

Annex to the Report on the Treatment of Detained Palestinian Children

Unofficial Translation

Complaint filed by PCATI lawyer Lea Tsemel with the Department for Investigation of Police Misconduct on 1 April 2001, regarding the cases of Ali Najib Jaber and Amir Khaled Jaber from the Old City in Jerusalem

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To
The Department for Investigation of Police Misconduct
71 Beit Dfuss Street
Givat Shaul
Jerusalem

1 April 2001

Re.: Complaint about the behavior of the interrogators of Kishla towards the minors Ali Najib Jaber and Amir Khaled Jaber

Attached are the protocol of the court hearing and also a statement by the brother of the detainee.

Please treat this as a complaint filed with the Department for Investigation for Police Misconduct.

Yours respectfully,

Lea Tsemel
Advocate

Cc: Public Defense Attorney

1) Statement

I, the below undersigned, Khaled Najib Samir Jaber, ID 301157186, after I was warned that I must tell the truth and I that I would be subject to prosecution in accordance to the law if I was not truthful, state the following:

1. I am about 12 and a half years old and I am from Haret Saida in the Old City of Jerusalem.
2. Yesterday night, at around 10 o'clock, I was taken together with my brother Ali to Kishla. I was handcuffed with plastic handcuffs from the house all the way to Kishla, and also in Kishla. After about an hour the handcuffs were opened.
3. When we arrived at Kishla they made us sit down. Then a policeman who passed by cursed me and said curses related to my mother. I asked him why he was swearing.
4. After that an interrogator grabbed me, took me around the corner, called the policeman who had cursed me and asked me to apologize to him. I said that I was sorry and he took me back to my place.
5. Later came a short interrogator with a Kipa and took me into the room. A tall one interrogated me and asked me who had thrown a Molotov cocktail on Jews. I said that I did not know.

While I was sitting more investigators came in, one by one, and left the room again. One of the interrogators who came, a tall one, slapped me on a cheek and asked me to tell who had thrown Molotov cocktails. I told them that I did not know. He grabbed me by the nose, squeezed it and turned me round. Then he left and a short interrogator came.

The short one slapped me and asked me who had thrown Molotov cocktails and who had broken the camera. He said that I knew and that I was a liar. He slapped me. When I put my hand on my face, on the spot he had slapped me, he beat me in the stomach. After that the tall interrogator came and said that if I talked about my brother they would let me go.

I heard someone scream and the interrogator asked me "who is screaming?" and I said "Ali". Then he asked me "why is Ali screaming?" and I said "because he is being beaten". I said that because I know his voice. The interrogator replied that I was not right, that he was not being beaten and that he was screaming because he had thrown Molotov cocktails.

They said "Tell us who threw the Molotov cocktails, talk about your brother - or we will imprison you for four years." They asked me if Ali had shown me a bottle. I told them that he had shown me a football. And when I said I did not know who had thrown the Molotov cocktails he said that my head was empty and hit my head with his fist, then with a pen and threw finally the pen at me.

After that he told me to go and phoned my mother and put me in another room.

Then they brought an individual named Raja al Rishek; I said that I only knew him by sight and he said the same about me. Then they told me that he confessed about me. Then they brought in someone else named Sin al Majd whom I knew. They said he had also confessed about me and told me the reason they had taken me was that they had pictures.

I state that this is my name and my signature and that my statement is true.

Signature

Today, on 30 March 2001, I saw Khaled Jabar who identified himself with the ID number mentioned above. I testify that after I warned him that if he did not tell the truth he would be subject to prosecution, he confirmed the correctness of his above statement and signed it in front of me.

Lea Tsemel
Advocate

**Statement to LAW by Ayman Abu al Humus (16) from Al Issawiye
Home of the family, Al Issawiye, Jerusalem
29 April 2001**

I was arrested on Sunday, 10 December 2001, in the middle of the night. At about 2.15 a.m., I woke up from noise in our house. My father got up and opened the door. I heard how my father was asked about me. Then a group of Israeli soldiers entered my room, started beating me and said that I was wanted. They dragged me out my bed and took me to the living room; they wanted to take me with my pyjamas still on.

