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BELFAST

The Five Techniques

On November 16, 1971, British Defense Minister Lord Peter Carrington was moved to denounce Jim Auld, a twenty-year-old unemployed dental technician, on national television. The British government had recently tortured Auld and thirteen other Northern Irish men, and Lord Carrington's denunciation—he claimed the fourteen men were "thugs and murderers"—was meant to justify the torture. In fact, no evidence was ever produced to link Auld or any of the other men with any crime. None of the men were tried. None were even charged.

I met Auld twenty years after his ordeal. He had an office above a bookie's shop in downtown Belfast, and from that office he directed Challenge for Youth, an organization that provides support for teenagers in trouble. He was then thirty-nine. I would have guessed he was fifty. He was of medium height, his eyes were light blue, his hair and beard were graying. His job seemed to be one of those that call only halfheartedly for a tie, and his was halfheartedly hung around his neck, his collar open. When I asked him to tell me his side of the story, it poured out, as if he had been holding it in his throat.

"I was lifted coming home from a party," he told me. "I arrived at the door to be met by a paratrooper pointing his rifle at me, and he pulled me into the house. They were holding my parents prisoner because they were expecting me in. And I was always very apprehensive about that situation—being taken away in the middle of the

night—and at that stage I said to my mother, 'Look, you can see that I am not marked in any way. You can see that I have no black-and-blue marks, no scratches, I am completely clean, and you can see his face. This is the guy who is in charge, so if there are any marks on me later, this is the guy that you need to remember.'

"He was a captain in the paratroopers and he said, 'Look, Mrs. Auld, while your son is with me, I can guarantee you that nothing will happen to him.' And at that they marched me out the door."

Although he didn't know it, Auld was by no means the only man being arrested at that hour. For months, violence in Northern Ireland had been escalating, and in response, British Prime Minister Edward Heath and Defense Minister Carrington decided to resort to "internment," a policy that empowered the government to arrest anyone in the province without charge or evidence and to incarcerate them for an unlimited period. Army intelligence officers compiled a list of potential internees—more than five hundred Catholics whom they believed to be either IRA members, IRA sympathizers, or civil rights activists who would organize demonstrations against the government's new policy. The leadership of the Irish Republican Army, however, had seen it coming, and with few exceptions had moved to safe houses by the time the army began making its sweep early in the morning of August 9, 1971. By midnight, Jim Auld and 341 other Catholics were in custody, the great majority of them having had no involvement in paramilitary activity. It did not take long for the army to discover that its intelligence information was faulty; almost a third of those arrested were released within forty-eight hours.

Auld was taken to Girdwood Barracks, one of the registration points for internees, and from there to the Crumlin Road Jail. Late in the day, the jail authorities handed him back to the military. He recalls, "At that stage some fairly serious physical damage was done to me. Going back to the military camp, I got a tanking from the soldiers, a beating with batons, going back into a small room where I was made to lie on a camp bed.

"In the room there was half a dozen soldiers, military police, and one policeman—4162 was his number, ginger hair, he was about twenty-four, twenty-five; if I saw him today, I'd know him—and they just started beating me while I was lying on the camp bed. They beat me with batons, they kicked me all around the place. They were aim-

ing towards my privates and my head and they were making me keep my hands at my sides. I went unconscious a couple of times and they woke me up. They were screaming at me, 'Keep your hands at your sides! Keep your hands at your sides!' Then every time I tried to keep my hands at my sides they were whacking me, then I was doubling up or trying to get up.

"After a while, the soldiers who were beating everybody started getting a bit sick of it, but the policeman was inflamed at that stage, and he just wouldn't stop, and he ended up saying, 'Fenian bastards, you don't want to be British but you take the Queen's money. You're on the dole and you take her money.' And what annoyed him was that I said, 'Look I'm not working and I don't take the Queen's money. You can stick your Queen's money up your ass.' And he went crazy and he kicked the shit out of me. Turned up the camp bed and he kicked me all round the place. And eventually when I woke up again, I was lying on the camp bed and one of the soldiers who had been beating me gave me a cigarette, he gave me a Number Six, and he lit it and he said, 'Here, you poor bastard, you're going to need that.' And it was the first indication I had that there was something serious gonna happen. And it was him that pushed the cop out of the way and wouldn't let him hit me anymore."

Without warning or explanation, a hood was placed on Auld's head. He was handcuffed and then led to a helicopter. "We seemed to be in the air about a half hour. As soon as it landed I was kicked out and two arms grabbed me and I was trailed along, with the hood on, couldn't see where we were going at all, and they just ran me straight into a post. Straight into my head, flying full force into it, and I just went down. Trailed me inside and stripped me and put on a boilersuit and brought me into this room and put me against the wall, spread-eagled, my hands way above my head so my weight was on my arms and my feet. There was a hissing sound in the background; at that stage I thought it was a pipe hissing."

