

RECORD OF WITNESS HEARING

Taken on 26 June 1997 before the Investigating Judge of the Basic Court [REDACTED] in the criminal case against N.N. on the count of felony based on the Article 143 of the Criminal Code.

INVESTIGATING JUDGE

[REDACTED]

WITNESS

[REDACTED]

NOTARY

[REDACTED]

Witness hearing also attended by Public Prosecutor:

Defendant

Defense Attorney

Commenced at 9:00 o'clock

The witness has been cautioned that he is obliged to speak truthfully and not omit any information, he has been cautioned to the consequences of giving a false statement, and informed that he may choose to not answer certain questions if answering would likely expose himself or his immediate relatives to extreme humiliation, considerable financial damage or criminal prosecution (Article 229 of the Criminal Procedure Code). The witness provided the following answers to general questions:

- 1) Name and Surname: [REDACTED]
- 2) Father's Name: [REDACTED]
- 3) Occupation: [REDACTED]
- 4) Residence: [REDACTED]
- 5) Place of Birth: [REDACTED]
- 6) Date of Birth: [REDACTED]
- 7) Relationship to the defendant and the claimant: non-familial

On the case itself, the witness stated the following:

Prior to this war, I resided in Sarajevo, [REDACTED] Before the war broke out, the population of Sarajevo was Serb, Muslim and Croat, and the relations between those nationalities were good. We were friends, participated in family celebrations, and there were plenty of marriages between Serb men and Muslim women and vice versa.

This status was maintained until early 1991, when the referendum on the integrity of Bosnia and Herzegovina was held. I do not know the precise results of the referencum, but I do know for a fact that the Muslim population had started forming a Muslim army and police in their communities, and arming themselves. Serbs were fired from their jobs, and particularly from leadership positions. Muslims threatened Serb residents on a daily basis, claiming that all the Serbs from Sarajevo will be exiled and killed. The situation was becoming worse by the day, and in early 1992, the Muslim police began forcing entry into Serb homes and searching them. They started referring to all Serbs as Chetniks and threatened to arrest them and remove them from Sarajevo.

In april 1992, the Muslim police and the newly formed military units were setting up checkpoints in Sarajevo and at crossroads, preventing the Serb population from moving freely. The entire neighborhood of Dobrinja was cut off from Sarajevo with checkpoints, making it impossible to enter or exit the neighborhood. The movement of the Serb population was limited, seeing as all Serb men and women were being ID'd and told to stay close to their homes. Every excursion was risky, as the Muslim police requested a show of ID, providing a reason for leaving your home, and your destination. The Muslim police likely organized phone taps, and frequently made threats over the phone late at night, such as "What are you waiting for? Why aren't you leaving Sarajevo? Sarajevo is a Muslim city." The situation was bearable until the end of the month, because Sarajevo at that time still had JNA units,

whose protection the Serb population relied on. After the Yugoslav Army units left, Sarajevo, that is, the Serb population of Sarajevo, was left completely defenseless. Before the military units left, the Muslim Army would attack them in their barracks. Particularly drastic attacks occurred in the Dobrovoljačka Street, and on Skenderija after that. Those attacks by the Muslim army were broadcast on Sarajevo television, and the Muslims enthusiastically and happily supported the massacres of the military. Measures implemented by the Muslim army and police brought fear to the Serb population, later followed by numerous arrests of civilians, where they were led off in unknown directions. At that time, Sarajevo had various Muslim military groups led by Juka Prazina, Caco, Ćelo, and others. They took Serbs to camps, and they also had their own private prisons where Serbs were horrendously tortured and killed. Juka Prazina, specifically, had his own staging center in the Kralja Tomislava Street. Rumors had it that Serbs were hung by their feet, beaten, and died from the beatings at that center. Juka's men hung some of the detainees on electricity poles, and similar.

I myself was detained on 19 June 1992 in my apartment and taken to the Otoka neighborhood, where I was held in the basement of a high-rise. I was arrested by the Muslim police, and after my detention, as I was being taken into the high-rise basement, Muslim policemen were stationed on either side, who cursed out my Serb Chetnik mother and then beat me mercilessly. They struck me with the butts of their weapons, their booted feet, clubs, 50-60 cm long pieces of metal pipe, and 60-80 cm long and 3 cm thick pieces of electricity cable. After the beating, I was thrown into a dark room that already had multiple people in it, but apart from feeling their presence, I was unable to see anybody. After a certain while, I was removed from that room and taken into another, with 5-6 Muslim police officers who began to interrogate me. They asked me for the whereabouts of my son, and requested his phone number after I told them that he was in [REDACTED] I gave them the number, and then they ordered me to go to a different room, call my son on the phone and ask him questions formulated by them. When I got to that room, a Muslim police officer sat on my shoulders, holding a knife in his hand, which he put to my throat, and I asked my son questions formulated by him after he established a connection. The police officer's questions were: whether my son was a Chetnik, where he was, is there a military unit there, the composition of the military unit, and similar. After this, I was horrendously beaten and then returned to the basement room. I was taken out again the next day and ordered to sit down, one of the police officers present at the scene drew his gun, threatening to kill me, and then pointed the gun at me and fired a bullet above my head. I was mercilessly struck with hands and feet, and then returned to the same room. Every day following that moment, Muslim police officers entered the room and ordered me to face the wall with my arms up and my hands on the wall, and then they struck me on my back with their feet, clubs and various wooden objects