There were about 20 soldiers in the living room and some more outside, surrounding the house; there were also military jeeps outside the house. My mother started crying, hugged me and said that I was a child. I was crying, too. Then I clung to my father. My father talked to the soldiers in Hebrew and they allowed me to put some clothes on.

The soldiers took me and a military jeep drove me to the Russian Compound Detention Center in Jerusalem where we arrived at about 3.30 a.m.

I was taken to a room and asked to stand with my face to the wall. Then an interrogator who spoke Arabic asked me to turn round and said "why are you looking at me that way?" and hit me with a helmet such as the ones used by Israeli soldiers to protect themselves from stones. He hurt me and when I touched my head with my hand I noticed that there was blood.

Then another policeman came and grabbed me by the neck. I started feeling dizzy and fell to the ground but the policeman asked me get up and to sit down.

I spent then about half an hour on a chair with a policeman sitting in front of me, just watching, without saying anything.

After that I was taken to another interrogation room. An interrogator dressed in civilian clothes whose name was Fuad asked me about throwing stones and I denied. Then he started insulting and threatening me. He said that if I did not confess they would send me to room number 4 where there was an electric chair; that they would imprison me for 7 years; that my father would have to pay a lot of money and that he would lose his job. My father works with an Israeli company in Jerusalem.

I was bleeding from the wound in my head; drops of blood were falling on my T-shirt. I asked for a glass of water but they said “when you get out of here you will drink as much as you want”. I asked whether I could talk to my family but they said “afterwards”.

I was then taken to a small room where there was a woman interrogator in civilian clothes. I felt very tired and my head was aching. I put the hand on my wound in the head but the woman pushed my hand away with a slap. I asked then for a doctor but she said “only when you confess”.

Then the interrogator called Fuad came again. He tied my hands and legs to a normal chair. My hands were tied tightly; they were blue when the handcuffs were opened. Every time I denied Fuad kicked me with his feet and said “now think well, when and where you threw stones”. I denied but they continued interrogating and beating and kicking me all over the body.

I was scared because it was the first time for me. I thought about my parents and feared that I would not come out of that place and that I would be kept in prison for a long time.

At about 6 a.m. I signed a confession out of fear. After that I was taken to a prison cell.

I was held in the Russian Compound Detention Center until 22 January and was then transferred to Telmond prison in Israel. During the first month in the Russian Compound I was only allowed a short phone call to my parents, 5 seconds. My family could only visit me two weeks after my arrest.

Statement to LAW by Jamal Jafar from Al Sawahri al Sharkiye regarding the arrest and interrogation of his relative Shadya Abed (15)

Salah-a-Din Street, Jerusalem

29 April 2001

In the night of 14 January 2001 a great number of Israeli soldiers with about 12 military jeeps entered our neighborhood near Jerusalem, Al Sawahri al Sharkiye, and arrested several people.

At around 1 a.m., I heard a lot of noise and got out to see what was happening. I saw the house of my brother, which is about 150 meters away from mine, surrounded by a

lot of Israeli soldiers and 4 military jeeps. My brother, Abed Jafar, lives in the ground floor and Mohamad lives in the second floor with his wife and his three children Shuruk (11), Shadya (15) and Shadi (19).

I watched the events but did not go to their place until all was over, at about 3 a.m. When I arrived at my relatives' house I was told that the soldiers had entered the house in a very provocative way, knocking at the door with a lot of noise and threatening to open the door by force. They arrested my brother Abed Jafar and 15-year-old Shadya Abed.

They also searched the house. When I arrived the beds were upside down; the pillows were all over the floor; a cabinet had been thrown to the floor smashing all the things that were in it; stored food supplies for both families were spilled on the ground.

Abed's wife Samiha suffered a nervous breakdown. I found her crying, lying on the ground and took her to the doctor.

11-year-old Shuruk was completely scared. After the incident she did not go to school for a week. The first two months she did not speak and used to wake up crying in the middle of the night.

