ankles and the blindfold was removed; it was the first time that I was freed of those bounds since approximately 6 p.m. on the evening of November 1st 1983. The rope had eaten into my wrists and ankles which were very badly swollen and my eyes and forehead were similarly affected.
11. At the Camp for Prisoners Of War I was given the number 1001 by which I was referred to whenever I was called or summoned by the Americans. On several occasions while there confined, I was taken to a special tent which was being used as an interrogation centre where I was subjected to long hours of interrogation by American Officials who I believed to be Intelligence Officers, though at no time did they identify themselves to me as such.
12. That they also wanted to know who were those responsible for the killing of the late Prime Minister Maurice Bishop. **The penultimate interrogation was extremely aggressive and hostile. I was constantly made to feel that I was in eminent physical danger though at no time was I subjected to any form of physical abuse.** They attempted to lure me into giving them a statement to the effect that I had information about those who had killed the Prime Minister. **They told me that they knew that I was not involved but that if I did not give to them the information that they claim was in my possession, I was going to “fry with the rest of the communists”.**
13. For the first several days at the POW Camp I had no change of clothing since the first attempts by members of my family to see me were frustrated by my captors. The first visit from any member of my family took place eight days after my arrest on the 1st of November 1983. It was the first contact of any form or manner that any member of my family was allowed with me since that evening.
14. **In that camp the toilet facility were pit latrines lined up next to each other. Myself and others who used the facility were exposed from the knee up so that all the persons around could observe us carrying out this most private act.**
15. On, or about, the 13th of November 1983, I, along with scores of other Prisons of War, was taken from the POW Camp at Point Saline and brought to the Richmond Hill Prison where I was locked into a cell.
16. Sometime around 15th November I became aware of a cable from Mr. Ramsey Clark send to the detainees. The cable introduced Mr. Clark as an attorney retained by the brother of Bernard Coard to protect the interest of Bernard and all other detained by the

U.S. Mr. Clark advised us that if questioned we should exercise our right to remain silent and if we were to give any interviews at anytime we should exercise our right to have an attorney present.

17. After receiving the legal advice from Mr Clark I immediately requested permission to see a lawyer. My request was not granted. It was not until December 17th or thereabout that I was finally permitted to see a lawyer in the person of Jamaican Attorney at Law Mrs Jacqueline Samuels-Browne.
18. **On or about, The 6th of December 1983 Captain Campbell of the Jamaican Defence Force and a few American soldiers removed me from my cell. I was taken to my home parish of St Patrick's, some twenty-six miles away in the extreme North of the island. They claimed that I had knowledge of the whereabouts of large catches of arms and that they were taking me to find them. On several occasions while in the mountain the American contingent repeatedly threatened to shoot and bury me in the mountains if I continued to insist that I knew nothing about any hidden arms or plans for alleged guerrilla warfare.**
19. **On, or about, the 12th March 1984 I was removed form my cell by Jamaican soldiers and handed over to Barbarian Policemen who were here as part of the occupation forces. I was taken to an underground tunnel at Fort Rupert, subsequently Fort George, and interrogated for several hours by Barbadian policemen including Sgt Daryl Weeks. I was repeatedly pressured and threatened with violence in an attempt to force a statement from me. Sgt. Weeks, brandishing a revolver, told me that if they shoot me no one will complain, that they could always say that I tried to escape lawful custody. Though they did not physically abuse me at any time I was subjected to intense verbal and psychological threats and pressures. It is my considered belief that the only reason why I was not subjected to physical torture as most of my co-defendants who were interrogated before me, was because by then complaints of the brutal torture of them had reached the Interim Government and had leaked out into the local and regional media.**
20. I make this affidavit for no improper purpose.

SWORN TO by the above-named
Deponent at Richmond Hill Prison
in the parish of St. George,
this day of September, 2002

AFFIDAVIT OF CALLISTUS BERNARD

I, CALLISTUS ANTONIO MARIO BERNARD, prisoner at the Richmond Hill Prison in Grenada, being duly sworn, make oath and say as follows:

1. I am the Applicant herein, and make this affidavit from facts within my knowledge save where stated to be on information and belief in which case I verily believe the same to be true.
2. That I was born on the 14th of October 1959 in the parish of St. David's, Grenada. I was originally incarcerated at the Richmond Hill Prisons with the status of a prisoner-of-war. **Prior to being incarcerated at the Richmond Hill Prisons I was a prisoner-of-war at the United States Prisoner of war camp at Point Salines with a tag and number attached.**
3. That in October 1983, at the time of the US invasion of Grenada, I was a First Lieutenant in the People's Revolutionary Army (PRA). As one of four regional commanders, I was responsible for the defense of the islands of Carriacou and Petite Martinique.
4. On, or about, November 8th, 1983, I was captured by soldiers of the Jamaican army who were part of the invasion and occupation forces of Grenada.
5. Following my capture I was promptly handed over to the US military, who detained me at the Point Salines Prisoner-of-war/concentration camp. I was placed in isolation, and later handed over to a contingent of Barbadian police officers, who were part of the invasion and occupation forces, and interrogated about the events surrounding the death of Maurice Bishop and others.
6. **On, or around, the 9th of November 1983, I was removed from the Point Salines POW camp and taken to Fort Rupert, as it then was.**
7. **Having refused to answer the questions asked by the occupiers, except to give my rank and serial number, I was tortured, both physically and psychologically, for approximately 15 hours.**
8. **I was handcuffed to a chair throughout the period of the interrogation. The handcuffs were adjusted so tight, they were cutting into my wrist, producing intense pain. The objective of the occupiers/interrogators was to wear me down, mentally and physically. One group of officers would begin questioning me, they would ask me all kinds of questions, including non-consequential ones; then that group would leave, and another group would take over. This went on for the entire day. When I did not give them an answer they wanted, the occupiers/interrogators would shout and threaten me; occasionally I was slapped about. I was given nothing to eat. Once when I asked for some water, they brought a glass of water, allowed me to take only a sip before they took it away and placed the glass inches away, beyond my reach. I never got another sip. My throat got very dry and after a few hours of this it was becoming difficult even to speak.**

9. Shortly after my arrival at Fort Rupert, the Barbadian police brought in Walter Charles, a former soldier of the PRA, who was stationed at the fort during the reign of the Peoples' Revolutionary Government (PRG), to identify me.
10. These foreign police officers made it known that they knew me and all the pertinent details of the events on the fort on October 19th, 1983. They said that they knew what happened so I should not try to fool them. It was clear to me that they had accept the versions given by Walter Charles and other collaborators who were hanging around the fort doing odd jobs for money and food in exchange for fingering fellow Grenadians for the foreign occupiers.
11. It became clear to me that the aim of the interrogation was to get me to confirm and sign a statement containing a version of the events the foreign police had constructed to support their case against the Central Committee of the New Jewel Movement (NJM) and the PRA hierarchy.
12. **Around midnight, the Barbadian police occupiers began to beat me in earnest. By then I was completely exhausted. I had been on the run for days. I had fought in the war, and was an active player in the events surrounding the October crisis. I also had the flu, my fingers were swollen and numb, I was disoriented and still in a state of shock following the tragedy of October 19, 1983, and the military defeat and occupation of my country.**
13. **I was thrown on the floor and two Barbadian policemen (one of them, Sgt. Darrel Weeks) sat on me, cutting the handcuffs further into my wrists, while the others began kicking me and cuffing me all over. The weight of the policemen on me was collapsing my chest, making it difficult for me to breathe. Even so, up to that point the greatest pain was in my wrist; it was as if the handcuffs were severing my wrist from the rest of my arm. I was desperately afraid that I was going to lose them permanently.**
14. **Throughout the beatings, the Barbadian police occupiers were demanding that I admit to being part of a conspiracy to murder Maurice Bishop, and that I got orders from members of the Central Committee of the New Jewel Movement.**
15. **The more I refused, the more intense the beatings became, which up to that time was very crude, with everyone trying to get in a kick and cuff at the same time. They got in each other's way and some of the punches missed its mark. This went on for a few minutes, and despite the pain in my wrist and chest, and the general fatigue I was feeling, I felt I could hold out. Then Sgt. Jones flew on me like a man possessed by demons. He pulled open my pants and grabbed my testicles. I was certain he was going to pull them out, because he looked like a man who had lost control. I kicked and fought, but there were too many. There were probably about ten to fifteen officers in the small room, including two woman officers who were poking fun at me throughout the day. I recall the names of Inspector Jasper Watson, Sgt. Ashford Jones, Darryl Weeks and Courcey Holder.**
16. **The behaviour of Sgt. Jones, specifically, the way he was groping at my testicles, convinced me that if I resisted further I would be seriously maimed, or crippled.**

Still thinking that I needed to be physically intact to continue to resist the invaders, and dead afraid that I would never have the use of my sexual organs again, I decided to end the torture in exchange for giving them what they wanted. This is the context in which I gave the statement implicating the Central Committee and myself in a conspiracy to commit murder.

17. That I did not write the statement. Sgt. Jones wrote it, and I signed most of the pages. Just before I signed the statement, Inspector Watson said he was leaving, and that if I gave any more trouble, Sgt. Jones should call him. As he said this he looked hard at me, puffed on his cigar and left. It was after one in the morning when I signed the statement. I was then brought back to the POW camp at Point Salines as a prisoner-of-war.
18. The statement I gave to the Barbadian police was taken under torture, and in violation of the Geneva code dealing with the treatment of POW's. It contained information, which I knew to be untrue and inaccurate and I would not have given it if I were not subjected to the conditions I described above. It was this said statement that was used against me in the 1986 trial to secure a murder conviction. It also forms the basis of my continued imprisonment.
19. Following the giving of the statement, I spent about three days at Point Salines, where I continued to be a prisoner-of-war. During that time I was denied access to a lawyer, even though the authorities had taken steps to bring charges against me.
20. My rights were further violated when the occupiers placed me in one of several sweatboxes set up by the psychological battalion of the US army, with the aim of breaking the morale of prisoners they deemed capable of mounting resistance to the occupation forces. I was considered such a person.
21. Each sweatbox was made of 8 pieces of 8 ft. plywood. At regular intervals, soldiers of the unit would pass by and bang against the boxes with clubs and shine bright lights into my face from a peephole. The noise made by the banging was deafening and utterly disorienting. The soldiers would scream obscenities, racist epithets, and other dehumanizing names at me from time to time, and then go away. Often they would wake me from my sleep several times per night, force me to stand. When I refused they would cock their weapon at me and fly into a rage, giving the impression that they would shoot me on the spot and the consequences would be like killing a fly. Then they would leave me standing there for hours, not sure that a bullet wouldn't tear into my flesh if I sit down. Then sometimes they would pass by moments after they make me stand and start shouting at me saying, 'who told you to stand' and behave as if I was trying to escape.
22. The sweatboxes were constructed with a kernel-like entrance, about two and a half feet high so that to enter, or exit, I had to crawl on my hands and knees while the soldiers stood over me with their weapons cocked, shouting insults and calling me 'commie nigger'. During the day, when the sun hit the box, the heat was unbearable; at night with the cold winter breeze blowing from the sea, it was very chilly. These conditions I had to endure without a blanket.

23. **In that camp the toilet facility were pit latrines lined up next to each other. Myself and others who used the facility were exposed from the knee up so that all the persons around could observe us carrying out this most private act.**
24. On, or around, November 13th I was transported to the Richmond Hill Prison where I have been kept to this day. My status upon entering the prison, as registered in the prison diary, was that of a POW. Up to the time of my arrival I was not charged for any offence and I was not permitted to see a lawyer.
25. In the days immediately after I was brought to the Richmond Hill Prisons more and more prisoners-of-war were brought in. At one time the numbers brought in were as high as 60. They were referred to as detainees. Several of the detainees had horror stories of being tortured by a team of police officers from Barbados who said they were investigating the events of October 19th, 1983.
26. Sometime around 15th November I became aware of a cable from Mr. Ramsey Clark send to the detainees. The cable introduced Mr. Clark as an attorney retained by the brother of Bernard Coard to protect the interest of Bernard and all other detained by the U.S. Mr. Clark advised us that if questioned we should exercise our right to remain silent and if we were to give any interviews at anytime we should exercise our right to have an attorney present.
27. After receiving the legal advice from Mr. Clark I immediately requested permission to see a lawyer. My request was not granted. It was not until December 17th, or thereabout, that I was finally permitted to see a lawyer in the person of Jamaican Attorney at Law Mrs Jacqueline Samuels-Browne.
28. Sometime in the ensuing days or weeks I was interviewed at the prison by one Inspector John of the Dominican police force. He told me that he was carrying out an investigation into complaints which I and others had made regarding being tortured.
29. I make this affidavit for no improper purpose.

