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WI no. 00603 / 2009

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ថ្ងៃ ខែ ឆ្នាំ (Date of receipt/date de reception):
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ROGATORY LETTER
សម្រេច (Time/heure): 16:00

RECORD OF WITNESS INTERVIEW
ឯកសារសម្រេចសំណុំរឿង / Case File Officer/L'agent chargé
du dossier C.A. Juy

NATIONAL GENDARMERIE

ILE DE FRANCE GENDARMERIE REGION
Paris Investigations Section

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Unit Code 04978	Interview No. 00603	Year 2009	CaseFile No.
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On Wednesday 3 June 2009 at 09:30,

I the undersigned, *MDL/Chef* KERMOAL David, Judicial Police Officer attached to the Paris (75) Investigations Section Paris
Noting articles 16 to 19 and 151 to 155 of the Code of Criminal Procedure;
Being then at my unit's offices in PARIS 75020, report as follows:

Delegation: No. 001/09/046 of 31/03/2009
DUTARTRE Nathalie Dean of Investigating Judges PARIS (75)
Investigations concerning: KAING Guek; NUON Chea, IENG Sary, IENG Thirith and KHIEU Samphan
For: Crimes against humanity - serious violations of the Geneva Conventions of 12/08/1949.
Purpose: See attached rogatory letter

Transmission: No. 41016 of 31/03/2009
Lieutenant Colonel GOSSET Eric, commander of the Paris 75 Investigations Section,
PARIS (75)

In the presence of **Bernard BRUN** and **NUON Pharat**, investigators at the ECCC in Phnom Penh, have appearing before us the witness named hereinafter, and have informed her of the charges in relation to which her statement is sought. -----

Surname			First Name		
AFFONCO			Denise		Mrs. HERRMANN
Sex	Marital Status	Date of Birth	Postcode and Municipal district of birth	Insee	
F	Married	22/11/1944	Phnom Penh (CAMBODIA)		
Parents					
Father: AFFONCO		Maurice Lucien	Mother: TRUONG	Thi Le	
Address			Validity of civil status		
50 Rue Etienne Marcel (Cabinet de Maître RIVET Julien)			Identity confirmed		
Municipal district and Postcode	Insee	Telephone no.	Profession	Nationality (if foreign)	
75002 PARIS	e	01 44 82 02 60		French	

Having taken an oath to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, the witness, who was interviewed separately from and in the absence of the Charged Person, made the following statement:

I am a civil party. I waive my right to representation and to give testimony before the investigating judge. I would like to make a statement before you today.

I was born in Phnom Penh on 22 November 1944. After the Japanese occupation, my father was hired as a French teacher in Phnom Penh. I lived all the time Phnom Penh. When I left high school, I was already

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CERTIFIED COPY/COPIE CERTIFIÉE CONFORME

ថ្ងៃ ខែ ឆ្នាំ ត្រឹមត្រូវ (Certified Date /Date de certification):
..... 08 SEP 2009

មន្ត្រីទទួលបន្ទុកសំណុំរឿង / Case File Officer/L'agent chargé
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living with my Chinese husband, who was a communist. I met him when I was 20 years old. I worked at the Consulate General of South Korean. I wish to mention that my partner Phou Teang Seng I were living as man and wife. He worked at the American Officers' Mess. Afterwards, when they left,

he did a number of odd jobs. When Prince Sihanouk's regime was overthrown, my common-law husband set up a construction company. I worked for the COMIKMER Company, in Phnom Penh. It was an import-export company. The company extended its business and started producing sweetened condensed milk, under the name SOKILAIT. I worked there as a personal assistant. This was sometime in the early 70s.---

QUESTION: Why did you apply to be joined as a civil party?---

ANSWER: I want to bring charges in this case for all the suffering my friends and family endured in CAMBODIA between 1975 and 1979, and for the loss of my daughter Jeannie. I want these monsters to tell us why they wanted to kill us, why they committed all these crimes, I want those who are under investigation in relation to this case to ask us for forgiveness. I am seeking moral reparation. If there is material reparation granted, I will leave it to the Cambodians who are still living in the countryside in extreme poverty. I am not seeking any personal gain.---

From 1970 to 1975, the civil war was in full swing. The city was came under relentless rocket attack by opponents of the Lon Nol regime. Phnom Penh was being shelled day and night. The regime in power then was corrupt. The soldiers with whom we knew then used to draw up lists of non-existent military personnel to obtain funds from the Americans for personal enrichment.---

