

## **Interview with Nabil**

Anonymised in front of running camera  
Basel, 8<sup>th</sup> of April 2020<sup>1</sup>

The Interview took place in Arab and French and was translated to German in the course of documentation.

Content Notion:

Physical violence, offender victim repentance, refusal of rights

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"I've been at the *Camp 50* in Basel for four, five months now. I've survived torture there unlike any I've ever experienced before. I'm a minor and I've been beaten by the Securitas often. Seven times so far.

The first time I wanted to return to the *camp*, but they told me to come back at 10 pm. It was very cold outside. Then the Securitas came out, refused me the entrance and pushed me back, away from the door. I asked them, why they would treat me like that. And all the while it was freezing outside. Instead of answering, two of them started to beat me. When they began, I defended myself. They grabbed me and brought me to the *cell*. There, five of them beat me. They hit me in the face, on my hands and my legs - everywhere. I was alone with them in the *cell*. At that time I was 15 years old.

The second time I was just lighting a cigarette on the balcony of the *Villa*<sup>2</sup>. In doing so, I was talking to another resident of the *camp*. On the balcony, there was a Securitas who observed me, as well. He was looking at me with hostility and aggression. So I asked him what was wrong. In response he approached me and I ran away. He came after me and when he caught up with me he grabbed me. Instantly, a second Securitas came and they beat me. They dragged me into an empty room where they beat me up and left me alone from 8 in the morning until 10 pm without any food.

The third time, the Securitas came at 7 am into our room in *Camp 50*, woke us up and threw the windows open. It got very cold in our room. I asked the Securitas, why he'd do that, it would become freezing inside. He came straight for me and, without

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<sup>1</sup> The Interview was led by a journalist and was being filmed simultaneously. In addition, it was recorded by members of our collective and is now presented here in a revised version.

<sup>2</sup> A building next to the main house of the camp, to accommodate the minors.

a word, grabbed my throat and choked me. He choked me so hard and long, I almost choked to death. When he let go of me, I said something. Another person came in and asked the Securitas why he did that and called the police. The police actually came, but heavily armed. With their guns drawn, helmets and riot gear. But meanwhile the Securitas had hidden me in an empty room. The police took two of the other residents with them.

The fourth time they beat me because of nothing. The Securitas grabbed a friend of mine and pushed him in the *cell*. I wanted to know, why. So they grabbed me, too, and brought me in another empty room. There, they choked me, until the ambulance had to come. Thereupon I spent 15 days in the hospital. The Securitas told the police that I'd wanted to kill myself."

*And the police believed them?*

"Yes."

*How do you know that?*

"A friend of mine overheard the conversation between the police and the Securitas. The police believed the Securitas."

*But it wasn't true?*

"No."

*Did you tell someone?*

"I didn't file a complaint, the police and the Securitas are working together.

The fifth time, I'd been released from the hospital and I had an attestation by the psychiatrist. Again, they refused me to come in and wanted to beat me. But I was hungry, I wanted to eat and therefore I wanted to enter the *camp*. But they just refused. That was round noon. I protested and cried: *Why? Why won't you let me in?* Thereafter they locked me up [without beating] in a room until 10 pm. Now I'm afraid, I avoid the Securitas. I never provoke them, I try not to get in any contact with them.

[The next day] I returned around 7 pm to the *Camp 50*. There was no food left, so I left the camp. A Securitas came after me and tried to hit me. I ran away, for the Villa. But he got hold of me and brought me straight to the cell. There, there were five of them. One laughed while the others beat me. The door was open and the director of the ORS passed outside. He looked inside and saw what was happening, but he walked on without a word. When they were finished beating me up, they left me there and locked me up for the night. The next morning, the police came to take me with them. They kept me at the station for a day.

The sixth time, I just wanted to get food. After everything I didn't want to talk to anyone, just eat. I showed my card to a Securitas, to get food. I wanted to get it back, but he said that it had to be renewed. But without the card I couldn't get food. I tried, but they didn't give me any. Finally, I got a portion and I ate it on my way up to the rooms. The Securitas followed me, up to the room. When we were inside, he beat me.

The seventh time, I didn't want to return to the *Villa*, because I hadn't eaten yet. But a Securitas told me to go over there. It was 10 pm, at the *Villa* they didn't let me in. I protested, I yelled *let me in!* and I even called the police, but they refused to come. At long last, someone came to open the door. I immediately entered. The Securitas suddenly beat me with his fist in my face. I was bleeding a lot. Then I was locked up for the night in a room."

*Is it always the same room you're talking about?*

"Yes, it's always the same, it's there just for the sake of beating people. There are no windows."

*When have you been to the hospital?*

"I've been to the hospital about two months ago. [He shows some medical documents]. The Securitas took many files away from me, for example my health records from the hospital."

*Why do you think, are the Securitas attacking you like this?*

"I think they want me to disappear, they want to drive me from the camp. It's been like this from the very beginning. I told my attorney, too. I avoid the Securitas, but they target me specifically. "

*Do you now their names?*

"I do not know the names of the Securitas, but I know all their faces. I once had a duty-number, but they took it from me. The day they chocked me, one of them lost his duty-number and I picked it up."

*What kind of duty-number?*

"It was a badge. But he took it from me afterwards."