



Stories of the victims of Religious Intolerance in India

PREVENTION OF TERRORISM

Or

Religious Intolerance
*Stories of Torture and Terror as
told by the victims*



“...the foreign races [non Hindus] in Hindusthan [India] must either adopt the Hindu culture and language, must learn to respect and hold in reverence Hindu religion, must entertain no idea but those of the glorification of the Hindu race and culture...must lose their separate existence to merge in the Hindu race, or may stay in the country, wholly subordinated to the Hindu Nation...We are an old nation; let us deal, as old nations ought to and do deal, with the foreign races...”

“...To keep up the purity of the Race and its culture, Germany shocked the world by her purging the country of the semitic Races—the Jews. Germany has also shown how wellnigh impossible it is for Races and cultures, having differences going to the root, to be assimilated into one united whole, a good lesson for us in Hindusthan to learn and profit by”.
Extremist Hindu organisation RSS’s leader M.S Golwalkar in his book
We; or Our Nationhood Defined

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Introduction

An Indian Home Ministry's report, in May this year, branded 250 million Muslims of India as a security risk. The report entitled Reforming the National Security System has been compiled by a four-member group of ministers headed by the Home Minister L. K. Advani, one of the accused involved in the demolition of the 16th century Babri Mosque in Ayodhya on 6 December 1992 and charge sheeted by the FBI.

Going a step further or probably in compliances with Central Government's hitherto undeclared directives, the state government of Uttar Pradesh issued a circular (No. ST/SSP32/2001/4140) to the state police as a guidance in order to keep vigil on Pakistani intelligence ISI's activities and keep an eye on Muslims, Sikhs and even retired police officers. The circular signed by the SSP, Lucknow, Mr BB Bakhshi, instructs that, "Every SHO will prepare a register of Muslim and Sikh families living in his respective area, details of outsiders coming in his area should also be maintained and they be strictly watched..."

Being looked upon with suspicion and marginalised for Government's paranoia had started as soon as India became independent in 1947 and a coterie of High cast Hindus came at the helms of affairs the country. Since then Muslims have continued to be discriminated against. In hundreds of anti-Muslim riots thousands of Muslims have been slaughtered, their properties have been plundered and destroyed, innocent children have been traumatised and the honour of their womenfolk violated and defiled.

Despite its lofty claims of being secular and liberal, during the rule of the Congress Party, Muslims have never felt secure and have never been treated fairly. For all its claims Congress

Party remained essentially a Hindu party and it did everything what an extremist Hindu would have wished it to do. In the eighties, however, BJP challenged the Hinduness of the Congress by creating an extreme anti-Muslim atmosphere in the country.

In a naked display of fascism and keeping to his promise, the then BJP hardliner L.K. Advani led a well organised gang of Hindu fanatics to Ayodhya and blew up the 16th century mosque in full glare of world media. Muslims who dared protest faced police bullets and indiscriminate arrests. Like the reports of earlier enquiry commissions; recommendations of Justice Srikrishna Report, which held BJP and its sister organisation Shiv Sena responsible for Bombay (Mumbai) riots and named the police officers who connived with them in crimes against humanity remains unimplemented. On the contrary the officers implicated in these crimes have been promoted.

On 12 March 1993. 1993 the city of Mumbai (then Bombay) was rocked by a series of bomb blasts killing several civilians and causing destruction of property. As usual administration's fingers immediately pointed towards Muslims. Indiscriminate arrests were made and many innocent Muslims were arrested, 124 of them under the notorious TADA Act. Saleem Khan Durrani, a Muslim of royal lineage is one of those arrested and detained without charge. Though eight years have elapsed but thirty-five of them are still behind bars while without any charge or so. Through greasing the palms of the authorities, that be, with millions of rupees, 89 have come out on bail and of whom 12 have been assassinated presumably by or on the instructions of the police. Seven attempts have been made on the life of Saleem Khan Durrani. In one of the attacks a Muslim, mistaken for Mr Khan, was killed only four weeks ago.

In the following pages we have produced the account of the torture meted out to the Muslim detainees. The torture and the suffering of these victims at the hands of the authorities never seem to end. In their court hearings they have spent fortunes, selling their properties or borrowing from others. Their businesses have been sealed off and passports impounded. The example of the method of torture that has been applied on them can, probably, be found only in medieval history books or in the era of Nazi Germany. It raises serious questions about the role of the UN and the NGOs and the silence of Human Rights organisations.

If Bombay blasts, as claimed by the Indian government, were the result of the anger of Muslims of Bombay and manipulation by "foreign hands", Indian government should think seriously on the consequences of pushing 250 million Muslims of India by treating them as second-class citizens and by constantly branding them as anti-nationals and a security risk. And will the world let the Indian authorities conduct their affairs unbecoming of a secular and tolerant nation?

Salim Khan Durrani



Salim Khan Durrani comes, from a respectable Indian Muslim family of royal lineage. On 4 April 1993 he was arrested under the notoriously draconian TADA act and was subjected to the most dehumanising and humiliating torture that could ever be imagined at the hands of the Indian police. Besides other third degree methods of torture like being beaten unconscious, starved, abused and mocked in many ways, chilli powder was put into his anus, electric shocks were given particularly to his genitals, boiling water was poured on his testicles and urine given to drink and human excrement to eat. Although released on bail, he still has case against him pending and is not allowed to travel abroad. Following is an abridged and slightly edited version of his affidavit submitted in the Indian Supreme Court.

I was born in a respectable Muslim family of royal lineage in Tonk in Rajasthan. My late father was the former Judge in the District and sessions court at Tonk. My mother, who passed away in September 1994, while I was languishing in the Jail accused of sedition, was known for her

generosity and for her attention and concern for human rights. My two maternal uncles retired as high-ranking police officers in the state of Rajasthan. One of my uncles, Sardar Mohammed Khan was an ICS officer and was collector of Bombay in 1930s. He was honoured with the Victoria Cross for valour. Later he was appointed as Prime Minister of erstwhile princely state of Junagarh in Gujarat.



(Left) My uncle ICS Bombay Collector in 1930s and Prime Minister of erstwhile Princely State Junagarh 1940s
(Right) My maternal uncle Superintendent of Police

My illustrious ancestors, the first Nawab of Tonk Ameer Khan and the 4th Nawab of Tonk were the freedom fighters. History stands witness to their heroic and patriotic struggle for the independence of India when they laid down their lives for their beloved Motherland.

My two elder brothers retired as major and captain in the Indian Army who actively participated in the Indo-China, and Indo-Pak Wars. One of my elder brothers Captain Mohammed Shamsheer Khan led a delegation of Indian Army in Indo-Pakistan for negotiations on some secret matters, sensitive to India's security.

Character comes from upbringing. During my schooling I received three gold medal stars for outstanding performance at school from Dr S Radhakrishnan, the late President of India. Frontier Gandhi, Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan, when he visited India in 1969-1970 was an honoured guest of my family in Tonk, Rajasthan. When he passed away, I was deputed to attend his funeral on behalf of the Indian Pakhtoons.

I started my professional career as a Management Trainee with M/S Bajaj Electricals Ltd. and became a pioneer in the field of plastics. Due to various innovations, I excelled in the field of Hospital and Surgical items namely designing and manufacturing of incubators, electronically controlled and allied instruments for premature babies for the first time in India which was acclaimed the world over.

I have set up my factory viz MIS Bonaparte Industries in Bombay. I developed a hair colouring powder from henna ñ a traditional favorite with Arabs and Pathans. To promote these products I undertook a tour of Middle East and Gulf countries and as a first leg of my journey I went to Dubai on 24 February 1993. I had to cut short my stay overseas and had to return to India on 27 February 1993 to be able to manufacture goods for urgent supplies to my clients in Indore, India.

