

Preface

This booklet is the third report produced by El Nadim Center for the Management and Rehabilitation of victims of Violence and torture. It includes all center activities between 2003 and 2006. Our ambition has always been to produce an annual report. However, we were not successful in doing so in view of the rapid development of events, the pressure of daily work and the difficulty for a staff member to work full time or the collection of the annual material, its classification, and editing to be produced as a booklet. He tried to fill this gap through the production of smaller booklets that address one or the other aspect of our work. We produced a book on women in detention centers, another on the role of physicians in preventing torture and documenting its effects, a third one documenting the massacre committed against Sudanese refugees by the Egyptian police in December 2005, a another on torture in Sudan and a fifth booklet carrying the testimonies of the citizens of Arish, which Egyptian security authorities turned into a big detention center. All of those publications carry the testimonies of the Nadim staff and its activities whether inside or outside the center, reaching out to victims of police violence, whether individual or collective.

The present report includes all center activities related to torture and collective state violence during the years 2003-2006. Although those years have witnessed the beginning of a political stir demanding democracy and justice, they have also, or may be because of that, witnessed an escalation of two forms of oppressive policies and police violations, some of which we document in this report.

The first is a continuation of the emergency state, an expansion in the state security apparatus to the extent that it has come to infiltrate all forms of public and private life, an increased use of military and high state security courts to look into cases that should have been looked into by ordinary courts, an escalation in the practice of torture to the point that some perpetrators have come to film themselves while committing that crime, which has become the main, if not the only, means of investigation used by all forms of police intelligence and against all citizens, whether suspects or accused or theft, murder or political dissidence.

The second characteristic is reflected in the direction taken by this oppression and its forms, which although not totally new, yet are being used at a wider scale by security authorities. The last three years have witnessed an increase in the rate of organized collective police violence. We have seen security forces break into Arish after the Taba bombings dealing with the whole population, men, woman and children as suspects and hence subject to detention, torture and displacement. We have seen security forces crack down and use violence and detention against Egyptian judges trying to stifle their movement for the independence of the judiciary. Police oppression of an authority that was meant to be the refuge for those seeking justice was a serious indication of the uncontrolled power of the police. It also carried a message that security authorities were the highest in the country, as mentioned so many times by its officers and informers. We have seen troops of antiriot police attack villages in the interest of landowners, or those who claim to be landowners and in doing so oppress and violate the most basic rights of poor peasants. We have seen the same antiriot police violently intervene to put an end to workers' protests. We have seen them on campus terrorizing students and faculty alike, using surveillance, banning, violence and detention.

We were also participants and witnesses to the peaceful demonstrations against the war on Iraq, against the oppression of the Palestinian people, protesting the drowning of more than 1000 Egyptians in the Red Sea and the government's complicity with those responsible; we were part of the demonstrations organized by Kefaya and other groups demanding democracy and real political reform and denouncing the continuation of the emergency state, the rigged elections and the unlimited authorities granted to the presence; we have participated in more than one protest at the High Court where files of torture complaints are closed and victims are denied access to justice; we have witnessed the new policy adopted by the Ministry of Interior to use hundreds of thugs to support antiriot police in suppressing peaceful gatherings. Irrespective of the size of the protest and the number of protesters security presence was always intense using banning, terrorization, detention and torture of citizens as a punishment for their exercise of their most basic human right, which is the right to freedom of expression.

The report also includes a number of testimonies of victims of torture in addition to two lists: a list of victims, those who died under torture and those who survived the horrors of state security intelligence headquarters and police stations and who shared their stories of the crimes committed by an authority and power that is accountable to nobody. The second list carries the names of the perpetrators, officers, state security officers, intelligence offices, sergeants and informers whose names were given to us by their victims.. all of whom are accused of committing the crime of torture. We list them in the hope that some day they will be brought to justice.

It is our third report documenting only a sector of the violations practiced during the past three years. It is a sector to which we, at El Nadim, were witnesses.

It's a documentation so that we don't forget when the time comes for accountability and justice.

El Nadim Team

10 December 2006

Torture in Egypt: A State Policy

The forms of torture in the city of the wolves ranges from tying to the falaka, hanging from behind on a half open door, use of electric shocks, blowing air through the anus, stepping with boots on bare chests, suspending from feet from the ceiling "used by the most expert torturers". There is also special forms of torture used by certain agencies such as pulling out nails or beards or using the dentist's drill in open injuries (Former police officer in the international day against torture.

Introduction

There are several indicators that torture is the official policy of the state and not the responsibility of this or that officer. Among those indicators is the use of same methods of torture in all places of detention ranging from flogging to burning with cigarettes, to rape threats or actual rape, to blindfolding and stripping throughout the days of torture, in addition to beating, slapping, kicking in all parts of the body, using electricity either in the "Stakosa" position where electric wires are connected to the tips of toes and the head or the Abu "Ghreib" position where wires are connected to the genitals and the nipples and tying the victim to a long iron bar from both hands and feet in a position called the "Grill".

In this publication we shall not address in detail the methods of torture used in Egypt, nor its physical and psychological consequences, which we have described in our last publication: Torture in Egypt: Facts and Testimonies.

Nor shall we address the problems associated with filing complaints in cases of torture except as far as the public prosecution is concerned. For that matter we are currently preparing another publication to be released with this report. In this document we shall address a 4 years harvest of this regime, beginning from 2003 until 2006, during which the regime has announced the beginning of political reform to achieve more democracy.

When torture becomes a systematic policy, the legitimacy of the regime itself becomes questionable. Such legitimacy is based on respect of the social contract represented by the constitution and the law and complemented by international human rights conventions endorsed by the state.

The law and constitution in Egypt, meant to be the reference for governance, have been replaced by a barbaric policy that is based on torture, violence and brutality. State resources have been directed to cover up for murder crimes committed under torture, providing an additional evidence of the involvement of public authorities in those policies. It is not a coincidence that those victims have been buried under extreme security measures that sometimes involve more than six anti riot trucks stuffed with antiriot police.

Egyptian legislation carries an additional evidence of the state's systematic use of torture. The emergency state continues to be enforced since 1967, with a short emergency-free interval between May 1980 and October 1981. In addition there is an artillery of laws, which restrict public and private liberties: the law of the socialist prosecutor, the law of suspicion, the law against terrorism. If we add the situation of the prosecution in Egypt and the relation of the public prosecutor to the executive authorities and the problems surrounding the independence of the judiciary we can visualize the siege surrounding the victims of torture and the impunity enjoyed by the torturers.

Furthermore, the president of the republic enjoys wide authorities in the Egyptian constitution that grant him control over the judiciary and the executive authorities. He is the chair of the higher council of the police, the chair of the highest council of the military; he is the one who imposes the emergency state with all its authorities; he is the one who appoints the public prosecutor, the highest authority in the prosecution; he is the one who orders the referral of civilians to military courts. He is also entitled to submit law proposals to the legislative authority where his party occupies the majority of seats, many of which are legally questioned in view of the wide rigging of elections. It is difficult to being the president of the republic to justice in Egypt since there is no provision in the constitution or the law to do so except in the case of high treason. Those unlimited

authorities enjoyed by the president are the same ones that make him responsible of the policies of systematic torture and for which he can be brought to justice as crimes against humanity according to international law.

In this chapter, we shall present the reader with testimonies of some citizens who fell victims to torture in state security headquarters and police stations, with short reference to the difficulties those victims faced in achieving justice either due to complicity of the prosecution or gaps in national legislation.

Torture in Police Stations



“The strange thing is that Mahmoud didn’t do anything. Even if he did do anything or has to do time in prison, the country has a law and courts and judges. How did they have the heart to do that, they have no feelings? Even those sentenced to death are granted their last wish before they execute them.”

Quotes by neighbors of Mahmoud Gabr after his death by the hands of Sayyeda Zeinab police force

When we first began work at El Nadim one of our projects was to draw a map of police stations where torture takes place. Not before long we realized that the map of torture coincides with the map of the country. Wherever there is an uncensored police power there is torture. Wherever there are poor citizens who lack strong connections with important people who might save them from police brutality, there is torture. Wherever there are citizens who cherish their pride and dignity, there is torture. Wherever there is political opposition, there is torture. Torture in Egypt is practiced in all police stations, in security officers, in metro stations and on university campus. Police officers sometimes even rent furnished apartments to torture their victims “at ease”. Also the practice of torture is not confined to a specific time frame. It has been happening over long periods of time to the point that Egyptian and international human rights organizations have come to describe it as a systematic state policy.

In Egypt, torture is not restricted to political dissidents. It is practiced against those suspected of committing crimes, and against many who are not suspects of anything. It is done as a compliment for those in power as a form of intimidation and “teaching a lesson” to others who are of a lesser social status. It is done to hostages taken by the police in exchange for those “wanted”. It is used as a disciplinary policy against who neighborhoods, towns and villages. It is also done to people who refuse to act as police informers, despite the harassment by policemen.

From all of the above we confirm that torture is a deliberate state policy that extends over time and place. The responsibility for the situation does not lie alone with the official employees, the officers, who actually commit the crime. It is also the responsibility of public authorities who draw the policies of the country and supervise their implementation.

The following pages report on some of the cases we have met over the three years, from 2003-2006.

Helwan Police Station

Complaint: On the evening of Saturday the 11th of October 2003, officer Mohamed Mahmoud El Sharkawy, chief intelligence officer of Helwan police station, officer Mohamed Hamdi El Soroury, and officer Tarek Nour (both assistant intelligence officers at same police station), officer Bahaa Ali (assistant intelligence officer at 15th of May police station) and sergeants Hussein Abdel Basir, Ahmed Gharib, Emad, and Abdel Khaleq from Helwan police station and Salah Ghoneim (sergeant at 15th May police station) broke into a number of citizens’ houses in the districts of Helwan and 15th of May claiming that their brother has committed murder. The complainants tried many times to explain that they are not in contact with the fugitive, that he does not live with them and that they haven’t seen him for years and that they have no information regarding his whereabouts or his address. However, Mr. Sharkawy and his assistants insisted to arrest them and take them to the police station of Zahra’a Helwan where they remained until the evening of Sunday the 12th of October 2003. Then he transferred them to the intelligence unit of Helwan police station, where they were subject to brutal physical and psychological torture, including flogging, electrocution, hanging by the arms tied behind their backs, sexual molestation of women and men in each other’s presence. Men and women were stripped. Women were left naked before they were molested in front of their relatives and children, in an attempt to force them to reveal information regarding the whereabouts of the wanted suspect. Despite their denial of knowing anything about him, Mohamed El Sharkawy continued their torture and sexual violation several times, until he had to release them on the evening of the 14th of October 2007 upon the intervention of the chairman of the Egyptian Bar Association who contacted General chief intelligence of Cairo.

When they were released, it was obvious to all who saw them that they were suffering major exhaustion and injuries. A complaint was filed with the general prosecution and the investigations revealed the brutality of the torture and molestation they have been subjected to. They were referred to forensic medicine for examination and reporting. At the same time the complainants filed a complaint with the military prosecution. The chair of the military prosecution summoned the sergeants accused of torture and maltreatment.

However, instructions from higher bodies inside the Cairo security directorate ordered that the details be classified and so the orders of the prosecution were not executed.

The harassment did not stop at the complainants but extended to involve the lawyers too. Officers attempted to terrorize the lawyers and threaten them of fabricating cases against them and against members of their families. Obscene phone calls were made to their wives in addition to threats of kidnapping their children, if their husbands do not drop the case and withdraw from the defense.

Here we wish to note that the Helwan police station is the same place which witnessed the death of citizen Fath El Bab in 1994 as a result of torture. It is also the same station where the whole Agami family were kept hostage and tortured and their women sexually molested and harassed in 2001. As for officer Mohamed el Sharkawy, he is the same officer who held eleven members of the same family in October 2005, stripped the women totally, handcuffed and ordered his men to lie on top of their naked bodies. He is also the same officer who was referred to court because of this last incident. During the court procedures he would attend the court session and then return to his "workplace" to resume his crimes against the citizens of Helwan. At the end, the court released him and ruled him innocent. In the recession before the sentence was read out, his "colleagues" were distributing candy in the court room celebrating the release of their "friend" so he returned to Helwan victoriously, having proved what he has been telling the people in Helwan for many years: that his the law and the police and the judiciary!! The prosecution, on the other hand, didn't seem to mind that its orders were so easily bypassed.

Sayyeda Zeinab Police Station

On the 14th of October 2003, El Nadim doctors paid a visit to El Zafran street to pay condolences to the family of Mahmoud Gabr. Everybody in the neighborhood seemed to be related to him one way or the other. The whole street was grieving the loss of the young man who grew up among the,. Everybody was angry because of the horrible crime, not wanting to believe the cruelty he was subject to.

Everybody we met accused intelligence officer Mohamed Mubarak and hold him responsibility for the death of Mahmoud. They also told us that the officer has a record in this regard, where a woman was killed a few years back, also under torture when the officer was serving in Basatin police station.

The individual witnesses we met said that Mahmoud was bleeding from his mouth and "from behind". He had severe bruises around his neck. The policemen carried him, soaked in his blood, after his death and ordered other inmates to wash him and change his clothes in an attempt to conceal their crime.

"They beat him in Sayyeda Zeinab police station.. they beat him in his neck, in his private parts and his anus.. he was bleeding from behind and from his mouth.. when he was soaked in his blood they took him down to the inmates to clean him and change his clothes.. he did not do anything.. if he had done anything they should have taken him to court.. there is a law in this country.. there are courts and judges.. how could they do that to him.. this what they do all the time.. police officers walk into any street and just squash whoever they want.. like an insect.. they believe they are God and that nobody can stop them.. who can protect people like us.. where is the media?.. where is television?.. why isn't anybody investigating this??. If authorities would see what is happening on TV they would intervene.

About El Nomros Police Station

An elderly woman was killed in Tersa village in Abou El Nomros, Giza governorate. Instead of carrying out proper investigations to find the murderer a series of major human rights violations began on the 3rd of August 2003: random arrest of large numbers of men, woman and children in the village. The arrest was violent associated with beatings and illegal break into houses and destruction of private property in addition to illegal detention of several of the citizens and their beating with clubs, kicks, and threat with rape in addition to severe verbal abuse under the supervision of chief intelligence officer Nagi Kamal, intelligence officer Hassan El Dakrury, Mahmoud Farouk (intelligence inspector), Mahmoud Antar (intelligence assistant), and officers Ihab Radi and Hassan Elewa.

El Nadim doctors have examined three of the victims: Abdel Rahman Ali Abdel Rahman (62 years), Mohamed Abdel Rahman Ali (16 years) and Sharbat Abdel Rahman Ali (18 years). The examination revealed a number of bruises and injuries (documented by photography) in addition to psychological stress disorders.

The father Abdel Rahman Ali Abdel Rahman, retired, says:

The day they found about the murder, Saturday the 3rd, a number of police trucks came into the village and searched many houses. They were looking for evidence. They beat people on the streets and in their homes and detained several from the alley. They arrested the neighbors of the killed woman.

They used everything to beat us: whips, their boots, their hands. They pulled the women by their hair. They took my wife. They came into my house in my absence and searched the house upside down and arrested my wife together with others. My wife remained in detention then they took my daughter (17 years old). When I returned home I found out that they had taken her. A week later she returned home. She was bruised and beaten and it showed on her back. My wife would go to the police station every day at 7 in the morning where they would question her until 3 after midnight. She told me she was beaten and abused. At the same time they arrested my son Abdel Rahman and beat him so severely. He was blindfolded with a scarf and his hands were chained behind his back. About 6 people beat him up. My daughter and I saw it with our own eyes. They tied him to the ceiling. I saw him once and his sister saw him about four times. They threatened her in front of him. They were using her to pressure him. My other son was in the next room. That is the same room I was in. they were beating him too.

A week ago they took me for two days. I went at noon time. Everybody was there. They made me wait until midnight. They allowed others to leave and registered me as a suspect. They released me with my son and wife and kept my daughter and my son. I went home. My wife cooked some food and took it to her daughter. They kept her until three after midnight. They then let her go and kept the girl in a room that was full of men. Yesterday they took me again. They removed my head cover and asked me about my son, all the time while beating me on my face and neck. Then they took me and my wife with others to the beating room, where my son was. He was tied and standing with his face to the wall. Then they released the girl but she had to go every day in the early morning and come back late after midnight. She threatened to commit suicide because they threatened to rape her in front of her brother.

Physical examination:

Bruises on both sides of the faces, behind the left ear, in the outer angle of the left eye. A cut wound in the lower lip.

The daughter, Sharbat Abdel Rahman, 17 years old, student in second year, faculty of commerce:

They arrested me and abused me and asked me to testify that my brother had killed that woman. I told them he did not. They told me I was a liar and they told me they would remove my underwear and will put electricity to my breast. They told me many horrible things. There were five officers. All of them were beating me.. Officer Nagi Kamal and three new ones.. two men came to me and tied me up. They also blindfolded me and said they would assault me. They used horrible language and told me I was my brother's pimp. I screamed and passed out. I was questioned by many officers. They would write and ask me to sign but I did not sign anything. They want to fabricate the case against my brother. They threatened to strip and hang me from the ceiling and electrocute me. They beat my brother in front of me with clubs. I saw them electrocute him. They also took my mother, my father and my three brothers.

Physical examination

Pains in both arms and wrists secondary to hanging. Long parallel scratches and bruises along her back.

Psychological complaints:

I have nightmares and wake up in terror at night. I feel I am not getting enough air. I don't want to see anybody. I am afraid to fall asleep.

Mohamed Abdel Rahman Ali

They beat and slapped me in five or six sessions that went on from 8 in the morning until 8.30 at night. I saw my brother without his clothes, being beaten up by many policemen. They tied his hands behind his back. They were beating him with clubs. They were slapping and kicking him.

Physical examination

An open wound surrounded by a bruise in the upper right quadrant of his chest (as a result of a kick in his chest), bruises on the face and surrounding the left ear, bruises behind the right ear.. multiple bruises all over the neck.

Other victims

- A witness, 15 years old: Intelligence officer Nagi Kamal strangulated her with a scarf and kicked her to confess that she has seen the killer. She developed convulsive seizures.
- Ragab El Gazar, construction workers: Tortured with electricity

- Khaled Sayed El Gohary, electrician: Tortured by electricity in his wrists resulting in deep injuries
- Amad Hamdi Mohamed: Clubbed
- Abdallah Hanafi: Beaten, tortured with electricity.

El Warraq Police Station

Saddam is 17 years old. He is poor and collects the passenger fees in a microbus. Every morning he goes to the bus stop very early in the morning and comes back at the end of the day with a few pounds which maintain him with his mother and two younger brothers. Everything was going well until Saddam met chief intelligence officer Abdel Hamid Moussa and the officers of El Warraq police station, where he suffered torture, electrocution and forceful suspension from the ceiling.

On the 13th of December 2004 Saddam was arrested and accused of stealing car cassettes. On the 19th of December 2004 he died at El Warraq police station.

When his mother saw his before his death injuries could be seen all over his face and body. He looked tired and he told her how the officers were putting electricity to his abdomen and how they left him suspended from the ceiling, tied from his wrists which resulted in something like a paralysis in both his arms. He held on to her pleading that she take him with her.

In order to be allowed to see him she sold everything she had to bribe the sergeants. She even sold the little gold that her daughter had.

But Saddam died. When his father saw his body at Imbaba general hospital his ears and part of his head were covered in blood. The blanket covering him was also soaked in blood. His legs showed cut wounds and bruises. Bruises could also be seen all over his body.

The forensic report established a fracture of the base of the skull and brain hemorrhage. As for the prosecutor his explanation was different: Saddam died because other inmates fell on top of him which resulted in his death. It is too ridiculous an explanation, to be commented on.

After the burial of Saddam his father developed a brain stroke which resulted in paralysis of one half of his body. He died a year later. The mother is working as a domestic servant to earn an income that can enable her to maintain herself and her children.

As for the officer, he is free and proceeding with his "responsibilities" as an official state employee.

El Warraq Police Station.. again

Abdel Gawad is held in the Giza transfer police station. Everyday he goes on a "picnic" to Torah prison which refuses to take him in because of his bad health condition, so he is returned again to Giza. His upper lip has a huge cut wound and so does his nose. He stands on one foot soaked in pus.. he breathes with difficulty.. he vomits blood.. Abdel Gawad is held in Giza police station.. he needs pain killers but gets nothing but threats.. he eats with difficulty and whenever he opens his mouth to speak, he says: I am innocent.

His brother:

Abdel Gawad is not yet thirty. He is married and has three children.. he worked as a driver and then worked with a friend installing cables.. he was frequently harassed by informers and police sergeants who wanted their share of his income.. although they know he is ill they would ask him to buy them cigarettes.. they would take some of his money, sometimes all of it.. Abdel Gawad got fed up.. they fabricated cases against him and every time he gets released.. every time they see him on the street they would search him.. they pressured the gym where he is training until the owner told him not to come again.. when Abdel Gawad protested the owner invented an argument, upon which the police started to persecute him.. they went to an apartment where they thought he lived.. he ran so they ran after him.. they arrested his brother-in-law to confess to his whereabouts.. they beat him and took him hostage.. they fabricated a drug case against him and put him in jail.

On the 15th of June 2005 the police arrested Abdel Gawad. His lawyer got all documents proving his innocence in all the cases raised against him. Witnesses say that Abdel Gawad was beaten as soon as he was taken to the

police station.. they beat him with an iron bar on his head, chest, abdomen and legs. They destroyed his motorcycle. On the 16th of June he was carried to the prosecution. He asked to be examined by forensic medicine. This is when the pressures started to force him to withdraw his complaint.. on the 18th of June the prosecution ordered his referral to the forensic authorities.. when he returned he was received by the chief intelligence officer and the chief of the police station with more beating. This time he was beaten until he vomited blood. His father brought a doctor from El Rahma hospital. He prescribed pain killer and something for the vomiting and left after being threatened b the officers.

That was not the end of the story. The Warraq police officers put Abdel Gawad in a cell known to have seen the death of several inmates. They threatened to liquidate him. When he was transferred to the Giza police station he was not taken in because of his bad general condition. Authorities there asked for his transfer to Om el Masreyeen hospital where doctors recommended putting him under observation for 48 hours since he vomited blood again while they were examining him. But the chief of El Warraq police station refused. Nobody wants to take him and nobody is helping him. For days on end he was transferred from Giza to Tora prison and back. His family cannot see him. They are not allowed to bring a doctor or buy him medicine. His brother was threatened by drug charges. His mother was threatened with detention is she contacted human rights organizations.

Those accused of beating him, and whose names were included in the official complaint are chief intelligence officer Abdel Hamid Moussa, his assistant Amr Eissa, sergeant Yasser El Awzi and informer Girgis.

The mother:

I see him in front of my eyes all the time. His clothes are torn.. his lips are torn.. his private parts are all swollen.. his legs are cut because of those chains.. I can't get his image out of my mind.

At El Nadim we followed the mother around, we approached each authority.. we told them this year has already a record of 31 people who died under torture. We can avoid Abdel Gawad being victim no. 32.. but nobody cared.

The safety of Abdel Gawad is not the responsibility of El Warraq police station alone.. it is also the responsibility of the pubic attorney of North and south Giza.. the chief prosecutor of South Giza who found it difficult to move a few steps away from his office to look into the case of Abdel Gawad and who would not carryout his responsibility in inspecting the police station where Abdel Gawad was kept, vomiting blood. This is obvious and flagrant complicity. It remains to know: in whose interest? Who is running this country? And where does the police get al this authority from? The eternal emergency state has turned the ministry of interior into the highest authority in the country. Not only does it control the lives of Egyptian citizens, but the prosecution as well.

Underground Torture: Metro 4th Police Station

Farag Ismail is an Egyptian citizen who owns a small ceramic workshop. He was on his way home.

I was in the Shubra metro station. A soldier asked me for my ID and took me to the office of the sergeant. They searched me and got everything out of my pockets. They didn't find anything. I was about to collect my things when the sergeant put aside my cigarette pack. I asked for it. The soldier kicked me with his boots in the chin of my leg. I pushed him back. The sergeant hit me and took me to the Ataba metro station. I then realized that this was 4th metro police station. The officer came in and I knew his name. It was lieutenant Ashraf Taha. He slapped me twice and screamed obscenities at me and called Giza police station. He didn't find ay record for me. He was angry. He suddenly punched me in the face. And my lip started bleeding I was so angry I swore at him. He called other sergeants.. They stripped me naked, totally. They tied my hands behind my back using my trousers. They hanged me from the back in a corner of the room. They hinged me onto something that I could not see. They blindfolded me with my shirt and stuffed my mouth with my undershirt. They then put two writes to my head and electrocuted me. When they gave the shock I was shivering all over. I saw flashing circles in front of my eyes under the blindfold.. When they hinged me to the wall I was standing on a table. They then removed the table. With repeated shocks my hands went loose. Two sergeants came and pulled me from my legs. I was now suspended in the air. They electrocute me again in that position. They tortured me for long hours. They would bring me down and order me to exercise and then hinge me up again. It all took place in the officer of chief intelligence officer Ashraf. I slept in another room nearby in an iron cage. The next two days, Wednesday and Thursday they put ointments to my wounds. When they got better he released me on Thursday the 23rd of January. He told me: Don't complain.. your brother the lawyer will not do you any good. We are the government, we stand by each other.

Gamal Ragab Ismail is a lawyer and Farag's brother:

I searched for my brother in all police stations and hospitals. Of course I was searching over ground. I did not find him. Then he walked into my house on Thursday the 23rd of January. For four hours I was trying to file a complaint in Giza police station. They would not let me.

Forensic medical report:

Mr. Farag Ragab Ismail suffers a double injury in the brachial plexus of both arms as a result of a direct injury and overextension in the upward direction, resulting in sever atrophy and weakness in the muscles of both arms in addition to a weakness in sensation involving the distribution of the 5th to the 8th cervical nerve on the right side and 5th to the 7th cervical nerve on the left side.

Was lieutenant Ashraf Taha really so much in need for a cigarette. Or was he just secure that no law will prosecute him and that the "government will stand by his side"?

Mashtoul El Suq Police Station

Mohamed Salem is a young man unable to leave his bed. He lies on his back, unable even to sit up, in the casualty department of neurosurgery at Zagazig university hospital he suffers a fracture of his vertebral column which led to his paralysis and loss of sensation in both legs. He is unable to control his urine or stools. His condition is a consequence of torture by officer Mohamed Farid, chief intelligence officer at Mashtoul police station in the governorate of Sharkeyya. Mohamed is awaiting surgery.

Mohamed was arrested on the 24th of January 2005, accused of stealing according to a complaint filed against him. The chief intelligence officer himself carried out the beating and torture of Mohamed resulting in the fracture of his vertebral column. Although the prosecution decided the release of Mohamed on the 25th of January and his transfer to hospital for treatment, yet the chief intelligence officer thought otherwise and kept Mohamed in his custody until the 27th of January 2005 despite the deterioration of his condition. It took an intervention by an MP to transfer Mohamed to hospital. What Mohamed does not realize yet is that the operation will not bring him cure, nor will it return his control over his sphincters. It is just a procedure to fix the vertebral column so that he can use a wheelchair. As for the officer Mohamed Farid who broke Mohamed's back with a kick of his boots, he is still in his position exercising his power over the bodies of his victims.

Mohamed Salem:

Officer Mohamed kicked me in my belly from below. I could not bear the pain and bent over and held my belly. Then he kicked me with his boots in my back. I fell to the ground and could not move. He kept throwing obscenities at me and beat me very brutally ordering me to stand up. I tried, just to stop him from beating me. But I could not. And he continued to beat me. Then they carried me into the a cell inside. Next day the prosecution ordered my release and that I be transferred to hospital, but he left me there in the cell, without treatment for three days. The other inmates were helping me. On our way to the prosecution he told me: Say that you fell from the car or else I shall detain you. I was afraid and agreed to say as he told me. I thought he would let me go.

When the prosecution came to see me in hospital I told them the truth and that I was forced to say what I did. He went to my family and offered to take care of my treatment expenses if I withdrew my complaint. I know he will not take care of my treatment if I do that. My colleagues are still in jail and his threatening them with detention if they testify. I shall have the operation here in hospital. We are trying to get financial help for the government. The doctors told me that there was this injection, which, if I had taken in the fist 24 hours, could have helped a little.

Port Said South Police Station

Tarek Fotouh El Imam is a young man in his thirties who died in the Port Said police station a few days before his release!!!

His family saw him the last time during the Easter visit on the 2nd o May 2005. the say he seemed in good health and was looking forward to his release after spending 5 years in prison. On Thursday the family was informed of the death of their son: He committed suicide by hanging, they told them.

On Thursday morning, 5th of May 2005, Tarek's mother and his brother "Hassan" went to the prosecutor's office to welcome Tarek upon his release. They did not find him. Nobody seemed to know anything about his whereabouts. She recognized a sergeant she had seen before and asked him about her son. He told her " *He is waiting for you at the police station and is determined not leave before you go and get him from there!*"

Both mother and brother hurried to the South police station. There they were immediately taken to the office of the intelligence officer who told them that Tarek had hanged himself. "*He killed himself, relieving you and himself as well*" said the officer. The mother screamed " *You killed him*". The officer then decided to keep the mother and the brother in his custody until the body was buried!!

Hassan, the brother:

They took my ID and that of my mother and locked us up in a room. After a few hours they came back and took me to the prosecution. The prosecutor asked me only one question: Was your brother ill? I said: No. He made me sign the minutes, about six or seven pages. He would not let me read the, / I signed. I was surrounded by dozens of policemen. Then they took us to the public hospital in Port Said. The doctor in charge prevented me from seeing the body, but when I entered to attend the washing I could see the injuries: around his neck, in his arms and legs. They finished all the paper work. I did not pay anything. They took us in an ambulance and a police car to the graveyards and we buried him after the midnight. (According to Muslim teachings one should not bury the dead after sunset).

The family filed a complaint with the public prosecutor and the attorney general in Port Said. They accused the officers of torturing their son to death. They refused the suggestion that he had committed suicide and asked for an autopsy. They contested all the legal procedures that were undertaken in that regard.

The attorney general summoned the father, who is in doubt regarding the impartiality of the investigations supervised by Judge Gamal Zaki, who told him: what can we do: he hanged himself and his inmates testified to that???

The father:

Since when does the government distribute shawls for the inmates to hang themselves with. Those who testified are afraid they might have the same fate like my son. He was about to be released. Would you commit suicide if you were about to have your freedom?

Montazah Police Station

Monday the 1st of April 2005. Montazah police officers and their informers break into the house of Nasser Mohamed Mahmoud Salman. They beat him up and forcefully take him to the street. they strip him of all of his clothes.. they tied him with ropes in front of everybody, men, women and children; they dragged him on the asphalt in front of cafés and street shops for close to a kilometer, which resulted in severe injuries all over this body.. they then assaulted him sexually by forcing a stick inside his anus, in front of everybody in the neighborhood!!!

Nasser Mohamed Mahmoud Salman who has been subject to all this torture lives in the neighborhood of Montazah police station in Alexandria. It is the same police station where Mohamed Badr El Din Goma'a was forced to confess under torture that he had killed his daughter, who turned out a few days later to be alive!!! It is also the same police station where an inspection by the prosecution on the 29th of March 2007 revealed 55 illegally held citizens, and whose officers were referred for investigation.

Nasser had spent three years in prison, a sentence he received for a crime of theft. On the date of the incident he was still under probation and had to visit the police station daily. Since he was ill he did not go to the police station on that day. He was not in the run, but at home, in bed. His punishment was the public assault, both physical and sexual on the streets of Maamoura El Balad, a district within the Montazah security directorate.

Nasser's family filed a complaint against officers Mohamed Ezz El Din, Khairy Nassar and informers Mohamed Abdel Aziz, Zaki, Rafik, Kheirallah and Abdel Aziz. More than 150 people were ready to testify to what they have seen and witnessed. The family's lawyer sent a complaint to the Minister of Interior and the director of the Alexandria security directorate, and the chief of the Montazah police station demanding protection for the family members. The family also sent telegrams to the President, the Minister of Interior and the public prosecutor.

The brother of the victim informed the fact finding mission sent by El Nadim center and the Egyptian association against torture that the prosecution began their investigations, but that the officers are still in their respective jobs and that they have managed to fabricate drug charges against his brother and have arrested him again. He is now in their custody and they have full authority over him. The family is subject to continuous threats and pressure to withdraw their complaint.

Montazah Police Station.. again

The parents of Yucef Mohamed live in a two room apartment of no more than 7 square meters. The mother is constantly crying. She suffers chronic illnesses and is insomniac. The father is Mohamed Mohamed Omar Raslan. He is 61 years old:

The boys came and told me the government is taking your son. I went out and find the a sergeant pointing a gun to the two boys, Abdallah and Ihab. I asked him: Did you find anything on them? He said: No, we shall let them go. I walked to the other pavement and found another sergeant pointing a gun at Yucef. The name of the sergeant was Khalifa. Yucef's back was turned to the wall and Khalifa had the gun pointed to his head. I told him: your colleague says they did not do anything. He said: this is none of your business. Go away. As soon as I turned I heard a shot. It was a bullet shot by Khalifa and I am ready to testify to that. There was no dog or anything as they say. There was a small puppy the kids on the street were playing with. (The police had claimed that the sergeant had fired the gun in self defense at a stray dog). After the shooting the first sergeant standing with my boys on the opposite pavement ordered them to sleep on the ground and pointed the gun at the,. It was about 11 pm. I went to get my ID and when I came back they had moved Ihab and Abdallah and put them next to the Yucef, who lay dead on the ground. I saw Yucef's brother approach, screaming. He was running. They caught him and beat him up too. Then the police truck came and took the three of them: Yucef's brother, Abdallah and Ihab and left the dead man on the street. The officers came walking. It is not true they were there in a patrol that just happened to pass by. If they were they would have come in their cars. But they came on foot. There were woman who saw everything happening and they told the officers that the sergeants have put hash on the floor next to the dead body. Since then they would not let us see the boys. They brought two witness, both ex convicts and made them testify that my kids were trading in drugs.

The mother:

The boy who died was a good believer.. his parents are well off and all neighbors would agree on that.. Ihab has a frame shop in the neighborhood.. our boys are good boys.. when they feel bored they walk out to have some fresh air..you see how small the house is.. every time they went out the police would harass them one way or the other.. Abdallah used to sell music tapes with his friends.. Officer Mohamed Ezz just bullied them and at one time destroyed all their cassettes. To keep them from filing complaints he fabricated a drug case against them. That was about two months ago and we bailed him out.

A woman from the neighborhood

I was out buying food for Mohamed.. I saw two informers searching the boys.. they did not find anything on Abdallah or Ihab.. then one of them went to search Yucef.. he wanted to take his money and mobile.. Yucef refused.. so the informer slapped him.. Yucef shouted: Why are you beating me? You don't have the right to do that. The informer said: I have the right to do what I want to you. Yucef argued and the informer said: you'll see. He got his gun out, pulled something in it, pushed Yucef to the wall and pointed the gun to his head and with his other hand punched Yucef in the face. Yucef tried to push him away and that is when I heard the shot and Yucef fell.

Just before the shooting Abdallah's father was asking Khalifa why he was holding his son. He told him that the boy is clear and that they will let him go. After the shooting everything got messed up. They caught Abdallah and Ihab and beat them up real hard. Then they carried both and put them next to Yucef. Then they got the hashish out of their pockets and threw it next to where Yucef was lying.

I kept screaming because it was a frightening scene. I had my 10 year old on with me. He had a panic. I saw them get that hashish out of their pockets and throw it all around Yucef. I told them this is "haram". Yucef was faintly calling for Ihab. He was telling him: Help me t a sip of water. I then saw Khalifa kick Yucef with his boot and threatened everybody if they dared come close to Yucef. He was

using very obscene language. I just went on screaming. I could not stop. He swore at me and then slapped me. I was terrified and left. There was no men on the street because he kept shouting: If any one comes near he will have the same fate. Then Yucef's brother came. He was crying. They beat him and took him along. They were two informers. One of them is called Hamed and the other Khalifa. It was Khalifa who shot the bullet. I know him because he is the one who slapped me.

When we were about to leave the neighborhood we were approached by a woman accompanied by a number of teenagers. She volunteered to tell us her own stories with the Monatazah police station. Her son is Mohamed Sobhi Moussa. He is 16 years old according to his birth certificate. He is a student at Abul Hommos industrial secondary school..

She said:

One day he left the house. Half an hour alter his friends called me and told me Mohamed was taken to Montazah police station. Went to meet the chief police officer and I told him I am not leaving here except with my son. He said we shall release him afer a short while. Later I learnt that he was transferred to El Gharbinat prison (high security prison in Alexandria). Someone saw him there and called me and told me that my son needed a blanket. He was a child. How could they take him to prison. They took him to the prosecution and estimated his age at 18 and took him to prison. If he had done anything I would accept that they discipline him. His teachers are ready to testify that he is an exemplary student. His colleagues are here, you can ask them.

One of the colleagues volunteered

We were on our way to the private lesson. There was a funeral. There was fighting and people were throwing stones. Then suddenly someone came and caught us both. They pushed us into along corridor. Someone else came and beat Mohamed and took him up the stairs. I was on the floor below. I looked around and realized that no one was looking. SO I went out and ran”

Kafr Sakr Police Station

We went to visit the family of Ahmed Mohamed Salem who died under severe torture in the Kafr Sakr police station in Sharkeyya governorate.

At the entrance of the district.. a relative of the deceased sees us and suspects we are sent by the police intelligence. She shouts at us: Who are you? How can I know that what you are saying is true? We later learnt that the police intelligence had sent several people who claimed they came from human rights organizations.