SWORN TO by the above-named
Deponent at Richmond Hill Prison
in the parish of St. George,
this day of September, 2002

AFFIDAVIT OF BERNARD COARD

I, BERNARD COARD, currently residing at Her Majesty's Prison at Richmond Hill, St George's, Grenada, being duly sworn make oath and say as follows:

1. I am the deponent herein, and make this affidavit from facts within my knowledge save where stated to be on information and belief, in which case I verily believe same to be true.
2. I am a fifty-seven years old citizen of Grenada, born in the town of St George's, the capital of Grenada, on the 10th August 1944 and subsequently baptized with the name Winston Bernard Coard.
3. From March 13, 1979, until my resignation on October 14, 1983, I was the Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Finance, Trade and Planning in the People's Revolutionary Government (PRG).
4. **On the morning of October 29, 1983, on, or around, 10.00 a.m., heavily armed United States soldiers burst into the house that my wife and I and a few friends were in, stuck us up at gunpoint, forced us to lie on the ground outside the house, tied our hands tightly behind our backs with some form of plastic material, put us into one of their military vehicles, and began the process of transporting us from Mt. Parnasus to Queen's Park. Throughout the event described above, and also during the journey to Queen's Park, the only words spoken to us—and these were many—were profane and obscene and threatening.** At no stage were we told the reason why we were being treated in that manner. None of us were armed, and no one offered any resistance. Not a single member of the Royal Grenada Police Force, or any other Grenadian Official, was involved in our detention. Indeed, to this day almost eighteen years after the above event, I am yet to be arrested, or even questioned by a police officer of the independent and sovereign state of Grenada.
5. **Altogether, we were made to lie on the ground on our stomachs, on three occasions, each time in full view of the public, in very humiliating circumstances: at Mt. Parnasus, at the Governor General's roundabout, and at Queen's Park itself. At Mt. Parnasus, some of us, myself included, were deliberately made to lie in a pool of oil which had previously been spilled by a vehicle. At the Governor General's roundabout I was made to lie down in an ant's nest, and at Queen's Park, in cow's dung; all the while with my hands tied tightly behind my back.**
6. Upon finally arriving at Queen's Park—a journey of about two kilometres if the shortest route had been taken, but one of several more kilometres in order to parade us through the streets of the capital, St. George's—a tag with the initials P.O.W., was put around the neck of each of us, and we were told by the US soldier who appeared to be in charge, that we were prisoners of war. **After being kept at the Queen's Park for about an hour, I was taken by helicopter to the USS Saipan. The journey was made as difficult as possible for me. I was made to sit inches from the opened door of the helicopter, and the pilot of the helicopter embarked on a series of manoeuvres which ran the risk of my tumbling out of the helicopter at the height of several**

hundred feet above the land, first, and then over the sea. A flight which should have taken five minutes or less, was dragged out to approximately half an hour, undoubtedly for my psychological benefit.

7. Upon finally arriving on the helicopter warship, the USS Saipan, I was given a pyjama pants to wear and made to hand over the clothes, shoes and watch which I was wearing. I was never to see these items of my property again. I was now half naked and barefooted, and kept like this during my five days on this warship, and also during the three days following, that **I was kept on the USS Guam. I was kept in a cage-like cell several floors below the main deck of the warship, with teams of four soldiers at any one time pointing their weapons in my direction, around the clock. I was forbidden to speak to anyone.**
8. After being kept in these circumstances for several days, I was one night taken out of my cell and brought to a window-less room where I faced interrogation from three men of middle age, wearing civilian clothes and an air of authority, but who refused to identify themselves or their position. They began to ask me questions. I insisted they must first tell me who they were. They again refused. **They then suggested I not only co-operate with them but 'work' for them. They would make it worth my while, they said. I refused. At this stage the threats began. At first, this took the form of threatening physical torture.** Despite my being terrified by this prospect, I tried to put on a brave face, and I told them that, if that was their intention, they should get on with it right away, because I had no intention of either answering any of their questions or 'working' with them in any form or fashion. I moreover informed them that I would only speak again in the presence of my lawyers, who I informed them were the Jamaican Queen's Counsel and former judge of the OAS Court, Mr. Huntley Munroe, now deceased, and Mr. Ramsey Clarke, former U.S. Attorney General. There was a prolonged silence after this statement of mine. **Finally, the interrogator in the middle said to me that, since I was refusing to 'work' with them, they would see to it that my character would be thoroughly destroyed. When we are through with you, people will hate and despise you 'for the next hundred years', he promised.**
9. These nameless U.S. government officials on the U.S. warship kept not only their promise to assassinate my character 'for the next hundred years', but also their threat to have me physically tortured. Less than two weeks after their interrogation of me, a group of eight Barbadian policemen who were working closely with the U.S. troops and were officially a part of the invasion and occupation force, came to my cell at Richmond Hill Prison, where I had been taken from the USS Guam on November 6th, 1983. It was the early morning of the 17th of November, 1983, and they had just returned with Lt. Col. Ewart Layne, one of my fellow detainees. The spokesman for this group which gathered outside my cell, was a sergeant Jones of the Barbados Police Force, seconded to the U.S. organized and led Caribbean Peace-Keeping Force (CPF). He boasted to me about the fact that he had in previous days been busy 'softening up' – to use his words – Captain Lester Redhead, Lieutenant Callistus Bernard, and Major Christopher Stroude of the People's Revolutionary Army (PRA); that he and his group had just spent the last fourteen hours 'beating a statement out of Layne', and that he would be returning 'tomorrow morning' for me. 'Your turn tomorrow to get a good work out!', he said, smirking.

10. However, Lt. Col. Layne and others of those who had been tortured the previous days complained so vociferously to the senior officers of the Jamaica Defence Force (JDF) who were guarding us at Richmond Hill Prison, that the then JDF commander issued an order banning the entry into the prison of Sergeant Jones, his commander, Inspector Jasper Watson, and the other members of the Barbados policemen's torture squad, and also banning the removal of any of us detainees from the prison to be handed over to these people. This brought an end to the series of tortures of detainees at the prison in the month of November of 1983 [Colville McBarnette was taken from his home, tortured, and then brought to the prison, on November 22nd, 1983], and it would take approximately three months, when it was felt that the outcry had died down, (and a new JDF commander in charge), for them to resume the tortures. This they did from February 20th, 1984 to March 7th, 1984. My turn, as promised by the American interrogators, duly came on or about March 3rd, 1984.
11. At the conclusion of my eight-day detention on the two U.S. warships, namely, on November 6th 1983, I was manacled, blindfolded, and, on this occasion an orange life-jacket was placed around my bare shoulders and naked chest; my still wearing only a pair pants with no top, and barefooted. The world press was invited to photograph me in this condition, as I was hustled off the helicopter when it landed at Queen's Park, and while being placed with others, in a large bus, to be transported, as it turned out, to Richmond Hill Prison. **The *New York Times*, among other newspapers, in an editorial, condemned the manner in which I was being treated, describing my being manacled and blindfolded and publicly displayed in this manner, as a contravention of the Geneva Convention on the treatment of Prisoners of War, which is how the U.S. officials then described my status. Both the *New York Times* and the *Boston Globe* drew attention to the fact that television pictures of me in this condition were virtually identical to those of the U.S. diplomats in Tehran, Iran, who were held as hostages in their own embassy back in 1979-1980, and photographed with similar blindfolds and manacles.** Much later, I got to see these pictures myself, and to read these editorials. These protests by prominent U.S. media did not, unfortunately, lead to any improvement in my treatment. Indeed, I later discovered that some of the photos of me in this condition were used in posters put up by U.S. troops around Grenada, with the captions 'murderer', 'criminal'.
12. I heard them dismantling, on the orders of someone in charge, the wooden bed frame in the cell they were about to put me in, as I was kept waiting close to the door of the cell, still blindfolded. The blindfold was only removed after I was ensconced in the cell. I was given no clothes to wear, just the pyjama pants I still had on; no soap, no toothbrush or toothpaste, no towel or washrag, no reading or writing material and no food or water during the first several hours there. The only item in my cell was an old, thin, and not very clean fibre mattress, placed on the cold and damp concrete floor for sleeping purposes. Apart from very poor and largely unhygienic meals which I was given at intervals, thereafter, my conditions remained the same for the next eight days. To bathe, I would be taken from my cell by two foreign soldiers, one in front, walking backwards, and one behind me, each holding M-16 rifles pointed directly at me, with their fingers on the trigger-guard, to the bathroom, and then returned to my cell in like manner as when I was taken to the bathroom. I was denied any fresh air or sunlight or exercise time in the exercise yard, during this period.

13. After eight days, the International Red Cross (IRC) was permitted to visit me. The IRC representatives were visibly appalled by my condition, and successfully appealed to the U.S. Occupation authorities for the return of the bunk bed so that I would no longer have the cold, damp, concrete floor of the cell seeping into my bones. The IRC also was permitted to give me and my fellow POW's towels and washrags, soap, toothbrushes and toothpaste; and a few books to read. We were still being denied paper and pen to write our families, or letters written by them to us. It would be a few more weeks before we would be permitted access to fresh air and sunlight; initially for only fifteen minutes per day for several weeks, before being gradually increased.
14. As stated earlier, I was declared a Prisoner of War by my American captors on October 29th 1983, and thereafter, until on or about November 12th 1983. On this latter date, I was served with a sheet of paper by a foreign policeman. It informed me that, as of that date, on or about 12th November, I was now a 'detainee'. This document was signed by the Governor General, Sir Paul Scoon, and the totality of the explanation of my detention was that I was 'regarded as a threat to national security'.
15. **On the evening of February 20th, one of my co-detainees, Selwyn Strachan, returned to the male section of the prison where we were all kept, after having left earlier that day in the company of the Barbadian police squad led by Inspector Jasper Watson. The Jamaica Defense Force (JDF) soldier escorting him to his cell permitted him to stop briefly and speak to me. I observed that his face was badly bruised and bleeding. He informed me that he had just been tortured by Inspector Jasper Watson and his gang, and that he wanted to warn me that they were boasting to him that they would be coming at 9.00 a.m. to take my wife, Phyllis Coard, away to torture her as they had done to him. He suggested that I see if I could get a message to the then head of the Caribbean Peace Keeping Force (CPF), Lt. Col Nestor Ogilvie, so as to get him to prevent this happening. It was another head of the CPF, on or around the 17th of November 1983, who prevented further tortures on that occasion, after Captain Redhead, Lieutenant Bernard, Major Stroude, and Lt. Col. Layne had been tortured, and the matter finally reached his ears after loud protest by all detainees to all the foreign soldiers and officers guarding us.**
16. **That very night I wrote a letter to Lt. Col. Ogilvie, outlining what Strachan had told me was done to him, and the threats by Watson et al to do likewise to my wife the next day.** I pointed out that we had the experience from the first half of November of 1983 that these men consistently kept their promises: whoever they boasted they were coming to torture next, they did in fact do so. I told him that my wife was therefore in grave danger; that they said they would be coming for her at 9.00 a.m. on February 21st, 1984. I implored him to intervene to prevent this, since, technically, this Barbadian police unit led by Inspector Watson fell under his command, the command of CPF.
17. The word quickly spread amongst all the JDF soldiers guarding us that one of their **fellow Jamaicans** – my wife was Jamaican – and a woman at that, was going to be taken away at 9.00 a.m. the next day to be tortured by the Barbadian police. As a result, the Lieutenant of the JDF in charge of the unit in my section of the prison volunteered to personally hand-deliver my letter to his overall commander, Lt. Col. Nestor Ogilvie. He took the letter from me at 6.00 a.m. on February 21st, and returned to the prison at 7.00

a.m. to inform me that he had delivered the letter in Col. Ogilvie's hand directly. **Lt. Col. Ogilvie was later to confirm to me that he did receive my letter, but that he could not stop Watson et al torturing my wife, because 'the Americans were really in charge'.**

18. **As I was informed shortly after, my wife had a prior appointment with one of her lawyers, Mrs. Jacqueline Samuels-Brown, that said morning of February 21st. As a result, the attorney was present and witnessed the involuntary and physically brutal removal of my wife from the place where she was seeing her attorney at the female prison to a waiting vehicle being used by Inspector Watson and his group. They did this, over the vigorous protests of both Mrs. Samuels-Brown and my wife.**
19. **February 21st, 1984, was one of the, if not the longest and most psychologically torturous days of my life. Here I was, Phyllis Coard's husband, and totally impotent to protect her from torture at the hands of eight (8) powerfully built sadistic men. Here I was, also, with the advanced knowledge of what would befall her, and doing all I could in my circumstances to prevent it, but completely unable to. In some respects, for me, it was worse than the thirty-five days I spent after the self-declared unconstitutional appeal court had upheld my sentence of death namely, from July 12th 1991 to August 15th 1991, inclusive, and the gallows, located close to my cell, had been prepared, and I was awaiting execution by hanging at any hour of any of those days.**
20. Every Jamaican soldier on the prison compound that day was visibly upset. They radioed messages to each other, in real time, from the watch towers and other vantage points, as first she was brutally snatched from the female prison; then, as they looked out throughout the day for the return of the vehicle with her; and, finally, at around dusk that evening, close to 6.30 p.m., when the car with the Barbadian police returned with her. As fast as they relayed these messages to each other, they would keep me updated on what was happening, as they could see my agitated state. They informed me that she was so weak coming out of the car that two of her torturers had to help to hold her up and carry her into the female prison. I wept, uncontrollably that night. The very next day, February 22nd 1984 I was able to observe for myself her weakened and battered physical condition, even though we were prevented from sitting next to each other or talking, as we were taken to court for the very first time since our detention back in October of 1983. I was in a distraught state that day, and for many days thereafter.
21. My turn to be tortured came just about 10 days later. During the first week of March 1984, a small production-line of tortures was undertaken by Inspector Watson and his group. On or about March 5, 1984 they came for Liam James in my presence and brought him back later that day with various visible injuries to his body which were not there when he showered earlier that morning. On or about March 6, 1984, it was Leon Cornwall's turn to receive the same treatment. By the time they took John Ventour on or about Friday 9th, March, word of the tortures had spread among our families and friends and even to some sections of the foreign media. Indeed a delegation comprising representatives of all our families were at a meeting with the Head of the Interim Advisory Council, the then government of Grenada, Nicholas Brathwaite, around the same time that Ventour was being forcibly removed from his cell at the prison. As he was being taken away, he repeatedly shouted out to all of us, to prisoners in general, and to the Jamaican soldiers

guarding us, that he was being taken away against his will to be tortured. It is my belief that all of the above helped stay the hands of the torturers with Ventour on the 9th, and Dave Bartholomew on or about Monday 12th, March. But before all of this was to take place, I was called upon to open the innings of this third round of tortures.