I kept calm and was not frightened by what I saw. During the first Intifada I was arrested six times, so these things do not shock me anymore.

Shadya was taken to a police detention center in the Jewish settlement of Maale Adumin. A pistol had been found in her room and she was interrogated on suspicion of dealing with weapons.

During interrogation, Shadya reported that she was subject to threats of sexual nature. She said that an interrogator would drag her to a cell with male prisoners and threaten that if she did not confess she would be put in this cell so that the prisoners could rape her.

Shadya said that she was very frightened by these threats. For two days she refused to eat anything out of fear that drugs could be in her food and that she would be raped. Only after a police social worker talked to her she would start eating again.

Statement to LAW by Suheil Khader (50) from Al Ram regarding the arrest of his sons Louie (16) and Saliba (19)
LAW office in Jerusalem
30 April 2001

On 1 January 2001, after New Year's Eve, my two sons Louie and Saliba were arrested from our family home. At about 3.15 a.m. a large group of Israeli soldiers came first to the house of my 74-year-old mother and searched her house. Then they knocked at our door. My wife opened and an Israeli Captain accompanied by 6 soldiers entered the house. Outside there were about 25 soldiers and military jeeps.

My wife Fadwa asked whether they had an order to search the house but one of the soldiers replied “we don’t need one; we are not in the USA.” Then they showed my wife a list with names for arrest; on the list appeared the names of my two sons.

We asked but no explanation was given for the arrest. I looked at one of the soldiers and asked him “is this the way you want to make peace? Arresting teen-agers in the middle of the night, with dozens of soldiers and military jeeps?”

Next morning I received a phone call from the Captain saying that my sons were held at the Russian Compound Detention Center and that I had the choice to look myself for a lawyer or to have one appointed by the state. I said that I would choose a lawyer myself.

I tried many times to visit my children at the Russian Compound Detention Center but it was only about 25 days after their arrest that I was allowed to visit them for the first time. They spent January and February in the Russian Compound and have been under house arrest in Nazareth since March.

I do not know any details about the interrogations, they do not want to speak about it on the phone.

I know however that they have been kept together with criminal prisoners. They said that they were scared and that they tried not to fall asleep at night, out of fear to be attacked. They also reported that they had nightmares and that blood appeared in their dreams.

As a father, I am very concerned about my children being held together with criminal prisoners who have drugs and knives. My children had a good upbringing and have never been difficult or violent. Before their arrests, Louie attended Secondary School and Saliba was about to learn Hebrew in order to prepare for a course for hair-dressers.

As a political man who has been involved with the Palestinian Trade Union for 27 years, I have taught my children to be independent, to believe in peace and in democratic values but also to oppose a life under occupation and without dignity. And I have always stressed the importance of education as a way of gaining our independence.

My children have never been violent. I do not know whether they have thrown stones and Molotov cocktails. I know however that they watch, ask questions and compare; they wonder why they should not have the same possibilities as Israeli Jews, why they are discriminated against and why there is no equality. They look around and see checkpoints and roadblocks but no access to education and jobs. They feel like in prison and have a longing for a normal life.

Statement to LAW by Bilal Mousa Awida¹ (16) from Silwan at his family home in Silwan

¹ Date of birth: February 1984.

11 September 2001

My 14-year-old brother Muhamad Mousa and I were arrested from our family home in Silwan the night of 7 November 2000. At about 2.30 a.m. we were waken up by loud pounding at the door. When my father opened he saw a great number of Israeli soldiers and masked men surrounding the house; there were about 30 men and 5 or 6 military jeeps, led by Captain Dudu, the officer responsible for Silwan. They told my father that Muhamad and I were “wanted” and that they had come to arrest us. My father asked what the reason for the arrest was but received no explanation, only that we would be taken to the Russian Compound Detention Center but would be back next morning. Captain Dudu obviously knew that my father had just returned from Mecca and asked him about the pilgrimage. Then he ordered him to wake up all his children. So when we got arrested all our sisters and brothers were watching, screaming and crying. We are eight children, the youngest of which is three. Before leaving my mother gave me a warm jacket because it was raining heavily that night. The Israeli officers put a foul smelling sack over our heads and took us to the Russian Compound Detention Center in Jerusalem for interrogation.