At the entrance of the narrow alley we were surrounded b women and children. Almost all men were in jail. The women were angry, tense and talking at the same time, or rather screaming at the same time. One of them pointed to a location and said: this is where my husband fell. We looked up. She was pointing to the roof of a three storey house. She continued: this is where he hit the ground.

Inside one of the houses they told us how Ahmed Mahmoud Salem who lives in the opposite house ran to the roof of the house. He fell when the police pushed him off the roof. After he fell, probably with a pelvic fracture, because they could not help him to his feet, they took off his trousers and kept beating him with iron bars on his bare skin.

The women, young and old, who got released told us of the same scenario that was repeated from house to house: breaking in, breaking doors, beating everybody in the way including women and children, dragging along the stairs down to the street, pushing into the police trucks, all this accompanied by obscene verbal abuse. Some of the women and children were witnesses to the fall of Ahmed. Then the police moved to the houses of all his brothers, even those who live in other districts. In the police station the verbal abuse turned into flagrant sexual harassment to all women.

The man fell from the third floor but the police did not see an urgency in transferring him to hospital. They took off his clothes and hit him with iron bars. Even at the police station, nobody considered taking him to hospital, not even the chief of police. When he was summoned to the prosecution, soaked in his blood and unable to stand, the prosecutor, too, did not think it was necessary to take him to hospital. He reproached him and told him to pull himself together.

But when he died on the third day, that is when they realized that he needed hospitalization. Maybe only to put the finishing touches on the story: a fabricated death certificate and numerous guards surrounding his grave.

On the way out and as soon as we left the alley they pointed to the nearby graveyards opposite their houses. They said: This is Ahmed's grave. They buried him here without a funeral and remained sitting here for many days so that we do not receive condolences. We brought our own chairs and sat opposite them!!

Giza Security Directorate

On his way home in the district of Dokki on Thursday the 19th of May 2005 Mohamed Nouh Mohamed learnt that the police had broken into his house searching for him. When they did not find him they took his cousin hostage until he gave himself up, a practice that is becoming routine for Egyptian police. Mohamed went to meet officer Medhat Fares who was heading the campaign searching for him. The officer told him to come along for questioning regarding a car theft. In the security directorate he was searched and his ID was withheld and he was shown to an officer who accused him of stealing his car. Mohamed denied knowing anything about the theft, so they tortured him to force him to confess.

Mohamed:

They took me to a small room on the roof.. it is like a torture chamber.. it had two iron windows.. small ones.. two broken desks, a paper closet and behind the closet I could see clubs and batons. They handcuffed me behind my back and hinged me to the door.. they left me until noon time.. then the officer Medhat came and said: take him down.. he asked me again: Where is the car? When I said I did not know, he told the sergeants: Put him on the falakah. They tied my hands together.. they used something like an old blanket.. they bent me over and passed a stick behind my knees and hitched me like an animal between two desks. They first beat me with a whip then with clubs. Officer Medhat himself was beating me with the others. Every while they would stop, pour water over me and then the beating would start again. I was screaming saying I was ready to say whatever they want. I was tired. What could I have done. Every time something happens they arrest me.

Mohamed came to El Nadim on the 21st of May 2005. His injuries were documented and they coincided with his story.

Bab Sharq Police Station: Torture as a Compliment

Three deep cut wounds in the scalp and a broken arm held in a blood soaked plaster: this is the condition of Mohamed Abdel Aziz, an outcome of his attempt to help his brother Abdel Razik who was beaten and his neck squeezed until he lost consciousness under the boots of the police informers. Not because Abdel Razik is a dangerous person, nor because he is armed, but because the police force him, among others, to pay a regular bribe in exchange for allowing him to work.

Informers, Gomaa and Arabi almost killed Abdel Razik while beating him in the middle of the street in the district of New Hadra in Alexandria. Also informer Al Arabi shot Mohamed in his arm and left him bleeding on the pavement and took Abdel Razik away. Mohamed was accidentally found by his friend, Ahmed, who was on his way to pay condolences to a friend.

Ahmed carried his injured, unconscious friend to the prosecution to document the case and have him referred to hospital urgently. The prosecutor ordered the transfer to hospital, so the officer, who happened to be sitting in his office offered to drive them in his car. The prosecutor agreed although he knew that the officer was one of several accused of torture. Instead of treatment Ahmed and Mohamed, both, received a large dose of beatings, kicks, slaps and punches and threats of rape. All this took place in the police station of Bab Shark where the officer had driven them instead of taking them to hospital, in something akin to a kidnap.

Mohamed kept bleeding from his head and arm, while the officer was threatening to detain Ahmed if he did not testify in front of the prosecution that it was Mohamed and Abdel Razik who attacked the informers. The last station on this terror journey was in the state security headquarters where both were blindfolded and subjected to continuous torture.

Why state security?

Because one of the officers there personally knows the informer who shot the bullet and wants to do him a favor. Except that the favor came too late since Mohamed and Ahmed has already been examined by the forensic doctor before their transfer and torture at the SSI headquarters. The third brother, Amr, met a similar fate when he tried to file a complaint regarding the attack on his brothers.

From SSI office both Mohamed and Ahmed were transferred to the police station again and were released from there. As for Abdel Razik he was kept in prison on the ground of charges for which he was tried and sentenced in absentia.

Shams El Din Police Station

A horrible crime took place in the village of Shams El Din, in Menya, Upper Egypt. 10 people from three different families were killed.. all slaughtered in the same way and in a record time. All of them, men, women and children, were killed in exactly the same way. They were lain, their bellies slit open and their genitalia amputated.. At the scene of the crime slaughtered ad mutilated pigeons were found. As usual, a few days later, the ministry of interior announces that it has identified the killer and that he has confessed and as usual, he enacted the crime.

Something was strange in the official statement. The report confirmed that none of the victims were drugged. None of them screamed and nobody heard anything while the crime was committed. We were also familiar with citizens confessing to crimes they did not commit. In those moments of confession the prospect of the gallows is more merciful that the hours of torture they have to live through suffering the brutality of Egyptian police officers and their assistants.

The newspapers published the story and quoted the father. The coverage supported out concerns. So we decided to go. When we reached the place it was totally under security control and nobody was allowed to approach. This in itself added to our suspicions. Why the concern if they have already arrested the killer. And why is the whole village besieged. What is it they are trying to hide? We made several contacts with the office of MP Talaat Sadat who volunteered to defend Mohamed , the accused, and together we coordinated a visit to the house of Mohamed's family.

Our first encounter with Mokhtar and Talaat the brothers of Mohamed, his father, a 75 yeas old man and his mother, 65 years old. Their stories confirmed out concerns.

The father:

I am Ali Mohamed Ahmed, father of my unjustly treated son, Mohamed. On Wednesday we were sleeping at home. Everything was as usual. My son Mohamed is used to do the dawn prayers in time and at the mosque. He left the house while the Koran was still being read. We are known in the village. We are conservative and mind our own business. Mohamed works in the field. Talaat goes to university and Mokhtar is an employee in the electricity company. We were sleeping. Mohamed woke up and left for the mosque while the Koran was still being read. About 20 minutes later we heard shouting and screaming in the village. The incident happened in the east of the village. Our house is at the western end of the village. Sayyed's daughter, whose father was slaughtered in that massacre is married and lives in our neighborhood. She got the news so she started screaming. We woke up and ran out of the house. What happened? They told us Sayyed, his wife, his son and his daughter were slaughtered. A little later they said Taha and his mother were slaughtered. There are seven houses between the house of Sayyed and that of Taha. Still a while later we heard the same had happened to Yehia, his wife, his daughter and his baby son. Yehia's house is about nine houses away from that of Taha's. We went out to share the people their and our disaster. Sayyed is a relative of mine. He is my cousin and we always were on good terms with each other. Taha is also a good man. He is educated and everybody loves him. And Yehia has been sharing with us some land for seven years and we never as much as argued together.

They called the government and people came from the police station. Mohamed had left the mosque and went to water the field. He had watered some of it in the afternoon before and went to continue. As soon as he heard what had happened he came. It was about 8 o'clock . At 9 the police intelligence came. The came several times to me house. Then they took me and asked me about Mohamed. They asked: Did Mohamed sleep outdoors. I said: No, he never sleeps out of the house. At 2 in the afternoon I went home with the police intelligence and found Mohamed at home. We were all arrested Thursday afternoon. They took Mokhtar and his wife and Talaat and Mohamed and left Mokhtar's new born baby at home. The baby does not feed except on his mother's milk. They left him for three days without breast feeding until he was so dehydrated, he was close to dying. His mother was held at the Beni Mazar police station.

You cannot imagine what we have been through. The humiliation. They would take us one at a time. Each one of us alone. They would strip us naked and beat us. Unbelievable obscenities. They used electricity with Mohamed. They flogged him on his bear skin. He would tell them that he did not do anything, but there was no use. They continued the torture day in day out.

After a couple of days they told me to come and speak with some high rank police officers from Cairo. They let me in and an officer ordered the other officers to leave the room. They told me we know that your son was receiving treatment. I said he was depressed and went to Abou El Azayem hospital and took some medication and that is all. He told me: you are a wise man and I want you to cooperate with us. I asked: how? He said: your son will bear this case and I am going to help you. I asked again: how will you help me? He said I shall bring you a letter from a mental asylum that your son is crazy and I shall get him out of this case. I said: your excellency I cannot unjustly make my son bear this crime. This is must be a big gang: slaughter and cutting and removal of organs. First the first house, then they move out and leave seven houses and enter the eighth and do the same, then they move out and leave nine houses and enter the next and do the same. The houses are 6-7 meters high. Do you think my son can do this. He cannot even slaughter a chicken.

The father stops. He cries and is unable to continue. He drinks some water and continues his testimony:

They humiliated us like never before. Beating and insults. They took me downstairs. I would hear my son screaming while he was being flogged and electrocuted if I could break the iron door and get out, I would have. But I was imprisoned. He did not do anything. This unjust. God does not allow this.

On the 4th day they told me to go to meet the assistant to the Minister of Interior. I went up. I found my wife jailed. I did not know that she too was taken. He brought me some pills and put them on the table. I did not know what kind of tablets. He asked: why don't you want to cooperate with us? You are not a good man. You are stubborn. He started to negotiate with me. I told him I cannot accuse my son of this crime. I was sitting on the floor and one of those men coming from Cairo was sitting on a chair. He kept hitting me with his boots in my chest. I told him: you can beat me as much as you want. He took my hat off my head and took off my clothes and insulted me and told them to take me back to my cell.

On the fifth day they sent for my daughters. They tied them together with a rope and took them to where Mohamed was kept. They told him: Mohamed these are your unmarried sisters and these are your nieces. If you do not confess to the crime we shall take their honor The girls were tied together and they tore their clothes off their bodies.

At this point he could not longer continue. Mohamed's brother continued:

They brought high rank officials. They taught Mohamed how to climb the walls and fences so that he can confess he did it. It is fortunate that he was photographed at this moment and the picture was printed in the newspapers. At the police station there was a doctor by the name Nasser Ibrahim. He took two bags of blood from Mohamed and gave him medicine and sedating injections so that he would cooperate with them and repeat what they wanted him to say. When he had to act in front of the prosecution, it was not he who was leading them to the scene of the crime. It was they who were leading him. When they gave him a pigeon to kill he put it against his chest and stroked it.

Then we listened to the mother, who started telling us about what they did to her daughter in law:

They took Zeinab, Mokhtar's wife. Zeinab ahmed Mohamed. She is my niece. They took her for three days and left her baby. He only fed on his mother. He spent three days without breastfeeding until he was in a very bad state. They returned her and took me on the third day. They left her for one night and then came back and took her and her baby. They took the clothes of Talaat and his father and those of Sherif. My son Sherif is in Libya. They also took Mohamed's clothes. They filled a suitcase and then came back and filled another suitcase. They pulled the head cover from my daughter's head and tore it apart. Then they pulled her from her hair. They tied her legs to a stick and raised it on a chair. They told her you washed the blood off your brother's clothes. Say that you washed the blood off your brother's clothes. They beat her and insulted her. They took me and asked me when my son and left the house. I said he left at dawn and then went to water the field. They turned everything upside down. They tore the mattresses. They took an old knife and another broken one. And they took 420 pounds which belonged to my son Talaat. They ruined us. They pulled me from my hair and pulled the hair of my daughter and my grand daughters. They told Mohamed if you do not claim responsibility for this crime we shall rape your mother and sister and we shall take the honor of your nieces. They tore the clothes of the girls in front of Mohamed. He could not bear it. He said: OK. I shall do what you

want, but let the girls go. They taped his confession and they threatened him if he changed his words in front of the prosecution. We have the tape.

They tore the clothes off the girls. They hit Marwa's head against the wall so that he can hear it. I saw my son in a horrible condition. He no longer looks human. Since I have seen him, life has become bitter. Night is like day. I see him in front of my eyes all the time. I am not educated. I neither read nor write. They wrote false things. They said his mother says she washed the blood off his clothes. They made me sign with my fingerprints. They made me swear on the Koran and I swore on the Koran that my son did not have anything on his clothes. Neither blood nor anything else. They searched the house for five days. They destroyed the house and destroyed us. They made us sell the house and 22 kirates of land at a very low price. The land had 5000 pounds of cabbage worth. They took it off the land. The chicken we had died and our cow would have died, hadn't a neighbor taken it to take care of it. We were proud and on our own. Now we are humiliated and homeless. No land. No home. We are persecuted and prevented from entering the village. I cannot sleep. When I doze off a little, I wake up in terror. I see Mohamed in front of my eyes. I see him in the police station, unable to stand, with two people supporting him, one from each side. My head hurts. My ears are ringing all the time. I hear his screams. I see him all the time. The minister says, we arrested the boy on the fourth day and he was on the escape. They took him from his house a few hours after the crime. I pray to god that good people would stand by my son. He cannot talk properly. His tongue has become heavy. I heard him on TV. He was not the same person. He was not like this. He was very finicky about being clean. He would go to the field with his shoes and socks on. His father would tell him to wear his rubber shoes. He would say when I start watering I take off my shoes and socks. He sometimes changed his clothes three times a day. Sometimes I would tell him, but your clothes are still clean and he would reply: what is the problem if I wash them in some water and soap. He even used to iron his house clothes. The person I saw is not Mohamed. They killed him. He was always clean and tidy. He never entered the house with any blood or dirt on his clothes. I swear by all that is holy, I am saying the truth.

She gets out his picture before his arrest, confirming his good health and tidy look.

Essam Ezzat the village sheikh is the one who put my son in this trouble. He was with the government when they made us sell the land. They wrote 11 kirates in the name of the family of Mohamed Abou Sayyed and 11 kirates in the name of the family of Ahmed Yehia. They took him away from me. They stripped him naked in Essam Ezzat's house. They blindfolded him. He tied his hands behind his back and threw him in the police jeep. They spat on him and humiliated him and used obscene language. They would call me, come you dirty woman, you bitch, you... they made me stamp on lies with my fingers. It was a young officer who wrote those lies, writing things I did not say. Another officer threatened my daughter that if her brother had not accepted to bare the crime they would have taken the honor of the girls. God has sent you to us. I am fasting and have vowed to fast until my son is released. I pray that God send us good people to stand by his side and help him so that the truth is revealed and spare him the injustice, and the humiliation. God has responded to my prayers. He has sent you to us. Don't leave us in this darkness alone. Help Mohamed. Mohamed did not do anything. Please help us. May god be with you and with your children, so that they never have to see what we saw.

The forensic report confirmed that Mohamed was not suffering a mental illness.

Months later the court ruled Mohamed innocent.

Until this moment, Mohamed and his family are living under house arrest. The police claims it is for their own good, so that the village people do not hurt them in revenge. In reality they are waiting for the appeal, hoping that the higher court would condemn Mohamed and close the file of a crime, the perpetrators of which have not yet been identified.

In Helwan police station: Mohamed Sharkawy is above the law

Eleven Egyptian citizens were taking a microbus to the gardens of Helwan when they were stopped by a man in civil clothes. Later he turned out to be Mohamed el Sharkawy, the chief intelligence officer of Helwan police station. The driver protested. The officer asked him how come he was in Helwan when his car license indicates that he is from Giza!!! When the driver asked him for his ID the officer considered this an insult. So he took everybody to the police station, where the men were subjected to all forms of beatings and humiliation before they were transferred 36 hours later to the prosecution, falsely accused of resisting authorities. On the 27th of

January the prosecution ordered the release of everybody on a 100 Egyptian pound bail for each of them. But Sharkawy thought otherwise. A week later he decided he will release only six of the men. He decided to keep the rest, in defiance, and to make his point, that he is above the law, as he was frequently quoted to say. Beating and humiliation continued in Sharkaw's custody. Even when a cousin of one of them went to the police station to ask about his relative, he was beaten as well and kicked hard in the stomach to the extent that he had to go to hospital and have gastroscopic examination. When the brother tried to complain about this extent of maltreatment he was kicked around by Sharkawy himself. Both filed a complaint at the ministry of interior, which it referred to the Cairo security directorate for investigation. On the 5th of February the Helwan prosecution once more ordered the immediate release of the men and sent a memo carrying those instructions to the chief of Helwan police station. But Sharkawy does not take orders from anybody. He is the law, and he will not release the men except when he wants to do so. When the lawyers went to Helwan police station to ask after the men, they were told they were transferred to the Cairo security directorate. When they checked there, they were told that none of those names were present!!!

Dekernes Police Station

Beshir Sakr member of the association for the defense of the beneficiaries of agricultural reform and correspondent of El Tagamu newspaper was arbitrarily detained, and subjected to humiliation and severe beating by chief intelligence officer of Dekernes police station on Sunday the 21st of May 2006 while he was covering the eviction of farmers from their land in favor of the Badrawi family.

Beshir says:

On Sunday the 21st of May 2006 I went with a number of journalists about 11 am to the hamlet of Mershaq, close to the city of Dekernes in the Dakahleyya governorate to cover the eviction of peasants from large areas of disputed land. We were met by a police campaign.. more than 15 trucks of anti riot police.. four tanks and 10 police cars and a fire truck.. I explained to the policemen why we were there and explained that I was the correspondent of the Tagammu newspaper in addition to being a member of the association for the defense of beneficiaries of agricultural reform. I was accompanied by Mohamed Abdel Latif, journalists in El Karama newspaper and a number of foreign correspondents who joined us to cover the events. The journalists were trying to meet with the peasants to hear their stories. The police asked us to stop recording and we refused. Around 12 o'clock noon time the police decided to use force. Each journalists was physically pulled away by one of the policemen and forced to move away, apparently to clear the place so that can use force against the peasants, which is what happened later. A short time later the police attacked the peasants with tear gas, batons and ticks. Women fell in the canal. There were large numbers of police and they were chasing people in all directions. Among them were people in plain clothes, probably the karate squads. An officer in plain clothes (I later learned that his name was Wael Mansour) pointed in my direction and ordered them to arrest me. I did not resist arrest. They put me in a police car and took away my briefcase. They arrested a number of peasants and put them in another police truck. The arrest was random. I later learned that among the arrested were only 22 people who owned land. I was taken to Dekernes police station. Wael Mansour, who turned out to be the chief intelligence officer at the police station, walked in, he slapped me and punched me in the face. I tried to defend myself by the informers pushed me to the ground and fixed me there so that he could kick me in the face with his boots. He then stepped on my head. The beating lasted for about 10 minutes. They then handcuffed me tightly behind my back. They left me like this for more than three hours. I realized that my front teeth were broken and that I am injured in more than one place. They did not take me to hospital nor gave me any treatment. Then they took us to the prosecution which decided to keep us in police custody for 4 days. We were released by the magistrate on the 23rd of May.

El Nadim doctor who saw Beshir on that day during his interrogation by the magistrate noticed that he was pale, walking with difficulty, had multiple bruises and injuries in the face and his two front teeth were broken. He was talking and breathing with difficulty and was suffering acute pain in both sides of his chest.

El Saf Police Station

On the 30th of July 2006 the press published the story of a brutal aggression against Safaa Ali El Sayed Atteya in El Saf police station, where she was subject to torture by officer Salem el Gabry himself and under the supervision of chief intelligence officer Mohamed El Sawi. Ms. Safaa filed a complaint with the Giza security directorate as well as the minister of interior and several other authorities. The complaint was not processed.

Moreover the officers at the police station, aware of their impunity and power, continued to threaten and attack her in addition to fabricating charges against her. She was warned that if she did not withdraw her complaint, then she better leave the whole district in no later than two days.

Her testimony

On Tuesday the 20th of June 2006 I went to the police station of El Saf to file a complaint against three thugs I found in the back terrace of my apartment, dividing drugs among them. In the police station officer Mohamed El Sawi asked me not to mention the issue of drugs in my complaint. The following day my lawyer told me I should return to the police station and finalize my complaint. He said that I should say exactly what happened. The officers wrote what I said on a separate sheet of paper and kept me in custody, claiming that there were court sentences against me. They did not let me go except when I bribed them with 100 pounds. The informers gave me the numbers of the alleged court sentences.

The next day, Thursday the 22nd of June 2006, I went to the prosecution to ask about those court sentences and the prosecutor told me that none of them had anything to do with me. He referred me again to the police station to file another complaint after I had told him everything that had happened. He also called the police station and reproached them for their conduct. I went to the police station on the same day. Mohamed el Sawy refused to take my statement against the informers and said that the chief police officer had already punished them.

On Friday the 23rd of June 2006 I was summoned to the police station at 9 pm. There I was beaten by officer Salem El Gabry and sergeant Shabaan. They used a language that is too obscene to repeat. He shouted at me saying how dare I file a complaint against them on such a trivial matter. He continued to provoke me. When I defended my position he slapped me several times on the face and I fell on his desk. Sergeant Shabaan Fathi threw me again in the direction of the officer who slapped me again but this time he had something like a razor hidden between his fingers, giving me two cut wounds in my face (below the left eye and the right cheek). I tried to defend myself but I couldn't. they tore off my dress from the front and the shoulder. The chief intelligence officer was in the room next door and was aware of all that was going on. He came and told me I should stop being defiant and rude. He said, it was I who provoked the officer. He then told the officer to "record" the case and let me go. The officer looked at me in sarcasm and asked: You want a "record"? I shouted in his face: I shall not be silenced. They sent me to the hospital and the doctor there refused to document the cut wounds and said these were only bruises although I was bleeding. When I returned to the police station I found they had prepared another charge against me, which they wanted me to sign. When I refused they beat me again and held me in custody until Saturday. My sister came to ask for me, the officer said: Take her to join her sister. He asked her for her name and she refused to tell him. He said: We shall give you whatever name you want and will take you in a police station "tour" to check on your record. This is exactly what he did. At 4 am they brought three thugs, among them one of the three whom I had found in my back terrace. His name is Ahmed Abou Dabsheh. They had scratches and they were sent for medical assessment, then they wrote a report saying I had caused those scratches.

On Saturday at 9 am they took me to the prosecution. I told them the story. They ordered my release. But the sergeants took me back to the police station and told me to withdraw my complaint against the thugs if I wanted to be released and if I wanted them to release my sister. Next day I went to the prosecution again and withdrew my complaint so that my sister can be released.

Torture on the Streets



Picture not related to following text

A Story

On Thursday the 7th of July 2005, about noon time, an officer called Adel Borai stopped lawyer Fathi Bassiouni Mohamed Bassiouni and one of his clients, Mohamed Awad, upon their exit from the North Cairo Abasseyya court house. He took their IDs without giving any reasons. He abused them and humiliated them, then he and his men beat them resulting in several injuries and fracture to both of them. Passers by intervened together with a number of lawyers who were also leaving the court house and who were provoked by this barbaric attack against one of their colleagues. The officer then got out his gun and threatened to shoot any one who came near and then took off with his men!!!

Lawyer Fathi Bassiouni tells the story:

On Thursday I was on my way out of the Abasseyya court house. I was with a relative of one of my clients, Mohamed Awad. We were walking towards the car which I had parked under the bridge. I had my client's papers with me which I had to take to El Galaa court house. Suddenly a man in plain clothes took hold of Mohamed and asked him for his ID. I was just about to talk to that man and ask him for the reason, when an officer, also in plainclothes came out of a police car and asked for our IDs. Mohamed got out his ID. I told him I was a lawyer and got out my papers to show him my Bar association membership card. He snatched the ID out of my hand and put both IDs in his pocket, then told us to wait. I asked: why? He did not reply to me. I told him: Please give us our IDs. He didn't, nor did he reply. I was in a hurry. It was Thursday and if I don't get those papers to court I would have to wait until Saturday. I turned to Mohamed and told him: Let us go and we'll take care of the IDs later. It was then that the officer pulled me from my arm to prevent me from going. I pushed his hand away. He threw obscenities at me and punched me in the face twice. My glasses broke and I was hurt and could no longer see properly. I found three men surrounding us, probably coming from the same car. One of them had a huge wooden club and then began to beat us from all sides. I found myself on the ground with blood gushing from my head. I felt I was going to die. I lost consciousness and woke up in hospital. I learned later that I was taken to Ain Shams specialized hospital, while they took Mohamed to El Zahraa Hospital. I had a deep cut wound in my scalp. They gave me stitches. There are also two other wounds under my left eye. For a whole day I felt strange.. My head was numb.. and I had that deep pain in my abdomen to the left side where he kicked me. They discharged me from hospital on Friday before I finish my treatment. I learned that the police pressured them to discharge me so that I don't have a document certifying a long stay in hospital.

Friday night I went to the prosecution and there I found that the officer had filed a complaint against me, claiming that I had beaten him. They had a witness, an intelligence officer, Sami Lotfi., He said that I attacked the officer while on duty and I realized that I was being questioned as a criminal, while actually I was the victim.

They tried to convince me to withdraw my complaint and to settle things with the officer. Mohamed Awad had several fractures and they intimidated him, so he withdrew his complaint. The public prosecutor for West Cairo tried to convince me with a settlement and told me: We are all Egyptians and we should all be concerned with the reputation of Egypt. We do not want to harm the reputation of Egypt!!..

I keep getting those phone calls.. people urging me to withdraw my complaint.. How could I. I am a lawyer.. I defend the rights of people. How can I withdraw when it is my rights that are at stake this time.

Torture in State Security Intelligence (SSI) Centers



*International Day in Support of Victims of Torture
26 June 2005
Cairo – Protest in front of Public Prosecutor's Office*

SSI: Protected by the Emergency State

The emergency law no. 162/1958 was issued during the rule of late Egyptian president Gamal Abdel Nasser. The law was not actually enforced except on the 5th of June 1967. After 13 years of an emergency state, it was lifted on the 15th of May 1980, only to be reinstated again upon the assassination of former president Anwar el Sadat in 1981. Since then it has been continuously renewed, the last renewal taking place in 2006.

Under the emergency state security authorities have the power to carry out detentions and arbitrary arrest under the pretext of "suspicion". Under the rule of the emergency state the number of detainees reached about 20 thousand, more of half of which are political detainees. Their detention orders are repeatedly renewed. Many of them have died in detention despite repeated court orders to their release.

The emergency state also provided an umbrella of impunity to officers who felt secure in torturing detainees and those held in custody, in taking hostages and their torture. Members of the political opposition are referred to the high emergency state security prosecution which abuses its power and authority in the endless extensions of administrative detention to the point that the latter has in itself become a punishment.

According to the emergency law the emergency high state security courts were established, civilians were tried in front of military courts which lack the most basic requirements of a fair trial in addition to the fact that its decisions cannot be appealed. The majority of torture allegations were ignored. The emergency state also provides the "legal" umbrella for arrest based on suspicion and permits long extensions of detention periods without trial. Needless to say, the unlimited police authorities have encouraged them to exercise their powers beyond the limits of the emergency law itself.

With the continuous emergency state, authorities felt liberated from all constitutional and legal constraints concerning citizens rights during and after their arrest. The SSI apparatus has expanded and has become the highest power in the country and the de facto authority controlling all state institutions. SSI officers are famous for making such statements indicating their impunity and absolute power which surpasses that of the law and the constitution.

Under the emergency state authorities are not obliged to inform the detainee of the reason for his or her detention, not to inform their families of the whereabouts of their detainees. Those periods of "disappearance" are usually spent in SSI centers where the most brutal forms of physical and psychological torture take place.

Emergency laws also ban demonstrations, meetings and public gatherings. They allow the censorship of the press and the closure of newspapers for so-called "security reasons". Taxis can be stopped on the way and used as police vehicles. Non-compliance can be the trigger for long days and nights of torture and maltreatment.

After the Dahab bombings in 2006 SSI totally isolated the North of Sinai from its South and considered the middle region a military zone: these are procedures that would not have been possible without an emergency state.

Despite the claims by the president of the republic that the emergency laws are not used except with terrorists and drug dealers and that the ruling party is embarking on a process of democratic reform and consideration of citizens' rights, still we have monitored and documented an increase of state violence against members of the political opposition. Thousands of peaceful demonstrators were arrested and many of them have been subjected to torture in SSI offices and police stations and prison. We have witnessed, especially after the occupation of Iraq, an unnecessary increase in security presence in down town Cairo. Tens of anti-riot police trucks occupying the city center has become a common scene that is meant to terrorize citizens. Many are wondering: How much of the national budget goes to finance all those troops? Are we paying out of our own pockets so that the ministry of

interior can buy more trucks and torture instruments, tear gas and water cannons? Do we pay taxes so that the government can use them to humiliate and torture us?

A review of the charges pressed against the antiwar protestors we find that most of them are not crimes except in an emergency state. All detainees were accused of being in a gathering of more than 5 people!!!

The following are some of the provisions of the emergency law, which explain the widespread use of collective violence and torture and the systematic character of those crimes in Egypt.

Article 1: An emergency state can be declared whenever public order or public security on the territory of the republic or on parts of it are facing danger, be that because of a state of war, or a situation which threatens with a state of war or the occurrence of internal unrest or general disasters or epidemics.

Article 3 (2): Once the emergency state is declared the president of the republic has the right to undertake appropriate measures to maintain public security and order. He is especially entitled to:

1- Put restrictions of freedoms of persons in gathering, movement, residence or being in certain places at certain times; the arrest of suspects or those dangerous to public security and order and their detention; the search of persons and places without adherence to the guidelines put forward by the provisions of the laws of criminal procedures.

2- Order the surveillance of letters and messages of all kind, the surveillance of newspapers, leaflets, publications, releases, drawings and all forms of expression and propaganda and advertisements before their release to the public; in addition to their confiscation and blockade and closure of the printing houses involved. Censorship on newspapers, publications and mass media are restricted to issues related to public safety and issues related to national security.

3- Determine the time of opening and closure of shops. Also to order the closure of some or all of those shops all together.

4- Assign any person to carry out any mission or to confiscate any possession or asset. This is regulated according to the provisions of the law of mobilization as regards organization and estimate of compensation.

5- Evacuation of some regions or their isolation and organization of methods of transportation or restriction of transportation between different areas.

A presidential decree can expand the above mentioned authorities, provided the matter is presented to parliament on the dates and according to the regulations mentioned in the previous article. In emergency cases measures can be undertaken upon verbal orders to be submitted in writing within 8 days.

Article 6 (1): Violators of orders issued according to the provisions of this law and the crimes specified in those orders can be immediately arrested.

Article 10: During an investigation, the prosecution is entitled to all authorities granted to it according to the provisions of this law.

Article 11: Civil cases are not to be accepted by state security court.

Article 12: In now way can the ruling of the state security court be appealed. The court decisions are not final except after their ratification by the president of the republic.

Within this "legal" SSI apparatus has found a fertile soil to grow and expand all over the country. It has enlarged significantly in the nineties of the previous century upon the terrorist incident that resulted in the death of tens of people in Luxor. After that incident the minister of interior was replaced with an SSI authority, who continues to hold this position until this very day.

Throughout the term of the current minister of interior large numbers of cases have been referred to SSI which is to be felt and found all over the country: in factories, in universities and schools, in hospitals and government institutions. New files have been added to the already existing files of political groups denied legitimate presence. The issue of Egyptian Copts is on top of the list of those new files. SSI has come to have a say even in personal and family matters such as the marriage of a Coptic woman to a Muslim man or an ordinary argument or fight between two parties from different religions, etc.

And although it is within the mandate of the public prosecution to inspect prisons, police stations and detention centers, SSI centers remain immune regarding such inspection. SSI centers have become to be known as those mysterious places where people disappear for days or weeks or months, totally isolated from the outside world, totally isolated from their family, friends and lawyers. In those horror dens citizens are subjected to the most criminal forms of torture to confess on themselves or others, to accept working as informers or just to intimidate them and teach them a lesson and show them who is in charge in this country.

The expansion in the power of SSI was paralleled with an escalation in its brutality. It has become an authority higher than any other and an instrument of terror and fear. SSI officers do not hesitate to boast that the country is theirs, that they are the highest authority, that they are in charge of the power and the prisons and the brutal torture. Proudly they declare that they can send anybody "behind the sun."

The following pages carry the testimonies of a number of SSI victims, whom we have personally met and interviewed. It is but a drop in the sea.. they are the testimonies of those whose strength outlived that of their tormentors and who were not broken by the SSI terror.. who found no other way to reclaim their dignity than to expose this apparatus which thrives and hides behind the darkness, fear, false names and blindfolds.

In Gaber ben Hayyan: Detention and torture and ridicule of belief.

On the 20th of December 2002 SSI arrested citizen Hani Riad, 28 years, graduate from the Faculty of Art, postgraduate student and member of the Egyptian Center for Housing Rights from in front of a restaurant in the district of Mohandesin. It was about 12 o'clock noon time. Hani was allegedly distributing leaflets calling for a demonstration protesting the war against Iraq. Since the moment he was arrested the beating started. Then he was taken to SSI office in Gaber Ben Hayan street in Dokki, where he was blindfolded, stripped to his underwear and beaten on his private parts. He was put on the ground and officers stood on his back in their boots. He was kicked in the chest and humiliated and insulted him because for being a Copt (an Egyptian Christian). His tormentors talked obscenities to him and insulted Jesus and ridiculed the Christian belief that Christ is the son of god using the most degrading language. Three officers were in the room. He recognized the voice of one of them, but not his face since he was blindfolded throughout his stay in Gaber ben Hayyan.

About 5 pm Hani was transferred to Dokki police station. His blindfold was removed, but the beating continued for four more hours to force him to sign a confession that he had collected those leaflets from the Hisham Mubarak Law Center three days ago and that the center had asked him to distribute them. With an increase in torture and threats Hani signed the paper and was then kept in the police station until he was summoned in front of the prosecution on the following morning, the 21st of December 2002. In the Dokki prosecutor's office and in the presence of his lawyers, who provided this information, Hani said that he signed those papers under coercion and while he was subjected to beatings and threats. He denied having distributed those leaflets not that anybody had given them to him. The prosecutor, Mazen Yehia, documented Hani's statements and recorded that evidence of beatings were obvious on his body and that he was suffering difficulty in breathing.

Walid El Dessouki: I am just showing you that I could kill you

Ramez is a university student. He was detained upon the antiwar demonstrations in April 2003. He was kept and tortured in SSI headquarters in Lazoughli in down town Cairo. His tormentor is SSI officer Walid el Dessouki.

“You are here in SSI. It does not matter who you are or whose son you are. That was the reply of Walid el Dessouki when Ramez told him that it is not within his authority to arrest him, since his father is working in a sovereign state institution. This reply was the beginning of Ramez’s introduction to SSI authorities which have become the highest in the country. This is how Walid Dessouki chose to introduce himself and his “responsibilities”!!

On Saturday the 12th of April Walid El Dessouki arrested Ramez from one of the cafes of down town Cairo in front of everybody, who suddenly found themselves surrounded by Dessouki’s men. That was bout 6 pm. In front of everybody the beating began and Ramez was gragged along the pavement and pushed into a private car. They took his undershirt and used it as a blindfold. The beating continued inside the car, with a lot of verbal abuse. They then sequeezed his head low down in the car and kept it there with their feet!!

Ramez spent 11 days at the SSI office in Lazoughli. He was then transferred to the Gharbeneyat prison in Borg El Arab – Alexandria. During those 11 days Ramez suffered all forms of physical and psychological torture: blindfolding, tying his hands behind his back, hinging him onto the walls with his hands tied, electrocution, beating and standing on his back with their boots, stripping and threats of rape and last but not least threatening to kill his brother and ruin the career of his father and finally killing him as well.

Dessouki wanted Ramez to confess regarding a number of names. He wanted him to say that those people were members of the revolutionary socialist organization. He wanted Ramez to “collaborate” and to become an SSI agent. The torture was done in the presence and frequently by the hands of Dessouki himself, who, after each round of torture, would swear that at the end Ramez will confess.

Despite the release of Ramez and his regular attendance for medical and psychological help at El Nadim center, Dessouki would not leave him alone. Daily phone calls brought death threats and threats to harm his family. Then on Sunday, the 31st of August 2003, Dessouki himself followed Ramez in his car and almost hit him. Then he looked out of the car window and shouted: “This time I shall not kill you. But I just wanted to show you that I can kill you if I wanted, if you don’t collaborate with us”. This event took place in front of the guards of neighboring apartment houses, each of whom have requested not to be quoted for fear they may be persecuted or hurt.

On the 18th of September 2003, the Hisham Mubarak Law Center filed a complaint with the public prosecutor asking for a magistrate to investigate the case and stop the terror that Dessouki is inflicting upon Ramez.



Dessouki again:

He was beating me all the time.. didn't give me a chance to reply to him

Amr is a university student, a second victim of Walid El Dessouki. He was arrested on Saturday the 12th of April 2003 from behind the Bar Association. From there he was taken to the SSI office in Lazoughli.