22. Four of them came for me that day, Saturday March 3, 1984. All but one, who said he was from Antigua, claimed to be policemen from Barbados, assigned to the CPF, but none of them would give me his name. I memorized their faces during the over five hours I was in their presence, and learned the names of most only later, when most of them appeared in court to testify at the P.I., and later, to testify in the various *voir dire*s of various of the appellants whom they had tortured to sign 'confessions. Of course they said that they had used no force or threat of force, nor any inducement, and so on. And that they had cautioned each of the appellants that they had the right to remain silent, etc. The Antiguan turned out to be a policeman by the name of Isaac. There was one we called 'Bulletproof' because he wore a bullet proof vest over his shirt, ostentatiously, on all the occasions we saw him as he picked up and dropped off torture victims, and as we were each tortured by him. We discovered in court that his name was *Sergeant Ashford Jones*. There was another we called 'Flattop', because he wore a huge afro but cut completely flat, like a plateau, at the top. We discovered in court that his name was *Courcsey Holder*. There was a woman among the group who tortured me, but she never appeared in court and so I do not know her name but will be able to recognise her should I see her again. She was very tall, of jet-black complexion, strapping, never uttered a word throughout, but smiled malevolently. The leader, of course, was Inspector Jasper Watson. He gave all the orders to the others, and when he entered the room at the beginning of my interrogation, they all stood up.
23. **Six of them tortured me directly, while Watson passed the instructions from a few feet away. From Richmond Hill Prison, they took me directly to Fort Rupert (now Fort George). I was taken to a room below ground level. I was handcuffed before I left the prison, and kept in handcuffs throughout the more than five hours that I was away from the prison. I was placed in a chair facing a desk, and there was a chair on the other side. Inspector Watson sat in that chair, while the others formed a semi-circle around me, standing very close. The one immediately behind my chair was leaning over and deliberately breathing down my neck. The entire atmosphere was one of intimidation, and intentionally so.**
24. Watson started asking me personal questions about my date of birth, names of family members, and so on. I observed that he had several sheets of paper already filled with writing, but with the first half empty. He said that he simply wanted some personal information from me to put at the top of the statement they had already written for me, plus they'd need to clarify a few points about my whereabouts on the 19th of October, 1983. **I requested, then insisted, then demanded the presence of my lawyer if they wished to question me. I made it plain, more than once, that I would be willing to answer any and all of their questions, but only in the presence of my lawyer. Moreover, I even offered to suggest the names and addresses of witnesses and to point them in the direction of documents which would substantiate all that I would tell them, but, again, only if my legal counsel was present. They refused, and issued threats. Several of them began to shout threats, taking their lead from Watson. Several began boasting about the various applicants they had already**

tortured and made to sign statements including about the torture of my wife. They also boasted about the few remaining to be tortured. Watson told me that they would force each and every one of us (applicants) to sign whatever they wished.

25. All of this took probably no more than ten or fifteen minutes. Suddenly, without warning, a blindfold was put over my eyes from behind and tied tightly. I was then hauled to my feet, moved to what I believed was the centre of the room, or at least some distance from the desk and chairs, and blows began to rain down on all parts of my body. One of them stood behind me and slapped his hands against both my ears simultaneously with great force. My head began to ring, and I saw stars, each time the flat palm of his hands violently crashed into my eardrums. Another was delivering blows to my back, another to my head, and one to my chest. As each released his blows and stepped aside for others, he would shout 'You must sign the statement! You must sign!', or 'Sign! Sign! You have to sign!', and other such statements. I could recognise and distinguish most of the voices by this time, although I could not see any of them.
26. I kept silent at first, gritting my teeth and trying not to bawl out with the pain. I was thus far fortunate that the man punching me in the back was delivering all his punches to my upper back. I say this because I had severe lower back pain problems, which began over a year before the commencement of this torture session. I was hoping they would never discover this, as I knew I would never be able to resist the pain from blows to my lower back. At a certain stage, they stripped me naked, totally naked. This was humiliating. More humiliating was their beating on my genitalia with a piece of what felt like leather. It also was painful.
27. After a considerable period of time and my refusal to 'break', Inspector Watson announced that he was leaving to make a phone call. He returned five minutes later. Just at that point, one of the others was in the process of unlocking the handcuffs so as to handcuff me behind my back (I had been handcuffed in front to this point). He immediately stopped that person, saying, 'Leave them in front. I've been told to concentrate on the lower back.' Since my medical file at the prison was the only place with documentary evidence of my having severe lower back problems, it is my belief that Watson's phone call was to the prison, and someone there provided him with information useful to their torturing of me. Whatever the case, the fact is that two of them now took turns to hammer my lower back with their fists. I immediately screamed out with pain, and told them I'd sign ANYTHING they wished me to. But, at this point, they were as if possessed. They refused to stop, even as I continued to shout that I'd sign *anything* they wished. The person hitting my testes and penis with the object stepped up the pace, and began to hit harder. I was continuously beaten for twenty further minutes, after I had surrendered and agreed to sign whatever they wished.
28. To this day I do not know the contents of the statement they made me sign. They however never presented it in court, and indeed they had the DPP inform the judge when I narrated what had happened to me, right at the outset of the trial, that they had never taken any statement from me. This is because I deliberately signed each page as well as the end of the statement in a manner never ever used by me in all the years of my writing my signature. I believe that they got wind of my intention to

ask through legal counsel, bank officials and Ministry of Finance officials who knew of my signature from literally thousands of documents signed by me, to testify and validate – or otherwise – the signature I had faked and put on their concocted statement.

29. I was in indescribable pain on that first night in prison following my nearly five hours continuous torture. I saw the prison doctor the following morning, reported to him what had happened to me, and he gave me several very potent pain-killing tablets, and valium tablets also, he said, to help me to sleep. I got little or no sleep for the next week, and the pain got worse, not less. It would take years for the aggravation of my lower back condition to return to 'normal'. The other injuries, of course, healed much faster.
30. I make this affidavit for no improper purpose.

SWORN TO by the above-named
Deponent at Richmond Hill Prison
in the parish of St. George,
this day of September, 2002

PHYLLIS COARD

(Taken from her book *U.S. WAR ON ONE WOMAN*, pp 15-25, Karia Press, 1988)

1. **On October 29th, I was at a private house in the Mt. Parnassus area of St. Georges together with my husband and four other friends, when US soldiers surrounded the house, yelling threats to blow it up if we didn't "surrender". Upon stepping out of the house we were confronted by a group of excited, aggressive and clearly trigger-happy soldiers.**
2. **They made us lie down on the ground.**
3. The squad put us into a truck and drove towards Town. At the Governor-General's roundabout **we were takeout and made to lie face-down while our hands were bound with rope behind our backs.** Then we were taken to Queen's Park where a reception station for prisoners of war had been set up. A prisoner of war tag was put around my neck.
4. Upon being identified by the Americans, three of us, including my husband and myself, were separated, handcuffed, and flown by helicopter to Point Salines International Airport....At Point Salines we were additionally blindfolded – all of this in contravention of the Geneva Convention on the treatment of Prisoners of War – and placed in an open helicopter, which took us out to the *USS Guam*.
5. **The helicopter ride was a perilous one, we were made to sit on the floor and were not strapped in. being handcuffed we were unable to hold on to any support. At one stage I was blown by the wind towards the open doorways, unable to see but realising from the light that I was very close to what would have been for me a permanent exit!**
6. During the next eight days we were held, first on the *Guam* and then on another warship, the *USS Saipan*, in cage-like cells about five stories below deck and close to the engine room apparently, for it was stiflingly hot, and airless, we were kept there 24 hours a day, permitted no fresh air or exercise. I was isolated from my husband and the other POW's – by now we were six, since three senior army officers had been brought to join us. I was not allowed to speak to any of my fellow POW's.
7. **On the Guam I was photographed, fingerprinted and subjected to an enforced medical examination which clearly had nothing to do with concern about my health, since only one of the three men performing it even pretended to be a doctor, and the other two clearly were not.**
8. **On the fourth day I was finally permitted a shower. At that time, I was issued a pair of pyjamas and all my clothes, including underwear, were taken away. I was assured that they would be washed and returned. Up to this day I have never seen them again. I was without underwear for some three weeks, until the International Red Cross kindly came to my aid.**

9. On November 6th, I was once again handcuffed, blindfolded, and flown by open helicopter back to Queen's Park, wearing only a pair of pyjamas; and from there taken to the Richmond Hill Prison. Because of the blindfold I was disorientated, at first unsure of where I was. Presumably that was the intended effect.
10. For me, the interrogations began at Richmond Hill Prison, the day after my arrival there. They were a bewildering affair until I realised what the Occupation Forces were up to.
11. **In addition, during this period I was kept almost entirely isolated. Unlike the male prisoners of war, who could talk from cell to cell, my cell was an isolated one, and I was not allowed any contact whatsoever with the other five female prisoners of war who were held in the women's section of the prison during parts of November and December 1983.**
12. Thus, I was kept entirely isolated, except for two visits from the International Red Cross, and every time I protested this, the foreign soldiers would tell me "nobody wants to see you. Nobody has asked for you. This is not your country. We can't make people come and visit you", and so on.
13. **The interrogations continued, sometimes twice a day, other times three or four times a day, for about 6 weeks, intensively. I was already very tired, from the long weeks of the political crisis. The constant interrogations made rest impossible. Sometimes the groups would even burst into my cell at 6 a.m., while I was still asleep. Through a groggy mist, I would hear rapid-fire questions, insinuations and accusations being hurled at me.**
14. **January passed, and then, on the morning of February 21st, I heard the voice of my lawyer, Mrs. Jacqueline Samuels-Brown, who had finally been permitted extremely limited access to see me from December 15th. She was at the gate, insisting on her right to see me. Some seconds later there burst into my cell a group of Barbadians in plain-clothes. They looked like nothing so much as gangsters in some old American movie. They even affected Barbadian-American accents! Over the protests of my lawyer, who insisted that she had permission to see me first, these foreign occupation police literally dragged me down the driveway of the Women's Prison, shoved me into a car, and drove to their "CID" headquarters at Fort Rupert. The 10 minute drive was occupied by their alternately cursing me, and my lawyer, telling me I had no right to any lawyer, and what they intended to do to me if I didn't "cooperate" with them.**
15. Mrs. Samuels-Brown followed us to their headquarters: at the gate she was barred from entry. This is contrary to Grenadian law, which gives a prisoner the right to have her lawyer present during questioning by the police.
16. **At Fort Rupert I was taken to an underground room, placed on a chair, handcuffed, and interrogated from approximately 11 a.m. until nearly 3 p.m. During these four hours I was beaten on my face and ears after most questions, since I was refusing to answer any questions, in the absence of my lawyer.**
17. The interrogator's response was 'we are in charge now - there ain't no Revolution now – you have to talk and say what we want you to say, what we tell you to say, and so on,

intermingled with various abuses. What they wanted me to say it turned out, was that I and other members of the Revolution's leadership had given orders for the death of the Prime Minister!