I left SOKILAIT in late 1972, and in early 1973, I worked as a secretary in the cultural section of the French embassy in Phnom Penh. The embassy was at the same location as today, on Monivong Boulevard, near the port, just before you reach WAT PHNOM. I worked there until 1975.---

Already in January 1975, things were not going very well, because every day at the embassy, we saw Agence France Presse (AFP) reports that the resistance in the countryside around Phnom Penh was forcing people to evacuate villages by setting fire to those villages and evacuating the inhabitants. I do not know what became of these people. But in the evenings, whenever I returned home, I would find my staunchly Maoist communist husband listening to Radio Peking, which had an entirely different view of the situation, which was that people were happy wherever the liberation army had been. I told my husband that the situation was bad and that we should figure out a way to leave the country. But Seng would not listen. Like all Cambodian women back then, I did whatever my husband decided.---

From January to March 1975, the Embassy did not keep us abreast of developments and gave us no indication as to what to do and what not to do. In March, several Transal planes came to Phnom Penh to evacuate French nationals. The ambassador's chargé d'affaires, who was then acting ambassador, instructed us to leave the country. France was prepared to cover the cost of my travel and that of my children, but not that of my husband and his family. . So for this reason, financing, and the fact that my husband trusted the communists, he decided to stay in Phnom Penh with his whole family, my children and me. When the Embassy was being evacuated, the Cultural Attaché, Michel DEVERGE, of the French Embassy, offered to take my two children, aged seven and ten, with him to France. My common-law husband refused, saying that if anything were to happen, if we were going to die, we would all die together. I decided to stay. I did not heed the advice of the French embassy official; so I remained in Cambodia. ---

On 17 April 1975, part of the French embassy staff was evacuated. Only a few people remained behind. The Embassy was closed that day for Khmer New Yea.---

Our home was near Phsar Silep (market) in the same street as the Army Pension Fund [*Caisse des pensions militaires*].offices.---

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Around 09:00 in the morning, as I got into my car to drive to work. I heard gunshots and cries of joy. I came out of my car and I saw armed youths dressed in black walking in the street. People were shouting for joy. Everybody was happy because they felt liberated. The soldiers were not laughing or smiling. They had a cold expression on their faces. My husband also came out into the street and offered bottles of cold beer to the warriors. I was unable to go to work because the soldiers were blocking all the roads. Like everyone else, I considered these soldiers were liberators, but deep inside, I was afraid of them because of their demeanor. They looked drugged. The look on their faces made me feel very afraid.---

The night before these soldiers arrived, Phnom Penh was entirely without electricity. Around the city, I saw huge fires which lit up the night. The radio was off the air, and that night, I heard no fighting or explosions. The entire day of 17 April 1975 was calm; we thought that peace had been restored at long last.---

The night of 17 to 18 April 1975 was quiet. The war seemed to have ended at long last.

On the morning of 18 April 1975, right after we woke up, we heard orders in the street. The warriors of the liberation were shouting in the streets, shouldering us to leave our homes because the Americans were preparing to bomb the city. These soldiers ordered us – without threatening us with their weapons – to take a few items for two or three days and vacate our homes. I took a few supplies, a little money, a little medicine, school books and a change of clothing.

Before we left, we had to give the soldiers the keys to our houses, because they told us that they were going to watch over our property in our absence.---

We set off in our car, a Ford Fiesta. With us were my sister-in-law Li, her four children Leng, Hoa, Phan and Ha. My children, Jeannie and Jean-Jacques and my husband Seng were also. The car was too small for us all; my rather simple-minded brother-in-law followed us on a bicycle.

We soon lost him and we never saw him again.---

We went in the direction of Monivong Boulevard and wanted to go towards the Embassy of France, northwards. We were unable to do so, because the liberation army soldiers had set up road blocks. We were directed towards the south of Phnom Penh, like everyone else in that area. Just there at the street corner, three soldiers in green uniforms, carrying bags, stopped us. They put the bags on the roof of the car, and one of the soldiers also climbed onto the roof of our car. My husband told them that we did not have much fuel. The soldiers went to fetch some. With these three soldiers, we left the city and headed southwards to the town of TAKMAU. We stayed on Monivong Boulevard. Looking around me, I had the impression that the world has come to an end. Everyone was walking in the streets in the sun heading in the same direction. There were many wounded and sick people with drips still attached to their arms. Beds with sick people on them were being pushed in the streets as part of the mass departure. The liberation soldiers were also everywhere in the streets, but I did not pay attention to what they were doing. In front of Chamcar Mon Palace, there was a strong smell of putrefaction, and I saw many bodies strewn in the streets. I could see that these corpses were of soldiers in the uniform of the army of Marshal Lon Nol, who had just been toppled.---