He says:

I was arrested from Abdel Khalek Tharwat street, behind the Bar association. We were on our way out of the association, going to the press syndicate. There were two more people with me and it was about noon time.. More than 8 people attacked us.. I don't know exactly how many.. each one of us was held by three men.. I can identify all of them.. I saw one of them today (Tuesday, 15th April) sitting in front of the Press syndicate.. They dragged us through the street and tried to push us through the gate of Pfizer company. The company security refused.. then they took us to the prison transfer truck and left us for about two hours there with many guards.. then the car moved towards Lazoughli.. at the gate they asked each of us to blindfold ourselves using our undershirts.. We had to pull them up so that our faces were totally covered.. they said if we refused they would beat us.. inside they took everything out of our pockets and put us in cells on the first floor.. we remained there until 9.30 pm.. then they came and took us away blindfolding us again.. they took us to the second floor.. we went in each on our own.. first thing he asked me to take off my clothes. My chest and abdomen were totally naked.. then he wanted me to say that M had called and invited me to join the sit in.. he asked a lot of questions about M.. When I denied knowing any details the beating began.. I think more than 3 people were beating me.. only one was standing behind me.. the rest were beating me from the front.. I fell.. one of them stepped with his boots on my belly and testicles.. the AC was very cold.. it was terribly cold.. I was shivering.. this lasted for less than half an hour.. then they took us down again at about 2.30 pm.. then they took us back again.. I didn't go again except for today.. but there is someone there who got me really worried.. because they took him many times.. they electrocuted him all over his body.. they hinged him to the ceiling and beat him so brutally.. he was in such a bad shape to the extent that the guard who brought him back told us he should not drink any water for some time because his body is full of electricity!!

Today (Tuesday) they summoned me again. I think it was a different room. I could recognize the voice of Walid El Dessouki, because I talked to him before in Gaber ben Hayyan.. He began questioning me about everything related to my political opinions, my friends at university, the demonstrations, why I went to the Hisham mubrak Law Center.. he just went on asking.. he never gave me a chance to reply to him .. he kept asking and beating me.. he stepped with his shoes on my belly and genitalia.. he threatened to destroy my family and that I shall be expelled from university.. at the same time he was offering me to work as their agent in which case he will help me graduate.. he gave me a piece of paper with his phone numbers written on it.. (0122338888 – 7940214 – 7940332)

I can hardly move.. My back hurts terribly and my testicles are swollen.. I feel horrible pain. I can't take it any more.

Hassan's choices: detainee, informer or homeless

They want to see him as a detainee, an informer or homeless. This in a nutshell is the conclusion Hassan reached after years of repeated detentions and horrible torture.

Hassan Ali Ahmed was detained for the first time at the age of 14 years, when he was accused of being a member of El Jama'a El Islameyya in 1984. He was detained again in 1989 where he was held in the state security intelligence headquarters in Gaber Ibn Hayan, and then once more in 1992 in the central security camps where he spent a whole year in solitary confinement between Tora and Abou Zaabal prisons; and then once again in 1993 where he was detained for four months.

During his periods of detention Hassan was subject to various forms of brutal torture among which were beatings, sexual assault, hanging for hands and feet. Torturers stood on his chest with their boots and used electricity and sharp objects in his torture in addition to psychological torture.

He left El Jama'a in 1993 after a major disagreement while in detention, to the extent that he was accused of blasphemy. So he left them completely. He was no longer an Islamic militant. Upon his release he went about finding his way in life, building his future and a family. Human rights organizations helped him to raise a case against his torturers. He issued a permit to set up a cigarette kiosk. He further developed his business and was making reasonable profit.

During the elections he volunteered to help a human rights organization in monitoring. State security officers could not bear the idea that Hassan, who was until yesterday their victim, would have developed into an activist.

They arrested him again in 2000 and then again in 2005. they asked him to work as an informer for them; to spy on the human rights center which helped him. He refused. So they returned to the language they know best. They arrested and tortured him, tearing ligaments in his feet and causing him injury to both kidneys. They did not stop at that. They threatened his wife and four children. When they did not succeed they threatened the local authorities not to renew his kiosk license. The district spokesperson told him that his problem has no solution. He told him that the governor has agreed to a renewal but that the refusal is coming from high security authorities.

At present, Hassan spends the day next to his kiosk which has been closed two months ago and will soon be removed altogether. Hassan insists that he will not allow this to happen. He insists to pursue his complaint against his torturers, to continue working with the human rights organization and not to be an informer.

We shall support Hassan and express our solidarity with him in his struggle against the brutality of the state security intelligence officers. We call upon the district spokesperson and the governor of Giza not to succumb to the orders of the state security intelligence. (*February 2006*).

6-The Police in the Service of Big Landowners

The story of Sarando



Officer Mohamed Ammar in the village of Sarando

The population of Sarando hamlet in the village of Brougi, Damanhour directorate in Egypt were subject to a new cycle of police terrorism led by police intelligence at Damanhour police station.

Before daybreak on Friday, the 4th of March 2005, Damanhour police intelligence launched a round of arbitrary arrests against the farmers of the hamlet involving women, children and men, starting with a violent round of beatings that spared no one. The arrest involved violating the privacy of homes by breaking house doors, arresting whole families and taking them in a Central Security truck to security headquarters in Damanhour city.

Some of the arrested were then taken to an unknown place in Damanhour governorate. These include: Mohamed El Fiki, Ibrahim Mohamed Abdel Meguid, Hamdi El Hosari, Khamis El Fiki, Mohamed Abdel Meguid El Garf, Abdel Meguid Khallaf, Mahmoud Ramadan Hashem, all of whom were charged of "encroaching" on the land of Salah Nawar, the former land owner whose land had been included in the agricultural reform program decades ago.

The story does not end here.

The police also arrested more than 25 women from Sarando in addition to their children and babies. They were beaten up brutally with their hands tied behind their backs. The women were then tied together from their braids and as such put in the central security trucks. Among them are: Rania Samir el Sabbagh, Rashida el Gizawi, Neema Hafez Abou Kila, Zahia el Agrab, Howaida Mohamed Mahmoud El Fiki, Rasem Ahmed Khallaf, Zahra Said Abou El Ela, Seham Said Abou el Ela, Khadra Mohamed Zaki and her two daughters Fatma Saleh El Shattawi (5 years) and Wahba Salah El Shattawi (two years), Aziza Mansour and her two sons Ahmed Ibrahim Mohamed Abou Kila (6 years) and Mohamed Ibrahim Mohamed Abou Kila (two years). For days there whereabouts remained unknown.

In addition to all of the above, Salah Nawar, a well known feudal symbol in the governorate of Beheira, used trucks full of hired thugs and took advantage of the arbitrary arrests and the confusion that followed to take charge of the land, which he land-rovved inclusive of its harvest, resulting in injury of the farmers who failed to file a complaint because of the complicity of the police with Salah Nawar, the returning Mameluk!!

The hamlet was besieged by more than 20 central security trucks and 450 central security forces who cut the telephone lines to prevent the farmers from communicating with the outside world.

Also, Salah Nawar, in complicity with the Damanhour intelligence police, filed a complaint against the peasant's lawyer Mohamed Abdel Aziz Salama, charging him of public agitation and organization of illegal gatherings (case no. 5631/2005). Mr. Salama had attempted to expose the violations by the Damanhour police intelligence in an earlier round of arrests on the 5th of January 2005, where he filed a complaint to the senior attorney at the Beheira prosecution against lieutenant Mohamed Ammar, chief intelligence officer at Damanhour police station, and informer Atteyya Radi accusing both of beating a 6 months pregnant woman, Khaireyya Abdel Moneim El Bokli, leading to severe bleeding.

The latest violations committed by the police intelligence against the women of Sarando, their incommunicado detention and tying their hair together, plus the sudden death of Nefisa El Marakbi sounded like a horror story. We decided to go and investigate what has happened.

On Wednesday the 16th of March, the same day chosen by Suzan Mubarak to be the Day of Egyptian Women, and while the president and his wife were chairing together a women's conference in Cairo, we were only two hours away from that conference, paying our condolences to the family of Nefisa Zakaria Mohamed El Marakby, wife and mother to five children, the eldest 16 years old, the youngest only seven.

Nefisa Zakaria Mohamed El Marakbi was supposedly one of million Egyptian women who were being "officially" celebrated on the 16th of March. Two days before our visit Nefisa was admitted to the casualty department of Damanhour hospital. She was in coma. She was kept in the department until 1 am. She was diagnosed "shock for investigation". At 1 a.m. she was transferred to the department of

internal medicine, female section, on the 6th floor, since there was no place in the intensive care unit. At 6 a.m. she died of "suspected septicemia".

When we went to the hospital to inquire about the circumstances of her death, her body had already been taken away to be buried. But so, also was her file. Why would a 30 year old woman suddenly die, when three days earlier she was healthy, working in the fields, taking care of her children and sharing with the remaining women of the village the intimidation by Egyptian police forces on behalf of Salah Nawar?? Where did this "sepsis" come from so suddenly? Was she badly wounded? And who caused those wounds?? Since we got no answers from the hospital, we headed for the village, to pay our condolences to her family.

On our way to the village we saw one of the anti riot police truck coming in the opposite direction.. An empty truck.. Nefisa's house is at the entry of the village.. a number of men are sitting outside as if waiting for us.. inside tens of women in black.. faces stricken with grief.. eyes full of terror.. the atmosphere was tense.. we could feel the questions hanging in the air: why did you come? After you leave they will get it out on us? In a corner Nefisa's mother was sitting, the blackness of her dress an extension of the blackness of the halos around her eyes and the darkness of the room. Before we said anything she kept repeating: Nefisa died a natural death.. Nefisa died a natural death.. she was never detained.. she was never arrested. We got the message.. they were not allowed to talk to us.. they might have been warned in case they talk to us.. the mother does not know that we had been in the hospital earlier that morning. She tells us that Nefisa went to hospital complaining of a headache!!

We had to politely withdraw and leave her to her grief. Outside the men were more frank: why did you come? You are harming us.. Salah Nawar is ready for a settlement and you are an obstacle to that settlement.. you are directing the peasant in the wrong direction.

In the midst of this crowded reception there were dozens of children, pulling us in this and that direction to show us the destroyed houses and the places where we could meet the women who were just released.. A small child whispers: Mohamed Ammar killed my mother!

Along the mud roads the doors open.. hesitantly first and then the women come out.. and suddenly what seemed like an empty place is full of women and children who want to tell, who want to show us.

The women talked of places in which they kept in police custody.. dark places, without a mattress, without covers, sleeping on a humid cold cement floor, suffering humiliation, sexual harassment, abuse and beatings to confess to the whereabouts of the men who deserted the village.

The police took them from their homes and blindfolded them.. they do not know where they had been taken.. they also blindfolded them on the way to their release.. they were left on the highway where the officer tried to give each of them 5 LE to find her way home.. they all refused, but on the way they found the "good people" who drove them to the closest point to their remote hamlet.. One of them cannot stop crying every time she starts telling us what they did to her body.. another is standing still: she does not want us to leave, but she also does not want to talk.. a third woman stands at a distance trying to explain something in a gesture that we do not understand.. We draw near to listen.. She stops us with a gesture of her hand and raises her voice so that we can barely hear: "They told us they would turn our lives to hell if we spoke with you". Four women walk by: Take care, they whisper, the informers are behind you.. Salah Nawar has bribed people not to talk to you..

A woman appears on her doorstep and with her hand invites us in.. After five minutes somebody calls her outside.. she goes out in a hurry and then comes back to collect the few pieces of clothes that lie around on the mud floor, closes the one wooden window and excuses herself: we must leave and she must go. She received a warning: she would be taken and sodomized for letting us in. Tonight she will sleep in the fields.

We leave. Another woman tells us of her fear.. how she went to the hospital every night and would bribe one of the patients to allow her to sleep on the ward, on the floor for the night.

At some point we met a woman who had been with Nefisa in detention: An eyewitness to what happened, or at least to some of what happened.

“They took the two of us together.. Nefisa wore the Niqab.. they pulled the Niqab off her head and beat her a lot.. the officer ridiculed her saying: you are black.. I thought you were white, why then are you covering your face? He grabbed her from different parts of her body and continued to beat her again and again. Then he took her somewhere else and we never saw her again. We later heard that she died”

The boldness of the woman encourages others to talk:

“Nefisa was released on Monday.. she was in a terrible condition.. she was screaming all the time and she had convulsions.. then she lost consciousness and was taken to hospital.. and she died there.

The story of Nefisa broke the fear and the inhibition. Women poured their stories:

Woman 1:

They came Thursday night. Then Friday morning the Nawar family came. Cars and hooligans from Assiut and weapons. They went into the land and shot fire and destroyed the land. All the hamlets came out: El Hamdeyya and Sharkan and Baroundi. They came to defend the women in the fields. When the government came the men escaped. We were on our own, so they came to help us.

A widow with four children, the eldest is 22 years old, student in Al Azhar institute, arrested!

They took him last Thursday. My daughter is a domestic worker in Alexandria. She has to do that so we can live. They arrested the men at night. They came in 48 cars. They broke the doors and messed up everything and stole whatever they found. Not a single man in the hamlet. The men escaped and the women were arrested on Thursday. The men were taken Thursday night. On Friday morning they came to take the women. They shot their guns at us while we were in the land. The young men from the surrounding hamlets came to our rescue.. Mohamed Ammar the intelligence officer at the police station shot at the people. One of the hooligans was killed. They killed him and they want to accuse us of doing it. For two years Nawar has been putting pressure on us to leave the land.. this is our land since the time of our grandparents.. since two years they want us to leave. Nawar told us to leave the land. The rent is 1000 pounds per year pro Feddan. He wants to increase the rent to 3000 pounds. I don't know where my son is. I have no way to see him. They have messed up our lives. They take the youth and the women. They shoot at us. They want us to flee the land.

A 60 year old woman:

They took me on Friday. We do not have land. I swore to them that I do not have land. They took 14 of us, three of us were old, like me. They covered our faces and put us in different places and closed the doors with iron chains. They put guards on the doors. It was very cold and we had to sleep on the tiles. The windows were broken. It was very cold. They moved me three times from place to place, while blindfolding me so that I don't see where we are going.. five days, no food, no water, sleeping on the floor. When I could no longer tolerate the cold I screamed. I told them I am 60 years old and I do not have any land. They moved me again. They did not ask me anything except my name. Three times they asked me about my name. but they asked more things out of the younger women. The hamlet is destroyed. The cattle died of hunger and neglect. The hamlet is gone and you haven't done anything. Yesterday they took 8 women. They did not do anything to me. I told them I am 60 years old. But they did to the younger ones. They tied their feet together and their hands and they lifted their feet up and whip their soles.. they would take one at a time and would beat them in another room..

Another woman points to a baby

This girl is 3 or 4 months old. They took her with her mother and she spent a whole day incarcerated with her mother. They break into homes. They steal things and pour the flour on the floor.. they stole a watch from my daughter-in-law. They take everything even the food. They took a woman named Rehab and left her newborn baby, only 2 months old. Rania was taken also leaving two children, one of them is only 10 days old. Her brothers came and took the little ones. The whole hamlet is between those who are arrested and those who are on the escape in the fields and in surrounding hamlets. Nobody sleeps at their homes any more. Only five or six houses still host the elderly and those who found no place to go.

Woman 2:

They took me three days ago. They broke the door. They even broke the frames on the wall and took the pictures. They held me in one of the houses of the hamlet, on the balcony. It was very cold. They took me and the children. At first they refused that I take my seven months old daughter with me. They swore at me and hurt the children. There was no food or cover at night. They took me in a car. They took the apartment of my family and turned it into a prison for women. I have no land. They arrested me because they wanted me to testify that my husband burnt the tractor.

Woman 3:

They came Thursday night, around 3 after midnight. They destroyed the house and scared the children. On Friday the Nawar family came with hooligans and trucks carrying gasoline and weapons and shot at us.

A pregnant woman:

They took me on Saturday and kept me for two days. They interrogated us in a lorry and were asking us about our men.

Woman 4:

They broke the door and scared me and the children. We are so terrified. The kids tremble when they see a police officer. They tremble.

Woman 5:

They took my son. He is in the third year secondary school. We do not know where he is. They also took young women, not married, you understand? We asked them, why are you taking them? And they said we are sexually frustrated and we want to vent our frustration. We screamed and begged them to take us instead of them, but they would not. Today is the first day they let us out of the house to feed the cattle. Much of the cattle died and the rest we sent to the neighboring hamlets. On Friday they came at the time of prayer and took the man from inside the mosque. They closed the mosque with red wax, until now. They step with their shoes over the bodies of the women they take. We all flee in the night and sleep in huts in the fields, because they come in the night and arrest us. They took the feddan that we were renting since four years. This land is ours. Now they want to take it away from us.

Woman 6:

Salah Nawar is living in Alexandria. He comes every now and then with his men. Alaa Abdel Hamid El Fiki is my son. He is a student. They took him. Then they took me from sunset to sun rise and they were asking me about our men. How do we know. They have our men. We have paid our rent all through. They told us it is forbidden that we set foot on the land as long as our men are in hiding. Every day I take the kids and sleep out so that they do not come and arrest us at night. For three days we have been living like this.

Woman 7, 70 years old:

They beat me when they came to arrest my cone Kotb Mohamed Kotb. He is blind.

A group of women outside the house talking and screaming while the police is trying to push us away from the place.

-I am nine months pregnant. My husband is dead. They took my brother. They beat him and electrocuted him and humiliated him and then let him go. I saw him for one hour only and then he escaped again for fear they might arrest him again. What shall I do? I do not know where shall I give birth? My brother was the only person I had left in this world. They took him. And today they are going to give us hell after you leave.

-Hoda Abdel Moneim Qabil: they took her with her 1 year old nephew.

-They took Rehab. She has just given birth ten days ago. They took her and left the baby.

-Every night they break into our homes. They humiliate us and ask us about our men.

-20 of the cattle of the village died after the village was raided, because there was nobody to take care of them.

-They took me on Sunday. They asked me where I had been. I was in Alex. He asked me about my father. I did not know. He is in hiding. They are using his house to hold women, many women.

-They took Semsema and four other young women when they saw you come. Just 15 minutes ago.

-They took my husband. They humiliated me and beat my son who is four years old. They pushed me to the floor and beat me with their shoes. They beat my neighbor with a stick and beat her husband and then took him and we do not know where he is. That was on Thursday night.

-We do not know where the men are. They are holding women captive in that house. Some of the women have their periods and they have nothing to change in. Some of them are pregnant. They put them on the bare floor and they have no towels. Nothing. Where have you been. They blindfolded us when they arrested us and they blindfolded us again when they released us. You are late. All that happened and you were not here.

Then it was the turn of the children. They kept pulling at our clothes and pointing in the direction of the fields behind the houses:

"Come.. we'll show you where the police is hiding.. they are hiding there in the fields"

They lead the way into the fields.. two anti riot police trucks stuffed with soldiers.. SS officers stand waiting, in dark sunglasses and the red Marlboro cigarettes in their hands and pockets..

A colleague cannot withhold a comment:

Aren't you ashamed of yourselves??.. all that force against women and children.. what law are you enforcing?

The children laugh and clap their hands.. The soldiers in the trucks exchange looks and wait for the reply of their seniors.. but the reply never comes..

On our way out the doors are open and the women insist that we stay for lunch.. We have a long drive ahead of us.. But we promised to be return. And we did, several times.

Collective Torture: The State's gift to the people of Arish in Eid El Fitr

In 2004, we spent Eid El Fitr with our colleagues at the Hisham Mubarak Law Center and the Egyptian Association against Torture in the cities of Arish and Sheikh Zowaied. We went to share their pains and concerns and listen to them.. their stories are revealing. They don't need our comments.

Day 1, 15th of November 2004, Arish

It is the second day of the feast.. but the streets of Arish are empty.. there are no women around.. no children running in the streets.. there is no trace of a feast.. there are no signs of a normal life

140 women have been taken hostage. The official estimate by the person responsible for security in South and North Sinai estimates the number of detainees at 2500 not counting the hostages. He gave this number to the heads of tribes and members of the local councils and parliament. 320 of the hostages have been released on the eve of the feast, most of whose names have been published in the statement issued by the popular committee for citizen's rights in the North of Sinai. Everybody who is released is threatened not to contact human rights organizations.

The face veil is pulled down the faces of women in the streets. No women dare walk in the streets on their own. Men have shaved their beards for fear of being suspected. Torture stories range between suspension from the arms which are tied behind the back in addition to pulling on the feet with a rope, electricity through clips attached to the toes; a bifurcated stick that looks like an oven lighter with three keys, which is put on sensitive body areas and results in melting of the skin and a smell of burning meat; they did not spare anybody. They detained even the mentally handicapped.

Questions asked to people: Do you like America? Do you like Israel? What do you think about Taba? Where do you pray? Whom do you know? What do you think of Amr Khaled (Islamic preacher) What do you think of Sheikh Kishk? (Islamic preacher)

The released say that some of the officers who attended the interrogations had red faces, shaved heads, wearing sunglasses and do not speak. They raided the mosques, putting paper bags on the heads of people and taking them along in police trucks.

First visit

One of the released, working in real estate:

I was sleeping. It was 6 o'clock in the morning. I found the police on top of my head. The house was full of officers and soldiers. I saw my nephew with them, handcuffed. I asked, what is going on? They said we have come to ask about your other nephew. Where is he? I do not know. We want to search the house. I said go ahead. They searched everything and they took a box with all the documents that I have, documents that provide evidence for my family properties for generations. They took my army certificate and my car license. They did not ask me anything, except where is your brother? Where is your sister in law? Where is your nephew?

They took me to the SSI office in Arish. They swore at my mother. He told me you son of a bitch. I screamed in his face and told them my mother's shoe has more honor than all of you together. They hit me with a baton ten times on my head. There I found about 200 – 300 persons, screaming men and young women. Something like a horror movie. Not even in the cinema do you see something like that. I saw a woman who was breastfeeding her baby. I went into a state of sever agitation. I kept swearing at them and shouting. One of the officers said: he should not be here, he is too violence. After 10 minutes they took me to Cairo. I did not know. I thought they were taking me home. They took us to Tora prison. I had about 125 young men with me. There were six big police trucks.

For 20 days nobody to spoke to us. They blindfolded us. What is your name? My name is such. I told him we are the ones who fought in Sinai. My father was awarded the star of Sinai. We work in real estate. They asked me do you know Sheikh H? I told them he is my nephew. They asked me about another name. I told him he is my nephew. My nephew is a modest person. He believes in God and is religious. They ask4ed me about somebody called Eyad and another called Hamid. They kept asking me about many names of people I do not know. The detainees there told us that people are making a lot of noise because of your arrest and that you will be soon released.

At the SSI screaming and shouting was everywhere.. men and women.. they swore at me and I swore back.. I spent 10 minutes there, but they were ten minutes of hell.. I saw torture on other people.. I saw with my own eyes men whose nipples had melted.. they electrified them in their nipples and other parts of their bodies.. never in my life did I see anything like that.. not even in my nightmares.. the screams came from everywhere.. from my left and right and from behind me and all that only in 10 minutes.

I am a fighter. I don't care if I did. But if I am to live, is hall live in dignity.

We were taken to Tora. Those who followed us were taken to Damanhour (a city in the Delta of Egypt) I asked, what is going on? Why are we here? For 20 days our cells were closed until they started asking us. The interrogations would start at 10 p.m. and continue until dawn. They would take us one at a time and the one who finished leaves though another room until the next has entered the interrogation room. At night they used to take some of us to Lazoughli (Main SSI office in central Cairo). Some of them were taken together with their brothers and cousins. They beat them almost to death. They would wrap them in a blanket and throw them in the luggage store of the buses which brings them back to Tora. In Lazoughli they also took blood samples from us. Everybody who went to Lazoughli cam back except the Sheikh. They electrified people there. Their skin would melt. They used to hand people by their arms and tie a gas tube to their feet so that their weights become heavier. If they did not do that they would tie a rope around their feet and pull hard so that they feel the pain more. The 120 people who left for Cairo with me have been brutally tortured before they were taken to Tora to stay. In Tora they brought a doctor who gave us medicine.

On our way to Cairo we had 15 women with us. They were probably dropped in barrages (Women prison there). They are relatives of sheikh Fiefel (accused in the Taba bombing) they took the whole village, men, women and children (5 children).

My nephew's wife gave herself up so that they release her younger brother whom they had taken hostage. They had taken him so that his elder brother gives himself up. They kept the two of them for 5 days and then they released them. (Seven members of this family were arrested, among them one woman)

The mother (an elderly woman)

They came around dawn. They had guns and pistols. They searched the house and our wardrobes. They asked about (M) and his wife. We told them we did not see them since the day they broke their fast with us on the first day of Ramadan. They took the little boy as a hostage until (M) gives himself up. And they took his brother. People are scared. the young woman went to give herself up so that they release her younger brother. They kept them for five days and then they released them. She was four months or three months pregnant. When she came out she aborted. A small piece of meat about 4 months old. Children were screaming and women were terrified. Even the men shaved their beards. They would pull the men from their beards and pull them out. The hair would come out in their hands stained with blood. What can I say? May god support us. He is our only rescue.

Second Visit

We split in two groups, one spoke to the women, the other spoke to the men, each in a separate floor in a family house.

The women were on the first floor.. There were about ten women.. most of them were married to brothers. Only two of the brothers are not in prison. Three were arrested. The first has five children, the second has four and the third has two children, of whom one is a 7 days old baby girl. Ten women and a large number of children running around. Three of the women have lost their husbands to SSI. A rumor says that one of them has died under torture. They did not see their husbands. They do not know where they are.

They called him and told him your workshop has been robbed.. That soldiers are guarding the workshop and that he should go.. He went and they took him.. We don't know where he is until now.. Then they came to the house.. The children were asleep and they woke up in terror.. There were about 10 trucks in the street and two minibuses.. They broke the doors and entered with their machine guns.. They were dressed in black.. Their faces were covered with black cloth not showing anything but their eyes.. They pointed their machine guns at us.

I was in my room and I heard the noise.. I was covering my head before I go out to see what was happening.. I found somebody trying to open the door.. I tried to push the door to close it until I am ready.. then the door was pushed so violently that it broke and hit me in the eye.. half of my face was blue (blue bruises can be seen along the left side of her forehead and face).. I did not go to the doctor.. I was scared.. we are scared of walking in the streets.. since then they have been maltreating and humiliating people on the streets.

They broke the door and walked in.. They do not respect neither the privacy of homes nor the privacy of women.. They caught the two, tied their arms behind their backs and made them lie face down on the floor.. Then they took them.. I kept running in the flat out of fear.. He pointed his machine gun towards my head and shouted that I should not make any noise.

The kids were screaming out of fear. Until today the children refuse to stay in the apartment out of fear.

The was a large number of cars on the street in front of the house and each car there was a senior official and a squad

For twenty years we have lived under the occupation by the Jews. Nobody ever did this to us.

On the second floor were the men.. we were met by an elderly man and next to him his older son.

The son:

I heard a loud noise.. They broke the door and suddenly the place was full of machine guns, laser rays and masked people dressed completely in black.. My wife screamed: did the Israelis come back?.. They shouted back: we are the government.. Down on your face. And they hit me in the face. They asked: where is (M).. They took (M) and left. The next day somebody called my second brother and told him that somebody had broken into his workshop ad that it was stolen. My brother went to see his workshop and never came back. We later found out that the police had broken the door of the workshop and searched it. Until now the workshop is surrounded by soldiers.

To that the father adds:

During the time of the occupation I hid seven soldiers and 2 Egyptian officers in my house.. I hid them for 20 days and I helped them escape.. Until today they call me up to ask about my whereabouts.. Why should we bear all this from the government.. the occupation did not do to us what they are doing to us.. What is going on?

Third visit

One of the released

On the 7th of November they asked about me and I was not at home.. They took my brother.. I went to them next morning.. I told them I am coming instead of my brother.. They took me and did not release him until now.. Starting 9 o'clock the interrogations start and so does the torture.. We go upstairs.. Beatings and humiliation and verbal abuse.. Won't you talk?.. Who do you know?.. He asked me a number of questions.. He asked about my brother.. They had my brother.. How could I know where he is.. You won't talk? Take him! We were blindfolded.. They stripped me completely and tied my hands behind my back and tied my feet and suspended me from my hands from the ceiling.. I was first standing on a table and then they kicked the table away and left me hanging while pulling at my feet.. For six hours.. Hanging me and electrifying me.. While I was hanging like that they attached clips to my toes and connected to a source of electricity.. I was tied.. My body was rocking and I could not move away.. After a while I no longer felt the electricity.. The pain from the hanging was severer.. My arms hurt terribly.. My body was swinging to the right and left from the electricity while I was suspended from the ceiling.. Then they threw me on the floor.. The floor was wet and electrified.. Then they hanged me again.. And all the time they were beating me in my stomach and legs.. The signs of torture still show on my back and wrists as if they were burnt (we inspected the wrists: a band, 4 – 5 cm wide, of congested cracking skin on both wrists). They asked me about names. About 40 other men were with me.. 15 of them were released with me.. Only those whom they had taken randomly were not tortured.. They gave them some electricity and some beatings and that was all.. but some of us were tortured three or four times in a row and each time for hours.. Hani Abou Shteta.. they pulled out his nails and broke his leg.. When we asked about him they said we took him to Al Arish hospital.. But nobody there wants to tell us anything.. People are terrified. As you can see I can no longer do anything for myself.. Nothing.

The brother who was taken hostage

They took me at dawn on Friday.. they asked me where is your brother? Who visits him? He told me you better tell me the truth or else we shall suspend you.. Throughout the night I heard people scream.. From 9 at night until 4 o'clock in the morning. I was kept there for two days and then my brother came.. They tied him.. They suspended him from 9 o'clock at night until next morning.. my other brother is still there and we do not know anything about him.

The fourth brother

They attacked me Sunday night and I stayed there for two days.. They blindfolded me.. They stripped me completely naked and hanged me from the upper side of the door.. Whom do you contact? Whom do you talk with? Will you talk or should we leave you like this until tomorrow? They electrified me from my toes. I was rocking so hard that the edge of the door injured my lower back and upper buttocks (we inspected the injury).. I told them what do you want? Tell me what you want and I am going to confess to whatever it is you want.. A man who was imprisoned with me was ill and he was vomiting blood.. They would not bring him the doctor.. we were 300 and had only three toilets.. We used to eat black beans and a piece of cheese to break our fast and to have our last meal in the say.. We used to split the cucumber into four pieces and take each a piece.. The women were kept in the mosque.. They were beating them with the stick on their bare soles.. I can no longer control my hands.. I cannot even hold a cup of tea.

Mother (about 70 years old)

He was the caretaker of his disabled father.. He was the one who used to feed and bathe him.. Now there is nobody.. The two other boys can no longer use their hands and there is nobody else with me.. May God help me out of my need.. He was the one who took care of his father.. His father is paralyzed and cannot control his urine.. He used to bathe him every time he soiled himself.. I am old.. I cannot do that.. What shall I do.. his brothers cam out of prison with both hands disabled.. Who will care of us.. Who will work to et us what we need.. This is Haram (prohibited by God).. Let them bring back my boy.

One of us went to salute the father, over 80 years old, paralyzed, hard of hearing, in his room a small separator hides the toilet)

Fourth Visit

The fourth visit was to a family whose men have all been taken by SSI leaving only two brothers and an elderly father.. the remainder are in detention..

One of the remaining brothers:

They took five of us.. The first is a secondary school student.. They took him 10 days before Ramadan and still did not release him.. the second they say was brutally tortured and some tell us that he is in hospital.. They say they removed his nails and broke his leg.. he was about to travel to the Gulf but SSI told him do not travel.. You lead people in prayer and if you go away we will not know who is going to replace you.. People are used to you, so don't leave. He did not travel. They took him.. they arrested him from the mosque and took him and those praying behind him.

On the 15th of Ramadan they took our older brother.. they broke the house door with their machine guns and attacked him at home.. then they took him to my aunt's house.. She asked: who is it? And he replied to her so she opened the door.. she found all those men with machine guns and one of them put his pistol to her head.. she fainted.. they took her little son and asked her about my brother.. Then they went to my uncle's house.. they broke the door and left some soldiers to watch the house.. As soon as he came he found guns pointing at him.. they tied his hands and took him.. Any one of the neighbors who knocked at our door they would keep them in the house until next day.. from 6 in the morning until 2 in the afternoon.. they took my female cousins and the wives of my two brothers.. they arrested one of them, beat him up, tied him and took him with them.. on the same day some relatives of ours came.. they were terribly humiliated and aggressed.. they took two of them 18 and 23 years old, because my brother had once broken his fast at their house.. they took my two paternal cousins.. my brother gave himself up when he heard they were taking my mother as hostage.. they took any one who ever shook hands with him.. one man was arrested with him. When he was released he told me that he had seen my brother.. that they tortured my brother for five continuous hours and when he came back to the cell he was completely naked and was crawling on his hands and feet. SSI remained for three days in our house.. they ate and drank and slept in our house so that they can arrest anybody who as much as came near us.. we had horses and sheep.. our neighbors took them so that they don't die of starvation.. SSI came and asked about the horses and sheep and went crazy when they did not find them and harassed the neighbors.

I was away and when I came back they told me Ashraf Bek¹ wants to speak to you after the breakfast at sunset.. I said why wait and I went at once. They blindfolded me, they took off my slippers and started asking me questions: what do you know about your brothers. They beat me during the questioning and spoke in dirty language. They asked me where is your mother hiding? All the time I heard voices of people screaming and yelling. My little brother who is 17 years old has been in Tora prison for 45 days and they were not even asking for him when they came to the house.. they took him until my brother would give himself up.. my brother gave himself up so that they do not take my mother and still they did not release my brother.. another of my brothers, we hear, is

¹.Bek: title for low rank nobility. Legally cancelled as a title since 1952 1

still at SSI headquarters.. the other is in Lazoughli.. the younger one stayed in SSI here for 10 days and then was taken to Tora prison.. the other stayed here for a week and was then taken to Lazoughli...

People are living in terror.. those streets are usually full of people, women and children in the feast and even on ordinary days.. as you can see.. there is nobody.. relatives have come to fear each other and neighbors no longer want to open their doors for each other.

Only women are left in the houses and even the women they take with them.. they pull the veils off the faces of young women walking in the streets.. if any of them protests they take her.. terror.. they say that after the feast they will continue the arrests.

The mother

When they first came they took Hossam, 16 years old, he is a diploma student.. that was nine days before Ramadan.. it was at the time of the dawn prayers.. they asked me who else was in the house.. they took him and ran away.. on the 10th of Ramadan they took the other four.

They wanted to take the girl (12 years old).. she ran out of the house.. the whole of Arish left their homes for about 13 days.. the government stayed here in the house for three days after I had left.. five security men.. any guest who came they would ask my daughter to open the door, then they would either take the visitors or just interrogate them.. people were afraid to visit us.. they took Hamada's wife who was pregnant.. they drove her around in their car to tell them about the houses of the friends of her husband.. she bled from the many traveling around.. they electrified Ishmael's wife in her fingers.. when the girl went to ask about her brother they told her you better step inside or else we shall beat the shit out of you.. they swore at Samar using very dirty language.. he called her daughter of a bitch.. they pulled the face veil from the face of Ishmael's wife.. when they arrested the wife of Hamada there were 45 other women on top of each other.. when they had to go to the toilet they had to pass in front of men and hear them scream.. she saw Ishmael naked and suspended from the ceiling in front of her.

One of the sisters

Women from the Bedouins of Sheikh Zouaied were tortured.. they had a woman among them who had just delivered a baby three days ago.. they beat her until she bled and they took her to hospital amongst police guards..

They camped in our house.. the roofs of the houses around us were full of police.. throughout the night we were up and afraid that they might come again.. we live in terror and fear..

Those security men are from Cairo.. we do not know them.. they had some security men from Arish.. they took two young men from our neighbors with them.. they were covering their heads with a black cover and their clothes were black.. they put their machine guns to the head of my sister in law from both sides..

A woman visitor

A colleague of mine at work was wearing the face veil.. she was in the market.. they told her to remove it.. she refused.. they shot her with a bullet in her shoulder.. they pulled the face veil from the faces of women and would kick them with their boots.. I saw this with my own eyes.. my work is close to the market and I see this happening to women.. they took my son to ask him about the old woman after she had left the house..

Younger daughter

There is this other young man.. they searched him and took the Koran out of his pocket.. they asked him: what is this?.. he said these are the words of God.. they swore at him.. he told him do not do that we are in Ramadan.. they beat him up

Another detainee.. they took his brother and sister-in-law. Another was detained. They released him and two weeks later they took him again.

* * *

Day 2, 16 November 2004, City of Sheikh Zoayyed

A family

First they took one.. then every time a brother comes to the house they would take him too until they took the four of them.. they were tortured because they are car electricians.. they ask them: how did you make the remote controller? Then they found out that the car was blown up by a timer (washing machine timer) so they reduced the torture..