18. **There were four of them. An Antiguan Sergeant by the name of Phillip Isaac was in charge. He was playing the 'good cop' at first. Then he gave the order to start the beating. A Barbadian by the name of Coursey Holder was holding onto my hair while a Barbadian woman police constable by the name of Collymore was cursing and beating me, first on my face, then on my ears.**
19. After about two hours of this, Inspector Jaspas Watson, the official head of the investigating team, walked into the room. He was Barbadian. He whispered to Isaacs. I protested to him about what was going on. He merely laughed, and walked out.
20. After four hours, they were faced with a problem. They had to produce me in court the following day, to answer a *habeas corpus* writ filed by my lawyer and my face was beginning to be marked by blows. I was seeing pink and black spots out of the corner of my right eye, which had also been hit.
21. At this point they gave up in disgust, threw me in a cell for two hours for my face to 'cool down', and sometime after 5 pm returned me to the prison. I had had no food since 7am, a period of 10 hours, and only one sip of water around 2pm with the promise of more, "if you say what we want you to say".
22. **Upon returning to the prison, I was experiencing severe pain in the head, and also in the neck, from a muscle which had been pulled as a result of the force of the beating. A doctor was brought shortly after 6pm, and the entry on my prison medical files which I was finally permitted to see in July 1986, records my complaint to the doctor. His entry dated 21/2/84 states: *Complaint: Being hit on the face and head by the hands of investigators this a.m. and p.m.*"**
23. This entry, as well as the prison medical files of several of my co-defendants which confirm the tortures inflicted by the Occupation Forces, were not considered by the presiding judge, Justice Byron, at our so-called 'trial'. He ruled that they could not be entered into evidence and could not be considered by him in the *voir dire*s when determining whether the so-called "caution statements" of defendants, entered by the same Bajan police, were in fact voluntary. He then ruled that every single statement actually given under intense torture was "voluntarily given".
24. No statement was taken from me on February 21st, but this is not because I had a greater capacity to resist torture than the men. I was saved by the fact that I had to appear in court the following day.
25. During the weeks which followed the muscle in my neck healed; however, I have suffered a degree of permanent hearing loss as a result of the beating on my ears. I have not been able to see an ENT specialist about this.

AFFIDAVIT OF LEON CORNWALL

I, LEON CORNWALL currently residing at Richmond Hill Prison being duly sworn make oath and say as follows:

1. I am the Deponent herein, and make this affidavit from facts within my knowledge save where stated to be on information and belief, in which case I verily believe same to be true.
2. I am a forty-seven year old Grenadian having been born in the parish of St. George on January 15th 1954. I was married on 30th December 1978 and fathered two daughters in 14th April 1979 and 6th April 1982.
3. I am a prisoner of the state of Grenada. I am one of the persons customarily referred to as to as "the Grenada 17", imprisoned for the deaths of the former Grenada Prime Minister Maurice Bishop and others.
4. **On October 30th 1983 around 3 p.m., I was detained by US troops in Westerhall in the parish of St David's along with two of my co- applicants, namely Hudson Austin and Ewart Layne. I was stripped to my underwear and made to lie on the ground at gunpoint, my hands tied harshly behind my back. I was then taken to a small beach, my face rubbed in the sand while a helicopter circled over me. A black plastic bag was put over my head covering my eyes, nose and mouth; and I was thrown facedown into the helicopter, the American soldiers placing their feet on my back and guns at the back of my head.** I was taken from Westerhall to another helicopter, then to US warships; the first, USS Saipan, for 4 days where I was fingerprinted and photographed as a common criminal, and the second, USS Guam, for 3 days. I was guarded at gunpoint 24 hours a day. Although I was held a prisoner with four of my co-applicants, nevertheless I was forbidden to speak all of this time.
5. **While on USS Guam I was interrogated by two Americans who threatened me with death by hanging if I did not cooperate with them and sign a statement in which it was stated that the national executive, i.e. the Central Committee, of the New JEWEL Movement ordered the execution of Prime Minister Maurice Bishop. I was promised pardon if I did so. If I fail to cooperate, they told me that they could get witnesses who would testify that I Leon Cornwall led the military unit that executed Maurice Bishop. I refused because all they were asking me to sign and threatening were fabrications.**
6. From USS Guam I was brought in blindfold, handcuffs and stripped of my shirt to Richmond Hill Prisons on November 6th 1983, where I am being still held; a total period of approximately 17 years and 10 months. At the prison I was placed in a narrow cell referred to as "the coffin". For several days I was without toiletries until given some by the International Red Cross.
7. The guards in the section of the prison where I was taken were all foreign military personnel so much so that one of my co-applicants suffering from disorientation thought that we had been taken to an island outside of Grenada. These guards were very hostile towards me and my co-applicants, who had been brought to the prisons together with me. They repeatedly said to us that we were lucky to be alive and threatened to shoot us.

8. **On March 6, 1984, at about 9.00 a.m., Sgt. Phillip Isaac and members of the Barbadian Police Force who came to Grenada as a unit of the invasion and occupation forces removed me, by physical force and against my will. I was taken to Fort George (formerly Fort Rupert), where I was physically and psychologically tortured by these people from the time of my arrival there, until shortly before my return to the Richmond Hill Prisons, at about 4:00 p.m. later that day. Although I repeatedly stated my innocence, they were trying throughout to force me to give as a 'voluntary confession' my involvement in the murder of Maurice Bishop and others.**
9. **Sgt. Phillip Isaac and three members of the Barbadian Police Force brought me to an underground cell at Fort George. This gave me a sense of being helpless and cut off from the world. I was handcuffed to a chair while they questioned me. I insisted that I want present at this interrogation a lawyer of my choice. Their reply was that no lawyer could come in here when they (my "interrogators") are doing their business. I was punched and boxed. I resisted them by refusing to answer. Eventually they removed my handcuffs. I had a sense that they were going to stop their interrogation and beating and take me back to the prison. However, I was stripped of my clothes. It was a struggle but they overpowered me. I was stark naked in front these four men.**
10. **While I was naked, they continued their interrogation, promising me that they would do me no harm if I answer what they want. They told me that because I held the rank of Major in the army and was ambassador to Cuba I must have full knowledge of all that transpired. When I insisted on the truth that there was no Central Committee decision to execute Prime Minister Maurice Bishop, they resumed the beatings. I felt totally humiliated in the state I was. When I bawled out in pain, they laughed and confirmed to me that no one would hear my cries. They tried to grab my testicles. I closed my legs. But with force they got them apart and physically grabbed, squeezed and poked at my private parts. The pain was excruciating and the sense of being violated by men was overbearing. To ease the pain and shame of my torture I eventually signed the questionnaire these foreign policemen had prepared.**
11. **In pain and shame I was taken to be fingerprinted, photographed and I was charged with the offence of murder contrary to Section 234 of the Criminal Code, being Chapter 76 of Volume 1 of the Laws of Grenada, as amended. I was returned to the prison during the afternoon of 6th March 1984.**
12. **The following day, 7th March 1984, I received medical attention at the prison. The prison doctor discovered marks and swellings on my private parts. I was given medication for the pain and for inflammation.**
13. **I make this affidavit for no improper purpose.**

SWORN TO by the above-named
Deponent at Richmond Hill Prison
in the parish of St. George,
this day of September, 2002

AFFIDAVIT OF LIAM JAMES

I, LIAM ABRAHAM JAMES, prisoner at the Richmond Hill Prison in Grenada, being duly sworn, make oath and say as follows:

1. That I am the Applicant herein, and make this affidavit from facts within my knowledge save where stated to be on information and belief in which case I verily believe the same to be true.
2. That I am a forty-six year old Grenadian. I have been incarcerated at the said Richmond Hill Prisons since November 6th 1983. I was originally incarcerated at the Richmond Hill Prisons with the status of a prisoner-of-war. **Prior to being incarcerated at the Richmond Hill Prisons I was a prisoner-of-war on an American military ship.**
3. **That on October 29th 1983, around midday, I was captured by U.S. soldiers in the area of Mt. Parnassus, in the parish of St. George, along with some of my co-applicants. Upon being captured I was made to lie down on the ground with guns pointed at my head. I was hand cuffed and tied up. I was then taken away to the Government House roundabout, where I was taunted by both U.S. soldiers and members of the local population, and then taken to Queen's Park where I was put on a helicopter and flown to Point Salines airport. From there I was flown by helicopter to a U.S. assault ship, the U.S.S Saipan together with co-applicants Bernard and Phyllis Coard, where I was fingerprinted and photographed.**
4. That a couple days later two co-applicants, Ewart Layne and Leon Cornwall were brought to join us. Some days later we were transferred by helicopter to another U.S. assault ship, the U.S.S Guam. On U.S.S Guam I was placed in a cell together with Leon Cornwall, Ewart Layne and Bernard Coard. There we were guarded by armed guards twenty-four hours each day. We were under orders not to communicate with each other. After being held incommunicado on USS Guam for some days, I was blindfolded, handcuffed, stripped of my shirt and led away. I was taken up some steps. I was put on a helicopter and flown away. Later I was transferred to a bus and taken to Richmond Hill Prison.
5. That I subsequently learned that from USS Guam that I was flown to Queens Park in the parish of St George's and then transferred to Richmond Hill Prison. At Richmond Hill Prison I was placed in a cell which contained a mattress and nothing else. Subsequently I was provided with a bath towel by the International Red Cross.
6. Sometime before November 15, 1983 I became aware of a cable from Mr. Ramsey Clark, a former attorney-general of the USA, which was sent to the detainees. The cable introduced Mr. Clark as an attorney retained by the brother of Bernard Coard to protect the interest of Bernard and all others detained by the U.S. administration. Mr. Clark advised us that if questioned we should exercise our right to remain silent and if we were to give any interviews at anytime we should exercise our right to have an attorney present.
7. After receiving the legal advice from Mr. Ramsey Clark I immediately requested permission to see a lawyer. My request was not granted. It was not until December 17th

or thereabout that I was finally permitted to see a lawyer in the person of Jamaican Attorney-at-Law Mrs. Jacqueline Samuels-Browne.

8. **That on the morning of March 5th 1984, I was removed from the prison, by physical force and against my will, by members of the Barbadian Police force who came to Grenada as a unit of the invasion and occupation forces. I was taken to Fort George (formerly Fort Rupert), where I was (physically) tortured by these people together with an Antiguan police Sergeant named Isaacs, from the time of my arrival there, until shortly before my return to the Richmond Hill Prisons, at dusk (around 6:30 p.m.) later that day. They were trying throughout to force me to put my signature to a written statement of theirs, where they had me 'voluntarily confessing' to the murder of Maurice Bishop and others. I flatly refused. They became very angry and they beat me even more viciously, demanding that alternatively I must write out a statement myself. By then they seemed very frustrated and pressed for time, so that they eventually accepted my statement even though it was non-incriminatory. Throughout, I persistently requested the presence of my lawyer, which they laughed at.**
9. At the end of the torture I was then taken to another building where I was fingerprinted and one Deputy Commissioner Rock, read out charges of eight counts of murder to me and told me I was charged. I was given the charge sheets and then transported back to the prisons.
10. **On my return to the prison, that same night the prison medical doctor, Dr. Gopaul, was called up to attend to my injuries. He recorded my injuries in the Prison Medical journal and my medical file: "minor abrasions to the right forearm and the scapula....tenderness over the right side of my pelvic region....mild tenderness over both testicles and right groin area.... Dr. Gopaul recommended the following: panadol pain killing tablet, Valium, indocil capsules (anti-inflammatory medication). He also recommended x-rays of the pelvic region and chest, a surgeon's examination of me at the General Hospital, and a stool analysis, since I was passing blood in my stool. I was eventually taken to the hospital on the 8th of March after seeing the doctor again on the 7th March 1986.**
11. I make this affidavit for no improper purpose.

SWORN TO by the above-named
Deponent at Richmond Hill Prison
in the parish of St. George,
this day of September, 2002

AFFIDAVIT OF EWART JOSEPH LAYNE

I, EWART JOSEPH LAYNE, prisoner at the Richmond Hill Prison in Grenada, being duly sworn make oath and say as follows:

1. I am the Applicant herein, and make this affidavit from facts within my knowledge save where stated to be on information and belief in which case I verily believe the same to be true.
2. I am a forty-three year old Grenadian. I have been incarcerated at the said Richmond Hill Prisons since November 6, 1983. I was originally incarcerated at the Richmond Hill Prisons with the status of a prisoner-of-war. **Prior to being incarcerated at the Richmond Hill Prisons I was a prisoner-of-war on an American military ship.**
3. In the period 1979 to 1983, I was a member of the executive of the New Jewel Movement. In 1983 I was a Lieutenant Colonel in the People's Revolutionary Army (PRA) and the operational commander of the said PRA.
4. **On October 30, 1983 around 3:00 p.m., I was captured in the area of Westerhall in the parish of St. David's along with two of my co-applicants. Upon being captured, I was made to lie down on the ground with guns pointed at my head. I was handcuffed and chained up. I was led away on a walk of approximately 400 meters to a nearby beach where a helicopter was waiting. During the walk I was constantly taunted by U.S. soldiers. They referred to me in a very hostile manner as 'commie pig' and 'nigger'. Upon arrival at beach I was thrown on the ground and a plastic bag was forced over my head. I was then loaded into a helicopter. In fact, I was thrown in as if I was an item of cargo. The helicopter then proceeded to the airport at Point Salines.**
5. At Point Salines I was transferred to another helicopter. I was not told where I was being taken to but the helicopter headed out to sea. Eventually, I was taken to a helicopter carrier, USS Saipan.
6. On Saipan I was led down some steps and placed in a cell at the bottom of the ship. There I met Liam James, Bernard Coard and Phyllis Coard. I was later fingerprinted by U.S. officials.
7. After being fingerprinted and photographed on USS Saipan, I was removed to another helicopter carrier, USS Guam. On USS Guam I was again placed in a cell at the bottom of the ship together with Leon Cornwall, Liam James and Bernard Coard. There we were guarded by armed guards twenty-four hours each day. We were under orders not to communicate with each other. After being held incommunicado on USS Guam for some days, I was blindfolded, handcuffed, stripped of my shirt and led away. I was taken up some steps. I was put on a helicopter and flown away. Later I was transferred to a bus and taken to Richmond Hill Prisons.