Before I could complete the manufacturing of the instruments a black day dawned in the history of India when the city of Bombay was rocked by a series of bomb blasts on 12 March 1993. I was shocked by loss of innocent lives. Violence of any kind is to be hated and I hated it most. I hated the people who had committed this heinous crime.

When things started to normalise in Bombay I returned there to complete the order. But to my utter surprise there I found that the Bombay police had been trying to label me as an accused in the crime by manipulating my business Promotion trip to Dubai as a part of conspiracy.

On 4 April 1993 at 4.00 p.m. a team of Bombay police arrived all of a sudden and ransacked my house in Millat Nagar Andheri (W). The police team was headed by Senior Police Inspector Kumbhar and accompanied by Police Inspectors Mishra and Meru and other five to seven subordinates. They disconnected my phones and scattered each and every thing in the house. Finding nothing at my residence, they took me to my factory. Here too they ransacked the factory hut could not find anything incriminating.

I was then taken to Bombay Police Headquarters near Crawford Market in my Maruti car driven by Inspector Joshi. As I was led in the Police Commissioner's room, Inspector Mishra slapped very hard on my face. Then I was made to sit in the feet of Senior Inspector Police, Kumbhar. The constables then started repeatedly hammering me with a wooden ruler and calling me a traitor. Thereafter two persons were brought in and I was asked if I knew them. "No" I replied. They were also asked if they had known me and both of them replied in the negative.

At about 21.30 hrs I was taken into another room, which smelled like an uncleaned slaughterhouse in the dim lights. All of my clothes except the underwear were removed and I was examined like a sacrificial animal and was pushed into a corner. I was tied with my wrists by a rope separately onto a wall 10 feet high from the floor. My head and tied hands were inserted into a car tyre and my feet were tied as well. Then four to five policemen started hitting me mercilessly. Until then I was asked nothing and no reason of this brutal treatment was given. Then Police Inspector Kumbhar asked me to admit that I had connections with the underworld and confess that I was involved in the Bomb blast. Both these things were beyond the scope of my imagination and as such I replied in negative. My reply irked them further and their third degree methods increased all the more. I was hung in Lord Jesus posture and my hands were tied with a long wooden rod and kicks and blows were showered upon me with full force for almost half an hour.

After some time three police men entered the room with a box in their hands. From that they took out wires, electric appliances, voltmeter and other accessories for electric current. They connected the wires and held two loose ends separately. They approached me and asked me to admit to their dictates. I again pleaded innocence. Now **they stripped me completely and touched my shoulders with two live ends of wires. I felt that my as if blood had curdled. As I cried with pain, one wire was inserted into my nose; another was touched with my tongue. From time to time the wire was touched with my penis as well and each time they gave me these shocks, one of them used to rotate the voltmeter to increase the voltage of the current. My body became blue and I vomited several times then I fell unconscious.**

On 5 April 1993, at 0300 hours I realised that I was being taken to another place. Cold breeze had helped me regain my consciousness. I was presented before a police official, M. N. Singh, dressed in white. I pleaded my innocence to him. He listened to me carefully, after which I was brought into a room where one of my hand was cuffed to a table leg.

Tired and exhausted, I closed my eyes. Around 06.00 a.m. I woke up and saw one oily paper packet kept near me on the floor. I thought that some kind-hearted policeman had kept it for me. I grabbed the packet and opened it. It was a potato Vada [a south India dish] and smelt very bad. I thought that the vada must have gone stale. I broke it into two pieces and was shocked to find that the inner portion was full of human shit. I immediately packed and pushed it away. When I begged for water the police officer offered Gathiya [Gujarati savouries] made from flour and promised a cup of tea. Lulled by the promise I ate the Gathiya. It increased my thirst all the more. I begged and begged for water. At last somebody handed me a plastic bottle. I had hardly sipped a few drops that I started vomiting. It was urine.

At 10.00 hours I was taken to another room. My hands were tied to a chair. After a while Head Constable Mr Rane entered the room. He asked me why I was there in such a pathetic condition. But I was too thirsty to say anything. Mr Rane was kind enough to give me a glass of water and later a cup of tea.

Mr Rane said that the Bombay Police was under tremendous pressure to arrest the culprits of Bomb blasts and that in its frantic bid to get clues it had brought several innocent men with their families including small children. He said that the policemen were in dire need of rest and change of climate and suggested that I could help them by taking them to a trip to some hill station. I agreed to take them to Nainital.

April 5 1993, 11.30 hrs. I was taken to the main building of Detection of Crime Branch CID where four to five policemen again subjected me to physical torture. At lunch time I was given a plate of lentil and rice to eat. I had been hungry for the last 24 hours and the sight of rice and dal [lentil] watered my mouth. As I was about to eat Mr Kumbhar entered the room. Seeing the plate in my hands, he got wild. He threw it away and started beating me. In his rage he even slapped two constables. He was joined by two constables in beating me. Blood started coming out of my mouth and I was pushed in a corner. They insisted that if I admitted the names given

by them as accomplices they could stop this treatment. It reminded me of my conversation with Mr Rane. I suggested that I could take them to Nainital.

I was brought before the Joint Commissioner of Police. Mr M.N. Singh and then dragged into the enquiry room. Here I was asked to lie down on my stomach on a five ft wooden bench and my knees and ankles were tied with it. One person put a wooden rod between my tied wrists and another one caught my hair to keep my head still. The other two persons started beating me with a Patta (machine belt) on my back while one caned at my legs. It went on for about half an hour during which I lost consciousness. On regaining consciousness I found myself lying on the floor. It was my bad luck that by the time I regained consciousness M. N. Singh entered the room. He kicked me in the stomach and others also joined him. He then instructed his men to get few names of wanted persons admitted by me as having given me shelter and knowing their whereabouts. Since I did not know anybody, I refused to comply.

Mr M. N. Singh got wilder and ordered his subordinates to torture me further. **I was stripped. My body was trembling. Again my both feet were tied with a rope and I was asked to put my head and arms on the floor. Two persons lifted my legs in the air and held them straight making a V shape. One person inserted chilly powder into my anus which was pushed further by a ball pen. I screamed like an animal. Practically I had lost all hope of survival. I don't think any human being can express such agony in words.**

At about 19.30 hrs I was again taken to some other room by crawling, because I was unable to walk. Assistant Commissioner of Police S.K. Babar and Senior Police Inspector Kumbhar and the torture team were present there. I covered 20 ft distance by crawling. I had lost strength and my vision had been badly affected so much so that when I was asked to sit on a stool I was not able to see the stool and started looking for it like a blind man. Thereupon Mr Babar asked whether I had left my spectacle in the enquiry room, which I never had or used. By now they had fixed the trip to Nainital. But the beastly treatment during the so-called interrogation had reduced my gentle outfit to a beggar's outfit: blood stained, dirty and smelly. So they took me to my house and let me change my clothes. My family was shocked to see me in such a state. The only adult in my family was my wife with my 11 and six years old daughters, one year old son and a boy servant Raju (Baiwinder).

I was not allowed to talk to my wife. I had to change clothes in open being fully naked. When we were about to leave Raju, my servant, asked "Pani Piyenge?" (Would you like to drink some water?) The officer at once rushed at him pertaining as if he had listened something like Passport and entered in the room where my wife and two minor daughters were screaming and trembling with fear. He pushed my daughters and my one year old son out of the room and tried to outrage my wife's modesty with the pretext of searching her body. When we were about to leave the flat my wife asked them where were they taking me. They swore at her. I also heard the subdued voices of my six years old daughters saying "May God protect you Daddy!"

We boarded East West Air Line flight for New Delhi. I continued to be hand-cuffed and I was not allowed even to drink some water. From Delhi we travelled to Nainital by train and bus. In Nainital they contacted a boy Pratap Singh who used to work as a cook for my brother-in-law's family and now was employed by Hotel Manu Maharani. They harassed him. They made sure that none of the wanted persons had come to Nainital. The local police also certified to the same effect. Then they went sight seeing and shopping leaving me with Rane.