Taxi driver

On Saturday the 8th of Ramadan they came during the sunset prayer and arrested me.. officer Ahmed Abdel Fattah and Akram Bek, chief of the SSI office in Rafah.. they had two big cars with them.. they took us with many others to Arish to the SSI office.. I spent 22 days there.. my cousin was with me in the same car.. there was somebody else who was wanted.. when they did not find him they took his father instead.. they asked about his wife.. she was at her family's house in Arish.. they went and arrested her from there together with two of his brothers.. he gave himself up so they released the women.. they were 200 women.. they released them one day before they released me.. my body was aching and I could not see properly.. they piled us one on top of the other in the corridor.. we were squatting all the time.. about 40 of us.. the women too were in the same corridor in the beginning.. they stayed there for about a week or ten days then they were taken to the mosque.. most of them had children with them, some were newly born some were six years old and in between.. I heard people screaming throughout the night.. they would ask us where do you pray,, whom do you know of the Brothers.. is your wife veiled? .. we heard the screaming.. they tortured with electricity and suspension.. people came back naked and unable to move from the long suspension.. we would dress and feed them.. one of them was electrified while suspended from the ceiling.. another elderly employee when he was released they had left the metal ring around his big toe.. we had to remove it ourselves.. I heard women too were electrified.. many people are still detained there.. there is no work in the city.. people see the RBJs in the trucks and tanks and run away.. there is no feast.. no passengers.. people are hiding in their homes.. the other day I was going out and met a friend of mine.. I shook hands with him.. he told me please do me a favor.. do not salute me.. I have children and I want to be able to raise them.. Nobody came to us for the feast.. we are all living in fear.

Citizen1

My cousin is a teacher in the school of commerce.. a poor man.. he is still arrested.. he has nothing to do with anything.. he was taken with me.. I was blindfolded for a week.. they would not remove the blindfold except during meal times when we break our fast at sunset and when we last eat before dawn and when we go to the toilet.. on the last three days they put me in the soldiers section.. 3x4 meters.. we were about 50 people.. my cousin is a member in the ruling national democratic party and a member of the local council and a teacher and a father of 7 daughters and a son.. they took him to the prison in Damanhour.. we heard that in Damanhour they do not torture as much as they do here.

Citizen 2

On the eve of the feast they took 10 people and held them at the sea shore.. today in the square of Sheikh Zoayyed people would be sitting in front of the supermarket and they would come and hold them in detention for five hours or more until they decide whom they want to keep and whom they will release.. all mobile phones are tapped.. one man bought a mobile from somebody who was wanted by them.. as soon as he used it he was arrested.. every day they raid houses and take women and children.. all phones are tapped.. you would receive a phone call showing no number on the screen and nobody would answer you.. once they parked in front of the Tawhid mosque just after the dawn prayers on the 21st of Ramadan.. they had the back of their trucks

towards the entrance of the mosque.. anybody going in they would tell him do not say we are outside.. anybody coming out would be taken into the car immediately.. one man received a phone call from a relative asking for money and saying that he will send a small boy to fetch it.. they entered the house, pointed their machine guns to the heads of the men they found in there and when the boy arrived they arrested him and the young men.. until today he is still in detention.. (XXX) gave himself up because they threatened to arrest his mother and little brothers.. his mother was electrified.. he himself was electrified for 4 days.. his cousins were only released on the first day of the feast.. they beat him until they broke his hands.

Citizen 3

They arrested 125 people from El Gora Monday market on the morning of the 10th of Ramadan. they would ask for their IDs and then take him.. we know nothing about their whereabouts right now.. only one was released.. he said they asked him to work with them as an informer.

Citizen 4

In Abou Shannar village next to the Yamit colony in Rafah the SSI broke into their house during Iftar (Ramadan breakfast) on the 15th of Ramadan.. they destroyed the family.. they arrested all the men.. they took them to Tora and Damanhour prisons.. one of them was working with the Egyptian Intelligence and he had done major services for them.. they took even him. There was this 85 years old man.. he developed angina in the police station.. we covered him in a blanket and called the security guards.. they took him and put him aside for an hour before they took him to hospital.. I do not know if he is dead or alive. Another was born in 1914.. he was literally carried into the detention center. Another was bearded and had a heart disease.. his mother told them take care he has a heart disease.. he was taken away to Tora prison before I was released. Another was tortured almost to death and by the time he was allowed out he was unable to carry his jacket.. And everybody of those who had relatives anywhere, they brought them.. the tribe chiefs were scaring people and pressuring them to give their children up to the police rather than have the whole family being taken and tortured.. one of them gave his own two sons up to the police to spare the women in his family.. drivers have a disaster now.. they are not working.. they cannot pay the installments of their cars.. there is nobody on the streets, people are scared and after sunset everybody close their doors and open to nobody.. also drivers are scared.. from her to El Qantara they installed 10 checkpoints.. the distance took usually two hours, now it takes four hours and they humiliate the driver and the passengers.. they ask people for their IDs.. everybody here has been humiliated.

Citizen 5

Here people buy and sell new clothes and what they need for the feast during the last two days of Ramadan.. anybody who went shopping for their kids was arrested.. some shops used to sell for 100 thousand pounds before the feast.. this year they barely sold for 100 pounds.. Visit the square in the morning.. around 9 in the morning.. you will find the police tanks and on top of them the machine guns and the RBJs and behind them the trucks where they collect the people from the streets.

* * *

Developments after our visit

The second house

After we left the second house, the family contacted the lawyer and told him that SSI came with their truck and asked for the one remaining son. The father went into a rage and decided to give himself up instead of his son.. but they insisted to take the young man who decided to go with them to spare his mother and the women of the house the humiliation he knew they would face.. in the meantime lawyer Ahmed Seif and members of the popular committee of citizen's rights in the north of Sinai had arrived to the house so the car drove away in haste.

The next day we went to console the family and express our solidarity and our help. The house was one of mourning.. full of women who came to give their condolences and pray to God that He may take their revenge.

“10 minutes after you left three SSI officers came dressed in plainclothes and asked for Ahmed. We told them you took all the men of the family, take us too. The officer shouted: I do not want to hear any noise. Ahmed’s father insisted to go with them but they refused. They wanted Ahmed only. The old man drove with them against their will and from there they sent him back and told him we just want to ask him a couple of questions and we shall release him at once. He still did not come back. During the days of the Israeli occupation we used to hide Egyptian soldiers.. we would dress them up as women so that they can escape unharmed.. we helped the army a lot.. is this how they are repaying us? If the Israelis had found out about us they would have blown us up.. we risked our lives for this country and this is how they pay us back for what we did. A humiliation that we have never seen before”.

The fourth house

After our visit they called the older of the remaining two sons. They asked him to come and speak to the Basha². He refused. We went to see the young man shortly before we left Arish. We asked him whether he will go in hiding.

“I shall not hide.. I shall stay at home with my mother and sisters.. let them come if they want.. they have asked for me before and I went to see them.. what else do they want.. this time I know what will happen.. I shall not leave the house except dead.. what is left to lose?.. whom do I leave the women to?.. and why?.. so that they humiliate them? There is nothing more to lose.. people are afraid from each other.. they left us nothing.. if one keeps to himself they would still not leave you alone.. if you ask people in the street what they want they would tell you we only want to live.. they only want to live.

* * * * *

Al Arish and Sheikh Zoayyed are ghost towns.. you can almost smell fear in the air.. In front of the office of the Tagammu party a police officer is parking on his motorbike.. whenever anybody comes out or goes into the building he goes to a public phone and makes a call.. police officers are threatening citizens to wait and see what will happen after the feast.. “We shall burn this city down.. this city has to be set straight.”

24 November 2004

².Basha: title for a higher rank of nobility. Also banned since 1952 2

The Farce of Democratic Reform

Demonstrations:

A constitutional right.. A crime in an emergency state



Those black bodies surrounding El Tahrir square are not trees.. they are security men!

- 1- January – February 2003**
- 2- March 2003: The US hits in Iraq and the police hits in Cairo**
- 3- April 2003: The court orders the demonstration, and the police bans it.**
- 4- May 2005: The Dawn of Reform: Sexual harassment of women**

Recent years have witnessed an escalation and increase in confrontations between the state and Egyptian citizens in several locations and on several occasions.. The confrontations exposed the major tension felt by the government towards its citizens.. on the other hand it also revealed a loss of patience on the part of Egyptians who felt their rights were increasingly being violated at a time when the country seemed to be ruled by a complex of oppression and corruption.

The details may differ in the different confrontations but the common denominator was an increased state brutality to control an increasingly dissatisfied people.

The escalated confrontation was a direct result of the escalation of protest movements on the Egyptian street, brought about by the marked deterioration in the economic situation, the collapse of the middle class, the withdrawal of the state from providing basis services to people and an attempt by the government to withdraw any privileges, economic or social, that some sectors of Egyptian society had enjoyed in the past. The actual clamp down on protest movements and actions was paralleled by a state rhetoric of political reform and the beginning of an age of democracy.

One cannot overemphasize the role of the media played in that regard. Independent newspapers and satellite TV channels made information available and there was no more space to hide what was taking place in other parts of the world.

Central in the series of mass protests were the demonstrations of the 20th and 21st of March 2003.. Thousands of anti riot police troops, armed with tear gas, electric batons, dogs, and water cannons hit against Egyptians protesting the US invasion of Iraq. The violence was blind.

One could think that the 21st of March violence was triggered by the unexpected size of the demonstrations of the day before, which went far beyond the expectations of its organizers themselves. But the violence did not stop on the 21st. Nor did the attempt of activists to reclaim the streets as a space for peaceful protest and exercise of freedom of expression.

The following pages describe some of the events where the state used collective violence and excessive use of force against citizens exercising their constitutional right to peaceful protest, a right which has been ruled illegal by the emergency state. The accompanying testimonies belong to people we have personally met and interviewed. In one of those events, two of us were among the targets.

1- January.. February 2003

Since the beginning of 2003 US threats escalated against Iraq.. and the shadows of war drove many Egyptian activists in the formation of antiwar and solidarity committees, which organized and called for the organization of protests and peaceful demonstrations.

On the 18th of January SSI authorities arrest eleven young men upon their participation in a peaceful protest in Sayyeda Zeinab Square. They are kept in detention in Tora prison.

On the 9th of February police arrests journalist and activist Ibrahim El Sahary from his house in view of his activities in the antiwar committee.

On the 19th of February SSI officers, headed by Walid El Dessouki, kidnap engineer and activist Kamal Khalil from the Opera square. The kidnap came 3 days before a planned demonstration in front of Cairo university in solidarity with the Iraqi people.

Same month, arrest of activist Sabri El Sammak, production director at Misr International Films, the cinema firm of film makers Yucef Chahine.

2- March 2003: The US hits in Iraq and the police hits in Cairo



At a time when demonstrations were organized in all the capitals of the world protesting the US invasion of Iraq, the Egyptian regime was invading the streets of Cairo, beating, arresting and detaining citizens who participated in peaceful demonstrations to protest the same. On the 20th of March 2003 hundreds of protestors gathered in Tahrir square in down town Cairo. Their protest lasted from the Thursday morning until the early hours of the next day. The day passed peacefully. Early attempts by the police to kidnap a number of AUC students and early comers to the square were met by protests of their colleagues. Everything seemed under control. No public property was damaged. The main concern of police security was to protect the US embassy from the anger of the protestors. Nobody was slowed to march in THAT direction.

Protestors took over the square for the rest of the day. They chanted slogans, they sang and drew graffiti on the streets expressing their opinion regarding what was going on and the role played by the Egyptian regime in making it possible.

The 21st of March was different. It was pay back day. Since the early morning security forces had occupied el Tahrir square and all the streets that led to it. The same thing happened in Al Azhar where people were used to end their Friday prayer by a demonstration against the Israeli massacres in Palestine.

The decision of the Ministry of Interior was obvious: Yesterday will not happen again. Although some demonstrations managed to find their way into the city center, SSI troops were not hesitant in kidnapping all familiar faces and everybody who tried to intervene with the arrest. Anti riot police trucks were parked all along the pavements of down town Cairo, ready to be used as temporary detention centers for those arrested on the spot. More than 800 people were arrested, among them 5 women. Many were released a few hours later and the remainder were distributed over police stations and central security camps in Darasa at the outskirts of Cairo, where they were subjected to beatings,

punching and kicking. Women reported sexual harassment during their arrest and while in custody in those trucks.

Those are some of the testimonies:

Manal Khaled, Film director

SSI Officer Hossam Salama is the one who arrested me.. he pulled me by my hair and punched me in the face and kicked me with his boots.. people were watching and were scared to intervene.. he then dragged me along for about 20 meters and then threw me in a police car. He was all the time throwing obscenities at me and threatened that I shall face rape. He said rape will make me forget politics. This blue bruise around my eye is because of the punch I received from hi very early on..

In Khalifah police station, chief Alaa Salem beat us himself together with another officer, whose name I do not know. there was a prison guard, a woman, her name was Sahar. She beat me and the two women who were with me. She was very brutal. They told us if we did not confess they will bring men to rape us.. they refused to refer me to forensic medicine. After many arguments they referred me to a GP. The doctor was sympathetic and told me I had a blood collection below y eye and told me I had to consult an ophthalmologist.. they refused to refer me. I was spitting blood and I was worried I might have an internal bleeding.

Ziad El Eleimy, Lawyer

We were in a meeting at the Bar association when I saw the SSI men harass Gamal, my colleague and were trying to pull him outside to force him into a police car. I tried to stop the,, Officer Ahmed El Azazi had a club in his hand, which he used to hit me on the side of my head and my left arm. I felt a terrible pain in my arm which suddenly looked twisted and began to swell. It was obvious I had a fracture. When we went to the central security camp I asked to be examined for my arm. My request was refused. I made the same demand when they took us to Azbakeyya police station Again, they refused. My arm was not attendee too except after our transfer to Tora prison on the 23rd of March 2007. the doctor told me I had three fissures in my arm. On our transfer from El Khalifah police station we were all subjected to abuse and beatings, both with clubs and their police belts.

Gamal Abdel Aziz, Lawyer

In Khalifah police station a police officer and a sergeant tied my fee together. Then another officer beat me with a club on my back, neck and arms. He also beat the others. He continued to beat me until the club broke.. Another officer took off his belt and whipped us with it. There is a suspected fracture in my left wrist. I asked for forensic examination but they refused.

Even members of parliament were not spared. Although Mohamed Farid Hassanein and Hamdin Sabahi both enjoy parliamentary impunity, SSI officers attacked them both in front of the Bar Association and dragged them all the way across Ramsis street to the police cars. While Hamdin Sabahi suffered several injuries, the condition of Farid Hassanen was more critical. He was taken to hospital and was diagnosed as suffering a brain concussion, a tear in the left retina and a detachment in the right retina in addition to cut wounds in the face, head and nose and several other injuries in both legs and arms. Eyewitnesses testified that while in hospital, Farid Hassanen seemed confused and disoriented to the people surrounding him. Despite this condition, SSI authorities forced an interrogation on the MP in hospital at 2 a.m., i.e. only a few hours after his arrest. The interrogation lasted for two hours.

3- April 2003: The court orders the demonstration, and the police bans it



Engineer Abdel Mohsen Hamouda made an official application to the Ministry of Interior to organize a demonstration against the war on Iraq. The path of the demonstration would be from Sayeda Aisha square and end in front of the US embassy in Tahrir square. His application was rejected. So Engineer Hamouda went to court, raising case no. 7741. The court ruled that Hamouda can organize the event. On the 4th of February 2003.

On the 4th of April a number of political leaders and antiwar activists headed for the Sayyeda Aisha square. SSI forces had blocked all the streets surrounding the mosque as well as Salah Salem street, a main street that extends from the airport to down town Cairo. 45 people were arrested among them Dr. Hamouda himself. After a few hours, 34 people were released while the rest were detained in central security camps in Darrasa. As usual the detainees were summoned to the Khalifah prosecution which ordered an extension of 15 days of their incarceration. They were accused of disseminating inciting propaganda, disruption of public security and order, possession of leaflets that contain provocative expressions that might disturb public security and order, gatherings of more than five people and destruction of public assets.

The following are some of the testimonies to what happened on that day

Man 1:

On the 4th of April 2003 we went to Sayyeda Aisha square upon the call released by the national organizing committee for the demonstration. That demonstration was supported by a court order. The place was encircled in a way I had never seen before. Police was everywhere, both in uniform and in plain clothes.

On the way to the Islamic museum a huge SSI force attacked us, beat us and threatened us with more violence if we did not leave. They snatched the bag of one of the journalists. Then they held us in a place close to the Islamic museum. They encircled us with large numbers of antiriot police. We were not more than 20 people, men and women. They refused to let us out and kept us there for hours. All through SSI officers were threatening us with terrible things that will

happen to us. After several hours they let us leave, two at a time. They would take two at a time, stop them a taxi, and order the driver to leave the area at once. It was a farce. At one point a policeman in uniform mistook another in plainclothes for a demonstrator and beat him up. So much for the respect of a court order.

Woman 1:

We were walking in the direction of the square. All streets were closed so we were trying to use side streets. Suddenly we found a large number of policemen coming in our direction headed by a young officer, wearing plainclothes and sunglasses. He went straight towards Dr. A and held her firmly by the arm, while other policemen were shouting: This is her, make way for the Basha (his lordship) the officer. They grabbed the bag of a woman and did not give it back to her. We tried to defend her, but they shouted that anybody who will interfere will be arrested as well.

More officers arrived and pushed us into an alley and encircled us with anti riot soldiers. They kept us like this for hours and every time we asked to leave they would say: the demonstration is banned. They stopped cars to take us away. Some of them were taxis, but others were private cars.

Man 2:

A group of people came from behind the mosque. They had women among them. They chanted some slogans for a few minutes and were immediately surrounded by large numbers of SSI officers. They were preventing people from entering the mosque.

Those officers brought groups of people in plain clothes and ordered them to attack us from the back. They used obscene language all the time. They even attacked the women. There was this elderly woman who was wearing the veil. They pulled the veil off her head and she was crying and fell to the ground. We went to help her before they took her with them. It was difficult to release her from their hands.

One of the officers then attacked a young woman, not older than 20 years. He grabbed her from the back and lifted her off her feet. When I tried to free her from his grip, four men in plainclothes came towards me and punched me away from her. Then they went after another woman, about 50 years old and they beat her brutally until she fell. Again I tried to intervene and that is when they grabbed me and dragged me away, beating me all the time. They tore my shirt and took my papers and my shawl.

Man 3:

At 2.30 when the Imam announced the end of the Friday prayers a group of young people gathered in front of the mosque and started chanting. People were joining in. We could see the orders being given to anti riot forces to encircle the protestors. An officer, seemingly high rank, in suit and tie started chasing people here and there. Then came those groups of Karate boys, all in plainclothes and well built. They beat people randomly pushing them away and pulling some towards the police trucks. Cameramen and journalists were beaten as well. I was helping a woman to her feet. Her two boys had just been arrested. We were attacked by four of five police thugs who pushed us away for no reason. I was just helping her to her feet. It was clear they were determined to ban the protest. They even wanted to ban people from being there, with or without a demonstration. There were all kinds of police forces there on that day: SSI officers, anti riot soldiers and then those hundreds of thugs and informers in plain clothes. They had mobilized all their forces for a peaceful demonstration.

Woman 2:

Friday morning I went with my daughter and a number of her student friends to march in the demo. When we approached the area we were met by huge troops of anti riot forces which closed the streets leading to the mosque. For long distances they were forcing cars to change their route. Not everybody was allowed to even walk into the area. By the time we came close to

the mosque were encircled by security forces all around.. we could see other people were treated the same way. We thought, there must be a way to get out. An officer appeared from nowhere and shouted: no one will come close to the mosque. I told him: this demo has the permission of the judiciary. He said: I do not acknowledge such judiciary and we shall appeal. I said: you cannot do that. This ruling is final. He said: In any case, there will be no demonstration. Then he turned aggressive. He ordered his subordinates to take us all into the trucks. His troops started to march towards us and we could see the blue police trucks drawing near. We could see they were already full of people, many of whom we know. They took us all to the central security camps in Darrasa. People kept coming in from different places in different trucks. They separated the men from the women. They released us, the women, after three hours and told us the men will be released a couple of hours later. They are still in prison.

In the same month, in the early hours of the 14th of April 2003 Ibrahim El Sahari was arrested again from his home, two days after a symbolic sit in organized by the solidarity and anti war committees in the Press syndicate.

On the day of the sit in SSI officers arrested Walid Abdel Razik, Amr Abdel Latif, and Mahmoud Hassan.

Also, on that evening, Ramez Gehad was kidnapped from a café in down town Cairo by SSI officer Walid El Dessouki. Also activist Wael Taufik was arrested.

On the 17th of April 2003 antiwar activist and engineer Ashraf Ibrahim was arrested for the 8th time from his home. He was arrested again later in 2006.

4- May 2005

The Dawn of Reform: Sexual harassment of women



Amidst the protest waves against a new term for President Mubarak and the preparation of the stage for the succession of his son, and after several governmental voices and some opposition voices have made statements denying any possibility of constitutional amendments, the president declared the amendment of article 76 of the constitution allowing for the first time presidential elections rather than a referendum. The amendments were a major disappointment to several sectors in Egyptian society, foremost the judges, political parties and movements against an extension for Mubarak or the succession of his son. Major obstacles were introduced and protest actions to the referendum concerning those amendments were planned.

On the 25th of May 2005, later termed the “Black Wednesday” tens of protestors gathered in front of Darieh Saad contesting the farce of democratic reform. Before the scheduled time security forces occupied the area, so that protestors were forced to move to the area surrounding the nearby metro station. The police enriched them there. A short while after public transportation buses arrived at the scene filled with hundreds of people dressed in plain clothes. Among those were teenagers not older than 16 or 17 years. While the buses were covered with huge banners expressing support for the president and signed “Mohamed El Dib”, ruling party MP, those thugs carried the pictures of the president and smaller banners that carry phrases of support. An older man was commanding them through a microphone.

As soon as those buses arrived orders were given to central security troops to withdraw and they were replaced with those troop of thugs and their leaders from the ruling party. Upon an increased harshness of the harassment and the excessive use of obscenities, and the kidnap of some of the protestors, a decision was taken to withdraw to the press syndicate. Everybody left except for four people who were on their way out of the area, when they received a call from Dr. Laila Soueif saying she was being held in a pharmacy together with Alaa Seif and Rabab Ali. Two doctors from El Nadim Center went in direction of the pharmacy and found it closed and its entrance blocked by several rows

of men, among them police in uniform, while on the opposite pavement gathered the thugs which were just minutes ago aggressing demonstrators in front of Darieh Saad.

As soon as one of the police officials recognized the doctors, the attack began with beatings, abuse, grabbing and groping in a shameful act of sexual harassment. Ministry of Interior officials and high rank police in white and black uniform stood there watching. Then an order was shouted on the microphone that everybody should go to the press syndicate. They responded in a military style, arranging themselves in lines which moved towards the trucks to be driven where the protestors had gathered. There they were joined by large numbers of women who played their part in harassing women demonstrators in exchange of 20 Egyptian pounds, as told to us by one of them later in the day.

While Mrs. Suzan Mubarak was taking Mrs. Bush in a tour across the city to show off the manifestations of Egyptian "democratic reform", the second part of the day began: more cruel, more violent, more vulgar. Women's clothes were torn. They were beaten and sexually molested. Foreign media correspondents were not spared. Even women who just happened to be in the area received their share of violence. The policy was clear: Attack the women to shut up both women and men.

Although this was not the first time thugs have been mobilized to disperse demonstrations, it was the first time that the target would be to attack women in particular. This will be repeated on several following occasions.

The media was highly involved and interested in the events of those days which helped in their documentation and publicizing through the different media channels. The scandal of the referendum day made the headlines in several national and international newspapers in addition to the internet. Embassies submitted protests to the Egyptian government in view of the harassment of foreign correspondents. Still, the government, represented by its ministry of interior continued to adopt the same policy of violence.

What happened next was also typical of the Egyptian government. Complaints were filed with the public prosecutor, accompanied with testimonies and pictures and CDs documenting what had happened. Still the prosecution decided to reject the complaints on the basis of lack of evidence, once again demonstrating the complicity between the prosecution and the police.

The following pages carry some of the testimonies that were submitted to the prosecution for investigation regarding the events of that black Wednesday on the 25th of May 2005.

Noura, blogger

On Wednesday the 25th of May I was subject to abuse, terrorization and intimidation by the supporters of the ruling party in the vicinity of Darih Saad. Security forces stood watching, without any intervention and then disappeared totally when the beatings started. The ruling party supporters climbed on top of a private Lada car that was separating us from the street. They used the most abusive language. They almost destroyed the car (I have a video to prove that). Then they started beating us and that is when we ran towards the press syndicate.

On the stairs of the syndicate I stood among the demonstrators protesting the referendum. We were surrounded by police force filling the pavement of the syndicate. Magdi Allam was standing on the opposite pavement in the middle of the police. Then he signaled to the ruling party thugs coming from Ramsis street. His orders were that they should hurry. He kept signaling to them until they arrived. The police cleared an entrance for them on the right side and they began to reach where we stood. They climbed the stairs and the beating started. The police stood watching. (I have pictures to prove that).

We retreated but the syndicate security refused to let us in. We moved towards the left and the beating began to come closer. We heard the voice of an officer: Come here and we shall protect you. We began to slide along the marble of the stairs, about one and a half meters high with the help of the officer. The senior official said: we shall protect you. The police surrounded us at the entrance of the garage and refused to let us out so that the thugs would not beat us.

They started letting the women out, two by two. After about 4 women had left, the senior officer said: Open! A friend of mine and myself had already left that circle. The soldiers and the officer beat me with batons and with their hands on my back, shoulders and arms on my way out. My friends remained encircled by the police for about 10 minutes. When they came out their clothes were torn. Three women were sexually harassed by both the police and the thugs. I have pictures for the officers when they were helping us leave the stairs of the syndicate to the entrance of the garage. I have a picture for the senior officer who said he will protect us and then ordered: Open! (Noura, researcher)

Nashwa

I was in front of Darieh Saah to participate with the Kefaya movement and many colleagues in the demonstration protesting the amendment of article 76 of the constitution. We gathered a little farther away from the suggested place for the demonstration. Then we headed for the Darih close to the metro station. The police was ready as usual. But there were also the ruling party demos supporting the referendum, a tactic that has been used several times by the government to terrorize its opposition.

For 10 minutes things went well. We chanting for Egypt and against Mubarak and other slogans that oppose the regime for the amendment as it has been done.

Suddenly there was a senior police officer attacking our colleague Khaled Abdel Hamid. He was about to hit him. Asmaa, Iman and myself tried to push him away from Khaled so he fell to the ground. Khaled advised us to run. We tried to run. But that senior officer pulled me from my hair. I managed to escape. He ordered a group of people in plainclothes to stop me. He told them: Get this..!

We found a young man, obviously from the ruling party demo because he walked out of their gathering, pull me from my hair. Then there were ten others all of them beating me and touching me all over my body trying to tear my clothes off my body. I was almost naked. They dragged me on the street from my hair and when we got close to the gatherings, one of the officers ordered them to cover me and to get me my shoes. Then they pushed me inside the police circle. I found several of my colleagues in that circle, where they beat us, punched us and hit us with batons for half an hour. Then they let us out one at a time towards the ruling party demo. The ruling party demonstrators beat us too, but after a while the officer told them not to beat me because: "she has had her share".

Then I went to the press syndicate. My colleagues were sexually harassed. They threw stones and chairs at us. On my way out of the syndicate I took a taxi. A colleague took the taxi with me to protect me. We noticed another taxi following us. It stopped. A man came out of it and introduced himself as a state security intelligence officer. He showed me his ID. His name is Hisham but I failed to see his family name. he told me he does not want to arrest me. But he wants to protect me because the men of the ruling party want to get back at me. His car followed me all over town until I reached the Hisham Mubarak Law Center where the lawyers spoke to him. He received a phone call and then left.

Hani El A'asar, journalist

I was at the Bar association. The demo was scheduled for 1 o'clock to protest the constitutional amendment and call for a boycott. At 4 pm the association was surrounded by thugs. They were taking their orders from higher SSI officials who attacked a number of the protestors as well as the journalists. The thugs moved in groups and tried to enter the association from the main gate in Ramsis street. WE saw a number of public transportation buses unloading large number of people in plain clothes with clubs and sticks. They also had women among them and were led by a police general, who gave them orders to attack the group inside the association. The guards at the gate withdrew and allowed those thugs to enter the bar association and to randomly beat the protestors, lawyers and journalists who had gathered there. When we tried to close the gate they started throwing stones and empty glass bottles and broken pieces of ceramic at the demonstrators. I tried to take refuge in the garden but was hit by a stone which caused a deep cut wound in my arm. Later I had to go to Agouza hospital to receive treatment. I saw Abir El Askari and Shaimaa Abul Kheir, journalists, enter through the gate. They were in a nervous breakdown and were badly injured. Shaimaa seemed unconscious.

Shaimaa

(From the files of the Human Rights Association for Legal Aid)

At about 5 o'clock some of our colleagues told us to leave the bar association since they were expecting an attack by the thugs on the association. I left together with Abir El Askari. We stopped a taxi and asked him to drive away fast. However, an officer blocked the way of the taxi and there were two other police assistants surrounding the taxi. The officer asked the taxi driver not to move, then he called for somebody and told him: bring the women. We saw the women coming towards us. We tried to leave the taxi. The officer, whose name I found out was Nabil Selim from Boulaq Abou El Ela intelligence, held me from my wrist very brutally to the extent that I felt the blood flow stop in my hand. then he pushed me towards the women and told them take her. They pulled me from my clothes and hair. They beat me and tore my clothes and tried to pull down my trousers. I screamed with all my strength. The women had sticks and slippers and were biting me in my neck and I still have the bruises and injuries on my body. When the lawyers in the bar association realized what was happening they came towards me and took me into the bar association. I lost consciousness. There was a doctor at the association. He helped me. I shall file a complaint to the national council for human rights and the national council for women and human rights organizations. I have submitted complaints to international organizations after they had received information regarding what has happened and they called me.

Khaled El Balshi, journalist, El Dostour

I was in the area of Darieh Saad to cover the demo for El Dostour newspaper,, I saw public transportation buses and trucks carrying people with clubs and sticks.. many thugs. They also carried flags. The vehicles stopped close to where we were standing and unloaded their passengers. In a moment we were surrounded by them. I heard a police general shout: Beat them and push them away. I tried to withdraw and saw a number of men in plain clothes carrying members of Kefaya, pushing them around and beating them. The general would point out certain people and order his men to hunt them down. I saw them grab Nashwa and drag her along the street, while beating and kicking her all through. Anybody who tried to rescue her was also beaten. I saw somebody called Mohamed Taufil Reda who was trying to escape the beating when an officer and four police men surrounded him and beat him to the ground before they took him away. A blogger was trying to take photos of what was happening. They spotted him and took his camera away. I followed the protestors to the press syndicate. George Ishak, the spokesperson of Kefaya, was reading out a statement. I noticed people in plainclothes gathering in the hundreds, raising the picture of Mubarak and surrounding the syndicate. They started attacking the protestors on the stairs. People tried to escape to the garage. Police officers were opening spaces for the thugs to follow them to the garage. I saw a journalist, whose name I do not know. She was trying to enter the syndicate when they surrounded her, beat her, and tried to take off her clothes. When she lost consciousness people tried to carry her into the syndicate.

Abir, Journalist, El Dostour Newspaper

(From the files of the Human Rights Association for Legal Aid)

I was in the Kefaya demonstration at the bar association. I was standing near the wall of the association at 2 p.m. I saw two public transportation buses, a blue police bus and an antiriot police truck stop in Ramsis street. It had members of the ruling party standing next to them. I saw a senior police officer and lawyer Maged el Sherbini, youth secretary general of the ruling party speak to the young men inside the buses and direct them towards the gathering of thugs in front of the press syndicate. They attacked the Kefaya demonstration and attacked the girls randomly. They took off their clothes and tried to molest them. Then they headed towards the bar association and attacked the protestors inside. They threw glass bottles, stones, sticks and iron bars at them. When I saw the thugs come into the bar association I ran towards the roof of the administrative building together with Wael Taufik (my colleague in the newspaper) and Walid Salah, a student. We were met by Ali El Saghir,

board member of the bar association and a group of employees who attacked us and was insisting to push us to the ruling party thugs. A number of colleagues interfered and told us to leave.

I took a taxi with my colleague Shaimaa. Suddenly we saw an officer stand in front of the taxi and with him a number of assistants who surrounded the taxi. They pulled out Shaimaa and brought a number of women who attacked her and tried to take off her clothes. As for me the police assistants took me to the side of Ramsis street and beat me brutally. They had a state security officer with them in plainclothes and another in uniform. I screamed. My colleagues heard me. In the meantime they were trying to pull my clothes off me. The state security officer said: so that you stop thinking you are a leader. Show me if you will ever dare to join a demonstration again. I have made photos of you and I shall distribute them. He ordered his assistants to drag me on the street and to grab me all over. They pulled me from my leg and I fell on the ground. I tried to scream again but somebody sprayed something in my face and I could no longer scream. Some of the people standing at the bus station interfered and my colleagues came to me rescue. They took us into the bar association again and brought us clothes.

Rabab, Faculty

On the day of the referendum regarding the amendment of article 76 of the constitution I headed towards a peaceful gathering in front of Darieh Saad to express my opposition of the amendment and the referendum. I arrived at 11.30 a.m. the police had already started to arrest a group of protestors. I walked around the Darieh for a while and then I headed to where the demo was gathering. I insisted to remain there despite the harassments by the police. At about 12.10 the security police asked us to leave after threatening to let the national party loose to beat us (about 400 men). We started moving away. While we were leaving I was attacked by the ruling party supporters. They tried to pull me and touched me in different parts of my body in the presence of the police. We ran towards the backstreets followed by the ruling party thugs and plainclothes police carrying walky talkies in their hands. Some of us ran faster. I tripped with a number colleagues and fell. The police pulled us throughout the street into a pharmacy in front of the Dawawin post office. They made the thugs stand in front of the pharmacy, who kept abusing and threatening us of obscene sexual abuse. I called some journalists and activists to come to our help. They came and many of them were beaten in front of the pharmacy. Then they brought Dr. Laila Soueif and her son Alaa into the pharmacy after beating them up brutally. We kept pressuring them to let us go until they sent us an officer from the criminal intelligence. He told us: I have nothing to do with state security police. They are the ones who are doing this to you. I do not want a murder case in my area and I shall secure your exit from here. He then accompanied us out of the pharmacy. We were followed by the ruling party thugs who maintained their verbal abuse and threats until we took a taxi and headed for the press syndicate. 15 minutes after I arrived at the press syndicate I found the same thugs under the leadership of Magdi Allam and Mohamed el Dieb, members of the ruling party coming to the press syndicate. The police allowed them into the police siege which was surrounding us. They started beating us. They occupied the stairs of the syndicate and pushed me and other colleagues of mine to the extent that we had to jump off the stairs trying to find our way to the street. We were about 15 people. The antiriot police led us to the entrance of the syndicate's garage claiming they will protect us. There were two antiriot officers who prevented us from leaving under the pretext of our protection. They asked me not to call anybody to come for help. A few minutes later a senior officer came and whispered something to the officer. I saw the antiriot police withdraw. In the meantime 8 young women managed to escape. However, the police prevented us from leaving with them. The police brought four rows of antiriot police who blocked the exit to the street and the pavement leaving an opening on the right side allowing the ruling party thugs to enter the circle. They pushed us towards them and the thugs started beating us again and the sexual harassment also started again. They put their hands under my clothes and touched me all over my body in the presence of the antiriot police soldiers and officers. I screamed for help. The police officers said: those are our orders. I told them "arrest me, but stop this". They smiled and said nothing. Mohamed Dardiri was with me and so was Gamal Sedki. They were trying to beat the thugs and protect me. Magdi Allam would point to the thugs and they would grab me and say: See what Hosni Mubarak whom you don not like is doing to you!!

There were many witnesses around us. Egyptian and foreign journalists, and they wrote about what happened in the Christian Science Monitor and the Washington Post. There were also Hossam El Hamalawy the journalist and Nagwa Hassan who tried to save me. I fell on the ground and crawled between the legs until I managed to escape the circle. I ran. Some of the police standing outside the siege tried to catch me, running after me and calling me the most horrible names. I ran until I reached Kasr El Nil street, calling for help from the passers by until the thugs stopped coming after me.

Magda, Physician and human rights activist

As a human rights activist and a founding member of both El Nadim Center for the rehabilitation of victims of violence and the Egyptian Association against torture, I received a message Wednesday morning, the 25th of May 2005, stating that the Kefaya movement has called for a peaceful demonstration in front of Darieh Saad in Mounira to announce its protest regarding the amendment of article 76.

Since we receive hundreds of complaints of state violence against members of the opposition and against citizens and since the Egyptian human rights files are full of lists of those violations, I headed for Darieh Saad at 12 noon time on that same day. I left the metro and looked towards the Darieh. There was no demonstration. Instead there was a whole line of anti-riot police trucks. At the back of the Darieh close to the bus station I found circles of anti-riot police, indicating that some demonstrators are encircled by this police siege. The siege was surrounding the demonstrators. I tried to enter. The police stopped me: Forbidden!! I went to their officer and asked him to let me in. He refused. I tried to talk to him; he turned his back towards me. I went around the other side and found a narrow entrance on the other side of the bus station pavement. I joined the demonstrators. After a few minutes I was informed by one of the demonstrators that three members of the brotherhood have been arrested. They had Mohamed Abdel Quddus with them, but he was not arrested after he told the police that he was a journalist. The three were taken away and it was possible they were kept at the Mounira police station.

After another while I heard slogans and noise. I stood on a chair in the bus stop so that I can see what was happening. I saw minibuses and a public transportation bus and tens of citizens coming out of those cars carrying banners supporting Hosni Mubarak and pictures of him. Another banner carried the name of Mohamed el Dieb.

It was a strange suspicious scene. Some of the men were well dressed and carrying microphones. The others' clothes and faces were different. Their faces were covered with scars. They looked like thugs. Among those strong men was a large number of young men, 18 at most, who looked destitute and anemic.

