

# حقيقة المقهورين

أفريل ٢٠١٨

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من اللجان تنسيقية الثورية في الثورة السورية  
صحيفة من العمال والمظلومين العرب



مصطفى أبو جمعة أول شهيد في معركة فك  
الحصار عن حلب

05/04/2018

Special edition in English of the Arabic paper "The Truth of the Oppressed"  
of the socialists of the Syrian revolution - A paper of the oppressed of the Arabic countries

## Testimonies of a survivor of the torture chambers in the prisons of the fascist government of al-Assad

### MEMORIES OF THE ARREST

#### The human slaughterhouse of the military prison Saidnaya

After a trip of sufferings to the basements of the criminal regime and his security forces, where we were a period of 3 months, we were taken to branch 248 for a 18 days period and then to the branch of the military police in Qaboun. They cuffed us with metal shackles and covered our eyes. Then, they drove us to the prison of hell, humiliation and suffering, which is the military prison of Saidnaya.

We were transported in a car called "cell" of the military police. We were about 70 people. In our way to jail, one of the detainees that was with us, the hero Tariq Mohammed al-Qaisi, said "may God accept the martyrs, guys" and he preached Fatih (a part of Koran, TN) "so it eases our suffering".

From the "cell" a guard spoke to him, and his voice was of fear and terror (God, stop preaching Fatih, for your soul you son of a... And now, you just go to prison, son of a...). In fact, little after we got to that place so frightening and scary, the human slaughterhouse, the red building of the military prison of Saidnaya.

After that, they took us out of the "cell" with hard beatings and insults. The jail guards received us as enraged dogs, eager to hunt.

And we sat on the ground, on our knees and head to the floor. We were bounded with metal fetters and our eyes were covered. One of the guards pigs talked to us with a scary voice and we listened to the instructions of that prison:

"Any of you shit that lower your hands before my eyes, I want to curse you. Any of you pigs that whispers, I want to throw the wheel upon you directly. And any of you shit that say he is sick, I want to kill you enough until you are completely dead. And any pig that remembers the name of God here, I want to..." and he cursed with a blasphemy, that son of a sin.

"All of these give us the authority of the authority. Say out loud: did you understand, you brothers of....? Did you understand you sons of...?"

Soon after, our fetters were removed and they put us down in two underground spaces. They beat us as if we were not human beings but animals, in front of them, although animals were better than us in that situation. The criminal guard talked (and we were all put face against the wall and covered with cloths as a mother to a child that doesn't want at all that a part of the cloth covers his body, that is, completely naked and cloth on our heads). He told us that we had to follow the instructions as the other pig said and then he said "it's ok, we have something new and it is call a wheel". (He yelled with the highest



voice and I wanted his voice to reach his mother, you son of a...)

The enraged dogs started beating the prisoners while cursing with strange insults, hard to describe... beating them with the method of the wheel; either with the cable of a wheel or the cover of a fan, which is the most famous of this jail and it is known for having a very scary noise and a great strength in order to break bones and fragment human flesh; and also plastic tubes (green bottles of water) and electric prod and a "wind board" (which is a simplified system made of wood which holds the prisoner by its half and it can rise both feet together, so the prisoner is totally controlled by the guard and is tortured as he wants) and police batons...

After they gave us that beating, the jailer

called individually to each prisoner (standing up) and that son of a... said a word punished by God. In two words, those enraged dogs took the prisoners to their solitary cell.

They put four prisoners in the solitary cell of Kahnem, which is small. We sat on it. We prayed for God (over the toilet). All the prisoners were naked, without clothes; and our condition was of destruction of our hearts and our eyes due to seeing so much pain, suffering and fatigue.

Bad smell was emitted by our bodies due to scabies and the infections that rot our bones.

There was only one meal a day; half loaf of bread, two olives, some wheat (burgol) and sometimes a piece of boiled potatoes for the four detainees. At each meal there was a punishment: they beat the prisoner's hands when the prisoner takes the food where they pass it, which is a slot under the door of the cell.

A month later, the jailer called us to stand in line at the door cell (which means that we turned our backs to the ground, each of us put his hand over his eyes and the other holding the prisoner's waist in front of him). They opened the door and led us and to other cells, to the second floor of the prison, with the constant beatings of the dogs, until we reached the wing. Then we were taken to the bedroom. We were 25 prisoners and immediately upon arrival, we were received with the wheel, beatings with sticks to all.