8. Sometime before November 15, 1983 I became aware of a cable from Mr. Ramsey Clark, a former Attorney-General of the USA, which was sent to the detainees. The cable introduced Mr. Clark as an attorney retained by the brother of Bernard Coard to protect the interest of Coard and all others detained by the U.S. administration. Mr. Clark advised us that if questioned we should exercise our right to remain silent and if we were to give any interviews at anytime we should exercise our right to have an attorney present.
9. After receiving the legal advice from Mr. Ramsey Clark I immediately requested permission to see a lawyer. My request was not granted. It was not until December 17th or thereabout that I was finally permitted to see a lawyer in the person of Jamaican Attorney-at-Law Mrs. Jacqueline Samuels-Browne.
10. On November 15, 1983 some members of the team of Barbadian police officers came to the Richmond Hill Prisons. I saw them taking out Christopher Stroude, one of my co-applicants. I shouted out to Stroude that he should demand the presence of his lawyer. One of the officers, who I later got to know as Ashford Jones, came in front of my cell and, in a very menacing voice, he told me that I should not worry for I will get my time.
11. **On the evening of the November 16, 1983, around 3:00 p.m., the said Ashford Jones came to my cell. He told me that he came for me. I began to protest. The cell was opened. I was handcuffed, and despite vociferous protest from me I was forcibly removed from my cell and from the prison compound and taken to the lower level of Fort George. There, for the next 15 hours, I was physically and psychologically tortured. Throughout that period I constantly requested the presence of a lawyer. I insisted that I had nothing to say unless a lawyer was present. I informed the team of policemen that I had received legal advice from Mr. Ramsey Clark to exercise my right to silence. To this the policemen reacted with great hostility saying among other things that "Ramsey Clark was not fucking there when all you were killing people; so what the fuck he talking bout". I was tortured by various methods including:**
 - (a) **By placing a gun to my head and threatening to shoot me;**
 - (b) **By keeping handcuffs tightly drawn behind my back;**
 - (c) **Connecting electrical wires to an outlet and threatening to shock me, including shocking my testicles;**
 - (d) **Different police officers taking at simultaneously slapping me on both ears;**
 - (e) **Spitting on me. One female officer spat on me and boxed me;**
 - (f) **Lifting me off the ground by the neck as if hanging me. A piece of wet cloth was used for this;**
 - (g) **And applying repeated blows to my stomach with a large piece of pipe iron. At times these beatings took place while I was being lifted off the ground with my hands handcuffed behind my back.**

12. **On my return to the prison a doctor examined me. I told the doctor what had happened and he recorded the fact that I carried abrasions on my stomach.**
13. Shortly after my return to the prison I made a written compliant of what had happened to me at the hands of the police.
14. Sometime in the ensuing days or weeks I was interviewed at the prison by one inspector John of the Dominican police force. He told me that he was carrying out an investigation into complaints which I and others had made regarding being tortured.
15. I make this affidavit for no improper purpose.

SWORN TO by the above-named
Deponent at Richmond Hill Prison
in the parish of St. George,
this day of September, 2002

AFFIDAVIT OF COLVILLE KAMAU MCBARNETTE

I, COLVILLE KAMAU MCBARNETTE, currently residing at Richmond Hill Prison, being duly sworn make oath and say as follows:

1. That I am the Applicant herein, and make this affidavit from facts within my knowledge save where stated to be on information and belief, in which case I verily believe same to be true.
2. That I am a 45-year-old citizen of Grenada, having been born in the parish of St. George's on April 22nd 1956 and subsequently baptised with the name Colville Addington Leopold McBarnette.
3. That after the NJM assumed power I became, *inter alia*, the Manager of Radio Free Grenada (RFG), and was subsequently appointed a junior minister responsible for information.
4. **That on November 22nd 1983 I was detained by U.S. and Caribbean forces, beaten and tortured, and then taken to the Richmond Hill Prisons, where I have remained a prisoner since.**
5. That the day before, a group of American soldiers went to my parents' home at Tanteen Terrace in St. George's, and left word that I should report to the Peace Keeping Forces (C.P.F.). The following morning, in the company of my father and a friend of my father, I reported to the C.P.F. headquarters at Mt. Wheldale in St. George's. After about an hour's wait Cpt. Campbell of the Jamaica Defence Force drove me to a building on Lower Lucas Street where an American Intelligence Unit was housed. **Some four hours later, an American Intelligence Officer interrogated me. Shortly after I was handed over to two Barbadian Policemen, who, while displaying pistols and issuing threats, drove me to the C.I.D.**
6. **That I met and spoke with other Grenadians at, or around, the C.I.D. At about 5:00 p.m. I was taken into the office of Inspector Jasper Watson, a Barbadian policeman. He said to me, among other things, and in a very threatening tone, don't try to play innocent for him. He then summoned Sgt. Ronald Bowen to his office and told him to take me across and teach me a lesson, or words to that effect.**
7. **That in a separate room, a few feet away, Sgt. Bowen was joined by another Barbadian policeman, and during the almost five hours which followed, other policemen came in and out of the room displaying pistols. I was:**
 - (a) **Stripped of my shirt**
 - (b) **Placed on a chair and handcuffed behind my back**
 - (c) **Repeatedly beaten with fists to my stomach and head**

- (d) **Slapped repeatedly on both ears**
 - (e) **Hands were occasionally placed on my mouth to muffle my screams, [but there was at least one Grenadian who was at the C.I.D. at the time and heard my screams]**
 - (f) **My handkerchief was used to clean down a table**
 - (g) **A very cold liquid was poured on me**
 - (h) **Told that the beatings would continue until I told them that the C.C. met and took the decision to kill Maurice Bishop etc.**
 - (i) **Threats were made to kill me**
 - (j) **Threats were made to terrorise my mother and father, wife and children.**
8. That on the night of November 23rd 1983, I gave a statement to Lt. Robinson of the Jamaica Defence Force detailing my experience at the hands of these Barbadian policemen.
9. That on December 6th 1983, one Inspector John of the Dominican Police Force interviewed me at the prison. He told me that he was carrying out an investigation into complaints, which I and others had made regarding being tortured.
10. That as aforementioned I was first imprisoned at Richmond Hill Prison on November 22nd 1983. I was originally incarcerated with the status of Prisoner of War.
11. That shortly after my detention I was served an order signed by the then Governor General, Sir Paul Scoon, informing me that I was being held as a detainee, being regarded as a threat to national security.
16. I make this affidavit for no improper purpose.

SWORN TO by the above-named
Deponent at Richmond Hill Prison
in the parish of St. George,
this day of September, 2002

AFFIDAVIT OF CECIL PRIME

I, **CECIL HERBERT PRIME**, prisoner at the Richmond Hill Prison in Grenada, being duly sworn make oath and say as follows:

1. That I am an the Applicant herein, and make this affidavit from facts within my knowledge save where stated to be on information and belief in which case I verily believe the same to be true.
2. That I am a forty-two year old Grenadian. I have been incarcerated at the said Richmond Hill Prisons from about November 13th 1983. I was originally incarcerated at the Richmond Hill Prisons with the status of a prisoner-of-war. **Prior to being incarcerated at the Richmond Hill Prisons I was a prisoner-of-war at the United States Prisoner of war camp at Point Salines with the number 1001A.**
3. That on November 4th 1983 I surrendered myself to the occupation forces at the Queen's Park, now the National Stadium, and transported to the Richmond Hill Prisons.
4. That I was then transferred to the U.S. prisoner of war camp at Point Salines on the 6th November 1983.
5. **That at the Point Salines prisoner of war camp I was moved to a tent pitched on an incline, so that when the rain came it flooded the area inside. At all times the flaps of the tent had to be up so that the U.S. soldier with the machine gun pointed at myself and the other men could observe our every move.**
6. **That after being moved to another tent my number was called out and on or around the 8th November 1983 I was moved close to a box. The box was made with 8 pieces of 8 ft plyboard, with slits head high for ration and a few holes for air, and a thin piece of foam. I was sprawled against that said box, frisked and ordered to enter. The entrance was no higher than 2 feet. To get in one had to enter on hands on knees or contort oneself. It was very hot during the day and cold at night. One night when I asked to go to the toilet I was taken out of the box and made to swim in the dirt with a soldier pointing an M-16 rifle at my back.**
7. **That for the first night in the box it was impossible to sleep because at fifteen minutes intervals the soldiers would beat on the box, shine lights at me and shout at me to stand up and push my hands out through the slits. Then another unit would shout at me to remove my hands from the slit and lie down. In one instance a guard dog's head was allowed to enter. Throughout racist and obscene abuse were hurled at me. After 5 days I was taken to the beach to have a bath for the first time since being in the box.**
8. **In that camp the toilet facility were pit latrines lined up next to each other. Myself and others who used the facility were exposed from the knee up so that all the persons around could observe us carrying out this most private act.**

9. That from the 4th to the 13th November 1983 I was interrogated about five (5) times.
10. That on or about the 13th November 1983 was informed by U.S. soldiers to pack my bags. Everyone in POW camp was told that, "you are going home". However, I was fingerprinted, placed on a bus with other POW's.
11. In that bus I along with the other POW's were ordered to rest our heads against the seat in front of us and keep our heads down.
12. That in the days immediately after I was brought to the Richmond Hill Prisons more and more prisoners-of-war were brought in. At one time the numbers brought in were as high as 60. They were referred to as detainees. Several of the detainees had horror stories of being tortured by a team of police officers from Barbados who said they were investigating the events of October 19th, 1983.
13. Sometime around 15th November I became aware of a cable from Mr. Ramsey Clark send to the detainees. The cable introduced Mr. Clark as an attorney retained by the brother of Bernard Coard to protect the interest of Bernard and all other detained by the U.S. Mr. Clark advised us that if questioned we should exercise our right to remain silent and if we were to give any interviews at anytime we should exercise our right to have an attorney present.
14. After receiving the legal advice from Mr. Clark I immediately requested permission to see a lawyer. My request was not granted. It was not until December 17th or thereabout that I was finally permitted to see a lawyer in the person of Jamaican Attorney at Law Mrs Jacqueline Samuels-Browne.
15. That on 22nd November before noon some members of the team of police came to the Richmond Hill Prisons. I was brought to the gate lodge handed over to Sergeant Ashford Jones, P.C. Courcay Holder and another police of the Barbados Police Force and I was and driven to Fort George.
16. That at Fort George I was interrogated by Sergeant Bowen of Barbados. Sergeant Jones and another policeman were also present.
17. That on the 23rd November 1983 I was called out by Captain Campbell of the Jamaica Defence Force and told that I was a security threat to Grenada and could not be released. I was interrogated about the whereabouts of weapons in the country.
18. That on the 25th November 1983 I was interrogated by one Sergeant of the Jamaica Defence Force.
19. **That on the 19th December 1983 I was taken from my cell by two soldiers of the Jamaica Defence Force and brought to a room in the library where I met the US intelligence officer, 'John'. There I was interrogated again and asked to sign a statement asking me to state that I was at Fort Frederick where I heard Lt. Col. Layne give orders to soldiers to kill Maurice Bishop and others. On refusing to sign the statement I was manhandled by six Jamaican soldiers who placed M-16 rifles at**

my back and pushed into the gallows room where I was given an exhibition of how I would be hanged. I was then brought back to my cell.