At an incredibly fast pace orders were given to the soldiers to withdraw leaving the small group of demonstrators face to face with the ruling party supporters. They started chanting slogans in support of Mubarak followed by verbal abuse of the demonstrators using obscene language and accusing them of being agents. Some of the thugs climbed on top of a parking private yellow car and tore away one of the banners of Kefaya. They kept stamping it with their feet while continuing their abusive language, using obscene hand and finger gestures. At the same time the well-to-do Mubarak supporters were moving the microphones between them chanting and giving orders to the dozens of thugs. One of the thugs jumped from the top of the car onto one of the demonstrators, followed by several others. The demonstrators tried to save their colleague from their hands. It was obvious there was a coordination between the police and the ruling party to turn the day into a massacre. So the demonstrators decided to withdraw and head for the press syndicate.

Most of Kefaya demonstrators left the area. I chose not to follow so that I can make sure that everybody has left for fear that the police might kidnap those who stay behind. I only moved away from that pavement to the opposite one. At that point I heard that Dr. Laila Soueif, Rabab, and Alaa are held by the police at a nearby pharmacy. With me was my colleague Dr. Aida Seif el Dawla, and two colleagues. We asked the colleagues to let me and Aida go to the pharmacy to check out the situation. We were trying to see what we could do. We thought that the thugs would not attack us if

they saw us heading for the pharmacy. They had already moved away from the Darieh area. We kept asking in the pharmacies present in the area until we reached Iman pharmacy in front of the Dawawin post office. We found those thugs in front of the pharmacy in a new demonstration with no motive except to terrorize the three people held within it. The thugs were not alone. Among them and surrounding them were antiriot police, officers in black uniform, others in white uniform; all of them were standing there watching what was going on; just watching. None of them moved to stop the thugs or order them to leave or to liberate the colleagues held in the pharmacy. Together with Aida we entered into the circle in the direction of the pharmacy. There we found a row of ruling party men blocking the entrance. We asked to get in to buy some medicines. They refused. They said there is no medicine here. What brought you here? The country is full of pharmacies!! Immediately a round faced man, wearing medical glasses, which failed to hide the hatred in his eyes, grabbed Aida who stood closer to him than I did and screamed: Traitors! Spies! If you do not like it here why don't you leave the country? Leave the country! Leave Egypt! Traitors! And that was the sign to begin the beating. Everybody around us started beating. Not only those immediately around us, but also those in the second, third and last row. From behind me somebody hit me and pulled at my skirt trying to strip me of my clothes. I held to my skirt. He put his hand between my legs and touched me from behind and front. I screamed. I lifted my left arm trying to push him away. A hand grabbed at my arm trying to steal my watch. And since that hand came from the very last row, it only managed to break the watch, which fell to the ground. I looked around for Aida. It was obvious she was suffering something similar. She was screaming at one of them: how dare you? I pulled her and with great difficulty we got out of that devil's circle. I went to an officer in white uniform: I told him there is a doctor being held inside that pharmacy and those thugs are blocking the entrance. Please get her out of there. They could kill her. Very calmly he replied: I shall bring her out when they leave. How do you expect me to pass through all this??? You leave and when things calm down I shall then let her go. I told him: when things become calmer we shall not be in need for your help; and we shall not leave here before we are sure she and those with her are all right. We have been humiliated in front of you. How can you leave her among them with no protection? He puffed in impatience and did not move. Another officer standing close, turned around and left. Was it out of embarrassment or so as not to involve himself in an argument with us?

We remained close to the pharmacy; our backs towards a closed shop waiting to see what will happen to those held inside the pharmacy. The verbal obscenities did not stop for a second. The same officer in white uniform once again told us to leave. We insisted that we shall not leave before we are sure that our colleagues are out of the pharmacy and safe. We spent about half an hour in this hell. Suddenly one of the ruling party men shouted through his microphone: OK. Everybody to the cars. We are heading for the press syndicate. They started to leave and we received a phone call that our colleagues have been released by the thugs.

From there I went to El Nadim Center to draft a statement and send it to human rights organizations and the national council for human rights. Before I had finished the statement I was receiving tens of phone calls from demonstrators at the press syndicate. They said that hundreds of thugs, much more than those present at Darieh Saad are present at the press syndicate; that the police is helping them take over the place and beat the protestors; that several women demonstrators have been dragged, beaten, molested and their clothes torn; that the police is watching and refusing to interfere!! How would it interfere, if it is the same police that has cleared the place for those thugs and gave them their orders. I received another call from lawyers at the Zeinhom police station. Our friend Safaa called. She said that they are being attacked by thugs at the police station, which insists to deny the presence of our arrested colleagues in its custody. She told me about a totally new development in the day: that they were attacked by a herd of cows and sheep accompanied by butchers from the nearby butcher house. During the attack they pushed the arrested demonstrators into a car which drove away from the station to an unknown location!!

Aida, Faculty and human rights activist

I received an invitation calling upon all who do not agree to the referendum regarding the amendment of article 76 of the constitution to gather at Darieh Saad at 12 noon time on the 25th of May 2005. Since I am one of many who do not agree to the way the referendum was organized, nor the amendment of the article, I headed for the point of gathering at Darieh Saad in my car at about quarter to 12. I found the place totally surrounded by police while a few activists of the Egyptian movement for change were standing on the pavement encircled by the police from all sides. I could not move ahead with the car easily since the traffic police were stopping the traffic to allow antiriot police trucks to park in front of the area where the demonstrators were gathering. I drove to a near by street, left the car there and returned walking to the point of gathering. It took me about 10 minutes to get there. When I arrived it was total chaos. People were being beaten. I could hear the screams of women. I heard that Mohamed Abdel Quddus was beaten and that a number of members of the labor party were arrested. The police was surrounding the place. There were different kinds of police: state security intelligence officers whose faces were known to us, officers in uniform and antiriot police. After about 15 minutes we saw the traffic police stop the traffic again and clear the way for more than one bus carrying the banners supporting Mubarak signed by Mohamed El Dieb and filled with young men. They left the buses and moved towards the protestors in the middle of the street led by a child, whom they carried on their shoulders, not more than ten years old, chanting in support of Mubarak. They stood in the middle of the street for some time, chanting for Mubarak, swearing at the protestors, showing them the finger and accusing them of treason. Then they began to encircle the pavement after the antiriot police had cleared the way for them. They came close to the protestors, mingled among them and started pushing them around and abusing them while the others held a microphone and stepped on top of a private yellow Lada car that was separating the protestors from the men, some of whom wore a badge: National Democratic Party. I saw a citizen surrounded by a number of men in plainclothes. They were brutally beating him and then they took him away. Mohamed Hashem tried to save the man and pull him back. The police pushed him away. I saw a journalist trying to make a photo. Two men attacked him and took the camera.

I stood on the opposite pavement and saw a number of demonstrators running and police in uniform in addition to others in plainclothes running after them. I saw my colleague Magda among the demonstrators. I went to her and suggested that we go to the press syndicate since it is impossible to continue trying among all those thugs. We were about to leave for the syndicate when we heard voices saying that they have arrested Tamer and Iman and broke Wael's camera. At that moment we received a phone call from a friend who said that she was being held at Iman pharmacy in Nubar street and asking for help to get her out of there. Then another call came saying that Dr. Laila Soueif, assistant professor at the Faculty of Science at Cairo university and her son, Alaa Seif are held in front of the post office. We moved towards the parallel street asking for the pharmacy. Suddenly we found ourselves in the middle of dozens of antiriot police running in the same direction. At the pharmacy we found a huge crowd of thugs standing on the pavement surrounded by police in uniform giving them orders where to move. I saw Dr. Laila Soueif and her son being pushed towards the pharmacy and then taken inside the crowd. Magda and I moved towards the entrance of the pharmacy. We were met by many men standing in front of the entrance, preventing us from entry and using the most obscene language. We asked to enter. Once again they refused and the beating started. We were surrounded by thugs from all sides. They kept beating us and pushing us from one group to the other, using dirty language and dirty accusations. Then I felt several hands all over my body. One of them pulled at my shirt and I felt a hand inside my shirt on my breast. I screamed at them and then started beating again. I looked around for a way out. I was afraid we might fall, for I thought if we did we shall be killed under their feet. I looked around me and saw two officers. I shouted at them: You are watching? Stop them! It was then that one of the officers beat me violently on my shoulder and back and pushed me once again in the middle of the circle of thugs saying: so that you stop coming to where men are!!

They were so violent and sexually abusive that one of them finally said: No no this is too much. He pushed us towards the wall so that now we came to stand between the wall and the thugs separated from them only by this one man. A police officer came and asked us to leave and we said we shall not leave before they release those who are held at the pharmacy. He said: we cannot release them

because the pharmacy is blocked by thugs!!?? We insisted to wait until they leave. We were joined by our friend Wael Khalil who also insisted to stay until we are ensured of the safety of those held in the pharmacy. This went on for about a quarter of an hour. The thugs were all over the place, chanting Mubarak and making obscene signs at us.

Then they decided to head for the press syndicate: A middle aged man, heavily built, carrying a badge of the national democratic party, and a microphone saying: Follow me now to the press syndicate. They started marching behind him away from the place. And we knew that our friends had left the pharmacy. The laptop of Alaa was stolen.

I went to the press syndicate in a taxi. Ramsis street was blocked so I stopped the taxi at its corner and walked. I saw a large number of youth, not older than 16 or 17 years, climb off a bus under the 6th of October bridge, carrying pictures of Mubarak and following an older man who was wearing the ruling party badge. They were heading for the press syndicate.

Arriving close to the press syndicate I realized it was impossible to get closer. The police was everywhere preventing people from coming near, ordering them to move on. I insisted to stand at the corner. A rude man came towards me ordering me to leave, threatening that the water cannons will start now. I refused and told him that he has no right to tell me where to stand and I shall stay to see what will happen to our colleagues. He said: you can watch that later on el Jazeera! More people gathered insisting to stay and not to leave. And more plain clothes police gathered with their arms and fists ready for use. A senior officer in plain clothes came and said: leave them. They will stay and they are responsible for what will happen.

After a few minutes I started receiving calls from women friends and colleagues asking for help because horrible things were happening to them. About 15 minutes later we met with some of them at a nearby café and the harassment stories began.

I went to the Hisham Mubarak Law Center to consult my colleague Ahmed Seif about how we shall deal with this. A woman entered the office. She was in a total nervous breakdown, crying and accompanied by three young men, one of them without a shirt. That woman was journalist Nawal who was heading for the press syndicate to attend a training course. She was brutally aggressed and her clothes were torn. That young man had given her his shirt to wear.

Months later the files were closed and those testimonies never reached court. In the process several of the complainants were pressured to withdraw their complaints.. Several of the witnesses were pressured to withdraw their testimony.

2005: Parliamentary Elections under SSI Supervision



Before the tension was ensure fair and

procedures? The government itself had confessed to breaches in earlier elections, promising that his one will be “different”.

elections, the rising. How to transparent

Everybody knew that the voters lists needed revision and correction. The general assembly of the judges club insisted on a complete judicial supervision of the process. They did not want their names to be associated with rigged and false results.

SO the context was less peaceful than in earlier elections. The judges were angry.. angry in their refusal to cover up for a process they did not supervise.. angry of the delayed release of the judicial authority legislation they have been lobbying for throughout the past decade.. angry about the amendment of provision 76 of the constitution. On that last issue their anger was joined by that of all political groups and parties.. especially after the brutal attacks that accompanied the referendum. People were aspiring for real democratic change.

The same year the Muslim Brotherhood (MB) made a strong public presence and organized several protests, which resulted in hundreds of detainees, tens of injured and the killing of one of their members in Dakahleyya police station. Political parties

demanded an agreement on a time frame for electoral propaganda after stories of buying of votes were spreading throughout the country. The next parliamentary term could bring about the legislative cover for the presidential succession. It was a serious term.

At the same time political authorities had tried a new strategy on the days of the referendum, and it proved successful. They no longer had to use their own troops of anti riot police. Thugs and paid informers, both men and women, could do the job just as well, if not better. To the outside world the clashes appear to be fights between different political groups, where the state has to intervene to prevent casualties.

The same strategy was used during the elections. Pictures show thugs in obvious protection of police forces. People who were killed were shot with a single exception of one man who was stabbed. Poll stations were encircled by the police, allegedly for protection, in reality to prevent voters from voting, especially in areas where there was strong competition between ruling party candidates and others. Pictures showed MB voters climb wooden ladders to enter into the poll stations from a window or back door. Participants in opposition rallies were threatened and arrested. Candidates were threatened to withdraw their nomination and in Qena, a woman candidate was killed. Bullets, rubber bullets, tear gas, clubs, knives, a while artillery of weapons were used.

By the end of the elections, at least 14 people were killed, more than 500 people were injured and 1600 people were arrested, among them 600 supporters of the MB and 100 supporters of the Nasserite party.

Human rights groups documented tens of violations in the electoral procedure targeting non-ruling party candidates, including:

- 1- **Preventing representatives of candidates to monitor the electoral process:** Saf, Helwan, the New Valley, Giza, Gharbeyya, Isamilia, Qena, Kafr El Sheikh, Sohag, Sharkeyya, Mansoura, Sina, Sherbin and Bab El Shereyya.
- 2- **Aggression against candidates:** Alexadnria, Gharbeyya, Tanta, Beheira, Kafr El Sheikh and Bab El Shereyya.
- 3- **Aggression against representatives of candidates:** Qena, Gharbeyya, Kafr El Sheikh, Sohag, Kafr Sakr, Menya.
- 4- **Aggression and arrest of journalists:** El Jazeera crew, Hossam El Hamalawy, Mohamed Reda, Wael Mostafa, Asma El Horeisy, Mohamed Taha, BBC correspondent, Reuter correspondent, Hossam Fadi, Abdel Hafez Saad.
- 5- **Aggression against supporters and voters:** Alexandria, Ismailia, Port Said, Qus, Gharbeyya, Qena, Bassioun, Obshwai, Behera, Kafr El sheikh, Damietta, Zagazig, Mansoura and Dakahleyya.

We are the authority above all authorities.. we are SSI!!!

Ms. Asmaa Mohamed Ahmed Horez, 24 years old, is an intern journalist training in El Karama opposition newspaper. She began the day covering the second state of parliamentary elections. By the end of the day she was thrown out of a black private car,

after midnight in Abdel Moneim Riadh square in down town Cairo upon the orders of “El Basha” who spent two hours trying all kinds of humiliation and torture to break her and scare her away from her newspaper. The more she resisted, the more brutal he became and at the end screamed in her face: “We are the authority above all authorities.. we are the only authority which can do what it pleases.. we are SSI!!” providing the most accurate description of SSI authority in Egypt: An authority above all authorities.

It was Saturday the 26th of November 2005.

Asmaa was asked by her newspaper to cover the elections in El Qalubeyya governorate. She finished at around 11 p.m. at the Shubra 2nd poll station. Suddenly she was attacked by a number of men who twisted her arms behind her back, covered her mouth and pushed her into a black car. The kidnapping took place in front of police officers and riot police surrounding the poll station. In the car she was blindfolded. She tried to resist, but one of the men was pressing hard on her mouth to prevent her from screaming. She found it hard to breathe. They used a rope to tie her hands behind her back.

Asmaa tells the story:

It seems there was an important man in the car. He was talking over the phone. He was saying: yes pasha, we are on our way. When we arrived he told me to go down. I said I won't. Untie me first. He pulled me out of the car to the street and started dragging me on the asphalt. I told him to let go and I shall walk. But he asked some other man to carry me to the office.

After a while they removed the blindfold. She found herself in an office with a big picture of the President of the Republic. No names on the desk. In front of her was a man whom they referred to as “Pasha” so she realized he was an officer. He said: Is that her? One of his men replied: Yes it is Pasha. Then the interrogations started amidst slapping and beating. There were three other men standing behind her while the Pasha was interrogating her. Most probably they are the same ones who have kidnapped her and brought her to the office. They were holding her so that the pasha could beat her “properly”. They too would every now and then beat her and pull her hair, especially if she defied the pasha. Her mobile rang. The pasha reached for her handbag and replied. Somebody was asking for her. The pasha said she was not available and closed the mobile altogether. He continued to search her bag. He got out the digital camera which she used to document her work. He screened through the picture, his face changed and started to insult her. When he finished he put the camera on his desk and started to move around her in circles: What organization do you belong to, sweetie? She said: I am a journalist and I am doing my job. He said: Tell me which organization. Be sure you are going to tell me. Are you with the brotherhood? Again she said: I am a journalist under training. He ordered the men to untie her.

They untied me and then he asked me to sign a paper which I had not read. I refused. I asked him, why you are arresting me. The newspaper must be looking for me and this will have serious consequences. He asked me: what do you think you can do? I told him there is a law in this country. He said, we are above the law. We are the highest authority in the country. We are the only authority that is accountable to no one. I told him, you are only a group of thugs. He got irritated and shouted: we are state security intelligence. I felt he got more irritated when he said that, as if he was provoked into saying it. He took everything out of my bag: my IDs, the pictures, money (about 200 LE) and some work I had done for the newspaper in addition to the day's work.

All the time while Asmaa was replying to the pasha she never gave him the impression that he is breaking her nor that she is afraid of something that she might be hiding. And every time she replied to him a man standing behind her would pull her hair and hit her head against the desk and with every bang against the desk the pasha's voice would rise: will you or will you not confess? Every time Asmaa would repeat that she has nothing to confess about. The pasha moved towards her. With his hand he held the collar of her shirt and started to play with a golden necklace she was wearing. He asked her: what is that written on the necklace, is that the slogan of the brotherhood or the slogan of the other organization you belong to? She said: this is Koran; leave the necklace, don't touch the necklace. He pulled the necklace off her neck and put it in his pocket then he reached for her neck again starting to harass her. She pushed him away. In a second she was attacked by one of the men standing behind her. He held her for the pasha to beat her again.

He beat me across the jaw with the side of his hand and my mouth started to bleed. He started to use dirty language about my mother. It told him to keep my mother out of this. He did it again. I returned his insult. He lost control and started to slap me on the face and band my head against the desk, while the others were holding me for him. I grabbed the paper from his hand trying to see what it says. He grabbed it back and punched me in my chest so that I fell on the ground. He tried to make me sign by force, putting a pan in my hand and I refused and pushed him away with my elbow. He pulled me from my shirt and hit me against the wall and told me I shall teach you to be decent.

He asked the other men to take Asmaa to a neighboring room that opens into the office through a side door. She refused. She clung to the office. The men pulled her from her legs into the other room, left her there and closed the door. The room was small, empty, with no windows. The moment they closed the door, an other door opened and two big women entered wearing dark clothes, their faces carrying scars of old injuries.

The women were dressed in dark gowns. Their hands were tough and big. They were wearing head scarves. One of them had an old cut wound in her face. Their lips were big,. One of them had a squint and there was something strange about her eyebrows. I stood up and tried to run towards the door. I was scared. One of them said to the other: Hold her. I told her: why are you doing this to me? She said, we are obeying orders. If we don't do this to you they will do more. Then she asked me: what have you done to them, they are dangerous men. Then the beating began.

They were beating like professionals. One of them was beating me with the side of her hand on my neck, the edge of my pelvis and my lower abdomen. I play karate, so I was trying to push them away with me legs. They beat me in all parts of my body. The pushed me more than once so I fell on the ground. They were throwing me to each other. One of them opened my shirt and scratched my chest with her nails until I bled. They tried to undress me but I resisted. The woman holding my neck was telling me strange things, something akin to flirtation. She was saying things like, what a beautiful body; it is a pity what is happening to you. I panicked. I told her my uncle was a police general and you will be in big trouble. I gave them a name I knew. The woman holding me from the back gave me one last kick and then left through the door she had used to enter. After a short while all of them came back. The pasha told the other woman: leave her. She pushed me to the wall. Again I fell on the ground. Again he brought that piece of paper and told me to sign. I refused. He kicked me in my loins and head and stepped with his shoes

on my toes and fingers. He pulled me from my hair and hit me against the wall. All this so that I sign. He wanted me to confess to some organization; or to confess that I am with the brotherhood. Then he received a phone call and I heard him say: yes pasha; as I told your Excellency; All right your Excellency. And he hung up.

I was lying on the floor. One of my teeth was broken. My mouth and eyes were bleeding. He pulled me from my hair and swore by the life of my mother that if I ever thought to cross the front door of my house, I shall disappear and nobody will ever find me again. I told him: No. He said: your tongue needs to be cut. I told him: even if you cut my tongue. He said: I am telling you, if you tell anything about what happened here, you will regret it, you and your family. I know everything about you. I have a file for you. I won't let you work in journalism again. Be grateful that our orders were not to send you beyond this room, or would you like to see what lies beyond this room? Throughout those threats he was pulling at my hair, hitting my head against the wall. Then he told his men: Blindfold her and throw her somewhere away from here. Let nobody see you and come back fast. They pulled me from my legs. Then he looked towards me again and threatened: Don't you dare say anything. Say you had an accident. Say anything. I was totally drained. I heard him but could barely see him. I had difficulty breathing because of all the blows I received in my chest. I did not know where the pain came from. I just felt that my whole body was a big piece of pain. They blindfolded me again, carried me, put me in the car and closed the door. One of the men said: you have to listen to what the pasha said, or else you will disappear.

Once again she was blindfolded and carried into the car. This time she was not sitting between two men. She was sitting on one side next to the door. Again they tied her hands behind her back. One of the men started to flirt with her. Another told him to shut up. Then someone asked: where shall we throw her? Then they started to whisper. After some time, Asmaa felt the car go slower.

The man next to me removed the blindfold and untied my hands and threw me out of the car. I fell on my right arm. I was unable to stand and unable to see. I could not concentrate. After a while I felt somebody touching my shoulder. It was an old poor woman. She thought I was hit by a car. I asked her: did you see a car pass by here. She said she did not and then asked me what she could do for me. I was unable to see. My eyes were swollen and one eye was bleeding. I asked her to help me get into a taxi. She stopped a taxi for me, helped me to my feet, helped me put my clothes back in order, and then helped me into the tax. I took the taxi and went to the Karama newspaper office.

From El Karama office Asmaa was taken to the Red Crescent Hospital. She was not examined. Only x-rays were taken for her. No interrogation, no documentation, no clinical examination, no report except a small piece of paper that says: possible brain concussion!! Two days later the hospital told her to leave since there was no need for her to stay!! She went home.

Preliminary medical observations

- Inability to walk because of pain in the toes.
- Injuries in her forehead and below the left eye.
- Dryness and swelling of right eye
- Pain in the right shoulder and elbow due to muscular tear in her right upper arm.
- Difficulty in movement in fingers of both hands.
- Bruises on her back

- Pain in her left arm radiating to the chest
- Spasm in the muscles of the right leg extending from the hip down to the knee.
- Nightmares, flashbacks, insomnia.

2006: Judges versus Tyrants



In the early hours of the 24th of April 2006, the night before Egyptian Easter, Egyptian security forces attacked a peaceful sit in on the pavement opposite the judges club in Abdel Khalek Tharwat street, where judges were organizing their own sit in, protesting the referral of judge Mahmoud Mekki and judge Hisham Bastawisi for an interrogation committee upon the orders of the minister of justice.

As usual the police decided to attack on the eve of a feast, assuming that on a public holiday, a reaction would be unlikely. Protesters were abused, beaten, and arrested. Police violence did not spare the judges themselves. Judge Mahmoud Hamza was dragged across the street and beaten and was admitted to Cleopatra hospital in Heliopolis.

In Kasr El Nil prosecution the accusations were waiting:

- Gathering of more than 12 people, which is likely to endanger public peace.
- Dissemination of inciting information that is likely to disturb public security and damage public interest.
- Verbal aggression against public employees on their job.
- Blocking the roads without permission from respective authorities.

Accordingly the prosecution ordered a 15 days extension of imprisonment for Nael Abdel Hamid, Yasser Ismail Zaki, Adel Fawzi Taufik, Emad Farid Abdel Latif, Ahmed Maher, Hamada Ragab Mohamed, Ahmed Fathi, Ahmed Salah, Ahmed Yasser El Droubi, Mohamed Sharkawi, Bassem Hussein and Mohamed Mekki.

This was the first round of arrests.

The second round came two days later, on the 26th of April 2006 with the arrest of Kamal Khalil, Saher Gad, Gamal Abdel Fattah, Saad Abdallah Hamdi, Akram Ali Helmi, Yasser El Sayyed Badran, Ibrahim El Sahari, Hussein Mohamed Ali, Mohamed Fawzi Imam, Mohamed Abdel Rahman Kamel, Mohamed Adel Fahmi, Malek Mostafa Mohamed, Mohamed Ahmed El Dardiri, Sameh Mohamed Said, Sami Mohamed Hassan Diab, Bahaa Saber Hemeda. The prosecution ordered a 15 days extension of their imprisonment on the 27th of April.

The third and most violent round took place on the 27th of April, the day of the general assembly meeting of the judges' club. The day witnessed an escalation of solidarity movement, paralleled by an escalation of police aggression and brutality. Twelve more people were arrested, receive the 15 days order by the prosecution and everybody was transferred to the high security prison in Tora.

On the 7th of May 10 more people were kidnapped from in front of Bab El Khalq court house, where they were gathering in support of their colleagues arrested a few days earlier. During the arrest, a senior officer, Said Sidhom was shouting: We are running out of patience. From now on we'll address you with your boots!!.

“You want to die? You'll die here!”

Ahmed Salah El Din Ali, 34 years old, is a free lance correspondent and a member of the media personnel union. He suffers from bronchial asthma and emphysema. He was arrested at 2.30 a.m. on the 24th of April from in front of the judges' club:

I was the first to be arrested. They were tearing the flag down. I tried to stop them. I told them this is the flag of Egypt, you can not tear it down. They beat me up. They swore obscenities at me. They carried me upside down.. I did not see their faces.. I told them let me down and I shall come with you.. they slapped and kicked me.. I could not move anything because they were holding me from all sides.. they ran to a Toyota police car and threw me inside.. there were 2 o3 more policemen in the car.. they tore my shirt and tied my hands behind my back.. they took off my undershirt and blindfolded me.. my glasses fell.. I picked them up and held them in my hands until the next day.. I did not want them to break.. they searched me and took everything that I had.. my wallet with all my papers.. the mobile.. the keys and my inhalers.. I asked them to leave the inhalers so that I can breathe.. they beat me.. even the tissues I had in my pocket, they took away.. anything I said was answered with punches and slaps.. there was a senior officer among them.. I don't know who he was, but they called him bacha.. they were giving him my things and was giving them orders.. inside the car the beating continued.. they pushed me to the floor of the car under the feet of the soldiers.. all of them were in plainclothes.. I began to hear people screaming.. I wasn't able to do anything.. I was confused.. the car did not move.. they took me out again.. one of them was holding me from my nch, the other holding my head and the third was lifting me from my underwear.. they were almost running.. if I fell they would beat me until I hit agiasnt some metal object.. that was the prison car.. they lifted my blindfold and threw me inside and closed the door.. there was someone inside.. he was without his trousers, face down and surrounded by four or five people who were beating him.. he was screaming: I am a judge.. they were kicking and punching him very brutally.. I didn't believe in the beginning that he might be really a judge. I thought he was just saying that to stop the beating.. there was someone else next to him trying to protect him.. they were beating him too, but less.. he was saying: beat me and leave him alone!.. my brother is a judge!.. when they finished beating they left the car.. the man kept saying: how can I rule among people after what happened?.. his clothes were stained with blood.. he was bleeding from somewhere in his face.. the car doors were closed.. I asked him: Are you really a judge?.. his brother said: this is judge Mahmoud Hamza, chief judges in the North Cairo court.. my brother has had several open heart surgeries.. I realized there were other people in the car.. three people.. one of them was Yasser.. I didn't recognize the other two because their faces were totally covered.. the three of them were blindfolded.. the car moved.. it arrived at a place that could not have been very far away because it did not take much time.. The judge's brother was pleading for a doctor.. after about half an hour they agreed.. They took me with the three other people to another prison truck.. they blindfolded us again with some dirty piece of cloth.. I couldn't see anybody but there were other people in the truck.. the car kept moving.. every now and then people would come and ask questions.. who are you? Who are our parents? What's your mobile number? What do you work? And many other personal details.. they would ask and not wait for an answer, mocking and humiliating us al the time.. they told us we shall be detained and that we shall never see the light again.. this went on until the following day.. I was starting to

feel tired.. the soldiers in the car were smoking and I felt I was not breathing.. I asked for my medicine.. every time I asked for my medicines they kicked and punched me.. I was trying to breathe.

Then the car stopped and they pulled us out.. we climbed some stairs.. when inside we began to untie our selves and remove the blindfolds.. I felt very bad.. we were 12 people.. we remained in there for two hours.. in a single cell, about 3x3 meter.. then they came and took us out.. it was then that we realized we were in Kasr El Nil police station.. they handcuffed us and took us to court.. At the court house I met with gamila Isamil and the lawyers and they brought me some medicine.. I told the prosecutor that I was ill and gave my testimony regarding what happened to the judge.. we got a 15 days extension of our time in prison.. they accused me of beating the police with iron bars.. it was ridiculous.

From the court house we were taken to the khalifa police station and we spent three nights there.. they gave us prison clothes to wear.. I decided to start a hunger strike.. I felt I was going to suffocate.. I informed the police authorities and it took them to two days to inform the prosecution.

From there they took us to tora prison.. when I insisted on my hunger strike they separated me from the others in a place on my own.. a sergeant came and asked me why I was not with the others!!! He was abusive so I told him to talk properly and as a result he beat me until I fell to the ground.. there were many witnesses and at the end other policemen interfered to make him stop the beating.

They had to carry me to the police truck.. I was unable to walk.. I had not been eating since my arrest and had no energy at all.. I did not know where they were taking me.. later I found out we were going to kasr el aini university hospital.. they kept me in the detention department on the 8th floor.. at the hospital they call it the death ward.. during my stay a prisoner actually died because of the incredible neglect she suffered.. the ward is like a prison cell.. there were policemen everywhere convincing me to end my hunger strike.. sometimes they use religious advice telling me that it is haram to commit suicide.. the medical care I received there was very superficial.. only the pulse and blood pressure were measured.. they insisted to ignore my chest condition.. when my condition deteriorated they gave me a chest x-ray.. it was not only the police who refused.. the doctors also refused.. I continued my strike.. the prosecutor came and told me if I ended my strike they will respond to my demands.. so I did.. for one and a half days, then I realized they were liars.. so I started the strike again.. this time they sent me a decent prosecutor.. he was courageous.. he ordered my referral to a tripartite committee, and chest investigations.. the doctors did not respond to that except on the 6th of May.. they sent me to another room.. she didn't even examine me.. I told her I was ill since 1988 and I knew my condition and what I needed.. she did not seem to hear what I was saying.

The doctors were horrible.. they were trying to convince me to break the strike.. sometimes they threatened me.. they said they would tie me down and that I shall not be able to resist because I was weak.. they said they will slit open my throat to feel me forcefully.. and that this will harm my heart.. I don't know their full names,, one of them was called Mohamed, the other Wael, I think.. I told them you cannot do that to me and they said we can do anything we want.. in the evening another doctor came, a chest specialist.. he confirmed my condition and prescribed other inhalers and ordered respiratory function tests..on this evening my file disappeared.. they came to ask me about it!!! I got worried.. I stopped eating without telling the,.. I was ready to die of hunger but not die of suffocation.. for two days they did not do anything and then they took me to the court house surrounded by a huge police force.. I asked to be transferred to a private hospital and said I would pay for it.. they refused.. again I made my testimony.. from the court house they took us to tora prison.. first they put me in a cell with 50 people and only a small window for ventilation.. in less than an hour I was unable to breathe.. they took me out.. they told me I shall not go to any hospital and that if I wanted to die I might just as well die here.. but they took me to another cell with only 12 people who smoked less. My condition was getting worse by the hour.. the officers would come and ask me: how are you doing?? I was desperate.. I heard them say they will leave me to die and

that those were their orders.. later I knew that my friends outside were trying to bring me medicines and things, but they never told me.. they were denying my presence altogether.. once a soldier came and brought me an inhaler with my name written on it then an officer came running in and said he wanted to see the inhaler.. he took it and left and did not come back.. they did not allow any contact with me.. I was breathing with difficulty and was not aware of who was there.. people would enter and try to ask me things.. I could not see nor hear them clearly.. the other inmates told me those were high rank officers..

The inmates were worried.. they told me the officers said they will leave me to die and I thought that was OK.. I was ready to die and was expecting it to happen.. on Thursday a prosecutor arrived in prison and wanted to carry out an investigation.. that was strange.. they helped to my fee to meet him.. after he finished his questioning I had to sign.. I was unable to steady the pen in my hand.. I was not totally there.. I didn't read what I was signing.. this whole period is very hazy.. in the evening another prosecutor came to persuade me to end the hunger strike.. I refused.. I wanted to be examined by impartial doctors.. and to be transferred to a place with good ventilation.. I wanted to be allowed visits by my family and lawyer.. and so it went on and on for two hours.. I agreed to suspend my strike for 48 hours.. and I ate a sandwich he brought me.. again nothing happened and I was taken back to tora.. In tora I met some of my colleagues who told me that prison conditions have improved and that I better stay with them.. they were only 5 in each cell.. the administration was also more cooperative.. they offered to take me to the medical "cell" and that if I did not like it I could choose which cell to stay in.. the medical cell was extremely small and full of smoke!! So they took me to ward 2B because it was bigger and there I was with Kamal Khalil.. he, too, is asthmatic and his colleagues in the cell were considerate with their smoking.

On the 20th of May we were released by the prosecution.. we were about eight people.. after the prosecution they returned us to tora prison.. we spent a night there and the next morning they took away again.. we left at about 10 in the morning.. they took us to SSI.. some of us in Gaber ben Hayan, some to Lazoughli.. at the gate they blindfolded us.. they lined us up in a place underground.. I know that because we went down a few steps.. they tied each two of us together.. we remained like this until about 5.30 in the afternoon.. then they took us to Khalifah police station.. we remained there for 2 or three hours in a cell.. there was sewage leaking everywhere... then they put us in a police truck again with many others.. the car was stuffed.. but the distance was not very long.. we went to the Cairo security directorate.. they were checking on our records.. this went on until two in the morning..

Then they took us back to Kasr El Nil police station.. there we found our friends and lawyers waiting for us.. the officers were polite this time.. you wouldn't believe they were the same people who had kidnapped and aggressed us.. I asked not to be kept in a crowded place.. they agreed.. they put me in a balcony which they use as a cell.. I didn't have anything to sleep on so I slept on the tiles.. at night I heard people screaming.. the balcony was just above the female section of the police station.. I looked out and I saw them beat the female inmates.. very brutally.. I was careful not to be spotted watching what happened.

The next morning they joined us all.. there was a lot of beating and abuse but not with our group.. they then put us in a police truck with three women.. it was a huge number of people.. like we were stacked in a sardine box.. I wasn't able to breathe.. they pushed me squeezing me more.. I tried to reach the small window in the truck, the only source of air.. I fell and lost my inhalers.. somebody pulled me to the back of the truck in that section which is meant for the soldiers.. the door was still closed but I could breathe better there.. Since 7 in the morning the car continued to drive from one police station to the other, from one court house to the other.. nobody was getting out or in.. we were just driving around.. at the end everybody was screaming for air.. at the end they took us back to Kasr el Nil police station.. we were met by the intelligence officer.. he gave us a long speech with implicit threats.. he said things have changed now.. there was a short while where demos were allowed.. but now anybody who will try to join a demo will be arrested.. and

everyone should be very careful.. then he was joined by the chief intelligence officer who repeated the same speech.. at about 3 pm they told us we can go.. at the gate they stopped us again to make sure that our names are those of the released.. we were still in prison clothes.. we found a kiosk in front of the police station and went there to call our families.. suddenly people came from running from the police station saying the chief wanted to see us.. there was no chief.. it was the intelligence office again.. after a long while they told us to leave..

“As long as I am in this office, you are not worth a dime!”

Mohamed El Sharkawy, a Kefaya activist, had just been released from prison after his arrest for joining the solidarity movement with the judges. SSI officers were sure this would be the last time for Sharkawy after what he had suffered by their hands. But Sharkawy had not given up the struggle for his right to free expression. So he joined the rally at the press syndicate, and that is when it all started all over again.

In my life I have lived several moments of fear, but none of them was like the fear I felt in those moments that followed after leaving the press syndicate at 6 p.m. on the 25th of May 2006. I was riding in a friend's car heading for the train station to see my family after thirty days I had spent in Tora prison.. the car stopped at a crossing.. suddenly my friend screamed; Whoa re those people? I looked around and found tens of men in plain clothes surrounding the car, trying to open the door.. I thought: These are SSI people coming to kidnap me.. I opened the door and they pulled me out and dragged me along the street to an entrance of an apartment building in Talaat Haarb street.. And the beating began.. First with their hands.. many, many brutal punches in my face and all over.. then somebody kicked me with his boots and I fell to the ground.. they were about 20 people.. maybe more.. they were beating me randomly.. I could not recognize except three faces among those 20 people because I had seen them before.. the first one was throwing the most abusive words at me while the others were punching me.. it was him who gave me this kick with his boots and so the others followed suit.. I felt a lot of pain.. the second was a general security officer.. when he saw that I was bleeding profusely from my mouth and nose he tried to stop the beating.. but he was stopped.. the third was the most brutal.. he was also the one who dragged me along the street and the stairs until we reached a blue police microbus.. he continued to beat me all through and asked for my mobile.. I sat in the car behind the driver and he sat in the front.. but he continued to punch me in the face, forcefully and quickly.. many, many times.. I can't claim to have endured the beating.. after I fell and the beating continued I started to scream.. I don't know why.. maybe I was afraid to die without anybody knowing.. In the police car they ordered me to bend over and put my head between my knees.. that is when the beating started to my back and sides.. the car stopped and they got me out.. we walked up three steps and then some narrower stairs than they took me along a wider corridor, then to another flight of stairs and threw me in a room, where the beating continued.. I heard some people talk and realized I was in Kasr el nil police station.. the beating in the police station was different.. it was more “professional” and more sadistic.