On 7 April we left for Delhi. During the journey Mr Rane told me that the police officers had decided to set me free after reaching Bombay for which I would have to pay 10-15 thousand Rupees and have his son, a commerce graduate, appointed in some well reputed business establishment. He also said that the Bombay police were receiving huge sums of money from persons picked up by them in connection of blast case.

After returning to Bombay at the DCB CID lockup I saw a man. He said his name was Shaikh Aziz Ahmed and was an engineer by profession. From his swollen and badly bruised body I realised that he too had been severely beaten.

What I could gather from him that he had been forced to give a statement that he knew me, and had met me in Dubai, that after the blasts he had sent some persons to my native place i.e. Tonk in Rajasthan and that I had given refuge to the culprits. Aziz said that although the statement, prepared by the police and admitted by him was all a fabrication, he had done so to save his life.

On Monday, 12 April 1993 P. I. Dhobale told me that I was going to be produced in the Court. He asked me to state that I was arrested on 11 April 1993. I told the [truth to the] court that I had been arrested on 4 April and that I had been taken to Nainital and that I had been subjected to most inhuman torture. I was not represented by a lawyer and was not sure whether the date of my arrest had been corrected or not.

I was brought back to DCB CID where the police officer told me that no judge in India could dare take action against the police and that the judge listened and noted only what had been told by the police.

I was again forced to admit what Aziz had been made to confess. Four constables lifted me up and tied me fully stretched hands through the window railings and hanged me in Prophet Jesus's (May Allah Bless him) posture, as shown in churches by inserting a thick wooden rod over my neck and tied both of my feet by a rope. A two star inspector who was very strongly built started hitting me with a machine belt on my head, hips and thighs. I was making piercing screams, my heart beats got retarded and when my whole body started getting jerks and my condition started getting deteriorating, I was landed down on the floor. I was not able to stand or sit for quite some time. Darkness obscured my vision. I was searching my clothes like a blind man and they were all laughing at me.

On 19th April 1993 I was produced before DCP Rakesh Maria and Mr Kumbhar. Mr Sanjay Dutt [the known Indian actor detained under TADA] and his brother-in-law Kumar Gaurav were also present there. They looked pale and humiliated. DCP Maria asked me if I knew Mr Dutt.

“No” I answered. He then turned to Mr Dutt and asked him if he knew me. He also replied in negative. They were then sent to an adjoining room and I was asked to wait outside where I heard Mr Kumhhar suggesting to Maria, in Marathi language, to fix me instead of Saalem who had allegedly supplied AK 56 Rifle to Mr Dutt and was absconding.

I was recalled and Maria told me that he was sending me some where with some purpose and warned me that if I failed to comply with their demands I would be killed because I shall be of no use to the police.

I was taken to Delhi. After 15 days I was asked to arrange money for them to return to Bombay because they said that they were tired and homesick. Knowing their behaviour I did not want to take them to any of my acquaintances and refused to oblige them. It irked them. So they dragged me to a lavatory and on gunpoint pushed my head in the commode and asked me to eat the shit. Since my face could not reach the bottom they took the shit out with their hands and insisted that I eat it. In the scuffle my upper lip got cut due to several punches and kicks poured upon me by all of them.

Compelled under such circumstances I told the police that I could only arrange money at Jaipur. In Jaipur we went to my brother's house. Since he was not there, they broke open main door lock, Godrej almirah and took Rs 15000. This amount not being sufficient for the air fair for 14 persons, the police asked me to take them to my palace, part of which has been converted in a hotel, and arrange for the money. Seeing us my servants came running and paid respect to all of us in their traditional style. At that time my mother was living with my sister nearby. Though we ordered for food in the hotel, my mother sent a message through my servant Moti that we must have home food since it was already prepared. Before going to my sister's house for food S.J. Mahabole and a shorty officer asked me to give him Rs 10,000 as was promised by me. I asked Moti to bring Rs 10,000 plus 1,500 from my mother. My mother was known for her help to the poor and always kept some money in a bag to help the needy. She sent me the bag containing Rs. 95,000 to take from it as much as I required. They took the bag for the purpose of buying air tickets with the promise that the rest of the amount will be returned to one of my relatives, Nasir, in Jaipur.

We had meals at my sister's house. After receiving the money police's behaviour became rather softer and they removed my hand cuffs, after 28 hours at a stretch, allowed me to shave and change my clothes before seeing my mother. After my conversation with her I realised that she was not aware of my arrest. She asked me to introduce to her who she thought were my friends and had come to see the Palace. I called the Police officers in my mother's room. She kissed them on their forehead, gave her blessings by putting her hand on their heads and gave them Rs 100 each as a token of love.

We came back to the Kothi (the palace) and were to leave for Jaipur when suddenly Inspector Kadam pretended that he had for gotten the purse containing my passport at my sister's residence. So they rushed to my sister's house leaving me with three officers. Later I discovered that these scoundrels disclosed to my mother that I was under arrest for my alleged

involvement in the Bomb Blast. They threatened to outrage the decency of my mother and warned her that if she did not pay them Rs. 1 lakh, they would kill me. Scared and helpless, they complied with their demand. I can not express the agony and pain I still feel for the behaviour they must have meted out to my royal mother at the hands of those whom my mother had received and welcomed like her own sons just minutes before. The intensity of her shock and pain she must have gone through is beyond one's imagination. Her anguish at last took her life and she passed away without seeing the things as they were.

Around midnight of 20/21 April, 1993, we reached Bombay by East West Airlines and I was straightaway taken to Mahim Police Station. The police staff told all lies to DCP Maria before me and just to save their faces, they unnecessarily tried to implicate my brother, Raza Shah Khan Durrani, and projected as if he was evading arrest. After hearing this, Maria started beating me and wanted my brother to be produced at once and so he was picked up from marol where he was staying for treatment.

Around 2'O clock in the night I heard the murmuring voice of long drawn out screams. I got up out of anxiety. The piercing screams were so much in anguish that at first it appeared as if a goat was being slaughtered behind the building. But I soon realised that these screams were of a human being in extreme agony in the very premises of Police Station.

Suddenly at 3 O'clock in the night a man with moustache entered in the room. "Ask your brother to tell everything he knows" he ordered me. I was shocked to know that it was no one but my own innocent and saintly brother who was being tortured by the police in the enquiry room and was struggling for his life. **Absolutely naked, hung very high on the wall, he looked like blood bolstered Jesus Christ at the cross. His wide eyes looked life less, hair matted in sweat, tongue came out of his mouth and blood oozed out of his mouth. His thighs were loaded with two gunny bags containing cement and a car tyre was put around his neck.**

Police then asked me to give them Rs.50,000. I agreed to it on the condition that they will spare my brother's life. Police went to my house in Bombay and brought Rs 1 lakh instead. This money belonged to my company M/S Bonaparte Industries. Mr Mahabole assured me that the extra amount of Rs 50,000 would remain as deposit with him out of which he only returned Rs 10,000.

We were kept in Matunga police station for four days in its enquiry room.

On Saturday the 24th April 1993 I was taken to CID Office and was produced before M.N. Singh. He ordered that I be put in the barrack where majority of the inmates belonged to Amar Naik Gang so that they could harass me further as it was presumed that the bomb blast was done by Gangster Dawood Ibrahim and Amar Naik Gang was known to be Dawood's deadliest enemy.

I left behind my brutally wounded brother at SWO Matunga Police Station with an understanding that he will be released as I had paid and had complied with Police's demand. They had already collected money from our house. But since there was no news about him for

many days my family got much worried. As his fate and whereabouts were unknown to them, my family filed a writ petition in high court through Advocate T. H. Sardar. Anticipating that their wrongs may come to light, DCP Maria suggested to Mr Sardar to withdraw the case and take away my brother from the custody where he was kept illegally for about two months.