until I collapsed to the ground. They ordered us to hit each other in that room, with our fists, feet and heads. The Muslim soldiers used flashlights during the beatings, so that was the first time that I was able to see that there were other people in the room. If we failed to hit each other hard enough, the police officers would then beat us until we passed out and then leave the room. This went on for 8 days, and each day, myself and the others in that room were beaten several times, particularly during the night. In all that time, we were only given two loaves of bread and a glass of water each. The room was horrendously humid, as water was dripping from the ceiling.

After being in that room, I was taken to the Viktor Bubanj Barracks and detained there. Prior to being taken to the Viktor Bubanj Barracks, the Muslim police officers took me out to a different room, where I saw upon entering that there were many weapons, automatic rifles, regular rifles, handguns, grenades, and next to the weapons, *šubara* hats with Chetnik insignia. I saw them filming all of this, and then they asked me who I was and where I lived. They demanded that I say when I was arrested, how I was treated, and send a message to the Serb population cautioning them to respect the Muslim authorities. Only after giving that statement, I was taken to the Viktor Bubanj Barracks. On my arrival at the Viktor Bubanj Barracks, a group of Muslims and soldiers waited for me at the gate, saying that they wanted to see the Chetnik voivode whom they had allegedly seen on television, and then I was taken to a cell and locked up there. I was held in the cell no. 6, and during my stay in that cell, I saw detained Serbs in other cells who looked terrible as they passed by my cell. They were bruised, bloodied and swollen, and walked with extreme difficulty. In the cell, I encountered Momo Vuković, a handball coach from Sarajevo, and another whose last name was Koprivnica. Momo Vuković and this Koprivnica man were horrendously beaten, so they just laid there, unable to stand up.

I was taken out of the cell no. 6 numerous times for hearings in a different room, and they asked me every single time whether I was a member of the SDS, whether my son was a member of the SDS, and other things. After all those hearings, I was taken before the Military Court on 7 September 1992, where I was sentenced to a prison term in the duration of 18 months for felony unlawful possession of a firearm, despite the fact that I did not own a firearm at all. The judgment came into force on 30 September 1992, and I was taken to the Central Prison in Sarajevo to serve out my term.

Due to the beatings I suffered during my stay at the prison in the high-rise and my extremely poor diet, I became ill and was taken to the Koševo Hospital for a certain length of time, I was treated for a month, and after my treatment, the UNPROFOR took me to the free territory in Lukavica.

During my treatment at the Koševo Hospital, I was mistreated and threatened by the hospital staff multiple times. The staff mistreated me by saying that I am getting medical treatment and enjoying my comfort while other Muslims were being killed by Chetnik mistreatment, and similar.

During my stay at the prison in the Viktor Bubanj Barracks, the following persons died of the relentless beatings they suffered:

1. Nedo Odžaković from Sarajevo, I do not know any other information on him.
2. Trivo Guslov from Sarajevo
3. Petar Kuzmanović from Sarajevo.
4. A Nikšić and a Ćaranić from Sarajevo, but I really do not know any other information about these persons.

I had personally seen Nikšić and Ćaranić at the Viktor Bubanj Barracks, being taken outside by police officer Kemo Dolovac, who doused them in cold water from a pressurized hose, and those two men died after that. I have listed the names I was able to find out, but I had personally witnessed many of the detained Serbs succumb to their injuries during my stay at the Viktor Bubanj Barracks. Bodies of the deceased were being taken out every day, wrapped in blankets, especially during the night. One night during my stay at the Viktor Bubanj Barracks, I clearly remember Slaviša Ćorović, a national team athlete in karate, being taken into the room, and immediately upon his arrival, he was taken to a hallway and screams and yells could be heard from that direction. After about a half hour, Slaviša was returned to the cell completely unconscious, beaten, bruised, bloodied and swollen all over. He was dragged into the cell by Muslim police officers, and he only regained consciousness after a length of time, asking where he was and what had happened to him. Slaviša was held at the Viktor Bubanj Barracks for 15 days, and he was taken away after that. To this day, I sincerely do not know what happened to Slaviša.

After my evacuation to the free territory, I learned from [REDACTED] that her husband Jovica Jugović had been killed by the Muslim police, that Andrija Mumović from the same apartment building was also killed, and that their remains were thrown into the Miljacka. [REDACTED] now resides in the [REDACTED]

That is all that I have to state at this time.