Upon arrival, Muhamad and I were separated. I was interrogated in three different rooms.

In the first room I was interrogated by an officer in civilian clothes called Uzi who threatened “If you confess everything, we will let you go, but if you don’t tell us the truth we will beat you and kill you.” He asked me whether I had thrown stones but I denied.

In the second room I was asked to stand. My hands were tied behind by back and my feet manacled. In this room there were tall stout men wearing dark uniforms. Captain Dudu and Uzi were also there.

I asked to go to the toilet but was not allowed to.

I was asked about throwing stones and also about names of other youths who had thrown stones. I denied the allegations. Captain Dudu then said “What? You will not tell us what you did?” and told Uzi to start beating me.

I was beaten all over the body, with fists and hands. I was also kicked with the feet, which hurt very much because they were wearing military boots. Every ten minutes Captain Dudu would ask Uzi to stop in order to give me a short break, after which the beatings would resume for another ten minutes. This went on for a while. I was so scared and shocked that I felt unable to utter a word.

I was then taken to a third room where I was asked bureaucratic questions such as my name and my place of residence. I was also shown about 15 photographs of young men and asked to identify them. I did not know any of them.

I was feeling sick and had a terrible pain in the stomach from the beating and kicking. My arms were also aching and I asked to see a doctor.

The doctor who saw me at the Russian Compound said that I was a liar and that there was nothing wrong with me; he also slapped me. However, after a while a man entered the room and said that I would be sent to Hadassah hospital in Jerusalem.

The following day, at about noon, two men drove me to Hadassah hospital. One of them cursed and slapped me and said “What? You don’t want to tell the truth?”

At Hadassah hospital I was treated and got a medicine. The doctor said that I should sleep and stay in the hospital but the officers insisted to take me back to the Russian Compound Detention Center. I did not receive the medical records from the hospital; they gave them to the officers.

My court hearing was delayed several times and I spent about one month at the Russian Compound Detention Center awaiting trial. On one occasion, after a bomb exploded in Jerusalem’s Mahane Yehuda in November, the prisoners in my cell clapped and celebrated. As a punishment, 4 or 5 guards and soldiers came, took the prisoners one by one out the cell and beat them up.

I was sentenced to one year but was released after eight months, on 16 July 2001. After spending one month at the Russian Compound Detention Center I served my sentence at Telmond prison in Israel.

At Telmond prison, I was kept together with other Arab prisoners under the age of 18. They were criminal prisoners, some of them involved in drugs, who were quite violent and aggressive. For example, one time one of them wanted my clothes and threw boiling water at my face.

Affidavit of Rami Yasser Za’ul, age 16, to Atty. Hanan Khatib of the Public Committee Against Torture in Israel on 27 January 2001 in Telmond prison.

I, am the undersigned, Rami Yasser Za’ul, ID # 851820878 from Husan in the Bethlehem District. After being warned that I must speak the truth and that I will be punished according to law if I do not do so, declare the following in writing:

1. I was born in 1984, am single, live in the village of Husan in the Bethlehem District, with my family, 8 in number, and all are minors.
2. On 29 October 2000, or near then, and at about 1:30 a.m., and while I was sleeping in my room with my brother I heard loud knocking at the door. My brother woke up and opened the door.
3. One of the soldiers immediately approached me and dragged the blanket off me and ordered me to get up and accompany him. I asked him to wait until I got dressed but my requests achieved nothing, and only with the intervention of my father who begged them to let me get dressed did they accommodate.
I would like to state that about 20 soldiers with rifles entered the house, upsetting my family; my mother and my sister began to cry.
4. They handcuffed me from behind and blindfolded me, all the while cursing and yelling – “You asshole – do you want to confess or not?” I answered them: “What do I have to confess, and why am I being detained in the first place?” One of the soldiers answered, “OK, when we get to the station, I’m going to shove a big pole up your

[implied] and then you'll know why you're being detained." Needless to say, the soldiers expressed themselves with crude curses that a normal person couldn't stand hearing, and I am embarrassed to repeat them here.