All the time they swore at me and asked what the hell I had been doing at the press syndicate? Why I had joined the protest?.. then somebody said: take off his trousers.. they undid the buttons of my trousers.. they violently squeezed the left testicle.. the pain was intolerable.. this continued for a few minutes.. I was screaming.. then they took off my underwear and tore it apart.. they continued to beat me.. then they forced me to bend and the man with the hoarse voice put a piece of cardboard in my anus.. then after a while he said: pull up his trousers again!!

They told me that my mother was dying and that she will die without seeing me.. then somebody walked in.. I think I had seen him before.. he said: now you know you That you are worth nothing.. if we want to get you we'll get you in three minutes you..” he ordered me to lie on the floor face down and stood with his boots on my back.. he said: “Son of a ..., as long as I am in this office I shall turn your lives into hell. All of you are not worth a dime.. you think you are important talking to journalists and satellite channels!!!.. I have brought you the other pimp.. your friend.. in the room next door.. Karim Amer”.

I remained there for about two hours and then they came and took me again in the police truck.

Egyptian Universities under Security Occupation

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Cairo university!

Even university campuses were not spared the interference and violence of Egyptian security authorities. Passing in front of those universities one would see the central security trucks, fire brigades, soldiers with clubs and shields, and senior SSI officers. Why all this artillery? Where is the grave danger that is hiding inside the university buildings that calls for such troops to be on the guard.

Nobody can step into those campuses without an ID indicating that he or she are students or faculty. There is no place in our universities for visitors. Standing in their way would be the security men, inside and outside campus.. they are the ones in control.. like elsewhere in the country. Those security men are entitled by the emergency law to check for those IDs, search whoever they want to search, and if anybody wishes to protest, there is always the "Security room" where they can be taken and introduced to the rules of university life in Egypt. Those who don't get the message, can lose their IDs in the process, may be aggressed, summoned to SSI offices or their families informed. All measures to convey a clear message: the university is in the custody of SSI.

Several breaches of academic freedom have been documented over the last three years.. seminars were cancelled upon security orders.. administrative papers blocked.. faculty prevented from traveling. Students expelled or referred to disciplinary councils because of their political or social activities on campus, which may be as simple as organizing a welcome event for freshmen.

The following are a few examples:

Helwan university

A student's group "The Islamic voice" organized a sports day for students.. they announced the event and prepared for it.. five minutes after the start of the day, the chief security officer, general Mahmoud Abdel Latif ordered a whole section of central security police to "intervene".. more than 50 soldiers with clubs and sticks attacked the students and started aggressing them.. several students fell to the ground, injured and bleeding.. a student was beaten so brutally that he dislocated his right shoulder.. another was bleeding from all over his face when he lost consciousness and fell.. a student lost his glasses and being over to pick it up found an officer stamping on his hand and breaking the glasses.. female students tried to intervene in support of their bleeding colleagues.. they received the same treatment: slaps and lashes across their faces and heads. Nobody from the university administration interfered or protested the warfare on campus.

Alexandria university

Tuesday the 24th of May 2005 was the weekly meeting of members of Alexandria faculty club to prepare for their general assembly. But the university entrance was blocked.. hundreds of security forces were surrounding the campus and blocking the roads leading to it.. Faculty members had no choice but to hold their meeting on the pavement opposite the faculty of engineering.

Assiut university

Several members of faculty were detained and dozens of students have been referred to disciplinary committees which ordered their expulsion for one year. The aggression was the authorities response to their involvement in advocacy activities on campus. The court ordered the return of the students and the illegality of the decree ordering their expulsion and their deprivation from the end of year exams.

Mansoura university

Nasha'at, a student in Mansoura university was not involved in any students' activities. He was mere standing with his colleagues when a security officer passed by showing off his fiancée to his colleagues. The students laughed at the boastful scene. So the officer decided to chose Nasha'at from among them.. he was forcefully dragged to the security office where he was beaten up.

Those were some of the appeals El Nadim center had received regarding police violence on campus. In addition El Nadim was involved in two specific cases of violation that took place in Cairo and Ain Shams University.. We present them here in detail to demonstrate the situation in Egyptian universities under a 25 years long rule of the emergency state.

Cairo university: We are allowed 25% casualties!

Amr is an SSI officer. His other name is Hossam Nabil. He is the common denominator in a series of student harassments that began in the second term of the academic year of 2005 in Cairo university, targeting especially the 20th of March students for change. Students were protesting the Sharm el Sheikh summit and Sharon's visit to Egypt. Students' IDs were taken away from them, some were summoned to SSI in Gaber Ibn Hayan together with their parents. One student told us that he was threatened with detention, failing the finals and threats to his family if he did not agree to "collaborate". If he would, he would be "properly" rewarded. Otherwise, according to that SSI officer, he might be shot by "mistake" or lose an eye or even his life. That would be no problem, continued the officer in front of the student's father, we are permitted 25% casualties.

On another occasion, on the 21st of February, Egyptians students day, the same officer called the mother of one of the students and threatened to arrest the whole family if her son did not stop his activism on campus. He hinted to her that he is capable of fabricating a drug or conduct case against her son, in which case his whole career would be lost. Female students were forced to go to the security office, where their handbags were searched and where they were subjected to a long list of verbal obscenities.

Dr. Manar Hussein, staff member at the faculty of medicine has herself been subject to police harassment when she was prevented from leaving campus in her car in an attempt to force her to go to the security office, because the chief security officer wanted to "talk" to her.

Ain Shams University:

Nema Gad Abdel Baset and Amina Ghanem Abdel Gaber are two students in the girls faculty, Ain Shams university.. Nema and Amina are both 19 years old, both are in the third year of university, Nema studying history, Amina studying psychology. Both students had the illusion that the campus belongs to its students.. they were resting on the stairs of one of the administrative buildings in Ain Shams university. They did not know that this short rest will cause them hours of detention on campus and even more hours at SSI in Lazoughli.. hours full of terror and insults, beatings and violence and harassment. The following is their story:

On the 2nd of October there was a students' conference in Ain Shams university.. the place was full of people.. since they could not find a place to sit the two students decided to have a rest before they went home.. so they sat on some stairs of an administrative building, not aware of the punishment they were about to receive for believing Egyptian universities belonged to its students!!

"It was about 2.30 pm.. we sat on the stairs and when we decided to leave we realized that the iron gate was closed.. we tried to open it not aware that it was locked.. we called for anybody to come and let us out.. a man in plain clothes came.. we thought he will open.. he said I shall go and fetch a key and disappeared for an hour.

After an hour he came back and with him an officer. His name was Mostafa. He asked: "What are you doing in that building? Show me your IDs so that I let you out". We gave him our IDs.. Nema also had the ID of her father indicating that he is in pension.. she had brought it with her because she was applying for social help.. he took the papers and said: "I don't have the keys." And left.

He returned again with five officers and general Mahmoud Abdel Latif, the chief security guard in Ain Shams. It was about 6 p.m. the questions began again: "what are you doing here.. what are you doing?" We explained again that we were just resting and chatting.. we told them we have papers that prove we are students in the girls' faculty and that we came to Ain Shams campus to apply for social support.. he insisted that were liars.. we gave him our details again. He said: "Wait here until I check whether you are really registered in the girls' faculty.. since the morning you have been chanting slogans against the president.. I will show you what happens to people who talk like this". We denied to have chanted anything. He said: "In any case Dr. Wafaa Anwar, Dean of the faculty, is coming now and she will tell us whether or not you are registered with her." We asked him to use a phone so that we could tell our families what was happening. He refused.. Amina did not have any credit on her mobile.. we were very scared.. he was surrounded with about 25 men, 5 officers and soldiers and many administrative personnel.. He left us until 7 p.m. Every time we ask about him they tell us he is praying.. At about 7 another man came and said he will write a memo of what happened.. he asked us again the same questions.. he took our names and our phone numbers and the reason of our being on campus.. again we asked to use the phone.. we said we will pay for the call.. he refused.

After a while the officer came back and began to ask again: why are you here? Did you want to bomb the place? Are you guerillas? Or were you checking your marks and trying to change them?.. we said that we never thought of anything like this.. how could we bomb the place when we are stuck inside.. we said we had already passed the exams and our marks were good.. we said we were just sitting and chatting.. It was hopeless.. he was shouting.. and its was dark.. we felt he was keeping us until everybody on campus had left and that he will not let us go before that.. we felt terrified.. they were all standing facing the gate.. it felt like we were in prison.. All of them were smoking.. Amina opened her handbag and got out a bottle of perfume.. she was so tense, her hands were shaking and the bottle fell and it broke.. suddenly the 25 men ran away.. and remained away for a while.. we laughed.. we reached out for a piece of the glass and told them" this is just perfume, nothing more!!

At 8 p.m. we asked to use a phone for the third time.. he told us: Give me your handbags and then I shall let you go. This time we did not agree.. we said: you took our papers and did not open the gate.. how can we know that you are really going to let us go if we gave you our handbags.. he said: and how can I be sure that you will not run away? Where could we go? We tried to explain that there is no where to go and that all those soldiers are a guarantee that we shall not leave without their permission.

After a while he began to open the gate.. he said: come to the office with me so that we can check your identity.. we entered into a corridor.. (Nema was walking in front of Amina). Nema said: give me the ID of my father. He shouted at her: Are you playing dumb? suddenly he pulled the veil from Nema's head and threw it to the ground.. he held Nema by her shoulders and began to push and beat her.. Amina saw this and began to scream.. the officers held and tied her.. about 5 officers were holding her from each arm.. she kept on screaming.. the soldiers came and pulled Nema, dragging her.. they carried her and threw her into a police car and then turned for Amina.. Nema looked into the direction of Amina and saw officer Mahmoud Abdel Latif beating her on her head and neck, scratching her and trying to pull the veil off her head.. she was holding her veil in the middle of all this beating.. suddenly she urinated on herself.. she fainted and fell top the ground.. and did not regain consciousness except in the police car.

We asked them: where are we going?.. Nobody replied.. we asked to call our families.. they refused.. it was our good luck that Amina's mobile rang.. she replied.. it was a friend.. we quickly told her what had happened.. from the window we saw the Cairo security directorate.. we thought this was where we were going.. so we told her.

But the car did not stop there.. it stopped in a place which we later learned was SSI headquarters in Lazoughli.. It was about 9 pm.. all the time there was no water.. no food.. no bathroom.. we entered the building.. there was a sergeant with us in the car.. he told the officer: the bacha in the faculty told me to stay until I know what you are going to do with them!!.. it is a frightening building.. they kept taking us through long and dark corridors.. at the end of each corridor there was a room and above each door there was a lamp.. they took us into three offices for nothing.. all of them were dark offices.. the place was terrifying and the people were terrifying.. we were so scared.. and we thought: if they had beaten us on campus, what will they do to us here??.. one of them shouted at us and ordered us to sit on the floor.. there was sewage leaking on the floor.. we refused to sit so they kept walking us around.. then they let us into the first room where we had entered in the every beginning and we realized that the tour was only meant to terrorize us.. at the end we entered an office on the third floor that had the number (5) written on it.. we went in one at a time."

Nema says:

The man questioning me was called Ashraf.. this is what he said.. he asked if I had participated in demonstrations.. he told me he had pictures that prove that I marched in demos.. I did not reply to him.. he asked what we were doing.. I said we were talking.. he said if I did not talk he would let me be examined by a forensic doctor.. I did not reply.. I was terrified.. he said if I did not answer he would blindfold me and treat me as if I was not a virgin.. I was so scared.. I couldn't think what they might do after they had pulled my veil.. after while I asked him if you are suspecting my conduct why did you not take us to the conduct police.. why SSI? He shouted: do you think you'll teach me my job? And he ordered me out of the room.

When they took me in again there was another man with Ashraf.. Ashraf was more rude than the other man.. he asked me to come and sit by his side and said if I didn't he would slap me until I learned my lesson.. he asked me if my father beat me and I said no he doesn't. he replied; so he is leaving that for me to do.. he was terribly rude.. he asked me again: what were you doing? Were you taking drugs? Were you taking heroin? Why are you so shy? How ill you get married then if you are so shy? Tell me what were you doing? Were you picking your eyebrows? He said a lot of silly things.. then he asked: why are you so shy?? If you are so shy talk to me over the mobile.. I did not reply, so he drew nearer and he told me: you will not leave here until you tell me what you were doing.. then he gave me a piece of paper and told me to write on it what we were doing// I didn't know what to write.. he shouted at me and said: until now I am being decent with you.. I could have summoned you to the prosecution and they would have referred you to me also.. write now, what have you been doing.. I wrote on the paper that Amina had a marriage proposal and that she was telling me about it.. he took it and said: that is nothing to be shy about.. then he got out a pen and gave it to me and told me take this as a souvenir so that you remember me.. of course I did not take it.. he let me leave the room.

Amina says:

I remained for an hour in that corridor.. all the corridors have bells.. they make a horrible sound.. there were people coming and going and I was standing there.. they were telling me: how are you Amina.. it has been such a long time since you have been last here.. I don't know those people and I have never been in that place before.. they called for me and I entered the office.. I could not straighten my back from the beatings.. I sat on a chair.. the AC was very cold and was adjusted in my direction.. I was trying not to shiver.. he asked me for my ID.. I was not concentrating.. I told him I was tired.. he said do you want to rest and we can continue tomorrow? I said no. he kept asking why I was wearing the veil and who convinced me to wear it.. who I pray with and what I read and with whom.. and what I was doing with Nema.. he was smoking a cigarette and puffing the smoke in my face.. I told him I can't breathe from the smoke.. he said I can put it off but I get very nervous and impolite when I stop smoking.. do you still want me to put it off?.. then he got a phone call.. I looked at the wall in front of me and there were three certificates with the name of Khaled El Sayed Ismail El Akrouri.. when he finished talking over the phone, he shouted at me: Get out!.. when we had entered Lazoughli they had taken our handbags, searched it and took all the papers.. On our way out we Nema asked for her

father's ID.. the officer told her: you seem to want to stay around for some time.. We left after 1 a.m.. the place was totally empty.. not a single taxi would stop for us.

The whole story began on the 2nd of October 2005 and went on until the early hours of the third of October 2005.. We met with the two young women on the 17th of October 2005, that is 15 days after the incident .. the scratches of general Mahmoud Abdel Latif were still obvious around Amina's neck, the bruises of his kicks could still be seen on Nema's leg.

Torture at home and murder in Exile

The Massacre of Sudanese refugees in Mostafa Mahmoud Square

29th of December 2005

Egyptian authorities decided to end the sit of Sudanese refugees in the Mostafa Mahmoud garden with violence and murder. The Egyptian government accepted the presence of Sudanese refugees on its territories since it accepted to host UNHCR. With the Sudanese government it signed the 2004 four rights agreement to include the right to residence, movement, work and ownership for citizens of both countries. The Egyptian government is well aware that those people are refugees and not immigrants and that the convention for the rights of refugees and the convention against torture apply to them.



Also, all parties involved are well aware of the living conditions of Sudanese refugees in Egypt. Neither the Egyptian government nor UNHCR are helping in providing housing, health care, education or any other basic humanitarian aid. Both parties also know that forced return to Sudan constitutes a major danger to the lives of the majority of them.

The garden was full of men, women, children and newly born babies. But none of that was reason enough for security authorities to consider an alternative plan, nor were the women's screams, nor the panic of the children, nor the spilt blood or the dead bodies enough to make them stop.

Official sources estimated the number of the dead at 27. Witnesses to the massacre estimate the number to be no less than 70, in addition to those who are lost until the writing of this report. Women continue to look for their husbands and children, whose fates remain unknown.

Up to this moment, no serious investigation has taken place regarding this massacre. Together with other human rights organizations we have addressed the UNHCR in Cairo and Geneva and a number of UN agencies in addition to UN Secretary General Mr. Kofi Annan. We demanded a fact finding mission to investigate this crime. Still we know of no international or local investigation and hence also no forensic reports.

We consider the silence of the public prosecutor complicit with the violent policies of the Egyptian Ministry of Interior, violating the international human rights conventions endorsed by the Egyptian government.

In the following pages we present the events taking place in Mostafa Mahmoud Square in Cairo as told by its victims and witnesses. We believe they need no further comment from our part.

Testimony 1:

Since Thursday evening military and police forces gathered in big numbers around the place. Then there was a long line of private cars. However, those inside the cars behaved in a military fashion. We asked: is all this because of us, so that we might spare the children and the elderly? They said: No. we are here because there will be a demonstration of the Moslem brotherhood and we are here to disburse them. A little time later 50 men, in robes and many of them bearded, appeared in front of the mosque and remained there for an hour. Nothing was happening. We asked the police again. They said they plan a demo and we are here to protect you so that you do not get involved in their demo. This game lasted for about an hour, from 10 until 11 p.m.

At 11 or 12 the police surrounded the whole camp. After 5 minutes they brought the busses and parked them in front of us. One of the officials said you have 5 minutes to empty the camp and enter into the busses or else we shall use violence. One of the negotiating committee said: we are ready to come out of the camp but will not enter into the busses except in the presence of somebody from UNHCR.

The police refused.

They started the water cannons. First hot then very cold water. The water was very strong. It was first pointing upwards then directly at us.. the water was strange.. as if it had some chemicals in them.. we had not planned to resist.. people were eating and we have a tape of the hour of the attack.. when they started to shoot us with those water cannons we did not reply with glass as they say. This is not true.

Those dressed in civil clothes went up into the building on top of the bank and the mosque and threw beer and coca cola bottles at us and the glass broke on top of our heads. In the camp it was forbidden to use glass. Anybody who broke the rules was punished. Nobody drunk was allowed into the camp. Also people were searched before they returned to the camp. Even those who drink buy their booze in plastic bags. We cannot afford Stella beer. If we had the money we would rather buy food.

The water stopped for a while. We covered the children and babies with blankets. There were six rows of police.

They attacked us from all sides. We fell on top of each other like in a trap. We were three thousand in a very small area and the beating and kicking came from all sides, brutally and



viciously. Suddenly you would find someone drop next to you, not moving, not speaking. We would hear a dull sound and then somebody would fall. I don't know what they used in beating us, but the beating paralyzed us. One would receive a blow and be unable to move or speak. Then five or six police would come and drag him or her under punches and kicks towards the bus.

We reached the camp. It was already morning. We left the bus. There were two lines of antiriot police. We entered the camp. Only

tents. Surrounding the camp was a wall and inside there are wards covered with cloth. They divided us into two groups. There was not enough space for everybody. We slept on the floor without any blankets or covers.

They brought us breakfast and recorded our names. They gave simple first aid and some were transferred in an ambulance. After the food they called our names. Whoever had an ID or a card was put on a bus. It was prohibited that we return to the camp to fetch our clothes, or documents. We rode the bus, which kept driving around. They dropped us as individuals or in small groups in streets we never knew before. We had no shoes on. We had no money." (**Refugee**)

Testimony 2

At 10:00 pm, Thursday December 29th I received an sms saying Mohandesin area is turning to a military camp and Sudanese refugees who have been sitting in for 3 months may be disbursed by force.

I arrived at 11:00 pm to find State Security Trucks and plain cloth police filling and closing the roads of Batal Ahmed Abdel Aziz, Ahmed Orabi, and Gameet el Dewal streets.

Public white busses lined up all the way from Donuts House till Mustafa Mahmoud square with a few number of state security soldiers sitting inside them. I was able to take down some of the public busses wagon numbers as I walked 4129, 3696, 4107, 4136, 4335, 3416, 3534, and 3416.

Few minutes and all streets leading to Mustafa Mahmoud were totally blocked. Police forces started cornering then disbursing civilian pedestrians.

At 1:00 am, and it was really cold, security forced started flushing the Refugees with three water cannons from three different sides. First spray lasted for almost 6 minutes and was rather high. We could see the water reaching as high as the 4th balcony of the near-by building. Probably it aimed at destroying the top of their shelters.

Refugees met the water floods with cheer and dance. We won't go was their message. A reaction no one at the other side could understand and it rather provoked the 'they deserve whatever happens to them – they are crazy' type of thinking.

The few civilians who gathered to observe the scene from far were mostly quiet amused. I painfully heard comments such "let them take a shower to become clean", "Egypt has been more than patient with them", "security forces should've got rid of them from day one. They (Sudanese) are disgusting". Laughs interrupted such comments as the refugees were sprayed with water. Few stood silent with eyes wide open at the scene, while only one objected and explained that Sudanese have demands and rights to be met by UNHCR.

A police officer told a friend as he smiled that they badly needed a bath after three months sit in. "We have orders to finish this tonight and we will" he added.

We resorted to the 2nd floor of a Cilantro Café just across the park to be able to observe, take pictures, and make phone calls. Choosing the time to attack the Refugees was more than well planned. Midnight Thursday in the New Year's weekend. All the media I contacted were out of town for vacation. A handful of political activists arrived but were totally helpless. A couple of human rights activists were with us on the phone all night, mainly Aida. One lawyer, Zyad, was able to break to the refugees themselves but then was roughed up and forced out.

The rest? Another shame

Almost an hour later another 5 minutes of continues water showered them. This time water was low, strong and direct straight at the people.

Water stopped and a negotiation round started with a Refugees delegated committee, an Egyptian official, and a UNHCR official. The Egyptian said "UNHCR will do nothing for you. We are authorized by the highest power in the state to disburse this sit in today". Refugees' reply was "we will die on the turf".

I was able to step to the second security circle surrounding them. A public bus waiting in the area had five Refugees at the back seat while a sixth one was being brutally beaten by 5 state security soldiers. From my position next to the bus I could see and hear him screaming as they beat him on his head and back with hands and batons, kicked him, and twisted his arm and wrist behind his back as his screams went louder and louder. An officer standing next to us explained that he is trying to break the window and escape because he is drunk. At this point a man from the back seat opened the window holding a few months old baby girl as he cried "we are not drunk, I am not drunk, he is not drunk, and this baby is not drunk. Her mother died here in this park". They beat him to silence as well and continued with the sixth guy. A young man videod the scene on his cell phone and later bluetoothed it to me.

Reporters, observers and the few activists who were there started to leave the scene as time passed with no further developments. It was very cold and my hands and nose were freezing. It was unimaginable to imagine wet people!

At around 4 am we managed to get to the building of Al Watany Bank of Egypt and only then we had a full clear view of the situation from high. In Mustafa Mahmud square, the part I could see

from Gamet el Dewal and Lebanon streets, and the side street of the mosque I could count 60 state security wagons, 6 ambulances, 10 armored cars and uncountable busses.

At 4:45 am the troops were lining up properly and the first circle of formations moved closer to surround the refugees. Their warm up exercise echoed in the empty city as they exchanged stepping on each foot at once saying ho- ho- ho- masr! and singing 'ya ahla esm fel wegood yaa masr' meaning To Egypt, who has the most beautiful name ever, whose name was created to be eternal, for Egypt we live.. and for Egypt we die.

Refugees lined up and started warming up too but saying 'allah akbar', 'la ilaha ella allah' and 'hasbona allah wa neama al wakil' meaning there is no god but allah and only him we delegate to handle our injustice. The Christians chanted Halleluiah. And this set identity for the war players. The few civilian audience started cheering for the Egyptian army against the dirty / black / Christian parasites. Yes, there was no humanity in the scene.

At 5 am sharp the 3 water cannons flushed them again and right beside the water line security forces timely attacked the Refugees campus with batons and shields. After 1 minute the water stopped. Soldiers destroyed the rest of their makeshift homes and pulled up their front line of luggage throwing it away as other soldiers made their way in.

Refugees fought back with wood sticks (that was keeping their shelters), plastic empty water jars and gallons, and their hands.

The left side (the side of Radwan Ogeil store) fought back very bravely and was able to force soldiers retreat out for three times throwing on them their helmets after kicking them away but the other two sides soldiers were breaking in. Sounds of sharp metal hits were heard loudly. I guess these were the wooden sticks on the metal shields. Also sounds of screams, mainly women and children, echoed.

In 10 minutes time, a whistle was heard and all forces pulled out of the garden. Lines were reorganized. Extra troops added to Al Ogeil store side and in couple of minutes signal was given and they lashed back in.

This time was fierce. The street lights were cut off. Screams never stopped; the most acute were children's. My eyes couldn't follow where or where to look. It was cold. It was dark. I am sure the garden was muddy after all this water. Soldiers were brutal. They were just beating anyone anywhere stepping over anyone and anything.

Every 2 or 3 seconds a Refugee would be dragged out of the horror circle, beaten all the way out, another 3 – 4 soldiers will take grip of the Refugee so the first soldier could go back hunt another one. The soldiers receiving the Refugee beat him more up with batons on his back, bringing him down to his knee, slapping the back of his head, dragging him to a bus where other soldiers take care of the next stage. All the way through, obscenities could be heard.

This happened to men and women equally. Sometimes when the victim was a woman I saw a child trying to hang to her leg as the soldiers drag the mother.

I saw four Refugees carried by soldiers from their arms and legs, oftenly dropping midway in total motionless and I could swear they were dead.

The most horrible was the EGYPTIANS! Civilians who cheered as if they are cheering for the "army forces" freeing Palestine! As forces advanced in battle; the audience cheered, whistled and clapped. They were amused!

Resistance was weakening on Al Ogeil side and soldiers breaking fully in when my host, standing beside me in the balcony said "we are entering from the left side". I looked back at him in shock. This is not "we". He said "I mean the Egyptians". These are not Egyptians. He said "whatever".

I started shaking.

As the Refugees were dragged out in bigger numbers they forced them to sit the ground on groups casually beating them till soldiers will come pick them and put them in busses.

A friend later told me he saw an officer spitting on a bus as it moved away with refugees!

Resistance fully collapsed. As fewer Refugees were left inside the garden facing at least 2500 soldiers the screams became sharper, louder and desperate.

Everything was over at 5:30 sharp.

When I took control over my body, I picked up my car and followed 6 of the white public transportation busses carrying almost fainting Refugees and state security forces to Dahshur State Security Camp in Fayoum road. They arrived there at exactly 7:15 am. The camp is almost 40 kms outside Cairo. Distance could be more or less, I was so tired and so not well. The wagon numbers were 3686, 4107, 6132, 4335, and 3696. I missed the numbers of the first bus.

Returning back to Cairo I went directly to the "battlefield". Let the pictures speak.

So far 20 people died. There is news that those who were taken to 6th October state security camp are all released. And some are released from Turah. No news yet from Dahshur.

*Individuals, groups, lawyers, associations are protesting in the same place tomorrow Saturday 12 noon both the brutality of the Egyptian government and the disgraceful role of UNHCR. (**Egyptian citizen**)*

Testimony 3:

On the evening of 29th of December riot police surrounded the camp of Sudanese refugee protesters at the Mostafa Mahmoud gardens. We were standing on a wall in the unoccupied part of the park, directly overlooking the camp. Myself and other witnesses estimated at least 6000 riot police around the camp itself in rows 5 or 6 deep.

At about 12.30 p.m. there were a number of Egyptian government officials walking between police lines and the camp seeming to attempt to negotiate with the camp leaders. We telephoned someone inside the camp who said that protesters were rejecting police demand that they board buses and be taken away. She said they did not know or trust where they would be taken. She said that there were many children and women in the camp.

At 3 or 4 points, between 2.00 am and 4.00 am water cannon were fired into and over the heads of the crowd soaking them with water. We heard police shouting for protesters to leave in order to avoid violence.

Meanwhile riot police chanted and jumped up and down, hyping themselves up. We saw non-riot police without batons take off their belts and hold them in their hands ready to attack. There appeared to be no medical facilities or ambulances in the surrounding area.

At around 4.30/5 a.m. riot police suddenly charged into the camp with shields and long batons. We saw police hitting out indiscriminately as they charged into the crowd. I walked around two sides of the camp and right up to where the police were attacking. There appeared to be no stampeded by protesters (contrary to reports by Egyptian officials) – instead the protesters were hemmed in by police, massively over-powered and out numbered.

We saw protesters being very roughly dragged (each held by two or three police) away towards buses. Many appeared to be injured – some were semi conscious. Many were continuing to be hit or kicked by uniform and plain clothes police even after they had been restrained. Some appeared to be completely unconscious and were being carried. Most were put onto very overcrowded buses, without medical attention. Some of those unconscious were put on the side of the road. We saw a baby which had been separated from its parents handed onto a bus alone, without shoes or proper clothing for the weather, and wet from the water cannon. I saw one young Sudanese man lying dead on the ground, and a Reuters on the scene said he had seen the dead body of a 4 year old child. The bodies were being left on the side of the road.

Ambulances arrived later to take them away. Contrary to official government statements it is NOT true that injured people were taken immediately to hospital and died later.

We saw one limping policeman, and one placeman holding a bandage to his head. No other police casualties were observed. The very large majority seemed unharmed.

In the morning of the 30th the authorities reported that 10 Sudanese had died during the protest. However, according to Reuter's news agency, local ambulances were reported double that number dead.

The detained were taken by bus to two open air military camps as well as other detention centers in Cairo. One person in the first camp said that three people had died of injuries on their way to the camp. The others were being processed and their refugee identity cards were being checked.

*Injured Sudanese have reportedly been taken to hospitals all over Cairo including Imbaba Public hospital (who say they have three dead), Mohandesin and 6th October. UNHCR (the UN refugee agency) and Caritas (who works with UNHCR to give medical care to some refugees) are visiting these hospitals (**Egyptian citizen**).*

Testimony 4

They stepped over everything that moved. They squashed it. Women, children, it did not matter. We had no chance to negotiate. The water cannons started a short while after the warning. We wanted to know where we are going. We asked for somebody from UNHCR. At once the attack started. Beating from all sides. The area we were in was very crowded. They squeezed us and attacked us from all sides. The children were on the ground. We tried to lift them, but they would beat us AND the children. Many died. Whoever got injured or exhausted was dragged to the bus. He would be beaten all the way to the bus. They beat me in my eye and was bleeding from my nose. Every time I try to hold a child they would beat him. A child was beaten while I carried him and that is why I broke my fingers.

I fell to the ground. I was holding a child. I was almost dead. They dragged me like a dog. When I regained consciousness my hands were tied. They hit me with an electric stick. I lost consciousness again. When I awoke I looked right and left. I heard people talking. I opened my eyes but could not see properly. My eyes were covered with blood. Then I realized that I was surrounded with my Sudanese colleagues. Except they were dead. I found myself in the morgue. Me and the dead alike. I tried to raise my head but couldn't. There were two doctors saying those are dead people. Then somebody said: what shall we do? One of them is alive. Another voice said: kill him too. Another came towards me with a syringe in his hand. Then a Sudanese visitor entered the morgue. The doctor with the syringe removed the syringe and stood aside. I waved to the visitor. He came. I told him help me to my feet. When I stood up I saw children, women and children dead all around me. The visitor cried and left.

They took me and put me in the waiting room. Then they put me on a trolley and took me upstairs. The ward was full of officers and guards. They recorded our names. There were five children. Two of them were covered in a blanket and the others were carrying them on their shoulders. When I saw them I stood up. Despite the pain I carried them and put them on a bed. They were somewhere between life and death. Their ages ranged approximately between 1 and 4 years.

My heart ached. I told them: why are we staying here. There is no treatment and they want to give us injections to kill us. I told them not to eat anything if they brought us food. We refused to eat. I went to the upper floor to look at the second ward. I told them we don't want to stay here. Take us away. They took us out of the ward into a bus and we went to the police station. It was the Dokki police station. We recorded the children in our names. We had taken the five children with us. The cell was very small. We were about 20 and unable to sit, while we carried the children. We were all injured. They handcuffed us; all four together. There were women too. We went to a far away camp after 6 October. They took us out of the bus and divided us and registered us in the camp. It was about 4.30. they treated us cruelly as if we were criminals of war. Even the bathroom, we had to go accompanied by guards. They brought us food but left us without treatment.

When we left the camp, they dropped us on the streets. Every 10 km they would drop five people: injured, naked, penniless. Even on our way out of the bus they would beat us. We had to walk to where we sought to spend the night.

I spent three days in Sanabel hospital without treatment. I was beaten up. My body hurt all over. My eye and leg were injured and two of my fingers were broken and bruised. I spent five days not able to breathe properly from the severe chest pain. Three days I spent in that hospital and on the third day I could not take it any more. When I told them I want to leave hospital they brought me a doctor from Caritas. He x-rayed my hand and put it in plaster. My chest x-ray was OK. But I had some muscle tears (**Refugee**).

Among the many who were injured, arrested, brutalized and lost loved ones, several visited El Nadim Center later on.

Between the 2nd and 30th of January 2006 we received 40 Sudanese refugees, 10 women and 30 men. The ages of women ranged between 19 and 41 years, those of men between 23 and 48. Among them were 10 university students, 9 university graduates and the remainder doing different jobs. Only 12.1% of those who visited us had no file with UNHCR. As for the remainder 15.5% carry the yellow card and 66.6% carry the blue card.

They were shaken and desperate. Some of them were still looking for their loved ones. They wanted to talk. They wanted the pain to go.

All of them, who visited us at the center, suffered insomnia, nightmares, panic attacks, fear, anxiety, depression and flashbacks of the event and similar events that took place in Sudan. Children were terrified, clinging, many of whom regressed in their behavior. Some of them had been former clients at El Nadim who now came back in relapse. And in addition there were physical injuries as well ranging from eye and throat irritation because of the water cannons shooting colored water against their faces and bodies, to several cases of disc prolapse in the neck and back region, broken bones and ribs, cut wounds, some of which were stitched and some were kept open and unattended since the massacre.

Again these are some of their testimonies.

A. O. is 33 years old. He arrived in Egypt on the 16th of June 2005. He has a file at UNHCR. He was discharged from Shebin el Kom prison on the 5th of January 2006.

We were sitting by the entrance of the garden. A state security official came towards us dressed in civil clothes. He said the Moslem Brotherhood is organizing a demonstration and the police is here to protect us. We were confident that the police will protect us. I saw the police draw near. An officer spoke to us through a microphone.

I and a colleague were negotiating with a police general. He said we shall take you to a camp. We asked, where? He said, you do not have to know. I said, we shall send a delegation with you to see the camp. He refused and warned us that in five minutes they will attack.

After 5 minutes they hit us with hot water and then with cold water cannons.

They asked us again to disperse although the garden was surrounded by police from all sides. Then the beating began from everywhere. I was holding my wife's hands. I was very scared something might happen to her. I fell from the excessive beating. They stepped over me and I lost consciousness. I did not wake up except in the hospital. When I regained consciousness I found a drip in my arm. There was a swelling in my head and I felt severe pain in my legs. I thought I had broken my legs. The ward had about 20 Sudanese people and we had guards in plain clothes who accompanied us everywhere even in the toilet. When I asked if we were under arrest, they told me: you are with Ayman Nour.

Our clothes were wet and we had no shoes on. The treatment was very bad in the first day. The second day there was a nurse who covered us with blankets and who cried about our condition.

They took us to identify the bodies in another ward. It was a horrible scene. Two or three bodies were put one on top of the other on a trolley. I identified a small child, whose name I do not know. His father fell to the ground. But before falling he threw the boy in the air so that somebody might pick him up but nobody did. The child fell to the ground and the soldiers stepped on him (The father is still in Shebin el Kom prison).

They transferred us in their trucks and took us to Tora. We were about 20. I think it was Saturday. In Tora I found my wife. There were no rooms. We slept in front of the wards. Each had only one blanket. They divided us Those who carried a yellow card from those who have a blue card from those who do not carry anything, like myself. I did not have my passport. Then they put us on buses again. I refused and wanted to be with my wife. She has a valid residence. The officer took me aside and told me that women are in one bus, men are in another and that what I request is not decent and that I shall see her later.

We looked out of the window and realized that we were entering shebin el kom prison. The bus stopped by the prison gate and there were two lines of soldiers surrounding us. They made us sit in lines, counted us and then we had to walk in lines. They gave us clothes. On them was written "investigation". I objected. The officer told me: you are our guests. We put the clothes on. They took photos of each of us while carrying a sign with our name. They put each 25 of us in a small room with one small window high in the wall. The rooms overlooked the prison buildings. In the corner there was a bucket.

A little while after we arrived a colleague of ours screamed: somebody hanged himself in the toilet. We thought he was making a bad joke and panicked when we realized he was serious. We banged on the door. A warden came, took a lot and was followed by many officers and eventually a general. They took us out of the room, took the finger prints and took the body away. He was a southerner, I don't remember his name. He hanged himself by a rope that was tying the blanket. They returned us to the same room. I could not sleep. Nor could I drink from the water in the bathroom where our colleague had committed suicide.

I protested the quality of the food. They changed it and brought us rice with some red sauce. I was worried about my wife. I lied to the officer and told him that my son is locked up in an apartment on his own. They checked with my wife. She was in the barrages prison. When they discovered I was lying they filed a complaint against me but the warden told me not to worry. They will take care of it.

On the third day in prison they told us to gather in groups of tens. They gave each of us a booklet, titled "ID". In each there was a name and a photo. They took me to an office where I found other Sudanese people from the Sudanese embassy. They had a badge on their jacket. They were very provocative. I became tense and was aggressive towards one of them. They called the guards to take me away.