We left the city without any difficulty thanks to our three soldiers, who fired into the air to clear the way. . My husband tried to strike up a conversation with the three soldiers, without success. They ignored us and did not say a word to us.---

Just as we exited TAKMAU, we came upon a road block. There was barbed wire, barriers and armed men dressed in black. We showed our identity papers, making clear that we wanted to go to the French Embassy and pointing out that my children and I were French. My husband, Seng, was the one who spoke with the soldiers. There must have been half a dozen of them. The ground was strewn with bank notes, green

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500-riel notes. These soldiers took our identification papers and the school books. They tore up our passports, threw the books on the heap and told us that French, Chinese or Vietnamese people, that was all a thing of the past, and that we were all Khmer. The soldiers told us that "Ah" Nol's currency was no longer legal tender.---

The three soldiers who had travelled with us from the start got back into the car and we continued our journey with them. When we asked where to go, the soldiers told us to go straight on, adding that "Angkar" was waiting for us there. It was the first time I heard that name, but my feeling was that something very serious was happening. For his part, my husband remained positive and told me not to worry. ---

We continued our journey along the Tonle Sap River and after a few kilometres, the soldiers ordered us to stop. They climbed into canoes on the river. Before they left, they ordered us to keep going straight on, because "Angkar" was waiting for us.---

All along our way, I saw many corpses of civilians. The corpses were lying along the road. The villagers told us that these victims were desperate people who had killed themselves. I was not certain whether these people had been killed by Khmer soldiers.---

In the villages we passed, the villagers were still around and had not yet been evacuated. Only Phnom Penh city dwellers were in exodus on the roads.---

As it was getting late and we were tired, we stopped at the home of a villager, who gave us shelter. My husband went to buy food with our money. He returned with some foodstuffs, but he had had to pay a high price for very little. We asked the villager where we to go. He did not know; he told us to do what the soldiers said, and continue on our way. We spent a quiet, uneventful night.---

The next day, we continued our journey, still southbound. Around midday, we stopped at the Prey Tuot pagoda in Tuk Veal village. There were many other refugees coming from Phnom Penh or from other towns, I do not know exactly which ones, but they were certainly not from the countryside. There were no soldiers present. We spent the night with the other refugees and no one knew what to do or where to go.---

The next day, before getting back on the road, we several armed soldiers dressed in black arriving. They inspected us. As far as I remember, there were two girls amongst them. They pointed to all those who had come with vehicles. They searched us and took our perfume and soap for themselves. But they took my daughter's doll and threw it away, saying that children were no longer allowed to play. The soldiers put us in canoes and took us to an island in the middle of the Tonle Sap. Before leaving, my husband gave the keys to our car to the soldiers.---

When we reached this island, Koh Tuk Veal, the village chief, THIEN, put us in a shack right next to his. THIEN and his mother were very kind. THIEN was dressed in black and had a white scarf with a red check motif. He was not armed.---

In the morning at daybreak, when the village bell went, we were told to gather in the centre of the village to receive the orders of the village chief, who assigned us work. The first day, he told us to stop wearing coloured clothing and to dye the clothes we would wear black, cut our nails and our hair. At the time, we spent our work day sowing corn and harvesting tobacco. Children stayed in the village. Men cleared the land. Women went to work in the fields. At midday, we returned to the village to eat with our families. We went back to work after eating and worked until nightfall. At the end of the work day, there was an evening re-education meeting. During this time, the village chief told us about Angkar. I stayed in this village for six to seven months. Whilst I was there, I counted the days as they went by. Using a piece of charcoal, I counted the days by marking them on the pillar in the shack.---

One morning, we were ordered to go to Prey Tuot pagoda, and we were told to gather for a meeting. Several armed people dressed in black came.