I was now locked up in a separate cell in the Rather Prison. Separate cells are considered to be the most guarded and much more secure places in the jail than ordinary barracks and it is just impossible for any third person to enter in the compound. But to every one's surprise, may be for the first time in the history of this jail, at about 8.00 a.m. two persons entered through the main compound, which remains locked and under strict guard. They had brought different keys with them and tried to unlock the gate of the cell in which I was detained while the guards observed them as mute observers. During their effort to open the lock they kept on swearing at me and one of them said that the Crime Branch had provided them with all the details about me. To my great worry I came to

know that both of them belonged to Amar Naik's gang and that one of them was Naik's real brother Ashvini Naik. Ashvini then ordered the constable on duty to take me to his barrack after some time. Incidentally there was a routine round of the jail superintendent and I informed him about the incident. He was stunned. The DIG Prisons Mr Chouhan personally came to see us in the cell and inquire about this unbelievable incident. We were shifted to Thane Central Prison in the evening of 28.4.93 and the constables who were posted at the time of the incident were suspended and the then Superintendent Mr Satawant was reverted to the post of Deputy Superintendent of jail. From 4.4.93 till 26.4.93 I remained in the Police custody during which police freely applied unlimited power upon me without any restriction.

On 6 May Jail authorities of Thane Central Prison informed me that I was to be taken to Bombay. They brought me to DCB, CID Office instead and produced before DCP Maria. P.S.I Arjun took me to the enquiry room and Maria and S.I. Kumbhar came the next. Maria asked me if I knew someone in Bhubhaneshwar (Orissa). "No" I replied. He gave me few slaps and P.S.I. Arjun started beating me by a cane stick dislocating and injuring my right hand thumb. Within minutes it got swollen to five times its size. During the course of beating Maria abused the learned Judge Mr J.N. Patel for granting me the Judicial custody at my first remand itself. Again I was made naked and hanged on the wall exactly like earlier occasion. A thick wooden rod was passed through my both arms and over the neck and my both feet being tied together in the air in upward direction. This was the most dangerous punishment to bear as it hindered my breathing system.

Though my condition was fast deteriorating, Maria kept pouring his wrath of torture onto me till I fell unconscious. I fell to it as I succumb to death and assuming so Maria, Kumbhar and Arjun left the room leaving me in hanging position. The main hitter scratched on my ribs with an iron rod and anticipating some life into my body at once took me down on the floor and applied some manual exercise to resume my breath back, which responded in positive and my life was saved. Once again Maria deputed ACP Gavade to take me for further enquiry. He took me in a

Gypsy Van to Grand Hotel situated opposite Grand Road Station and collected two telephone diaries from some another officer.

Apart from ACP Gavade, two officers and two constables accompanied me. I was handcuffed and bare-footed. Before occupying one double bed room on 3rd or 4th floor, we sat in the small lounge of the hotel and had some cold drinks from where ACP Gavade left.

They had handcuffed me with the chair and though I was dying for sleep, they were not allowing me to do so. Again all the four policemen started drinking and making me frightened by their talks. Suddenly at around 1 O'clock at night a call came on the intercom after which the PSI left the room. During their absence I heard gunshot. After one hour when they came back they told me that they; had encountered one person who was a suspect in Bomb Blast and warned me that if I did not surrender to their dictates, I shall also meet with the same fate within a day or two.

The same day I was produced before the court. They warned me not to bring the torture in court's notice or face it again. I complied with their demand. However, when senior advocate Mr Sardar asked me to sign a vikalatnarna he noticed my swollen figures and thumb.

Upon being asked as to what had happened to it, I explained everything to him. He asked me if I had informed the court about my torture. I told him that fearing the worse for my brother, who was still in police custody, and myself I did not tell anything to the court. He was furious. He said that if educated persons like me failed to bring such facts to court's notice, there would be no limit to police torture. On his request I was again called in the witness box and with much fear of torture I narrated part of the torture.

The judge ordered medical checkup and to submit a report by 3.00 pm. But the police evaded to comply with the order with honesty and wasted the time by taking me from one place to another and kept me waiting in police van; most of the time outside St George Hospital.

From the hospital I was back to the DCB, CID office. **No sooner had I got down from the police van than 5 to 6 policemen lifted me up in the air and carried in the enquiry room. Here Maria was waiting for me like a man-eater. He shouted at me and asked how did I dare to complain against him. He started pouring punches upon me mercilessly and continuously causing facial injuries. However, S.J. Arjun intentionally hit at my already swollen and fractured thumb with a stick.** Maria told me that by complaining to the court about my torture, I had risked his job and warned me that he would leave no stone unturned in making my own and the lives of my family miserable. He said that like the Air India Blast case, on whose pretext my police custody was taken, he had 11 more grounds good enough to take me in police custody. Maria also threatened me by saying that to stand two witnesses was not a difficult job for him to testify that they had seen me talking to Tiger Memon near the Air India building before the blast.

Thereafter five to six policemen caught hold of me to switch over the next exercise. **They held me by my wrists and the feet stretched apart to its maximum capacity, each separately by individual policemen, hanging me in the air in horizontal position in a way that my**

front of the body faced the floor and the back upward. Two constables along with S.I. Arjun started hammering with belts at my back right from feet till the head applying full force.

On that day again two officers, along with few constables, took me to the Grant Hotel in a Gypsy Van. They swore at me in the filthiest language. In the hotel they asked me to take off my clothes. Even underwear was not allowed. **Then they made me stand touching the bed keeping my back toward the feet side of the double bed. My hands were tied behind my back by a handkerchief while my legs were stretched towards the either side of the bed legs and tied together through the hand cuff. Burning cigarettes ends were touched by Bhonsale Patil on number of places on my naked body. He used to keep the burning ends pressed with my body till the last end.**

Then the posture of my legs and hips was made horizontal in zest of touching it on the ground resting my spinal cord on the sharp edge of the bed and tied hands pulled back by inserting the stick in between the two wrists, making the position as difficult and painful as possible until the thin skin upon the testicles got light and wrinkleless that even small veins became visible. The pain in the large vein running between thigh and the foot was so terrible as if it would break apart. The followers of Satan poured boiling water made to prepare tea, on my thin testicles and struck upon with the hit of the fingers, put pepper powder and salt in the anus and inserted ruler greased with butter. They made use of everything available in the tray ordered for tea and butter toast.

(Salim Khan's affidavit, written on 33 A4 pages, contains in ore harrowing details of torture, fabrication of evidences against him and police's illegal methods to force him to admit his complicity in Bombay blast-IMF).

Abdul Rehman & Raajesh Khurana

The threat to put Khurana's wife to the disgraceful and tormenting treatment through which the womenfolk of Abdul Rehman's family were going through was too much for him. The next day he shot himself after shooting down his 25 years old wife Neeru, three years old son and two years old daughter.

Rajesh Khurana, 35, was the owner of a restaurant, Stomach at Bandra in Mumbai. His release order was passed by justices Chaudhari and Vayas on April 10, 1993. But prior to his release he was warned by S.I. Maneksha that he would be recalled the following day. The poor Khurana ended up his life and those of his wife and two minor children.

It so happened on April 11, 1993 Maneksha's men were sexually humiliating one detainee Sayed Abdul Rehman Qamruddin's wife and his daughter in the presence of Khurana, Abdul Rehmart and two other detainees namely Noor Khan and Baba Chawhan, not to speak of the presence of several leering policemen.

Suddenly Maneksha threatened Khurana, "Agar kal tak Philoo Khan ko nahin dhoond nikala to ten aura t ko laakar usper mere sipahiyon ko chada doongal. (If you fail to find out Philoo Khan by tomorrow, I will have your wife raped by my soldiers).

The threat to put Khurana's wife to the disgraceful and tormenting treatment through which the womenfolk of Abdul Rehman's family were going through was too much for him. The next day he shot himself after shooting down his 25 years old wife Neeru, three years old son and two years old daughter. But the police came out with their own version when the press cornered it regarding Khurana's tragic end.

