



**TESTIMONIES FROM THE SWAMP OF
DESPERATION**

By Dumitru
Bordeianu

Dedicated to our Captain - Corneliu Zelea Codreanu¹, to Mota and Marin, and to all martyrs and heroes in the Legion, killed in persecutions, interrogatories, in gulags and prisons, or killed in ..other circumstances, within the Country or in Exile.



As a Preface

¹To better understand this book you need to learn about "The Legion of The Archangel Michael"

With fear of God I write these things to you, my faith in Him being endless, unlimited, and Only He knows that which I write here is true. I also write this testimony for our brothers still alive, who did not suffer as we suffered, students and workers, and for all those who will come after us.

I also write for the ones who truly believe in God, those honest and of good faith, for them to know and understand what communism is truly capable of : of how much hate and lies and bestial cruelty this ideology was, and is capable of - the communist ideology, which came

not from God, but from the devil.

Indeed, its traits are opposite of Love, Truth, Light and Mercy -hate, lies, darkness, and cruelty.

Communism represents Satan on Earth. The communists exalted their ideology - communism to the rank of Religion, which, in contrast to the Christian faith, is the religion of hate, the religion of lies, and of murders, which are exalted to the rank of "virtues" in this religion. And it can only spread through lies, distrust, terror and fear.

On the spiritual side, its role is to de-humanize man, on the material side its role is : to bring misery, hunger and the shortage of everything including base necessities.

How else can you explain so much hatred, cruelty, cynicism and sadistic pleasure in torturing and murdering your fellow man?

In communism, you must do as you are told, want it or not. You mustn't think, or discern, will and liberty (freedom) are gone. And if you don't conform to the rules, there are different methods for their consolidation of power : gulags, prisons, "camps", canals, deportations, home arrests and degradation,

the raping of your conscience,
the loss of human dignity, and
in the end, the loss of all
capacity of thought, the subject
following whatever order given
to him/her.

Thus, communism became as a god
on earth. And whoever was caught
in this satanic reign, lost all
of their discerning
capabilities, their wills and
their freedoms, remaining
hungry, cold, humiliated,
lonely, and gnashing their teeth
in despair.

Thus, in Pitesti and Gherla, the
men, who were receiving the
communist re-education
treatments, being altered and
de-graded, being tortured, and

at the same time, being forced to torture their fellow men, lost their identities, because their souls, their minds were shaken so much. They lost their humanity.

In these special interrogations, you were forced to admit things you did not do, forced to say God doesn't exist, in other words betray God. These interrogations served a purpose : perverting the mind of the individual subjected to them, or at least weakening their wills. Also, the perversion of the Christian concept regarding life and the world, and the humiliation of the human being -

these are things which need to be told.

In these ordeals, the true nature of a man is brought to the surface. In these ordeals, he is either de-grading himself, or perfecting himself.

But the tribulations of the Movement in those times in Pitesti and Gherla ²are the harshest of all tribulations the Movement was subject to, to this day.

The Archangel Michael's Legion is unique in history, as is this case. We, the Legion's members, did not fight with our own weaknesses or people in these ordeals, but with devil-

² Communist prisons

possessed people, thrown upon us with all the hatred, the cynicism and the cruelty they were capable of inflicting upon us.

The Pitesti-Gherla phenomenon is not only special, but mystical as well because a battle raged there : the battle between those who served God and those who served satan.

These testimonies don't pretend to be very literary. They are pieces from the souls of some young fighters, honest with themselves and honest with God; young men and women who put everything they had good in them in the fight for justice, freedom and faith.

Fully realizing their role to be played in history, they served the nation and Christ's Church against communism-the mortal enemy of Christianity - even to their deaths.

History doesn't show any records anywhere, of a similar case, as the one involving the young Legion members suffering horrors like those in Pitesti and Gherla.

In the persecutions and prisons suffered by legionnaires during the so-called Romanian democracy, then by the ones under the dictatorship of Carol the second and Antonescu, the conscience of the one being persecuted did not suffer too,

it wasn't raped. But in the tortures and horrors which took place in Pitesti and Gherla, they acted directly and methodically upon the one being tortured, for his faith in God to be shattered first, then his ideas of the world and life as well as his political convictions.

In these testimonies I won't accuse any political prisoner. I do not have the authority, the standing and the right to do so, as one who suffered all that I suffered myself, but I will testify to the events exactly as they took place with all the young men in the Legion in Pitesti and Gherla.

I won't tell you about my heroic deeds, but others' heroic deeds. Those who will read these lines will ask themselves why didn't I talk about the people from the other political categories present in those prisons - it's because : I do not have the authority, standing or right to talk and write about others, because, if I would(like others did, who never even went through Pitesti and Gherla) I would have to accuse some, and excuse others. And then, my testimonies would not be written in the fear of God. The people from the other political parties who went through Pitesti and Gherla, have

the right to talk about what happened to them too.

I will talk only of my brothers and myself, and each should talk about his own.

I talk about my own because I am a legionnaire and they were legionnaires too. The souls of the departed push me write, to write everything, as it happened - who initiated, who was the leader, who are the guilty (who were convinced they will not suffer the consequences for their actions), who executed the plan, who were deceived and who were the victims of this never before seen drama.

Dumitru Gh. Bordeianu

Melbourne, 26 oct. 1989

Clarifications about this book

(interview with Dumitru Bordeianu; excerpt taken from the Magazine
"Scara" [eng. The Ladder], the fourth step)

An essential thing about my book is the fact that I did not feel worthy of writing it. However, immediately after the communist's interrogations stopped, something that came from outside of my being, was always asking me : who is capable of writing a testimony about this drama? And not only write about it, but to know the essence of this drama.

After my release, I read "The Demons" by Dostoyevsky. The difference between those demons in Dostoyevsky's book and the ones at Pitesti/Gherla is : the first had freedom, but the latter were deprived of freedom and deprived of even the most basic necessities. Plus, they were subjected to un-imaginable tortures, both physical and moral.

After I told my story to a great Romanian theologian, he advised me to read "The Lives of the Saints" and then I would understand. I always understood that the one who was most capable of writing about this drama was Costache Oprisan, but

he was murdered in prison. Other characteristics of my testimony are the fact that I myself lived through this despair to a great extent. If humility is opposed to pride, and one leads you to Heaven (blessed are those poor in spirit) and the other one to Hell, you can see what the reward is. My un-worthiness (humility) was rewarded By God. He destined me to live and write about these things, this drama. My testimonies are metaphysical. Him who is not antichristian and familiar with the lives of the saints, knows and understands my testimonies.

I will now try to explain how this book came into being. First

of all, I would like to mention that I was maintaining a correspondence with Horia Sima, who indeed was telling me to write about what happened to me in the prisons. But I thought to tell the Commander I cannot do this. I mean, I was thinking, you couldn't write about the horrors which took place at Pitesti and Gherla without the proper inspiration. I just did not feel capable of doing that.

How did I become capable? In the vicinity of the place where I lived right after I arrived here in Australia, you can find a creek which I instantly recognized - it was the creek I dreamed of sitting by, alone,

writing, on the time when I was still in Romania, in the country. And an idea comes to my mind : fasting and prayer. I started fasting and praying a few weeks almost...I would go near the creek and instantly my mind would enlighten : it was all like a movie in my mind, of all that happened, rolling, as if it would be happening right now. In general, when you are writing a book, you have an idea of how the ending would be right from before you start writing it. In this case, I did not even made a sketch of it all, no plan. And I started right with the title : "Testimonies from the swamp of desperation". And

the first phrase is also the Book's label. It's a Book of Divine Inspiration : I wrote what I was told to write, that which I felt and that which came to my memory. Every day, from 9 a. m. in the morning to 3 p. m. in the afternoon, I was dictating all these events, and my wife was putting them down on paper. The writing took place between February - December 1990; almost 600 pages in total. But the definitive form is the one being published. In short, I am the one through whom all these facts have become known. Unlimited faith in God makes everything possible. Petre Tutea said that any culture who

doesn't include Theology in it, is doomed, it's not worth two pennies. There may be books with some human value, but they are worth zero because they do not testify about God.

Where there is no temptation, there is no virtue, the holy fathers said. Christian virtue is only tested in ordeals. God allowed communism to be in Russia for a reason. God did not allow communism to appear in Germany or England for instance. Nothing goes on in the seen or un-seen world without the knowledge and will of God. Russia's state politics and the Russian orthodox Christianity are not the same thing, don't

confuse one with the other. And yes, I am referring to that Slavic faith, that man who is always on the same frequency with Christ. Here, in Russia, there are millions of martyrs, victims of bolshevism. Here is an example told by father Dimitrie Bejan, who met the only survivor from those 11.000 martyrs at Oranki. The monks were given three days to make up their minds, to choose between communism and Christ Jesus. They made up their minds in 10 minutes. And then, for one month they were digging their graves, after which they were being executed. And God wanted one of those to escape and tell their

stories¹. Here is The Divine Work. The bishop told his monks : "Brothers, the time has come for you to take the martyr's crown; are you with satan or are you with Jesus Christ?" The faith these people had! Not one deserter! I saw with my own eyes, at Cotul Donului (near Predeal, Romania), in the war time, how the Russians were digging up the icons, hidden from the fury of communism, and they cried for joy, kissing them.

Why did Arsenie Papacioc³ talk with such admiration about those young men who stood up to the tanks in December 1989? Because

³ 13 August 1914-19 July 2011; Arsenie Papacioc was a Romanian orthodox Christian monk. He was locked away in the communist prisons of Romania along with the others. He was condemned by the marshal Antonescu, in 1941, for his adherence to the Archangel Michael's Legion.

the nations and peoples don't live because of cowards. God did not desert us in the time of the Bolshevik dominion either. Who was not in direct relationship with God, mind and heart, could not and did not do anything. The vertical coordinate is always God. Communism is only a prelude of that coming antichrist. This is why God allowed communism to come-for the "wheat" to be sifted. We saw who lost their faith and who did not lose their faith. We can see the results of God's love; God loved and loves us so much, that we cannot even imagine. And because these martyrs our nation could be redeemed. In prison, most of them retained their faith. Maybe many of them did not believe so much in God, but they were anti-

communist. Because Blessed are those who are persecuted because of righteousness, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

I never wanted to leave my country. I did have the opportunity to leave, then, when I was young, with the German Army, at Orsova. Again, I had the opportunity, in May 1948. I landed in Australia lead by my destiny here. When I say "destiny", I don't mean pre-destination, or fate, or fatality. Of course, God, Who Is Eternal, knows before hand what must happen with us. But this is not pre-destination. Destiny, you can explain it like this : The relation between me (the creature) and My Creator (God). I cannot rebel as long as I know this. It is a matter of common

sense as well. For those who say God did not make them, that is a problem. But I, knowing that God made me, and not .. nature, I have to recognize and be subject To The Creator. Of my free will, because He gave me freedom.

Satan always says he does not want to serve Him. We must not lose sight of our weakness and also God's Power. But when I am subject To The Creator, He takes my weakness on His Shoulders. I only have to say : "Your Will Be Done". This is the essence.

Now, about the West, I already had a bad impression since then when I was young; concerning faith, I already knew what the faith was all like in the West, before I immigrated. This Liberalism, brought by the catholics, who don't believe in

The Resurrection... Here, in Australia, from an economical stand-point it's better, because their god is money.

Now concerning Pitesti, everything was done especially to destroy the Legion's members. This is how God wanted to be, this generation of young people to go through all this never before seen drama. The Pitesti Phenomenon was made for the members of the Legion. In the time of the interrogations, almost all who weren't members of The Legion crossed over to Turcanu⁴'s side. The fight between Good and evil started when Satan rebelled in Heaven, against God. A faithful person becomes every day more perfect

⁴ one of those who accepted to torture the Romanian Christians; he was taking orders from the communists

and becomes every day more like God, it's a constant climb towards God. Those who recognize God as their Creator, they do His bidding, keep His Commandments and he/she is called to be part of The Kingdom of Heaven. The others, unfaithful bunch and servants of satan, they go down each day. How come that God allows these to live? Satan is allowed to go to the last level of wickedness - the antichrist, the man of sin. Then God will draw the line and the Final Judgment will commence.

This book is not a book of Legion doctrine; of course, it is written by a legionnaire, who lives like a legionnaire. It is not a book of legionnaire doctrine, but a book about

living. The book explains a phenomenon which concerns the Saint Archangel's Legion and it is addressed in the first place to my brothers and to those who will come after them. What happened in Pitesti is more than a drama - an extraordinary experiment, done by communists and atheists. For the latter, you can understand why it would be an inconvenience for the truth to surface. Because, you can imagine, without this Pitesti drama, we would still be in the prison, because none of us would give up. No one could shake us. They started the experiment, but not with their own hands, but having someone else do it instead of them, M.A.F.I.A. way. Of course, they did not know the results

before-hand how many will go insane, how many will remain sane, how many will kill themselves, etc. Because it all depends on the human soul. There were six individuals, executioners, who accepted and started it all. Not even Turcanu knew from the beginning how it all would degenerate, what it would degenerate into. The upper ranks were not part of the Legion : Iordachescu, Dobos, Leonida, and others. They represented 10 percent of the population, and we were like 90 percent. All these murderers acted upon the soul, through physical torture. The Re-education was prepared by the Moscow occult, Romanian occult and International occult, for the members of the Archangel

Michael's Legion Movement. Horia Sima told me that their objective was to destroy the populace from whence the Legion drew its members, thus destroying the foundation of the Movement. Because the essence of communism is as follows : the eradication of the idea of God from the heart of the man, thus leaving him vulnerable to any other idea, making him easy to manipulate, like a leaf in the wind, so satan takes you wherever he wants to take you. The terror was even more frightening due to the fact that it was done to us, by us, through our own brothers, members of the Legion, Christians. When your enemy comes, you fight him as best as you can, depending on your

strength. But here, we would have to fight our own brothers, Christians. The Christian martyrs were just them against the enemy - they weren't tortured by other Christians. In our case it wasn't just about letting go of your faith, but the fact that your own brother tortured you. What I mean is one moment we are sitting together like brothers, and tomorrow you kill me, just like that, me, who was capable of putting my life on the line for you. This is the metaphysical aspect of the situation. This was the great test. The man who got confused for even a second, was lost. The devil cannot tempt you more than God wants him to tempt you. God knows our strength.

Being tortured, I would say I wasn't part of The Legion any longer, though I remained part of it. But concerning the faith, it wasn't enough for you to say you do not believe anymore, you had to prove it as well, killing your neighbor without mercy. But how can you kill your brother, when he screams because of the pain! I said I wasn't part of The Legion because of the pressure, but Horia Sima did not say I am not part of it anymore. In a long lasting ordeal each of us held on as much as he could. Each soul lasted as long as he could. I told them I did not pray anymore. I broke the covenant with God. I should have

lasted longer. And this is the possession. God wanted me to pass through this ordeal. Even if I had all this Earth in my possession for 1000 years, with my state of mind back then, fear of unknown, fear of going insane, I would have refused all that for my peace of mind. I was put to the test for 4 years. I could not cry anymore - this is because I said I do not pray anymore. I broke myself from God, and possession followed.

I knew the terror of communism; all of us felt it, when the freedom was abolished. In prison you were chained; freedom was nullified under all aspects. They wanted to not only destroy

the Archangel Michael's Legion as a political party, and they used a method which they probably will perfect. We all know that wars are fought with young men. Young men, you cannot fool so easily, because they are not corrupted by sin. Turcanu did the following - he kept files about each one of these young men - when and if they lied, what they said, how each one of them acted in certain situations. Yes, satan is very clever, and to those who serve him, he slips them ideas, his satanic intelligence, which they used at the Pitesti experiment. And it's not about brainwashing either, but satanic possession

which transforms people into robots, like in America, or here, in Australia.

There, in the prison, the satanic spirit was floating in the air. Thousands of demons were floating through the air. A negative inspiration stimulated your memory and you would remember everything, since you were a child. In the Christian world, those who say bad things about God are called "Apostates". Turcanu accepted everything that he accepted to do, knowing what he does.

But my mistake, which I shall admit At The Judgment Day, is that I publicly said I don't pray anymore. And from that

moment on, I did not pray, severing my connection with The Creator. My Guardian Angel did not leave me, even though I was possessed by the satanic spirit, which manifested itself by making me very afraid, a kind of metaphysical fear, un-imaginable terror. If someone mentioned the devil to me then, I would get terrified. The same if they mentioned epileptics. I wasn't really afraid of Turcanu, but I was afraid not to go insane because of the tortures. After two years I started praying again, but it was in vain it seemed : I did not feel anything. They were all like empty words - a mechanical

prayer. And this tormented me the most. For a whole year I was tormented by what I stated then about not praying anymore, and that I do not believe in God. And all this lasted until I met Jimboiu, this man lived in a state of sainthood - an angel with the face of a man, and this made it impossible for me to even look him in the eyes.

My life was impossible about until the Easter of 1954, when God's Mercy intervened. That night, my patience was at its limits, and in my despair, I felt like I was tortured in my own private Hell. I said : God, I cannot do it anymore. Do with me as you please! And in the

moment when I heard the church bells ringing, I fell on my knees, and I started weeping, asking God for forgiveness. And from that moment on, I became a different person, another man entirely. God did this wonderful thing with me. I physically felt how this satanic force left me. I cried for an hour without interruption. I was physically exhausted, but happy too! It was my happy time, my own resurrection, in faith. It was like I had defeated all Hell. The prison years still left, between 1954 and 1963 (when I was released), were piece-of-cake, even with all the

hardships I endured : cold,
hunger, and isolation.

Those outside, who were alive,
did not interest me any longer.
I personally broke off with the
outside world; I did not think
at the outside, because I needed
to adapt to prison life, the
life of incarceration. Them, the
ones who tortured us, did not
even realize the evil they were
doing anymore. They were so
possessed, that All they were
thinking of was to get out of
that prison and become something
in the state, to have a role in
the Central Committee or State
Security, as a reward from the
master for the "work" they did
for him. They were executing the

orders of the master and they did not think to stop. For instance Deac, who was a boxer, gave you the finishing blow by crushing your liver. Him and others, like Leonida and Costachescu, they had increasingly cruel methods, as time went on, as our resistance grew stronger. A part of them killed themselves after they got out of prison. They did not have mercy or love anymore. But only hate, that of the lowest form - and ego. The most impressive thing, since the beginning of my incarceration, was our bond, me and my comrades. I personally grew attached to my brothers in suffering - and not only the

members of our Legion (those who were opposing communism). Many of those in the prison were like Angels. The man who impressed me the most was Constantin Oprisan. We were put in the same cell for an year. He was a man of extraordinary complexity, who knew things from a variety of domains, from music, arts, to mathematics and philosophy. He was very loving, he lived his life to the maximum. He was subjected to the greatest torture, taking a beating for each member of the Legion, and he resisted the longest, with un-equaled valor.

Another young man, whom I only had to occasion to see, was

Valeriu Gafencu, nicknamed as "The Saint of The Prisons". At Targu Ocna each time he looked into the eyes of the executioners he turned them into lambs. And they were the toughest there were; not even the prison warden could look him in the eyes. His warm soul influenced you so much, that whoever knew him, was drastically changed after that.

I only met Jimboiu, a loyal student of Gafencu. He said the prayer of the heart too, lived only by this rule : love for others. He had extraordinary kindness and clarity of mind; you did not hear from him a single word of revenge or

hatred. An angel in the body of a man. I once was there when they had to make a tooth extraction on Jimboiu, without anesthetic. This extraction took very long, but he did not make a sound or a move. Badea Trifan also impressed me very much, who was the chief of the city of Brasov. He had so much kindness and peace in his soul. He already had 22 years of his sentence done. In the Holy Week, he would cry so much, rivers of tears, continuously, till the Night of The Resurrection. 2000 years had passed, and he cried with the same passion that His mother, Mary and the women that followed Him, cried with.

The Prince Alexandru Ghica I knew very well, sitting beside him in the same cell. He was a true Christian also, living in the faith at very high intensity. I can also mention Gioga Parizianu (who was put inside an oven at 70 Celsius), Mircea Nicolau, Berzea, Petrascu and many others who even became priests some of them, after their prison release. Some of them I met again when I flew back to Romania. All these people are of extraordinary moral value, they will surely enter in the nation's moral patrimony, among those who suffered, counted worthy among the people in their nation.

In Romania I've met many young men and women, with different occasions (interviews, literary soiree's); I can surely say that I lived extraordinarily happy moments. I could see I was not talking in vain. There were students from all of the universities - young honest men, drawn there together by true faith. I went to a gathering of "SCARA" Magazine, where some 20 young men participated. I was being invited to talk to them. I was very emotional, a state of mind which was transmitted to the participants as well I believe.

God won't forsake this nation,
His People; the person who will

revitalize the Archangel Michael's Movement must appear. "A man and a nation are man, and nation, as long as they understand the Gospel"-Mehedinti used to say).⁵

It is clear that the revitalization of Romania is the return to Christ. This phenomenon already has begun; the elect in this nation will return to Christ and His Church and will live the love He inspired us to have not only for our friends, but for our enemies as well. The Churches are full of young men and women wherever I go. God won't forsake this nation. For these he will have mercy. So, not the economy reforms, but the faith of the

⁵ "THERE SHALL COME THE ROOT OF JESSE, AND HE WHO ARISES TO RULE OVER THE GENTILES, IN HIM SHALL THE GENTILES HOPE." [[Romans 15:12](#)]

Romanian people will get the country out its decay.

Foreword

The author of this book, Testimonies from the Swamp of Desperation, Mr. Bordeianu Gh. Dumitru, asked me to write on the preface of his book.

I did not dare to honor his wish, thanks to a sentiment of great humility. How can I write my name on the front page of a book which quakes you with the things it testifies about?

I myself have been through many ordeals and many of my comrades

suffered, being persecuted in camps and prisons, under the communist regime, but the Pitesti drama surpasses any imagination. Only devilish souls, only the perverted minds of the power of evil, only the instruments of hell could have imagined and put in practice this string of horrors. To torture the human being so much that they don't have a choice but to die, or to be assimilated into communism and killing what is good in them, that which is made in the Image of God, is something which is not allowed.

Dumitru Bordeianu is one of those survivors of Pitesti. What he writes is not hear-say, but

his own testimony, from the swamp of desperation, as he calls this terrible persecution. Other authors have indeed written about Pitesti as well, but all those are written from what they heard. I don't say those aren't valuable, but I did not hold in my hand a book which really can describe the things which took place at Pitesti, until now. To cry from your own flesh and blood about the torments you were subjected to, is a testimony without any need for comment. Bordeianu Dumitru is a testifier to the truth, to what really went on in between the walls of that factory of death, both physical and moral.

Dumitru Bordeianu also sets another fact to be accurate, told by other authors and magazine writers, that the horrors at Pitesti were spearheaded by the communist agenda towards the young Romanian men and women, students, they being considered as a body, organization. In reality, indeed, as the author of these testimonies tells us, the communist wrath was directed towards the young men and women who were part of The Archangel Michael's Legion, from schools and universities.

The murderous tendencies of the ones directing these operations from the shadow was even more

fierce toward those university students of the Legion in their last years of faculty study.

These demonic minds set as objective to themselves to destroy the foundation - the students - from which the Legion drew its members, mostly. If the foundation from which the Legion drew its members got destroyed, the Legion would surely be destroyed too. This explains why in Pitesti the most inhumane treatment was set in motion, of all the prisons on Romania at that time. There was no escape from it, other than dying being tortured or be willing to torture your own fellow men, through the same methods of

torture brought by the communist regime.

Dumitru Bordeianu isn't the man to try and erect a statue for himself based on the sufferings of others. He fell in the swamp of desperation as well, suffering moral defeat. How exalting his example truly is! As the Captain would have said : "You made a mistake, you pay and walk again, with your face clean".

Lets bow to the memory of those who preferred death over human degradation, but lets understand those who tried to save themselves too, with the price sought by their executioners, after they were subjected weeks

in a row to the most horrific tortures.

Horia Sima

December 10, 1992

The Activity

In the autumn of the year 1946, I was in Iasi, student of the Medical University, when I began my activity in the Legion's Student Corp (L.S.C.) of the University of Iasi, and Dumitru Moisiu was our commanding officer.

In the first few days I met all the people with whom I would serve.

I won't describe in detail what our activity was, up until the date of my arrest.

Each member of The Legion knows what that activity means - ties, information, meetings, discipline, training, courage - what it all comes down to is, the fight, without any compromises, against everything evil.

The Arrest

In the night of 14-15 of May, 1948, the arrests of most of the legion's members began, already

known by Antonescu's⁶ police⁷. I, however, escaped this arrest, because they did not search for me in Iasi, where they did not know my address, but at my parents' house, where I was sought by the Police in Falticeni. And the policemen, who wanted to be in the favor of the new communist rule, treated my parents like crap, physically abusing them, intimidating them and telling my mother she will kiss me dead.

After this day, I left Iasi (I was in the exam session) and I hid, temporarily, at the family of some friends.

⁶ Antonescu reigned prior to the coming of the communist regime, he was a Marshal

⁷ There is the lying rumor that The Legion was [anti-jewish](#); they never hurt any Jew, but [Antonescu](#) did

After that, going back to Iasi, to be present at some of my university exams at least, one of my high school mates and also class-mate, who was living near my house, sharing the same yard, denounced me to the Police. So it came to pass, that, in the morning of 12 June 1948, I was arrested by two commissars (chief Ciochina, who later became my prison mate), a commissar-adjutant and a street-sergeant, who was armed with a machine-pistol. These cops searched for me, at mid-night, at the house where I lived as guest, on Saulescu street no. 18. Here, they threatened my three brothers with their

pistols, and asked them where I was hiding. After almost an hour of threatening with the pistol, my smallest brother, Constantin, only 11 years old, told them where I was, because they told him they will shoot him if he doesn't, and he believed them.

Immediately after, the policemen arrested all three and took them to the house where I was hiding. There a policeman guarded them with a machinegun, and two commissars entered the yard, with their pistols in their hands. Their chief yelled at me to not try and run away, because they have my brothers with them. Then I thought about my mother and I surrendered.

There are once-in-a-lifetime moments, moments you live only once. Even now, it pains me to remember that my little brother, Constantin, couldn't look me in the eyes.

In front of this whole spectacle, which I couldn't bear any longer, I told them to let go of my brothers, because they do not know about my activities, and they did find me. After I insisted a while, they let go of Mihai and Constantin, but not Alexandru, the oldest of the brothers. They kept him along side with me. When they searched the house where my three brothers were, they found some

of his poems written in green ink.⁸

From the place where they arrested me - Florilor (Flowers) street no. 2 near the Yellow Valley (Rapa Galbena) Hostel - up to the Police's Headquarters on the Copou street, it wasn't a long way walk. It was day time and they did not tie me up, because they would cause a commotion, and I was walking between the two commissars (they told me don't make a single move and don't try to escape because you will be shot on the spot). When we arrived at the police headquarters, they made us sit

⁸ green being the color of the Archangel Michael's Legion

in the building hall, at the entrance. In the hallway there were lots of people arrested and they still kept coming. During this time, I had the opportunity to exchange some words with my brother, Alexandru. I told him to be tough, and even if he is interrogated and beaten, to not say a word because he risks life behind bars. I also told him to tell my mother to forgive me, and that it is very unlikely she will ever see me again, ever (which is true; she died in 1962, after the colectivization⁹ when I was still doing time). In the meantime, a policeman comes

⁹ between 1949-1962, the Romanian communist party(p.c.r.) ordered "[the colectivization](#)" - meaning all private agricultural land was confiscated from all private hands and put into the state's hands. The colectivization in Romania was done very much like the one in the U.S.S.R

and takes off our shoe-laces and our belts. My brother, not knowing the procedure, signals me with a gesture, and I reply : this is part of the rules of the prison. When the policemen weren't paying attention to us, I held my brother in my arms, kissed him, and then we said goodbye, for 15 years time.