5. Afterwards they put me onto a jeep and shoved me between the chairs, and all the way they attacked me with hitting, punching, clubs and curses.

I would like to state that when I would raise my head I could see what was going on, so I raised my head and saw two other detainees who were with me in the jeep.

6. When the vehicle stopped, they took me off and ordered me to stand on one foot, and every movement met with powerful blows.

7. Later, they dragged me, and while being dragged I was pushed by a soldier, and as a result I fell from a height of about 1-1.5 meters.

8. I was taken in to the doctor for tests, and when the doctor finished his work, they took me and sat me down next to two other detainees whom I managed to recognize. One was named Tareq 'Amira and the other was Mustafa 'Anwar.

9. After a few moments the soldiers returned and with their return, the same horror scene was repeated. They ordered us to get up and to walk with them instructing us where to go: "Left....right..." until I hit the wall and my head smashed into it.

10. I began having suspicions and thoughts that the soldiers had taken us to the doctor first to check if we could withstand beating or not, and that was because the soldiers said, "He's an ass... he can take beating."

11. They ordered me to go outside, despite the freezing cold. One of them came close to me, grabbed my shirt and poured cold water on me. Afterwards he forced me to undress and I remained in my short-sleeved shirt and they continued to pour freezing water on my head. Afterwards he approached me and tore my pants, and also forced me to drag a wooden beam while I was handcuffed with my hands behind me and while I was dragging, one of them would get up on the beam, and when I got tired and dropped it, I was beaten hard.

12. I was transferred to the interrogations room, I was trembling all over, barely able to speak, and they ordered me to stand near the turned-on air conditioner for about 10 minutes. Afterwards they asked me "Do you have something to say?" and when I answered "No" they took me to the bathroom and one of the officers shouted "OK, we'll educate you, you asshole" and stuck my head into the toilet and flushed it.

13. Afterwards he brought me the Torah and said: "Kiss the Koran." I said to him "That is not a Koran" and then he screamed and began cursing our religion." I suffered heavy blows that caused me to faint.

14. I woke up at about 8:00 a.m. and they immediately came to me and ordered me to sign. I asked "What do I have to sign?" They answered "Your confession," and when I refused, I was attacked forcefully and as a result I was forced to sign a document whose content I did not know since it was in Hebrew, which I do not speak.

16. As a result of the torture I underwent during my detention, I suffered severe pains, and as a result I was taken to Hadassah Hospital, where I was hospitalized for about a day.

I was moved to the court for extension of my detention. Then I was told that the document I had signed was a confession that had not even come out of my mouth. I was accused of preparing 500 Molotov cocktails, stone-throwing, and it also stated that I confessed regarding other people, which surprised me, and I told the judge that everything in the document was false and a lie.

It is important to note that during the first two days of my detention, I was held in the isolation cell at Etzion, which is about 1.5-2 meters square, and four meters high, [with] a small window, dirty and smelly.

17. I stayed at the Etzion detention center about 6-7 days. The detention conditions were extremely difficult, there is no hot water, the food was dirty and spoiled, the blankets and the mattresses, which had no sheets, were smelly, full of dust and hairs. The detention cell was about 4X4 meters, crowded, dirty and smelly and as a result, together with other detainees, I approached an officer and we asked him to let us clean the cell, and he responded favorably.

Some of the prison guards behaved cruelly and inhumanely towards us. When we sang they would shut us up with shouting.

I remember one of the officers and I can identify him. He treated us insultingly, he always yelled and cursed, would bring us cold food and did not let me call my family even though he let the other detainees do so, and when I asked him for the reason he said "You are the leader of a group of terrorists. I'm not letting you call."

18. Later I was taken to the detention center in Megiddo. The cell was about 6-8 square meters in size, and held 16-18 detainees, crowded. Sometimes they would disconnect the water and the electricity for a long time, there are not enough basic necessities such as sugar, tea...