Auld did not know it, but for reasons still unknown, he and a select group of other Northern Irish Catholics—chosen, it would seem, on a geographic basis—were about to undergo a scientific combination of tortures. The hood over his head was meant to contribute to his sense of isolation and to mask the identity of the torturers. The noise increased in intensity; various survivors described it as the sound of an

airplane engine, the sound of compressed air escaping, and the sound of helicopter blades whirring. For a solid week, the noise was absolute and unceasing, an assault of such ferocity that many of the men now recall it as the worst part of the ordeal. The men were also deprived of food and water and were not allowed to sleep (Auld was kept awake for six days). The spread-eagled position was also part of the torture: Auld's feet were placed about a yard from the wall so that his weight rested on his hands, a position that, if held for a long period, produces enormous strain; some of the men were later unable to hold a mug of tea or write a letter. Most of the men were also denied access to a toilet and had to urinate and defecate in their boilersuits.

The combination of tortures—the hooding, the noise bombardment, the food deprivation, the sleep deprivation, and the forced standing at the wall—later came to be known as the "five techniques." In combination, they induced a state of psychosis, a temporary madness with long-lasting aftereffects.

Auld told me that he was petrified with fear. "I didn't know what was going on, where I was, or who was doing what to me. And my hands up against the wall, after ten or fifteen minutes, they started getting numb, so I dropped them down to my side, and as soon as I lifted them off the wall, I got beaten with the batons, just beaten solid. And my hands were forced back up to the wall. And very quickly you got the message that you weren't supposed to move your hands. But you can only keep your hands up for so long. And so what I was doing, I was trying to show them that I was willingly standing against the wall, that I only wanted to start the circulation again in my arms, so I brought one hand down. I was immediately set on again. But you can only stay like that for so long, and again my hands just dropped down. And again, I was set on and knocked unconscious. And I woke up and they threw me back up again. It just went on like that for days. I know that I wet myself.

"The noise started annoying me. At one stage it was a noise at the far corner of the room, and now, at this stage, it was sitting beside me. And I just started getting more and more confused. Every time I dropped they just kicked me all around the place and forced me back up onto the wall. I was eventually brought into a room, and there was a plainclothes guy there and he started asking me questions about the IRA—did I know anybody in the IRA and all that. And I was desper-

ate, and I said, 'Yes, I know everybody. Who did you want? Joe Cahill? Sean MacStiofain?' They were the names that anybody knew. They immediately put the hood down and beat me, dragged me out again and forced me back up onto the wall. And they just beat me.

"After about four days they set me on the ground and lifted the hood up to my nose and they gave me a piece of bread and a cup of water. And I was afraid to take the bread in case they took the water away. Because my mouth was dry, completely dry. And I was afraid—I needed the water, I needed the fluid—and I was afraid to take the bread, so I threw the bread away and I took the water. And he lifted the bread up and he gave it back to me again and he stuck a bit of bread in my mouth. And then he held the cup up and gave me one drink of it and took the whole lot away and put the hood back up. There was obviously two or three of them. As one of them took the bread off, another couple of them threw me back up on the wall. And I remember one of them hit me with a kidney punch or a punch with the baton in my kidneys because I can remember it just knocked all of the wind out of me. And I just went straight down and they all seemed to be in a circle around me beating me.

"And I remember crying at that stage and saying, 'I just can't take this, mister, I am sorry, I just don't know what to do.' And I couldn't do anything, and I just felt so helpless and so isolated that I would have told anybody anything. The interrogations were nothing for me because I wasn't in the position to tell them what they wanted to know. I admitted to being in everything but the crib [with the baby Jesus in Bethlehem], and if they had asked me I would have said, 'Yes, the crib as well, I'm in the background of it there,' because I was just so frightened that I had no fear of anything other than what they were doing to me. I would love to have seen the records of it, to see what I did tell them, because it couldn't be anything but funny, because it is all lies and desperation. When it was happening, it wasn't funny, I can assure you.

"What was in my head at that stage was, how can anybody do this to another human being? And I just couldn't fathom it. I was trying to think the thing through logically and all I could think of was that these people had done so many bad things to me that there was no way that they could ever allow me out alive to tell people. Because it would destroy them. And then I said, 'Then the logical thing is for them to

kill me and say that I got killed in a shooting or something, or just make me disappear.' And that was actually in my head, that they were going to kill me."

In the wake of that realization, Auld decided to put himself out of his misery. In falling to the ground he had become aware that a heating pipe ran along the bottom of the wall. "I was saying to myself, 'There is no way that I can take this any longer.' And I was saying, 'If I threw myself down on the ground, I could maybe crack my head or break my neck on this pipe.' And I hit my head off the pipe okay, but all I did was hurt my head. I ended up crying because I didn't die. And they kicked the shit out of me for it because they reckoned that is what I was trying to do."

While all this was going on, Auld thought he was alone in his suffering. In fact, 12 men were being driven into a psychotic state in the same way. Paddy Joe McClean, a schoolteacher from County Tyrone, heard funeral hymns, saw his own casket and a firing squad, and at one point forgot who he was, believing himself to be a farmer from Enniskillen whom he had met only once. His tongue was so swollen from lack of water that he thought he would choke on it, and he later described trying to "vomit his tongue."