The heartbreak and sorrow in these kind of situations! I was then taken to a room on the first floor, with bars at the windows, where, to my surprise, I met comrades I knew : the engineer Costica Butan (Officer in Reserve and war invalid, the chief of the Legion's students at the Polytechnics University

in Iasi) and Lates Mircea (chief of station in the University of Agriculture in Iasi). I remembered these two comrades of mine because, after 15 years, when I finished with my sentence, we three again met, in the room of the guarding officer at the Aiud prison gate.

But to continue - There was an un-bearable urine stench there, because the inmates weren't taken to the toilet, thus being forced to pee in some empty cans on the floor.

In the afternoon, at about 4-5 o'clock, the cell door opens and a commissar with a list in his hand reads from it, shouting a few names. First I am being

taken out, along with a friend of mine, Cojocararu. We are being tied up together with a piece of rope (they did not have enough hand-cuffs for all of us, there were like over 500, boys and girls) and taken in the back of the building. There a Jeep awaited us, with 4 more girls in it (students), tied up as well.

One of the policemen warns us to not try anything, because we will be shot. Me and my comrade, Cojocararu, we weren't impressed at all by the policemen and their handguns. We were already very much familiarized with pistols from the War; but the 4 young girls were frightened.

Galata

After half an hour we arrive at Galata, an ex-monk monastery, transformed into a prison and located on a hill, West of the City of Iasi. Here the girls were placed as well, along with us, into a bigger room, with barred windows. After half an hour, six more girls were brought into the same room, from the Police Headquarters. All this time, I and my comrade were trying our best to comfort them. After a little while, the door opens and this hideous person walks into the room, who did not look like a man at all.

I am telling you this, for you to know and understand what kind of evil humanoids the communists used to torture us in the prisons.

Immediately after this monster walked into the room, he started blabbering what they told him or what he heard at the Party : " You are the criminals who killed the working class, you exploited it, you kept it in the dark and treated it just like your slaves, but get this into your heads, this working class will crush you in due time, we are your doom".- Words that I heard from the mouth of all the guards at all the prisons I went through.

After he finished, the monster tells the girls to turn with their faces against the wall, undressing me and my comrade completely naked, checking in both ends of our digestive tubes, to see if we hid armament there with the purpose of destroying the "working class".

After succeeding in this operation and after we dressed again, he tells us to turn with our faces against the wall, inviting the girls to undress completely, like we just did. When they heard such a thing, the girls responded energetically, and one of them, athletic type, slammed the monster against the wall with

such strength that he was left unconscious.

Seeing this, the guard took out his pistol and threatened them that, if they don't undress, he will use his gun, because he represents the working class.

In this situation, me and my comrade intervened, telling him to holster his pistol, and we told the girls to knock in the windows and the door violently. The monster, with the gun in his hand, insists that the girls will undress for the search. He represents the working class and to him everything is allowed.

A desk clerk, from the prison administration, hearing the

knocks in the door and windows, comes into the room and remains stupefied because of what she sees.

She was an old-world clerk, and was not yet familiarized with the "spirit of the working class". Finding out what just happened, she reprimanded the guard and invited him to get out. Because the guard refused, always saying that he is the messenger of the working class, the clerk went to denounce him to the prison warden.

After a little while, the prison warden steps in, and in a mild tone, explains to the guard that a man cannot search women, but only a woman, because these are

the rules of the prison, and in conclusion, he must leave the room.

The warden was also surprised to see that in the room both sexes were present, giving orders for them to be put in separate rooms.

When the night came, the prison was filled with prisoners already.

On that day no food was given to us. Later, we were put 6 by 6 in every cell, without any kind of toilets to do our necessities in and with "beds" of bare wooden boards. Normally, we couldn't at all fit all 6 people into the same cell, the cells being ex-

monk quarters for only one person, with their door opening into the yard. And still, they kept us into these cells for almost 10 days.

After all the time I stood there, I couldn't forget three important facts :

- In all the time we spent there, I was given only one meal per day, lunch-time : a piece of bread (some 200 grams) and some kind of "soup", but you couldn't really tell what that was.
- At Galata, they made each of us write an auto-biography. Not one of us arrested declared he was member of The Archangel Michael's Legion.

-At the end of those ten days, we were forced out of our cells, late during night, on a rainy weather, some twenty of us, under strict military security, and taken to a nearby cemetery. It was so dark outside, pitch-black, and those who escorted us carried lanterns in their hands. Among these, beside the military guards, there were some civilians too. Once we arrived into the cemetery, many holes, freshly dug, were shown to us, similar to the mass graves. In front of that macabre scenery, many of us were indeed convinced that

during that night we would be executed.

I confess, if I knew beforehand what horrors expected me later on, I would have preferred death right then and there. After all the years spent in prison and all that occurred at Pitesti and Gherla and later on, I concluded that the moment heroism is preferable to the long-lasting one, which grinds you, degrades you, changes and destroys you, bit by bit.

As I sat there in front of the graves, one of the civilians tears himself away from the others, and

apostrophizes us with these following words : "You, bandits, you are the biggest enemies of the working class, of the proletariat; because of this we arrested you, and you will be thrown down into these holes, and not one of you will make it out alive. We aren't executing you this night, because we do not have enough holes dug, for all of you arrested now to fit in. But know this : that the ones arrested on 15th of May were executed already and buried in this cemetery. After we dig enough holes, then we will execute you too. Now back to prison".

What happened to us, those 20, happened to each one of the other groups after a few nights and to all the others in the Galata prison, excepting the girls. All of us took them seriously though, the communists - you could expect anything from them. The Katyn Massacre, where all those polish officers (cca. 4000) were shot each, one by one, in the back of their heads. We were convinced of another thing : the Bolsheviks' only morals were immorality, plus we were near the river Prut (close to the Romanian border with U.S.S.R.). We lived those

moments at such high intensity, that once they were finished, I could not tell if I dreamt this or if it was real.

Back to the prison, in the cells I could reflect better on the situation. Some of us were convinced they will shoot us, or, in the happiest scenario, we will be transported to Siberia.

Others were convinced that, if they did not shoot us that night, that meant it had only been an act of intimidation.

After the ten days were over, after we sat in that prison, we were taken out of our cells, they tied our hands

with a rope, two by twos, and took us outside the prison, to a military truck covered with canvas. We were some 30 people. In the truck they told us to sit on the truck floor face down, crammed into each other, with the head on the floor, while we were being surrounded by armed soldiers. A civilian warned us that, if we lift up our heads, we will be shot without warning.

Oh! How long that trip seemed to be! It was the trip of total in-security. We thought we will be taken either to the cemetery, to be shot, or to be deported into Siberia.

The most of us, after we saw ourselves in the train, were convinced that our destination was indeed Siberia.

So, we were transported and crammed in some wagons. To our surprise, we saw that the van-wagons were Romanian-made, even though at the Nicolina station in Iasi, where we just left from, there were some big international railroads, for Russian trains. We were asking ourselves where they are taking us. I was thinking they are taking us with a Romanian train to Vadul Siretului, at the Russian

border, in the region of Bucovina, in order to hide their operation. The moments, the emotions, the state of mind, in front of the unknown !

After the wagons were filled, the train left. We did not recognize the direction in which we were going, due to the darkness and the shutters on the small windows of the wagon.

After a few hours of riding in the train I could see we had just arrived at Pascani, a station I only knew so well. I then told my comrades we are in the Pascani station; I suspected they

aren't taking us to Siberia after all, because they could have crossed into Russia by Ungheni, closer to the river Prut, instead of crossing through Cernauti, and they are taking us to the prison in Suceava, a prison which I knew, a bigger prison than the one in Iasi.

After a few hours we were incarcerated into the famous prison - "the unmarked grave" - the way the gen-pop inmates from Suceava "christened" it. This Penitentiary was second in size in the country, after Aiud's prison, and was also built by The Austrians. (Here Ciprian Porumbescu had been

imprisoned and died of tuberculosis.)

The prison had the shape of a square, with basement, ground floor and two additional upper floors, interior yard, and at the exterior a wooden fence 4 meters tall, and every 50 meters there was a pot peg, and in it a soldier with a machinegun.

Suceava(1)

Cell 56/ basement

On 25 June 1948, here we are committed in the infamous

Suceava prison and incarcerated in cell 59 in the basement, in the north side of the prison. This cell holds memories I will never forget. Here is where I lived in until 15 of January 1949. In this cell I felt for the first time claustrophobia, the loss of freedom and the pain which was the result of the connection severed with my loved ones. It was here I felt the prison pressure and the abyss which was opening in front of us.

Here in this prison I suffered the beatings and cruelties of the interrogations, which lasted until December 1948. I was sharing this cell with N.

Cojocaru, who also had been my cell mate at Galata prison, with Gheorghe Eftimie a deacon and professor and with two workers.

After a few days, I found out some information about others who had been arrested just like me, from the people in general population, who were doing guard duty on the corridor, and from those who brought us our meals. Among these there were some nice persons too. So, I found out that all those arrested starting 15 May 1948 until the time we came to the prison, in June, had been brought to this same prison. And starting with the cities Vaslui and Bacau, and all the cities until the northern

border of Moldavia and Bucovina, all those arrested, men and women, could be found in this same prison. The investigations and trials, for this region of the country couldn't be done at Iasi, because Iasi did not have a big enough prison; that's why they chose Suceava's prison, which had many more prison cells and rooms, where several thousand men and women could be incarcerated. Those arrested from the south of Moldavia region, from Vaslui and Bacau until Milcov and The Danube river, were brought to the prison of Galati.

I also found out from the general population inmates that

they are threatened to keep every secret, no matter how small that would be.

The Inquiry

The investigations department of the ground floor was comprised of almost 30 cells. Some of them had been re-made into offices for the chief-commissars, brought from the afore-mentioned cities, each commissar brought along with his henchmen, one more brazen than the next, chosen from the scum of all scum of society. These chief-commissars coordinated the

investigations and sorted through the statements of the inmates. Though, each one of them had a history with the State Security somewhat tied in to the Legionnaire Movement : they were part of the ex-bourgeoisie police from the times of Carol the Second and Antonescu, and the communist regime was using them, as docile instruments, because the monstrous being known as the Security (Securitate) hadn't yet been founded at that time and the regime did not have experts in matters of interrogation. They were scumbags, with no moral conscience and fear of God, who

had been serving under numerous regimes, having nothing in common with our nation. They borrowed themselves to an enemy which, after he made use of them how he pleased, had them too arrested and placed in Faragas' prison, where very often they ended up killing each other. This is how their master rewarded them, after they served him with such dedication. Those in Iasi I knew personally.

The Legionnaires from the Medical University were being interrogated by an old and experienced chief-commissar, but his name slips my mind now. I did not have to put up with him, except a few situations and in

the last interrogation, when I had to write my last statement and sign it in front of him.

But I cannot forget his two henchmen, bullies, who were unimaginably ferocious.

I also found out that the interrogations were being done at night, and only at night, as the sun went down, until the morning hours, and that the beatings and tortures were so ferocious, that some of those who had been tortured were taken back to their cells on stretchers.

Even from the first few nights, from inside my cell, I could

clearly hear wailing and many footsteps going back and forth.

Because of Popa Alexandru, the air in the cell became impossible to bear.

Popa Alexandru ("Tanu")

This man was from Soroca (Basarabia) and had been Alexandru ("Sura") Bogdanovici's class-mate at the local high-school. Popa said they were good buddies.

He was arrested the same day I was, in Iasi, city where he was a student in the third year at the Agricultural University. From the first moment I met him in the cell we started to fight. As a man, he had a great Ego and was ferociously sadistic. The two workers I was sharing the same cell with, experienced legionnaires, faithful in God and having lots of common sense, told us, whenever Popa wasn't around, that not only he wasn't a legionnaire, but not even a human being, being the devil himself.

In the cell he was quiet, paying careful attention at what others were talking to each other;

whenever he intervened in a discussion, he had a great pleasure of contradicting the man he discussed with. He did not ever clearly say if he believes in God or not. In the conversations with the deacon Eftimie about faith, he always sustained the contrary. He was, as the others could tell as well, very atheistic. His interrogation lasted a few days, and you could tell by his face he wasn't slapped once. No one had ever asked him a question and he did not reply anything either.

Here are a few observations, concerning this individual, which made him suspicious :

-he grew fond of the Legion because of Bogdanovici's great personality;

-during his own interrogation he wasn't beaten;

-his attitude inside the cell, towards the comrades and the Legion, was very quiet, he made you suspect him at once;

-he had a small time sentence, only 7 years;

-when the reeducation at Suceava started, he was among the ones who tortured, along with Bogdanovici;

-at Pitesti he wasn't even slapped once, but on the contrary, he stood right beside

Turcanu, the author of Bogdanovici's physical death;

-he left from Pitesti to Gherla in the winter of 1950, where he became the chief of the interrogations;

-he was taken from Gherla to Jilava along with Turcanu;

-he was part of Turcanu's crew but he wasn't executed. It was him who stated that the reeducations at Pitesti and Gherla had been carried out by the order that Horia Sima gave to the legionnaires, through Vica Negulescu - a lie;

-he was the accusation's witness in the trial of Vica Negulescu, where he stated the above

mentioned. (At this trial, the merit belonged to Gheorghe Calciu, who requested from the Court the presence of General Nicoliski, the chief of Security, with whom Calciu talked at Pitesti, and could have been an important defense witness, and who, of course, did not show up). After this trial, Popa Tanu was brought to Aiud and released before the decree of August 1964.

When I left the country, in 1989, he lived in Sibiu, where he pretended to be an accountant and was a big-time informer.

*

In the first 10 days no one was called at the interrogations. I had time to think, to put my thoughts in order, what do I write and what I don't write in my statements. I was convinced that my direct superior inside the Legion, Moisiu, and the ones with whom I had activated in the Legion, were strongly decided not to give anything up. Each of us lasted as long as he could, until the break-limit of his body and soul. One of us gave up when they showed another person to him, disfigured because of

the beatings, blood all over his body and wounds all over his body, being threatened this is what is going to happen to him also if he doesn't tell them everything he knows. Facing this ordeal, the ones with low-resistance gave up. Another one gave up after his first beating, another after a month of beatings, others after two, three, four ... months, in the end declaring what they had to declare, in order to be trialed and convicted.

I will mention two cases :
Soltuz Laurentiu and Olta Manoliu (both being students at the Medical University in Iasi and born in the City of

Botosani). They never gave up during the interrogations and still were sentenced - Soltuz, 20 years of forced labor, and Manoliu 15 years of forced labor - based only on what others had been stating about them. Manoliu was released in one piece, after her 15 years of prison, and Soltuz after his 16 years of prison.

The communist regime, being still in its early stages, did not have people trained for these kinds of interrogations yet. Instead, as I stated above, it used people from the regime before them, who had been working for the State, to give some authenticity to the

statements in order to convict us. Their mission was to torture, and torture, and torture until they left you unconscious. They weren't interested in the quality or quantity of the statements; this was the chief-commissar's job, who was the leader of the interrogation. These people were the tools of the regime.

Even though the beatings and the tortures in these interrogations were un-bearable, the ones being interrogated did not tell 10 percent of what they knew, which was later confirmed in the interrogations that followed at the other prisons, Pitesti and Gherla.

Most of us realized this fact, allowing the ones that hadn't been arrested to hide. When the ordeals at Pitesti and Gherla began, the ones subjected to those treatments stated not only what they knew, but even what they thought, seen or heard by chance, in different situations in life.

The purpose of this regime was to convict the ones being arrested to long years of prison, for, at the right time, having them under their authority, to constrain them to say even more, through the process of "selfdenouncement"¹⁰, at Pitesti and Gherla.

¹⁰ to tell everything that they were supposed not to have declared during Securitate interrogations

I want to mention that not one member of the Legion was arrested lawfully, with evidence that would rightly justify their sentences and arrests. The arrests of the legionnaires country-wide were done only based on information gathered by the State's intelligence agency during the two prior dictatorships, of Carol the Second and Antonescu. So, it is irrefutable that all the legionnaires arrested by the communist regime, starting May 1948, were known by the old police, because of the information already gathered back then. The criteria was simple : everyone who was a

legionnaire must be arrested, being him active or inactive, to be put under lock until the tortures began, tortures which will supply enough evidence, for the programmed extermination.

Under Antonescu's Dictatorship, the old security agency had been making these so-called political files of all members of the Legion even since the time of the Legionnaire National State, for the time would eventually come for them to use them. Most of these legionnaires comprised the "death battalions" at Sarata (village located in the south of Basarabia).

There, the Legion's officers both active and in reserve, as

well as the inferior ranks, were reduced to being simple soldiers on the battlefield and were sent on the front wearing the following indicative : "post-mortem rehabilitation". These battalions did wonders of courage against the Bolshevik army.

The Unit Commanders were being warned that all of these legionnaires, who were wearing the aforementioned indicative, must be sent on the first line or in dangerous missions, where death was certain for them. So Antonescu, another butcher of young legionnaire men, knowing their power of sacrifice, was

convinced that in this manner, he will get rid of them.

The State's Security recorded also the names of those young men and women affiliated with the Legion, high school students ("brotherhood of the cross¹¹"), known since the time of the Legionary Government by some of the school principals, teachers and their class-mates. All of these people denounced them without mercy. (during the time of the Second World War, the brotherhood of the cross and the university students both continued to operate, underground, after they had been banned by the State).

¹¹ The Legion's young members

In the same way they treated the university students who weren't part of The Legion, those who had been working for the state, the legionary women movement and those part of the worker corp and other christian young men and women groups. So, in 1945, when the communists came and took over power, they already had a good idea about the Legionnaire Movement across the country.

And another heinous, immoral event came to pass : all the scum who were part of the communist regime had to denounce the legionnaires they knew, as well as their sympathizers, no matter where they may be found.

I know this to be true from the ex-intelligence officers, people who still retained a bit of conscience inside, and from the ex-cops, and from my brother Vasile¹² as well.

*

The Romanian prisons in 1948, could be categorized as : huge prisons, medium-sized prisons, and small prisons.

Huge : Aiud, Suceava, Gherla, Pitesti, Jilava and Galati.

Medium-sized : Ramnicu Sarat, Targsor (city located west of Ploiesti, for students), Mislea (for women), Margineni (which had carpentry workshops for

¹² In English "Basil"

export), Fagaras (prison destined for ex-policemen), Dej, etc...

The small prisons were found in each City Capital. Special conditions prisons were found in the basement of the Ministry of Internal Affairs and on the Uranus street in Bucharest.

Hospital-prisons, for the ones sick of tuberculosis : Targu Ocna, in Moldavia, and in Vacaresti - for the other diseases.

The prisons were organized by divisions, where you could find cells, as well as rooms, named - in prison terms - "common ground". The cells varied in

size; generally they were 3-4 meters long and 1.5 meters wide. The floor of some was made out of concrete, and in others of timber, pine. The rooms' size was 4-8-10 meters wide and 10-15-20 meters long.

Each jail contained punishment cells - "black cells" - named thusly because they had no ventilation, no windows and no lighting; so, pitch-black.

All the prisons had, in their basement, special punishment cells, a lot more inhumane than the "black cells". Each level of the prison had 4 black cells.

At first, when the arrests started, there were these "white

cells" (thus the saying "I stick you in the white"). I later found out what they were, during my time in Aiud, in 1954. They were being called "white cells" because the windows weren't made of glass; they lacked furniture. The one put in this cell was kept only in his shirt and underpants, for all the duration of the cold season.

I will now proceed to describe the topography of each prison I went through.

And because I found myself in Suceava's prison, I will describe this one first, in short, this prison being in the top of the big prison category, in terms of huge and infamous.

A characteristic of the cells and rooms, the ones in the basement as well as the ones on the second floor, is that these had floors made of wooden planks. The prison had been built by the Austrians, on the time when they held Bucovina, from 1775 to 1918, and here the Romanians who asked for their right to freedom were being amassed. The whole of the basement contained only cells. Starting with the ground floor up until the second floor, on one side there were cells, and on the other side rooms, each varying between 5/10 meters and 10/10 meters.

The cell's furniture was very sketchy : a bunk with a mat on it instead of a mattress, a chamber-pot for your necessities, and a pitcher with water in it for you to drink.

The cell windows' size was roughly 40/40 cm., and the big rooms' windows were 1.5/1 meters size. All the windows had thick iron bars on them. Besides what I mentioned above, there was nothing, not even hangers to hang your coat on.

The lack of furniture presented an issue in all the time of our incarceration, bringing much sorrow to those incarcerated; the buckets or the water pitchers, as well as those

buckets destined for our physiological needs (urine and feces). These buckets were made of pine boards held together with iron rings, different capacities and heights each, depending on the space they were being put into, whether it was a cell or a room.

I will stop here for a bit and let me ask a reader from the western world for instance : what would he say if he heard that those who were convicted then served, lets say 16 years, under a communist regime, at which you add 7 more years from the time of Carol the Second and Antonescu's dictatorships, all this time sitting in a climate

infected by the smell of urine and feces? Maybe some of them wouldn't believe what they are hearing, and then, the ex-political prisoners, me included, would invite them to come and see that even to this day, in Romania, these instruments of moral and physical torture can be found still in the cells and rooms of those prisons. Let them see in what type of civilized conditions thousands of human beings had to live for a quarter of their lives.

Here in Australia, where I immigrated, out of curiosity, recently, I visited a prison in Melbourne, Victoria : it was

more like a bed-and-breakfast compared to what I and so many young Romanian men and women had been living in for 16 years time, in the communist prisons.

While we were doing our physiological needs the air inside the cell became unbearable. The buckets were emptied twice a day, morning and evening, in the toilets at the end of the floor. This operation was done one cell at a time. This way you couldn't get to know your comrades inside the other cells.

There were cases at Jilava - and this I know from all the people who went through there - when, inside a room with a normal

capacity of 40 inmates, were squeezed in 300 persons. In those rooms ("Redit") where the buckets didn't suffice for all the people, the people peed and excreted on the rooms' floors. The air inside the rooms was not only impossible to breathe, but insufficient also. To avoid asphyxiation, they stood in turns at the door's threshold, where a bit of air could come in from the outside of the rooms. In these rooms the elderly ones and the sick died, most of them. When I served my sentence in Jilava, in 1956, this wasn't the case anymore though.

I wonder, how can this be possible? And still it was

possible, the proof being the testimonies of thousands of prisoners.

The cells and rooms' doors was made out of solid wood, generally strong pine essence, reinforced with thick iron to strengthen its resistance. A big lock which was key-operated, and above it, a thick deadbolt locked the door even further from the outside, in this way ensuring the best security. At the middle, at a height of one meter, the door had a peephole 25/15 cm., prolonged toward the interior with an opening through which a mess tin, military sized, could fit in through. On the exterior side of the door, a

big strong deadbolt ensured the same security as the other one on the other side of the door. Above, at the height of an average man, the door had a mechanism with could be used to see inside the cell. The lid of the peephole could be moved to the left or to the right, so the guard can look inside, while from inside of the cell you couldn't see anything on the outside.

In all the communist prisons in Romania, it was a different thing being in the basement, the ground floor or upper floor, in the East, or South, North, or West. During the winter, the ones who found themselves placed

in the North or East suffered severe cold because of the wind, more-so than the ones who were being placed inside the Southern or Western part of the prisons.

The punishment cells in the basement were a lot harder to bear than the ones located in the upper floors of the penitentiary. It was one thing to be put in the "Zarca"¹³ and another thing was to be put in the second buildings of Gherla and Aiud, where they only had rooms, and the treatment was

¹³ A 2x2 meters cell, having stone walls; e.g. they made the prisoners sit on their four members on the floor, and mix the buckets where they had done their necessities between themselves, then they told the prisoners to eat what was inside until they are clean again; they made one of them who was a priest stand on a toilet upright and told him to read from the Bible while masturbating with his other hand; if you did not do as they wanted, they would beat you with clubs

more mild. The gen-pop inmates were also put here; they held diverse jobs in the prison yard (standing guard, cooking, barbers, those who administered baths, shoemakers, tailors etc.)

Another thing which cost many lives was smoking. A "cigarette butt" - in smoker's slang - which was intentionally thrown by a guard and lifted up by an inmate, many times resulted in that inmate's death.

The rules were that the inmate, when he was taken outside in the prison yard for a walk, inside specially arranged pens, had to walk with his hands behind his back and his look down, his eyes into the ground. Any failure to

respect these rules was sanctioned with "severe arrest", and if it was winter, rarely you could see anyone coming out of that alive. Poor smokers - only they know the ordeal they've been through because of their weakness for smoking. For them, the prison was so much worse than for non-smokers.

Another ordeal which destroyed the life of the inmates was the hunger; this was authentically described in the poems of Radu Gyr and Nichifor Crainic; the chronic hunger, unbearable, which humiliated, degraded and placed the inmates who couldn't bear this, in pitiful situations, for this was beyond

the limit of torture they could endure. Can you imagine how it is to endure this hunger for 16 years and in all these years you cannot ease it, not once, not even for a little bit? The patience, the will, the endurance, how much of these would the inmates need to survive? God! It wasn't just a month or two, but sixteen years!

As an ex-medical student, knowing the physiology and biochemistry of the human being, I always wondered what is the threshold, the limit of the human being's resistance to hunger? And I admit that I haven't found the answer yet.

I would ask the same question to the people who are specialists in this matter : is it possible that for sixteen years' time in a 24 hours interval your meal can only range from 600 to 900 calories (in the last two years it was around 1000) and not more, and still survive? In the circumstances when you were severely punished, the meal contained around a few hundred calories. As much as the nutritional value goes - the food was comprised only of waste, stuff that wouldn't sell in socialists' grocery stores. The food consisted of : barley, peeled barley, very rarely beans, cabbage, pumpkins, kale,

potatoes, all of which didn't sell, and kale meant for pigs. And the meats - wares that wouldn't normally sell : hooves, guts, lips, cuticles (skins) and animal heads which, in the capitalist countries you wouldn't even give the dogs to as legit food. And all of these were mostly in a state of alteration.

One thing I will never forget as long as I am alive. I was outside in the prison yard at Gherla, not far from the prison's kitchen, when I see the general population inmates bringing out altered bovine heads from inside the basement in section 2 - in a state of

putrefaction. They shoved a long stick through each one of these skulls to keep them at a distance - the stench was unbearable - and in this way they were carrying them outside, running as fast as their legs could endure until the kitchen. Here they threw the heads into a barrel with water in it, where they were washed and put into cauldrons, to serve as food for the political prisoners. The general population inmates had a different, better menu.

Because of this waste many prisoners developed liver, kidney and stomach infections, especially the elders and those

who had a good diet before incarceration.

What nutritional value can those things have? And still, the political prisoners lived strictly on such a diet. Another case comes to my mind now, one in which hunger transformed man into animal. A man of Greek origin, who had been a landlord before his incarceration. Pana was his name, age 75, and over 1.80 meters tall, who before prison had a big belly, was in such a state, that his belly now looked like he had four aprons one over the other, like four sheets of belly.

I watched him during bath, naked; he looked hideous. One

time, being taken out of his cell along with other prisoners to clean manure from altered cow bellies, he took one of those strips of cow bellies and tucked it under his stretched, elongated belly, in order to take it back to his room and eat it. He was spotted by another inmate who, being envious, ratted him to the militia guard and, being searched they discovered the food was hidden under his belly. The poor man implored them to let him take that piece with him so he could eat it, even though it was rotten. However, the guard beat him to a pulp using that piece of cow belly.

At Suceava, the interrogation wasn't done during the day, because they did not want others to hear the cries of pain. It was only done during nights, from when the sun went down until the morning hours. In five months, while my interrogation lasted, the two bullies who were torturing me always smelled of booze.

The torture instruments were : the ox valve, the whip and the club.

Here is how the preparations looked like for the tortured one. He was sat down on some kind of swing, made of two wooden boards; his hands and feet were tied up with a rope,

they introduced a club under his knees, and being immobilized, he was put on two chairs; the club sat on the two chairs, forming the spinning axle. So, either the feet (soles of the feet), either the posterior were exposed to being hit, one at a time, as each one was going either up or down. The prisoner couldn't make any moves, and the executioner could hit him in any spot, without encountering resistance from the tortured. The two executioners jumped on the prisoner with demonic fury.