19. Prior to my detention I was totally healthy both in personality and mentally.

20. As a result of my detention and following it I suffered and am suffering to this day from severe headaches, insomnia. My mental state has deteriorated and this is since my family members cannot visit me, and because of the detention conditions, including the torture I underwent.

21. I would like to add that I asked them at the Megiddo detention center for medical care, but there has been no response.

22. I do not have a criminal past.

23. This is my name, below is my signature, and the content of my affidavit is correct and true.

**Statement to LAW by Nazek Sami Khamis Abu Nab (mother)
Issam Fahmi Khamis Abu Nab (father) and their son Tha'ir Abu Nab
Home of the family, Silwan, Jerusalem
15 September 2001**

Statement by Nazek Sami Khamis Abu Nab (37)

On 1 November 2000, at about 3.30 a.m., I woke up from noise at our house. It seemed as if someone was trying to forcibly open the door and I thought it might be burglars or settlers. Those days settlers had been breaking in into Palestinian houses and the village was on alert.

My husband and I got up to find out what was happening. However, when I opened the shutter a glaring flashlight fell on my face and I could not see anything. My husband asked for the light to be switched off but he was told in Arabic to shut up and to open the door. They said it was the Israeli army.

When my husband opened the upper door-window, he had guns pointed at him. I thought they were mustaravim, Israeli undercover agents disguised as Arabs. They were masked and we could only see their eyes.

My husband then asked the men: “You told us that you are from the Israeli army but I cannot see who your officer in command is. Where is he? I want to see his identification, I have a right to know who I am dealing with.” The men first reacted with curses and insults but then one of them took off his mask and said “I am Captain Dudu and my identification is in my pocket”.

Statement by Issam Fahmi Khamis Abu Nab (44)

Captain Dudu then asked me how many children I had and what their names were. I found this degrading. I replied that this was not a market and that he should tell me what or whom he wanted. He said that they had come to arrest my son Tamer, who at the time was 15 years old. I asked what the reason for the arrest was and whether he had an arrest warrant but I got no answer. Instead one of the men said that they were carrying out orders and that as a matter of fact, if they wanted they could shoot at all houses in Silwan. I asked them to wait at the entrance, that I would ask Tamer to get dressed but suddenly about 30 men came in and started beating me and my family.

My wife, my sons and I, we were all beaten with rifle butts on our heads and on other parts of the body. Afterwards we found about 15 bullets in our living room. They had dropped from the rifles the soldiers had used to beat us. This shows how strong the blows were.

The soldiers also entered the room of my daughters Nisreen (6) and Rizeen (14) and overthrew a bookshelf. Fortunately there was a plank at the end of the bed, otherwise the bookshelf with all its contents would have hurt the two girls.

My son Tarek was laid on the floor and beaten with rifle butts all over his body including the head. He got dizzy and lost consciousness, and it was later diagnosed that he had four broken ribs. He still feels pain and has not yet recovered.

After the soldiers left, taking Tamer and Tha'ir, we went to Mokassed Hospital in Jerusalem, where I got 4 stitches on a head wound. I went then straight from hospital to the Russian Compound Detention Center to inquire about my children but I was informed that Tha'ir was not being held there. So I started looking for him all over Jerusalem; I went to the police stations at Jaffa Gate and in Talpiot but to no avail. Finally, I heard from a relative that someone had seen Tha'ir at the Russian Compound, so I returned there in the afternoon and complained to a guard that they had lied to me. The guards took my ID, photographed me, started interrogating me and opened a file on me. Apparently this is the reason why I am not allowed to visit my son Tamer in prison – I have now a file.

The court ordered Tha'ir's release but the nightmare was not over. We received a phone call from the Russian Compound saying that if we loved our son we should pay NIS 5000 in order to get him released. I replied that my son was innocent and that there was no reason why I should pay a single penny. I also explained that in any case, we did not have this money but they suggested that we borrow the money from the neighbors. The following day they asked for NIS 1000 and requested that two other men accompany me in order to pick Tha'ir up from the Russian Compound.

Tha'ir was finally released on 4 November 2001. We took him from the Russian Compound to the Emergency Department at Mokassed hospital.