Patrick Shivers, a civil rights activist from Toomebridge, felt the same thirst and suddenly saw a table full of containers of fizzing lemonade. He began to pray out loud. He prayed to his son Finbar, who had died at six months of spina bifida. Finbar appeared to him.

Francis McGuigan, an active Republican from Belfast, saw himself in the company of friends and couldn't understand why they wouldn't take off his handcuffs. He prayed for death. At one stage he was asked to spell his name. He failed. His interrogators were much amused and asked him to count to ten. He refused, he told me, because he was afraid he couldn't do it.

Kevin Hannaway, also an active Republican from Belfast, sang the song "Four Green Fields," knew he was going to be shot, and asked for a priest. "I would have liked to have seen my wife and children before I died," he said later.

The men could not tell if it was day or night, or how many days had passed. The one thing Jim Auld knows for certain is that he was missing for nine days. He believes that on the eighth day, he was taken off the wall and brought to a room with a mattress in it. "I was that fright-

ened that it didn't enter my head to take the hood off," he told me. "I was just that petrified. And eventually a Branchman [a member of the Special Branch], a plainclothesman, came in, and he said, 'You should have just taken off the hood.' And he brought me in something to eat, it was like watery stew. And because I couldn't hold it—my hands were useless—he fed me. He gave me a Mars bar, he gave me a Coke, over the period of a day he gave me three or four different meals. And he was continually talking to me about everything in general, just everyday things. And he told me it was over, I wouldn't be going back to the wall, I wouldn't be getting touched again, that he was my friend, that he didn't want anything to happen to me. With hindsight I know what he was trying to do—he was saying, 'You can see me. You know that I've never done anything to you. I've never laid a finger on you.' It was just in case the dirt was gonna hit the wall, he was making sure his back was clean. Because he was the guy I would be able to recognize.

"He was straightening me out, he was bringing me back to sanity. And at that stage, I thought he was God. I thought he was the nicest human being alive. He was my friend and mentor.

"He told me exactly what the process was going to be. He told me we would be going back in the helicopter and landing in the Crumlin Road Jail. And when I got to Crumlin Road Jail I wasn't to look back at the people in the helicopter. I would be set on the edge when it landed, and I was just to slide off and walk to the screws who would be waiting for me. He washed my face and my hands and my feet. My feet were all swollen up, my hands were all swollen up; I was in agony with them, I couldn't do anything. So my face was half clean-looking. And he put the hood back on and he asked me to make sure that it wasn't too tight, that I had plenty of air, and he was very civil about it. And we went back into the helicopter.

"We were gone about twenty minutes. When the helicopter landed, I sat down and there was an arm on my back and it pushed me off, and as that happened, another hand came and pulled the hood off my head, and I was pushed forward towards the two screws.

"And I think it was the first realization for me of how serious the ordeal was that I had been through, because the look that I saw on the screws' faces was one of sheer horror at my appearance. They were absolutely horrified. And the two of them grabbed me and helped me into a minibus and brought me around to the reception in Crumlin

Road Jail. They fed me sweets, and they were running in and out of the cell for three-quarters of an hour, asking me did I want anything, giving me a packet of cigarettes, giving me a box of matches, and continually asking me did I want coffee or tea, until I was moved to D-wing, the basement, the holding cells. I was there overnight, but while I was there, other guys, whose voices I recognized, started talking through the bars, and I got up and I was talking through the bars with them, and I realized then that there were other people who had gone through the same process."

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ISRAEL

Night of the Broken Clubs

IN THE WEST BANK, just south of Nablus, is a small village called Beita, accessible only by traveling a poorly paved road, wide enough for a single vehicle. Drivers going to Beita slow to a crawl to avoid deep ruts, chickens, and donkeys. It is a very poor village, divided into an upper section on a hillside and a lower section in the valley. In upper Beita, Palestinian women walk to and from the communal water supply carrying buckets on their heads.

On January 20, 1988, a group of Israeli soldiers entered Beita to deliver a civics lecture to the inhabitants. The intifada, the Palestinian uprising, was a little more than a month old, and the lecture was in response to an incident a few days earlier in which local youths had set a bus on fire near where the ill-tended road to Beita meets the well-paved road to Nablus. Lieutenant Colonel Yehuda Meir, the commander of the Nablus region, was the featured speaker. Meir, a handsome, dark-haired man, thirty-five years old, was a career soldier who had seen hard duty in Lebanon, Sinai, and the Jordan Valley. He had the carriage of an athlete, he could speak Arabic, he thrived in the field, and he was known as a man who did not command from a chair, as other high-ranking officers did. He lived with his wife and three children in Oranit, a West Bank settlement about forty minutes away from his headquarters in Nablus.

To provide support for that day's mission, Lieutenant Colonel Meir called on a company of about thirty-five soldiers from the Nahal

Brigade. The Nahal is by reputation a good frontline unit, unique in that those who join it spend two years working on a settlement or on a kibbutz and two years as infantry soldiers. Nahal troops also undergo parachute training, though it is more of a morale-boosting course than something they are likely to be called upon to use. Most members of the company called upon by Meir had been raised on a kibbutz, and as kibbutzniks they had been teethed on socialism. A supporter of right-wing politics would have been lonely in that particular unit.