A. S. Samra, the then police commissioner clarified, "Rakesh Khurana the businessmen who shot his family and himself earlier this week, had not been arrested but only interrogated. We never suspected that he had close links with Philoo Khan. We only wanted to try to get a clue about the notorious drug baron's whereabouts". (Times of India Bombay April 16 1993)

Syed Abdul Rehman Qamruddin

Sayed Abdul Rehman Qamruddin is a driver by profession. He lived 10 x 11 hut at Virtar with his wife and children. Several days after his arrest, his wife, pregnant daughter and son-in-law Murtaza were also brought to the Mahim police station. **Abdul Rehman and his son-in-law Murtaza were made naked and then Murtaza was asked to undress his mother-in-law Zaibunnisa. When Murtaza refused to do so, the police began to beat Zaihunnisa and kept on beating her so severely** that Murtaza had to force himself to obey the devils and disgrace her. Both were crying critically. Syed Abdul Rehman was also forced, in the same manner, to undress his 18 years old daughter, Shabana in the presence of 8-10 inebriated policeman and other detainees. Then **S I Maneksha told Abdul Rehman to sign the papers or else he would order his men to rape his wife and daughter, two cops at a time.** "Yeh zuirn hai sahibî (this is downright cruelty Sir)" Cried Abdul Rehman striking his head against the wall.

He repeatedly pleaded his innocence. Suddenly, D C P Maria in a fit of rage ordered Abdul Rehman's wife and son-in-law and others to get out of the room except Abdul Rehman, his daughter and two cops. He was heard as saying, "Now you will see the fun you mother fucker". A few minutes later Abdul Rehman came out of the room hysterically crying, "Oh! What have I done!" He had signed the papers accepting his complicity in the bomb blast.

But the followers of the devil were not yet pleased. Zaibunnisa was asked to spit on Abdul Rehman's face, which she failed to do as her throat had dried. The police gave her water to take in her mouth and spatter on Abdul Rehman's face. The daughter, Shabana was forced to beat her father with her sandal. As the helpless daughter was carrying out the orders of the disciples of the Devil, the unfortunate father was crying "mar beti mar" (beat me my daughter beat me). At a stage Abdul Rehman tried to strangle himself by a hand kerchief, but his wife frantically stopped him pleading in the name of their four children. It was this scene of the

Devil's den that night of April 11 1993, that the late Rakesh Khurana witnessed arid could not have the heart and courage to undergo himself and therefore sub sequently killed not only himself but his wife and children too. Abdul Rehmanís wife Zaibunnisa, a TB patient and the pregnant daugh ter were kept for four more days.

Imtiyaz

He was subjected to almost all possible methods of third degree torture. Besides, he was repeatedly hung upside down and mercilessly beaten, particularly so on his legs, by sticks and belts so that his right leg was badly damaged. The flesh on his leg was torn off and the bone was exposed.

March 17 1993, Imtiyaz Yunusmiyan Ghavate, (26), returned home from work. His family members informed him that the police was looking for him. Imtiyaz immediately went to Worli Police Station. Thereafter several days his fate remained unknown to his family.

The police had detained him. During his detention at Matunga and then at Ma him he was subjected to almost all possible methods of third degree torture. Besides, he was repeatedly hung upside down and mercilessly beaten, particularly so on his legs, by sticks and belts so that his right leg was badly damaged. The flesh on his leg was torn off and the bone was exposed.

On March 21, 1993 a Judge visited Mahim police station. D C P Maria warned Imtiyaz not to speak a word about his torture or else his family members would also meet the same fate. Imtiyaz had been witnessing men and women, elderly and children being humiliated and tortured. He was too terrified to defy Maria's orders.

On March 23, Imtiyaz was treated as an outpatient in Bhabha hospital under the fictitious name of Yakub Hussain and his injured leg was plastered. According to hospital records Yakub Hussain (Imtiyaz) was brought by a constable bearing number 14004. Doctors at Bhabha advised the police to admit Tmtiyaz in J. J. Hospital and get proper treatment for him. But he was brought back to the police station. While Imtiyaz was being subjected to this shocking treatment, his family had no idea of his whereabouts.

Nine days after his detention on 2 April he was produced before the TADA court as an accomplice in Bombay Blast case. He entered the courtroom limping with heavy plaster on his leg. Lured by D C P Maria to be released if he did not narrate the truth before the judge, Imtiyaz told the judge that he had fallen from the stairs and that his injury was the result of that accident.

Imtiyaz's leg had started worsening. On April 3 he was again taken to Bhabha hospital. The doctor advised the police to admit him in KEM or J. H. Hospital otherwise his leg would have to be amputated. But as before, he was once again brought back to the police station.

On April 4 at about 7am, Imtiyaz was taken to one Roshan Nursing Home at Chebur by a Maruti van. His leg was operated upon by Dr. R.G. Khedekar, an orthopedist. After two days he was shifted to another nursing home named Diamond Nursing Home, opposite Diamond Park, Chembu,, and remained under the treatment of the same doctor. He was treated there for 20 days under the fake name of Ashfaq Mohammed Mom and under strict police surveillance. Within two weeks of being admitted to this nursing home Imtiyaz had two operations performed.

During this period D C P Maria continued to see Dr Khedekar. The doctor must have been warned or promised a share in the boot which Maria and his gangsters had been extorting from TADA victims. Dr Khedekar denied before the court that he had treated any person by the name of Ashfaq Mohim.

When Imtiyaz's lawyer, Mr. M.U.Vanjara, requested the court to pass an order for an identification of Dr Khedekar by Imtiyaz, the court rejected his plea saying that the doctor was a busy person and need not be called again. However, the court allowed him to pursue the matter with the proprietor of the nursing home. Surprisingly instead of Imtiyaz or Ashfaq, the record of the nursing home showed some Venkata Krishnan having been hospitalised in that room during those dates. Mr. Vanjara then sent a letter to the said Venkata Krishna at the address given by Dr Khedekar, which was returned with comment "Addressee not known.". Further inquiry with the postal department revealed that the sector mentioned in the address did not exist.

Abdul Gani Ismail Turk

A driver by profession Abdul Gani was paralysed below the waist due to the most dreadful third degree torture called "ghodi".

In this type of torture, the incarcerated person is squatted down and a rod is passed between his legs and hands and then is tied up with a rope. The 'ghodi' (meaning "mure") is thus readied to be kicked by three to four persons. With the kick off the tied up human mass gets toppled over like a football. Kicking continues till the object turns into a pulp. The rod that is inserted between the legs and hands is always coup de grace to add to the agony of the victim beyond measure.

During his police custody Gani was subjected to this punishment so very often that his name became synonymous with it. Mere utterance of the dreaded words "Gani Godi" by the menacing cops was horrifying enough to send chill up the spine of the detainees who happened to have either witnessed or overheard the gory, spine chilling punishment. So, this was the typical "Gani Ghodi's torture that turned Gani into a spastic, unable to stand on his legs. He was paralysed below his waist. He was admitted to KEEM Hospital twice for treat

ment of his legs. On April 9, 1993 he was admitted to Bhabha hospital Bandra and was falsely registered there as “Amjad”.

Majid Khan and wife Nafeesa

In March 1993 some policemen entered into Majid Khan’s house and asked him to accompany them. Complying with their orders he went with them driving his own car. At that time, after knee injury Majid’s wife, Nafeesa was on bed rest, as advised by Dr J.C. Thakkar. Majid told her that he would be back soon. But he did not return nor did he give her a call. Next day a few policemen, with a lady constable, named Rukhsana, barged into her house. Nafeesa was still on bed. A policeman caught her legs and pulled her down on the floor. The lady constable viciously slapped her for some time. The policemen dragged her out of the house, bare foot and without dupatta (scarf). Nafeesa was wearing a nightie. They did not even let her wear proper dress. Her sister just about managed to through a dupatta over her, as the police was about to dump her into the police van.