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The only one who was unarmed and seemed to be the leader of the group told us that just before the "liberation", they had asked all foreigners to leave the country, and Cambodians to join the liberation front. He asked us why we had not done so. He added that because of this, we were considered to be prisoners of "Angkar" with effect from that day. The man added: "We are supposed to shoot you all, but ammunition is expensive and we are going to segregate you using other means so as to eliminate the bad elements". We were to follow the directives of "Angkar" to the letter and not refer our past, and if anyone told the truth about their past and was discovered to be intellectual or an enemy to be killed, he/she was killed. Wearing spectacles was also forbidden, and they said that we did not need to see far. At the end of his speech, the man told us he intended to reopen the factories in Phnom Penh and so each prisoner had to write his or her "CV" on a piece of paper. I did not want to do this, but my husband forced me to tell the truth about my professional past, so I did.---

We gave these documents to the soldiers. The national anthem was being played with loudspeakers; we ate, and then we returned to the island. I should add that I will never forget that anthem, because I heard it every day for the entire duration of my captivity. ---

A few days later, we found in this village our former neighbours from our building in Phnom Penh. My husband went to see the village chief to ask him if they could be housed in a shack near ours. The neighbours included a former police superintendent, a teacher and a former soldier. They spoke with my husband in French and English without knowing that they were being watched. One evening, the Angkar soldiers took away the former police superintendent, telling him that they needed information and that he was to be re-educated. We never saw him thereafter. It was the first time Angkar's soldiers had come to take away one of the "new inhabitants". A few days later, these soldiers returned and took away my husband and four other men linked to the former police superintendent. I was not present when these soldiers came. My children told me when I returned in the evening that the soldiers had taken away my husband and four other men.---

Done this 3rd day of June 2009 in PARIS 75020, at 12:30. Having read the above statement, I declare that it is true and correct and have nothing to change, add or remove.

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This 3rd day of June 2009 at 14:15, I the undersigned, *MDL/Chef* KERMOAL David, Judicial Police Officer, am interviewing Ms AFFONÇO Denise in the presence of Bernard BRUN and NUON Pharat, investigators at the ECCC in Phnom Penh.---

Madame AFFONÇO Denise made the following statement:---

Question: Tell us about the structure of Koh Tuk Veal village and about Mr THIEN, the village chief.---

Answer: Mr THIEN did not look like a typical Cambodian; rather, he looked Chinese. He must have been in his thirties. He had armed men under his orders. He conducted the meetings. Both in and outside the village, these armed men were there to watch us when we went to work in the farms and in the village. They lived in the same village with their families and their children. It is important to mention that these men were from the village. It was an open-air prison. There were no walls, but we were constantly watched. At night, I knew that the Khmers met in the chief's shack, which was just next to mine. I could hear them talking. In my view, people from outside the village attended these meetings, I believe, to give instructions. The voices I heard were men's voices. For work, women were led by a Khmer Rouge woman from the village. She would have been in her thirties or forties. The men were led by a Khmer man.

In September 1975, THIEN received a list of names from Angkar. The list was written in the Cambodian language. THIEN told us that we were due to leave the village and that we would be taken back to Phnom Penh. This, in fact, concerned the ten or fifteen families of New People who had been brought to the village six months earlier. They led us across the river; we spent the night in the pagoda and the next morning, military trucks came to fetch us without telling us where they were taking us. I thought we were returning to Phnom Penh. There were about five or six trucks. We were all packed into the rear; the soldiers got into the front. We went past Ponchentong (Phnom Penh airport) then we drove across the city, which was deserted but for a few men in black. I saw that the cathedral had been destroyed, and then the embassy, and we drove past SOKILAIT. During the journey, from 09:00 till nightfall, several persons asked the soldiers where they were taking us. They replied, "We have no idea". An elderly person died during the journey, and the sanitary conditions were dreadful. There were thousands of people in the place where we were taken, in the dead of night. We were given a little rice to eat. Our living conditions were execrable, not to say inhumane. The next day, I realised that we were near a railway line, and this was the Phnom Penh / Battambang track, leading to the north-west border of Cambodia. We were packed into freight cars like merchandise. We spent the night in these wagons, we were packed tightly together and we did not have enough space to lie down. There must have been over fifty people per wagon. We went all night without eating or drinking. The next day, we barely had the time to answer nature's calls before the train left. We travelled on the train for two or three hours up to the town of Svay Sisophon. We disembarked and were grouped according to *krum* (ten households). Then we boarded the trailers of farm tractors bound for a region where there were three small mountains, Phnom Leap, Phnom Traloch and Phnom Trayon. At this location, three village chiefs, dressed in black, unarmed, were waiting for us. They each selected a *krum* based on a list they had. They called us by our family names.