The company was led by Captain Eldad Ben-Moshe, twenty-three years old, a thoughtful man who, from his first experience as a soldier in the West Bank, had believed that Israel should find a way to give it up. Three years of military service is demanded of young Israelis, and Ben-Moshe had entered the Israel Defense Forces (IDF) immediately after high school. He had later gone on to officers' school, and when he entered Beita that January morning in 1988, he was in his fifth year of service.

Until that day, Ben-Moshe's group considered themselves lucky, since they had a fairly good posting considering the times. They functioned as troubleshooters who were called upon to solve problems other units could not solve by themselves. They lived on a base just outside Hawara, the village immediately north of Beita, a base surrounded by pine trees, in a beautiful setting, which had been captured from the Jordanian army during the Six-Day War in 1967. While waiting to be called out on special assignments, the men had a lot of time to watch television and to play basketball and soccer.

Lieutenant Colonel Meir, Captain Ben-Moshe, and the Nahal group entered Beita at dawn. They watched a group of border policemen, armed with a loudspeaker, drive through the village ordering the men to go to a meeting at the local school. Once the crowd had assembled, Meir gave his lecture, asking the residents to obey the law, and his sentiments were repeated by another officer who worked in the Israeli civil administration, the body that governs daily life in the occupied territories.

The speeches, however, did not have much of a calming effect. The troops were stoned on their way out of the village.

Lieutenant Colonel Meir, Captain Ben-Moshe, and the Nahal group returned to Beita late that afternoon. They found it a different place. The road was barricaded, tires were burning, and the number

of young men throwing stones had multiplied. Shields, commonly used in other countries to help soldiers and policemen respond to riots, are not normally issued to Israeli troops, and so the Nahal group had nothing to ward off the villagers' projectiles. The soldiers fought back with their standard-issue wooden clubs, but it took them several hours to put down the resistance.

While the battle was in process, Meir sent a messenger to the General Security Service, also known as the Shin Bet, the Israeli secret police, asking for a list of Beita residents who were suspected of hostile activity. The list conveyed to Meir contained the names of eight men of various ages. Some had participated in demonstrations, some were alleged to be "inciters," and one man was believed to have sung nationalist songs. Not one of the eight was suspected of any serious offense or of any involvement in terrorist activity.

Sunset had come and gone by the time the list reached Beita. A few local residents were pressed into service as guides, and Captain Ben-Moshe and his men crisscrossed the village, arresting the eight suspects at their homes. At this point, nothing that had occurred was remarkable or unusual. Ben-Moshe's unit was accustomed to getting lists from the Shin Bet for nighttime arrests, and without knowing any of the charges, they would round up the suspects and transport them to jail.

Once the eight Beita men were in custody, they were handcuffed and made to sit on the floor of the soldiers' bus. Meir then dismissed two intelligence officers who had taken part in the incident. One of them was Mike Herzog, the son of Chaim Herzog, the president of Israel. "You have completed your role," Meir said. "It is not appropriate for the son of the president to be here." A few minutes later, Meir pulled out in his jeep, leading the bus down the rutted pavement.

Meir stopped at the intersection of the Nablus road, and Captain Ben-Moshe and Lieutenants Omri Kochva and Ilan Shani got off the bus to receive further orders. Meir told them that the high command had declared a "strong-arm" policy to deal with the unrest. This may not have been news to the officers. On the previous day Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin had proclaimed that the intifada would be suppressed with "force, might, and beatings." The *Jerusalem Post*'s account of the proclamation questioned the legality of beating demonstrators but also quoted an unnamed Defense Department spokesman

who stressed the utilitarian aspect of the policy. "A detainee sent to Fara'a Prison will be freed in eighteen days unless the authorities have enough evidence to charge him," the paper said. "He may then resume stoning soldiers. But if troops break his hand, he won't be able to throw stones for a month and a half."

Meir explained to the three officers that because of the Palestinian uprising, the jails were packed full. Ben-Moshe, Kochva, and Shani would later testify that Meir told them to take the eight men from Beita into the nearby olive groves and "break their arms and legs."

The three officers had no questions and Meir drove off. The trio then discussed logistics. Captain Ben-Moshe feared that he would lose control of the situation if too many soldiers took part, and so he decided to limit the number of participants. He also ordered Lieutenants Kochva and Shani not to do any beating themselves. Their job, he said, was simply to make certain that their men did not get carried away. One of the officers—it is no longer clear who—came up with the idea of gagging the Arabs with their own scarves, with the flannels used by the soldiers to clean their weapons, or with whatever cloth was handy. Ben-Moshe decided that when the job was finished, his men should release the plastic handcuffs that bound the villagers' hands and return their identification cards, which had been confiscated earlier. The captain also suggested that one man should be beaten only in the arms so that he would be able to walk back to the village to get help for the others.

Once the three officers had worked out the logistics, Ben-Moshe gave the orders to the rest of the men, explaining, as had been explained to him, that the jails were full and that the action they were about to undertake was a reflection of the government's new "strong-arm" policy. He indicated that no one was being forced to take part and said that he was not able to carry out the order himself and would be staying on the bus. He asked for volunteers, and from those who stepped forward he selected those he needed.