At the start of the interrogations they hit prisoners on the butt and the naked back. However, the

resulting wounds could have killed the prisoner quickly. So, they thought to first cover his butt and back with a wet cloth, this way beating him more often avoiding more open wounds. The hits on the soles of the feet also destroyed the soles of your shoes just after a few sessions. That is why they put shoes with wooden soles on your feet, more resistant to blows. This type of torture was described by the executioners as "the wheel" or "the swing", because, while you were spinning, you came to be in the two positions : "soles" or "buttocks".

The hardest to bear were the blows to the soles of the feet

with the club, because you felt the pain not in the soles of your feet, but in the back of your head. For the blows at the buttocks they used the ox valve.

Another torture consisted in some kind of table, nicknamed the "bed", long as the stature of a man, which had fixed metal rings for the head and feet on it. The back, from the back of the head to the soles of your feet, remained exposed, for them to hit it with the whip, the lace or the ox valve. This "bed" was fixed with nails on two wooden supports, which remained fixed during tortures. The most painful was the thin-strapped whip, similar to a horse tail.

All that was missing were the pointy lead bearings. Usually this torture was so savage, that the one subjected to this torment was often falling unconscious. To get him up again, they poured water on his face, after which he was dressed and taken back to his cell.

After one session the victim was left in his cell for a few days, where his brothers took care of his wounds, dressing his wounds with pads soaked in cold water. They were encouraging him so he can withstand another session of torture.

After a few days they would come at night again and you were taken to a cell in the same part

of the prison, which had tables, chairs, ink and paper, and you had to write everything you knew.

The executioner had a note from the chief-commissar which contained the things you had to write in your statement. The inmate was then taken back to his cell for a few days, then taken back to the cell destined for writing. Now a note with what he should write was handed down to him. They left him there all night, sufficient time for him to think and decide what he would choose to write, as the note requested him to. Many times this put him in a dilemma and he would have to be very

careful about what he writes. In the morning he was brought back to his cell, happy that he did not have to go through "the wheel" or the "bed" again. But, the conscience began to upset him about things which he wrote during that night. After several days, he was taken back to the torture cells where the sessions were repeated exactly like before. They applied "the wheel" or "the bed" tortures, rarely both in the same session. Everything was back like before : first in the torture cell, then in the writing cell, until the interrogation was over. In my case, the interrogation ended at the beginning of 1949.

The tortures were being conducted by individuals who had no faith or conscience. The ordeal depended on the rank you had in the Legion, on the quality and quantity of the things they imagined you knew, all depending on your physical constitution as well.

Late night, the deadbolt of the cell was pulled and a guard with a piece of paper in his hand pronounced my name. I had a startle and a raising heart. I told myself : the time has come to see who you really are, what you can do, what you are really capable of and if all you thought and declared is worth the ordeal you are about to be

subjected to. Only the test can put you in the situation of knowing yourself.

After I got dressed, I asked the guard if I will come back to the same cell. All those in the cell got up, shook my hand and told me to be strong. Because the guard did not rush me, I looked for a moment at their faces and I noticed on them a sentiment of pity. The guard replied to me that I will come back in the same cell, but in a different state. The others inside the cell were startled at the thought of what was in store for me.

I was taken out of my cell and, until I reached the basement,

walking by the ground floor section, where the interrogations were being done, the guard, who was not yet indoctrinated, ironically told me : "I won't slap you on the a..., because of the wound, I will hit you on the back".

And the torture began. One of them hit me with the whip and the other with the lash. The whip was a bit bearable, but the lash resulted in such burning, it was like someone was frying greaves on my brain.

I don't remember exactly how many hits they administered to me, all I know is at some point I became unconscious. They poured water on me, waited a

bit, and one of them tells me :
"Put your clothes on, you
bandit!". I picked up my shirt,
then my pants, but, when I tried
to put my shoes on, I couldn't
bend over, it was like the skin
on my back was about to crack,
so I tried to put my shoes on
without bending.

One of them left the cell for a
bit; the other asked me with
sarcasm, wiping the sweat of his
face, : "How does it feel, you
bandit, enemy of the working
class?". I don't know if I hated
them or despised them in that
moment, or if, given the
opportunity I would have taken
revenge on them or not.

After a little while the door opened and the guard measured me head to toe, while the executioner told him to take me back to the cell he brought me from. I was leaning on the guard, because the soles of my feet were burning, as if I was walking on burning coals.

When I arrived back in the basement, where my cell was, the guard, making sure no one was hearing or seeing him, quietly said to me : " I told you, sir, this is Hell on earth! What did you do to make them to torture you like this?" I looked at him but did not reply. What answer could I have gave him, in that moment?

I could hardly wait to get back into my cell. The soles of my feet and the skin on my buttocks and back were burning so bad, that with every step I felt my skin is going to crack open. Once back to my cell, I remember even now the look on my brothers' faces, the pain and the pity, as if they would have been there in my stead. I couldn't tell how my face looked like. Inside the prison there were no mirrors. They all stood up on their bunks - except Popa Tanu - and I lied down on my stomach, because it was the only way I could lie down; I felt the pain almost on all my body. My cellmates undressed me, because

I wasn't capable to move at all. My body was burning like fire. A comrade exclaimed, looking at my wounds : "Oh, brothers, this is terrible!" I asked them to place something wet on my wounds. I wasn't hungry or thirsty anymore, and I wasn't capable of any thinking. All I remember is, in the evening, I asked them for some water to drink.

Once the day came, the guard from the general population of inmates opened the door with the pretext he wanted to take the water pitcher to fill it with water and told us, very frightened : " They tortured one of your brothers so much for a month and they got nothing out

of him, so now they just put him in the oven, you can see it from the window in your cell". The moment I heard the name of the victim, whom the other cell mates did not know, it was like someone stuck a knife into my heart, and without realizing, I shouted : Gioga!

Gioga

Parizianu George, a.k.a. Gioga, was an ethnic Romanian (aromanian)¹⁴ born in Bulgaria, who immigrated to Romania along

¹⁴ Aromanians, or Vlachs ([Aromanian](#): Armânji, Rrâmânji,^[1] Makidonji), are a [Latin](#) people native throughout the southern [Balkans](#), especially in northern and central [Greece](#), southern [Albania](#), the [Republic of Macedonia](#), south-western [Bulgaria](#), and, as an emigrant community, in [Serbia](#) and [Romania \(Dobrudja\)](#).

with his family after The Russians conquered Dobrogea. We were colleagues in the same year in the Medical University in Iasi, where he presented Moisiu to me. Then I got to know him well and worked with him, until his arrest, on 15th of May 1948. I loved him and had all the admiration for his courage, his power of sacrifice, as well as for his way of bonding to his comrades. He was known as "The Granite Man".

I did find out he was arrested on 15th of May, and was convinced that no one will ever get anything out of Gioga. And indeed, from the time of his arrest, up until the beginning

of July, the butchers could get nothing out of him. All his body, from head to toe, was one big wound. In the day I found out about him, the executioners put him in the oven at a high temperature, so maybe this way they will make him talk.

I cannot remember how he got out of the oven, all I know is that he was convicted based on what others said about him. Maybe the investigators obtained some information from his comrades with whom he had served in the mountains, or from other third parties; but in no way from his own words.

As far as his activities inside the Medical Universities are

concerned, it seems this did not interest the investigators very much, the proof of this being they didn't confront me with him, though we did serve together in the Legion.

I mentioned Gioga's case because I met him again in Pitesti, in other circumstances.

The beating I had to endure on the 1st of July was a common procedure, applied to everyone being investigated on their first encounter with the executioners. These people used all methods of torture available to them to put the fear in the one being interrogated to make him spill the beans about everything he

knows. The method was thought by the guys in the upper ranks, the executioners' job was only to apply it during the interrogations. Its cruelty, as stated earlier, depended on the role you had inside the Movement.

*

After all this, my comrades applied dressings on my wounds, and I had time to plan what I was going to tell the interrogators.

After several days, at the same hour during night, the same guard with the piece of paper in

his hand, shouts my name
inviting me to come out of the
cell.

Not long after he pulled the
deadbolt thus closing the door,
he comes near me and whispers :
"How are you feeling, sir? This
night, these people will beat
you again very hard". Looking at
him, I nod my head, in
acknowledgment of his fear. Once
we arrive in the interrogation
wing, to my surprise, he doesn't
take me to the same cell I have
been before when tortured, but
in a cell with tables, chairs,
paper and ink. I did not have to
wait long, and the deadbolt is
pulled, the door opens and in
the next moment, Blehan enters

the room, with a stench of booze about him. After the common question : "How are you feeling, you bandit?", to which I did not reply, he tells me to take a seat at the table, to take some paper and ink and to write everything I know, throwing at me, before leaving the cell, the usual remark : "you bandit!"

Being left all by myself inside the cell, I took a piece of paper and tried to write a sketch of what my statement would be. I started with some bio data, then, in short, I wrote what I thought was the reason they incarcerated me for, the same things I wrote when in Galata prison. As I sat and

waited for Blehan's return to see the small note I had written, I could already see myself taken back to the other cell, where I would have to face "the wheel" and "the bed" again. But as time went on, Blehan wasn't showing up; I was under the impression they forgot about me. Without anything else to do, I walk close to the door and put my ear against the door, to hear what was going on throughout the interrogation wing (section). It was quiet. The waiting was making me nervous, but I believed the tortures were over for this night. I started to walk inside the room, when, unexpectedly, the deadbolt is

being pulled and the door opens. Blehan appeared in the door.

"You bandit! Did you declare everything?" greeting me with his "happening everywhere" look, to which I very politely reply : "Yes sir, Mr. investigator!"

Without looking at the piece of paper on the table, he calls the guard who brought me here and gave me in his custody. The guard, noticing I wasn't tortured, in a more friendly voice tells me : "This night you escaped torture, sir". "Yes, sir" was my reply, and I entered my cell.

The lamp in the cell was lit, and at the noise the deadbolt made, my comrades woke up. It

was nearing day-time. They signaled me, and as I could understand from their signaling they wanted to know what happened during the night. I signaled back that nothing happened, for their ease of mind. I could read on their faces the joy in knowing that night I wasn't tortured like before. I then lied down on the bunk and slept.

I woke up late the same day. I need to mention that in Suceava Penitentiary, as long as the interrogations were in effect, there were no restrictions for lying down on the bunk and sleeping during day time. Probably this order came from

upstairs, because during the time of the interrogations you couldn't sit on your butt.

Immediately after I woke up, I had to tell my comrades how the interrogation went.

My cell mates, excepting Popa Tanu, were all severely tortured, with the same methods. My comrade workers were so savagely tortured, that some of them did not survive interrogation, and others went mad, very few actually making it out alive. During the interrogations, but especially during the self-denouncements¹⁵, the interrogators as well as the officers addressed the victims :

¹⁵ to admit those things they didn't say during prior interrogations in Galata and Suceava penitentiaries; these self-denouncements started not at this time, in Suceava, but later, as you will see, in the Pitesti penitentiary

"You, bandits, you are the greatest enemies of the working class, we will crush you until the last one of you".

These brave men would not accept the communists' boots on their necks, the communists' bridles in their mouths, and dark sunglasses on their eyes to be used as tools against their brothers.

After a few days, at the same hour during night, the same guard lead me back to the cell where I was writing that statement. Here Blehan was expecting me, having a predatory grin on his face, and addressed me in the common known language : "You bandit! Here's some paper

and ink, write everything you know". And he left slamming the door.

Left alone, I felt dizzy, telling myself that either I am too naïve, believing I can lead them on, either they are idiots. It was a test that the executioners wanted to perform on me and it would cost me dearly if I made the wrong move. I was facing a dilemma : Should I declare everything I know, or not? I decided to give the same statement as the first time. And, knowing that I have some time left until Blehan returns, I came close to the door, put my ear against it and ... the things I've heard during that night on

the interrogation wing, ring in my ears to this day, like an echo which came from a world where wailing, pain and suffering know no boundaries.

What terrified me the most were the screams and groans of the girls who were being interrogated. I could see my mother and my sister being tortured, and I couldn't do anything about it. These screams and groans were raging in my head blowing my mind, and my heart was so broken, that I did not know where I was anymore. The torment and the screams of those pure, innocent souls, provoked me such pain, that I wanted to scream, at the same

time realizing that I could not help them at all. What a horrid night!

These screams of pain were mingling with other wailings of ordeal, coming from the men, who in their torments cried to their mothers, with a desperate cry : "Mother! Why did you allow me to be born!?"

I removed myself from the door, went to the back of the cell and covered my ears, because I couldn't take it anymore. In that moment the guard's words came to my mind : "This indeed is Hell on earth".

Toward the day, the door was opened and in comes Blehan, with

his face sweaty and bloodshot, and threatens me in a hoarse voice : "Now, you bandit, I believe you declared everything. Did you hear the screams inside the cells? We are killing you all!". Trying to remain calm, I answered : "Yes, mr. investigator!"

After a few moments the guard came to take me back to my cell. On the way back, he did not forget to congratulate me because nothing happened to me during the night, saying that all these investigators are insane.

When I arrived back in my cell, toward the day, my comrades were all awake and surprised that I

did not face "the wheel" or "the bed".

I told them my fear; I knew that these investigators must have a plan, that they knew some things about me, but they were letting me think I could get away with it.

In the following days, two comrades from our cell were severely beaten : Nicolae Cojocaru and Calistru Mircea. When I saw the state they were being brought in, I told myself that my turn must come soon.

Indeed, after a few days, the same guard came to take me to the torture chamber. Here I was already being expected by Blehan

and Danielevici, with their faces bloated and bloodshot, their smell of booze taking your breath away. Blehan rushed towards me, put his hands on my neck and gnashing his teeth, started the well-known speech : "Until then do you think, you bandit, you will lead us on, do you think we're stupid? No, you bandit, we are not stupid and we will show you right now that the power is in our hands".

I was fearfully waiting for what would come. And a short order followed : "Kiss the bed". I lied down on the "bed", where I was tied at my hands and feet. While they were rolling up their sleeves, they were morally

preparing me for the promised torture : "You will see, you bandit, how smart we are". In the next moment, a hail of lashes and ox valves filled the cell. I could not scream, because they stuffed my own socks into my mouth. I could only clench my teeth, not being able to scream.

I do not know how much the procedure lasted, but I do remember I didn't pass out. After a while, the executioners¹⁶ left to other cells, having other victims to attend to. The wet sheet on my back was like a balm for my open sores. After their return, the executioners

¹⁶ A.K.A. "interrogators", A.K.A. "Executioners", A.K.A. "Torturers"

decided between themselves that the torture was done for the night, because my old wounds started to open, again. They untied me, reminding me with conviction, that from now on I will declare everything. The guard who was escorting me back to my cell, seeing the state I was in, did not dare to ask me another question, being satisfied with only doing his job. When my comrades saw me, they couldn't hold their tears, this is how hurt they were.

After a few days, I was again taken back to the writing cell and Blehan ordered me to write everything, because they already know what I know.

After he left the cell, I started wondering if they really know something about me. One thing was for sure : the investigators at Falticeni, who were present at Suceava prison for the interrogation of those arrested in Baia Mare, the same ones who searched for me at my parents' house on the 15th of May, had my political record file, made in Antonescu's times. This was confirmed by my brother as well, Basil, who was a policeman. Between 1941 and 1945 I was put on the manhunt list in the police stations, being considered a dangerous legionnaire. So, I couldn't deny I am a legionnaire anymore. So I

decided to admit I had been a legionnaire as long as the legionnaires had been to power, because even the State itself was dubbed " The Legionnaire National State", and I was a citizen of the state. After the fall of the legionnaires, I had nothing to do with them anymore.

I thought this statement will satisfy them. Even though I knew they knew even more about me, but they wanted to see how much I thought I could fool them. So I declared that I was a legionnaire only during Autumn 1940, legally.

When Blehan came to see the declaration, he read it and then addressed me as usually : "See,

you bandit, you were a legionnaire. Better if you declared it with no 'wheel' and 'bed'. See to it that you don't make any more mistakes like this again, because they will cost you, dearly!" From what Blehan told me just now, I realized that they knew something more about me. I was escorted by the guard back to my cell, where my comrades awaited me. They were glad I wasn't beaten. But they noticed a bizarre look on my face, a sign for them that something else did happen though.

The Confrontation with Moisiu

In the night before the confrontation with Moisiu I had a terrible dream. I saw Moisiu covered by his own blood, disfigured and looking at me in hatred. I do not believe in dreams, but the next day before lunch, the cell door opened and a guard who I did not see before, along with the guard I knew, read my name on the piece of paper and invited me to follow them.

When I arrived back at the interrogation section I could tell they were taking me to some place new. We stopped in front of a cell, on its door you could read : "Office of Inquiry No.

2", which stood written on a cardboard. I was introduced into the cell and, to my surprise, there was Moisiu, alone. He was sheared and had a face that frightened me. We looked at each other without making a move.

After a few moments the chief-commissar who was leading the investigations of my colleagues and comrades entered the cell. He looked at me surprised and asked me if I am Bordeianu, student at the Medical University of Iasi. I replied yes, and he asked me if I know Moisiu, pointing to Moisiu, who was my superior as well as to all medical university students. I replied that I do not know

him. He asked Moisiu the same question. He replied the same.

The chief-commissar tells us, as a warning : "Maybe you will get to know each other!" After that, I was escorted back to my cell, terrified because of what I had seen on Moisiu's face. When I saw him I became convinced that neither he, nor the comrades active with me in the university talked about me.

In the moment when I had my confrontation with Moisiu, he did not know that Iosub Mihai and Ion Lunguleac, who were high school and university colleagues, had been arrested already and had been talking to the Security about me and

Moisiu. I also found out later from Moisiu that after our confrontation, he was so severely beaten that many days after he couldn't move anymore.

The next day after the confrontation I was taken out of my cell in the same ritual and taken to the torture chamber. Here I found only Blehan, who immediately jumped on me. "You bandit, you don't know Moisiu, your superior at the Medical University?" Trying very hard to remain calm, I answered that I did not have any superior, and I never heard of the name Moisiu. "Take your shoes off, your shirt and your pants then, and come here". He tied me up, as was the

ritual, sat me down on the "wheel", put the shoes with the wooden soles on my feet and started hitting me at the soles with the club, torture which became ever more unbearable to me as time passed, the blows repeating themselves in the back of my head, as if someone was beating nails into my brain.

After "the wheel", "the bed" followed, where he hit me with the ox valve on the buttocks. He did not stop until I was not moving anymore. Slowly, I managed to put my clothes on again and take the shoes into my hand, because in no way I could put them on; the soles of my feet were burning so much, as if

I would be walking on burning coals. The guard came to take me away. During our trip back to the cell, seeing the state I was in, he whispered, somehow troubled : "Sir, you must declare something, because these people will kill you. There were some cases when they took them to the police station in the city and came back without them". I looked at him wondering, shrugging my shoulders and I entered the cell, where the burning and pain of the soles of my feet and my buttocks made me almost scream.

A surprise awaited me in the cell. Nicolae Cojocaru and deacon Eftimie were lying down

on their bunks, and the other comrades were placing on their bodies dressings soaked in cold water. When my comrades saw me, they gave me a hand and sat me down near the other two casualties. I asked Calistru to place something wet on the soles of my feet and on my buttocks.

After a few days, recovering a bit, I was escorted into the office of the chief-commissar where I found Moisiu disfigured, leaning on his shoulder against the wall. He was in such pain, that I thought he took a beating for every student in the Medical University. While looking at him, I heard him whispering with his voice almost completely

faded, as if he was dying :
"Comrade, as of today do what
you know best, I am not your
superior anymore".

I knew such disappointment in
that moment, I saw myself being
thrown into chaos. My superior
and comrade was saying goodbye,
maybe forever. I did not
understand at all what was going
on in the soul of that man.
Maybe he couldn't suffer the
beatings anymore or maybe he
said this only to be heard by
the commissar who was standing
outside the cell listening, or
to put me to the test. An
avalanche of questions came to
me. I wasn't capable of thinking
any longer. In that moment the

chief-commissar comes in, looks at me and asks me : "You don't know Moisiu?" I reply : "I don't, sir commissar!"

After my reply, the commissar orders Moisiu to take his clothes off. When I saw Moisiu's wounds on his body, for a moment I lost touch with reality, my image became dark. I never ever saw anything like this before in my life, not even in the cruelest of interrogations. All of his body, head to toe, was a big infected wound. An unimaginable pain filled my soul, there was not one fiber of my body which didn't feel the pain. Who did not live through pain, suffering, over the

imaginable limits, shall never understand this phenomena. I was beaten severely too, but what I saw on Moisiu's body caused me to melt away.

The commissar signaled Moisiu to dress again, while he told him: "Tell this asshole to admit, because I will kill him! Iosub and Lunguleac already declared everything". To this "advice", Moisiu replied brief : "He'll see!". The commissar, in a sharp irritated voice : "Well, give him the blessing so he knows what to do, this is how it is among your kind". Moisiu didn't reply further. I looked at him (Moisiu) again and tears fell from my eyes. The commissar

apostrophized me with the most stupid irony : "Are you crying because of your boss or because of yourself?" I did not reply further.

When I heard the names of the two - Iosub and Lunguleac - I was breathless. Then my mind cleared again. Moisiu wasn't the one who talked, because he did not know Lunguleac or the other comrades, but those two (Iosub and Lunguleac) were the ones who talked to the Security, told them everything. I was brought back to my cell.

Mhai Iosub and Ion Lunguleac

The two had been my colleagues at the Medical University, and in high school. In March 1948, Iosub, who was a legionnaire in the Medical University, did the stupid thing (without letting me know first, as was his habit) to let his friend Lunguleac in on some secrets of the Movement.

The reason Iosub trusted Lunguleac was because Lunguleac, who had been born in Storojinet (Northern Bucovina, conquered by Russians) saw his mother and his three brothers deported in Siberia in the autumn of 1940, where they died too.

Because of this drama, Iosub thought he must tell Lunguleac he is a legionnaire, that he is

an active part of the Legion in the Medical University since 1946, that the unit superior in the first and second year was me, also that there were other legionnaire students and that the superior of all the legionnaire students of the Medical University was a student in the fourth year, who goes by the name of Moisiu Dumitru.

The second mistake of Iosub was that he did the stupid thing to run away from Iasi, after my arrest, in the middle of the exam session; the third mistake was taking Lunguleac for a ride with him, to his home village.

During that time the police searched for legionnaire

students at their universities, hostels, and on the dates when they had their exams. During one of these searches done by the police at the Hostel of the Medical University, the police found out from our colleagues that Iosub and Lunguleac not only did not appear at their exam a few days prior, but they left the hostel in such a rush that they did not even stop by the canteen. Iosub's address was easy to find out from the university secretariat. The police in Falticeni was brought to the attention, which conducted a nightly search at Iosub's parents. Here the police arrested the two, taking them

from their beds, tied them together and took them to Suceava prison during the same night in a jeep, prison which was only 50 km from Iosub's parents village. During the body search, the police found their student ID's.

Before my confrontation with them, they were severely beaten and tortured for one month. If they did say something, they did it because they couldn't bear the ordeals anymore.

After my confrontation with Moisiu, the two were confronted with him. Lunguleac declared he did not know Moisiu and he was in fact telling the truth. Iosub did not admit he was a

legionnaire or that he knew Moisiu.

The interrogator, versed, makes a proposition to Lunguleac on his word of honor - we knew quite well how much the honor of a communist was worth- after he tortured Lunguleac severely many times, he told Lunguleac he'll let him go free if he tells him everything about his legionnaire colleagues. Lunguleac did believe in this proposition, not knowing the treachery of the commissar, so he told the commissar everything he knew about his colleagues. Lunguleac had another reason to take this step immediately after he had been tortured : he was suffering

from the Grave's Basedow¹⁷ disease. He couldn't survive hunger. So, confronted with Iosub, Lunguleac declared everything that Iosub told him. Because Iosub did not admit that Lunguleac was telling the truth, Iosub was tortured for another full week and then confronted again with Lunguleac, and so on, until he finally gave up, admitting to everything.

Being again confronted with Iosub and Lunguleac, I did not admit to anything, and they administered the most cruel "wheel" torture to me.

My cell was transformed into a real hospital room, with

¹⁷ Graves-Basedow disease is a disorder characterized by a triad of hyperthyroidism, goitre, and exophthalmos (bulging eyeballs)

cripples in it and so weakened you could read on their faces they couldn't go on like this anymore. When they brought our food to us, the guards in general population, because they were terrified when they saw us, confirmed the same things were happening in all the penitentiary.

One day at the end of September, around 10 o'clock, I was taken to the chief-interrogator's office. I was so weak physically and confused, that I did not have the power to think anymore. I entered the office, and was greeted with the words : "You bandit! You will die like a fool, because look, here we have

the statements which can send you to trial, to be sentenced a long time in prison". He had me read all the statements written about me. Then he brought Iosub and Lunguleac to confirm in front of me that those statements had been indeed written by them.

Following these statements and confrontations with them I decided to admit I was a legionnaire in the Medical University of Iasi, as well as being a unit superior in the first two years.

the charade

(the staging act)

It was the start of November 1948. I remember quite clearly that there was no snow at Suceava yet.

It was a sunny but cold day when, in the morning at about 10 o'clock, the prison warden, having lots of guards as escort, comes to every cell, announcing every one who is a student of university or high school in Iasi to get out into the prison yard.

Afterwards, the interrogators divided us by universities. On one side, The University with all its faculties, and on the other side, The Polytechnics

with all its faculty branches. For the first time since my arrest, I could see my faculty comrades.

After all the students and high school kids were brought out into the yard, we were forced into military trucks, covered with canvases and guarded by armed soldiers. We were lead each faculty on a plateau in the vicinity of Suceava's fortress. Here the soldiers carrying automatic rifles formed a ring around us. To our surprise though, beside the soldiers, guards, interrogators and executioners, there were also photographers there.

They chose a sunny day for the cameras, like those days in May or June, when grass is still green. Since they couldn't find anything incriminating during our arrests, and they, the interrogators, needed to have evidence about us in their files, admitted in a court of law, they staged the most outrageous thing : "aspects of legionary life", which were filmed and photographed to be put in our files to serve as evidence for the accusation's charade case. They, supposedly, were photographing a "meeting of the faculty legionnaires". That is why we were divided into units, exactly like our

superior's manual said that our meetings should look like.

Our clothes were civilian clothes. They ordered us to take them off. We were left with only our shirts and the sleeves rolled up, to show that the weather is hot and we were made to sit down on the green grass near the small forest. Then, "unit meetings" were conducted, also as "faculty meetings", where Moisiu was photographed receiving the report.

Also books containing legionnaire doctrine were photographed, confiscated since the time of Antonescu and brought by the interrogators. These books had to be found on

the unit supervisors during the "meeting".

In order to prove the terrorist nature of the legionnaires, they photographed us holding military weapons - which in fact belonged to the troops who escorted us - as well as target practice. They also staged a nightly target practice - even though it was day time - in which you could see the weapons being stacked together pyramid style, like the troops were trained to do. All this was to prove that the legionnaires, armed to their teeth, presented a threat to the State's security.

But the most outrageous thing yet still had to follow. To

accuse those of us who were in hiding, not yet arrested, they photographed some of us and pretended to be them, so in case they found them they could bring them to the prison as well. They forced me to pose for my brother Ion, who looked similar to me and whose name was mentioned in the interrogation, even though he hadn't yet been arrested. He wasn't a student at the Medical University, but at Polytechnics. Iosub Mihai, Ungureanu Alexe and Climescu, all students at Medical, posed for other students at Polytechnics, not yet arrested and who were their friends. The same procedure was done with the girls.