20. I make this affidavit for no improper purpose.

SWORN TO by the above-named
Deponent at Richmond Hill Prison
in the parish of St. George,
this day of September, 2002

AFFIDAVIT OF LESTER DELON REDHEAD

I, LESTER DELON REDHEAD, prisoner at the Richmond Hill Prison in Grenada, being duly sworn make oath and say as follows:

1. I am the Applicant herein, and make this affidavit from facts within my knowledge save where stated to be on information and belief in which case I verily believe the same to be true.
2. I am a forty-one year old Grenadian. I have been incarcerated at the said Richmond Hill Prisons from about November 13th 1983. I was originally incarcerated at the Richmond Hill Prisons with the status of a prisoner-of-war. **Prior to being incarcerated at the Richmond Hill Prisons I was a prisoner-of-war at the United States Prisoner of war camp at Point Salines with the number A0124 or A0125.**
3. In the period 1979 to 1983 I was a member of the New Jewel Movement. In 1983 I was the Chief of the Office of Combative Preparations.
4. Following the invasion I was captured by U.S. forces at about 11.00 a.m. on October 29, 1983. I was taken to the Queens Park detention centre and then to the US controlled Point Salines Detention/Concentration Camp where I was held incommunicado from family and friends. **I was subjected to degrading and inhumane treatment.** I was first taken to the Richmond Hill Prisons on the 3rd November, where I spent a few days before I was taken back to the Point salines concentration Camp. On November 13th I was again taken to the Richmond Hill Prison, where I remain a prisoner-of-war for over seventeen years.
5. That at the detention centre at Queen's Park I was interrogated and given a Prisoner-of-war tag with a number, which I had to wear around my neck at all times. **When I refused to answer questions asked about the killing of Maurice Bishop and others, I was called "nigger", "butcher", among other names. Threats were used against me.**
6. On October 30th 1983, at about 7:00 p.m., I was taken to the Point Salines Detention/Concentration Camp. There I was given a new prisoner-of-war tag with the number A0124, or A0125, which I had to wear around my neck. I was stripped and searched in a humiliating manner. Again I was interrogated, sometimes twice to three times daily, or for several hours during the night. **When I refused to answer any questions save for and except my name, army rank, regimental, or serial, number, as is the right of a prisoner-of-war under the Geneva Convention of August 12th 1949, I was threatened to be sent to jail, and called all sort of names by the Americans who interrogated me.**
7. As aforementioned, on the evening of November 3, 1983, I and other Grenadian prisoners-of-war were transported by U.S. troops to Richmond Hill Prison. I was placed in cell and kept there for about two days without being allowed to have a bath.
8. On the morning of Sunday November 6, 1983, I was removed from the Richmond Hill Prisons by U.S. soldiers. I was placed in a bus with my hands tied behind my back and

ordered to keep my head bent down. I was not able to see where I was being transported. The bus arrived at the Point Salines prisoner-of-war camp.

9. **As a result of my non co-operation with the American invaders I was put to live in an area mapped out by razor wire with no roofing. I was forced to sleep on the bear pitch, in the open air. Subsequently I was transferred to "Tent A" which had roofing but no sidings. I was again forced to sleep on the bear pitch for days. When rain fell I had to keep standing until it was over and the pitch dried out. Family and friends who came to visit me were refused permission.**
10. **At all times a soldier with a machine gun pointed at the other men and myself could observe our every move.**
11. **On 8th November 1983, around 11:00 p.m. I was taken from "Tent A", stripped searched again and was put in solitary confinement and forbidden to speak to anyone—not even the invaders themselves. I was put in an 8' by 8' by 4' "sweat box" (made of plywood) which had no ventilation except for two tiny holes on each side of the box and another cut in the front where ration bowls (platters) were passed. The entrance to the box, which remained chained, was no higher than two feet. To get in I had to do so on my hand and knees or crawl on my stomach.**
12. **Inside the sweatbox was damp. There were many insulting slogans written on the board: "nigger", "Fidel dog", "Communist", just to name a few. To use the pit facilities a piece of white cloth had to be thrown out of the box to which the invaders hardly responded. On several occasions I had to urinate in the same place I had to lie down to sleep. There were occasions when objects were thrown into the sweatbox at nights. This caused great stress and discomfort. Then there was the harassment from the American soldiers at nights. For example, one set of soldiers would pass and say to me: "nigger stand up and push out your hands". Another would pass minutes later and ask: "who the hell tell you to stand up? Sit down!" This went on repeatedly the first night. A white US soldier spat in my face when I tried to speak to him.**
13. **At nights the sweatbox was beaten at 5 to 10 minute intervals. This went on for many hours. I remember one night lying there on the floor of the box. The sound of a helicopter could be heard advancing in my direction. Then there was the sound of a forklift immediately outside the box. Suddenly I felt the box shook and seconds later it was lifted off the ground. For the first time I truly panicked. All sort of crazy thoughts occupied my mind, as the box in which I was remained suspended in the air. I honestly thought that they were going to ship me out of Grenada in that box. There I was in the darkness groping about for something to keep me steady. The noise from the helicopter was almost deafening. Then, what seemed to be an eternity of suspension in the air, the sweatbox was lowered to the ground in an extremely rough manner. It was not until several hours the following day that I was able to regain my equilibrium. Shortly after a black Sergeant of the US forces came over to the box and whispered: "Captain, this is all about the mind; it is a mind game. Don't let them get at your mind".**

14. **In that camp the toilet facility were pit latrines lined up next to each other. Myself and others who used the facility were exposed from the knee up so that all the persons around could observe us carrying out this most private act.**
15. From the 30th October to 13th November 1983 I was interrogated several times. I also knew that some of my co-appellants were also interrogated. While at the POW camp at Point Salines I became aware that Callistus Bernard was taken away by Barbadian policemen.
16. On the 11th November 1983, at about 5:00 p.m., I was taken from the sweatbox by US marine soldiers and handed over to Sergeant Ashford Jones and Courcey Holder, members of the Barbadian police force. They took me to Fort Rupert (now Fort George) where they handcuffed me behind my back. I was put to sit in a chair. They asked me what I knew about the killing of Maurice Bishop. I told them I knew nothing about it. Consequently they resorted to using threats against me. Later they interrogated me about my whereabouts on 19th October 1983 and I voluntarily gave them that information. I was taken back to Point Salines Detention/Concentration Camp around midnight.
17. **On the evening of 12th November 1983 I was again taken from the sweatbox and handed over to the Barbadians. Again they took me to Fort Rupert. During the drive from the concentration camp to Fort Rupert, force and physical violence were used against me. I was repeatedly squeezed and struck in the chest with a .38 revolver by Sgt. Ashford Jones who accused me of lying to him the previous day. Sgt. Ashford Jones told me that he was going to give me a share of what Abdullah got, and repeatedly threatened to tie my hands and feet and throw me into the sea.**
18. **At Fort Rupert I was again handcuffed to a chair, and later to a wash basin. For the next several hours, without food or water and not being allowed to use the toilet facilities, I was physically and psychologically tortured by the several policemen to give a statement that was both inaccurate and untrue. The team of police officers from Barbados who said that they were investigating the events of October 19th, 1983 already had a false conception of what had happened on October 19th and they only wanted me to rubberstamp it. Throughout I protested against this barbaric and inhuman treatment and maintained my innocence but those protestations went unheeded. They were not prepared to listen or accept what I really knew. In fact from time to time during the torture they said that I they were going to make me "confess", that it was no use playing a 'tough one', that they would break me as they had broken Callistus Bernard. I was tortured by various methods including: squeezing the handcuffs tight on my hands so that blood flow was cut off and my hands became numb; hurling abuse against me; continuous beatings with fists on my head, shoulders, back, stomach chest and feet; Slaps to my ears.**
19. **The continued shock over the tragedy of October 19, exhaustion from fighting against the foreign invasion, demoralization as a result of the collapse of the Revolution, being on the run for days and the worry about the welfare of my family, the traumatising experience in the POW camp at Point Salines and now the torture were too much for me. The idea of electricity being applied to my genitals and thrown into the sea was too much for me to comprehend and so my will was broken and I was forced to say "yes"(as instructed) to everything Ashford Jones**

read from a written statement he had before him. Subsequently, as a result of additional blows to my body, I was forced to sign a statement that was false and inaccurate. It was only under conditions of extreme psychological and physical torture would I have repeated the things read to me and signed such a false statement.

20. **My request for a lawyer went unheeded. I was told that Bishop and others weren't given lawyers and so I have no right to legal counsel.**
21. **That on November 13, 1983 between 2:00 a.m. and 3:00 a.m. I was taken back to the detention/concentration camp at Point Salines and pushed back into the sweatbox without any medical attention, in spite of my request to see a doctor. I was suffering from severe pain to my head and stomach as a direct result of the extreme physical torture.**
22. On or about the 13th November 1983 I and other POW's were transferred to Richmond Hill Prisons. In that bus I and the other POW's were ordered to rest our heads against the seat in front of us and keep our heads down throughout the journey from the Concentration Camp to the prison.
23. **On mornings during my first weeks at Richmond Hill Prisons, before I was fully awake, several of the foreign soldiers would bang on cell door until I would be forced to take notice of them. Sometimes they simply hurled insults at me, using foul language, issued threats as to what they would do to me, then stormed away.**
24. I make this affidavit for no improper purpose.

SWORN TO by the above-named
Deponent at Richmond Hill Prison
in the parish of St. George,
this day of September, 2002

AFFIDAVIT OF SELWYN STRACHAN

I, SELWYN STRACHAN, prisoner at the Richmond Hill Prison, Grenada, being duly sworn, make oath and say as follows:

1. That I am the Applicant herein, and I make this affidavit from facts within my knowledge, save where stated to be on information and belief, in which case I verily believe same to be true.
2. That I am a 54-year-old citizen of Grenada. I was born in the agricultural and fishing village of Woburn situated in the southern part of the parish of St. George.
3. **That four (4) days after the invasion, at about 10.00 a.m. on October 29, 1983, a large contingent of U.S. soldiers armed to the teeth, crashed into the house, where I and some of my co-applicants were holed up at the time, and abducted me. A variety of weapons were pointed at my person. My hands were roughly tied behind my back. I was ordered to lie faced down on the wet ground in the yard. I was bodily searched. I was then marched through the bye-road in a humiliating manner, in full view of onlookers, and thrown onto a waiting truck on the main road. The truck drove off. It stopped at the Governor General's roundabout. I was thrown out on the ground still with my hands tied behind my back in full view of the public, and with all sorts of verbal abuses being hurled at me by the U.S. soldiers. After a few minutes of this public humiliation I was then heaved on to the truck again, and taken to the Queen's Park Detention Centre. During the drive to Queen's Park, a U.S. soldier stuck a .45 revolver beneath my chin and repeatedly said: "I'm going to blow your fucking head off". I stayed mute.**
4. **That at Queen's Park Detention Centre I was put to sit in the sun. After a while my hands were untied, and I was ordered to stand up and face the wall of a building with my hands placed on top of my head. While in that position another U.S. soldier told me that if I only make a move he will blow off my brain.** A few hours later I was taken into a room where U.S. soldiers attempted to interrogate me about the events of October 1983. I refused to answer their questions, pointing out in the process that they were illegal invaders and occupiers of my country. I was not given anything to eat until around 6.00 p.m. that day. At nightfall I was placed in a small concrete room. I was made to lie on my back on the cold concrete for the entire night. A U.S. soldier was sitting in the room throughout the night with his automatic weapon trained on me. A shift system was operated, so that one soldier was there for approximately one hour at a time. I was kept in that cold concrete room for almost 2 days.
5. That on October 31, 1983, sometime in the late afternoon, I was transported by military jeep to another Detention Centre which was set up by the invaders at Point Salines International Airport Site. The Detention Camp was dubbed the "Concentration Camp" because of the extremely harsh conditions which existed there. It was a barbed wire enclosure with no covering. The detainees, including myself had to sit, or stand, or lie, in the sun and rain 24 hours a day. On my arrival at the "Concentration Camp", I was stripped naked and my clothes were searched again for the umpteenth time. I was then

given a prisoner-of-war (POW) tag with a number. Each POW was referred to, called out by the American soldiers, by his/her number on the tag. My hands were then tied behind my back again, and I was left in that condition in the "Concentration Camp" until the next day. On my journey to the "Concentration Camp" I observed quite a number of tents pitched all over the place in the vicinity of the airport site. U.S. soldiers occupied all these tents. I was kept at the Point Salines "Concentration Camp" for three (3) days.