Nafeesa was brought to Mahim police station, DCO Rakesh Maria slapped her left and right repeatedly. He pulled her hair, banged her head against the wall and swore at her in the most degrading manner. Nafeesa told him that she was sick and pleaded for mercy. Instead, two policemen started flogging her with their belts. They beat her all over her body. The beating and swearing went on till 10 o’clock in the night. No food, no water was given. Even petty police men insulted and swore at her. They objected to her wearing dupatta and told her to filing it away and let them admire her beauty. Whole night Nafeesa was wakeful for fear of the drunk cops who tried to make passes. They would come closer and ask the terrified and trembling Nafeesa whether she was afraid of them or she despised them. They were drunk and full of abuse.

Next day at 8 o’clock in the morning Nafeesa was taken to a room on the first floor. She was shocked and terrified to see Majid there. He had been turned into a badly beaten up mess overnight. D C P Maria asked her about Majid’s brother Haji Yaqub. She said she had no knowledge of his whereabouts. Majid told him that if they knew they would not have let themselves be beaten so much. Maria called her a bitch and asked her of all the men in the world what had she seen in Majid? Using the most humiliating and filthiest language for the couple, Maria, who knew that Nafeesa was a convert, turned to Nafeesa and asked her why on earth had she changed her religion.

In fact Maria used to have very good relations with Nafeesa’s brother-in-law, Haji Yakub. Most often he used to borrow his Maruti 800 car, Nafeesa was shocked to see Maria behaving in such a beastly manner with them.

Majid was made to stand with his knees bending in a position as if he was sitting on a chair; with hands stretched out. He was asked not to move and as he moved he was lashed on his back and head.

Every day police asked them the same question: 'Where is Yaqub?' And with this would start the daily routine of merciless beating and humiliation in the filthiest language.

Nafeesa was often woken up in the middle of the night and was tor tured in the most shameless manner, in spite of the fact that she was in a bad health that was worsening every day. In the meantime Majid's sister Mobin, 45, was also brought and detained.

The inmates remained only on afternoon food, which was served with two breads and watery lentils. There was no arrangement for drinking water. A water drum had been kept near the toilet, which was used for drinking as well as for washing. Nafeesa had no money to get sanitary pad. She spent all these days in a single nightie badly stinking and soaked in blood. As can be imagined its smell was unbearably foul.

The toilet was always stinking and full of human excrement. Most often there was no water to use. All women had to remain without bath and without changing their clothes and without sanitary pads during their menstrual periods.

From 30 March to 24 April Nafeesa was detained for 38 days at Mahim police station from where she was transferred to the Bombay Crime Branch, where she was kept for another 20 days, April 24 to May 13 Nafeesa was thus illegally detained for 58 days.

On 24 April Nafeesa and her sister-in-law, Mobin Fayyaz Khan were brought to the Crime Branch cell where they remained till 13 May 1993. She was not told where her husband had been kept.

At Crime Branch Nafeesa's health went from bad to worse. She felt terrible pain in her stomach. Her skin had become black. There were strange patches all over. Due to severe beating her skin got pulpy and could easily be chipped off. No medicine was given to her. She had no money, no outside contact and above all she was terribly frightened about her husband's fate.

She fell seriously ill, her stomach was swollen; and whole night yelled for doctor. She was crying and requesting the fascist police to let her go. But her requests were met by scolding and stern warnings.

On 13 May **Nafeesa's condition became critical. Her sister-in-law, Mobin Fayyaz Khan frantically pleaded with the police for immediate medical relief for her sister-in law. Obviously to avert a custodial death in sight, the police called a lady doctor, Mrs. Shanta Shetty at 11pm. The lady doctor was shocked to see her condition. Nafeesa was lying on the floor in her dirty stinking nightie which she had been wearing for the last two months.** In a tone of sorrow and bewilderment the lady asked Nafeesa, "My dear girl where I shall check you up?" At Dr Sheet's request Nafeesa was laid on a table. She examined Nafeesa and advised the police to admit her immediately in a hospital for operation. At that

junction Majid was brought there. Police officer Pharande told Majid that if he was willing to bear the expenses for his wife's treatment only then she would be admitted in a private hospital otherwise she would be sent to a government hospital. Government hospitals in India are only equipped for minor illnesses and patients are not well looked after there. Those who can afford always opt for private treatment. Majid readily agreed to a private treatment.

Nafeesa was rushed to Cumbala Hill Hospital. The x-ray reports showed a lot of blood clots in her body. On 15 May Nafeesa was operated upon. A cyst weighing 2.5 kilos was removed. The medical expenses amounted to one lakh fifty thousand rupees and were borne by Majid Khan. In the hospital records Nafeesa's name was registered as Nancy. When she objected to it, D C P Maria told her that they did not like her Muslim name so they preferred to admit her under her previous Catholic name. Majid was never brought to see her while she was in the hospital. There was a lady assistant to D C P Maria, who at the time of discharge from the hospital, told Nafeesa to quietly go home and should not make any sort of complaint otherwise she would have to face further imprisonment and that she would be thankful to Maria who was so kind as to allow her to be operated in such a nice hospital and that too under his personal supervision. In her affidavit Nafeesa claimed that she could identify the said assistant.

Nafeesa now lives a hopeless and unproductive life and survives on medicines. She is completely shattered psychologically and physically. Hers and her husband's only crime was that they happened to be related to an absconder. And for this crime other 22 relatives of theirs, including her sister-in-law Mobin, were detained and shamelessly tortured for two months.

Shahnawaz Abdul Qader

His entire family, comprising of 19 members, was detained at Mahim police cell: 1) Wife Noorjahan; 2) Forty-five days old son Faisal; 3) Mother Hajira; 4) Father Abdul Qader; 5) Sister Najma; 6) Najrna's husband Wali Mohammed; 7) Sister Parveen; 8) Parveen's husband Mohammad Rafiq; 9) Noorjahan's thirteen years old sister Jaya; 10) Najrna's mother-in-law Fatimi; Friends: 11) Abdul Ghafoor, & 12) Abdul Rehman; 13) Brothers: 14) Shafi. 15) Rafiq; Sisters: 16) Firoza,; 17) Saaira, 18) Insofar and 19) Gresham.

Shahnawaz's 75-year-old father, Abdul Qader was forced to undress his daughter and she was forced to play with his penis. His beard was plucked with pliers and in the process they peeled off both his hair and some of his skin. During the torture Abdul Qader faeceted and his daughter Najma was forced to eat the excrement.

Shahnawaz's brothers, Rafique, 22 and Shafi, 20, were stripped on the road when nabbed at their house at Bandra and were dragged on the floor in this condition. The police beat and abused them right up to the Mahim police station.

His sister Parveen was in the advanced stage of pregnancy. She was detained along with her husband. After release she gave birth to a child who could not survive.

Shahnawaz's wife Noorjahan, 20, was lodged in the Mahim cell along with her 45 days old infant son. While dragging her out of her hut the police did not give her even the chance to cover her naked infant. One night when she was spreading her dupatta (scarf) on the floor to put her son to sleep on it, four policemen came there. One of them kicked on her back so hard that she instantly fell down and her saiwar (trouser) got wet all over with blood. Only 45 days back she had undergone the travail of her first delivery with the aid of vacuum extractor and had not yet fully recovered from post-natal malaise. Notwithstanding her condition, the policemen dragged her to an adjoining room leaving her child, Faisal, crying helplessly.

Ayob Ibrahim Qureshi

Qureshi worked as a helper in the Deobar slaughter-house. His mother and his brother were detained along with him. The police broke his brother Mushtaq's leg. No medical treatment was provided to him. Subsequently on his release he was hospitalised.