You could tell it was a lie by the fact that our hair was the same length, being trimmed en-masse when we had been incarcerated at Suceava. Some of us had developed moustaches, like me, who before prison never used to wear one. Only one of us wore before prison, and that was Costica Stamate. I remember clearly that for the staging of the whole thing the superior of the Legionnaire Student Center, Nicolae Simionescu, consulted with Bogdanovici, the university superior, with Moisiu and Costica Butan, the Polytechnics superior, on how they should arrange this stage-up, because, with or without our accords,

this stage-up needed to be made, the interrogators forced us to. The staging did not go as planned, because the trials of those in Suceava prison underwent in different circumstances, which I will explain in the chapter about trials and panels of judges.

After this charade ended, we were again forced into trucks, escorted by the ever-inseparable armed troops back to our cells, where conversations followed - different opinions and predictions about the future.

The interrogations continued too with tortures equal in intensity until the end of December.

The post-charade climate

After this charade, the inmates' condition was deplorable, without any medical assistance and because of the diet, they could barely stand on their feet anymore. The biggest suffering was the hunger, which will torture us during the many prison years. Each of us endured hunger depending on his/her constitution, their wills and their mental power.

Because of this suffering, almost unbearable, some - few of us - gave up during interrogations, and others still, made all kinds of compromises. During that time in

Moldavia you could still feel the shortage of food after the two years of drought 1945-1947. I will never forget how, on Saint Dumitru's Day (26th of October) - the anniversary of my name - after lunch, my colleague at the university, walking in the yard - only girls were allowed 10 minutes of walk - went near the barred window and threw me a piece of bread 1 kilogram big, whispering to me : "Happy Birthday!". The guard who watched over them did not notice what she did, but a soldier from the scout tower did and denounced her. She was easy to recognize, because of all the girls only one wore pigtails. As a punishment, being brought to the interrogation, she took a

beating which she did not forget even to this day I believe.

Plus, for one month time she wasn't allowed to walk in the yard or buy bread.

In the moment I had the bread in my hands, I knew that they would come and search for it and I shared it quickly between all of us, eating it without even catching a breath. Popa Tanu did not want to eat. When they came to search for it, the object of the crime completely vanished, and we did not admit to anything.

One good day, at the end of November, I am taken out of the cell along with Cojocaru to bring the girls a pot of drinking water from the fountain

in the prison yard. On this occasion, thanks to the guard at the girls' section who was nice, we could enter cell by cell with the pots, to see all the girls. With some of them we could talk and exchange information, the guard pretending he did not see us. What impressed me most however in a very unpleasant way in these cells was the hygiene. I was appalled and at the same time asked myself : how will they last, these incarcerated women, in these prison conditions? Because of their anatomy and physiology they needed a different body hygiene, most of them being young.

I saw in these cells improvised cloths of different sizes and

colors washed only with cold water. Probably, these cloths were torn from their petticoats. You could read on the faces of these delicate creatures that they have been subjected to so much humiliation. The smell in the cell was so unbearable, that I wasn't surprised they were allowed a 10 minute walk into the yard while the cell doors were left open. Their cloths needed to dry and fresh air to enter the cell. I met some of them after my release. They executed 16 years of prison and confessed to me that for the women the torment was harder. In all the time while we were "interrogated" and trialed not one time we were allowed to take a bath, our clothes to wash or

to receive soap. Ladies in the civilized world can draw a conclusion based on what I said. All the women arrested in our country under the communist regime were real heroines. Honor to them, throughout the history! I cannot end this chapter, without saying that there were other cities like : Bucharest, Timisoara, Galati, Cluj etc., where the tortures and beatings were even more ferocious. The interrogations, the stage ups, and the trials from Suceava are a constant reminder of the most heinous police and justice system. In the dark reign brought by the system of justice's lies, perversion and degradation were common place.

Suceava (2)

The merciful people and good Christians in Suceava and the surrounding villages had the wonderful tradition on Sabbath (Saturday) and on the big holidays, to come to the prison gate and bring the inmates all kind of food and clothes. Even since the first Saturday, when we came to the prison, we, the ones arrested on May 15th, saw that these pious Christians showed up at the gate with food. It was the day of Saint Joan of Suceava, and the city was full of Christians from surrounding

areas, even Maramures too, who tried to get food to the inmates. But the servants of satan, who were keeping the prisoners in starvation, chased the Christians away with ox valves, turning their food baskets upside down and cursing them and hitting them. Then, these loyal Christians gathered upon the spot of the bovine fair, where they had their carts, signaling the inmates from a distance, showing them that their food baskets were torn apart. This scene was also seen by the inmates who were at the wing connected to the gate, and by those sitting at the first floor. Many women were crying because of what happened to them.

At the end of December 1948, most part of the interrogations were over already. Those who got out of the tortures in one piece were collecting themselves, preparing for the great Holiday of Jesus' Birth.

I will never forget the loving and spiritual uplift, when, from each girl cell, starting with Dusk until lights out, the girls went each near the cell windows and started singing. I never heard something sweeter, more melodious, more uplifting than the voices of those nightingales locked behind bars. The thing which made every inmate cry in that part of the prison were the cradle songs, which those

mothers who lost their children sang.

The Christmas and New Year's Eve we spent in hunger and sadness. In those times, the most hideous secret police, Securitate (The Security) was taking shape, and for us that meant faked trials along with heavy years in prison.

Isolation

15th of January 1949, from our basement section, doors could be heard opening and footsteps heard back and forth on the

corridor. Before lunch, a guard holding a list in his hand opened our cell door and read my name, saying the words I will be forced to hear all of my prison years : "Pack your stuff and get out!"

I packed my stuff, consisting of a few washed clothes, hugged my comrades I grew attached with, they being the ones who took care of our wounds so many months of interrogations. Those people I would never meet again, except for Popa Tanu.

Gone out of my cell, I was walking behind the guard who, looking on a list, stopped in the front of cell no. 15. That moment I did not think much of that number, but it symbolized

the years I have to spend in prison from now on.

Entering, I was expecting to see a bunk, but instead all I saw were a torn mat and a moth-eaten blanket with holes in it, which were put under the window. In the first moment I did not know why I was being put here, if I will remain in this cell until the trial and if other comrades will be accompanying me to the trial. I waited for lunch to come. I did not know if that guard who was in our section was here as well. Great was my surprise when I saw that they wouldn't open the door anymore to enter the cell and serve the soup in the mess tin, but they

only served the soup through the small door under the peephole.

Thus, I could observe that besides the common known cells, there were other individual cells, with so-called isolation conditions. The conditions were entirely different than in the cells where I had been until then.

After little while, the commander of the guards appeared, known in their language as "the first", with the piece of paper in his hand. He had to make sure my name corresponded with the one on his paper. He asked me to tell him my birthdate : day, month and year and place of birth, the names of my parents, where I was

arrested and by whom, as well as my profession.

After he assessed my identity, he told me that I was put in isolation with special conditions until the trial. I wasn't allowed to knock on the door, neither to take the waste chamber pot and the drinking water pot outside, these being changed once in three days. I was only allowed to have my blanket and mat which were under the window, for sleeping. I don't have to say that I wasn't allowed to ask for anything - fixed conditions by those who interrogated me. "The first", after voicing these prohibitions, shut the door, pulled the deadbolt and

disappeared. I could scream, shout, bang my head against the walls, cry for help; no one heard me. For the first time I was alone, so alone. The cold and hunger which gnawed me, were easier to bear than the questions and contradictions inside my conscience. Because of the cold I couldn't sleep.

One night, late, I couldn't sleep and I was walking inside the cell when I heard the deadbolt opening, then the door, and a man in a never before seen type of uniform appeared. I quickly understood, because of the casual expression which he addressed me, who I was dealing with : "You bandit, dress up and follow me!" I was sleeping with

all my clothes on because of the cold so I couldn't dress with anything else. It was as if the cold within my body dissipated when I found myself in front of the dark unknown, because I did not know if I will come back alive or if I do, in what state.

Out on the corridor, I was ordered to place my hands on my head, to not say a word and to walk on the tip of my toes. I was walking very slowly, exhausted from those 40 days of inhumane conditions.

Once I arrived in the interrogation section, after some 10 steps, the officer welcomes me with the following orders : to place my forehead against the wall, keep my hands

on my head, don't look left,
don't look right and don't make
any move.

When I entered the cell I was
amazed. The officer who just
ordered me to do those things
was none other than my state-
appointed lawyer from the trial
of the winter of 1947, at Iasi's
Military Tribunal.

That trial had been initiated by
the Prefecture of the City of
Baia, because of what happened
with the prefect in the time of
the elections, on 19th of
November 1946.

Who was this officer? His name
was Ion Gheorghe, ex-colonel
magistrate and President of the
Military Tribunal of the
Territory of Iasi. After the

government of Groza came about, he had been purged from the Military Justice, continuing to profess as a lawyer.

As an ex-Military Tribunal President, it was easy to grasp how this lawyer obtained his colonel rank back over night!

After he verified my personal data, he started to read my accusation act:

“The President of the Military Tribunal of Iasi, sends the afore-mentioned culprit to the court :

- According to article 209, paragraph(a), for crime of conspiracy against social order;
- According to article 107, for crime of conspiracy;

-According to article 102, for crime of high treason.

The Court will judge the case and give the sentence, according to the procedures found in the military criminal law. The culprit admitted to the aforementioned facts present in the accusation act in the statement given to the authorities of inquiries, with no pressure, willingly and signed by own hand".

In that moment the rage overwhelmed me. I was totally silent.

Noticing the look on my face, the colonel, in a less authoritarian voice, said that the culprit, that being me, has a right to defense,

using a lawyer hired by him, and that this lawyer should know his client's file until the day of trial, which will start on February 21 1949 at hours 8 a.m.

He then had me sign that I acknowledge the aforementioned. I got near the table, took the paper he was handing to me, signed it and withdrew back again. The officer who took me to this room then escorted me back to the cell 15 in the basement, according to the same ritual. As the light was still turned off inside the cell, I was under the false impression that I could communicate with someone about how it went in

the room a few minutes back,
like in a normal cell.

I was so disorientated by the things I just heard, that for a moment I asked myself if what was going on with me was reality or just a bad dream, being under the influence of cold and hunger.

I do not remember how much time passed until I saw day-break on the window. My feet were heavy, felt as if they were made of lead. The cold was out of my body after I moved through the cell a bit, even if it was a cold winter outside, so cold, the rocks were cracking. I lied down on the mat dressed with all my clothes on, I pulled the

patchy blanket on me and closed my eyes.

I don't know how much I slept but I woke back up again freezing when the guard opened the tiny door under the peephole to ask for the mess tin. I hardly managed to get up from the floor and handed it to him. He then slipped it back to me. It was filled with hot tea which warmed my body bringing me to my senses again. I started to rewind the movie from last night, trying to decipher, as much as I could, the judicial terms in the accusation act. The crime of high treason I considered to be the gravest. As far as the conspiracy is concerned, the proof for this

was the scenario they staged near the Fortress of Suceava. However, that which unsettled and upset me to rage was the regret of not saying something to the colonel when he said : "statement given to the authorities of inquiries, with no pressure, willingly". I was hoping that when I will study this file shoulder to shoulder with my lawyer, he will notice the outrageous lies in those statements. How naive and untrained I was in matters of communist justice! Only after the trial I found out what this justice is all about, how it is enforced, and who really decides the sentences.

Trial of error

(justice charade)

On the day of 21 February 1949 the cell door opened and the section guard read my name and invited me to dress up. With a more humane voice he also told me : "Sir, the hour has come for me to escort you to the audience room, to the trial!" I felt joy, thinking I will see my colleagues and comrades again.

I was escorted to the ground floor, where the interrogations were done. On a piece of cardboard stood written "Audience room", room

opposed to the prison entrance door. When I stepped in, I noticed it was improvised to look like a court. The room, usually reserved for meetings of the prison staff, had been remade to look like a court room. Normally at least 200 persons could fit in this room. Entering it I was taken by an officer of security who, after he shouted my name lead me to the first bench where my supervisor Moisiu sat, flanked by Petrica Tudose and Virgil Lungeanu to the left and in the right by Mircea Barsan, near whom I got seated also.

Moisiu, when the security officers ¹⁸weren't paying attention to us, advised us to not admit to anything from the statements "given of own free will" and "under no pressure". And the same advice to be given to other comrades when they will enter the room.

After almost an hour all the comrades from the Medical University were brought inside the room. The security officers forbade us to talk to each other.

Suddenly, Blehan enters the room, all dressed up in a security uniform. He looked at us with the look of a marshal, defiant and

¹⁸ Also known in Romanian as "Securisti"

insolent. I suspected that the other security officers in the room were the interrogation executioners for the other cities from the northern half of Moldavia. At almost 9 a.m. in the morning the panel of judges enters the room. It consisted of :

- President : colonel Ion Gheorghe;
- Two officers who weren't magistrates, but were filling the roles of "people evaluators";
- The military prosecutor, a magistrate, the court clerk and two typists.

The president ordered the court clerk to make the appeal to the culprits, and

to those whose names were mentioned in the interrogations, but were not yet arrested. The culprits who were present numbered 123. Those not yet arrested numbered many more. After the appeal, the prosecutor read the accusation act and the reference to court act. I was expecting the benches in the back of the room to be occupied by our relatives, as well as some kind of outside assistance. The benches and the room remained empty though. After almost 2 hours, The Court interrupted the meeting, for a half an hour break, and inside the room remained only a few guards to

keep us from talking with each other, pretending they are not watching us. So, I found out that from our group only 8 persons were sentenced to isolation : Moisiu, Tudose, Lungeanu, Barsan, Bordeianu, Parizianu, Scutaru and Stamate. We were all isolated from one another without knowing it, all inside the basement.

In the Suceava prison the walls of the cells were so thick, that the communication with near cells couldn't be done in the normal way, - knocking into the cell walls with the fist, repeatedly.

All of us were isolated under the same conditions and we were the only ones taken out

of our cells during night to face the panel of judges. We all were convinced that they organized this charade in order to intimidate us. The other comrades were isolated in two rooms.

We were waiting for the lawyers to get in touch with us a few days prior to the court date, in accordance with the law so they would have had enough time to study our files; also, we were expecting outside help like parents, friends etc.

A few moments before the panel of judges entered the court room, two individuals appeared in the room, one dressed in a newly bought sheepskin - bought of course

by the security officers - and the other one dressed with a short house-made wool jacket. They looked so suspicious and pointless that we were asking ourselves what was the use of them being there. They weren't from our relatives, nor from friends or familiars, in order for them to justify their presence inside the courtroom and they weren't part of the panel of judges' assistance. Taking a closer look at them, I concluded that they were prepared, duly trained and came with a certain purpose, purpose which we would discover only later. Once the panel of judges was seated, the two individuals,

as if someone gave them the start, started shouting with all their strength: "Death to them! Death to them!"

Hearing these words, Moisiu, superior of our lot, without asking permission from the court President, got up on his feet and, addressing these intruders in an irritated and strong voice: "Hey you, who are you talking to in that manner, saying 'death to them'?" We were looking at the intruders surprised. Someone who was part of the panel of judges signaled to them and they started shouting with even more strength : "Death to them!"

After that, the court President, colonel Ion Gheorghe, told Moisiu he wasn't allowed to talk, nor move from the position the court told him to be in and that the questions will only be addressed to the panel of judges.

Then Moisiu, a cunning intellectual and good orator, addressed a question to the Court and President in the name of those accused, asking them to reveal the identity of the two intruders who shouted "Death to them!", as well as the part which they had in this trial.

The President then replied the two were representing the working class and that they

had the law-given right to assist at the trial, because the trial was public and any Romanian citizen could assist the debates.

Moisiu became enraged and in an aggressive tone replied to the President : "If the trial is public and any Romanian citizen is allowed to take part at its debates, then, Mr. President, please tell me why our parents, brothers, other relatives and friends or other citizens as well cannot be found in this courtroom?" The President then replied : "This problem doesn't concern you!" .

Moisiu, more enraged : "If this doesn't concern me, then neither your honors should be

concerned if I won't answer the questions addressed to me by the Court". The President's reply was brutal: "You and all the culprits are obligated to answer the Court, otherwise she has ways of making you talk!".

"Then", Moisiu replies, "is this panel of judges a panel of interrogation?"

The President, more menacing : "I am bringing to your attention that any offense and insult brought to this Court can be punished according to law".

"The law you use, Mr. President, is the law of the fist, the law of the jungle", Moisiu replies, because he couldn't refrain.

The President, enraged, got up from his seat and in an authoritarian tone threatened Moisiu that, if he dares to make such claims again, it will cost him dearly.

We were facing a tragi-comedy situation and we did not know what to think.

Were we in a court of law for real or in a charade? Each of us realized though that no matter what we said it didn't matter, because this panel of judges was told, even before they entered this court room, how to judge and what sentence to give to each of the culprits.

After the prosecutor read the prosecution's act of each of us, complete with

incriminating data, asked that for each of us be given the maximum sentence, according to the article in the criminal code. But the horrendous injustice could be seen clearly when the President announced in the court that the culprits have a right to defend. While he was saying that, five individuals dressed in civilian clothes, as if they were trained to do so, appeared in the courtroom and sat down on a bench near the window, close to the panel of judges' table. They were none others than the defense attorneys. The President, addressing them, said that each of them

has to "defend" 10 culprits, inviting them to get in touch with their "clients" at once. Then, turning toward us, tells us : "It's a favor to have state-appointed lawyers!"

The attorneys received our case files and, after the President gave to each attorney his list of culprits, they each took their share of culprits whom they had to defend. The attorneys leafed through the files for 10 minutes, and the President asked them to place them on the table, without them even having proper time to know what is in those files.

Facing this more than ridiculous show, we all became petrified, realizing that we were in the middle of a stage which wasn't a trial, neither a defense, but a sinister charade in which the only thing real was the prosecution.

That pretense of a trial ended at about 6 o'clock in the afternoon. We were then escorted each back to his cell, but not before we were announced by the Court that the next day, at 8 o'clock in the morning, the trial will be resumed.

The next day, 22 February 1949, morning, we were again brought to the meeting room (now court room), where we

were seated as follows : the lot superior, the four unit superiors, then Scutaru and Parizianu, forming a group. The lot superior, sitting at the extremity of the bench, addressed the lawyer who had to defend us, asking him if he was this group's defense attorney.

The most shameful thing and the breaking of even the most elementary idea of justice concerning the defense was the fact that the defense attorney did not even have the accused's file on him, the file being replaced by a few sheets of paper by the President and given to him instead of the file. Then, the President, "concluding

that the judicial procedure was carried out", should give defense the right to speak. They started with the first culprit, lot superior Moisiu Dumitru. The President orders Moisiu, being judged as a lot superior, to get up. Stupor! Instead of giving the defense attorney the right to speak immediately after, the President, against any laws, gave the public prosecutor right to speak. The prosecutor didn't make the indictment, because he had already made one for each culprit. About our superior he said the following :
"Moisiu Dumitru, this dangerous individual, organized a group of

legionnaires inside the Medical University, for the reason of conspiring against the social order installed in our country. He organized and prepared a coup against the State and, what is even more grave, is the fact that this individual gathered intelligence from his underlings and other persons as well, channeling them to a foreign power."

"Thus, the public prosecutor, representing the working class in R.P.R., asks that for this culprit be given the maximum sentence stipulated in the criminal law. In the accusation's file we can find evidence which tell us that the police, at their arrest,

found them in the middle of one of their legionnaire meetings training people with weapons stolen from military bases, preparing them for a coup. The Court can see, for themselves, all this evidence in the accusation's file".

After that, the prosecutor made a mistake, asking the court clerk to read inside the court about what Moisiu was doing together with the engineer Tarniceru at Alba Iulia, in the time of our hiding, in 1944, when the University of Iasi had been moved to that city.

Here is what the court clerk read, literally : "This dungeon keeper (he was referring to Tarniceru the

engineer) raised, together with this moisu (Moisiu) a traista (Troita, wayside crucifix), on the spot Horea, Cluseu (Closca) and Crisu (Crisan) ¹⁹ were crushed with the heel (wheel)". The entire court burst in laughter, from the panel of judges to the typist. The prosecutor, clearly embarrassed, yelled at the court clerk to pay more attention at reading. It could be clearly seen what

¹⁹ The Revolt of Horea, Cloșca and Crișan (31 October 1784 - 14 December 1784) began in Zarand County, [Transylvania](#), but it soon spread all throughout all the [Transylvania](#) and [Apuseni Mountains](#). Their main demands were related to the feudal [serfdom](#) state of Romanians and the political equality between Romanians in Ardeal (Romanian denomination for Transylvania), by that time predominant by number, and the other nations: Hungarians, Germans and Szeklers. The leaders were Horea ([Vasile Ursu Nicola](#), 1731 - 1785), Cloșca ([Ion Oargă](#), 1747 - 1785) and Crișan ([Marcu Giurgiu](#), 1733 - 1785). They fought at [Câmpeni](#), [Abrud](#) and [Roșia](#) and defeated the Austrian Imperial Army at [Brad](#) and [Hălmagiu](#) on 27 November 1784. The revolt was ceased by Horea in 14 December 1784, at [Câmpeni](#) and afterwards, by treason, in January 1785, the leaders were caught. Horea and Cloșca were executed by [breaking on the wheel](#) on 28 February 1785 at [Dealul Furcilor](#) (Forks Hill), [Alba-Iulia](#). Crișan hanged himself on the night before the execution.

type of people were called to record the testimonies.

In the end, the prosecutor enforced his speech : "The culprit, in his statement, admits the accusations are genuine, of his own free will, under no pressure from anyone, and signs with his own hand".

The president then gave the word to the defense attorney, who, as he stood up, opened the file from which he took a paper containing something written, prepared before the trial, and he repeated the prosecutor's exact words. So, our defense attorney turned himself into an accuser, totally ignoring the fact that he was called there to

defend the culprit, and not accuse him.

Facing this situation, when even the most basic principles of justice and law were ignored, and even more-so trampled upon so shamelessly, Moisiu, who couldn't calm his nerves any longer, stood up and addressed the attorney: "Sir, we did not hire you as a prosecutor, and if the Tribunal appointed you as a defense attorney, what are you doing ? Instead of defending me, you are accusing me. You are not a lawyer, you are a bum taken off the street and brought here. You are reading from a paper others have prepared

for you. Shame on such a lawyer! Where, in what lawyer books did you read it is legal to do what you are doing? I did not hire you as a defense attorney and I don't need your services!"

There were no public witnesses inside the courtroom, beside the two individuals who never stopped yelling : "Death to him! Death to him!" Hearing them yelling, Moisiu replied : "Hey you two! Take a break, drink some more brandy, your voices are hoarse from all this shouting <<death to him>>!"

In this moment, the meeting became a circus. An officer from the panel of judges went

out of the room on the corridor and immediately afterwards more armed guards and a few security officers entered the room, among whom Blehan was too.

The President made the mistake of giving Moisiu his turn to speak. This man, with his verve and intelligence, pleaded for himself and his comrades and he pleaded so well that if he had been recorded, - The President ordered the court clerk and the typists not to record anything from what Moisiu said - he would have become a model for all the lawyers worldwide. Instead of being a defendant, Moisiu became a defense attorney, destroying

all that the prosecutor previously had been stating. The evidence in the files he declared as being setups and blatant lies invented by the interrogators because none of his comrades in his subordination was ever caught of having meetings or training with guns. The false meetings evidence was enacted at the start of November on the plateau near The Fortress of Suceava. In these photos everyone could see that all the comrades had their hair trimmed the same height. Those weapons which the police photographed were taken from the troops that guarded the setup who forced the prisoners to carry them.

But the most disgusting thing was that Moisiu's subordinates were forced to pose as other comrades of theirs who haven't yet been arrested, and the communists needed them to be .

Moisiu gave concrete examples : Bordeianu Dumitru posed as his brother Ion Bordeianu who studied at Polytechnics. A man cannot be in two places at the same time. Then he asked them to compare the evidence of the Medical University file with the evidence of the Polytechnics from Iasi's file. As far as "not pressured by anyone" is goes, that is an outrageous lie added later to the statement because they did

not declare anything like that in neither of their prior statements. He asked them to show him where such a thing was written, if it existed anyway. And to prove his case, Moisiu added that he can bring in front of the panel of judges and the defense proof to show them how they gave their "willingly and under no pressure" statements. Finishing what he had to say he tossed his coat and shirt away, showing his body full of wounds still not healed. Seeing this, the two typist girls, not realizing where they were, exclaimed suddenly in one voice : "Oh God, what terrible wounds!". The

President ordered them to leave the court.

The panel of judges, in front of this spectacle, were so confused that they didn't know what to do.

Moisiu kept on shouting as hard as he could : "My comrades and I were beaten, tormented and tortured, 5 months time, in the most terrible ways, by these bullies Blehan and Danielevici".

Out of the fear that the trial could take an unforeseen turn of events and that the prosecutor, court clerk and lawyers could see the same wounds on our bodies as well, the President, while

we were taking off our clothes, suspended the trial. Moisiu was then taken out of the room by the security officers (Securitate), and the Court left the room. The two intruders who had been the "assistance" in the room, suddenly awakened from their drunkenness, seeing what was going on, addressed one another : "Come on man, let's get out of here, don't you see what's going on here? Do you want my kids to remain fatherless? I am a simple man and these people forced me to be here". After the two went away, the room was left with no public assistance. After half an hour, the panel of judges enters the room and

take their seats at the table. A little while after that, Moisiu was brought back inside the room, aided by two guards, because he was so severely beaten that he couldn't get up anymore. The executioners, in all their hatred and cruelty, hit him with the ox valve making his body all wounds from which streams of blood were flowing. We were convinced the panel of judges knew what happened outside with Moisiu. When Moisiu was seated again on the bench aided by the two guards, he yelled still :
"Here is your proof mr. President, what more proof do you want than these fresh wounds which can be seen on

my face and body, these executioners tortured me right in front of your eyes, right in front of the panel of judges". And while Moisiu fell on his face on the bench, the president, cynically, replied that this "incident" wasn't enough of a reason to grant him mitigating circumstances. Communist justice! Moisiu was then evacuated from the room, and the trial continued as a simple formality. The comrades let go of their defense which now became part of the accusation. We all stood by what Moisiu previously stated in the courtroom, concerning the setup near the fortress

of Suceava on the plateau and we did not admit at all that we gave our statements "willingly and under no pressure".

Several hours later the trial was over, without the court clerk ever recording a bit of our defense hearing. But they did record everything that the prosecutor and the "defense attorneys" turned into accusers said.

The Court declared that the trial for our lot is done, and that it was "done according to the law" and announced that the sentence of each of the culprits will be pronounced the very next day, February 23 1949.

Following this injustice of justice, we were evacuated from the room and escorted each back to his cell. The next day we were lead back again, all our lot, inside the courtroom. In the room an air of funeral reigned.

The President, grave, started the meeting, telling us to pay attention when the sentence will be read and the one who will hear his name stand up.

The first sentenced was Moisiu Dumitru, to 20 years of forced labor for the crime of plotting against the social order, 15 years for high treason and 12 years for the crime of conspiracy.

Moisiu didn't stand up because he couldn't stand on his feet anymore and the President made the mistake of admonishing him for this. Moisiu, faint and in an almost dying voice, replied : "With such a panel of judges, prosecution and justice, nothing is left but to get back to the interrogations and the tortures we were subjected to before. So we won't stand up, we are turning our backs and we should leave the room". The Court did not reply anymore. Two sentences followed, 18 and 10 years each, to forced labor, for Parizianu Gheorghe and Scutaru Ion.

Tudose Petre, Lungeanu Virgil, Barsan Mircea and Bordeianu Dumitru each got 15, 10, 10 and 15 years of prison. The rest of the lot got between 5 and 12. Beside these sentences, to each of us were also applied the following penalties : seizure of property and goods, civic degradation from 5 to 15 years and we would have to pay for the judicial fees which varied between 5000 and 20000 lei. After the pronouncement of the sentence, for three days, we had the right to an appeal, but no one did appeal, simply because until then no appeal made the sentences any

easier, in fact each time they got longer.

The court meeting was finished and we were lead back to our cells. In front of my cell, someone asked me : "Do these numbers have a significance or is there a connection between man's destiny and certain numbers?"