While all of this was taking place, the eight men from Beita were sitting on the floor of the bus, still believing that they were going to be taken to jail. They were suddenly ordered to their feet and, once off the bus, were split into two groups. According to Ben-Moshe's orders, one group of Palestinians was to be beaten by Lieutenant Kochva's platoon, the other group by Lieutenant Shani's, and so the two pla-

toons marched their captives off into the woods on opposite sides of the Beita road.

It was the first time the Nahal company had carried out an organized beating and so there was no standard procedure. Some of the Arabs were gagged and some were not. Some had their handcuffs removed before they were beaten and some had their jackets pulled up over their heads so they could not see.

Lieutenant Kochva described the incident to me several years later. He recalled that a light rain was falling, that it was dark amid the trees, and that he had a difficult time keeping track of what was going on. "There were three or four groups that hit," he said, "and it was a really hard situation because of all the screaming. The soldiers were very hard to control. All the frustration of the long day came out. And it was really hard to control the area—it was dark, and when we finished with one, we went and got another, but I couldn't see if any of the soldiers might have gone back and hit one of the ones we had already beaten. And Eldad told us that our job was to see that everything was done only to the arms and legs, and I really tried to do it that way, but I believe that some of the Arabs were hit all over their bodies. Because I couldn't control it, it was really hard to see what was going on.

"And they were hit with clubs, with rifle butts, with kicks, with fists. It was a big mess, everybody hitting and screaming, and somebody escaped, and someone was shouting, 'Escape. Catch him. Catch him.' I remember that the commanders said, 'Leave him, leave him, let him tell the village to come take all the Arabs who had been beaten.' He ran and fell and ran and fell."

A soldier named Shmuel Shefi, who was participating in the beating, saw the escapee collapse on the road, unconscious. Fearing that the man would be run over by a car, Shefi moved him off the pavement.

After a few minutes, the noise and darkness and confusion gave way to a sudden quiet. The men from Beita lay unconscious in the mud. The soldiers walked back to the bus and departed, not certain what would happen to the men in the field, but trusting, somehow, that the eight Palestinians would not die from their wounds, from internal bleeding, or from exposure.

"The situation was a real big mess," Kochva told me. "And we

went back to the base, and I remember two soldiers who had stayed on the bus cried afterward."

Captain Ben-Moshe, who had stayed near the bus during the beatings, was troubled by the orders he had given, and when the troops returned to their camp, he told them not to go to sleep. He met first with his officers, and then with all of his men, and he tried to clarify the situation as best he could. He explained that this was not to become the norm, that they did not have license to go out and beat anyone they chose to.

The next day, Ben-Moshe went to see Lieutenant Colonel Meir to express his misgivings about the new policy. When he arrived at Meir's office in the Nablus headquarters, however, he found that the lieutenant colonel was not alone. Meir asked how the action had gone in Beita, and Ben-Moshe outlined his objections, not going into great detail because there were other officers present. Ben-Moshe later recalled that there was a certain lighthearted atmosphere in the room, and Meir responded to Ben-Moshe by saying, "In Nahal, you do things and cry. In Golani, you do things and laugh." Golani is another infantry brigade, one that is perceived as tough—Palestinians would say "cruel"—and unaffected by the angst of the soldier-kibbutzniks.

Later that day, Ben-Moshe did have a private audience with Meir. The lieutenant colonel ordered the young captain to carry out a similar operation that night in Hawara, the village immediately north of Beita on the Nablus road, just a kilometer or two from the Nahal group's base of operations. Ben-Moshe objected. He said that his soldiers were becoming more difficult to control, given the daily provocations of stone throwers inspired by the uprising, and he thought that these new orders would result in a breakdown of discipline, that the men would feel free to break arms and legs whenever they wanted. He also said that he was morally troubled by the order and that as a military tactic he could not believe it would be effective in the long run.

In the end, however, the young captain said that if the planned action that evening constituted an order, he would obey it. He asked, however, if he could speak with Meir's superior, Brigadier General Ze'ev Livne.

That was fine with Meir, who got up and walked into the division commander's office. Meir explained the situation while Ben-

Moshe waited with the secretaries in the outer room, and Captain Ben-Moshe and Brigadier General Livne subsequently had a private conversation about which there is conflicting testimony. What is certain is that Livne offered to visit the Nahal group the following morning, and that Ben-Moshe believed the brigadier general was going to explain the new "strong-arm" policy to his men. It was rare for a man of Livne's rank to address such a small unit, and Ben-Moshe left the office feeling somewhat relieved, certain in the knowledge that Livne had endorsed Meir's order to break arms and legs in Hawara.

At about ten o'clock that night, Ben-Moshe and his group left their base, traveling in a bus, a truck, and a jeep. They were accompanied by Major Dan Gabriel, an officer from the civil administration office in Nablus, who was being taken along because he had a good relationship with the mukhtar of Hawara. A mukhtar is a clan leader, and in the absence of elected officials in Israel's occupied territories, the mukhtar often acts as mediator between the people of his locality and the Israeli civil administration. Some mukhtars are perceived as collaborators, some are seen as functionaries, and some are truly the leaders of their community.