Then we heard that frightening voice, with a dirty and distant tone, telling the bedroom instructions: "When we hear any movement or sound of a walk or a voice, the position to be taken will be facing the wall".

He also told us that the bedroom door is sacred to him, as if we were looking at his sister or his mother naked, of course, with insults, beatings and blasphemies.

He also said: When food is given in the morning, you have to take off your clothes completely and go to the center of the bedroom and then sit in an inclined position, with your hands and legs held to your eyes (position of the wheel), although the small ration of food for prisoners is not enough even for a small child.



*Mohamed Abu Faisal, survivor of the tortures in Saidnaya military prison*

He also said: "I do not want to hear anything sounding like sick or the word" sick "or" hungry "or any other word that is not a "praising" word. I want praises every day. I do not want sick people. It is understood?"

He also said: blessed to be the prison of God, but here (with the forgiveness of God almighty) if I am to hear a prayer, I want it to be the prayer of your funeral.

And he also said: whatever instructions you hear or what you are ordered to do, you must do it immediately, and I do not want failures, understood? And he began to insult with blasphemies as he wanted, the very son of sin.

Then they named a president of the bedroom. This is the greatest responsibility of any prisoner... because he will bear the greatest punishment, the torment and murder of more than one in the bedroom.

Then they brought worn out clothes full of lice and bad smell, which were not enough for even half of the prisoners in the bedroom. They told us to share, and they closed the door...

These days were very difficult and serious, with fear, horror, cold, lice, diseases and infections that eat our skin and our thin body.

Every morning, we take off our simple clothes and the largest number of detainees had nothing but shorts, slippers and an inner shirt. We put ourselves in the center of the bedroom and the food arrives (one

meal a day). When they entered, the wheel is a collective punishment, with plastic tubes, rubber sticks, prods; insults and blasphemies, beating us on all parts of the body; and then the food is mixed with some of that and they throw it at us or the ground, and they take three prisoners and make them step on the food; or they beat them on the ground and throw food at them. Then they close the door and say ("have a nice meal, brother of the ...") and they complete the distribution to the other wing bedrooms. Then they give the order to start eating, and the time for that is 10 minutes.

Then we eat the food, we distribute it in the moment... although it is not enough even for a small child.

A few days after we entered the bedroom, in the first month of 2012, a young man, Abd el-Nasser Mohammed al-Nassif, from the city of Daraa, died affected by the environment, scabies, diseases and infections.

Oh God. This is the life in this bedroom and this prison. Every day is of fear and horror, humiliation and murder, as if we were not human; of ways of injustice and sectarianism that the surveillance of the prison makes, and nobody is chasing anyone for the crimes and violations to the human beings inside this prison.

We look at each other and see our figures scared and thin, as if we were dead.

In addition to all the torment, humiliation and psychological pressure, the pigs began to change the treatment, to make it even worse, increasing the policy of starvation, committing crimes and murders, spreading tuberculosis, scabies and diarrhea significantly. The prisoners die one by one, like birds, when they were all young in flower age. And those who do not die from tuberculosis, scabies or diarrhea, will surely die under the feet of the criminal guards, as if we did not belong to something called human beings.

Oh God, may you be with my brothers in the prisons of the criminal regime, and free them, return them to their families, and give them peace, Oh Lord of the Worlds.

**Mohamed Abu Faisal**

## THE RED BUILDING OF SAIDNAYA MILITARY PRISON



*Tortures by the jailers of Al Assad in Saidnaya prison*

This place is scary, frightening, known as the human slaughterhouse and a place where “the inside is missing and the outside is born”, in which every right of the human beings are absent and even the lowest creatures are better than them. It is the place where the Assadist regime practices the most hideous and hateful types of violation to Syria itself and the dignity of the Syrian people, in every type of way and shape. That is the place where you can tell that for 40 years Syria hasn’t been ruled by a regime or a state but by a sectarian gang.

The main building of Saidnaya (red) has three stories. Each floor is divided into three sections. In each section there are 20 collective cells, whose length is 8 meters and it is 6 meters wide. The ground floor has almost the same characteristics of the design, but all the cells doesn’t exceed a surface of some metres and the individual ones don’t exceed their surface of a something more than a meter squared. The building has 3 wings. Seeing it from the top, its shape is close to the logo of the car “Mercedes” or a propeller, and together with its yard it is called “the gun”. The three wings have a high tower, followed by a building called “Building of

Command” where there are offices of the offices that are responsible of the prison.