I knew that I was in the North West region because I had lived in Siem Reap for a month; it was not that far. Conversely, at no point did it strike me as being as the Thai border. We were placed under the chief of Loti village, whose name was Sem, but we called him Pouk Sem (Papa Sem). I should mention that Sem was not armed and that there were no armed men in the village. This is the village where I was separated from my son Jean-Jacques and the three elder daughters of my sister-in-law. The children were taken elsewhere, but I do not know where. We were told that these children were now the children of Angkar and Angkar was going to take care of them. We no longer had the right to show our feelings and emotions. It was the beginning of total dehumanisation. Depending on the season, we all had to do the corresponding farm work while in the village. We had to work from sunrise to sunset. In the evening, we had to attend a self-criticism session. During these meetings, we had to disclose to the others the bad things we had done during the day; in fact, anything that was contrary to the instructions. The living conditions for new arrivals were different from those of the former inhabitants of the village; the latter received better treatment. ---

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With the start of the dry season, around March and April 1976, representatives of Angkar, some armed and some not, came to the village. The village chief told us to gather. Then these people told us that Angkar was going to take care of us, and promised us a better life. We left the village and after walking for several hours, we arrived at a pagoda called Phnom Leap and our dwelling was on a small island in the middle of the Loti River, which we crossed via a footbridge. We had to clear the land and build our shelters ourselves. Since we were all very weak, the men of the Old People helped us to cut wood to build our shelters. The Old People were more numerous than we were, they had women and children. There was a chief of each sector of activity.--

We no longer cooked our own food in this village. Collective cooking was practised. We sat on benches and were given food. This village also had "Chams", a Muslim community, but only two or three of them. I remember that the Old People fed them pork although they were not supposed to eat pork. There was a handful of monks in the village, but they had been forced to marry. They told me so themselves. There was also a young girl who told me that she had been forced to marry a disabled Khmer Rouge soldier.---

We began by clearing the land. Then we worked in the rice fields and milled rice. When there was no more work to be done on the farms, we were asked to build dykes to irrigate the paddies. In the evening, during a meeting, the head of the dykes sector told us that he would call our dyke "the widows' dyke". All the dyke builders were women, about a hundred of them, coming from several villages, and since we had no news of our husbands, we understood that our husbands were dead. I also used this for the title of my book. ----

My daughter Jeannine died of hunger at the end of 1976. I used to leave my daughter alone in the village when I went to work. I did not see her until the evening. Since she was a useless mouth to feed, she was given only a half ration and I shared mine with her. It really was impossible for me to care for her. The day she died, I was with her, and just before she died, she asked me for a bowl of rice, but I could not give her any, because I had none.

In 1977, the old inhabitants who supervised us were very tense. They wanted us to finish the dyke quickly. We worked day and night whenever possible. I stayed for some months building this dyke without finishing it. During that same period, the team of Old People leaders left the area one morning, and we saw another new team arrive with blue scarves around their necks. This new team gave us the impression that they were protecting us and made us talk about living conditions and what was wrong. When someone dared to complain about the work or the lack of food, he or she went missing shortly thereafter. The soldiers would whisk the person away when everyone was asleep. The next day, the soldiers showed us an object belonging to the missing person and we thus realised that we would not see that person ever again.---

We went on working as before, under the supervision of this new team. I remember that one day we were all summoned to the centre of the village. A young Chinese woman had stolen palm sugar, and by way of punishment, the Khmer Rouge leaders tied her to the ground and before us, they covered her body with palm sugar and placed nests of red ants all around her, and forced us to witness her suffering, thus letting us know that this was what would happen to us if we did not follow Angkar's rules.---

During my detention in this last camp, I unwittingly witnessed the execution of a man. I was foraging for wood in the forest when I heard a man begging for mercy. Out of curiosity, I went closer and I saw a man, naked from the waist up, surrounded by four or five armed Khmer Rouge. The man was being held upright by two Khmer Rouge. A third man, too a knife and ripped his stomach open while he was still alive and pulled out his entrails to wrench out his liver. Then they roasted the liver on embers and ate it. I waited for the Khmer Rouge to leave before I came out of my hiding place. The victim's body remained there and I did not approach it. I did not recognise the man who had been executed; I had never seen him before. ---