Statement by Tha'ir Abu Nab (born on 24/03/1983)

There were about 50 masked men surrounding the house. They had come with military jeeps and other cars whose license plates were covered.

My father told the soldiers to wait, that he would bring Tamer, but they entered the house in a very aggressive way. While some went to other rooms, others started beating my parents with their rifle butts. When we saw this, my brothers Tarek (21), who is the eldest, Tamer and I intervened in order to help and defend our parents. In response, the soldiers started beating us as well; I think that 5 soldiers beat each of us three up, while the small children were around, screaming and crying.

About 5 soldiers put me on a bench in our living room and beat me with their rifle butts all over the body, on my chest, my legs and my knees. My nose started bleeding. You can still see the signs of the beatings. As a matter of fact, I was not able to work for two months.

After that they dragged me outside where the beating continued. A soldier hit me with his helmet on my head.

I was then blindfolded and put in the back of a military jeep with four soldiers. The soldier who was driving also beat me on the way to the Russian Compound Detention Center. When one of the soldiers in the jeep tried to protect me by putting his hands on my legs the driver got angry and shouted at him.

After about 15 minutes' drive the jeep stopped and the doors were opened. Then I heard the voice of my brother Tamer. He was screaming because he was being beaten. However, I could not see anything because I was blindfolded.

When we reached the Russian Compound Detention Center in the early morning, I was in very bad condition from all the beatings. I had bruises all over the body and my nose and lips were bleeding. I felt very weak and sick and had to be taken to Sha'ari Tzedek hospital.

At the Russian Compound Detention Center two Arabic-speaking interrogators said that I had to tell them everything. I told them that I was in pain but they threatened that if I did not speak they would bang my head against the wall and smash it. One of the interrogators smacked his hands against the table in order to intimidate me. They accused me of hitting with a bottle one of the soldiers who had come to arrest my brother.

I replied that I had not done anything. I was feeling extremely weak but I insisted that I was innocent. Besides they had come to arrest my brother and not me, I was not wanted. My father has taught us not to be afraid of anything, and this helped me to hold out.

I do not know the names of the interrogators but I think that if I saw them again I would recognize them. They were dressed as civilians. I also saw Captain Dudu again at the Russian Compound. He said that he was sorry for what had happened to me and to my family.

Initially they wanted to put me in an isolation cell but my brother offered to stay in the isolation cell instead of me. So I spent the following days in a cell with other youths who looked after me and shared their food with me. I was released on 4 November 2001.

Statement by Nazek Sami Khamis Abu Nab (37)

My husband is a lorry driver. We have eight children aged between 3 and 21 and this is the first incident of this kind we have had. It was a terrible experience for the whole family. My husband and I were beaten, and Tarek and Tha'ir had to be taken to hospital after the violence they suffered. They also broke a window glass. Muhammad (3) now starts crying when he sees soldiers and Nisreen (6) is also completely traumatized.

My son Tamer is still in Telmond prison. I visit him every 15 days but my husband has been prohibited from visiting.

Tamer was charged with throwing 2 Molotov cocktails, on a settlers' house, which is in the middle of our neighborhood and another one at the settlers' car. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The prosecutor had asked for eight years but because he is a minor he got 2 years.

Initially Tamer was held together with criminal prisoners at Telmond prison. He complained that he had had boiling water thrown at and that a Jewish criminal prisoner attacked him with a knife and injured him in the arm. We complained and sought legal help, so finally after six months he was moved out of this unit.

הוועד הציבורי נגד עינויים בישראל

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First Visit Report

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Name: Adel Mubark

Date of First Visit: 3.7.2001

ID Number: 943219154

Address: Alram, Jerusalem

Age: 17 (born 3.12.1983), a minor
Family's Phone Number: 050-212393
Marital Status: Single.
Employment: High school pupil
Cause of Detention: stone throwing.
Date of arrest: 23.12.00
Place of Arrest: Tel Mond Prison
Past Arrests: None
Extension of Detention (Dates): To the end of legal procedures
Prohibition of Meeting with Attorney: No.
Affidavit: yes

Report

On 3.7.01 I visited the above detainee. He said that he was arrested on 23.12.00 at midnight. Approximately 15 soldiers arrested him from his home. When he was taken from his home he was severely beaten. One of the soldiers beat him harshly on his head with his rifle butt. He was pushed, his hands manacled in tight handcuffs in back and his eyes were covered.