His mother, Husainibi, 60, is a TB patient yet the police detained her for 20 days. During the beating her finger was badly fractured due to which she still cannot move her arm. For seven days she was sick passing loose motion with blood. Other women inmates had to help her to the toilet at short intervals. Such heartlessness the policemen were showing that when she was taken to toilet, they would shout at her using the filthiest language asking 'Iere bap ki jaga bai kiya? Chalo andar? (Is this your father's place? Or what? Get inside).

Ghulam Hafeez Sheikh Sulaiman's family

Wives Farzana, Razja, unmarried sister Zainab and brer-in-law Anees Shaikh were mercilessly beaten and dumped in the police van at about 3 o'clock in the night.

His sister-in-law Rukhsana, 19, who was in her late pregnancy was also dragged out. She strongly protested saying she was to be admit ted to Harkisondas hospital that day. She even fell on the feet of the only lady constable who accompanied the policemen. Nevertheless she was also dumped into the van. She was crying hysterically for help. Farzana's three children who were left out rushed towards the van, but were kicked away by the police. They were not allowing her even to take her five months child. She told them that she would rather die than leave her baby. Gulam's first wife Razia's two young daughters had luckily sheltered themselves in the common toilet of their chawl.

Next day at 10 O'clock in the morning they were produced before DCP Maria and Manesha. Gulam Hafeez was already there handcuffed and badly battered. The moment Gulam saw his

family he shouted, “Why have you brought them?” “Your real kirya karam [last rites] will start now, you mother fucker!”, came the answer. Then addressing his wives as bitches he asked them to persuade him to sign the confession. Gularn said that he had committed no crime. This enraged Maria so much that shouting at his men he ordered them to strip the women. He then turned to Gulam and said, “Bata sale tu kaise ek saat dono ko pura padta bai.” (Show us how you satisfy both of them at a time.” When the police men, at their officer’s behest paced towards her, Razia chutg to her husband and Farzana pushed them away with full force. But soon both were brutally beaten up till they lost all strength to desist the tormentors. Gulam’s sister-in-law Rukhsana’s condition was very pathetic. She was pleading to each policeman to release her as she was expecting her child any moment. A policeman taunted at her saying not to worry they’d arrange for her delivery inside the police station. As she had started contracting, she was released and next day she delivered her first child at Harkisondas hospital. Thus ended her excruciating travail.

Nasim Ashraf Shaikh’s family

His mother Firoza and young unmarried sister Shabana, were detained at Mahim police station for 7 days: April 6 to 13, 1993. The police mercilessly assaulted his ailing mother. The poor old woman was so shocked that she could not even cry for mercy. Shabana, the sister who observes strict purdah was dragged out of the house without Burqa (veil) and slippers. At the police station his mother’s sari was removed before being assaulted. She pleaded with folded hands saying that she was like their mother, but the policemen retorted with obscenities like Gup tuji aai la (Shut-up you, fucking mother). Nasim’s mother and sister were produced before DCP Maria. When Nasim saw his mother he cried and requested, “Shoot me, shoot me.” Maria ordered to bring before him accused Jabir. He ordered Jabir to be stripped and then he asked him to undress Shabana. Despite being violently flogged Jabir did not move. One policeman then pulled Shabana’s dupatta and caught her saiwar. The ordeal ended when Nasim agreed to sign the forged confession.

During detention his mother’s and sister’s heads were repeatedly struck against each other. As a result Shabana’s eardrums were injured. After release her right ear had to be operated upon at Holy Family, Bandra costing her Rs. 5,000. And on May 11, 1994 her left ear had to be operated upon costing Rs. 3000.

Mohammed Jabir Abdul Latif Mansoori’s family

His young wife Muneera, 25, was stripped naked in his presence. He was forced to witness the inhuman treatment being meted out to her by the drunk policemen. She was brutally forced to

beat her husband with her slippers. When she refused to do so she was mercilessly beaten up. The moment she paused in her beating she was lashed with a thick belt. She kept on apologising him during the beating till she fainted. She is now suffering from acute mental affliction. Mentally agonised and terribly shocked she is now living a wretched life. His brother, Mohammed Shakir Mansoori was illegally detained and tortured for several days.

Zakir Hussain Noor Mohammad's family

On March 30 1993, at 3 O'clock in the night, police started rounding up his entire family including maternal uncle, their wives and children including an infant of just 41 days. Following 14 members of his family were detained at Mahim police station. 1) Noor Mohammed, 52 (Zakir's Father); 2) Ismailbi, 47 (Mother); 3) Najmunnisa (Aunt); 4) Mubarak Hussain, 45 (Zakir); 5) Saeeda Bano (Aunt); 8) Gulam Mustafa, 40 (uncle); 9) Saeeda Bano's 41 days old child and other four children aged 4, 7, 9, and 13 years.

On March 30, they all were kept detained without food or even water. All of them were beaten. Their filthy language was more torturing than their beatings. Zakir's father was subjected to 'Naal "Bandi"'. They were lashed with belt and brutally kicked. Women were also beaten up in the most heinous way. The women were degraded and insulted repeatedly. All the beating was done by male police.

At 12 mid-night Zakir's parents were made to stand before DCP Maria. Zakir was sitting in a corner. Maria was sitting behind a table with a muster like book placed on it. He told Zakir to say only yes to whatever he asked and if he did not do so, he warned, he would undress his father and mother and torture them. Then he opened the big book and went on asking questions. Whenever Zakir halted the police men lashed his father and mother.

His family was arrested on March, 30 and released on April 5. All these days they went through a perpetual nightmare. They were huddled like animals in dirty rooms. There was no question of taking bath, water was scarce even for drinking. No food was served except tea and bread at 12 and then at 8 p.m. Saeeda was not allowed to breast feed her 41 days old infant. Due to beatings on soles his father have developed recurring giddiness.

The Chaugle family

In a writ petition no 604/1993 Mrs. Haseena Chaugle has affirmed that she along with her family, was unlawfully detained at Mahim police station from March 22 to May 20.

Her Sons Shahid, Rizwan and brother-in-law Anees and daughter- in-law Tabassum were detained with her. She was beaten with belt and fisted on her head and face. Her sons and

brother-in-law were also beaten with grinding wheel belt and wooden rods. The police questioned her whether she had brothers and sisters and whether her deceased husband had any brothers and sisters. Her reply in negative incurred further wrath. They savagely pulled her hair and forced her to bend down and then she was kicked on her back. They dipped a wooden rod in dirty water and pushed it into her mouth. Daughter-in-law Tabassum was forced to remove Haseenas clothes as the police wanted to apply chillies.

Haseena's son Shahid suffering from epilepsy had four attacks. She was extremely worried about her epileptic sons condition, but she was told not to worry. They assured her they had enough ground to bury her Son.

Mrs. Chaugle further averred in her petition that her other son Rizwan who had the longest tenure of detention was beaten up by four policemen. One pressed his mouth hard and the other hit him on his sole with belt while the others sat on his back. On April 9 Rizwan was beaten so much that he went on vomiting and lost his senses. He could not even recognise his mother. He fell unconscious for two hours. The police took him to Bhabha hospital. Mrs. Chaugle's request to accompany her son was turned down.

Haseena was summoned to the hospital only when Rizwan's condition became more critical. Mrs. Chaugle was shocked to her inner most to find her son kept on oxygen.

In his writ petition Rizwan has stated that on his regaining consciousness sometime late in the night, the police asked the ward boy to remove the oxygen tube and took him back to the police cell at Mahim.

Rizwan was released on May 20, 1993 and was warned that his mother, who was released earlier, should withdraw the writ petition. In the said petition, Rizwan turned good Samaritan for 13 other illegal detainees. In his petition Rizwan mentioned their names. All lucky 13 were quietly released.

Shahnawaz Khan

He was arrested 15 months after the blasts. He was unaware of his alleged involvement in the blasts and as such moved freely. He also happily got married.