6. That on the evening of November 3, 1983, I was transported by truck, loaded with U.S. troops, to the Richmond Hill Prison. The prison compound was occupied with foreign soldiers. Lots of them were from the so-called Caribbean Peacekeeping Forces (CPF). They were extremely hostile and abusive. **While I was being taken to the prison cell, the St. Lucian soldier who escorted me jammed his rifle into the small of my back and all along the way threatened to shoot me.** I remained in the cell for three days.
7. That on the morning of November 6, I was removed from the Richmond Hill Prison and taken by bus back to the Point Salines "Concentration Camp". Throughout the entire journey the U.S. soldiers who sat at various vantage points in the bus ordered all the detainees to keep our heads bent down, while our hands were tied behind our backs. They were heavily armed. I was not able to see where I was going as a result of being forced to sit in that position. I only realised that I was taken back to the Point Salines "Concentration Camp" when the bus stopped, and I was ordered to lift my head and get out.
8. That I was kept in that camp for two days and then transferred to another barbed-wire camp within the airport compound. Inside that other "Concentration Camp", located near to the sea, there were covered tents, even though they leaked like hell. There were also foam mattresses to be shared among the hundreds of POWs who were packed like sardines in those tents. The mattresses were placed on the ground. It was very difficult to get a nap under those conditions, moreso when the rains came down. The following day, together with other POWs, I was allowed to have a bath in the nearby sea. That was the first 'bath' I had since my abduction on the morning of October 29, 1983.
9. That I was held incommunicado at all the POW Camps. As I was to learn subsequently, families and friends who tried to visit me on many occasions at the Camps were turned back. The U.S. Intelligence Officers tried to interrogate me on several occasions but on each occasion I refused to answer the questions they were asking, or co-operate with them in any way. Like other POWs, I was photographed and fingerprinted by those U.S. Officers.
10. That on the afternoon of November 13, 1983, I was again transported to the Richmond Hill Prison, this time by truck. Since then I've been a political prisoner, residing at the Richmond Hill Prison for almost 18 years.
11. That sometime before November 15, 1983 I became aware of a cable from Mr. Ramsey Clark, a former attorney-general of the USA, which was sent to the detainees. The cable introduced Mr. Clark as an attorney retained by the brother of Bernard Coard to protect the interest of Bernard and all others detained by the U.S. administration. Mr. Clark advised us that if questioned we should exercise our right to remain silent, and if we were

to give any interviews at anytime we should exercise our right to have an attorney present.

12. That after receiving the legal advice from Mr. Ramsey Clark I immediately requested permission to see a lawyer. My request was not granted for another full month. Therefore, I was denied access to a lawyer for the first eight weeks I was held by US troops. Thus, I had no means of legal redress; no means of petitioning a court on my behalf.
13. That around 10:00 a.m. on February 20, 1984, I was removed from my cell at the Richmond Hill Prison against my wishes by a team of foreign police, made up of Barbadians and one Antiguan. They took me to Fort Rupert (now Fort George) where I spent the next 12 hours being subjected to the most intense physical and psychological torture.
14. That the objective of this exercise was to force me to sign a statement implicating myself and other members of the Central Committee of the New Jewel Movement in the tragic killings of Maurice Bishop and others on October 19, 1983. I was placed in a private room and ordered to sit on a chair with my hands handcuffed behind my back. They first asked for my antecedents, which I provided. They then started to ask me for information regarding my whereabouts on October 19, 1983. I promptly requested the presence of my lawyer. **The mere mention of a legal representative nearly sent these foreign torturers through the roof. They were furious. Verbal abuses were hurled at me from all directions. I was punched repeatedly in my stomach. Inspector Jasper Watson, the head of the torture team, screamed that I would not be allowed to see my lawyer. He angrily asked whether those who were killed on the Fort were allowed access to a lawyer before they were killed. I counterattacked by telling them that they were in my country illegally and they should get out immediately. That statement got them madder. They intensified the physical torture. Using both hands and operating in turns they slapped me on both ears simultaneously. That was extremely painful. I saw the stars. This method of torture went on for what seemed to be an eternity. Then, suddenly, they switched to another form of physical torture. They removed the handcuffs from behind my back. One side of the handcuff was then placed on my left hand and tightly squeezed; and the other side of the handcuff was locked to the pipe head in the nearby washbasin. The foreign policemen then started to rain down another round of blows to all parts of my body: my head, my neck, my face, my back, my stomach and chest. Then, Inspector Jasper Watson, as if possessed, grabbed on to my beard and started to root large strands off my face. That pained me excruciatingly. The torture continued without any end in sight.**
15. **That when this regime of torture became unbearable I decided to forego my rights to have a lawyer present and answer their questions. The questions focused on some of the activities leading up to October 19, 1983, and on my whereabouts on October 19, 1983. Up to that point I answered no questions incriminating myself, nor any of my co-applicants, even though my torturers tried several times to get me to say 'yes' to a conspiracy by members of the Central Committee of the NJM to kill the late Prime Minister, Maurice Bishop, and others.**

16. **That at around 2.00 p.m. I was transferred from the interrogation centre to the to the uppermost part of Fort Rupert and placed in the cell there. My hands were once again handcuffed behind my back. The cell was in a filthy state. The atmosphere was polluted with the scent of faeces. Psychologically, I was badly affected by this; and that was in addition to the physical pain I was enduring from the earlier torture. I was kept in those conditions for approximately 5 hours. During that time different ones of the Bajan and Antiguan torturers would come at intervals and taunt me for a few minutes. Their aim was to break me into answering their incriminating questions about October 19, 1983. I did not budge.**

17. **That when they realised that they were making zero progress with this form of psychological warfare, I was then removed from that cell, still with my hands handcuffed behind my back, and taken to the underground dungeon in another section of Fort Rupert. Inspector Jaspas Watson and his team of torturers were waiting there. They sat me down on a stool, still with my hands handcuffed behind my back. By this time I started to experience some back pain (a recurrence of the effects of the secret police brutality of the Gairy regime, inflicted on me on Bloody Sunday, November 18, 1973, which was already aggravated by the Bajan torturers earlier that day). They shifted me closer to the table, and pushed a statement in front of me to read and sign. After reading the statement which contained some of the answers I gave them in the interrogation room in the forenoon, I told them I would not sign it, since they had included incriminating matters which were never acknowledged by me. For example, that the Central Committee of the New Jewel Movement, which included myself, ordered the execution of Maurice Bishop and others. Inspector Watson and his team did not take too kindly to my adamancy. They were furious, enraged. The physical torturing of me resumed immediately. It was a concentrated repeat of the earlier beatings. At a certain stage Watson pulled out his gun and placed it on the table so that it would not escape my attention. He and the others threatened to shoot me, and then say to all those concerned that I tried to escape. All of this was calculated to frighten me into signing the statement. I told them that they can go ahead and shoot me, but I would sign that statement over my dead body. The beatings and hostile exchanges between me and them went on for quite awhile. Then all of a sudden everything came to a halt. I got the distinct impression, based on what I was able to pick up from their sotto voce conversation, that questions were being asked up in the prison about my whereabouts, given that I was taken from the prison at about 10.00 a.m. that day. Members of the torture team were moving in and out of the dungeon bringing information.**

18. **That when those torturers realised that they were making no headway in getting me to sign the incriminating statement, coupled with the questions being raised about my whereabouts, they quickly adjusted the statement, rewrote it, removing all the parts I objected to. They then gave the rewritten version to me to read. After reading it I agreed to sign and bring the ordeal to an end. While that was being done I was offered something to eat for the first time since I was taken from Richmond Hill Prison in the morning period. But I refused to eat. I was not in a mental and physical state to eat anything – not mention the fact that I didn't trust the invaders.**

19. That it was around 10.00 p.m. when I was eventually transported by car back to the prison. I sat in the back seat of the car handcuffed in front of me and sandwiched by two foreign policemen. While at the dungeon, and during the journey back to Richmond Hill Prison, I overheard the torturers talking about collecting Mrs. Phyllis Coard the next day to put her through a similar situation like myself.
20. That on my arrival back at the prison I was handed over to one of the Jamaican soldiers who was on duty at the time. The soldier had to help walk me across the prison yard because of my battered condition. When we got to the security wing where all POWs/Detainees were held, I asked the soldier permission to speak with Bernard Coard briefly by his cell. I then told Bernard of the conversation I overheard regarding the torture those foreign policemen were planning to inflict on his wife the next day, and that he should take steps immediately to try and avert that situation from happening. I then went to my cell on the upper level. **The JDF soldier had to hold on to me to help me up the flight of steps. I could not make it by myself. That I was not allowed to get medical attention until the following day, despite the physical pain I was experiencing in many parts of my body. I gave the doctor a detailed report on the torture that was meted out to me at the hands of the Bajans and one Antiguan. The doctor recorded all I told him in the prison medical journal.**
21. I make this affidavit for no improper purpose.

SWORN TO by the above-named
Deponent at Richmond Hill Prison
in the parish of St. George,
this day of September, 2002

AFFIDAVIT OF CHRISTOPHER STROUDE

I, CHRISTOPHER ANTHONY MICHAEL STROUDE, prisoner at the Richmond Hill Prison in Grenada, being duly sworn make oath and say as follows:

1. I am the Applicant herein, and make this affidavit from facts within my knowledge save where stated to be on information and belief in which case I verily believe the same to be true.
2. I am a forty-five year old Grenadian and the father of two sons born on the 10th April 1977 and the 30th May 1981.
3. I have been incarcerated at the said Richmond Hill Prisons from about November 13th 1983. I was originally incarcerated at the Richmond Hill Prisons with the status of a prisoner-of-war.
4. **Prior to being incarcerated at the Richmond Hill Prisons I was a prisoner-of-war at the United States prisoner of war camp at Point Salines with the number 0884A.**
5. **On November 4th 1983 I surrendered myself to the occupation forces at the Queen's Park after my wife, as she was then, informed me that she was told by the said occupation forces that unless I surrendered they would detain her again.**
6. **I was then transferred to the U.S. prisoner of war camp at Point Salines by bus with other detained persons on the same day.**
7. **At the Point Salines prisoner of war camp I was moved to wooden building. Later I was moved to a tent pitched on an incline, so that when the rain came it flooded the area inside. At all times the flaps of the tent had to be up so that the U.S. soldier with a machine gun pointed at myself and the other men could observe our every move.**
8. **Soon after being transferred to another tent on the 8th November 1983 the number I was given was called out around 1100 hrs and I was moved close to a box. The box was made with 8 pieces of 8 ft plyboard, with slits head high for ration and a few holes for air and a thin piece of foam to lie on. I was sprawled against that said box, frisked and ordered to enter. The entrance was no higher than 2 feet. To get in one had to enter on hands and knees or contort oneself.**
9. **For the first night in the box it was impossible to sleep because at fifteen minutes intervals the soldiers would beat on the box, shine lights at me, threaten me and shout at me to stand up and push my hands out through the slits. Then another unit would shout at me to remove my hands from the slit and lie down. In one instance the little entrance was opened and a snarling guard dog's head appeared. Throughout racist and obscene abuse were hurled at me. By the next morning I was totally disoriented. Later that day a Black US soldier told me that the experience of the night was a 'mind-game' and he encouraged me to exercise.**

10. **In that camp the toilet facility were pit latrines lined up next to each other. Myself and others who used the facility were exposed from the knee up so that all the persons around could observe us carrying out this most private act.**
11. From the 4th to the 13th November 1983 I was interrogated about eight times. I also knew that some of my co-appellants were also interrogated. While at the POW camp at Point Salines I became aware that both Callistus Bernard and Lester Redhead were taken away by Barbadian policemen.
12. **Very close to the time I was to leave the POW camp at Point Salines my wife, as she was then, was detained with other women at the said camp. The fact that she was a POW and had to experience the deprivation that came with that status and the anxiety over our two children was extremely stressful for me.**
13. On or about the 13th November 1983 I was informed by U.S. soldiers to pack the little I had. Everyone in POW camp was told that, "You are going home". However, I was fingerprinted and ordered to enter a bus, together with other POW's.
14. **In that bus I and the other POW's were ordered to rest our heads against the seat in front of us and keep our heads down. I and other POW's, were transferred to Richmond Hill Prisons. My wife, as she was then, was also transferred to the Prison and kept for a few days.**
15. Sometime around 15th November I became aware of a cable from Mr. Ramsey Clark send to the detainees. The cable introduced Mr. Clark as an attorney retained by the brother of Bernard Coard to protect the interest of Bernard and all other detained by the U.S. Mr. Clark advised us that if questioned we should exercise our right to remain silent and if we were to give any interviews at anytime we should exercise our right to have an attorney present.
16. After receiving the legal advice from Mr Clark I immediately requested permission to see a lawyer. My request was not granted. It was not until December 17th or thereabout that I was finally permitted to see a lawyer in the person of Jamaican Attorney at Law Mrs Jacqueline Samuels-Browne.
17. **On 15th November at around 9.30 a.m. some members of the team of police came to the Richmond Hill Prisons. Despite my protest I was taken out of my cell and handcuffed behind my back...I was brought to the gate lodge and Sergeant Ashford Jones, P.C. Courcay Holder and P.C. Boyce of the Barbados Police Force brought me to a car and drove me to Fort George.**
18. **At Fort George the three police officers were joined by Inspector Jasper Watson and PC Walker of Barbados. For the next 23 hours, without food or water and being allowed to use the toilet once I was physically and psychologically tortured by the five policemen to give a statement that was both inaccurate and untrue. The team of police officers who said that they were investigating the events of October 19th, 1983 already had a false conception of what had happened on October 19th and they only wanted me to rubber-stamped it. Throughout I protested against this barbaric and inhuman treatment and maintained my innocence but those**

protestations went unheeded. They were not prepared to listen or accept what I really knew. In fact from time to time during the torture they said that I was a 'hard case', a 'tough one' but that they would break me as they had broken Callistus Bernard and Lester Redhead. I was tortured by various methods including:

- (a) Squeezing the handcuffs tight on my hands so that blood flow was cut off and my hands became numb;
 - (b) Hurling abuse against me;
 - (c) Continuous beatings with fists on my neck, shoulders, back, stomach and chest;
 - (d) Slaps to my ears that left me unable to hear well in the left ear;
 - (e) Beatings with a piece of iron to my stomach, hips, thigh and bottom;
 - (f) Repeatedly tying my neck with a piece of cloth and lifting me totally off the ground until I fainted;
 - (g) Taking off my pants and underwear, wetting my genitals and then bringing electrical wires already connected to an outlet to shock me in my genitals.
19. The continued shock over the tragedy of October 19, exhaustion from fighting against the foreign invasion, demoralization as a result of the collapse of the Revolution, being on the run for days and the worry about the welfare of my family, the traumatising experience in the POW camp at Point Salines and then the humiliating and demeaning experience of torture were too much for me. The idea of electricity being applied to my genitals terrified me and so my will was broken. As a result I wrote and signed a statement that was false and inaccurate. It was only under conditions of extreme psychological and physical torture would I have made such a false statement.
 20. On the 16th November 1983 at about 0825 hours I was returned to the prison by Sgt Jones, PC Holder and PC Boyce.
 21. Shortly after my return to the prison I reported what had happened to me at the hands of the police to Captain, now, Major Saunders of the Jamaica Defence Force, who admitted the same to the court.
 22. On the 17th November 1983 Dr. Gopaul, the prison doctor, examined me. I told the doctor what had happened and he recorded the following external injuries:
 - (a) The line or abrasion about 3 inches in length over the area of left trapezius on the outer aspect of the left side of the neck.
 - (b) Horizontal bruise over the anterior aspect of the chest extending from the mid line to the left for about five inches overlying the 5th, 6th and 7th ribs.

- (c) **Few line abrasions over the anterior aspect of the lower part of the thorax overlying the lower thoracic ribs.**
 - (d) **Diffuse tenderness over the anterior aspect of the chest.**
 - (e) **Mild tenderness of the right and left hypochondrian.**
 - (f) **Mild tenderness over the distal parts of left forearm. Numbness over the medial three fingers and the corresponding area of the left hand extending up to the arm.**
 - (g) **Mild tenderness of the cervical spine.**
 - (h) **Mild tenderness over the trachea and the sides of the neck. Tenderness on swallowing.**
23. **He prescribed medication for the pain, inflammation and relaxing the muscle. I was also sent to get x-ray for my neck, hands and waist.**
24. **The large prison diary which contained the names of the policemen who took me away from the prison; my status as a POW; and the time I was removed from the prison – mysteriously disappeared.**
25. Between November 20th and December 19th 1983 I was interviewed at the prison by one Inspector Evan John of the Commonwealth of Dominica police force. He told me that he was carrying out an investigation into complaints which I and others had made regarding being tortured.
26. I make this affidavit for no improper purpose.

SWORN TO by the above-named
Deponent at Richmond Hill Prison
in the parish of St. George,
this day of September, 2002

AFFIDAVIT OF JOHN VENTOUR

I, JOHN ANTHONY VENTOUR, prisoner at the Richmond Hill Prison in Grenada, being duly sworn make oath and say as follows:

1. I am the Applicant herein, and make this affidavit from facts within my knowledge save where stated to be on information and belief in which case I verily believe same to be true.
2. I am a forty-four year old Grenadian.
3. I've been incarcerated at the said Richmond Hill Prisons since November 13, 1983, where I have been held continuously; a total period of approximately 17¾ years.
4. **Prior to being incarcerated at the Richmond Hill Prisons I was a prisoner of war at the Point Salines Prisoner of War Camp operated by the American Invading forces;**
5. Throughout the period of the Grenada Revolution I was a full time trade union leader. I was the elected General Secretary of the Grenada Commercial and Industrial Workers' Union from 1977, and President of that same union in August 1982, and re-elected in 1983. I was also a member of the Executive Committee of the Grenada Trade Union Council (the umbrella trade union organisation in Grenada) from 1977, and its General Secretary at the time of my abduction by U.S. military forces, having been elected annually from 1980. I held no positions in the government (PRG).
6. **At about 10:30 a.m. on Saturday October 29th 1983, I was detained by U.S. troops in Mt. Parnassus, St. George's. I was forced out of the house by more than ten U.S. soldiers, heavily armed with automatic rifles and machine guns. One of them had a howitzer, a large cannon. I was half-naked, clad in only a short pants. I was not allowed to put on a shirt or shoes. I was ordered to lie on the ground outside the house and rolled in the dirt with weapons trained on me. My hands were harshly and tightly tied behind my back and I was placed on a U.S. Army truck and brought to a detention centre at Queen's Park, St. George's. En route to Queen's Park the truck stopped at the Governor General's Roundabout, where the soldiers removed me from the truck and made me lie face down on the ground in full view of the public and subjected me to severe verbal abuse.**
7. **At Queen's Park, I was placed to sit in the hot sun, half naked, under gunpoint, until about 6:00 p.m. Despite my complaints to the U.S. military officer who was in charge of that U.S. Detention Centre, that I was just recuperating from an acute attack of hepatitis, a viral infection of the liver, and that I was on a strict diet for a whole year, and that I had to eat meals on time, I was not given anything to eat until about 6:00 p.m.**
8. **On Monday October 31, 1983, I was taken from Queen's Park to Point Salines where I was made to strip naked in the open by US troops and my clothing searched. I was given a Dog Tag No. 0721 and placed in a barbed wire enclosure on a pitched incline, surrounded by U.S. soldiers heavily armed with automatic rifles and machine guns. The enclosure had no cover, so for three days I got wet**

when it rained and had to endure the hot sun on the pitched surface, because there was no mattress or anything else to lie or sit on. Because of my health problem which I drew to the attention of the U.S. Soldiers, I was not able to eat and drink all of what was provided: only bare white rice and some milk.

9. On the evening of November 3, 1983, I and other Grenadian prisoners-of-war were transported by U.S. troops to Richmond Hill Prison. I was placed in a small cell together with two other prisoners-of-war and kept there for about two days without being allowed to have a bath, and only able to eat some dry bread and drink milk. This is because I was not able to eat anything seasoned or fried or with fat, and so on.
10. On the morning of Sunday November 6, 1983, I was removed from the Richmond Hill Prisons by U.S. soldiers. I was placed in a bus with my hands tied behind my back and ordered to keep my head bent down. I was not able to see where I was being transported as a result of being forced to sit in that position. Throughout the entire journey the U.S. soldiers who sat at various vantage points in the bus kept their guns pointed at us. The bus arrived at the Point Salines prisoner-of-war camp. There I was ordered to lift my head and get out. I was given a new Dog Tag No. 0969 and placed in another barbed wire enclosure which had a tent and mattresses to lie on. Again, I was only able to take milk, dry bread and bare white rice.
11. **I was kept in that camp for two days and then transferred to another section of the barbed-wire prisoner-of-war camp within the airport compound. Inside this particular camp, located near to the sea, there were covered tents, even though they leaked like hell. There were also foam mattresses to be shared among the hundreds of prisoners-of-war who were packed in these tents like sardines. The mattresses were placed on the ground inside the tents. It was very difficult to get a nap in these conditions, moreso when the rains came down. The following day, together with other prisoners-of-war, I was allowed to have a bath in the nearby sea. That was the first 'bath' I had since my abduction on the morning of October 29, 1983.**
12. **In that prisoner-of-war camp the toilet facility were pit latrines lined up next to each other. Myself and other prisoners-of-war who used the facility were exposed from the knee up so that all the persons around could observe us carrying out this most private act.**
13. **On the night of November 8, 1983, probably around 9:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m., my Dog Tag number was called out. That is how all prisoners-of-war were called: by their numbers. When I answered, I was ordered out of the tent and bodily searched. I was then brought in front of a wooden box, with dimensions 8 ft. by 8 ft. by 8 ft. I was forced down on my knees and at gunpoint ordered to crawl on all fours, like a dog, into a small door at the bottom of the box, like a dog kennel door. I was ordered to lie down in the box, on a thin piece of foam which I saw there, and the door was then padlocked on the outside. A short while after, the U.S. soldiers began to heavily knock the sides of the box and hurl racist and other invectives at me. They would then order me to stand. After a few minutes other U.S. soldiers would shine their flashlights in my face me, through a very small rectangular hole on one side of the box, and curse me, asking me "who told you to stand up?" and**

order me to lie down. About half-an-hour after the heavy knocking continued and I was ordered to stand up. Minutes later, the flashlights would shine in my face, followed by curses and the order to lie down. This psychological warfare continued throughout the rest of the night. It was impossible to sleep.

14. I was kept in solitary confinement in that box for several days. The box was eventually named by all prisoners-of-war at that camp as the "Sweat Box". During the day it became extremely hot in that box. I was not allowed out of the box except once per day to use the toilet to excrete. I was not allowed to have any baths. I would have to shout out to the U.S. soldiers whenever one passed by to beg for water. After some time they would bring a cup of water and push it through the dog kennel door for me, as with all meals. All I could eat and drink there was dry bread, white rice, milk and water.
15. After a few days in the box, I fell ill. After several requests, I was eventually taken from the box and taken to a U.S. Army doctor who confirmed that I was ill and very dehydrated. I was given salt tablets and some medication, and the doctor ordered that I be removed from the Sweat Box. As a result, I was returned to the barbed wire enclosure with the tent and mattresses.
16. On the afternoon of November 13, 1983, I was informed by U.S. soldiers to pack my bags. Everyone in the POW camp was told that "you are going home". However, I was fingerprinted, placed on a bus and taken to Richmond Hill Prisons, together with other prisoners-of-war at about 6:30 p.m.
17. At the prisons I was placed in a small cell with a bare fibre mattress. The foreign soldiers there were very hostile, and on mornings when I and other prisoners-of-war had to go to the bathroom they would keep their rifles pointed at us and threaten to shoot us. It was a very frightening experience, as one never knew what would happen because of the very unprofessional manner in which they were operating.
18. A few days after I saw the prison doctor and informed him of my health problem and requested a special diet. I never received it and was therefore forced to exist on milk and bread up until sometime in January 1984.
19. Sometime around November 15, 1983 I became aware of a cable from Mr. Ramsey Clark, a former attorney-general of the USA, which was sent to the detainees. The cable introduced Mr. Clark as an attorney retained by the brother of Bernard Coard to protect the interest of Bernard and all others detained by the U.S. administration. Mr. Clark advised us that if questioned we should exercise our right to remain silent and if we were to give any interviews at anytime we should exercise our right to have an attorney present.
20. After receiving the legal advice from Mr. Ramsey Clark I immediately requested permission to see a lawyer. My request was not granted for another full month. Therefore I was denied access to a lawyer for the first eight weeks that I was held by US troops. I therefore had no means of legal redress; of petitioning a court on my behalf.

21. At about 9.30 a.m. on November 15, 1983, I saw my co-applicant, Christopher Stroude, being removed from his cell by members of the Jamaica Defence Force (JDF). He lived in a cell opposite to me. He was told by the JDF soldiers that the Barbadian Police Officers wanted to interview him. I knew that the Barbadian Police Officers were in Grenada as part of the Occupation Forces, and had already tortured several of my co-applicants. I saw when Christopher Stroude returned to his cell at approximately 8.30 a.m. on the morning of the November 16, 1983, almost twenty-four hours later. With shoes in hand, looking extremely worn, dishevelled, distraught, and limping painfully, he stopped at the door of my cell. I asked him where those men had taken him. His answer was that he hoped the Bajans didn't bring any of us where he had just come from.

22. **At about 8:00 a.m. on Friday March 9, 1984, I was bodily lifted off my bunk in my cell, against my will, by two soldiers of the Jamaican Defence Force, clad only in my underpants, forcibly dragged on the ground through the prison compound to the Gate Lodge and handed over to three Barbadian policemen – Ricardo Walker, Courcay Holder and Phillip Boyce – and one Antiguan, Phillip Isaac (all part of the occupation forces, following the U.S. invasion). I was then dragged from the Gate Lodge, placed in a car registration No. P 95 and transported to Fort George (formerly Fort Rupert), where I was threatened and psychologically tortured by them for about two hours. I refused to answer any questions put by them or to sign any statement.** I was then taken to another building where another person with a Barbadian accent, who told me he was Deputy Commissioner Rock, read out charges of eight counts of murder to me and told me I was charged. I was given the charge sheets and then transported back to the prisons.

23. I make this affidavit for no improper purpose.

SWORN TO by the above-named
Deponent at Richmond Hill Prison
in the parish of St. George,
this day of September, 2002