In 1978, the Khmer Rouge were very on edge, they told us that there were enemies around the village and we should watch out for them, because they had black teeth and ate human flesh.---

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One morning in January 1979, the Khmer Rouge took their women, their children and their property and left the village without explanation, leaving us there. This is when my son returned. I decided to leave the village. I went up to the national road and saw many people along this road. The people resembled us and looked like the dead men walking. Then military trucks arrived. These were Vietnamese soldiers taking troops to the war front. Given that understood Vietnamese and could communicate with them, they told us to wait there for the trucks to return empty saying that they would take us to the nearest town, i.e. Siem Reap. ---

When I arrived in Siem Reap, the town was slowly coming to life again, but I could see that it had been deserted, and when I worked at the hospital, the first task was to clean the facilities and rehabilitate them. It was obvious the hospital had not been used for a very long time; the drugs there had expired several years earlier; they dated from 1975. I know this for a fact.---

In February 1979, while I was in Siem Reap Hospital, I accompanied a Vietnamese journalist and Vietnamese photographer to three different mass graves in the Siem Reap area. We spent the whole day driving to visit these three sites. The first one was a pit filled with bones; it was crammed with bones. The second site was a mass grave which contained a hundred or so old corpses, some in an advanced state of decomposition. Regarding the third site, a survivor told us that it had been a factory for making fertiliser out of human remains. The witness told us that the prisoners arrived by the cartful. They were executed by the last persons to arrive. Then the corpses were stripped naked and dumped into the pit in layers; they mixed corpses with paddy to form several layers. They then doused the pile with kerosene. After that, some people were asked to climb into the pits and take out any remains that had not burnt completely. These remains were then put into mortars and pounded into powder. The powder was then put in bags for use as fertiliser in rice paddies and farms. I remember that these two journalists came from Ho Chi Min City. I do not remember their names, nor do I remember the exact places that could help to determine the exact location of these mass graves.---

What I can say today – something that I observed during these three years, eight months and twenty days of captivity and forced labour – is that the Angkar organisation, the Khmer Rouge, were very well structured and all decisions were explained to us as coming from Angkar. I now think that the Khmer Rouge leaders wanted to eliminate what they called the “New People” by letting us die of hunger and disease.

I knew the political structure of the village. There was a “*Canak Dambonn*”, or a regional authority, who oversaw the villages. One of these paramount chiefs judged me for stealing food from a courgette field, and, what’s more, he spared my life. Below him were the village chiefs. Below the latter were the worksite leaders, heads of stores, and so on. The villages also had “*Schhlops*” (spies), the eyes and ears of Angkar.---

From time to time while we were at work, I could observe figures of authority arriving in motor vehicles to spy our work, but they were too far for me to recognise them.---

At that time, I also heard of “*Sahakars*”, a sort of cooperative where people lived and worked together; this is where I was. The entire structure was explained to me by my the Khmer Rouge leaders.---

Question: What do you think of the trial held in 1979?

Answer: At that time, I was not aware of the inner workings of justice. I testified at the trial. It was not until I arrived in France that I learnt of the outcome of this trial, the sentencing to death in absentia of Pol Pot and Ieng Sary.---

Question: Had you heard of Pol Pot or Ieng Sary before the trial?---

Answer: When I arrived in Siem Reap, I was asked same question, but I did not know who they were, because I had only heard about Angkar.---

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Question: Do you know KAING Guek Eav alias Duch?

Answer: No, I did not know who this person was before.---

Question: Do you know NUON Chea?---

Answer: No.---

Question: Do you know IENG Sary?---

Answer: I heard the Vietnamese talking about him, but that's all. ---

Question: Do you know IENG Thirith?---

Answer: No, I do not know either.---

Question: Do you know KHIEU Samphan?---

Answer: No, I do not know who it is.---

I hereby give my consent for my book, "*La Digue des Veuves*" [The Widows' Dyke] 2004, *Presses de la Renaissance*, be used as an exhibit. I wrote this book from notes I prepared for the 1979 Khmer Rouge trial, which was held in Phnom Penh.---

DONE in PARIS 75020, this 3rd day of June 2009 at 18:30. Having read the above statement, I declare that it is true and correct and have nothing to change, add or remove.

Witness

Judicial Police Officer