Ahmed Bek (officer) took me to a place on my own. He brought me coffee and cigarettes and told me you can do what you want. If you want to talk to them then talk to them; if you don't, it is OK. A while later the Sudanese from the embassy came and said: we want this one. And he pointed at me. I told him, you want to take me to Sudan to torture me again. He said: I am talking with Ahmed Bek and not with you. Ahmed Bek took him away from me. When I returned to the room I learned that most of my colleagues had trouble dealing with the embassy people.

On the same day they chose 17 of us from different wards. They kept us for a while downstairs and nothing happened. Then we were returned to the wards. I expected trouble. I told my colleagues, we shall start a hunger strike starting Friday. On Thursday they released those 17 whom they had chosen before.

We were about 600 people in Shebin el Kom prison. Only 17 were released. Maybe because they carry the blue card, maybe because we made trouble with the embassy people and maybe because we were going to start a hunger strike.

M. A. is from the north of Sudan, Om Dorman. He is 48 years old. He worked in trade and had his own shop.

I don't know what to say. I don't know why I am here. This is unforgivable. Those protesters represented all sectors of the Sudanese people.

I have been resettled in the States since 2000. Yet, my file never found its way to IOM. Until today. Every time I asked they would tell me: look for your name on the board. We publish the names every Thursday. If you do not find your name, submit an appeal. I went dozens of times and submitted dozens of appeals and did not receive one reply.

How can they talk of local integration if we have no place to live. We are not allowed to work. There are no work opportunities in the first place. We cannot even secure the food. IU have 7 children. I try to educate some of them in cheap private school because we are not allowed to put our children in public schools. Sometimes I receive irregular aid from Caritas. This stopped totally since June 2004. They said we have no money. I decided to join the protest. Maybe this would help.

Why did he leave Sudan?

The conflict with the Sudanese government began after I was nominated for the local council in one of the district of Om Dorman. The government cancelled my name because I do not belong to the ruling party. The local population gathered in protest and they clashed with the police and an officer was injured. They detained me for 6 months with no trial in Om Dorman prison. For the first two weeks I suffered all forms of torture, beating, stabbing, pulling out of my nails, drowning in cold water in winter (I don't like to remember those things because I had hope). I cam out of prison and found that I was prohibited from leaving the country and persecuted by the police and had to submit to daily surveillance. I decided to flee to Cairo to be able to forget. I came to Egypt. My friends helped me with money. I arrived in Cairo in August 1992.

Y. H. is 33 years old. He graduated from university with a degree in international relations.

The images continue like a film in front of my eyes. I cannot concentrate in anything. I don't want to talk. I don't feel like eating. I cannot believe what happened. I lived through a civil war in my country in Darfour. But nothing like this. They lied to us. They bluffed us. People were beaten. People were bleeding. Children were dying. I could not believe my eyes. I felt that this was unreal, that it was not happening. Those images are imprinted in my mind and I cannot get rid of them.

On that day my friend was with me at home. He was changing his clothes. He told me he will go visit the protesters. I went ahead. Then he disappeared. I never saw him again. His mother is in a very bad state. His body was not found. They have not announced all the places yet where the bodies are kept. Many died. Not only in the garden, but also in the ambulance cars and the hospitals after they were taken there.

If they want to remove the camp why did they open the way for the Sudanese to enter.

I feel like suffocating when I try to sleep. I feel that somebody is running after me. I wake up many times at night. I dream of those things that happened all the time. They tell me that I speak in my sleep.

I think a lot about all the people I knew. I know nothing about their whereabouts now. I don't know if they are dead or alive. I saw a woman in Tora. She was unable to walk. She was crying. The next day her name was among the list of the dead they put up in the church. She died. She

spent only day in those camps. Next morning she had a headache and was taken to hospital. There they found she had a brain hemorrhage. She died.

N.E. carries a blue card, was given local settlement. He finished his university studies and could not receive his graduation certificate because he did not do his military service!

I was supporting the protesters. On that day I was in the camp. There were many security forces in the area. We were worried. But the Egyptian women in the nearby garden (who sold us tea and food throughout the sit in) told us there is going to be a demonstration by the Islamists and they advised us to stay inside the camp and take refuge therein. The same thing was repeated by many sources. Our friends outside the camp told us that the streets surrounding the camp are being blocked by security forces.

At about 11 p.m. we saw about 30 or 40 men wearing white, short gowns. Many of them were bearded. They stood in two lines facing the mosque. The police cars and trucks kept coming and the soldiers started to surround the camp. At first their backs were towards us separating us from the "Brotherhood". After a while they turned towards us. All the time Sudanese were allowed into the camp after being searched and their papers taken away from them.

An officer started talking to us through a microphone: You know that we are here to remove this camp. We have prepared camps for you with all means of comfort.

We sent a delegation to negotiate with the officer. The delegation agreed to move to the "prepared" camp provided 5 or 6 of us first go to see the place. The officers refused. All the time we were trying to get in touch with UNHCR staff. But none answered our calls. We decided we shall stay until they take us away.

At two or three they opened the way for two fire brigade cars, one from the left, another from the right. They started the water cannons. Water to us is a natural thing, especially those coming from the South where it rains heavily throughout the year. They laughed. We asked them not to be provocative. After the second shot of water cannons someone came from the southerners and tried to negotiate with both parties and failed.

Until this moment we did not anticipate the violence to come. We even sat down and food was distributed to the protesters.

The soldiers started shouting. Our women cheered indicating that they are not afraid. We had hope that is soon will be dawn and we shall be safe again.

At 5 a.m. water cannons were shot again. Everybody covered themselves either with a blanket or a plastic cover. This time the water was finished. I pulled the cover off my head. I could not see but kicking and beating from all sides. Wherever one turned there was beating. I don't know when and how the soldiers were all over the place inside the camp, all over.

We had a disabled woman among us. Her name was Naglaa. She said: Go and leave me. We covered her with a plastic sheet while she was sitting on the floor. They beat her up brutally until an officer recognized that she was a woman. They carried her outside.

Some of us escaped to the trees. The trees would break and we would fall on top of each other. This may be how many children died. They beat directly on the head. I saw a man fall on the ground, holding a child. He lifted the child up and threw him up hoping that someone might catch him. Nobody was there to catch him and he was stepped over.

Most of us were dizzy. Maybe the water had something in it. Maybe they sprayed us with something. Maybe it was the brutal beating. The screaming was everywhere.

There was no way out but to be carried or taken by the police. Whoever falls was carried by 3 or 4 soldiers, who would hand him over to other soldiers outside the camp and then come back to take others. Soldiers outside continued the beating until they reached the buses. In the bus, too, there

were soldiers. All the time they were insulting and humiliating us. In the bus there were people breathing heavily and women calling for their children and there were many injured. Ambulance cars were nearby but they did not care. Why? We did not know who among us was dead and who was only injured.

They took us to the central security camp in Tora. We lay on the dusty ground. Our clothes were wet. We were outside the wards. It was then that we realized what camp was "prepared" for us. They started classifying us and record our names. Then ambulance cars appeared. The very severely injured were taken away. We don't know where. The remainder received superficial first aid. Drinking water was scarce. The treatment was cruel and we are all bruised.

Burying the dead

On Thursday the 5th of January I was in Gamal Abdel Nasser Metro Station. The police asked me where I was going and they started beating me up. I told them, please, I am ill. I was not in the protest. I fell to the ground. I tried to show them my papers. The officer saw papers indicating I was receiving treatment in a surgery hospital. He told me I can go.

I returned home and slept.

On Friday somebody called me from a prison on the Cairo Alexandria road. He called me on the mobile. He asked me where I was and I told him what had happened. He told me he was in prison and that the situation is very tough. He told me two of the children died on the bus. He told me his mobile will soon be out of charge. I don't know where he is now. I asked him about a man and a woman. He told me, I saw them die in the garden. If you can go to the morgue, try to find them.

On Sunday, I took a taxi and went to the Zeinhom morgue. It was about 3 p.m. I met an officer. I told him I have somebody in the morgue who died in the garden. I entered the morgue with the wife of Manguin Koro. I gave him the names on a piece of paper. He pulled the drawer and I identified the body. It was drawer number 9. The chest was slit open (Hospital autopsy).

On the same paper in his hand I found the nickname of Manguin: Amco. We found him in drawer 12. I saw the body of a child with an open head and a women whose face was bruised, her jaw was broken and her scalp was flapped over her forehead.

They told me if I wanted to take the bodies I have to go to the Dokki prosecution and write a request and when they sign it I should bring it back to the morgue. We returned home. His wife is crying all the time. There are children in the house. It is so very difficult.

Note: The names in those testimonies are not the real names. We shall not disclose the real names except to a serious and transparent investigation in the Mostafa Mahmoud massacre.

A Testimony from Within
On the International day against torture
26 June 2005

I apologize that I am making this presentation from some notes that I prepared for this sad event. Although I can also improvise I preferred to be accurate in what I say since I am charged in an opinion case no. 9031/2004 – Damanhur by the Egyptian Ministry of Interior accusing me of insulting the Ministry and exposing its secrets. That is why I feel that I have to be careful with the words I use in order not to worsen my situation in this case. So consider my intervention as research and make whatever conclusions you want out of it.

As for torture it is the ugly and flagrant violation of human rights. The peak of violating those rights lies in the physical harm to the human body. Since torture is an old practice, associated with the ages of backwardness, contradicts civilization and reminds us of monkeys on the trees before the age of social contracts. A human being should remain a human being. If torture can include several practices and classifications, yet, what I am concerned with here is the physical torture committed by representatives of the governmental authority, namely police officers and policemen.

I believe it is not enough to raise honest voices expressing anger and concern when we know of cases of torture and to demand that torturers be brought to justice. We have to eradicate torture from its roots. To be able to do that we have to study torture, its circumstances, the reasons that lead to it and the theory on which it is based.

I have written a book titled "Confessions of a police officer in the city of wolves". It is a critical study of security authorities in a virtual city, which I called the city of wolves. Some of the elements of this study resemble elements in reality. This conclusion can be drawn from the similarities and in the details of the study, which I believe expose things that are not known to many. I cannot claim pride for knowing them. I had the chance to acquire this knowledge since for 24 years I have worked in the service of the police. I graduated from the police academy in 1977 and in 2001 I applied for early retirement for reasons of my own related to my choice to observe, search for the truth and reach down to its roots.

In light of this study you can classify governmental or police torture in the city of the wolves to be "systematic torture" based on an ideological and psychological system adopted by the perpetrators and resulting from the arbitrariness and reluctance to use modern science in public institutions. Some of those institutions look upon fields like psychology, social science and philosophy as naïve, luxurious, unnecessary sciences. The same applies to police sciences which are taken in a narrow minded way to the effect that it becomes exclusive for police institutions. Nobody can imagine the backwardness by which those sciences are addressed in the police of the city of the wolves. In view of the absence of some of those sciences and the naivety of the latter in preparing officers and individuals in police faculties and institutes, in addition to the lack of scientific performance in police performance and the widespread corruption, we are left with very dangerous outcomes, among which the topic we are addressing today: torture.

Torture in the city of the wolves is systematic. Of course the methodology is nowhere documented. Still the methodology is there. It has basics and rules that form its foundation. You should never believe that torture is the result of individuals' breaches by officers of public authority, even if widespread.

Physical torture is the flagrant form of the violation of rights in prisons, state security headquarters, police stations in the city of wolves. We can trace it back to the corruption in the Ministry of Interior in that city.

To begin with, in the city of wolves the first steps of an officer are backed by bribery and intermediaries for that person to join the police institute or faculty, where he is received by a random psychological program that transfers the student from civil life onto military life. This program is essentially based on the humiliation of the student, using major verbal abuse or humiliating punitive exercise. At the same time the student is instructed to walk fast, to open his chest and to always, always, look in front of him, raising his head in vanity. This is exactly the term they use to train him

how to walk: in vanity. In this environment full of violence drawn from the military training and in the absence of psychological programs, the student in the police institutes and faculties of the city of wolves spends his academic years. Disputants are asked to settle their arguments violently. They are kept in a classroom or ward, the door is locked and they are ordered to settle their argument by physical violence. Nobody interferes. Nobody stops them except the presence of some high official, in order to avoid punishment. Students are also faced with some prohibitions, foremost not to talk to any civilians, and to always acquire a commanding posture even outside the faculty. They are ordered to walk straight, not to look right or left, not to use public transportation except in class A, not to use public cafes and not to befriend those who are of lower social rank. After graduation they are prohibited to marry women from a lower social rank. The social rank in this case is measured by the criteria of social privilege. A comparison is constantly drawn between civilians and military personnel to the effect that the student eventually looks upon the military as being better, stronger, more intelligent and more socially privileged. Civilians on the other hand are portrayed as bugs, superficial in their thinking, weak, and socially inferior. Freshmen at the faculty used to envy civil barbers among the faculty employees because at the end of the day they return home. Older students, charged with training freshmen would ridicule those sentiments and tell them that those barbers would be ready to kiss anybody's shoes to exchange place with the students and that after graduation people like that barber will not be able to enter your office except after great difficulty.

The student then graduates and realizes that his senior colleagues deal carelessly with citizens, to the extent that they can fabricate cases or commit torture without any sense of guilt. An officer who feels sorry for people killed in car accidents is ridiculed by his colleagues. Eventually the hearts freeze and turn into stone under the pretext of strength, power and endurance. This explains the arrogance by which police students deal with their neighbors, friends, school colleagues. They have learned to look down at civilians.

At the same time there is a whole heritage of brutal tradition among the police of the wolves that inevitably lead to corruption and extremely illegal and dangerous conduct, among which is the tradition of falsifying charges, aggressing suspects and their torture.

It is assumed that those who achieve positive results in their work, must have made greater efforts to achieve that success and therefore achieve a higher score in evaluation. The positive results as far as an intelligence officer is concerned is the processing of more cases and exposing crimes at a required speed. Accordingly officers are expected to achieve certain statistics that can be used with the media to celebrate the performance of the ministry, in order to make the impression that, despite the increase in the rate of crime, the ministry is still in charge and that everything is under control.

An intelligence officer in any police center is required to report increasing numbers of weapons for example if it is in his mandate to confiscate unlicensed possessions of weapons. So if he did confiscate thirty pieces of weaponry last year, he is expected to do the same, if not more, the following years or else he might be accused of redundancy in his efforts and will receive the consequent punishment, such as transfer to remote areas.. So the officer has to bring in new cases to save his professional position and status. To do that he fabricates cases, provided the fabrication is "professional". So he chooses his victims from among ex convicts so that his stories sound credible. The officer uses torture to draw confessions out of those people that they have actually committed those crimes. This scenario takes place in all sections of intelligence police, be they criminal police, drug and narcotic police, conduct police or otherwise.

As for the criminal police in the kingdom of the wolves, which is present in all police stations and centers, they are entrusted also with another role. A criminal intelligence officer is also expected to reveal crimes which would be interesting for public opinion such as murder and theft crimes, and the like. He is expected to act quickly to maintain his professional position. Senior police officials are impatient and they do not like to wait. They expect the officer to read the unknown and to deliver, be it weapons or stolen material or the names of the killers. At the same time, this officer did not learn in college any of the scientific methods that he might use to properly investigate a case.

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In addition, the officer is always busy: he is expected to act fast, at the same time he did not learn anything, so it is always easier to torture the suspects to force them into a confession.. the police of the wolves might claim that this used to happen in the past and that things have changed in the meantime.. but this is not true.. the situation continues as it is.. the reason for that is that the instructions that lead to this corruption are not written instructions.. they are the outcome of norms and conducts that accumulated over long years and have become solid rules that control the mentality of the police officer.. they enjoy rational justification from the viewpoint of the profession.. the officer who reports the most cases is an excellent officer.. the one who reports them fast is the best because he probably exerted a lot of effort.. he therefore enjoys the admiration of his seniors and his status improves and he might enjoy promotion.. thus stability is maintained.. the assumption is that freedom and security are indirectly proportional.. that is the more freedom the less security.. and the reverse is true.. I do not mean to contest freedom.. it is in the center of my concern and I seek it all the time.

An officer changes since the first day he joins the police academy.. he becomes conceited, arrogant and looks down upon others who do not share the same career.. this conceit leads him to deal with other people as if they were insects.. he relates to them as piece of chess which he can move around against their will to achieve success and the required statistics.. in the absence of those statistics he can be transferred, or his income reduced or his incentive denied and thus he can find himself in a situation where he can not provide for his family. Isn't that enough of a threat that would push the officer to do anything and to sacrifice the safety of anybody in order to maintain his style of life and that of his family. The threat of dismissal or transfer by the ministry is a constant threat to the officer. A friend of mine in the police of the wolves once made a statistic of the percentage of officers referred to disciplinary courts and found it to be close to 35% of officers.. it is a struggle over interests and livelihoods.. there is this "job" psychology that is shared by almost all officers.. they share similar behaviors, concerns and practices, and that is why torture stands out as a phenomenon.

Methods of torture

Torture has come to acquire rules and standards.. it also takes different forms and has become a routine which now longer weighs heavily on the conscience of the ministry.. the perpetrator is looked upon as serious and doing a good job.. the leaders of the ministry are aware of those practices and they turn a blind eye to them because they feel it is a successful way in exposing crimes, which again gives an image of power and efficiency to the ministerial leadership.. however, in view of the public pressure it feels that it cannot always openly protect the perpetrators.. the incidents that are reported in the press and by human rights organizations are annoying to the ministry.. it scares them and scares their leadership.. in those cases they just sacrifice the officer and leave him to his fate.

As to the forms of torture in the kingdom of the wolves, they are easy to identify.. they range between the use of the *falaka*, to hanging from the back to a half open door, to electrocution, to blowing air into the anus, standing on the abdomen with boots, hanging by the feet to the ceiling.. the latter is a criminal method that is used by tyrants of torture.. there are special forms of torture that are used in certain places which involves plucking out nails and beards and inserting dental instruments in open wounds, etc.

Physical torture in the kingdom of the wolves can be classified into political and criminal torture depending on the context.. it can also be classified according to its motivation: either to collaborate with the police through confessions whether in political or criminal cases as mentioned above.. or as a form of revenge against a citizens who defied an office.. one of the solid norms in the circles of officers is that it is a shame and an embarrassment for an officer to admit that a citizen has beaten or verbally abused him.. this major embarrassment is deeply rooted and has a major impact on the officer.. a senior officer, like a general for example, may be transferred into retirement if he is subjected to a humiliation that is not becoming for his status.. for how can he continue to act in a position of leadership if he has been insulted y a civilian.. such is the attitude of the seniors at the ministry.

Fabrication of cases

There is also another method that goes beyond physical torture namely the fabrication of dishonorable charges and cases against honorable citizens to defame their reputation.. drug cases or conduct cases, that go beyond the victims and cause shame to their families.. such methods are used to destroy political opponents to the government in the city of the wolves.

There are some open and secret relations between the wolf officers and ex convicts and people with prison records and records of drug dealing.. those relations are a product of professional need.. for such people are used to protect the status of the officer through providing services and working as informers.. for example a TV set and other things were stolen from the house of a minister.. the case was mysterious and since there is no time to waste, the intelligence officer asked one of the ex convicts to bear the case and to sacrifice for the officer by spending three months in prison while bringing a similar TV set as if it was the stolen one.. I don't know how the minister did not realize that the returned set was not the one stolen from him.. An ex convict who does not submit to such orders might be killed by the officer himself and the murder case would be registered as "killer unknown".

If you want to put an end to torture in the city of wolves

You would have to reform the security apparatus.. reform the mentality and police ideology and pass legislation that would protect the officers and punish them if they fail in doing their job.. logic is needed here and not this insanity that is used in the punishment of officers now.. introduce the rule of law.. in the city of the wolves the seniors are the law.

Recruit psychologists, social scientists to study the attitude and conduct of the violence laden student community in police academies and colleges.. the educational system in those institutions calls for a radical reform.. students should be accepted in those institutions after they finish a law degree.. curricula have to be updated in collaboration with advanced countries.. the philosophy has to change and be practical and feasible.. at present graduates have no idea about the reality of police work.. professional regulations have to be put in force to protect the officers from any abuse of such issues as promotion or transfer or expulsion.. investigations have to be carried out by impartial bodies.. security has to seek the protection of the law and not the senior leadership.. secret reporting has to be cancelled.. charges have to be evidence based and not based on rumor.. privatization of security bodies, which charge incredibly high bills, has to be stopped for important institutions such as banks.. this is the role of civil police.. every place that hosts people is entitled to police protection.. police staff have to work for a certain number of working hours.. their salaries should be increased and their bonuses should be justly distributed.. there should be an equality in salaries for the same ranks irrespective of where they serve.. officers should be held accountable according to their conduct in maintaining security and not according to the number of suspects or cases they bring in.. civilians have to be respected and trusted and the police has to return to its original role as a protector of citizens.. the prosecution has to inspect prisons, detention center and police stations.. the police has to be under the supervision of the governor and the local councils and not the other way around.. a similar role has to be given to human rights organizations and members of parliament who are representatives of the people, for this ministry belongs to the people.

There should be no secrets in this ministry except the bare minimum necessary to investigate cases.. it should be just like any other ministry.. like the ministry of health.. the military is allowed to have secrets because it is concerned with national security.. but it is a big mistake to compare the ministry of defense with the ministry of interior.. the civil nature of that ministry has to be restored.. it should not have an additional army in the city of wolves.. some people even think that the two armies are competing.. the police protects the security of the military, while the latter is ready to fight in defense of the dignity of the former.

Finally,

There is a lot more to say.. talking about those issues can be endless, if we had the time.. at the end I want to say that I am only a meticulous researcher who is looking for the right path.. I am concerned that my beloved ministry in the kingdom of the wolves might tumble and fall.. this would be a major loss.

In reality I am nobody's enemy.. I am not blaming any particular person.. I do not mean to insult the ministry to which I was honored to be affiliated.. my loyalty to that ministry is part of my loyalty to my country.. I did not mean, in this book, to disclose secrets as I was unjustly accused by some in the leadership.. if they are the sons of the ministry.. I, too, am the loyal son of the ministry.. I do not accuse anybody in particular and I do not refer to anybody in particular.. I do not use this approach.. it is not like me.

I do not seek anything and that is why I did not join any political parties or associations or any other organizations.. I am following my conscience, which is my drive in doing what I am doing.. I cannot be part of certain actions because it is difficult for me to find myself challenging some of my brethren officers.. each of us has chosen a way to express loyalty and belonging.

I believe that I have a case.. a just, national case, which is shared by a man of transparent and just principles.. Mr. Said Shoeib, journalist at the Arab Nasserite newspaper.. I also salute our two national heroes Mr. Abdallah El Senawi and Abdel Halim Qandil who supported me in my case.. I salute all the men in the Nasserite party and also the Moslem Brotherhood represented in their newspaper "Afaq Arabia".. I do not blame the other loyal nationalist groups which did not support me in this case.. one should not cry over what was lost.. our loss is one.

Long live Egypt, free and prosperous.. Long live Egypt, free and prosperous.. Long live Egypt, free and prosperous..

Peace be upon you and the mercy of God and His blessings.

Former police official

Mahmoud Qotri

27/6/2005

Victims of the Ministry of Interior

who died in its police stations and state security centers under emergency rule

Note:

The list of those who died under torture or because of torture is based on the reports and statements of human rights organizations and media archives of daily and weekly newspapers in the period 2003-2006. It is but the tip of the iceberg.

Abbreviations

AHRLA: Association for human rights legal aid
 EAAT: Egyptian association against torture
 EOHR: Egyptian organization for human rights
 HMLC: Hisham Mubarak Law Center
 HRCAP: Human rights center for assistance of prisoners

I. In police stations (PS)

Name	Site of detention	Date of death	Source
Mohamed el Hussein Imam	Bab El Shereyya PS	2003	EOHR 2005
Mohamed Nasr El Sayed	Moharam Bek PS – Alex	January 2003	EOHR
Abdallah Rizk Abdel Latif (14 yrs)	6 th October PS	May 2003	EOHR
Yasser Moh Salem Shalabi	Heliopolis PS	May 2003	EOHR
Ahmed Moh. Omar	Mahallah El Kobra PS	June 2003	EOHR, AHRLA
Ragab Moh Afifi Zayed	Menya PS	July 2003	EOHR, Arabi newspaper 8 Oct
Fayez Abdou Mohamed Ismail	Qalyub directorate (shot)	August 2003	AHRLA 2004
Osama Mostafa Riad Khalil	Zagazig 1 st PS	September 2003	EAAT 2004
Mohamed Sobhi Mohamadi	El Montzeh PS	October 2003	AHRLA 2003
Radi Mostafa Ahmed Nassar	Khalifah transfers	October 2003	EOHR, Arabi newspaper Feb 2004
Mahmoud Gabr Mohamed	Sayed Zeinab PS	October 2003	EAAT, Nadim, EOHR
Mahmoud Mohamed Mahmoud Tammam	El Mard PS	November 2003	EOHR, AHRLA
Samir Ezat Saleh El Sherif	El Sherbin PS	January 2004	EOHR 2006
Mohamed Hassan Abdallah	El Azbakeyya PS	January 2004	EOHR
El Sayed Mostafa Moussa	Osim PS – Giza	March 2004	EOHR, AHRLA
Khaled Abdel Nabi Hassan (Burnt)	El Fanara PS – Ismaileya	March 2004	Nadim, HMLC, EAAT
Mounir Moh Abdel Salam	Rashid PS	April 2004	EOHR 2006
Magdi Negm El Din	Nasser El Nuba PS – Aswan	May 2004	EOHR 2006
Nasser Moh Hussein Abdelaal	El Wasta PS, Beni Sueif	June 2004	EOHR 2006
Nabawi Gaber Shedid (major medical negligence)	Menuf PS	July 2004	EOHR 2006
Ashraf Abdel Ghaffar (major medical negligence)	Police truck from Marsa Matrouh to Khalifah PS	August 2004	AHRLA, HRCAP
Beshir Moh Shehata	Qalubeyya security directorate	August 2004	EOHR 2006

Mohamed Ibrahim El Bendari	Police truck from Marsa Matrouh to Khalifah PS	August 2004	AHRLA, HRCAP
Abdel Tawab Yucef Salah El Din	Madinet Nasr 1 st PS	September 2004	EOHR, AHRLA
Amr Atris Hassan	Imbaba PS	September 2004	EOHR
Ramadan Salem Goma'a	Shubra 2 nd PS	October 2004	EOHR 2006
Ahmed Ali Mohamed El Meselhi	Beila PS – Kafr El Sheikh	October 2004	EOHR HRCAP
Abdallah Moh. Mahmoud	El Badrashen PS	November 2004	Ahali newspaper 10 Nov.
Amr Arafa			
Maher Ghazal			
Hisham Beshir			
Saddam Hussein Hafez (17 yrs)	El Warraq PS	December 2004	AHRLA, Nadim, EAAT
Ashraf Zaki Mahran	Shubra El Kheima 2 nd PS – Qalubeyya	December 2004	AHRLA
Fathi Salama Hassan	El Arbein PS	2005	El Masri El Yom 5 Oct.
Kamel Ahmed El Sayed Abdel Latif	Faqus PS	2005	EOHR
Sabri Taha Saber	El Salam PS	2005	El Nasri El Yom 25 April
Ahmed Mahmoud Salem	Kafr Sakr PS – Sharkeyya	April 2005	Nadim EAAT HMLC
Nefisa El Marakbi	Sarando, illegal detention center	March 2005	Nadim, HMLC, EAAT
Tarek Foutouh El Imam	South Port Said PS	May 2005	EOHR 2006
Said Zaki Murad	Imbaba PS	May 2005	El Masri El Yom 4 May
Tarek Taha El Mahdi El Ghannam	In front of mosque	June 2005	EOHR
Ezzat Moh Abu Nawwar	Sayeda Zeinab PS	July 2005	EOHR
Mohamed Adli Abd Rabboh	Shot in Atlas	October 2005	EOHR 2006

II. In State Security Intelligence centers

Name	Site of detention	Date of death	Source
Mohamed Abdel Sattar El Rubi	Fayoum	September 2003	EOHR
Mohamed Abdel Qader El Sayed	El Hadaeq - Cairo	September 2003	EOHR, AHRLA, HMLC
Mosa'ad Sayed Mohamed Qotb	Giza	November 2003	EOHR, EAAT
Mohamed el Sayed Negm	Banha	January 2004	EOHR
Akram Abdel Aziz Sabri	Madinet Nasr - Cairo	June 2004	AHRLA
Mohamed Soliman Yucef	Unknown	2005	
Ashraf Said Yucf	Unknown	May 2005	AHRLA

The following table carries the names of Ministry of Interior officers who were accused by their victims of committing torture, a crime that awaits justice.

Notes:

- A star (★) after the name of the officer indicates that the respective officer was summoned to the prosecution or was referred to a relevant court, irrespective of the court ruling.
- The charges to those who were referred to court were mostly “the use of cruelty” and not torture, since Egyptian law does not recognize torture except in cases where it targets the withdrawal of confessions. In those cases the punishment by law is severe and ranges between 5 and 15 years. This was the situation in one rare case of torture in Wadi El Natroun prison where the court sentenced two officers to 10 and 7 years imprisonment respectively. In another case three officers were sent into early retirement in addition to a prison sentence. As for torture used as a disciplinary punishment or as a compliment for a third party or just to induce terror and impose police control, it does not go beyond maltreatment in Egyptian legislation and the punishment therefore does not exceed three years imprisonment.
- The usual fate of torture crimes is either closure of the file by the public prosecution or referral to court where the accused are ruled innocent by the primary court or in the court of appeal. A famous case in that regard is the case of the former chief intelligence officer at Madinet Nasr PS “Hazem El Droubi” who was accused of torture of two citizens, leading to the death of one of them, Sayed Khalifah Eissa. The criminal court ordered his imprisonment before he was later acquitted by the court of cessation. Next, Egyptian newspapers published news of his promotion and transfer to the presidential guards.
- The same thing happened in the case of officer “Ahmed Salah Darwiche” assistant intelligence officer in Bab El Shereyya who was accused of torture to death of citizen “Mohamed el Hosseiny Imam”. Twice, the court ordered his imprisonment for five years, but the court of cessation ruled him innocent.

- It should also be noted that the trial of an officer accused of torture does not stop him from undertaking the responsibilities of his job during the court process. Officer “Mohamed El Sharkawy” who has a black record in the Helwan PS used to attend the court sessions surrounded by his “friends” from the Ministry of Interior, after which he would return to the same PS where he used his powers to terrorize the people of Hewlan. Even before the court ruled him innocent his friends were distributing candy and chocolate in the court room celebrating a verdict before it was announced.. Other officers who were accused of torture and who received final court sentences of imprisonment returned again to their positions, as if nothing had happened. Among those are officers such as Hassan Ziwar, Ashraf Gohar, Mamdouh Mohamed Afifi and Mohamed Abdel Badie Wafa.
- Officer Hazem El Droubi was not the only one who was rewarded for his torture and killing of citizens. In the famous Jihad case in 1986 officer Mamdouh Kedwani was accused of torture of a number of defendants. The accusation was supported by forensic reports and testimonies of eyewitnesses. However, Mamdouh Kedwani was rewarded by an appointment as governor several times, among which was the position of governor of Sohag. Also, SSI officer Hazem Hammadi was involved in the torture of a number of people suspected for their affiliation to the “Egypt Revolution” organization (Thawret Masr). He later became a ruling party MP and a deputy to the parliamentary human rights committee in the previous round.
- The policy of reward for torture is not restricted to senior officers.. in one of the most famous torture cases, the case of Badr El Din Gomaa in the Montazah PS, neither the investigations nor the long court process prevented the officers from maintaining their positions and their promotion. When the Alexandria criminal court released its verdict on 11 March 2004 officer Mostafa Mohamed Omran had been in the meantime been promoted to the position of senior criminal intelligence officer at the Cairo international airport, officer Atteya Mahmud Mostafa Rizk had become director of public property police in the security directorate of Beheira and officer Mohamed Abbas El Sayed was rewarded with a position of general inspector of drug and narcotic combat administration. Also, officer Islam Henedy, accused of torture of Badr El Din

Goma'a, was promoted to chief intelligence officer at Montazah PS shortly after the court ruled him innocent. El Montazah PS is not only notorious for its violation of human rights of citizens but also for its violation of the regulations of the ministry of interior itself. In more than one unplanned inspection by the prosecution tens of illegally detained people were found, without any official papers in addition to large stocks of "evidence" such as knives, alcohol, drugs etc., ready to be used when needed.