Methods of torture in Saidnaya prison, besides slapping and kicking:

1. Lash and whips
2. The Wheel: The frame of a car where the prisoner is put inside so it is impotent and unable to move during the beatings with sticks and whips and lashes with cables. The most famous of these cables is the wheel cable or the cover of a fan, which is characterized by a frightening sound and a huge impact on the human health, such as fragmentation of skin and bone fractures, due to its strength.
3. Plastic sticks
4. Electric shocks (prods)
5. Deprive of sleep and food and drinks for long periods
6. “Wind table”: where the prisoner is fixed to a folding board of wood to be tortured without any chance of moving. This is the most used torture

method.

7. The German chair is known for its stability during the torture of the deainee, who is unable of doing anything but take a beating and to suffer.

8. Burning with cigarettes and solvents.

However, the detainee enters to jail and all the time he spends there he doesn’t see any shape or face of the guard; and he spends most of the time on his knees or with his face against the wall, which is the situation the moment the criminal guard enters into the wing.

The red building of Saidnaya military prison.

The jail of hell and a human slaughterhouse.

**Mohamed Abu Faisal**

From my memories of my detention in the human slaughterhouse of the red building of the Saidnaya military prison

## THE CRIMINAL RIPPER DOCTOR IN PRISON AND THE PRISONER NAJUM AL NAIF

On that terrible day of the fifth month of 2014, early in the morning the jailer arrived and he gave the daily speech to the wing saying in a dormitory that had a dead animal (what a pig!). Some of the detainees were called to the dormitories. After this they said "give them the space of the dormitory, and when the doctor arrives, if he asks if any room has sick people and you answer yes, it will be only when there is a corpse, pigs. Understood, shits? And any bedroom that has a sick one, will be in the bathroom or covered with sheets or blankets and will not see the doctor."



*Cells of Saidnaya prison*

At that time there were in my dormitory a large number of tuberculosis patients, diarrhea, scabies and serious infections as a result of the rotting of the skin by the effects of beatings and torture, however we keep silent about all existing diseases, because his instructions were to kill any prisoner who said he had a condition or was infected with an illness.

In our dormitory there was an old man named Najum al Naif Abu Hossam, from the province of Daraa, who had seven daughters and a little boy. This man had scabies on his body and had been tortured a few days earlier by the famous wheel (Saidnaya's wheel). As a result of the heavy blows to the legs, the flesh of the foot of the leg was fragmented, and even the bones of his legs became very clearly visible. Due to the lack of treatment and medication and poor hygiene, this became a very large infection with a very nauseating smell that came from his feet and his body full of the effects of scabies was a very scary

image, an old man with the bones of his feet clearly visible and his body taken by mange, pus and inflammations on all sides.

At that moment, the jailer entered and with him, the doctor (but also a butcher) of the prison, and we made the imprisoned brothers who were very ill enter the bathroom, according to the instructions.

One of the imprisoned brothers returns before the prison doctor enters. His name was Abd el Wahab Khaled Hilal, from a city in Daraa called Namr. He told us: "I would like to sit in the middle of the bedroom and talk to the doctor about Najum al Naif Abu Hossam and let him see it, and see his case and his legs, and what we do with it." It would be a sin (it's wrong, N. T.), guys, he has seven daughters and a little boy, I hope he is treated, at least for humiliation) he said to some brothers in the dormitory. "Look, Abd el Wahab, do not tell him anything, because they are going to kill him and you;

and it does not benefit you all, "Abd el Wahab was told by the brothers in the dormitory, and he said he wanted to do the best and not die in front of our eyes, sitting there. "Just give him some medicine and with the help of God everything will be fine".

Soon later we heard the sound of the jailers and the prison doctor approaching our bedroom until they arrived and opened the door and entered where we were, and we knelt against the wall and our hands covered our eyes; and the young Abd el Wahab was kneeling in the middle of the bedroom. And the butcher doctor asked (Is there anyone sick here, you sons of a.....?)

Abd el Wahab: Yes sir.

Doctor: And where is he, you piece of shit?

Abd el Wahab: In the bathroom, sir.

Doctor: bring it here

Then, two of the prisoners entered the bathroom and brought the prisoner Najum al Naif and put him in front of the

## Testimonios de un sobreviviente de las cámaras de torturas del fascista de Al Assad

doctor and returned to their place.

The criminal doctor asked with a tone of shame "what do you have old pig?" And Najum al Naif replied "look at my legs, sir. And my body. What's wrong with them? "

The pig doctor told the jailers who were with him: "Put him on a mobile carrier and take down this son of a ..."