The mukhtar of Hawara is Jihad Hamdan Howary, a large and prosperous man who boasts of two wives, twenty children, a gas station, a good-sized farm, and a factory that makes olive oil. Howary's gas station is situated in the middle of the village on the Nablus road, and he receives visitors in a separate building a few dozen yards from the petrol pumps.

Ben-Moshe and his men pulled into the mukhtar's gas station at about 11 p.m. on January 21, 1988. At that point, only Major Gabriel and one or two of the Nahal's officers knew that the men who were going to be arrested that night were not going to be taken to jail. It was only after Gabriel went off to meet Howary that Ben-Moshe briefed his men. This time he changed the orders slightly. He feared that if he allowed his men to swing at their captives' arms, they would beat the Arabs in the head, and so he ordered them to strike only in the legs. Again, he placed Lieutenants Kochva and Shani in charge of the beaters. Once again, Captain Ben-Moshe did not intend to leave the bus.

It was raining, and the men were not looking forward to tromping through the village to carry out the arrests. They were very pleased

when the mukhtar agreed to gather the wanted men himself. "We were very happy to stay in the warm bus, very happy," Kochva told me. "I think it was really nice of the mukhtar to do it."

A mukhtar in Jihad Howary's position is in a difficult spot. Since there are no street names or addresses in Arab villages, it is difficult for the Israelis to find an individual without help from one of the locals. If the mukhtar provides help, he can be seen as a collaborator. If, on the other hand, he refuses, he can be the cause of greater trouble: doors can be kicked in, people can be terrorized, a riot can develop, someone might be shot dead, a curfew might be imposed for days, the houses of the "agitators" might be demolished. Howary's decision may also have been colored by a certain fatalism that is part of the life of Palestinian males: so many have been arrested that it has become an accepted part of the culture, not the traumatic event that it would be in a family in another part of the world. Upon arrest in those days, the men who regarded themselves as innocent would leave their homes hoping that with any luck they would be back in eighteen days, which was the usual holding period at that time. Howary may also have hoped that his cooperation would result in easier treatment for the men who were being arrested, one of whom was his teenage son Muhammad.

And so Howary, showing the customary Arab courtesy, ordered coffee for Major Gabriel, and then, with help from his family, the mukhtar went about gathering the dozen men on the list. Many of them were roused in their bedclothes. They dressed and made their way to the gas station, where they were told to sit on the pavement close to the bus. No one resisted. No one ran away. When everyone had arrived, the men were handcuffed and made to sit on the floor of the bus. Soldiers crowded in around them, and then the troops and their vehicles pulled out.

Going north from Hawara, the Nablus road is particularly beautiful. Green fields stretch into rolling hills, and on those hillsides, the villages of Udala and Awarta stand in silhouette. That night, however, it is unlikely that anyone was paying much attention to the scenery. The bus stopped a half mile up the road, just past the mansion belonging to the mukhtar's brother, and a squad of soldiers and three of the Palestinians got off. The bus drove a short distance up the road while the soldiers escorted their captives into the fields. After walking two

hundred to three hundred meters, the soldiers pushed the men into the mud. The villagers had been gagged, but that did not entirely muffle their screams. On the bus, Ben-Moshe ordered the driver to accelerate the engine to drown out the cries of pain. By the time I came to meet some of the participants, it was no longer clear whether the captain had been trying to impair his own hearing or that of the few people who lived nearby.

When the first set of beatings was finished, the soldiers jogged back to the road where their truck was waiting. The truck brought them up to the bus, which had already disgorged another set of prisoners and soldiers. The bus then moved on again, stopped, and three more prisoners were taken off into the fields to be clubbed. When the bus stopped a fourth time, it waited for all of the soldiers to return.

That night, it all went like clockwork. There were no trees blocking the view of the officers and Lieutenant Kochva thought that he had more control over the group of men he was supervising. There was continuing frustration with the quality of the clubs, however, since several broke, as they had at Beita, before the job was finished.

Of the Hawara twelve, one man was chosen to be beaten lightly so that he would be able to get help for the others. Although the officers who took part believe that they saved that place for the son of the mukhtar, they must have made some mistake, since the mukhtar's son ended up in the emergency room of Refideyeh Hospital in Nablus that night, having been beaten not only on the legs but also on the head.

When the job was finished, twelve men lay in the field, some moaning, some unconscious, some floating in and out of reality. The scarves and gags had been removed from their mouths, and the plastic handcuffs had been cut away. When the last group of soldiers had returned to the bus, the driver pulled away. In a couple of minutes, the Nahal group was back at its base.

At least a few among them were having second thoughts. Captain Ben-Moshe called his men together and told them that if they got that order again, it would not be from him. The men stayed up late, talking in small groups. They got little sleep, since they were awakened early the next morning for their promised visit from Brigadier General Livne, who arrived not long after dawn.