In my destiny, my day of birth was 15, cell number was 15 as well as 15 years - the sentence of forced labor I got.

I will end this chapter keeping in mind that the justice did not serve righteousness, being at the mercy of the fist.

In conclusion :

- All the statements torn from those in Suceava prison, as well as in all the interrogatories country-wide, had been torn from the prisoners with the use of horrendous tortures;
- There were comrades who, after these tortures ended, either committed suicide, throwing themselves out the window, either died, being taken God knows where;
- The trial was done by magistrates who accepted to judge and enforce the law according to how they were told to;
- All the sentences were given not by the panel of judges, according to criminal

- procedures, but in the party offices;
- As far as the defence goes, it was non-existent, because the lawyers were appointed by the party and not hired by the defendants; from defense attorneys, they became prosecutors, doing nothing but repeat, according to a written consent, the same accusation as the prosecutor's;
 - The date of the trial wasn't announced to any member of the defendants' families;
 - The courtrooms did not have public witnesses, the trials being done in secret. Not even close relatives of the defendants were allowed to assist the trial. In

Suceava's case, the two individuals who demanded our deaths were the only public assistance in the trial. The trial of those people from the Medical University of Iasi's lot was identical to the trials of all the other lots in Suceava prison. What would have been the reaction of a man from the civilized world, seeing that, for an idea which is put in the service of the truth, of justice, of faith in God and love for his neighbor, a certain young population was interrogated and tortured, sometimes to the death, only to be judged and condemned afterwards?

After the trial

Following the trial, a period in which you couldn't foresee anything anymore began. The trial left us with no hope for ever returning to the world from which we were taken from. And I reproached myself because I did not have the attitude Moisiu had during the trial.

The things which occurred scarred my soul so much, that I couldn't think anymore. I was seeing myself as a man lost on a sea in a boat, being at the mercy of the waves, and my strength to weak to paddle.

Outside blizzard and frost,
and my cell it was all like a
big icicle, it seemed like
even the blood in my veins
did not flow anymore. My
hunger was ever present and I
would have eaten rubble and
dead animals in order to not
let it eat me first, hunger
which was gnawing at my
stomach like a rat.

After a few days, one
morning, the door opened and
as usual, the guard on that
particular section, who knew
my sentence, read my name
written on the ever present
piece of paper and warned me
to pack my stuff in order to
have me transferred to
another cell. I took my few
clothes with me and I took

one last look inside the cell
which I will never forget
until the moment of my death.
I screamed like a hungry wolf
in it, I shouted inside it,
banged my head on its walls,
went down to the pits of hell
in it while clinging on a
piece of Heaven. It was there
where I chose Heaven and
forgave those who hurt me. It
was there where I understood
that there is Only One Way,
Only One Truth and Only One
Life, that of the Son of Man
in the flesh.

Cell 121

From cell no. 15, the guard took me to the first floor, cell 121, situated in the north side of the prison. Each section of the north side had 60 cells each, the prison being square-shaped. When I arrived in front of the cell door, I memorized the last two digits of the number 121 (21) which corresponded, in my mind, with the last digits of my birth year (1921). A bizarre game of figures, dates,²⁰ so meaningful. When the guard opened the door, I was very surprised to see Petrica Tudose, friend, comrade and

²⁰ [this could mean everlasting life also, because it is very uncommon for a man to live to that age\)](#)

colleague, bearing the same sentence as me.

Among other comrades from the University lot, who had been trialed before us, was Ghita Barbieru, whom I knew from sight. This hearted man I will never forget. As intellectual, he only finished gymnasium, but his kindness had no limits. He was among the few people of those I met alive behind bars who gave me the key to close and open the door which separated me from the world I was coming from.

At first, the air was a bit burdensome, because we were convicted and our thoughts flew, unwillingly, to the ones we left behind :

parents, brothers, wives, children, friends, people we knew, etc. Badia Ghita, who had been trialed in the first lot - the interrogations were very painful for him, later dying because of them, - never complained.

In the prisons I've been through I met a lot of people, from doorkeepers to secretaries, from people who were not schooled, to university professors and scientists, from demons, to angels.

Badia Ghita remained in my heart as being the type of man who, even if you wanted to forget him, you never could. In all my years of prison I met few souls like

his. The conversations with my colleague Tudose and the moments when Badia Ghita intervened in them were the most beneficial things inside that cell.

At the start of March, when the winter was still tough at Suceava, with cold and snowfall, I saw something else I won't ever forget. Something was happening with the young men who did not understand their true call. More exactly, it was the start of the so-called re-education at Suceava. The cell was getting warmer, literally and figuratively speaking. We were all legionnaires and all the conversations underwent

peacefully between us. Even the cold died down a bit, due to the fact that now we were six inside the cell and we were sleeping on the bunks instead of sleeping on the mat on the floor.

The only one who did not take part in our conversations, being content with just listening, was Badia Ghita. We respected him because he was older and he had a long history of fighting. On a good day, when our discussions reached a dead end, Badia Ghita, with a warm voice, started to share his thoughts with us.

I will quote from my memory the words which were my guiding light all the time in

the 15 years of prison :
"Dear lads! You are all
schooled people, younger than
me, battle hardened
yourselves, but I beg you as
if you were my own children,
to listen carefully and in
goodwill to what I want to
tell you. We are all
convicted to heavy years of
prison and each of us left
behind a world which was our
world and which we cannot
forget. Some of us had a
profession, and you, the
younger ones, were getting
there. We were all engaged in
serving an ideal and a cause
which we considered to be
right. Neither you, nor me,
hurt anyone. We were
interrogated, tortured,

tried and sentenced as you know, but I beg you with all my heart to give heed to what I have to say. For a political prisoner, the sentence is something that may or may not come. So it is possible we will serve all of our sentence, and it is possible we don't. What is more important though, is that we may serve something more, more than we were sentenced to. It is possible we are convicted again and we may die in prison. Our time in prison is not yet permanently decided. We come from a world which human hatred took away from us, maybe forever, and we are entering another, this one.

This world and only this one is our world from now on. For us there isn't any other world than the one we are in right now and we live here now. And, to be able to live in this world, my dears, you must know that only he who has a good heart can last and understand that which the unknown can offer us. Those of you who will understand what a good heart means, will never forget what we discussed here today. In conclusion, I am telling you : in order to withstand and be happy and satisfied in life, with yourself and the ones around you, you must have a good heart. You do as you believe depending on your

heart". I understood this wise man and followed his advice, all my life. In the next days, taking the waste bucket to the toilet to empty it, I had the opportunity to talk with Tudose, privately. I asked him then, what did Badia Ghita meant when he said "a good heart"; he replied that the story about "the good heart" he did not understand and never will. It was true that Tudose didn't understand, because he did not understand that the human being could live according to the mysterious voice of his heart as well, not only according to his brain power. I honestly replied to Tudose

that I did not understand that philosophy either, but in contrast to him, I will try to understand what that "good heart" means that Badia Ghita was talking about. Time would shed light on this. The second event in cell 121 which I won't ever forget also, was the following : In the cell right next to us, beside our comrades, was a man from Suceava, older than us, married with three children. He was right from Suceava and because the guards in those times weren't intoxicated with proletarian doctrine, they could do some favors to those whom they knew and whom they trusted. So, my comrade from the cell

next door knew the guard and trusted him. But maybe the guard was remunerated for the favors he did to his fellow citizen.

On that time you could still look out the window without being punished for that, that prohibition came into effect later in the Spring of 1954, when shutters (blindners) were placed on the windows in all the prisons in the country (the blindners' position was slanted, so the air could come into the cell but you couldn't see outside). The punishment for those who tried to move the blindners to look outside was severe arrest for 15 days, of course that is if they were

caught by the guard who from time to time looked inside the cell through the peephole on the cell door. Some prisoners, sentenced with the severe arrest, did not make it out alive from there. Due to the fact that people could look out the window, you could communicate to other cells. But only at night, when the guard did not walk around under the windows to spot the cells. This way I got in touch with those from the next cell to the left of us, who warned us that tonight a woman will come and wait in the street near the lit pole, the wife of a comrade from the next cell. The section guard taught him

the signals which will help him recognize his wife and children. Keep in mind that in those times, in prison, there were no informers or rats present yet, so the inmates trusted one another and the guards too, who kept their relationships a secret. It was the start of March, and outside it was still cold winter, wind and snow. Here is how it happened : 50 meters away, near the lit pole, I saw a woman with a small child in her arms, and near her, other two children, between 4 and 6 years old. They looked towards the cell window and waved their hankies to their father, who signaled back to them too.

From the cell you could see well in the street, the woman and the children being lighted by the pole and the glitter of the snow under their feet. When we saw them, innocent souls, with their hands raised, signaling their father, we started crying. A mother and her chicks, in the cold, crying and wiping her face with her handkerchief, and their father locked behind bars, comforting them only with his eyes. Those of you who have children, try to imagine, at least for a moment, this scene.

This spectacle repeated itself nights in a row until the soldier who was in the pot peg alerted the

management of the prison and the political officer. After this denunciation the scene which was so dramatic disappeared as well as the father and, not after long, the guard on our section too.

The re-education at suceava

The word re-education, had, for me, such a sinister meaning, that I did not succeed in explaining it to myself. What does that mean, re-educating myself? And what should I re-educate in me more precisely? To change my way of life, give up my

mentality, renounce my faith,
my view of the world and
life, renounce my dream, my
fight? What part of me should
I relinquish? My faith in God
and my love for Him? Should I
replace His Gospel with
proletarian ideology, love
for my neighbor with hatred
and the class war, the truth
with lies, honesty with
hypocrisy, harmony with
terror, mercy with violence?
Should I chase God away from
my soul and install the party
in His stead? Should I hate
and "rat" on my family and
friends, should I live in a
state of terror, fear,
distrust, suspicion,
insecurity? In conclusion,
should I give myself up, and

replace all of myself with satan's reign, to bow down and obey him, idolizing the party, as the newly formed god, to adopt the religion of communism - the religion of the evil one.

The ones who could give concrete information and could shed light on this satanic play are gone : Turcanu, executed by his masters, and Bogdanovici, killed by Turcanu. Because of this, the inceptions of the re-education remain totally unknown.

What has been heard and what is known though? In the summer or autumn of 1948, in the prison we found out that Bogdanovici had met with a

"speaker", ²¹as Popa Tanu (who shared the cell with me) and some other people stated. But this "speaker" wasn't solicited by Bogdanovici, he was sent by the party office in Suceava and of course, approved by the ones in Bucharest. A speaker for Bogdanovici's father more exactly, who was the prefect of Botosani in those times. It was rumored that this "speaker" talked only to the father and the son, with no other witnesses being present at their meetings. After their talk the re-education at Suceava came into being. In communism nothing is done at random, so the actions of

²¹ Communist agents, shadow figures

this "speaker" were planned long before they were put into practice, directed and organized down to the smallest details.

Also the rumor was that Bogdanovici's father begged his son to renounce his political views and do everything to save himself physically.

From the ones who helped Bogdanovici (his intimate ones) we found out that, in the time prior to his arrest, he always fought with his father and mother because of politics, many times his mother would have to intervene between him and his father to stop the argument.

There is the question though : Why did Bogdanovici get such a big sentence, if he accepted to be the leader and the one who would start the re-education? In the self-denouncements²² of Pitesti and from the ones who suffered there I found out that he wasn't the one who initiated the re-educations at Suceava though, because, according to his thinking, the re-education had to be a willful and consensual act, and in no way, an act of constraint and violence. If he had been in accord with violence, he would have been rehabilitated and not killed. I ask my readers to forgive my

²² Re-education technique

anticipation, but what I have to say now is closely related with the inception of the re-education at Suceava and so Bogdanovici's case as well. I may be, and I say maybe, the only student who met Bogdanovici before he died - Turcanu wasn't paying attention either and this helped. I saw Bogdanovici while he was escorted from the 4th hospital room where the statements were done, to a ground floor cell; I was being escorted at the same time, from the 3rd basement room and taken towards the 4th hospital room, to the 1st floor. So, we met on the stairs, half way between ground floor and 1st floor.

When we came face to face, we were both holding on to the balustrade one meter thick. I wasn't aided by the guard, but he couldn't walk without the guards' aid; because of this fact, when we came near each other, we had to make way for each other, because we were both holding on to the balustrade. The guard leaned Bogdanovici against the wall, sustaining him so he wouldn't fall down, to make way for me to pass along the balustrade. The guards were behind us and when we got close to each other we could look in each other's eyes.

The guards didn't intervene, that's how terrified they

were because of what they were seeing. Bogdanovici still trusted me. In that time I was not yet fallen from The Divine Grace, I wasn't yet crumbled and that's why communication between us two was possible. His enormous head, with his eyes sunk deep into his eye-sockets - this was the only thing left alive in him - scared you; you could read the suffering which he caused to the thousands of our comrades in his eyes. That look, of a dead man with his eyes still alive, haunted me until now when I write these pages and will continue to haunt me until the time of my death. That moment when

our eyes met, in a dying voice, but clear enough, Bogdanovici whispered to me : "Brother! This is how mistakes are paid!".

Our eyes couldn't turn away from one another, but the guards pushed us in one voice : "Come on!".

After 2 days Bogdanovici died, sadistically killed by Turcanu, Popa, Martinas and Livinschi. And I do not believe there was a man more tortured than he was in Pitesti. I am not trying to defend him, God forbid! But I am asking myself : who suffered as bad as Bogdanovici? Who collected as much suffering as he did, in his eyes? What I felt and saw

with my own eyes leads me to believe that Bogdanovici wasn't an informer or a murderer. He was not capable to kill. In his mind there was no room for violence. Bogdanovici was the superior of the University in Iasi, of the Faculties of Law, Literature and Philosophy, Science (Mathematics, Physics and Geography). The Medical, Pharmacy and Polytechnics were separated, and the superior of the entire legionary students group was Neculai Simionescu, Law student. He was from Soroca, Basarabia, and in the hiding of 1940-1941, he was only 12 years old. From the summer of

1941, until the spring of 1944, he lived in Soroca. He did not denounce Turcanu, as some told, without knowing the truth, but Stefan Caciuc, Turcanu's high school as well as class mate at Campulung Moldovenesc, and later, Turcanu's colleague at the Faculty of Law in Iasi. Turcanu was part of the F.D.C.²³ only in 1940-1941 and, since January 1941, he left the Legionary Movement. In 1940 he was only 14 years old. Turcanu knew about the activities of the legionnaires since back in high school in Campulung Moldovenesc up until 1944.

²³ The Christian Democrat Forum

After that he graduated the high school and signed up for the Faculty of Law in Iasi. He was married and did not attend classes - you were only needed to be present at the exams.

So, in Iasi, Bogdanovici did not talk with Turcanu at all, but Stefan Caciuc did.

They first met in 1946, at some exams, and Caciuc asked Turcanu why he doesn't attend the classes. Turcanu answered that he is married and has other things to do. Caciuc asked him again, what is his political view and if he still maintains a relationship with the legionnaires²⁴, at which he

²⁴ A.k.a. "Christians"

replied clearly that he doesn't want to have any more to do with the legionnaires and they don't concern him any longer. "What you do is your concern, I am a communist! I am a friend of Emil Bodnaras' brothers and they support me and help me with my diplomacy career. So this is the last time when I ever talk or meet with you". Caciuc didn't mention though if Turcanu told him or not that he already began his legionary activity inside C.S.L. Iasi.

From these discussions with Turcanu though it can be seen that he became a communist (maybe even before 1944), due to his involvement with the

Bodnaras brothers. A thing remains clear : at the time Caciuc had the discussion with Turcanu, Turcanu held the promise of a political career. Caciuc goes on to say that Turcanu told him that in the autumn of 1948, when he was arrested, he had already been trained by Anna Pauker (a Foreign Minister then), who wanted to send him as an Ambassador in Yugoslavia. Turcanu's arrest was due to Stefan Caciuc's unforgivable mistakes, who talked during interrogation, without being coerced or even asked, about his prior discussions with Turcanu, and for this reason Turcanu was arrested and

sentenced to 7 years in prison²⁵.

Caciuc said that he denounced Turcanu because he envied him, because he had a weakness for the girl Turcanu was married to.

The eye witnesses who were there when the two had an argument after Turcanu's trial at Suceava relate that Caciuc told Turcanu 7 years will seem like a day and to be content that he wasn't sentenced to 10.

That is why Turcanu appeared at Suceava only in late autumn, when the interrogations were at an end.

²⁵ Maybe that's how Turcanu motivated his anger towards the legionaries

Once Turcanu was arrested, the communists thought they could use him as a tool against the legionnaires in the horrible scenarios of Pitesti and Gherla. Bogdanovici's speaker²⁶ event took place before Turcanu's arrest. And so it seems that the communist delegates from Bucharest, who coordinated and verified the interrogations and statements in Suceava prison, stumbling upon Caciuc's statement concerning Turcanu, notified the party. And, following this notification, the party ordered prefect Bogdanovici from Bucharest to have a talk with his son, for their

²⁶ Communist agents, shadow figures

operation to be carried out on two fronts.

- One, conducted by Bogdanovici's son - who despite all the torture he was submitted to didn't talk at all (he had the responsibility of an entire University on his shoulders); in the times of the interrogations I was confronted with Bogdanovici as well and I saw with my own eyes on his face and body the savage tortures he was submitted to.

- The second one was Turcanu's crimes.

Using Bogdanovici junior they wanted to destroy the young legionnaires unit, students and high school pupils, in

this way testing every soul to see who stood firm and who was doubting, the doubting ones being recruited into the initial phase of the re-education process, coordinated from the shadow by the party office in Suceava. Bogdanovici was only the victim and tool whom the communists used to put their plan into practice, that is to destroy the young legionnaire unit, sowing distrust, suspicion and doubt among them.

Generally this plan did work; the young, being naïve, not knowing the communist way of thinking, believed in the communist's lures, becoming victims easy to maneuver.

I do not know the exact date when Bogdanovici arrived in Pitesti; what is certain though is that this happened before December 10th 1949, the date in which 90% of the legionnaire and non-legionnaire students nationwide were brought to the Pitesti prison.

When the re-education at Pitesti started, Bogdanovici wasn't killed quickly, as was the case with other student legionnaires, but according with the communist torture practices, he was tortured until the winter of 1951 (the same happened with Patrascanu too). The one who denounced him was Popa Alexandru ("Tanu"), his colleague and

friend from Soroca. Turcanu kept Bogdanovici alive at Nicolski's and the Russian's orders, because they wanted him to declare everything he knew about the activities of the young legionnaires along the country, as well as those in Basarabia.

After Turcanu was arrested due to Caciuc's statement, the complex plan elaborated by Moscow and the occult for the destruction of the young legionnaires was put in practice to the smallest details by Turcanu.

Originally, he should have been sentenced to 2, 3 years. And still, he was sentenced to 7 years of correctional prison; sentenced to 7 years

instead of 2 for a reason,
because according to their
plan Turcanu had to be used
all those years.

I have to mention a few more
things concerning Turcanu. In
1946, when that discussion
with Caciuc took place,
Turcanu was a communist, he
was part of the political
bureau in Iasi. Some
suspected that, having
connections with the Bodnaras
brothers, they ordered him to
maintain a relationship with
the legionnaires also, in
order to keep them under
scrutiny eyes. Anyway,
Turcanu was arrested because
of the terrible mistake
Caciuc made.

After the legionnaires who had long sentences left from Suceava to Pitesti, the ones who remained at Suceava noticed that Turcanu was absent from the prison for a while. The suspicion was that he had been taken to Bucharest or even Moscow where he signed the plan which contained the future self-denouncements at Pitesti and Gherla.

So Bogdanovici wasn't the first culprit in this complex start. Bogdanovici, when the re-education started, thought he was playing a game of politics - at his father's wish - to save himself and his comrades. We can clearly see he did not know

bolshevism, although he was a basarabean. He ended up being murdered by Turcanu, at the Russian agents' orders.

Once Turcanu was arrested, Bogdanovici's actions took another turn. The communists didn't so much need re-education, as they needed to get out of the young legionnaires the rest of information, which they didn't declare in the prior interrogations and, even more than that, everything concerning the reaction to communism from within the country.

Another purpose was the destruction of this young population using tortures and then using it in diverse

schemes. And Turcanu, just like other communists, didn't fully grasp or know the shrewdness of this satanic plan. He was fully convinced that if he will be successful in his mission and if he will fulfill it to the letter, the communists will take him out of the prison and will give him an even better place in society, better than he had before even, probably, directly within the Central Committee; thus, his illusion of a political ascension. Turcanu didn't understand or didn't want to understand that every evil can only result in greater evils. That's why, after they used him how they pleased, his

masters with whom he had been working until then, suddenly vanished, leaving him in the hands of other masters who would transfer him and his collaborators from Gherla to Jilava prison.

There, isolated each one in a different cell, in order to prevent them talking with each other, they were forced to write what methods they used, for how long they had to torture each young man until his breaking point, what was the behavior of the legion's superiors and what methods they applied to the ones who did not break. Until the time these reports were done, in 2 years of work, new masters came instead of the

old ones. Once the new masters were installed, these masters arranged their trials, using their own statements. So when they were expecting to be released from prison, decorated and given high ranking positions within the party, their masters, instead of congratulating them, freeing them, they paid them in full, accusing them that together with those abroad they wanted to compromise and denigrate the party. But the "bandits" didn't succeed in fooling the party, which because of its vigilance discovered the plot in due time, punishing those who bear the guilt.

It was then rumored that Turcanu's henchmen wanted to lynch him, but the guards intervened to stop it. It was very well staged! They were isolated and kept in isolation until the trial, in the biggest secrecy; then sentenced to death and executed by fire squad. Some readers will ask themselves how do we know all this if we weren't there. The answer is simple : a secret stays a secret as long as it is known by only one person; when it becomes known by two persons, it's not a secret anymore. I will come back with details when we will talk about Turcanu and his

henchmen, concerning the Pitesti and Gherla prisons. Playing with satan is very dangerous, because the ones who serve him, from collaborators they become victims. Satan doesn't have any scruples, nor does he keep his word, no morals, no feelings, but only one very outlined goal : transforming his collaborators in victims increasingly easier to maneuver as time goes by. So, in order to tell who the authors of the re-education were and how the re-education at Suceava started, I first need to say that the ones who willingly accepted it were also the ones who formed Turcanu's chief-of-staff at

Pitesti and Gherla, doing the self-denouncements. The same ones who believed that the Legionary Movement is a business in which they could reach their upstart goals. I personally met all these people and I came to one conclusion : these young men, either they did not have the time to complete their education because the state banned them completely as legionnaires, either they were dishonest from the very start. If inside the Church there were "Christians" who compromised it, thinking in their insolence that they could cheat God, then why be surprised if in all the other human organizations,

indifferent of their nature and goals, there were traitors, deserters, cowards and opportunists? But "a nation doesn't exist and live on through the fearful, cowards, deserters and traitors, but through its martyrs, heroes and warriors" (Vasile Parvan), and a human organization doesn't live through those who put themselves in satan's service, but through all of those honest people who are in its ranks. The Romanians have a saying : "All the forests have dry wood in them". The same case with the so-called "legionnaires" - they were blind tools who, for their own selfish

interests, entered a game which proved fatal to them. I stated and am convinced that, even before the arrests planned by the communists began - in March 1948 - everything that has occurred inside the prisons, the re-education at Suceava and the self-denouncements at Pitesti and Gherla, were imposed, conducted, controlled by the Moscow occult and the international one, stopping at nothing in order for the Legionary Movement to be wiped out of the face of the Earth.

To the ones that adhered to the Prisoners with Communist Convictions Organization (P.C.C.O.), they had

preferential conditions - a bowl of lentil more, taken from other people's meal - they promised that they will be released from prison and that the party will make them high ranking activists. The naivety, the lack of judgement, the childish credulity!

Here are some names of legionnaires who willfully adhered to this organization and who had a major role in the self-denouncements of Pitesti and Gherla. Besides Bogdanovici, the author of the re-education and the one who initiated it at Suceava (Turcanu did not play a part here, this was proven at Pitesti), there were Popa

Alexandru a.k.a. Tanu,
Martinus, Livinschi,
Cantemir, Virgil Bordeianu
and a few students from Iasi
and Bucovina. All the serious
students and pupils with big
sentences didn't take part in
this circus at Suceava.

The idea came about among the
legionnaire and non-
legionnaire students that
only Turcanu and Bogdanovici
were guilty because they
accepted to be the leaders of
this re-education and the
self-denouncements. They did
not know though - for the
communists it didn't matter,
their plans don't rely on
persons. No! The plan had to
be fulfilled, no matter the
person used.

So, allow me, after so many years of prison and after all we have witnessed with our eyes and ears to state in all certainty that Bogdanovici and Turcanu weren't the ones who initiated and fulfilled this re-education and the self-denouncements. No, the fact was well known that in the communist regimes not even a bird can fly through the air without the party knowing about it. So the plan once completed, its tools could have been anyone, not only Bogdanovici and Turcanu, but any other name : Ionescu, Popescu, Dunareanu, etc. The persons who could carry out the plan to fulfillment could be found on every street.

Traitors, cowards and opportunists you can find anytime, on any street. The plan conceived by Moscow and the international occult concerning the young legionnaires in Romania's prisons was thought, completed and carried out even to the smallest detail by the Russian agents in collaboration with Anna Pauker, Vasile Luca, Teohari Georgescu and with the chief of Security, general Nicolski, aided by the colonel Zeller. Judging by the facts, I repeat that all that occurred inside the prisons, the re-education at Suceava and the self-denouncements at Pitesti

and Gherla was imposed, conducted and coordinated by the Russian agents. And the communist leadership in Romania agreed with this, being foreign to our kind. Teohari Georgescu (alias Burah Tescovici), colonel Zeller, colonel Sepeanu, as well as Ana Pauker, Vasile Luca and Dej with his collaborators. Some of us were convinced that Nicolski, Russia's agent, had been working in secret with Russian agents. It is possible, because the communists planned, thought and organized their missions very well and thorough. In fact, the communists' slogan was : "All we need is

planning, those who execute it we can find plenty; all we need is people, their sentence is sure; better to arrest 1000 innocents, than one guilty to escape".

*

At the end of March 1949, a rumor was circulating through the Suceava prison that we will be transferred to another prison and we will be divided into categories depending on the professional training with no regard to our political affiliation. If anyone of us would have known how the secret plans were made in communism, they would have known why the communists

divided us into these professional categories. Here is the list of the prisons with their professional repartition each :

- Aiud, the biggest prison in the country - intellectuals;
- Gherla, first class prison - workers and peasants;
- Pitesti, second class prison - students;
- Targsor, a village west of Ploiesti - pupils in secondary schools;
- Mislea, a town near Ploiesti - women;
- Jilava - transit prison, reserved for special and secret purposes;
- Suceava, Galati, Ramnicu Sarat, Dej, Sighet, etc. -

well defined purposes, at the Security's disposal.

A unique penitentiary was the barracks in the city of Fagaras, transformed into a prison for ex-officers and ex-policemen.

This repartition lasted until 1955, when the prisons started to filter the inmates in political categories.

On 15th of April 1949 I was transferred from the Suceava prison to the one in Pitesti, along with the first lot of 80 legionnaires.

Pitesti (1)

In the second half of April 1949, a lot formed of 80 high ranking legionnaire students, each of us sentenced to 10 years or more, were transferred from Suceava to Pitesti by a train. The Suceava prison didn't have enough chains for everyone so they used one chain per 3 inmates, tied to our hands. At the train they untied us.

It was beautiful outside when we arrived at Pitesti. Back then the prison didn't have vans for prisoner transport. The warden was expecting us at the train station in Pitesti with some 30 armed police guards. Because of the lack of chains they arranged us 6 by 6, depending on our

height, and tied our hands with rope. Being secured by armed police guards, you couldn't run. I will never forget this course, because the Pitesti train station was in the center of its town and from the station to the prison were like 6-7 km²⁷.