And they bandaged the eyes of the prisoner Najum al Naif with the shirt he was wearing and they put him on that mobile carrier and they took him down as the doctor said. Then they closed the door and continued their tour of the wing with the criminal doctor, and took what was left of the bodies of the detainees inside the dormitories and left the wing.

Not even half an hour passed when the jail pigs entered the cell with the criminal doctor and the elder prisoner Najum al Naif in the cell where they took him. They entered like enraged dogs hunting a prey, with sticks and prods.

They asked for the one who told them about the sick Najum al Naif. The jailer told him: "Son of a sin, didn't we tell you that when the doctor comes in and asks if there is a sick person they have to say that there is nothing and



everything is fine, only if there is a corpse?". And they put him next to Najum al Naif and then they gave us the order to take off our clothes completely and beat us with all the force they had. The blows and the torture were stronger for Abd el Wahab and Najum al Naif.

Then they put the prisoner Najum al Naif lying on his back in front of the bathroom door and they gave us the order: "everyone enter the bathroom" and all of us entered, and they gave us the order "everyone to leave the bathroom" and at that moment we were all inside and we went trampling the body of the prisoner Najum al Naif.

All the prisoners who were in the dormitory entered and left the bathroom by the instructions of the jailer. We were naked and the whips, sticks and batons were piled on us on all sides and next to the bathroom door was the old man, the prisoner Najum al Naif. We passed like this until we were ordered to kneel in our place, against the wall, as was the previous instruction, insulting with blasphemies.

After they left the dormitory, we saw the great tragedy. The corpse of the prisoner Najum al Naif. He became one of the martyrs. They made us kill him. We, the prisoners, made us trample him according to his orders until he took his life.

The rest of the prisoners in the dormitory cried and we were very sad. His skin was dark blue and covered by the blood that we spilled from our bodies, and of abscesses, scabies and infections and we started helping each other for some of us to forget what happened that very difficult day of torment, fear and horror .....

Of course, these words and this writing do not equal a bit to those moments in which we were.

Oh Lord of all the worlds, do not forget to be with all the prisoners.



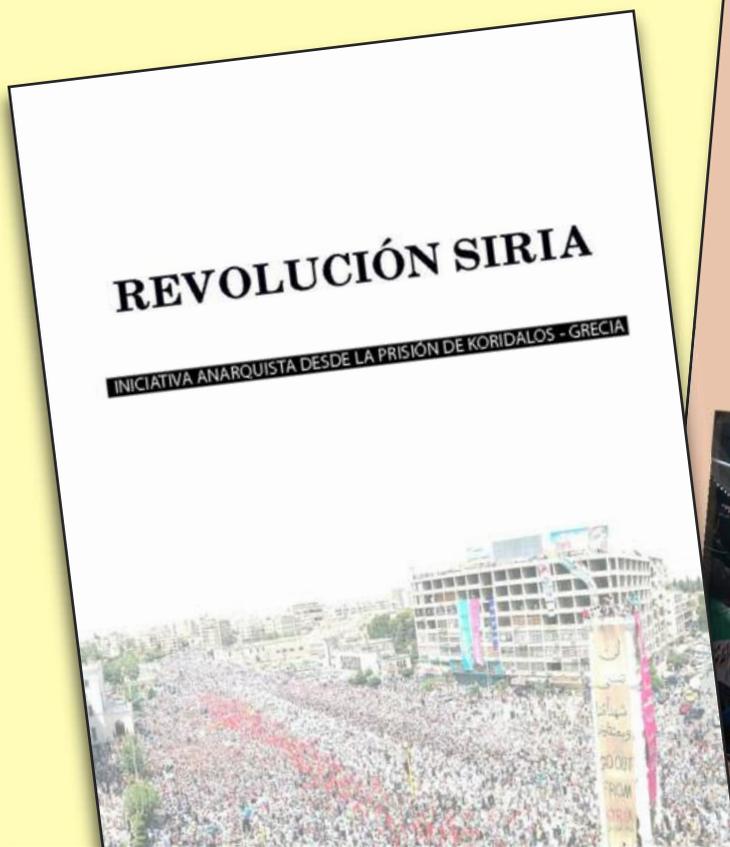
*Murdered prisoners in al-Assad's jails*

**Mohammed Abu Faisal**

*As in the Spanish civil war yesterday...*

*The revolutionary anarchists and  
the internationalist Trotskyists are fighting together  
in the same trench of the Syrian revolution*

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**“Syrian revolution”. Anarchist Initiative  
from Koridalos prison in Greece**



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*Correspondent shows a doll covered in blood of the slaughtered girls as a symbol of the massacre*



*Idlib people rescuing survivors under the rubbles*

The Turkish forces demanded the need to work for the return to that region of the displaced from their villages. Despite the marches in the south and east of Idlib province, Turkey demanded the completion of the installation of those outposts to work to stop the air bombardments of the regime and Russia in the liberated areas.