Livne was accompanied by a couple of civilians who were anxious

to find out what was going on in the territories with this so-called intifada. Livne addressed the troops, but to Ben-Moshe's surprise and dismay, the words Hawara and Beita were never uttered. The brigadier general spoke in generalities, mentioned no orders to break arms and legs, and then left.

Captain Ben-Moshe felt that he had been betrayed.

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CHICAGO

Getting Confessions

AT ABOUT 2 P.M. on February 9, 1982, Chicago police officers William Fahey, 34, and Richard O'Brien, 33, were in uniform, cruising an area on the city's south side, when they focused their attention on a brown two-door Chevrolet Impala. Why they decided to stop the car is unclear. Officer Fahey's widow recalls that her husband had a sixth sense for spotting a car in which the police might have an interest; even when he was off duty, he had the habit of pointing to other vehicles and saying, "That car is dirty." On that cold and overcast day in February, he may have had a feeling that the '78 Impala was dirty. He would have been right.

The occupants of the car, the brothers Andrew and Jackie Wilson, had committed a burglary less than an hour before. The proceeds had not been spectacular: some clothes, a television, a fifth of whiskey, some bullets, and a jar of pennies. Jackie, 21, also known as Jacque, Robert, and Bubbles, was driving; he was wanted for parole violation. Andrew, 29, also known as Joseph, Tony, and Gino, had a chrome-plated .38 under his hat on the front seat, two outstanding warrants for his arrest, and a recently acquired predilection for armed robbery.

The tales told by witnesses and participants diverge at this point, but it seems likely that Jackie saw the lights flashing on the top of the police car and pulled the Impala to the curb. Officer O'Brien left the driver's seat of the police car and approached the Chevy. Jackie got

out, and O'Brien allegedly joked about seeing the two men throw a beer bottle out of the window. He asked Jackie for his license, and when Jackie said he didn't have it, O'Brien frisked him and then decided to search the car.

At about that point, Andrew got out of the passenger seat, and in the next thirty seconds, a tragic sequence was played out: Officer Fahey, having left the passenger seat of the police car, picked up Andrew's jacket from the front seat. He may have found the bullets from the burglary in a pocket. While he was holding the jacket, Andrew stepped behind him and stripped him of his gun. The two men began to struggle for the weapon and slipped in the snow. Andrew Wilson pulled the trigger, perhaps accidentally, perhaps not, and a bullet went through the head of William Fahey.

Meanwhile, on the driver's side, Officer O'Brien had found Andrew's .38 on the front seat. Hearing a shot, he backed out of the car, pointed his weapon at Jackie Wilson, and yelled, "Freeze." Jackie froze. O'Brien, probably unable to see his partner, took a step toward the rear of the car. Andrew Wilson shot him once in the chest with Officer Fahey's gun.

Andrew then yelled at his brother, telling him to disarm O'Brien. Jackie yelled back that the cop was still moving. The older Wilson then climbed onto the back of the Chevy, pumped four more bullets into O'Brien, slid off the car, and picked up O'Brien's gun. The two brothers got back into the Impala and sped off, leaving the two policemen bleeding in the snow.

As the Wilson brothers pulled away, Andre Coulter was driving north on Morgan Street with his friends Dwayne Hardin and Louis Booker as passengers. Coulter pulled to the curb and the three men warily crossed the street. Coulter put his jacket under O'Brien's head while Hardin picked up the radio in the police car and informed the dispatcher that two police officers were down and bleeding. Almost simultaneously, two residents of the 8100 block of Morgan were reporting the same news over the phone. In no time, the scene was crawling with cops.

O'Brien and Fahey were loaded into a police van and driven at speed to Little Company of Mary Hospital. O'Brien was dead on arrival. Fahey died twenty hours later.

. . .

THE POLICE BEGAN to track the killers with fragments of information. Andre Coulter said the getaway car was a late-model Chevy Impala, and he thought that the front grillwork might have been damaged. An electrician who had been doing a job at 8209 S. Morgan, a block south of the shooting, reported that the car was brown and a two-door. Other witnesses described the fugitives as two blacks in their twenties, and Tyrone Sims, who had witnessed the shooting from his front window, helped put together a police sketch. A bulletin went out for a 1977–80 Chevrolet Impala, bronze, rust, or burnt orange in color, a two-door model with "possible damage to front grill on driver's side."

The murders had taken place on the turf of Lieutenant Jon Burge, commanding officer of Area 2 Violent Crimes, who was off duty when the incident occurred. Burge was in a car wash about three miles from the scene of the crime when a detective came running through looking for the suspect vehicle. He told the lieutenant of the shootings, and almost simultaneously Burge's beeper went off. He sped to his office to take charge of the investigation. He would not return home for five days.

At that time, Area 2, which sprawls over sixty square miles of Chicago's south side, had its headquarters in a brick building at the corner of 91st and Cottage Grove Avenue. The police who reported there for duty were having a tense winter. On the day Fahey and O'Brien were killed, it may have seemed reasonable to believe that someone had declared open season on policemen. Five law enforcement officers had been shot in the Area, four of them fatally, within little more than a month. (The victims, in addition to Fahey and O'Brien, were two deputy sheriffs, shot during an armed robbery of a McDonald's, and James Doyle, a rookie cop, who was shot dead on a CTA bus while arresting a robbery suspect named Edgar Hope.) As a result, feelings were high when the police set out to find the killers of Fahey and O'Brien. A grid search was set up to find the Impala, and a house-by-house canvass began in the area of the shooting.