After we left the train station and got to the highway that leads to Curtea de Arges²⁸, our column was as wide as the entire highway, and the cars had to stop and make room for us to pass. The passers by and those in cars looked at us stunned. They could see we weren't soldiers, neither ordinary civilians, but apparitions, white as lime, sheared and

²⁷having to walk on foot

²⁸[Court of Arges](#)

dressed with all kinds of clothes, with our heads looking down and yoked like oxen on the field. We were clumsily moving forward on the street paved with riverbed gravel and behind us so much dust was lifting into the air that the ones behind us did not see each other anymore. The people didn't understand what happened to us, because we were all young and about the same ages. But seeing the guards who escorted us they realized we are prisoners. I remember old women dressed in traditional Arges clothing, crossing themselves and shouting aloud : "Oh, God! What happened with these young men?" I was seeing women cry.

In this manner we were welcomed by the population of the city of Pitesti, we, the first lot of legionnaire students brought from Suceava. Not one among the 80 students who came to Pitesti, agreed on re-education while at Suceava. Most of us had been sentenced to many years of forced labor and only 10 of us to hard labor.



A few words about the history of this prison.

The Pitesti prison can be found laterally, to the west, at a distance of almost 200 meters from the highway which ties Pitesti to Court of Arges. The wall which surrounds the prison is 5 meters tall. The

prison can be found where "The River of the Lady" flows into "The River of the Fair", both of them in turn flowing into the River Arges. The scenery is beautifully enchanting. Here, the plains of Arges continue into the sub-carpathian hills, which are cultured with fruit trees.

The prison was built by the order of Armand Calinescu, the devil's servant, he bearing the sign of nature also, having only one eye. In this prison, Armand Calinescu, on the time when he was a prime-minister, planned to exterminate the legionnaire youths. He did not get to see this fulfilled, but satan carried his plan to fulfillment,

honoring his wish. The spirit of evil reigned in those places where there were the purest and youngest members of the Legion, for they had to be sunk down into the swamp of desperation. Regarding the prison, it had been built in the shape of a "T". The rooms were divided into cells with the size of 4/2 m and rooms the size of 10/6 m. On the tail of the T the upper floors had 2 rows of cells connected by thick post wire²⁹, and in front of each cell lay a 1 meter corridor. On the ground floor and basement there were rooms 10/6 meters wide. The head of the T was comprised of 2 rows of cells with no net between them, a concrete corridor, where all

²⁹ Like a net

could be done in the greatest secrecy. These cells were made especially for the isolation of the legionnaire youth's superiors. On the 1st floor, on the right side of the T there was a big room, dubbed the 4th hospital room, because right next to this room there was a cell which functioned as a medical office. The 4th hospital room could accommodate almost 50 inmates on its overlapped beds. In the basement however, in the head of the "T", there were the kitchen, the laundry room, the bathroom and severe punishment cells. There was a toilet at each end of a row of cells, and at the joining of the "T" with its "head", at each floor, there

was a punishment cell dubbed "the black cell".

The prison had 2 staircases that the inmates were allowed to use - one at the jointing of the "T" with its "head", and the other one in the "tail" of the "T", for going out into the courtyard. The main door was at the 1st floor. On the main staircase prisoners weren't allowed. Due to the prison's architecture the security was 100 percent efficient and the secret was being kept a secret. You couldn't escape from there. On the exterior wall which was 5 meters tall there was a soldier armed with a machinegun and a floodlight, at each 50 meters, in a pot peg. So, escape from

this fortress was impossible. I need to mention that Armand Calinescu was from Arges and his estate was not far from the prison. Maybe this is the way he was keeping the young legionnaires under his demonic "wings".

After the journey from the train station to the prison and all that occurred on the way, here we are in front of the prison, all tied up like bovines ready to be slaughtered. In front of the prison there was a plateau which we didn't first see because you couldn't see it from the street. Here, the guards allowed us to sit down on the grass and, to our joy, although we were weakened and tired, we

could talk with each other. It had been the last time for some of us when we got to do that though. Being heartbroken I ask myself even after so much time has passed, how many of us entered and how many got out alive, and in what state most of all?! How many of all 80 went mad, how many killed, how many collapsed and how many were used as instruments of torture against the others?!

After the registry clerk checked our files, we were distributed by 4's in each cell on the forced labor and hard labor section.

Cell 18

This cell, like the 59, 15 and 121 before it, left undying marks in my mind and heart.

If those cells and cell 18 from Pitesti wouldn't have been what they were, my thinking and knowledge wouldn't have been like they are now either. Then I ask myself, were they bad or good for me, these cells? Clearly, they were good, a favor which God bestowed on me, to show me the way which leads to Him.

In cell 18 I was distributed along with my comrade Iosub Mihai.

This word, "comrade", when used in prison, for communists it meant "legionnaire activity". This word cost many lives,

brought severe arrests, trials, sentences and spotting, with the use of informers, those who didn't relinquish their belief in the Legionnaire Movement.

When I walked in, I found 2 young men from Bucharest, both of them not affiliated to politics : Petrovanu Miron and Negrescu Fag³⁰. These two were sentenced to 25 and 18 years of prison respectively, because in 1948, before a national congress of pupils in Romania, hosted at the "Mihai the Brave" high school in Bucharest, they set the festivities room on fire. The author had been Petrovanu Miron.

³⁰ English : [Beech, Fagus](#), a specie of Trees

The thing that caught my eye from the start, in this prison, was the tidiness in the cells, kept so tidy with the help of the political prisoners, and on the corridors, by the gen-pop inmates.

In the cells there were overlapped bunk beds, and the floor was made of timber. The rooms' floors were made of concrete. The mattresses of the beds didn't have sheets on them, nor pillows, but only a used blanket which we used to cover ourselves with. In the morning and the evening we were taken from our cells in order to empty our chamber pots and at the same time fill our drinking water pot with water. We washed during

mornings inside the cell without any soap.

What surprised us from the start, was that when we left our cells to empty our chamber pots in the toilet, the doors of the other cells in the section were open and the deadbolts on them pulled open too, and we left our cells un-escorted. Furthermore, many times the guard on our section pretended he had other things to do and told us :

"Bwah! (boy) I am your daddy, I give you food, I give you water, I am responsible for you and I am opening your cell now. You go to the toilet orderly, I have other things to do".

This "kindness" had a very well determined purpose which we

later discovered during the self-denouncements - that being to give us an opportunity to meet with students from all the faculties and get to know each other, exchange information about activities as well as to have certain agreements or take decisions within our Movement which will later give them the reason to torture us years in a row in order to make us declare them. This "freedom" lasted only until Autumn. Looking back now I realize this was a big mistake which cost the lives of many. How naïve and innocent we were about bolshevism, of its methods and goals! And how perverse, hypocritical and treacherous are satan and his followers!

When we, the 1st group of students from Suceava arrived here in Pitesti, most of the students from Bucharest were already here. Our comrades from Bucharest and the other Universities country-wide, the ones with forced labor sentences, were incarcerated at the 2nd and 3rd floors, and those with hard labor on the 1st floor. The ones from Bucharest made a good impression; they were called "the aristocrats".

In the prison I found the students sentenced on Antonescu's time who had already spent 8 years there. We were seeing them as saints...I will give a few names : Gafencu, Dragodan (The Magistrate),

Ianolide, Costandache, Dinescu etc. They informed us about the life in the prison and the way the guards and the prison's administration expect us to behave.

An essential trait of these comrades was their peaceful attitude, order and discipline to avoid arguing with the prison's administration. The example was started by none other than Valeriu Gafencu, who impressed all with his way of life, attitude and example. He shall remain in the memory of the political prisoners in Romania and, especially, in the memory of those prisoners who were sick of tuberculosis in the Targu Ocna Penitentiary

Sanatorium as a saint. Even the most bitter forgot who they were when face to face with Gafencu.

*

It was the end of April, when the Easter Holidays were approaching. And, for the first time, we were getting ready to celebrate Easter in jail. The comrades arrested in the time of Antonescu had been memorizing a big chunk of Radu Gyr poem's. We started memorizing them also.

Then an extraordinary thing happened, which proved once more the love and unbreakable unity these young people had for each other, determined to make no compromises in their fight against communism.

One or two days prior to Easter a comrade from Bucharest whose name I will keep secret because I want to be discreet, received a package with food. We weren't allowed to get anything for Easter. I cannot remember how much that pack weighed, but it did not surpass 10 kilograms. In this pack were placed with care wafers with anaphora which are eaten on Easter occasions. All the students ate from this pack, legionnaires and non-legionaries, without discrimination, from forced labor to hard labor. Not one was left without. The quantity was small, symbolic, but the moral effect of this gesture impressed us all very much and this helped us face the coming drama. In

order for the reader to have a clear picture about the way this package was shared among the prisoners, I will tell him that a red egg was split in 24 pieces, each small part served along with a small piece of red shell also, as a symbol of this Great Holiday.

This unforgotten gesture marked for a moment the love, unity and fellowship of those locked away in Pitesti.

The events which took place on Easter occasion in the year 1949 in the Pitesti prison, made me seriously think and finally understand what it meant to have a "good heart", as Badia Ghita "The barber" said long time ago in cell 121 at Suceava. This

thing bothered me for months in a row. During the nights I couldn't sleep, diving deep down inside my soul trying to understand what that means - to have a good heart, especially in those circumstances. I understood only later what he meant : to have a good heart means the presence of God in your heart. In order for man to feel God's presence, he must first clean his heart, according to what Jesus said : "Blessed are those pure in heart, for they will see God". So, the good heart can be attained wherever man finds himself on the earth - depending on him. In prison conditions, where the temptations are weaker but the tortures almost unbearable, the

heart can easily be purified of all the things that could prevent and offend God's presence in it.

In conclusion, I understood the good heart to be the presence of God in a pure heart, and I made the first step towards a pure heart in cell 18 in Pitesti, where I found the "key" which helped me lock the door to the world from where I was coming from, and open the door of the world I was entering in. So, at first I purified the world I come from : if I remembered the nice things I lived, my heart ached, because I couldn't have those things any longer; if I remembered the ugly things I've done, I reproached myself for

doing them. So, in both cases I suffered. (Folks have a saying : "Died of heartache!", meaning from loss of hope.)

Don't get me wrong : I wasn't really leaving the world that I was living in before all this, but only "locking" the door to it, so I couldn't remember those things that used to make my day before, when I was a free man. Because, if I would have maintained the relationship with that world, the suffering for losing it would have been the death of me, or it would have made me even more bitter. With this "key", I opened the door to the next world, the world of a man deprived of all those things he left behind him. The main

thing was to understand this new world and accepting it as it is.

The climate in cell 18 was nice, as far as it could get; the two young men from Bucharest were very impressed by what happened at Easter.

That month I wrote another letter home, only 5 lines long, and I got one back the same.

The letters with more than 5 lines were never given to the prisoners, they were torn to shreds. After their reading, we were ordered to surrender them to the guard. Also, during this month we were each allowed to get a package of clothes, 3 kilograms max. It was also the last time when I spoke to my

next of kin, in all the 15 years I've spent in prisons.

*

I wonder is there any other place in this world beside the communist world, where a political prisoner is only allowed to speak to his next of kin once in 15 years, through a post card that reads only 5 lines?

That's why I need to say this one more time, for others to know the truth about what went on inside the prisons of Romania : in 15 years of detention, in all the time I was locked away along with the other political prisoners, I wrote home once and I was answered once. I got one or two packages as well, but

this only between 1948 and 1949. In 15 years I did not get one book or newspaper. Those who agreed to be part of the re-education thing at Suceava - in 1948 and 1949 - got only a few communist doctrine writings.

In fifteen years I didn't have one piece of paper to write on or one pen to write with. Those who got caught with even a crayon mine or paper were punished in cruel ways; some were even killed because of this. So everything I've learned, received or sent during the 15 years time was done only with the help of my mind.

I did not know how my next of kin were doing, and they didn't know a thing about me for 14

years flat. I didn't get one pill during those 15 years time of detention. The smokers didn't get one cigarette. As far as the food is concerned, as calorific value it ranged from 600 and 1000 calories, and as nutritional value it was extraordinarily weak, coming from the waste disposal in groceries.

Who could even believe, in the free world, all these things? No one, but God and we, the ones who lived through this ordeal. Who of the intellectuals in this free world could believe and comprehend that writers, poets, scientists, philosophers and other categories of intellectuals composed their

works there, only in their minds, writing them only in their memory?

Who could believe that all the ballads and poems of Radu Gyr, Nichifor Crainic and others, numbering dozens of verses each, were written only with the pencils of their minds and their memory?

The reader who is of good faith inside the free world, in order to be convinced that what I say is true, let him go in the communist Romania, where ex-political prisoners still live and who can testify to these facts as being true.

Meeting an illustrious college professor, after I was released from prison, he asked me in what

kind of conditions I spent my 15 years of punishment. Because I knew him since 1937, I told him what I told you above. After I laid it down to him, the illustrious professor put his hand to his temple and then, very surprised, in order not to offend me, he exclaimed :

- I don't understand and cannot accept that, in the era we are living in. To his statement I replied :

- Yes, professor sir, but you forget we live in communism, and if I tell you all the ordeals and tortures the legionnaires were subjected to for years, what would you reply then?

- Nothing, he replied, and please forgive me, because this is out of my league.
- See, professor sir, if you, a cultured man and a scientist, from the top of the pyramid, don't understand these things, then how can the man on the street, the common man understand? Or the foreign people who did not live in communism? So, you agree with me that certain things, if you didn't experience yourself, you can never understand?
- And then, how did you survive in these conditions?
- The faith in God and the hope in His mercy and help!
Hearing my answer, the professor shut up and didn't

say how much or how little he believed in God. He was among the few college professors who didn't become a party member. He was also the only one who was forced to take his PHD twice. The first PHD he took before the bolshevism came to power in our country - in his young years he was a very good friend of Gheorghe Cuza - and the second PHD, during the communist regime. I told him goodbye, with the certainty that he had been living in communism and he learned nothing from it.

*

Sometime in June 1949, the two young men from Bucharest were taken to another cell, and in

their stead two other comrades were brought : Costache Oprisan, the superior of the Brotherhood of the Cross³¹ in all the country and Alexandru Munteanu, the superior of the legionnaire students from the Theological Faculty in Sibiu.

This time, I was among my own and could discuss anything. Oprisan was a senior in the Legion. Before 1940, in the times of the Legionary Government, he used to have an administrative function, and after Antonescu's coup d'etat in January 1941 he was taken in Germany where he was committed to the Buchenwald extermination camp. Back in the country in 1945, he

³¹ They were the Legion of the Archangel Michael's young members

received the function of chief of the F.D.C. in all the country.

Besides the fact that Oprisan was one of the chiefs with a big responsibility, his intelligence seated him in the top of the Romanian intellectual pyramid. With his philosophical expertise and his poet geniality he was making a big impression on those around him. He was the son of a "răzeș"³², born in Tecuci. He signed up at the Faculty of Literature and Philosophy in Cluj, where he amazed his professors. Due to his vast knowledge, accumulated during his stay

³² (In the Middle Ages, Moldavia) Free peasant, organized in communities; owner of land in the village he was born in; he worked the agricultural lot which was assigned to him as a free man (along with his family); free peasant, owner of land; has its roots in the Hungarian word rászés

in Germany, very often his lectures replaced the ones of his professor, of course with the professor's admiring indulgence. In the time I stood near him, I had the most elevated intellectual preoccupations. At his age of 30 years old, Oprisan was envied. He, like Pascal, was a fearsome brilliant mathematician and logician. I asked him to teach us about the history of philosophy so the time did not pass in vain. His lectures were not made "ex-cathedra",³³ but from soul to soul and so pleasant and attractive that, 8 hours a day, it was like I could

³³ from the seat of authority; with authority: used especially of those pronouncements of the pope that are considered [infallible](#).

forget the hunger and the outside world.

Those 11 months while I sat with Oprisan in the cell, were for me the most pleasant months I ever spent in prison.

I was attached to Oprisan because, due to a gross denouncement, which I will expose in the following lines, I fell into the hell of the Pitesti self-denouncements³⁴. I later heard that he was made into a martyr, somewhere in "secret" at the Jilava prison. Oprisan, who was a philosopher, was also a poet. Part of his poems were

³⁴ Communist tortures that were meant to "expose" the subject as being "the one who exploited the working class and treated her like a servant"

memorized and taken out of
the prison. Here is one of
these poems saved from
extinction, thanks to the
memory of the survivors.

Don Quijote

O, Lord! Don Quijote was
murmuring
And his hand goes down, along
with his lance, shivering,
O, my only love, changed into a
robot!
His lance sinking its tip into
the mud.

The pure mystery of life, cast
into dead iron!
This is the reason they took you
away from your old castle..
To change the ineffable fluid
into resort

And the etheric body, in monster
of steel.

The sad Don Quijote lowers from
his horse.

United with you I shall forever
stay,

Your celestial love in metal I
shall seek,

Forever give me the first kiss.

The ring of destiny is moving
slowly, in the sky,

And the sign of suffering, the
delicate pisces rise out,

In his sleep Sancho cries on his
breastplate

And, numbed by his thoughts, the
stoical donkey rests.

Oh! Mind corrupted by vanity!
Descartes, the Illuminism³⁵, its
cheap makeovers....

³⁵ The ideas and principles of various groups of Illuminati

Today you'll try again to
scratch my wound
Squeezing the same doubts into
my soul.

Your vain light tempted me from
young age,
Its pale vainglory trying to
kill my genius,
And I watched inside my soul,
under your dead clearness
How one after another, your
miracles ended.

But my heart knows, that this
tall wall,
Its straight lines going up into
the sky,
Under its sinister silence,
under basaltic blocks,
Under its simple geometry, it
hides a mystery.

For this reason the destiny
wishes me, bypassing these
gates,
Under rocky clearness to feel
its evil genius.
Its fallen light to raise back
from the dead,
Paying for my sin with my own
flesh and blood.

*

Starting August 1949, a very
harsh diet was imposed. The plan
which the communists had for us,
the legionnaire students there,
started to be put in application
through systematic starvation,
weakening our physical strengths
to the limit of death.

In October we barely could
move around the cell anymore.
In all this time, the
majority of legionnaire

students in the country had been brought to Pitesti. And when the prison was filled, the selection and cell repartition according to a prior planning started. So, the preparation for the exposures started with atrocious starvation. The soup was transparent and the quarter of a loaf of bread was reduced to half. They didn't come to take us to get some air or to the bathroom, and the relative "freedom" which had been implemented with a very deliberate purpose, was suppressed. So, the going outside at the toilets to empty our chamber pots which allowed us to meet other comrades was suddenly

suppressed. The guards on our section were replaced as well with other, newly hired guards.

The terror of starvation became so acute that it required a super-natural effort to stop yourself from screaming. It is worth noting at this point that on the forced labor and hard labor sections the hunger was endured with stoicism³⁶.

On 26th of October 1949, on Saint Dumitru's Day, my name anniversary, the guard newly arrived on our section opens the cell door and reads my name of the ever present list. Hearing my name, I

³⁶ Conduct conforming to the precepts of the Stoics, as repression of emotion and indifference to pleasure or [pain](#).

asked the guard if I have to pack my stuff or not. He invited me just to come out and lead me to the corridor between the head and tail of the "T", where a Security officer was expecting me. I was then lead down onto the main staircase, where the prisoners didn't have an access to, and lead to the administration building which was found at a distance of some 50 meters from the prison. The administration and prison weren't connected at all, remaining separate for keeping a better secrecy. I had been to it before, one time only, immediately after arriving from Suceava, when they took our fingerprints,

measured our bodies and recorded our distinctive signs in order for our personal identity file to be created.

They left me waiting a few minutes in the hallway, then the same officer lead me into a corridor where, judging by the positions of the doors I could tell those were the interrogation offices. As I came into the office I saw a civilian who was seated not on the chair at the desk, but right on the desk, American style. His physiognomy and the color of his face and hair lead me to believe he is a typical Russian, but that was my first impression and, as the poet says : "your ear

is lying to you and your eye deceives you". The moment he started speaking he had me totally confused. He was speaking perfect Romanian, in the manner of a cultivated man from Bucharest. And I thought he was a Russian from Basarabia... He had blue eyes, a moderate forehead, a thick nose, moderate height and an athletic constitution. So, judging from his looks he seemed to be Russian and by the way he spoke pure Romanian.

The first word he addressed to me was : "Oh, what a curled moustache you got there old man, you look just like Stefan the Great".

Indeed, that was a reasonable

remark : my comrades told me that I did look like the Moldavian King. He then invited me to take a seat on the chair, near the barred window. He then started to ask me a few questions : if I went to Russia as a soldier and if I was decorated. I answered yes, seeing that he knows my file well. Then he asked me how come I endured the interrogation and why did they give me such a long sentence, to which I replied only with a shrug. He offered me a cigarette which I refused, being a non smoker. On the desk there was a small basket with nuts in it, which he opened with a penknife; he took off the

core, cleaned it and ate it. He did this all the time while I spoke with him. He offered to me too, but I refused him. At his remark that I don't want to eat from communists and I refuse him again like I refused his cigarette, I answered that is true.

As a consequence, the climate in the room and his vocabulary were changed on the spot.

After a few other trivial questions : who are my cellmates, how do I feel, how is the food, he asked me what is Oprisan's role among the legionnaires, and I reply that he must know better than me. He changed his tone :

"He! He! You are sharing the cell with big ranks, Moustache". And to the question : "What are you talking about in the cell, Moustache?", I replied that we are talking about women.

- You legionnaires talk about women too?
- Yes, sometimes.
- You don't discuss other things as well?
- Oh yes! Our memories from college.
- Ah! I forgot you are students!

He asked me if I knew how many students were inside the prison; I replied that I cannot know and I am not the prison warden to know such things. "But on the section

that I was on?" he continued. The same negative answer followed, much to his somewhat retained anger.

- But the guard, didn't he let you meet at the toilet?
I didn't reply to this question anymore. I could tell that he knew what was going on inside our section. My supposition was true. They allowed us to meet at the toilet for a reason : it was part of their scheme. He then asks me if I wrote home, and I said "yes", then he insidiously said that this was a favor from them. I replied :

- They weren't favors, investigator sir!

- I am not an investigator!

His reply made me think. Judging by the way he asked questions and was studying my face I was convinced that he is a versed cop and that he knows the psychology of the relationship between the investigator and the one being questioned. The vocabulary and the well thought out and balanced questions were betraying him - he wasn't just any policeman. I believe that he was one of the big fish and he also knew about the self-denouncement operation too and his presence at Pitesti wasn't random. This man could have been Nicolski. It couldn't have been Zeller

because I knew Zeller later,
in Pitesti.

When he finally realized this
was going nowhere, he started
fronting me :

- Listen to me, you bandit! (I
can hear him even now) You
think you can fool me,
answering me in this way?
Don't you know where you are
right now? Do you even know
who I am? - I heard this from
all the communists who wanted
to look intimidating and
important. I replied that I
do not know and do not care
who he is, which enraged him
a lot.
- Listen you bandit! I know you
very well and I know what you
are thinking inside your
bandit minds!

I didn't answer. I knew that he knew our legionnaire doctrine and our way of life and how our relationships were like. In short, they knew us but we didn't know them. But after he said that he knew us I started paying more attention to his questions and to my answers, being more hesitant to give answers. By mentioning some errors our people did in the past he wanted to provoke me and get things from me, make me talk.

Seeing that he is not getting any answers from me, he changed his tone :

-You are 80 percent of this prison you bandits and seek to convert others as well,

luring them to your
legionnaire camp.

I gave a straight "no"
answer.

-How so? He replies. What
about Petrovanu and Negrescu?

-I only talked about
Christian things with them,
because I am a Christian.

Hearing this, he asks me :

-You are a student at
medicine, how can you believe
in the things you cannot see?

-There are so many things
which you cannot see but
still they exist. Our minds
for instance, our thoughts,
which you cannot see and
still, you seek to know them.

-I will indeed know your very
thoughts, he replies.

I ask the reader to keep his statement in mind because I will come back later to talk about it. Another clue that something was being prepared for us.

I told him that faith can be found there where the instruments of physics cannot take us.

He changed the subject.

He asked me if I was a legionnaire anymore and I replied with another question :

-Isn't this the reason I was sentenced? Don't you know why I was sentenced?

-Maybe you won't be anymore, he emphasized.

-That cannot be, I answered.

Then he quickly replied :

-We'll live and see.

Again this made me conclude that something indeed was in store for us, something which needed to happen.

The dialogue continued :

-Maybe you won't want to be a legionnaire any longer!

-How can I not be any longer when I already am?

-Don't be so rash, your time may come!

So, I knew for sure that something was about to take place. When he said "maybe you won't to be legionnaire any longer" made me think of the re-education back in Suceava, which we had been forced to undergo. However, this dialogue wasn't related

to the things which he needed to get out of me.

-Will you be able to survive 15 years in prison? Because, he added, the food diet you are on right now won't allow you to finish all the sentence.

-There were saints who lived 40 years in the desert, with only a biscuit and a cup of water a day and they survived. On the contrary, their bodies and minds were very healthy, the proof being their writings. This is how we'll do it too.

-The saints lived in the desert, but you are in our hands.

Seeing that the dialogue was going nowhere he directly jumped at me.

-Listen bandits! Look at me, even if you are made of reinforced concrete we will still soften you.

It was clear to me now. I can hear it sounding in my ears even today and I won't forget as long as I have a brain left. We'd have to endure coercion and violence coming from the deepest, most diabolic hatred. I don't know if he said it intentionally or it slipped him in order to make me believe our destiny was in their hands.

-There is no metal which can withstand beyond its melting temperature, he added.

As a conclusion he said :

-I will shave your moustache!

-If it will be banned, I will shave it myself!

-We have methods to make you into whatever we want to make you!

-Concerning the body, yes, but the soul is untouchable.

-But we, atheists, can get to it, because it hangs on your bodies!

-It hangs in our bodies but is eternal!

-You think!

The dialogue ended with the following affirmation :

-Listen to me bandit, concerning our promises we will keep our word.

A bit irritated, I answered with an offensive tone :

-What are you trying to say?
-You will see! You can be made of reinforced concrete and we'll still get to you... This threat marked the end of dialogue. I left without saying good day. I left the interrogation office (a simple cell) and walked slowly, without escort, to the prison door.

*

It is worth noting those threats weren't random, in fact they were the essence of the communist plan concerning the extermination of the Legionnaire Movement.

Knowing these threats a great question arises in our minds. I asked Oprisan to analyze

these threats and tell us if he could see what was coming for us. On that time we didn't know Makarenko³⁷'s pedagogy of the bat and we didn't know these threats referred to the method the communists will use on us in order to kill us, and not necessarily force us to surrender. How could we know that the most barbaric violence will be used against us and that only Turcanu and 5 more people will use it at

³⁷ 13th March 1888-1st April 1939; Anton Semionovici Makarenko was born in the Ukraine, "Biopilia" village, in a family of workers. Even from the time of Russia's Civil War he was dedicated to "rehabilitating" abandoned and delinquent children. He founded the 1st work colony which he named "the Gorki colony", in which he instituted military discipline, putting an accent on the group opinion, thus crushing the personality of the "intellectuals". His purpose was the creation of "the new man", of a "good soviet citizen". His thinking was based on Marx and Lenin's ideas. His most published and well known books were : "The pedagogical poem" and "Flags on towers" which inspired movies too. He also set the duration of the turning of the "old man" into the "new", in a text entitled : "15 years for the forming of the new man". To reach this goal, inside the Gorki colony the children and young men were trained in physical exercises, paramilitary training, military games, parades under the banner, etc. In Makarenko's opinion, only the collective is the perfect pedagogical solution for the transforming of the individual. The sinister Romanian "Ceome" was based on this idea. The torturers in Romania's prisons were inspired by his ideas as well. Turcanu and the members of "the re-education committee" all read Makarenko's works in order to extract the "methods" and the "general idea" from them

first, in agreement with the prison administration. The Makarenko methods plan was entrusted only to Turcanu, because only Turcanu felt positive he could apply Makarenko's torture method down to the smallest detail. The ones who in turn received this plan from the Russian advisors and carried it to fulfillment were : general Nicolski, colonel Zeller (who I got to know personally) and Turcanu. The last two mentioned ended like I previously said; Nicolski was the only one left alive. Officially though, the communists only used the plan once : on 10th of December 1949, after which, Turcanu

was left to apply their methods and carry on their plan to fulfilment like the blind tool he was.