- Finally we would like to note that the numbers of officers accused of torture are only a small percentage of those actually involved in that barbaric crime and whose names appeared in the tens in the different newspapers. Many torture cases are not reported in the first place for fear of police retaliation and the threats that follow those who escaped the torture alive.
- **We also want to note that the following lists are not restricted to the period between 2003-2006.. Nor did the lists include the names of the many sergeants and informers involved in torture crimes. However , their names are available and kept for a day when justice will be made.. it will not help them then to claim that they were acting upon the orders of their seniors.. everybody involved is responsible: those who ordered it, who executed it and those who kept silent.**

List of officers in alphabetical order

Name	Place of torture	Accused of torture of	Source
★ Abdul-Gaffar Al-Deeb (Convicted, sentence frozen)	Al-Motazzah PS, Alex.	Farid Shawki Abdul-'Aal (dead)	AHRLA, 2003/2004
★ Abdul-Rahim Qinawi (Under-Secretary of Interior)	Beni-Mazaar PS, Al-Menia Gov.	Supervising the torture of Mohammed Ali Abdul-Latif and his family	Nadim
★ Ahmed Abdel Aziz Mahmoud	Helwan PS, Cairo	Lawyer Ayman Aboul Fotouh	EOHR, 2004
★ Ahmed Kamal	Toukh PS	Baiumi Shehata Rizk El Sayed+ Mahmoud Ibrahim Darwiche + Ragab Ibrahim Darwiche + Saber Hassan Rizk El Sayed	HRCAP 2003, EAAT 2005
★ Ahmed Mohamed Mahros	Helwan PS, Cairo	Lawyer Ayman Abul-Fotouh	EOHR, 2004
★ Ahmed Salah Darwish (Acquitted by court)	Bab El Shereyya PS, Cairo	Mohamed El Hosseiny Imam (Killed)	EOHR, 2005 El Masri El Yom, 2005
★ Al-Sayyed Al-Said Al-Bughdadi (Ruled innocent)	Imbaba PS, Giza	Medhat Gabir Tadros (killed)	EOHR, 2002
★ Arafa Hamzah Mansour (sentenced imprisonment)	Omraneya PS, Giza	Ahmad Mahmoud Moh Tammam (dead)	Nadim, HMLC EAAT
★ Atiyya Mahmoud Mustafa Rizk (Convicted, sentence frozen)	Alex. Criminal Investigation Bureau (Nowadays, Director of Al-Buhaira General Utilities Office)	Moh Badr El Din Goma'a	AHRLA, 2004

★ Bahaa Ali (ruled innocent), together with Moh Sharqawy and Hamdy Elserwy	15 th May PS, Cairo	Torturing a family in Helwan: Nabaweya Radi Saleh, Khaled Radi Saleh, Gamal Radi Saleh, Lamia Salah El Azab + child, Mona Mostafa Mahmoud, Moh Gamal Radi, Moh Saad Lotfi, Mahmoud Saad Lotfi, Emad Saad Lotfi, Asmaa Saad Lotfi and Iman Saad Lotfi.	Nadim, EAAT, HMLC, 2003
★ Basem Shehata Nageb (prison doctor, prison sentence)	General Menya Prison	Forgery of death certificate of inmate Ahmed Rady	Nadim, HMLC, EIPR
★ Ehab Maher Ali El Hefnawi (Ruled innocent)	General Administration of Cairo intelligence	Mohamed El-Hosseiny Imam (killed)	AHRLA, 2004
★ Essam-Eddine 'Antar (sentenced imprisonment)	Wadi Al-Natroun Prison	Prisoner Ahmad Moh Eissa (dead)	Nadim, 2005
★ Gamal Fouad (Ruled innocent)	Nasr city 2 nd PS, Cairo	Sayed Khalifa Issa (killed) and Mustafa Helmi Abdel Samie	AHRLA, 2003
★ Haitham Kilani Hashim (Convicted, sentence frozen)	Al-Montazah PS, Alex.	Farid Shawqi Ahmad Abdul-'Aal (dead)	AHRLA, 2004
★ Hazem El-Darby (Acquitted)	Nasr city 2 nd PS, Cairo	Sayed Khalifa Issa (killed) and Mustafa Helmi Abdel Samie and Ibrahim Salem Salem	AHRLA, 2003

★ Hossam Hassan Abul-Ma'aly (Prison sentence frozen)	Customs PS, Alex	Mohamed Khalil Hassan Ibrahim	AHRLA, 2004
★ Khaled Mohamed Shalaby Qasem (Sentence frozen)	El Montazah PS, Alex	Farid Shawqi Ahmed Abdel Aal (killed)	AHRLA, 2004
★ Magdi Mohammed Abdul-Fattah (sentenced)	Wadi Al-Natroun Prison	Forging the documents of the murder of the prisoner Ahmad Eissa	Nadim, 2002
★ Mahmoud Ibrahim (Sentenced Imprisonment)	Central Security Police	Hani Mahrous Al-Tabbakh (dead)	El-Masry Al-Yom, Jan. 2005
★ Misbah Al-Qasabi (Ruled innocent)	Al-Zarqa PS, Damietta	Al-Sadat Abul-Ineen's & Fawzi family	Nadim
★ Mohammed Abbas Al-Sayyid (Sentence frozen)	Al-Montazah PS, Alex.	Mohammed Badr El Din Goma'a	AHRLA, 2004
★ Mohammed Abdul-Wahab (Accused of Negligence)	Alex. Security Directorate	Mohammed Sobhi Muhammadi (dead)	EAAT, 2005 Al-Tagammu' Newspaper 6,9/11/2003; 18/4/2004
★ Mohammed Al-Said Abdul-Fattah (Ruled innocent)	Al-Montazah PS, Alex.	Badr El Din Goma'a	AHRLA, 2004
★ Mohammed Al-Sharqawi (Ruled innocent)	Helwan PS, Cairo	Gamal Radi 12-member family in Helwan and Ayman Mabrouk. Ibrahim Younis Ali, Ramadan Mahmoud Younis, Mohammed Mahmoud Younis, Tariq Raslan & Sha'baan Ahmad Mohammed.	AHRLA, 2002/2003 EAAT, HMLC, Nadim, AHRLA, 2005

		Raiding the house of the murdered Mohammed Rif'at Al-Sayyid	
★ Mohammed Gohar (Ruled innocent)	Al-Montazah PS, Alex.	Badr El Din Goma'a	AHRLA, 2004
★ Mohammed Hamdi Al-Serwi (Ruled innocent)	Helwan PS, Cairo	11-member family in Helwan	EAAT, Nadim, HMLC
★ Mohammed Magdi Kamil (Accused of negligence)	Alex. Security Directorate	Mohammed Sobhi Mohammadi (dead)	Al-Tagammu' Newspaper, 6/11/2003, 18/4/2004
★ Mustafa Mohammed Omran (Convicted, sentence frozen)	Alex. Criminal Investigation Bureau; promoted to chief criminal intelligence officer at Cairo international airport.	Mohammed Badr El Din Goma'a	AHRLA, 2004
★ Omar Ahmad Mukhtar Al-Banhati (Convicted)	Al-Menia Prison	Forging the documents of the murder of Ahmad Radi Dardeer	HMLC, Nadim EIPR
★ Rashad Farouk Rashad (Ruled innocent)	El Raml PS, Alex	Hussein Mohamed Morsy (killed)	AHRLA, 2004
★ Tariq Ali Hassan (Convicted, sentence frozen)	Kasr Al-Nil PS, Cairo	Shihata Sha'ban Shihata (killed) Mohammed Abdel Gelil Seddik (+ sexual molestation)	AHRLA, 2004
★ Tariq Nour (Ruled innocent)	Helwan PS, Cairo	12-member family from Helwan	Nadim, EAAT HMLC 2003
★ Yasser Al-'Aqqad (Convicted, sentence frozen)	Al-Haram PS, Giza	Actress Habiba	HRCAP, 2003

★ Yasser Hussein Yousri (Convicted, sentence frozen)	Al-Gomrouk PS, Alex.	Mohammed Khalil Ibrahim	AHRLA, 2002/2003
★ Abu-Bakr Hamad Mohamed	Helwan PS, Cairo	Lawyer Ayman Abul-Fotouh	EOHR, 2004
★ Ashraf Ahmed Foad (Ruled Innocent)	El Raml PS, Alex	Farid Shawqi Ahmed Abdel Aal (Killed)	AHRLA, 2004
★ Ashraf Gohar	Madinet Nasr 2 nd PS, Cairo	Saied Khalifah Issa (killed) + Moustafa Helmi Abdel Samie	AHRLA, 2003
★ Ehab Nagy Abdel Rehim (Ruled innocent)	Imbaba PS, Giza	Medhat Gaber Tadros (killed)	EOHR, 2002
★ Islam Henedy Abu Sherif (Ruled Innocent)	El Montazah PS, Alex	Badr El-Din Goma'a	AHRLA, 2004
★ Islam Mohamed (Sentenced to prison)	Central Security Police	Draftee Hany Mahros El Tabakh (killed)	El-Masry El Yom, Jan 2005
'Alaa 'Abid	Al-Haram PS, Giza	Emad Fakhri 'Azir	EOHR, 2005
'Alaa Bashir	Imbaba PS, Giza	Fatima Mustafa Ali	EOHR, 2005
'Alaa Farouq	Al-Sahel PS, Cairo	Ahmad Ibrahim Al-Sayyid	HMLC, Nadim
'Alaa Farouq, Ahmad Fathi	Al-Zawya PS, Cairo	Nazeera Zeinhom Al-Nadi & Essam Al-Sayyid Bakri	Nadim
'Alaa Fathy	Al-'Ayyat PS, Giza	Ishaq Michael	Nadim
'Alaa Salim	Al-Khalifa PS, Cairo	Demonstrators against War on Iraq	Nadim
Abdel-Hamid Abou Morsi	Al-Warraq PS, Giza	Child Saddam Hussein (dead). Torturing Abdul-Gawwad Al-'Awwa	AHRLA, 2004 Nadim
Abdul-Ghani Rashaad	Al-Mahalla Al-Koubra 1 st PS	Ahmad Moh Ahmad Omar (dead)	AHRLA, 2003

Abdullah Al-Wateidi	Police officer	Orchestrating thuggery against journalists on Black Wednesday 25/5/2005	Nadim
Abdullah Sa'ada	Faqous PS	Kamel Al-Sayyid Abdul-Latif (dead); Ola Ibrahim	EOHR, 2005
Abdul-Latif Al-Torgoman	Utilities PS, Port Said	Torturing Ahmad Abdul-Aziz Moh (soldier)	AHRLA, 2006
Abdul-Nasser Zidane	Shoubra Al-Keima PS, Cairo	Mus'ad Ahmad Al-Sayyid Abu Saif (shot dead)	EOHR, 2001
Adel Al-Deiri	Al-Azbakiya PS, Cairo	Hossam Al-Said Mohammed	EOHR, 2003 AHRLA
Adel Boura'i	In front of North Cairo Court	Beating lawyer Fathi Bassiouni	Nadim, EIPR
Adel Hammouda	Miniat Al-Nasr PS, Dakahleya	Several peasants from Ezbet Al-Zeiny	Nadim
Adel Ismail	Al-Gomrok PS, Alex	Forgery of data regarding the murder of Ahmed Khalil Ibrahim	AHRLA, 2003
Adham Abu-Basha	Bandar El Menya PS	Moh Moh Habachi	EAAT, 2005 AHRLA, 2005
Ahmed Abu Zeid	El Marg PS, Cairo	Mamduh Hosni Moh Ali	EOHR, 2006
Ahmed Abulyazid	El Marg PS, Cairo	Ahmed Mamduh Ahmed Hussein	EOHR, 2006
Ahmed El-Azazy	Police officer	Leading Central Security Forces, Wednesday, 25 May 2005	Nadim
Ahmed El-Bakry	El Mosky PS, Cairo	Nabil Abdel Aziz Moh Hassan	AHRLA, 2003
Ahmed El-Nawawy	Omraneyya PS, Giza	Nasser Seddik Gadallah (killed)	Nadim
Ahmed El-Waily	Imbaba PS, Cairo	Ibrahim Salah El Din Hassan	EOHR, 2006

Ahmed Ezzat	Giza PS	Amr Ibrahim (plus Sexual molestation)	EOHR, 2005
Ahmed Farghaly	Safelna PS, Sohag	Awni Abdel Monem Ismail	Nadim
Ahmed Fathy	Cairo Security Directorate	Magdy Moh Gamal + Fatma Zaki	Nadim
Ahmed Fawzy	Bab Sharq PS, Alex	Mohamed, Amr & Abdul Razeq Abdul Aziz and Ahmed Ali Abdo	Nadim, EAAT
Ahmed Gabr	El Mansheyya PS, Banha	Maha Moh El-Sayed & Khaireya Moh El Sayed	Nadim
Ahmed Hafzi Hassanen	El Sharabeya PS, Cairo	Ahmed Mohamed Ali El Said	AHRLA, 2003
Ahmed Hassan	Ismailia PS	Army colonel Adel El-Sha'er	Nadim
Ahmed Idris	El Dekheila PS, Alex	Mohamed Abdo Mohamed	AHRLA, 2005
Ahmed Mohsen Abdullah	Ain Ghossein PS, Ismailia	Ismail Mostafa Alkazaz	AHRLA, 2007
Ahmed Mokhtar	El Ayat PS, Giza	Ishaq Michael	Nadim
Ahmed Nasr	Shubra El Kheima 1 st PS, Cairo	Fathy Abdul-Rahman's Family	AHRLA, 2003
Ahmed Qabil	Imbaba PS, Giza	Ibrahim Salah El Din Hassan	EOHR, 2006
Ahmed Sakr	El Haram PS, Giza	Abdellah Sayed Zaki	EOHR, 2005
Ahmed Salah El-Deen Shehata	Cairo Security Directorate	Journalist Said Farag	Nadim
Ahmed Shabaan	Omraneyya PS, Giza	Shaimaa Gamal Sayed	EOHR, 2006
Akram Alam	Belqas PS, Daqahlia	El-Sadat Mohamed Abdel Aziz	EOHR, 2001
Akram Bek	State Security, Rafah	Detainees in Taba case	Nadim
Ali Abdul-Aziz	Al-Zawya PS, Cairo	Ahmad Badawi family	Nadim

Al-Sayyed Al-Ashmawi	Al-Zarqa' PS, Damietta	Al-Sadat & Fawzi families	Nadim
Al-Sherbasi	Shobra Al-Kheima 1 st PS	Nour Al-Houda Abdul-Warith & her husband Ahmad Ali Salim	Nadim, 2007
Amr Abdul-Hamid Nassar	Al-Bagour PS, Menoufiya	Sumayya Ahmad Al-Baghl	EAAT, 2004
Amr Abdul-Latif	Al-Haram PS, Giza	Khaled Abdul-Rahim Siddiq (+sexual molestation)	EOHR, 2005
Amr Al-Boura'i	Madeenat Al-l'am PS, Al-Mohandeseen, Giza	Sherif Abdo & Moh Ibrahim	AHRLA, 2002/2003
Amr Al-Shelmani	Al-Wardian PS, Alex.	Ramadan Mohammed Zaki and a whole family with their minors.	Nadim
Amr Eissa	Al-Warraaq PS, Giza	Abdul-Gawwad Al-'Awwa	Nadim EAAT
Amr Salah	Kerdasa PS, Giza	Essam-Eddine Hussein Abdul-Hamid (+ Sexual molestation)	EOHR, 2005
Amr Se'oudi	Al-Azbakiya PS, Cairo	Hossam Al-Said & Mohammed Amer	AHRLA, 2003 EAAT, 2004
Ashraf El-Azazi	10 th of Ramadan PS	Karim Omar (14 years old)	AHRLA, 2006
Ashraf Elbarbary	State Security, Arish	Torturing detainees in the Taba case	Nadim
Ashraf Kosba	Werdian PS, Alex	Ramadan Mohamed Zaki + whole family including 4 children	Nadim
Ashraf Mustafa Hussein Safwat	Kobba gardens State Security, Cairo	Mohamed Abdul-Qader (killed)	AHRLA, 2004 - 2006

Ashraf Taha	Metro PS at Ataba	Farag Ismail Ragab	Nadim
Ashraf Tawfeq	Imbaba PS, Giza	Hosam El-Deen Ali Abdel Ghaffar	EOHR, 2005
Atef Abul-Wafa	Dakahleya PS, Alex	Moh Abdou Moh	AHRLA, 2005
Ayman Mahgub	Old Cairo PS, Cairo	Mohamed Mahmud Moh Osman (killed)	AHRLA, 2003
Ayman Mohamed El Nabawy	Kafr El Sheikh PS	Mabroka Ibrahim Meselhi	AHRLA, 2004 EAAT, 2004
Ayman Samir	Heliopolis PS, Cairo	Abdel Latif Idris	Nadim
Ayman Wahid	Boulaq Abulela PS, Cairo	Hassan Seddik Hassan	EOHR, 2006
Bahaa El Din Mahmoud Hussein	Zaqaziq PS	Family of Mutawe' Khalil (6 people)	Nadim
Bahaa Eltahawy	Helwan PS, Cairo Basatin PS, Cairo	Atef Agamy and Fath El-Bab Abdul-Monem's Families + Hisham Mahmoud Moh Mahmoud	Nadim
Bahaa Tareq Moh Nour El Din	Helwan PS, Cairo	12 members of a single family in Helwan	Nadim, EAAT, HMLC, 2003
Basem El Ezabi	Shubra 2 nd PS, Cairo	Ramadan Salem Gomaa (killed)	EOHR, 2006
Basem El-Wazery	Menya El Basal PS, Alex	Essam Mohamed Marzouq	AHRLA, 2006
Ehab Abu Elma'ati	Religious Complex road	Medhat Mohamed Sabry Mohamed	EOHR, 2006
Ehab Rady	Abulnomros PS, Giza	Abdul-Rahman Ali and family	EA, 2005
Ehab Rezq	El Haram PS, Giza	Emad Fakhry Azer	EOHR, 2005
Emad Abdul-Fattah	Fayed PS, Ismailiya Gov.	Burning Khaled Abdul-Nabbi to death	AHRLA, 2004 Nadim

Emad Abdul-Zahir	Muharram Bek, Alex.	Shooting citizen Mohammed Nasr El-Sayyid to death in the street	EOHR, 2003/2004
Emad Fathy	Imbaba PS, Giza	Fatima Mustafa Ali	EOHR, 2005
Essam Al-'Azab	Al Zawya & Basateen PSs, Cairo	Sabah Ahmad Badawi. (dead); Nabil Tamer Marzouq, Moh Ahmad Badawi, Mustafa Ahmad Badawi & Amr Ahmad Badawi	Nadim
Essam Khalil	Basateen PS, Cairo	Nabil Tamer Marzouq	Nadim
Farid Shawqi	Al-Omraneya PS, Giza	Hussein Ramadan	Nadim
Fawzi Nassar	Al-Montazah PS, Alex.	Nasser Mohammed Solaiman	EAAT, Nadim 2005
Fouad Shahin	Damanhour PS	Several villagers	Nadim, EAAT HMLC, 2005
Haitham Al-Alfi	Kerdasa PS, Giza	Essam Eddine Abdul-Hamid (+sexual molestation)	EOHR, 2005
Hamada Abul-Yazeed	Madinet Nast 1 st PS, Nasr City	Abdul-Tawab Yosef (killed)	EOHR, 2006
Hamdy Badawy	El Zawia El Hamra PS, Cairo	Mahmoud El-Sayed Metwally	Nadim
Hamdy Elnahry	El Basatin PS, Cairo	Nabil Nemr Marzoq	Nadim
Hamed Faried	Tookh PS	Rawea Ibrahim Mahmoud, Baeomi Shehata Rezzq, Mahmoud Ibrahim Darwiche, Ragab Ibrahim Darwiche, Saber Hassan Rizk El Sayed	HRCAP

Hamam Eid	Qalyubiyya Public Money Investigation	Bashir Mohammed Shihata (dead)	EOHR, 2006
Hani Abu 'Alam	Zaitoun PS, Cairo	Sayyid Goma'a Younis	AHRLA, 2003
Hani Mahfouz	Mansheyyet Nasser PS, Cairo	Complicit in beating Abdul-Salam Yehia Abdul-Salam and his wife	Nadim
Hani Shawqi	Sharm Al-Shiekh PS	Complicit in maltreatment of Faris Sergios	Nadim
Hani Yousri	Sharm Al-Shiekh PS	Faris Sergios	Nadim
Hasan El-Dakrory	Giza PS, Giza	Abdul-Rahman Ali, Abdel Rahman, Sharbat and Mohamed Abdul-Rahman	EAAT, Nadim
Hassan Ghalyum	Abulnomros PS, Giza	Abdul-Rahman Ali's family	EA, 2005
Hassan Rizk El-Sayed Shehata	Tookh PS, Tokh	Torture of 5 people (together with officer Hamed Farid)	HRCAP
Hisham.....	State Security	Beating female demonstrators on 25/5/2005	Nadim
Hossam Hanafy	El Marg PS, Cairo	Kamal Kamel Mosa'ad	EIPR, 2007 Nadim
Hossam Nabil	El Mahalla El Kobra 2 nd PS, Elmahalla	Hosny Mohamed Ramadan	AHRLA, 2003
Hossam Salah Ahmed & officers of the 28 th brigade of Military Police	El Nozah PS, Cairo Intelligence	Saa'd Moh Mustafa, Maghawry Abo Zid, Ayman Tala't Salem, Nasser Saa'd Abdel Razik, Medhat Ahmed Moh, Ashraf Said Fikry	AHRLA, 2003

Hossam Salama	State Security	Aggression against antiwar demonstrators	Nadim
Hossam Tawfiq	Safelna PS, Sohag	Awni Abdul-Mone'm Ismail	Nadim
Hussein A'aql	Sharm El Sheikh PS	Fares Nazhi (complicity)	Nadim
Hussein Gaber	Giza security directorate	Salha El-Sayed Qasem	Nadim
Ibrahim Abdul-Gawad	PS, Bandar Qena	Yusef Kamel Mohamed Yusef	EOHR, 2005
Ibrahim El Naggar	Bandar Qena	El Sayed El Bakri Ahmed Moh.	EOHR, 2005
Ibrahim El Shenawi	Werdian PS, Alex	Ramadan Moh Zaki + whole family including 4 children.	Nadim
Ihab Khallaf	Shubra Misr PS, Cairo	El Hosseiny Saad Said + Hassan Ezz El-Din (throwing him off 3 rd floor).	AHRLA, 2004 Nadim
Ihab Khallaf	El Sharabeya PS, Cairo	Ibrahim Mubarak Ali	EA, 2005
Ihab Mahmoud Ismail	Mit Okba PS, Giza	Fakhry Saied El Hennawy	EOHR, 2003
Islam Abdel Khaleq	Sayeda Zeinab PS, Cairo	Ezzat Mohamed Abo Nawar (killed)	EOHR, 2005
Islam El-Waraq	El Haram PS, Giza	Khaled Abdel Rehim Seddik (+sexual molestation)	EOHR, 2005
Kareem.....	Al-Warraq PS, Giza	Fikri Muhamad Abbas (+ Sexual molestation), his wife and his daughter	Nadim, 2007
Karim Abdullah Abdul-Mohsen	Imbaba PS, Giza	Ehab Magdi Farouq	EOHR, 2007
Khairy Nassar	El Montaza PS, Alex	Naser Moh Mahmoud Soliman (+ sexual molest.)	EAAT, Nadim

Khaled Abdel Aziz	El Marg correctional institution, Cairo	Ahmed Medhat Saied Ismail	AHRLA, HRCAP, 2004
Khaled Abdul-Baqi Mohamed	El Waily PS, Cairo	Sabah Abdul-Hameed Mohamed	EOHR, 2001
Khaled Badr	Shubra 2 nd PS, Cairo	Ramadan Salem Goma'a (killed)	EOHR, 2006
Khaled Kamel Mohamed	El Badrashen PS, Giza	Maha Abdul-Mone'm	AHRLA, 2003
Khaled Seif	State security, Cairo	Ahmed Ahmed Abdul-Reheem	EOHR, 2001
Khaled Seif El-Din El-Garhy	Warrag State Security, Cairo	Dr. Hosney Abdul-Mone'm & Eng. Abdul-Salam Mohamed Sadoma	Afaq Arabia News Paper & EA
Magdi Abdul-'Aty	Beni Mazar PS	Mohammed Abdul-Latif (+ sexual molestation) and his family	Nadim, 2006
Magdi Abu Halim	Menial A-Qamh PS	Ragab Afifi Zayid (soldier) (dead)	AHRLA, 2002/2003
Magdi Fouad	Shoubra Al-Kheima PS, Cairo	Fathi Abdul-Rahman's family	AHRLA, 2002/2003
Magdi Shata	Helwan PS, Cairo	Mahmoud Selim Abul-Ela (dead) and torturing his brother	Nadim
Maged Mo'min	Armant PS, Luxor	Sayyid Hassan Moh (dead) & 14-yrs-old Nasser Sayyid Hassan, Samira Zein Al-'Abideen, wife of murdered Sayyid Hassan, Husniyya Hassan Ahmad and her husband and tens of their village	Nadim, 2007

		inhabitants	
Mahmoud 'Antar	Abul-Nomros PS, Giza	Family of Abdul-Rahman Ali Abdul-Rahman	EAAT, 2005
Mahmoud Abdul-Latif	Ain Shams Univ. Security Officer	Seizure of two female students on the background of demonstrations and referring them to the state security agents for beating them.	Nadim
Mahmoud Abdul-Latif	Helwan Univ. Security Officer	Beating Univ. students on a sports day causing injury of seven.	EAAT, 2004
Mahmoud Abul-Makarim	Mansoura PS	Al-Sayyid Mahrous (+rape)	Nadim
Mahmoud Afifi	Beni Mazar PS, Al-Menya Gov.	Mohammed Ali Abdel Latif and his family	Nadim, 2006
Mahmoud Al-Seely	Dokki PS, Giza	Ahmad Hamzah Abdul-Hamid	EOHR, 2006
Mahmoud Farouq	Abul-Nomros PS, Giza	Family of Abdul-Rahman Ali Abdul-Rahman	EAAT, 2005
Mahmoud Hamdi Naguib	Aga PS	Beating 72-yrs citizen Al-Said Yassin Abdul-Aziz	AHRLA
Mahmoud Ismail	Qina City PS	Youssif Kamal	EOHR, 2005
Mahmoud Sabry Zaher	Mansoura PS	Tamer Ibrahim Abdul-Maguid	Nadim
Mahmoud Shahin	Mansheyet Nasser PS, Cairo	Abdul-Salam Yehia and wife	Nadim
Medhat Al-Musilhi	Toukh PS	Five people from Toukh	HRCAP, 2003
Medhat Faris	Imbaba PS, Giza	Mohammed Nouh, Fatima Mostafa Ali & Naseem Farouf Zaki	EAAT, Nadim HMLC, EOHR, 2005

Misbah Al-Qasabi	Al-Zarqa PS, Damietta	Al-Sadat Abul- Ineen's & Fawzi family	Nadim
Mo'taz Al-Gohari	Al-Shurabiyya PS, Cairo	Mohammed Waheed Salih	EOHR, 2005
Mohammed 'Ashmawi	Shoubra Al- Kheima PS, Cairo	Mohammed Abdul-Rahman Zein and his family & Mohammed Salim Goma'a	AHRLA, 2006
Mohammed Abdul-Badee'	Al-'Ajouza PS, Giza	Ahmad Imam Abdul-Na'im (dead)	AHRLA, 2002/2003
Mohammed Abdul-Fattah Mousa	Helwan PS, Cairo	Essam Fathul- Bab	Nadim
Mohammed Abdul-Shakour	Shoubra Al- Kheima PS, Cairo	Mohammed Abdul-Rahman Zein and his family, Moh Salim Goma'a, Nour Al- Houda Abdul- Warith and her husband. Arbitrary seizure of Ashraf Salah Sulaiman.	AHRLA, 2006 Nadim, 2006
Mohammed Abdul-Tawwab	Al-'Ajouza PS, Giza	Sherif Abdo Ibrahim (dead)	AHRLA, 2002/2003
Mohammed Abul- Qassim	Kerdasa PS, Giza	Essam Eddine Hussein Abdul- Hamid (+ Sexual molestation)	EAAT, 2005
Mohammed Ahmad Yucef	Al-Zawya PS, Cairo	Journalist Said Farag	AHRLA Nadim
Mohammed Al-'Ashmawi	Al-Zarqaa PS, Damietta	Al-Sadat Abul-'Ineen's & Fawzi Hassan family	Hisham Mubarak Nadim
Mohammed Al- Bakri	'Abideen PS, Cairo	Nabil Abdul-Aziz & Mohammed	AHRLA, 2002/2003

		Hassan	
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Mohammed Al-Banna	Al-Zarqa PS, Damietta	Al-Sadat Abul-Ineen's & Fawzi Hassan family	HMLC, Nadim
Mohammed Al-Batran	Giza PS	Ahmad Hussein Roshdi	AHRLA, 2004
Mohammed Al-Gaddami	Madinat Al-I'lam PS, Mohandesin, Giza	Sherif Abdo Mohammed Ibrahim	AHRLA, 2002/2003
Mohammed Al-Sawi	Al-Saff PS, Giza	Safa' Ali Al-Sayyid	Nadim
Mohammed Al-Sayyid	Al-Zawya PS, Cairo	Ashraf Hassan (shot leading to paraplegia)	Nadim
Mohammed Al-Sharqawi	Al-Warraaq PS, Giza	Abdul-Gawwad Al-'Awwa	Nadim
Mohammed Al-Sharqawi	Basateen PS, Cairo	Said Ahmad Mohammed	EOHR, 2006
Mohammed Al-Sherbas	Al-Manshiyya PS, Benha	Maha Mohammed Al-Sayyid and her sister Khairiyya	Nadim
Mohammed Ammar	Damanhour PS	Sarando peasants. Nafisa Al-Marakbi (dead)	EAAT, Nadim HMLC
Mohammed Eissa	Kafr Shokr PS	Shoga' Al-Sayyid Khalaf	EOHR, 2005
Mohammed Ezz-EI Din	Al-Montazah PS, Alex.	Nasser Moh Mahmoud (+ sexual molestation)	EAAT, Nadim 2005
Mohammed Farag	Al-Omraneya PS, Giza	Ahmad Mustafa Ali	EOHR, 2005
Mohammed Farid	Mashtoul Al-Souq PS	Mohammed Salim (complete paralysis)	EAAT, 2005 Nadim, EOHR
Mohammed Fawzi	Dokki PS, Giza	Ahmad Hamzah Abdul-Hamid, threatening Ashraf Salah Sulaiman with detention	EOHR, 2005
Mohammed Fawzi	Al-Montazah PS,	Mohammed Badr	AHRLA, 2004

	Alex.	El Din Goma'a	
Mohammed Fawzi	Shoubra Al-Kheima PS, Cairo	Fathy Abdul-Rahman's Family	AHRLA, 2002/2003
Mohammed Fawzi	Shoubra Al-Kheima PS, Cairo	Abdul-Rahman Zein Family, Nour Al-Houda and her husband	AHRLA, 2006
Mohammed Hamdi Bekheit	Aga PS, Dakahleya	Al-Said Abdul-Aziz	AHRLA
Mohammed Hosni Qandeel	Al-Gamaliyya PS, Cairo	Ali Ali Al-Tabi'i	AHRLA, 2002/2003
Mohammed Lasheen	Al-Haram PS, Giza	Khaled Abdul-Rahim Siddiq (+sexual molestation)	EOHR, 2005
Mohammed Lasheen	Dokki PS, Giza	Ahmad Hamzah Abdul-Hamid	EOHR, 2005
Mohammed Magdi	Giza PS	Abdul-Rahman Ali, Sharbat Abdul-Rahman & Mohammed Abdul-Rahman	EAAT, 2005
Mohammed Mu'awad	Mansoura PS	Nasr Abdullah from Tilbana (dead)	HMLC, Nadim
Mohammed Mubarak Ali	Al-Sayeda Zainab PS, Cairo	Mahmoud Gabr Mohammed (dead)	EOHR, 2004 EAAT, 2004
Mohammed Qandeel	Mansoura PS	Child Moh Mamdouh (dead). Nahid Tawfiq, her daughters and sisters.	Nadim
Mohammed Rabie	Al-Haram PS, Giza	Khaled Abdul-Rahim Siddiq (+sexual molestation)	EOHR, 2005

Mohammed Salama	Armant PS, Luxor	Sayyid Hassan Mohammed (dead). 14-yrs-old Nasser Sayyid Hassan, Samira Zein Al-'Abideen, wife of Sayyid Hassan, Husniyya Hassan Ahmad and her husband and tens of their village inhabitants	HMLC, Nadim, 2007
Mohammed Sarhan	Al-Zarqa PS, Damietta	Al-Sadat Abul-'Ineen's & Fawzi Hassan family	HMLC, Nadim
Mohammed Sedki Abdul-Azeem	Al-Hussainiyya PS, Cairo	Nour Abdul-Salam	AHRLA, 2004 Al-Arabi Newspaper
Mohammed Shalabi	Al-Zarqa PS, Damietta	Al-Sadat Abul-'Ineen's & Fawzi Hassan family	Nadim
Mohammed Shawkat	Manshiyyat Nasser PS, Cairo	Ahmad Sa'd Saif	AHRLA, 2002/2003
Mohammed Sulaiman	Maghagha PS	Adham Ali Mahmoud	EOHR, 2005
Mohannad Mohammed Morsi	Abnoub PS	Hostage taking, injured in accident	Al-Ahali Newspaper 25/8/2004
Mohsen Abdul-Raziq	Bab Sharq PS, Alex.	Mohammed Abdul-Aziz and his brothers	EAAT
Mohsen Badawi	Helwan PS, Cairo	Fath-Albab Abdul-Mon'im (dead) & torturing his son.	Nadim
Mohsen Naguib	Al-Zarqa PS, Damietta	Al-Sadat Abul-Ineen's & Fawzi family	Nadim, HMLC
Mukhtar Murad	Armant PS, Luxor	Sayyid Hassan Moh (dead). Wife,	Nadim, 2007

		Husniyya Hassan Ahmad and husband + tens of villagers.	
Mustafa Al-Hawa	Qina City PS	Al-Sayyid Al-Bakri Ahmad	EOHR, 2005
Mustafa Kamil	Kafr Al-Dawwar PS	Rape of female victim	Nadim EOHR, 1999
Mustafa Mahfouz	Dokki PS, Giza	Ahmad Hamzah Abdul-Hamid	EOHR, 2006
Mustafa Sha'ban	Al-Omraneya PS, Giza	Ahmad Mustafa Ali	EOHR, 2005
Nabil Selim	Boulaq Abul-'Ela PS, Cairo	Beating demonstrators in the Black Wednesday	Nadim
Nabil Selim	Police Officer	Orchestrating thuggery against journalists in the Black Wednesday 25/5/2005	Nadim
Nagy Kamil	Giza PS	Abdul-Rahman Ali, Sharbat Abdul-Rahman & Mohammed Abdul-Rahman	EAAT, Nadim HMLC
Nouh Taha Ibrahim Maqlad	Naqada PS	Moh Halabi Mohammed	EOHR, 2004 AHRLA
Omar Abul-Se'oud	Al-Salam PS, Cairo	Sabri Taha Sabir (dead)	El-Masry Al-Yom, 24/4/2005
Omar Jabir Salih (family withdrew complaint)	Sanures PS, Fayyoun	Burning Rabie Ahmad Ali to death. Moh Khatir Said & other 13 citizen in 1998.	Nadim
Osama Hassan	Inside Menya Court	Lawyer Mohamed Issa Khalaf	AHRLA, 2004
Osama Mansour	Tookh PS	Baiumi Shehata Rizk El Sayed + Mahmoud Ibrahim Darwiche + Ragab Ibrahim	HRCAP, 2003

		Darwiche + Saber Hassan Rizk El Sayed + Nadia El Sayed Shelbana	
Raafat El-Saied Saa'd Ghonem	El Bagour PS, Menufeya	Somaia Ahmed El-Baghl	EAAT, 2004
Raouf El-Feqy	Heliopolis PS, Cairo	Abdel Latif Idris	Nadim
Salem Elgabry	El Saf PS, Giza	Safaa Ali El Sayed Atteya	Nadim
Sameh El-Gazar	El Matareyya PS, Cairo	Ramadan Mustafa Hassan	Nadim
Sami Shehata	Wadi Al-Natroun Prison, cell 430	Mohammed Mabrouk Elewa (permanent disability, amputation of fingers)	Nadim, HRCAP
Samir Abdul-Monem	15 th May PS, Cairo	Ayman Mabrouk Morsi	AHRLA, 2005
Samir Magdi	Ain Shams PS, Cairo	Siham Mamdouh Mahmoud Raghieb	EOHR, 2006
Sayyid Al-Gohari	Faysal PS, Giza	Mohammed Abdul-'Al Hassan	EOHR, 2005
Sherif Al-Qammati	State Security headquarters	Blogger Mohammed Al-Shargawi	Nadim
Sherif Shawqi	Shoubra Al-Kheima 2 nd PS, Cairo	Ashraf Mahran (kept in police custody without medical care despite shot wound in head, died)	AHRLA, 2004 EAAT, 2005
Sulaiman Shitta	Al-Nozha PS, Cairo	Ashraf Essam-Eddine Ahmed	EOHR, 2005
Tamer Bek	Aguzza PS, Giza	Om-Hashem Abo El-Ezz	AHRLA, 2003
Tamer Farouk	El Zawya El Hamra PS, Cairo	Abdul-Nabi Abd Rabboh, Ahmed Abdel Nabi, Moh Abdel Nabi, Naglaa Ahmed	EOHR, 2005

Tamer Seif	Kafr El Sheik PS	Shogaa' El-Saied Mohamed Khalaf	EOHR, 2005
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Tariq Abdel-Fattah	Helwan State Security, Cairo	Alaa Salama, Mahmoud Moh, Ayman Reda, Reda Higazi, Al- Sayyid Higazi & Ayman Fathi	Afaq Arabiyya Newspaper, EAAT
Tariq Mohammed Mubahid	Abnoub PS	Arbitrary detention of men and subjecting them to an accident	Al-Ahaly Newspaper, 25/8/2004
Tawfiq Ahmed Khalaf	El Haram PS, Giza	Emad Fakhri Azer	EOHR, 2005
Wa'il Ahmad Mitwaly Mansour	Dekernes PS, Dakahleya Gov.	Bashir Saqr	Nadim
Wa'il Al-Gabri	Al-Omraneya PS, Giza	Sherif Mohammed Abul- Gheit	EOHR, 2006
Wa'il Fahim	Qina City PS	Al-Sayyid Al-Bakri	EOHR, 2005
Wa'il Tahoun	Al-Salam PS, Cairo	Mansour Abdul- Aziz Abdul-Bari (dead)	AHRLA, 2003/2004
Walid Al-Shabrawi	Al-Marg PS, Cairo	Mamdouh Hosni & Ahmad Mahmoud	EOHR, 2005
Walid Al-Shabrawi	Al-Marg PS, Cairo	Al-Sayyid Mahmoud Tammam (dead), Hadi Shaker	AHRLA, 2002/2003 EAAT, 2004
Walid El Dessouki	Lazoughli State Security Intelligence Headquarters	Ramiz Gihad, Amr Abdul-Latif, Wael Tawfiq, Mahmoud Hussein and others	Nadim, HMLC
Walid Hammad Abdel Mohsen Al-Halafawi	General Drug and Narcotic Combat Administration	Threatening Mahmoud Al- Sayyid with forging false	Nadim

		cases.	
Walid Shabana	Faqous PS	Kamel Ahmad Al-Sayyid (dead); Ola Ibrahim.	EOHR, 2005
Walid.....	Giza PS	Amr Maher & Ibrahim Dosouqi	EOHR, 2006
Yasser Abdul-Qader	Al-Zawya PS, Cairo	Ahmad Badawi's Family	Nadim
Yasser Al-Shennawi	Ma'adi PS, Cairo	Atef 'Agamy's family	Nadim
Yasser Al-Taweel	Al-Azbakiyya PS, Cairo	Hossam Al-Said Mohammed Amer	AHRLA, 2003 EOHR, 2003 EAAT, 2003
Yasser Dhergham	Al-Omraneya PS, Giza	Baher Abdul- Ra'ouf Zaki	AHRLA, 2004
Yasser Hussein Yousri	Al-Gomrouk PS, Alex.	Ahmad Khalil Ibrahim (dead)	AHRLA, 2002/2003 AHRLA, 2004
Yasser Hussein Yousri	Al-Gomrouk PS, Alex.	Medhat Fahmy Ibrahim (dead). Ibrahim Ahmad Ash-Shamy	AHRLA, 2002/2003
Yasser Sobhi Mahmoud Mohammed	Kafr Shokr PS, Kalyubiyya	Mabrouka Ibrahim Mesilhy	AHRLA, 2004 EAAT, 2004
Yasser Yousri	Bab Sharq PS, Alex.	Mohammed Abdul-Aziz and his brothers & Ahmad Ali Abdo	Nadim
Youssif Al-'Adl	Al-Zawya & Zaitoun PSs, Cairo	Ahmad Badawi's family, Magdi Mohammed Gamal & Fatima Zaki	Nadim

Center Statistics 2003 – 2006

2003

	Egyptians	Sudanese	Other
Men	12	79	11
Women	7	19	6
Total	19	98	17

Total in clinic: 134

Outreach to:

- Helwan (Family of Atef Mahmoud Agami)
- Abul Nomros (Family of Abdel Rahman)

2004

	Egyptians	Sudanese	Other
Men	11	83	18
Women	6	14	18
Children	7		
Total	24	97	36

Total in clinic: 157

Outreach to:

- Helwan (Family of Gamal Radi)
- Arish: Four fact finding missions and support to families of detainees

2005

	Egyptians	Sudanese	Other
Men	38	63	12
Women	26	25	13
Total	64	88	25

Total in clinic: 177

Outreach to:

- Sarando field visits and support to families of detainees
- Support to detainees released after democracy demonstrations.
- Support to families of three Maadi nursery children
- Helwan (family of Gamal Radi)
- Tanta- Menufeyya (Hoda)
- Kafr Sakr fact finding mission
- Alexandria fact finding mission
- El Moski fact finding mission
- El Khanka mental hospital

2006

	Egyptians	Sudanese	Other
Men	14	86	7
Women	6	30	16
Total	20	116	23

Total in clinic: 159

Outreach to:

- Sudanese survivors of Mohandesin massacre
- Democracy activists released from prison
- Beni Mazar (twice)
- Menoufeyya
- Alexandria (Yucef Khalil)
- Dekernes
- Kamshish
- 10th of Ramadan city
- Maadi (Sherin)