According to the Kolkotta based magazine SUNDAY (3 July 1984) 1 Khan, who lives in the eastern suburb of Kurla and was employed as a typist in a local outfit there, claims that he does not have any previous record and that he was never involved with any gang. He says that he was beaten several times and threatened that he and his family would be destroyed if he did not sign the confession already prepared by the police."

Khan told Sunday 'I dont even know what I signed. They did not even let me read it. Since the day when I was arrested, they had been threatening me and my family in order to get me sign the statement. Finally I succumbed. I was made to sign 12 blank sheets and a statement that was supposed to be my confession, but which I was not even allowed to glance at'."

“Khan is not the only one with this complaint”, the magazine said, “there have been hundreds of such accusations about police brutality.

DESTROYING MUSLIMS' HONOUR AND LIVES IS POPLICE'S JOKE: THE STORY OF HASPATEL FAMILY

Mr Iqbal Haspatel and his family were arrested when the police found one textile spindle kept in a show case in his house assuming and declaring it to be highly sophisticated missile like of which, the police said, had been used by 11 Afghan Mujahideen” The newspapers quoted the police describing it a “circumstantial joke”.

Mr. Iqbal Haspatel and his family were arrested when the Srivardhan police found one textile spindle kept in a show case in his house assuming and declaring it to be highly sophisticated missile like of which, the police said, had been used by “Afghan Mujahideen”.

Interestingly enough national newspapers published the news with photographs of these “missiles”. They reported that the military experts had identified them to be highly deadly missiles and further report was awaited.

In a letter dated May 9, 1993 addressed to the chief Minister of Maharashtra and other high rank police officers Mr. Iqbal Haspatel complained that on April 13, 1993, the Srivardhan police ransacked his house and mercilessly beat up his entire family including young and old women. After savagely toppling over all household articles, personal effects, cash, jewellery, securities, documents and furniture the police grabbed hold of a textile spindle and declared it to be a dangerous missile.

According to the Sunday Observer (2 May 1993) “The spindle which was assumed to be a dangerous missile was brought home by children to be displayed in the family’s show case. Several such spindles had been picked up by the village children when a truck had overturned,”

Despite Mr. Haspatel’s efforts to convince the police that that was a harmless spindle, the police refused to believe him and Mr.Haspatel, his wife, sister, daughter, daughter in law, Sons Mubin, Naeem were all arrested and taken to Srivardhan police station along with other six villagers from whose houses kitchen knives were discovered. Haspatel’s house was given in the possession of the Inspector Shankar Rao Patel and a group of constables ordered to carry out further search.

At the police station **all male members were stripped and were made to stand naked for a long time before their womenfolk. When the women closed their eyes and put their hands on their faces, they were severely hit by batons. They were forced to see the naked genitals of their men folks.**

Women were manhandled, molested and shamelessly abused and taunted vis-à-vis their religion and Qur'an. They were **forced to prostrate in the fashion of Namaz (Islamic Prayer), before the full naked bodies of their males. They also teased the women to recite Qur'an in Marathi and forced them to drink liquor.**

Mr. Haspatel in the presence of his family was repeatedly asked about the real father of his children as according to them they did not look like him.

While bringing the family to the police station the police separated a year old infant from his mother and refrained the mother from breast-feeding the baby. The eighth standard student Naeem was not allowed to appear for his annual examination as a result he lost his academic year. Haspatel's son Mobin was subjected to third degree punishment. During the torture, he suffered several hysterical attacks and is now affected by psychological trauma.

Not content with their above savagery the police forced Mr. Haspatel to phone his son Khalid in Muscat where he was employed, and ask him to come immediately, and falsely telling him that all female members

their family had died in a car accident. The small son Naeem was sent to Bombay with five police men so that Khalid could be identified and nabbed right at the Sahar airport on his arrival from the Gulf.

Twelve years old Naeem accompanied by hostile, heartless policemen remained at Sahar airport from April 16 to 20. Naem had to bear their expenses on food etc. as well as their harsh treatment. Mr. Haspatel has further complained that all of his daughters, sisters along with their families were brought to the police station at midnight; infants were also brought with them.

The police searched their in-laws' houses too.

According to the Times of India (Bombay 23 April 1993) the cruel foolhardiness of the police reached its nadir when Haspatel's son-in-law Nasir walked in the Sriwardhari police station and told them that the article that they misunderstood to be a missile was a spindle. Determined not to listen to any Muslim, the Superintendent of police Mr. C. J. Daithankar told him that the "missiles" had been handed over to army experts who had confirmed that that was an "Afghan Missile". Nasir was definitely fortunate enough not to be arrested on charges of possessing another "missile".

Strangely enough the error was realised after four days. The newspapers quoted the police describing it a "circumstantial joke". Only God knows how their foolhardiness exploded in their faces. But what price the victims of this draconian joke, had to pay? Unfortunately, even after the "joke" Haspatel's trauma did not end there. They were kept detained, along with others, in a dark dingy cell of 8 x 10 wherein they could not even properly sit. Even though the error was realised Mr. Iqbal and his family remained in police custody.

At last they were released on April 20, 1993. Haspatel was threatened not to complain anywhere or else lives of all his family members would be made miserable like his son Mobin. On release Haspatel family had to take shelter in their relatives' house as the police had refused to hand over the key of their own to them. Only after going through a fresh spate of

ordeals Haspatels could get back the keys of their house hut not before May 4, 1993. Thus arrested on April 13, the blunder realised on April 18; Haspatels' release was effected on April 28.

They were allowed to re-enter their house on May 4, 1993 only to discover that their cash, jewellery, wristwatches, costly saris, clothes and documents including ration card were missing. Mr. Haspatel in his complaint dated May 9, 1993 addressed to the chief minister has put the value of his entire stolen property to the tune of Rs.1,87,000. He has demanded a copy of 'Panchnama made at the time of locking up the house but the police has blatantly refused to oblige.

Thus the joke so heavily wrought by the police has turned into a perpetual nightmare for the Haspatel family. Justice still eludes them.

Manzoor Ahmed Syed Ahmed

During the torture **Manzoor was made naked, and Mrs. Zaibunnisa Kazi a woman of his mother's age, was forced to play with his penis and thereafter Manzoor was forced to insert his penis into her mouth. He refused saying she was like his mother. But then, the animals do not have the concept of a mother.**

On April 18, 1993, when Hon'ble Judge Mr. J N Patel visited Mahim police station, he was shocked to see Manzoor's horrible condition. Badly mauled and battered, Manzoor's clothes were drenched in blood. Hon'ble Judge asked him, "Who beat you ?" Manzoor burst into tears. He narrated his innocence. Hon'ble Judge directed the police to provide him appropriate medical treatment. The police provided the treatment - but not without their tyrannical touch. He was abused and beat en while being taken for the treatment.

Similarities Between The BJP and Nazism

"The BJP has already begun its campaign. And the parallels between the rise of Nazism and the tactics of the Sangh brotherhood [extremist Hindu parties] are difficult to ignore. A combination of political communalism (racism, Aryan purity) with economic leftism (national socialism). The identification and vilification of a hate group (Jews) as the scapegoat for the nation's problems. The perpetration of the Big Lic. The similarities abound. The Nazis refused to call their party a 'party' but used the term 'movement' to distinguish themselves from other political parties (how many times have you heard the phrase 'temple movement'?). After the aborted Munich putch, the Nazis determined that political power would be achieved by legal means even if it meant temporary alliance with cen trist groups like Hugenberg's Nationalist Party. Mass agitations. Demagogic appeals to the lower middle classes and unemployed.

Relentless propaganda. All the hallmarks of the Nazi Swastika. The greatest enemy of the BiP is not liberal democracy (after all, the fascist dictatorship in Germany gained power by constitutional and not revolutionary means) but secularism behind which it sees the face of the Muslims”.

- *India Today, 15 January 1993*

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