After I told my cell mates about the dialogue I had with the interrogator, Oprisan told us to think. To be on the lookout, but remain calm. So of all my comrades on the same forced labor section at the 2nd floor I was the only one left to bother with what my interrogator said.

Probably because I was sharing the cell with Oprisan. Several days later, thanks to Florica the guard, we could spread the word to all the comrades on our section about what went on with the interrogator. I

don't know if there were other comrades taken like me to the interrogator's chamber but war had already been declared : "Even if you had been made from reinforced concrete we will still soften you down".

Oprisan told us : "Dear comrades and friends, you know well already that our leader Corneliu Codreanu started the fight against communism. Because of this, those of us who follow him and are engaged in his struggle must be prepared - not physically because we couldn't do that but spiritually - for it is the toughest fight for us yet. I cannot clearly see the method

they are going to use on us but I believe it will be the method of violence, seeking to destroy in us the faith, unity, love and fellowship". Oprisan, like us, didn't suspect though that in the violence they were going to inflict on us they will use our own brothers, used as blind instruments by the ones who concocted the plan. After that interrogation I felt like the traveler who sees the coming of a storm at the horizon, terrified, waiting for it to come, while never knowing its power. Afterwards, when all the section found out about the interrogator's words, many of us asked what should they do.

Oprisan told them : "Be prepared for the struggle in the swamp of desperation. Each of us will be alone, aided only by God's Mercy and the good in him. The struggle will last long, you will fall down and be raised up again, but you must be strong and patient, convinced that this fight is the right fight. So all that remains for us is to sharpen our spiritual swords : of love, unity and fellowship".

*

Start of December 1949. The guard on our section passes in front of each cell, telling us to clean them because we were going to be inspected by people

in Bucharest from the Ministry of Internal Affairs and Administrations. Indeed, after 2 days, before lunch time, the guard Florica told us that the inspection was already on the corridor and it was making its way toward us.

Not long after the guard warned us, they appeared in our section : two deputy ministers of Teohari Georgescu.

Prison rules were that each time the cell was opened or closed, morning and evening, the one on cell duty had to sit near the door in upright position and report just like in the army. I just happened to be in cell duty that day.

When the door opened, warden Dumitrescu appeared together with the deputy ministers Jianu and Dulgheru. I started to report : "Sir minister sir, the cell no. 18 numbering 4 prisoners, at your command, sir". Because I was wearing a moustache, the minister didn't even listen to my report, but instead he asked the warden who allowed the prisoners to wear a moustache. The warden, excusing himself that no one ever instructed him concerning this matter, ordered all moustaches to be shaved starting tomorrow. I knew the conversation was carried out loud for us the cell mates to hear. Indeed,

we looked like corpses, and the cell wall under the window was all moldy. The weather was cold and we were ordered to wash the timber floor 3 times a week. Because of the cold near the window and water vapors from the floor the mold started to appear, the cell looking like a moldy tomb.

The day of 10th of December was coming near, which the students in the old Romania celebrated. The two deputy ministers' visit wasn't random.

Pitesti (2)

10th of December 1949

The self-denouncements start in Pitesti

The rumor had it that before the self-denouncements started, one or two days prior, on the 10th of December, Turcanu Eugen, Popa Alexandru a.k.a. "Tanu", Martinus, Cantemir and other three whose names I didn't find out, were taken out of the prison to a warbler on the side of Arges river. There they were told that they are the team who will shoot all the legionnaire superiors in Pitesti prison. When asked if they agree to do this, all of them answered they are ready to do this deed.

They were then brought to the place where the execution needed to happen, guns and bullets were distributed to them each and they sat and waited for the victims to be brought. The ones who directed this hoax already knew that Turcanu and his team were ready to follow any order given to them. The first test had been passed; all that remained was the tool to begin executing the plan.

Before 10th of December, inside the 4th hospital room (which I mentioned earlier) 30 students were brought who were from the top of the pyramid - mostly legionnaires. Turcanu and his team were inside that room as well : Popa "Tanu", Martinus,

Livinschi, Leonida, Prisacaru, Cantemir, Virgil Bordeianu and a few pupils from Campulung Moldovenesc. Turcanu and his group did not say they were re-educated already but on the contrary they were saying bad things about Bogdanovici and those who accepted re-education back at Suceava. Turcanu and his team were doing this because they wanted to see what the students were thinking, saying, what side they were on each. Turcanu provoked a scandal between his team and the 30 students, mostly legionnaires. A window was broken during this fight and that was the signal for the administration to intervene. A few knocks in the door and the warden Dumitrescu

along with lieutenant Marina and some 30 guards entered the room. The warden and political officer Marina fired their pistols into the ceiling and the guards with clubs, ox valves and military belts beat the students to a pulp.

You didn't know if they were alive or dead anymore. As if this wasn't enough, the un-reeducated students were then taken out into the hall and Turcanu's group started beating them so terribly that the corridor floors became puddles of blood. Then these students, chosen from the elite legionnaires, were taken to the death cells in the head of the "T" and tortured by Turcanu over

an year in the most horrendous and cruel ways.

A few names of martyrs : Pop Cornel, Magirescu Eugen, Popescu Aristotel, Pavaloaia Constantin, Patrascanu Nuti, Caziuc, Voinea Octavian, Soltuz Laurentiu, Juberian, Parizianu Gheorghe, Strachinariu Constantin, Dan Lucinescu. This is why these comrades broke down, excepting Parizianu. It's not right to judge them : when you're accusing someone you better know how it is in his/her shoes first. You have to wonder if you could have resisted to those tortures yourself before judging someone. From this date forward, warden Dumitrescu and Marina the lieutenant became absent from

the scene; Turcanu was in charge of the prison now. He had spare keys of all the rooms and cells of the prison. I saw him dozens of times with the bundle of keys in his hand, authoritarian and fearsome, even putting a scare on the guards.

The Pitesti denouncement tortures lasted from 10th of December 1949 to September 1951. These young men who were isolated, God only knows what torments they have endured, with no possibility to even kill themselves.

Starting from 10th of December 1949, the administration and guards in Pitesti prison vanished from the scene. The only actor left was Turcanu. He

locked and unlocked, he ordered the guards. He and his masters, general Nicoliski and colonel Zeller. Nothing moved without them knowing. During the night of 10th of December 1949 many of us on the other sections heard sounds and couldn't understand what they were.

At the end of December my faculty colleague Lunguleac Ion and Grigoras Ion were brought in cell 18.

I did not know that Lunguleac Ion willfully agreed to take part in the reeducation at Suceava. But because I knew he was suffering from Grave's Basedow disease I suspected he was capable of anything. My suspicions proved to be true.

Lunguleac didn't bear any guilt though. Because of his incurable disease he would have done just anything for a tin of barley.

When he entered the cell I suspected he was sent to spy on Oprisan. I immediately told Oprisan and Sandu Munteanu to stop talking about the Legionnaire Movement. Iosub, the friend of Lunguleac, let Lunguleac share the bed with him. Iosub was the only one who talked with him. Lunguleac tried to get information out of him.

The Christmas of 1949, as opposed to the 1948 one, was sad and corrupted by Lunguleac's presence. In the Christmas night they sang carols composed by Radu Gyr on the melody of "Oh,

What a Wonderful news" carol.
This carol was so heartbreaking
that it made you cry.

The New Year's Eve of 1950 I
spent with fear; satan's spirit,
was all over the Pitesti prison
maintaining the climate of
terror.

At the end of January, Lunguleac
was taken a few times out of his
cell without saying where he was
going. From that moment I
realized he is a rat. This made
it impossible for him to live
among us. No one talked with him
anymore, not even Iosub who was
his friend. Lunguleac wasn't an
evil man but his disease made
him very vulnerable. I never met
another political prisoner like
him, who was so tormented by

hunger; he was incapable of withstanding hunger. He was going mad because of hunger.

At the half of January, Lunguleac was taken out of the cell for good. After he left we were relieved and calm and harmony were reinstated.

We were so weak, especially Oprisan. When he kept his philosophy history lectures I was amazed he still had the energy to move anymore.

Besides the hunger there was the cold also. Only in the evening we were given a bit of warmth.

Between 26th of October 1949 - March 1950 there was a total lack of information. I came to this conclusion after some of our comrades in the same prison

section were disappearing without a trace and I wasn't even suspecting where they were being taken to.

In March Oprisan finally finished the history lesson. He spoke about Nae Ionescu and the Romanian philosophical school and promised he will lecture us about the philosophy of culture as well.

Denouncement. Ground floor room no. 2

In Pitesti and Gherla they didn't really do re-education, which officially wasn't done with the bat and in the most cruel ways, but in peaceful means using words and persuasion

and reasonable arguments. In fact the communists were never interested and never sought to re-educate their adversaries. They only wanted to compromise them. They weren't the adepts of re-education simply because their ideology is based on terror, hate and lies.

The denouncements had the purpose of continuing the interrogations, not by using the illiterates they first hired in Security in 1949, but using the prisoners themselves³⁸. So Nicolski using his subordinate Turcanu and his henchmen tortured you in the most horrific ways in order for you to tell them everything you knew about yourself and others, being

³⁸ Who had been students

convinced that very little was said during prior official interrogations.

They focused their energy mostly on the young legionnaires. They, the legionnaires were foreseen in their plan, and not other youths, who were disorganized. The other youths who were arrested represented individual cases. The communists knew well the organization and activity of the legionnaire youth among the students and pupils.

What other organization of young people could compare itself with the legionnaires? No others opposed communism like these young brave men, being tortured to death for it, killing themselves so they could keep

their souls, suffering until the last breath.

I ask mr. Ierunca if he knows how many legionnaires killed themselves, wound up dead, went insane. I know, but he only writes from hear-say.

The legionnaire youth was the reason for the self-denouncements. Some weren't slapped once but they told everything to Turcanu and Popa Tanu, taking their side. We know them all.

Stalin's communists, the international occult, and the national occult knew us too well and they did not like our ideas at all. That's why they wanted to destroy us. The Legionnaire Movement has its roots in

Christian teachings about world and life and as long as the Christian Church will be on this earth the Legionnaire Movement will be also. The Legionnaire Movement wanted to bring Christian ideas in politics because the basis of the human relationships is love, honor, unity and harmony.

The Legionnaire Movement wanted to create a new type of Christian man - like Mota³⁹ - who in all his manifestations and actions does only what is pleasing To God. The Legionnaire Movement was born From Jesus. "I loved Jesus and walked gladly to

³⁹ A quote from Mota : "Our soul, still tied to another world, wanders today in a life which is not ours. When we face the world of today, we feel alien, we find no sense in it other than the possibility of harnessing it to revive the days of old and to increase their beauty - their beauty and the right Romanian order."

death for Him", Mota confessed at his martyrdom.

The Legionnaire Movement is about the love for your people and nation. This doesn't mean you hate other nations. In The Legionnaire Movement nations are the foundation on which human communities rest.

God created nations as social entities. If this wouldn't be the case, He wouldn't have chosen a nation in which to come in the flesh; we humans were made in His image; that's why we must love Him, keep His Commandments, do His will and that which is pleasant To Him, love one another, live in peace, harmony, understanding and help one another. What is more

pleasing to God than the love, harmony and peace among brothers?

Nothing and no one could ever convince me that the "denouncements" would have existed without the existence of the legionnaires in the prisons. They knew that this very well organized and disciplined Movement was their strongest enemy, The Legionnaire Movement. Communists wanted at the same time to make us renounce our faith in God and our Christian concept about world and life. It is worth noting that the majority of the people who were not legionnaires and I met in prison were either atheists

either indifferent towards faith.

They also wanted to erase the myth about the Captain and the Legion from the legionnaire youth's hearts, then make them say in front of all the others that they are not legionnaires anymore, insulting the Captain, the superiors and Legion in the most vile ways, thus discrediting you in front of the others regarding your political ideas. They also sowed distrust and deceit among the legionnaires. Also they made you distrust yourself and your moral and intellectual capabilities.

Then they wanted to erase the myth of the legionnaire fighting spirit from your conscience;

destruction of personality regarding anything man had good in him; using the young legionnaires as informers in prisons and outside of prisons; changing the young legionnaire with the help of torture so much as to make him become torturer instead of tortured.

This was the communists' plan which was put in practice in those "self-denouncements" at Pitesti and Gherla.

Just think about this : Can a man, a human community or a family exist without mutual trust in one another?

The communists acted not only upon the body but - using the body's capacity to feel pain - upon the soul and conscience of

the man. For this reason I was and am firmly convinced that the drama at Pitesti and Gherla was unique.

After I am finished telling the reader the things I've been through, seen and heard by me and my comrades, I will try as much as I can, to tell you which of these above mentioned objectives were accomplished by the communists.

The method used in "denouncements" as far as physical torture is concerned, was inspired by Makarenko's "Pedagogical poem" - a Bolshevik criminal educator - which they had been experimenting in the U.S.S.R. on the general population inmates; this

diabolical method of torture was planned by the satanic minds of Moscow and international occult. The essence of this method was : beating, long-lasting torture which continued indefinitely at the highest intensity possible. The tortured wasn't allowed to know when this torture will end. Malraux in his writings said that no one can last indefinitely to torture without knowing when that torture will end or if it will end.

*

At the half of March 1950 - several days before we were taken from cell 18 and transferred to ground floor room 2 - our comrade Iosub Mihai, who had the soul pure as a virgin's,

had been having some terrible nightmares a few nights in a row which worried us.

He had been dreaming about young legionnaires killing one another, blood, reproaches, young people running from each other and, what was even more terrifying was that we those in the cell 18 were part of this terrible drama; especially him, Iosub Mihai, I and my comrade Oprisan. Several days in a row, in the morning, he would tell us he has the same hunch as grim as before his mother died, in Iasi. He was certain that something extraordinary will take place with him and his comrades.

His terrible predictions - due to the purity of his soul - will

come to pass in the smallest detail, as the predictions of his mother before him, which she made one or two days before she passed away, when she told his sisters : "My dears, you said Mihai will become a doctor, he will not become a doctor though". Indeed, Mihai Iosub never became a doctor, because he was killed in Pitesti.

I don't remember the exact day when we were taken out of our cells because of the tortures which were yet to follow soon after.

One morning, the guard Florica opened the cell door and having a list in his hand, in a muffled voice - he knew something - he read the following names :

Oprisan Constantin, Bordeianu Dumitru and Iosub Mihai. "Pack your stuff because you are being taken elsewhere!" I didn't understand then why Florica was so sad, as if we were going to our funerals. We packed our belongings and crying, we hugged the other two remaining in the cell, Sandu Munteanu and Ion Grigoras. While I was packing my belongings, I felt as if a knife pierced through my heart and a state of fear engulfed me, a type of fear I hadn't experienced before. We crossed ourselves and left the cell. I turned my head to look at Iosub who was walking behind me, and I saw terror on his face.

We were taken to the staircase in the "tail" of the "T", which they had been using to take us into the prison yard, and we were stopped in front of the room no. 2 on the ground floor. Even now when I am writing this and I remember, a terror overwhelms me as if I would still be there entering that room.

From there you could see through the wire net up until the 3rd floor. I couldn't hear any sound or movements.

As I stood near the door, the guard on that section came to take us into his custody, relieving Florica. Not after long, Ion Munteanu, graduate of Medical University in Iasi, born

in Oravita and Comsa Ieronim, a student of the same faculty, born in Sinaia, were brought as well; Comsa Ieronim had functioned in the Moldavia's F.D.C.⁴⁰. Both had been given long sentences. We hugged each other, asking one another why we had been brought there.

I knew this room was big and those sentenced long years to forced labor weren't committed to rooms, but only to cells. The rooms were only occupied by those with short and correctional sentences. Then, a guard came with the key, looked on a list and identified us all before inviting us to enter.

⁴⁰ The Christian Democrat Forum

I remember it was on a Saturday and I remembered that Saturday was also the day when the self-denouncements began. Even today, when I remember this, a feeling of dread chills my body as if I was living in the fear of death.

As I entered the room, I immediately saw known faces, and one of them who were expecting us, whose real purpose inside the room we'd find out in a few hours, told us with a sugary voice : "Have a seat on the cement in the corner, near the window, and take your belongings with you there until we bring the blankets".

Ion Munteanu - it was then when I knew him for the first time but I did hear many wonderful

things about him; his prominent features were his intelligence and rightness taken to the extreme. He made the mistake of asking the one who addressed us : "Are you the boss in this room?" and that one replied positively. The man who addressed us when we entered the room was none other than Priscaru, Popa Alexandru's colleague at the Agricultural Faculty in Iasi, one of those who willfully adhered to the re-education plan back in Suceava, part of the squad of six trained for the execution of the young legionnaires and part of those who were the torturers in the 4th hospital room.

Among those in the room I saw Virgil Bordeianu and Cantemir. These two I knew since back when I was free. I also recognized some faces of pupils from Campulung. Some of the pupils from Campulung and Suceava adhered to the re-education in this latter city ⁴¹and, instead of being taken to Targisor, they were brought here to Pitesti from Jilava.

The pupils brought to Pitesti along with Turcanu, whom I met in the room no. 2 on ground floor had to assist and initiate "self-denouncements" and then, at the beginning of Spring, some of them would be sent to Targisor among the pupils there, to continue the "self-

⁴¹ Pitesti

denouncements" ⁴²they started here in Pitesti, Targosor being a prison only for pupils.

Here's another argument which shows that the plan for the self-denouncements was made even before our arrests. Why did they bring pupils to Pitesti, when this prison was destined only for the students? Of course, it was because these pupils had to pass their initiations as torturers and become skilled in the self-denouncements techniques first. During the time I was tortured in the room no.2 on ground floor, on this section there were also 3 other rooms - 1, 3 and 4 - where the self-denouncement took place, and 4 other rooms at the

⁴² Reeducation

basement. In these rooms, after 10th of December 1949, students and pupils were trained as torturers to be taken and perform "self-denouncements" at Targsor, Gherla, Targu Ocna, Ocnele Mari and Canal.

These dates are certain without a doubt, verified in Aiud and especially in the camp at the Poarta Alba⁴³ by some of our comrades who had sentences up to 10 years. In 1958, when the 2nd big wave of arrests came to pass, on the occasion of soviet troops leaving the country and the agricultural collectivization entering its final stage, these comrades of ours and the ones who had been part of the "self-denouncements"

⁴³ English : The White Gate

in Pitesti, Gherla, Targu Jiu, Canal, were committed to the camp at Poarta Alba, from The Danube Delta.

As I was sitting in the corner on the room on my luggage, Oprisan invited me near him and asked me whispering if I know someone in this room. I answered yes and gave him names as well. He asked me then if anyone of those who willingly accepted the reeducation at Suceava were present. I pointed at the three who were sitting on the bed near the wall and who were talking with each other; I gave him their names also. Then Oprisan whispered to me : " My dear, something terrible is going on here. Look at the faces of these

young men". I took a good look at their faces : Indeed, Oprisan was right. In that moment the fear engulfed me.

After my talk with Oprisan, Virgil Bordeianu (a coincidence of names; we weren't related, but we were from the same city and we knew each other in Iasi) in a friendly manner, as back then when we were free, approached me. He asked me how I was doing, if I am healthy and what my thinking is like. I told him I am healthy and my thinking is as he knew before. I noticed that although he shook my hand, he didn't hug me too, as he used to.

At the same time Iosub Mihai walked to the beds, and to his

surprise, he saw Gioga Parizianu (the hero who was put inside the oven in Suceava) sitting on a lower bed, wrapped in a wet sheet. All you could see was his swollen and bruised head. When Iosub asked him how he was doing, Gioga, barely opening his mouth, told him : "Mihai, get out of here".

Iosub returned to me and while shivering, he told me how Gioga, Strachinaru and other comrades, about 12 crippled men, were wrapped in wet sheets in the same state as Gioga was. Iosub continued, saying : "Brother, what is going on here? Again, I have a terrible hunch".

Munteanu, hearing our conversation, got up from his

place and went among the beds to see if he knows someone from Cluj. He met a few, but they didn't talk to him. Returning to his place, he addressed me and Oprisan : "What is this room? The air here terrifies the living guts out of me!"

Comsa, who worked in the F.D.C., went also among the beds and recognized many pupils from the high schools in Campulung, Suceava and Radauti, with whom he had been working for the Legion. These pupils met him with hospitality, as their superior, and asked him all kinds of questions. But when he saw Strachinaru and Lates, his former aids at the F.D.C., wrapped in wet sheets, he

abstained from answering their questions and quickly returned to our group near the window.

Facing this spectacle and this climate which reigned inside the room you couldn't tell what's going on. But you could see the coming of a nasty storm.

I noticed that we, the 5 newly arrived inside this room, had been seated in a place where no one could see us standing. But we knew that all those present in the room had been informed about us.

The deadbolt is pulled with a big noise and two gen-pop inmates drop the food pot at the door. Then the guard orders for someone to come and get the corn-biscuit, some kind of

biscuit made from corn flour, which is soaked in water and baked inside the oven. The one who was ordered to bring the corn-biscuit from the corridor, and shared it among us 5, chose the smallest piece there was in order to give it for us to eat. To our surprise, the food pot, which usually had to remain at the cell door outside, was introduced into the room where one of the prisoners shared the food instead of the guard. I noticed that Prisacaru assisted to the sharing of the meal, addressing those inside the room with authority : "Come in the order determined by me!" And to us : "You 5, you will get your portions after everyone in the

room has finished eating. Wait near the door!"

We got up and went near the door sitting in a row. The first in the row was Ion Munteanu who, in his usual rightness, seeing that to some the more consistent food was served (from the bottom of the pot) and to the others the less consistent food (only the clear water from the top of the pot), told the one who was serving the meal that he doesn't do it correctly. Prisacaru, who observed the scene, answered Munteanu : "It doesn't concern you." Munteanu, who was a common-sensed young man, replied : "Please be decent and civilized", to which Prisacaru brutally responds : "You'll see

how civilized I am in a few moments!"

We didn't have any bedding, the cement was bare, and we were seated on our "luggage"⁴⁴. When we ate, we felt a strange unseen presence circling inside the room.

Almost half an hour passed since we ate and Prisacaru, Cantemir and Virgil Bordeianu came to our corner and with a martial tone apostrophized us : "You! Are you legionnaires anymore?" We all answered together : "Yes! We are legionnaires, what can we be, this is why we have been sentenced!"

Munteanu got up on his feet and told them : "But you, aren't you

⁴⁴ their clothes were wrapped in a linen, tied to both ends

legionnaires anymore? Isn't this the reason you have been arrested and sentenced, because you are legionnaires?" To this, the three answered : "We aren't legionnaires anymore, you bandits!" Munteanu then tells Prisacaru : "I am not a gen-pop inmate, but a political prisoner, legionnaire. And if you aren't a legionnaire anymore then report this to the warden and he shall release you from prison".

"You bandit, Prisacaru replies, the regime will release us from prison, but you will die here, in prison!" Munteanu replies : "You don't know this, if I will die in prison".

Prisacaru was the victim of a lie and was executed, although he had a small sentence, but Munteanu was released from prison and lived.

Ever since we walked into the room until the three approached our corner, Oprisan, with his pensive nature and always retained, didn't say a word. Prisacaru addressed us once more, asking us if we are legionnaires, in the same vocabulary of course, like from a master to a slave. Afterwards he gave the signal to attack to those already prepared by him - they were like 30 - and yelled : "Get them!"

From that moment until the daybreak I became unconscious.

The 30 hit us so bad with their boots, clubs, fists, that in the morning there were puddles of blood in our corner on the cement. I never was unconscious for so long, not even in the horrendous tortures in Suceava before, the "wheel" and the "bed" from the time of the interrogations. I didn't know then and I still don't know how much those 30 bullies hit us. I remember I wanted to pee but I couldn't get up. I crawled to the chamber pot but then I realized I couldn't move. There wasn't one part of my body which didn't burn or hurt. I crawled back to my place again and because I didn't see well, my face being all swollen, I

couldn't tell what happened with my other comrades.

I only remember it was light outside and the sunlight was protruding inside the room. I opened my eyes and when I saw the state my friends were in, I became terrified. Not one of them looked human anymore. Only swollen heads, blackened faces and eyes which you could barely see, vanishing inside their eye sockets. On the cement floor, only blood; our clothes were all bloody also. My underpants and shirt were stuck to my body because of the wounds and that made me scream because of pain.

I tried to make an effort and pull myself together in order to analyze what had just happened,

but that was impossible. I only remember that when the meal was served none of us could get up. Even if we did get up we couldn't eat. Prisacaru, in his cruelty, ordered the one who served the meals : "Today these bandits don't get a thing to eat".

After all the others ate and we lied on the floor like some dead bodies, like in a dream I heard Prisacaru giving his signal again : "Get them!"

And again the 30 stormed us and I fainted. I woke up when one of them kicked me in my ribs with his boot, saying : "Hold the tin, bandit!" I stretched my hands to take the mess tin but my both hands failed me and I

dropped it, spilling its contents on the floor. Again I felt feet kicking my ribs and heard a voice yelling : "The bandit refuses to eat!" I answered that I don't refuse it, it's just I cannot hold the mess tin.

I cannot remember if during that afternoon they beat us again. I believe that the three, seeing the state we were in, were afraid we will pass away.

The cement being cold, did me good, stilling the burning I had all over my body. There wasn't any place on my body that wouldn't hurt. The coagulated blood glued to my shirt and underpants would burst open at my smallest move, triggering

intolerable burns. I understood then why my comrades weren't moving.

The ones from the "committee" didn't even allow us to have a wet hanky on our faces.

After several days, we were taken, supported by the ones who were around us to a bed near the wall, so we can face the others. I then found out that Prisacaru, Cantemir and Virgil Bordeianu formed a committee and they willingly accepted not to be legionnaires anymore and to fight against those who said they were still legionnaires and they will remain so to their deaths; as in Pitesti, Turcanu Eugen was the boss of the self-denouncement plan and not "the

bandit" Bogdanovici; because the communist regime didn't really need reeducation, but only our demise.

After what just happened, Munteanu, who didn't have his glasses anymore, broken by the bullies, with his face swollen and blackened by bruises, still had the strength and courage to tell Prisacaru : "Who gave you the right to do what you just did?" To this Prisacaru replied : "The communist regime, who trusts us, and you will see how many rights I have!" He then took off his jacket, asked four strong people to hold Munteanu's feet and hands, ordering for someone to bring him a wet cloth as well. He undressed Munteanu,

placed the wet cloth on his buttocks and started hitting him with a savage fury. Munteanu lamented a few times but after a while he didn't react anymore. Prisacaru then told the ones who held his arms and legs to throw him into the corner, on the cement.

So much barbarism and cruelty are impossible to explain. How can you, instead of answering a man who politely addressed you a question, hit him so cruelly until you see blood gushing out of him?

Afterwards, Prisacaru addressed us : "You will know my power, you bandits, for because of you, those who say you are still legionnaires, the regime is

keeping us locked away too; but we will make you, bandits, not only say you aren't legionnaires anymore, but even cursing the days you were born".

In that moment I knew this was my turn to be tortured. And I guessed who my torturer will be too - Virgil Bordeianu. And indeed, he got up from the bed telling me : "Come see how good friends we are, I will give you a hug you will never forget". After a signal, four matadors lied me down where Munteanu had been tortured before me, and, addressing all the others in the room, Bordeianu said : "Look at this bandit, we share the same name, we were good friends

outside, and now you will see how friends hug each other".