Enthusiasm brought excess. Policemen began kicking down doors. Patricia and Alvin Smith claimed that plainclothesmen pointed guns

at the head of their twelve-year-old daughter. Adolph Thornton reported that the police had shot his two-year-old German shepherd. William Phillips, 32, a Chicago fireman, complained that he had been arrested for standing on a street corner, that one of his teeth was knocked out in the process, and that he was later charged with disorderly conduct. Doris Miller, a forty-five-year-old postal worker who had never been arrested, was brought in for questioning because she was a neighbor of two suspects; she was handcuffed to a windowsill in an interview room, denied access to a toilet for about fourteen hours, and ultimately had to relieve herself in an ashtray.

The Reverend Willie Barrow of Operation PUSH said that in the neighborhood of the shooting, every young black male in sight was being stopped and questioned, and the *Defender,* Chicago's African American daily newspaper, quoted a woman who said that she had sent her son away because "the police were crazy, picking up kids who clearly did not match the description of the two men who were wanted." The Reverend Jesse Jackson proclaimed that the black community was living under martial law, in "a war zone . . . under economic, political, and military occupation," that the police department was holding "the entire black community hostage for the crimes of two."

Ironically, it was pure luck and citizen cooperation, not the dragnet or the police enthusiasm, that broke the case. Tyrone Sims, the man who had witnessed the shooting from his front window, was shown a large batch of mug shots and tentatively identified Donald White, also known as Kojak, as the shooter. Kojak, it turned out, had nothing to do with the murders, but by the strangest of coincidences, he knew the murderers. He lived next door to the house that the Wilsons had broken into hours before they were pulled over by Officers Fahey and O'Brien. Kojak had taken part in the burglary, and according to police reports, the loot had been divided at his house. He allegedly told the police that Andrew Wilson was plotting the jailbreak of Edgar Hope, the man who had shot the rookie cop on the CTA bus on February 5; that Wilson needed guns for the jailbreak; that the burglary had been carried out with that in mind; and that the burglars had found bullets but no weapons.

A body and fender man named Solomon Morgan, who had known the Wilsons for ten years, also helped police focus on the two brothers.

After the shooting, Jackie Wilson had called Morgan and asked him to paint the Impala and repair the car's grillwork. Morgan realized that the description of the killers' car matched the vehicle he was supposed to paint and repair, and he called the police.

And so the police began to concentrate their efforts on finding the Wilsons, who were separately moving from apartment to apartment on the south and west sides. Pursuing various leads, Lieutenant Burge and his men surrounded a building at 5301 W. Jackson at about 5:15 a.m. on Sunday, February 14, five days after the shooting. Burge was the first man through the door, and he arrested Andrew Wilson without firing a shot.

Not long thereafter, Chester Batey, a policeman with the 8th District tactical unit, received a call from his father, a minister, who said that a member of his congregation knew where Jackie was hiding. Batey flagged down a passing police car, and at 8:05 that Sunday morning, he and assisting policemen from the 2nd District broke into a third-floor apartment at 5157 S. Prairie. The man inside denied he was the subject of the manhunt, but at the police station he admitted he was indeed Jackie Wilson.

BOTH ANDREW and Jackie gave inculpatory statements at Area 2. They were tried together and convicted. Both convictions were reversed on appeal. The two brothers were then tried separately and convicted again. Today, almost twenty years after the murders of Fahey and O'Brien, the Wilson brothers should be a tragic footnote in Chicago's history, a footnote recalled by the children left without a father, by the wife left without a husband, by mothers and fathers left without sons, by the policemen left without comrades.

Instead, Andrew came back to haunt the city, telling a bizarre tale fit for some Third World dictatorship. In a civil suit against the city, the police department, and various detectives from Area 2, Andrew Wilson claimed he was tortured.

Many in the city dismissed the claim as a con's tale, but the judges of the Illinois Supreme Court did not. In granting Wilson a second criminal trial, they wrote, "The evidence here shows clearly that when the defendant was arrested at 5:15 a.m. on February 14, he may have received a cut above his right eye but that he had no other injuries; it is

equally clear that when the defendant was taken by police officers to Mercy Hospital sometime after ten o'clock that night he had about fifteen separate injuries on his head, chest, and leg. The inescapable conclusion is that the defendant suffered his injuries while in police custody that day. . . ."

One might be tempted to excuse the police, assuming that in their outrage over the death of a comrade they lost control and beat Wilson up. But Wilson was not complaining of a mere beating. He was complaining of burns and electric shock, the shock delivered by two different devices applied to his genitals, his ears, his nose, and his fingers.

What Wilson didn't know when he filed his complaint was that he was not the first to complain of such treatment at the hands of detectives from Area 2.