### **The massacre of Al Assad and Russia over Idlib does not stop**

This is done in conjunction with the massacres committed by the regime's aircraft and Russia against civilians and children in Idlib.

Terrible massacre in the town of Sanqul, in the province of Idlib, where five martyrs died, including three children and two women, in addition to several wounded, as a result of the Russian bombing of that town.

Only in Syria, the mother is killed because she hugs a baby next to her chest, and they end up killing her baby too.

Only in Syria, the girl is killed because they are with her doll among the spring flowers.

Only in Syria will the father secure the livelihood of his wife and children, and when he returns to see them he finds his house made of rubble.

Only in Syria, the planes of Assad and Russia kill us in front of the whole world. And they kill us with the cover of the so-called "fight against terrorism"!

In Syria alone, "innocent war-planes" kill children and women they call "terrorists" with missiles and bombs.

Oh, the world! •

Opinion article

5/4/2018

## **The workers and poor of Iran take to the streets again!**

The day Ghouta fell, the Iranian theocracy lived the worst day of its life. Hundreds of thousands of Iranian took to the streets crying **"Bread, Jobs and Freedom!"**, **"The people are as beggars while the clerics live as kings!"**, **"Capitalist mullahs: give us our money back!"**.

**"Khamenei: it's time to leave!"**  
**Out with the dictatorship now!**

**Neither supreme leaders nor reformist clerics! Everybody out!**

The exploited Shiite masses come out to fight. They are the big allies of the Sunnite oppressed and the ex-

ploited of the entire tormented Syria. They have risen the slogan "Out with the Iranian troops from Syria!"

From Yemen to Tunisia, from El Cairo to Damascus, from Benghazi to Jerusalem, from Idlib to Gaza... One single intifada! One single revolution!

Out with imperialism and its lackeys from the entire Middle East!

Out with the Zionist state and its murderous hands of the Palestinian nation!

**Ivan Leon**

# The arrival in Idlib of the rebels of Ghouta

3/4/2018

The forces of the Syrian regime and of Russia ended up displacing the people of Ghouta after years of hunger, death and destruction. More than forty thousand were displaced and transferred to Idlib.

While there was very little work by humanitarian organizations, the people of Idlib province have received the displaced people from Ghouta. They gave them the best of receptions and celebrated their arrival, and they lodged them in their houses. This is how they are ensuring housing, food, clothing and cover basic needs. That is why a great sense of brotherhood has been established between the people of Ghouta and Idlib, by all the people of the province of Idlib who have welcomed the inhabitants of Ghouta into their homes.

This brought hope, joy and firmness for the Syrian revolution in the displaced



*People of Ghouta are displaced to Idlib*

of Ghouta.

Immediately, some of the Ghouta rebels joined the guard points and covered the empty spots on the fronts where the regime and Russian forces clashed in the mountains near the Syrian coast in the province of Latakia.

But the majority of the displaced

ended up in a camp outside Maarat al Numaan, in the province of Idlib, where the aerial bombardments of the Syrian regime and of Russia continue.

**Ahmed Rahhal**

*Correspondent for the newspaper  
The Truth of the Oppressed*

## Report on Idlib

3/4/2018

**By Ahmed Rahhal, correspondent for the paper The Truth of the Oppressed**

### Regarding the confrontation between factions in northern Syria

Today people have joined in an initiative that calls for the end of the fight between factions. A joint statement was made. This initiative does not represent either a party or a specific faction and has no special orientation. It is an initiative of the people in which several parts of society have converged.

People are telling the factions to stop infighting and open the real battles against the regime forces.



*After Russia and Assad bombings, the people come out to rescue survivors in Idlib*

### Turkey seeks to enter Idlib

Turkey is deploying forces and new outposts in Idlib, according to the Astana agreements. And there were

numerous demonstrations of the people of Idlib in front of the outposts in the eastern part of the Idlib province.

Continues in page 7