He was dragged to a jeep. After he was put in the jeep the soldiers lifted their legs and put them on his shoulders. Some of them put their legs on his legs so that he was unable to move.

The jeep started going. It stopped in several place and then reached a military base in El-Ram. He was taken from the jeep and forced to kneel ("Qambaz"). A doctor came and ask him if he suffers from any illness. When he replied that he didn't he was dragged and pushed near the jeep and as a result he fell on his head.

One of the soldiers beat him on the head with a heavy object (he felt that it was the helmet).

He said "I was transferred to the Russian Compound. I was interrogated from 2:00 - 6:00 in the morning while manacled. The interrogation was accompanied by threats, verbal abuse of a vulgar nature about my mother, my sister and the Al-Aqsa Mosque".

He was interrogated about hurling of stones. Due to exhaustion and the pressure applied he confessed. Later on he was transferred to a prison cell. He slept an hour and then they woke him up to see an attorney. Later he was taken to the Magistrates Court in Jerusalem. The interrogator who questioned him was called "Modi".

The next day at 3:00 in the afternoon he was again taken to the interrogation room.

He sat, manacled, in the interrogation room from 3:00 in the afternoon until 5:00 in the afternoon but was not interrogated.

At 11:00 at night he was informed that the person responsible for the region wants to see him. This person brought a list of detainees who incriminated him and informed him that he must confess. He refused.

The next day at 18:00 in the evening he was again taken to the interrogation room. 7 interrogators questioned him simultaneously while beating him on the head and punching him all over his body. This went on for an hour. Because of the pressure he confessed.

Afterwards he was transferred to the Tel Mond Prison. In the beginning he was held with criminals who threatened him and stole his personal possessions. They threatened him with razor blades and boiling water.

According to Mubarak, on 26.6.01 or sometime around that date he heard screaming from other rooms. The screams were "Allah Akbar". He smelled gas. In protest those in his cell began yelling "Allah Akbar". The wardens immediately came and asked about Rashad El Tutanji who was our cell's representative.

He said "I looked out my door and saw security personell and policemen severely beating a prisoners named Nasser Harub with clubs, pushing and kicking him and also a prisoner called Abed Al Juad Abdallah from cell no. 1 in the same unit (8). We screamed "Allah Akbar;. The police officers came and demanded the removal of all the electronic appliances such as televisions, hot plates etc.. The cell representative refused and then armed officers from the Special Patrol Unit with clubs came into the cell and began to beat us. The beat me hard on the head and I bled. There were approximately 30 of these officers Afterwards I was removed from the cell out of the ward while beaten. I couldn't even count how many people were beating me. I must mention that in the hall they sprayed tear gas on my face and I became dizzy and my vision was blurred".

He added "When they took me outside the unit they lay me on my stomach on the floor. An officer called 'Saker' stepped on my back and told me to kiss his shoes. They manacled my hands with very tight handcuffs with my arms stretch behind my back. Later on they transferred me to the cell . My face was full of blood. My hands and head were swollen. They took our televisions, hot plates, radio, dishes, walkman and battery charger. They denied our library visit and our daily walk".

"We went on a hunger strike".

"On 2.7.01 I was transferred to the hospital at Kfar Saba. My hand is fractured. When I was taken to the hospital I was handcuffed and when the doctor asked me the cause of the pain and the marks I told him that the police officers beat me. The office immediately denied my words and told the doctor that 'I fell down the stairs'.

"At this time we live in horrid conditions. The cell was destroyed. We are very crowded. Some of us sleep on the floor. The Prison director told us that he won't return the items taken from us".

Name of Visiting Attorney Hanan Khatib Tel.053-86538 address Shaab 20165