When I looked around me inside the room and saw all the people, except the ones being tortured, gathered in front of the beds, it crossed my mind for the first time and said to myself : "God, these aren't people, but devils". Only a satan possessed man could jump on you, a man who until yesterday you thought to be your brother, friend and good comrade, being capable of anything for his sake. Even today I see Virgil's face which looked like that of a demon terrifying you.

I noticed the same terror on the faces inside the room. Virgil screamed once more, just to be

heard : "Everyone pay attention here, see a friendly hug. When your best friend and even your brother will do to you what I am now doing to my friend, then the regime will trust you". Turning my head, I barely had the strength to tell him : "But what did I ever do to you, Virgil?" To this he replied : "Wait and see what you did to me".

I couldn't reason anymore, it's like I was living a nightmare. Everything seemed unreal, and my physical strength left me. That moment I thought death would be a good thing for me. There are moments in life when you wish for that to come and it doesn't. They put the wet cloth around me from the waist down. I only felt

the first blows. Afterwards I blacked out, I don't know when they threw me back on the cement floor, nor how much time I stood unconscious. The things I suffered during that day thanks to Virgil Bordeianu, were suffered by all my comrades who had been lying on the cement floor. When I woke, I saw that we were all disfigured; we didn't feel our bodies anymore; the cold cement floor on which we were lying was good for us.

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I remember that in the following Saturday the inevitable fall came to pass.

They got us up from the concrete and, aiding us, took us to face to committee which conducted the

tortures, under Prisacaru's command. They put Oprisan, who was a real corpse by now, on a bed. At Prisacaru's command, one inside the room tied his legs with a rope.

The remaining four of us were then taken - Munteanu, Iosub, Comsa and me. A club was handed to Munteanu to hit Oprisan on the soles of his feet, because Oprisan's body was one big wound already.

Munteanu hit, but he lacked strength. It is not the strength of the hits, but the fact that he hit and the fall was inevitable.

Then Iosub was ordered to hit Oprisan. He hit Oprisan in the soles of his feet a few times

too. Afterwards he dropped the club from his hand, saying he cannot hit him anymore. Cantemir then rushed at him, hitting him with a military belt on the head and punching him in the stomach. Iosub fell on the floor and he crawled back to the corner under the window while they kicked him with their boots.

It was my turn now. When the club was handed to me (I cannot remember what I was thinking then, I never did), I heard Prisacaru yelling : "Hit your mentor, bandit, because he taught you philosophy and he's a great legionnaire leader".

When Prisacaru mentioned "philosophy" I realized that Oprisan, Iosub and me were here

because of Lunguleac, who had been sent to cell 18⁴⁵ on the second floor with a mission. Lunguleac came to me and hit me with such strength that I fell on the floor after just a few hits. Then, he puts the club in my hand again, saying : "Hit your professor you bandit, otherwise I will kill you where you stand".

I remember I hit Oprisan, but not because of the threat, but because of the confusion which shrouded me, being incapable of thinking anymore. It doesn't matter if I hit him hard or not. What matters is I hit the man most dear to me, who taught me so many things. I hit the man who otherwise I was willing to

⁴⁵ Which was their previous cell

die for. My fall started from this moment.

Comsa Ieronim's turn came as well. The club was handed to him and ordered to hit Oprisan on the soles of his feet. Comsa, to whom Oprisan had been a superior inside The Legion, himself being the superior of the Brotherhood of the Cross in Moldavia, refused to hit Oprisan.

His refuse quaked all those inside the room. They never saw a case like Comsa's until then. So they ordered Oprisan to hit Comsa instead. Oprisan said that he cannot even lift his arms.

After this second refuse, Comsa's feet were tied and some of the high school pupils in the Brotherhood of the Cross were

invited to hit him. Two of them refused to hit him, seeing that Comsa refused to hit Oprisan as well; the suffering the poor kids endured for this, only they know. Comsa, after he was severely beaten on the soles of his feet, was thrown into the corner on the cement floor.

Back then I didn't know what it means to be angry at myself, but after seeing the refusals of Comsa and Oprisan and especially the refusal of the two kids, I thought very little of myself, as none other.

In that moment I didn't ask God for help and strength as our Savior says : "Apart from Me you can do nothing", so I became alone. Then my mind became dark

and satan used my weakness and pushed me towards the fall.

I will never forget Bogdanovici's eyes, when I met him on the staircase and I will never forget Oprisan's eyes, when I sat in the corner, on the cement floor, looking at him.

If it weren't for Comsa, Oprisan and the two high school kids, I would have thought that all the students were murderers. But they woke me up to the harshest reality.

Once I got separated from Oprisan I didn't hear anything more about him; all I know is he was so tortured and tormented in Pitesti and Gherla that he finally developed tuberculosis.

I once met Oprisan at Gherla, when we worked in the workshops. I saluted him with a special admiration but couldn't look into his eyes. I never had the power to go to him and ask for forgiveness. The only one who tortured me and regretted it coming to ask for my forgiveness was Costache Pavaloaia.

The saying goes that the first mistake is the hardest, because from the moment you made it a chain reaction of mistakes is being triggered and the fall cannot be stopped anymore.

I thought, if Ieronim Comsa, Oprisan and the two pupils had the guts and the strength to refuse that order, and I followed that order from

weakness and helplessness, that means I will get even worse than Virgil Bordeianu. In those moments of despair I swore in my mind that I will try and try again as much as I can to not hit anymore and ask for God's help, to give me strength and the power to endure.

After Comsa and the two pupils were disfigured, Prisacaru told Lunguleac to show us how one must hit.

I remember that I felt glad when Lunguleac began to hit me with all his might on the buttocks and soles of my feet. I honestly forgave him then for all he did to me. In fact, he helped me expiate my weakness and helplessness. Instead of

blacking out like in the two prior ill-treatments, like then when Virgil Bordeianu tortured me, Lunguleac's hits gave me the strength to understand that all this is satan's struggle against us, struggle made manifest through all those who were torturing us.

While Lunguleac was hitting me I wondered who is insane : me, or all the others? Keeping this in my mind I had the strength to walk on my feet and throw myself on the cement floor, near Oprisan.

A few days of relative calm followed until when the door opened and someone who looked like a young man from Leonardo da Vinci's paintings came into

the room. 1.85 meters tall, with the body of an athlete, who could put you down in only one hit.

He looked around the room and stopped in front of Oprisan, at the indications of Prisacaru of course. Then he grabbed Oprisan by the chin, turned Oprisan's face to him and started threatening him : "You, bandit, you are one of Patrascu's aids? I will kill you with my own hands!"

Then he asked who among us is Comsa. He didn't have the strength to get up anymore. He kicked Comsa with his feet, then he turned him face-up, bent over him, grabbed him by his coat, raised Comsa and told him : "Are

you Comsa? You are the one who poisoned so many high school pupils in Moldavia? I have something special for you!"

He then asked who is Munteanu. After Munteanu answered, this man bent over, grabbed him by his collar, lifted him into the air and slammed him into the wall so violently that I didn't believe he will ever get up again. "Are you the aggressive one? I will calm you down so much you won't even open your mouth anymore".

Then he asked Virgil Bordeianu who is the one inside this room who shares his name. "Are you the mystic? He asked while he shook me. "... will get you out of my hands now" and he said a

disgusting thing about the Virgin Mary. He hit me so hard in the head with his fist that I thought my head will protrude inside my chest; I rolled on the cement floor. He didn't see Iosub though.

Judging by the way those inside the room stood quiet at his presence, and the way the committee was flattering him like they were some of his puppies, I was convinced this is Turcanu. In fact I found out from Prisacaru's mouth moments later when he pronounced his name in subjection. Turcanu then walked among the beds to take a look at those that were wrapped in sheets of course. I don't know what he did to them but the

next day their sheets were gone and they were brought in front of the torture committee and trialed, asked to reveal everything they didn't say during the earlier interrogations, regarding those free and imprisoned. And so, the first objective in the communists' plan regarding the self-denouncements ⁴⁶was taking shape.

I realized how athletic Turcanu was when he got near the door, and how helpless and weak we were. He could fight 100 like us alone. He and the committee had a special diet too. I could only look at his face once then. His face was of a man possessed by an unlimited anger.

⁴⁶ Things they didn't declare during prior interrogations

I met him many times after too, even face to face, and I had the chance to study him more, physically and spiritually.

He was a beautiful man, uncommon, had a big head, delicate features, tall forehead, sensual lips, curled brown ranging to blond hair and a classic Greek type nose.

Extraordinarily big blue and very expressive eyes. When he frowned you became terrified. He had a pronounced chin. He rarely laughed and his laugh was pleasant, attractive. His proportioned body was the body of a professional athlete. He could throw you down with only a punch or a slap. When he got angry he was so cruel that he

destroyed anything in his way just like a ferocious killer.

He had a very high I.Q. and a formidable memory. He remembered all the things declared by the students at Bucharest and Gherla.

He was so possessed that you didn't know what to think of the man. I compared him to a fallen angel. The thirst for power obtained by any means drove this man insane. He became a low and possessed brute. Wherever he went through - torture chambers, corridors, 4th hospital room, where the statements were written with the help of tortures of course - Turcanu spread terror around him, so much so, that anything alive

around him would become petrified.

Many times when I saw him I remembered he had a beautiful wife and a little girl.

His intelligence was blinded by his thirst for power, by his will to rise above others, by any means necessary. And because of this blindness, or maybe because he didn't know the essence of communism, Turcanu became a blind tool which communists can use.

And his reward were bursts of lead which put holes in his athletic body. The blood of those killed by him asked for the retribution no one can ever escape from. Thus, the crooked

man became the victim of his own crookedness.

After his execution, his wife got a death certificate made in Oradea.

It was rumored in Aiud and later when I got free, that before Turcanu got pierced by bullets, he shouted : "The Bolsheviks deceived me and I believed them and I bear the guilt for everything that happened at Pitesti and Gherla". Only those who assisted his execution could say if this is real or not.

Before Turcanu left the room no. 2, he asked Prisacaru and those in his team to join him in the 4th hospital room, where they were gone for like 2 hours.

When the three⁴⁷ returned to the room, their faces were changed. A demonic fury possessed them. Just like mad people, not long after stepping into the room, they took the clubs in their hands, yelling to the others to come out from among the beds and form a group near the door, divided in two rows. To those who were lying on the beds they told them to not move, and to the others, hitting each one with the club, ordered them to hit each other until their powers are drained. These, of course, were Turcanu's orders. I was looking through the room to see if there was anyone who didn't want to comply. And, to my surprise, beside the two

⁴⁷ The torture committee

pupils who didn't beat Comsa, there were other five or six young men, one of whom I knew, who didn't hit others. Prisacaru told these unwilling young pupils to go near the door, where they were so violently beaten that they couldn't move anymore afterwards.

The others beat one another until blood was gushing out of them. Prisacaru ordered the beating to stop, after he considered it was enough.

This spectacle shook those of us on the cement so much that we didn't know what to believe anymore. The 30 who earlier jumped on us were now ordered to kill each other. Oh my God, what a terrible thing!

I was certain our turn will come. Indeed, Gioga Parizianu was brought from the beds, aided by two others in the room and brought to the torture committee. Iosub Mihai was called to beat Gioga but he answered that he didn't have any strength to do that. Then Gioga was ordered to beat Iosub; Iosub refused too, saying that he couldn't stand on his feet anymore. Prisacaru took this upon himself. He took off his jacket, took a club and started beating Iosub and Gioga until they weren't moving anymore. In the meantime I heard Virgil Bordeianu asking Prisacaru to not hit them anymore because blood was gushing out of their buttocks. The satan-possessed

beast, unleashed, still went on however, until these two didn't react at all. Afterwards Iosub was dragged to our corner by his feet, and Gioga put back in his bed.

I asked myself how could these young people withstand all of these tortures anymore? Gioga was the toughest comrade I met in prison.

My turn came as well. I was called and at the same time Ticuta Strachinaru was brought too, whom I used to know before prison. When I saw him I stood petrified : I didn't recognize him anymore. A tall and beautiful boy, delicate and tender like a virgin, was now in a state which cannot be

described. I said to myself :
"How much torture did this man
endure to be changed so much?"
Strachinaru couldn't talk
anymore.

Prisacaru ordered him to beat
the "mystic bandit". Strachinaru
nodded his head in a sign of
refusal. They ordered me to
strike Strachinaru and I refused
also. Prisacaru then ordered
Virgil Bordeianu to torture me
and Cantemir to beat
Strachinaru. It was the second
time around when Virgil
Bordeianu was hitting me hard on
the soles of my feet and
buttocks, tearing my flesh and
spraying my blood all over the
bed.

Prisacaru, seeing how my blood was gushing out, stopped the beating. My feet were swollen so much and when they hit me it was like someone was beating nails in the back of my head. A force strengthened me and I did not pass out as usual. I was then dragged by my feet to our corner on the cement floor. Oprisan, Munteanu and Comsa were so crushed and weren't beaten anymore. The ones wrapped in sheets who had been brought to fight each other and refused to do so, were crushed by the others in the room.

It is not true that all the ones who were tortured in Pitesti and Gherla tortured in turn.

I wholeheartedly confess that I saw with my own eyes how Gioga, Comsa , the two young pupils and the other 5 plus Strachinaru, as well as those wrapped in sheets refused to torture!

But let this be clear to you that there weren't two people who would act the same. Each acted and proceeded depending on his genes, his morals and faith in God in the first place, of the love for Him and his fellow man.

Anyone who says the contrary understands nothing from his experience there.

There are Romanians who pretend to be great philosophers who wrote and are still writing about Pitesti and Gherla basing

their writings only on facts imagined or told by others interested in hiding the truth. It is one thing to live and suffer the drama in all its complexity and another to tell fables from other people's fables.

The only ones who have the authority, standing, right and duty to talk about those killed in this terrible drama, are the ones who went through Pitesti and Gherla, the ones who have been tortured for years, who are at the center of this drama, and not the ones who went through there and admitted to everything from the first slap.

Furthermore, the ones who went through Pitesti and Gherla and

want to write about it, must remember what they saw and did in there, bring live witnesses in order to testify that what they write is true, and when they state something about another person, make sure their claims can be verified.

And another thing : the one who writes, let him do it with fear of God, because He is the One Who knows if the writer is true or not. The ones who have been murdered or committed suicide because they rather wanted to die than renounce their faith, or the ones who went mad, only they know how they suffered it all, because they confessed their faith in God and Legion openly and not in ambiguity.

Who could convince me otherwise, when with my own eyes I saw and with my own ears I heard all these things, not only in the room no. 2 on the ground floor, but when I entered in the second phase of the self-denouncements, at room no. 3 in the basement?!

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The committee of three returned with fear-distorted faces every time they were called away by Turcanu. The call had the reason to discipline them for they in turn would have to discipline the room.

I cannot remember how much time passed until we were finally

allowed to place pads soaked in water on our wounds. Even today I wonder and I tremble, asking myself what was that unseen force which gave so much power for these young men to withstand! And another unbelievable thing : in that filthy environment not even one wound infected in 3 whole months.

In the subsequent weeks the beatings were reduced, but only because Turcanu was preparing groups of young men in order to send them to perform "self-denouncements" on those at Canal, Gherla, Targsor, Targu Ocna and Ocnele Mari⁴⁸. Before leaving from Pitesti, all of these young men had to be

⁴⁸ English : The Big Mines

initiated in the methods of torture required for self-denunciations.

The ones being "self-denounced" had to declare everything they know about them and other people; declare anyone inside or outside prison who are against communism as well as those who could be of interest to the communist regime.

So in the following weeks I watched how the denunciations were done in front of the torture committee and those inside the room. These denunciations had to determine the others to say everything seeing that nothing known or unknown can be hidden.

One of the biggest flaws of the legionnaires and non-legionnaires was that they didn't know satan's methods to keep himself in power : terror, fear, lies, diversion, distrust and a huge army of informers. The use of informers, people who sold themselves and villains, is one of communism's most fearsome weapons for keeping itself in power.

Our "mistake", which had terrible consequences, was that we considered prison to be the outside world, trusting our comrade wholly, opening our hearts to him and telling him everything we did and didn't declare at the interrogations. And more than that we spoke

names of those not yet arrested by the regime and who were hostile to the regime. So we served the communists on a platter things that the communists couldn't otherwise find out not even in years.

The collective torture phase ended and the individual torture phase started, strictly related to what you declared or didn't declare. Before declaring in writing at the 4th hospital room before Turcanu and some of his assistants, you had to declare before the torture committee and those present inside the room. I witnessed these public declarations for one month and a half time, from 7 a.m in the mornings until 10 o'clock in the

evenings. This procedure had a well defined purpose in the communists' plan.

This is how, using this satanic method, the strong bond which kept us together slowly but surely was being weakened and once broken, the destruction of our unity and mutual trust were accomplished.

Although young age favors memory, you couldn't remember exactly what you said or didn't say to this one or that one.

Caziuc's case comes to my mind, the ex-superior of the legionnaires at the Agricultural Faculty in Iasi, who was my room-mate in room no. 2. One day Turcanu enters the room, along with one of Caziuc's colleagues.

Turcanu asks Caziuc if he had something else to declare, and Caziuc answered no.

Because his memory didn't help him when he was confronted with his colleague, he forgot that he told his colleague one time that in his father's barn he had buried a barrel containing books, magazines, newspapers and other legionnaire doctrine materials. Turcanu insisted again and Caziuc still answered no. Then Turcanu ordered Caziuc's ex-colleague to lay it down to him. Everyone inside the room were expecting the most terrible things to happen. The ex-colleague of Caziuc started remembering him, even telling him the place where he buried

those materials. This statement fell on Caziuc's head like a lightning bolt and he couldn't deny it either.

Until he was brought here to room no.2, Caziuc had been horribly tortured in one of the death cells on the head of the "T".

Everyone inside the room, scared, were waiting for the outcome which came immediately : "You Bandits! You still have more to declare until your deaths. Bandits like you, crimson legionnaires, I will never believe because only when dead your words will stop. This great bandit legionnaire who is in front of you, every time I asked him he told me he had

declared every thing, that he had nothing more to hide. Now look at him!"

Indeed, Caziuc had the face of a man on death row and this expression lasted three years. In fact it haunts me as well as if it were my face expression and not his.

Caziuc was among the first to go through the denouncements and had already been greatly tortured by Prisacaru and Cantemir. Now we were all waiting to see what Turcanu will do to this boy. Turcanu told Prisacaru to bring him a club and a wet cloth. He took off his clothes, remained only in his shirt and rolled up his sleeves, asking for a rope. I realized

then how sturdy and athletic he was.

He tied Caziuc's legs, ordering the committee to get on him and hold his arms and head. He started hitting on the soles of his feet until the soles of the boots fell off. After that he took off Caziuc's pants, put the wet cloth on the buttocks and started hitting him with the same cruelty Zaharia hit him before in the room no.3 basement.

I didn't hear Caziuc make a sound although rivers of blood were gushing out of his buttocks. After Turcanu tortured him he untied his feet. Caziuc looked dead; he became unconscious. Then Turcanu

grabbed him by the shirt neck band and was squeezing Caziuc's throat yelling like a madman : "You bandit, I will kill you now!" But he didn't have anything left to kill in Caziuc because he was already half dead. He continued squeezing Caziuc's throat while we were watching terrified, hitting Caziuc's face with his fist until it disfigured it. We all thought Caziuc was dead. Turcanu grabbed him by the leg, dragged him and threw him on the cement floor in our corner.

After I saw Turcanu unleashed in his fury like the most savage beast I said to myself that only a satan possessed man could do such things. I pitied Caziuc so

much that I wanted to go kiss his feet and wounds.

Some time later when we left that room Caziuc's wounds still weren't healed; maybe he escaped death due to the fact he was young, I don't know. Some dressings soaked in cold water were being placed on his wounds and he barely could see anymore.

Turcanu's show of force done in front of these 45 young men inside room no. 2 put the scare in everyone. Afterwards, before he left the room, he threatened us with death once again, saying he will kill us if he sees that we're hiding anything again.

In June 1950 Caziuc admitted that he hid those materials giving a statement to which his

colleague's statement was added plus one more statement from a pupil forced by Turcanu to declare that his statement is genuine. Caziuc was released in 1954 after 6 years of incarceration. In 1956 he was arrested again on the basis of those statements and based on the accusation that in the time he was still in prison he received order from Nicolae Patrascu to restart organizing the remaining free legionnaires across the country. He was also accused of knowing about the so-called order of Vica Negulescu supposedly given to him by Horia Sima, that the young legionnaires should make the denouncements in Pitesti.⁴⁹ So

⁴⁹ The communists were trying to put the blame on the legionnaires for the tortures, when in fact they, the

Caziuc was included in Vica Negulescu's trial and sentenced to forced labor for the remainder of his existence. He died in secret, in a cell, in Aiud's prison.

After Turcanu left, inside the room there was total silence. You could read on all the faces the fear of death.

Personally I wanted to die thinking that my statements would hurt others, my conscience became so messed up and gloomy.

Caziuc looked like a cyanotic corpse. Everyone's faces read the fear of the same thing waiting for us. The beating Caziuc took that time surpassed with its cruelty, savagery and

communists, planned them

The Legionary Movement

<http://www.miscarealegionara.org/category/english/>

violence all the other beatings I witnessed inside that room.

Facing Caziuc's case and others the same I came to the conclusion that all the statements made by the young people there were done in the fear of death. If death would've come right away it would've been so much easier but the continuous torture was too terrible to withstand. And then you had no one to comfort you at all, someone to know he is by your side, so the time didn't pass at all.

I concluded that the continuous torture without the hope of ever ending made the tortured declare everything he knew. More over, many times I saw people telling

lies just to escape the tortures quicker.

But no matter what you would have said or done, you couldn't get out so easily according to the denouncement procedure :

"You can never believe the bandit; in the bandit there is no trust because he never is honest. The bandit always tries to hide what he knows, to mislead, so the bandit must be denounced until he dies".

All these things I heard from Turcanu, passing them on to the leaders of the committees in the three years of denouncements.

While sitting in room no. 2 I made a plan : what to state, how much and about who. I didn't remember what I have been

telling Iosub who knew so much about my activity while I was free and what I have been telling the other cell mates before, so this confused my plan.

What surprised me was the quantity of information these young people had regarding the ones who hadn't been arrested yet. The public statement had to contain two things : first, that you aren't a legionnaire anymore and that you don't want to hear or know anything about the Legion. The statement had to be continued with the denigration of the Legion's superiors and your comrades. Second, you had to renounce your faith in God, your Christian view of life,

your Christian morals, being asked to blaspheme the Church too.

At the end of our stay in the room no. 2, of us five, an extraordinary thing happened with Iosub Mihai. (I later found out that those with sentences between 2 and 6 years were prepared to be taken at the Canal, where the denunciations would be continued and some of them recruited to be informers and rats. The regime wanted to know everything that went on in this death camp called The Danube-Black Sea Canal.)

They didn't force us five to declare anything right away because we had sentences longer than 10 years and Turcanu knew

all these were long to stay under his authority and not one in forced labor will get out without saying everything he knew and what Turcanu wanted him to say.

The only one of us five who began writing his statement was Iosub Mihai. I carefully observed him to see what he will say about me. But he never did get to say anything about my activities while I was out or what I told him while inside the cell, because a thing came up. The committee wanted to know from Lunguleac, before Lunguleac left for the Canal, who were Iosub's contacts, who knew Iosub was pursued by the police for being a legionnaire and where

did Iosub hide on the time he was a fugitive. Iosub made the mistake to believe that Lunguleac wasn't so corrupted as to say things which Iosub didn't even think much of. When Prisacaru asked Iosub who were his contacts aside from family, how much time he spent as a fugitive in his parents' house until his arrest, Iosub replied he didn't have any contacts. Prisacaru then called Lunguleac from among the beds and Lunguleac denounced him :

- You Bandit, didn't I go with you to your village priest and he asked you why you aren't present at your exams, because we were in the exam session, and you told him

that the legionnaires are being arrested and that's why you ran away from Iasi and came back home in order to avoid arrest yourself?...

Iosub denied they ever went to a priest together. As in Caziuc's case, Prisacaru asked Iosub once more if what he says is true. Iosub denied again.

That moment Prisacaru was inflamed by fury like a mad dog. He took a club and began hitting Iosub in random parts of the body. All of the three jumped on him and hit him until Iosub became unconscious and didn't move anymore. Afterwards they slammed his head on the cement floor and Prisacaru

kicked Iosub in the stomach with his boots as if he were a soccer ball. He told all others in the room that no one is allowed near him. Seeing that Iosub is not recovering from his coma they poured water on his head and left him sit in a coma all night on the cement floor. Next morning Iosub was barely moving. I had been thinking he is already dead. The committee⁵⁰, seeing he is still moving, put him down on a blanket in our corner. Three months time while we were tortured in cell no. 2, we didn't wash at all or change our clothes. Our smell was unbearable.

⁵⁰ The three torturers

The next day or the day after, the door was opened and Turcanu furiously entered. He turned toward us and ordered all those who hear their names to follow him : Munteanu, Comsa, Bordeianu Dumitru and Iosub. Because Iosub couldn't move he called other two in the room to grab him by his armpits and follow him closely along with the others called. When we exited this room the corridors were all empty, from the ground floor up to the 3rd floor. Turcanu, with the bundle of keys in his hand walked in front of us. When we got to the 2nd floor we didn't go back to

our old cell (18) but to cell 16, which was empty.

Cell no. 16

After we walked in Turcanu called us onto the corridor one by one, all of us except Iosub. He took me aside, grabbed me by the collar of my jacket, lifted me up into the air and slammed me against the wall with such force that I felt my arms and legs detaching from my body.

He told me : "You bandit and mystic, you will go from this cell to another cell and you won't say anything about where you have been until

now, what happened to you and what you saw, otherwise you are dead. In the room where you will go you will try to find out information that wasn't declared in the interrogations regarding their activities both out and in prison. Did you get what I just told you and what you must do?"

I replied : "Yes, sir Turcanu", and he answered : "Go, get the fuck inside the cell!"

The next day or the day after, Iosub started to have great head and liver pains. I asked Munteanu who had been a medic, to consult him.

Munteanu was afraid he will be tortured because he noted

Iosub's death which had been provoked by Prisacaru's tortures. Because Iosub, who could barely speak, persisted, Munteanu accepted to consult him. When Munteanu touched Iosub's liver, I noticed Munteanu develop a peculiar expression on his face. Munteanu said he believed that the head pains are not something to be worried about though and they will pass.

Another two days passed and Iosub didn't recover at all. He was in great pain.

Munteanu, noticing Iosub's position on the bed, that of a man sick of meningitis, started to be fearful saying that Iosub is gone. Hearing

this, I came close to Iosub, whom I loved dearly and started stroking his face. Sensing that he won't make it. He gently whispered to me that he didn't regret the things in his life and of all the things he told the committee during the torture nothing was true.

His state got worse every passing day. Because of his sickness and weakness he couldn't speak anymore or get up of the bed. I called the guard asking him to take Iosub to the medic but he refused saying he had orders not to take anyone to the medic.

The following morning they brought Gioga inside the cell

too. Once he came the atmosphere lit up a bit. We were back together all three, year colleagues. Iosub was glad when he saw Gioga and told Gioga he isn't going to make it because Prisacaru killed him.

Because his state got worse every second I asked the guard Florica, who still had something human inside, insisting that Iosub must be taken to the medic's office. Turcanu was noticed about this because no prisoner was taken to the medic's office without his approval. The prison warden, the guards and even Marina the political officer didn't make a move without Turcanu's approval.

He had his power from Nicolski. They were all shivering, fearful of him. With Turcanu's approval, Iosub, supported by Florica the guard and Gioga, who asked me to let him help Iosub instead, Iosub was taken to the medical office. The sanitary didn't even look at him - these were his orders it seems - and placed him in a nearby cell. When he came back to our cell, Gioga told me Iosub's last words, who told Gioga he is going to die.

A few days passed and Florica the guard came and asked for Iosub's belongings, insisting we put everything he had from the penitentiary in a

package. After the package was made I handed it to Florica, and he, avoiding all the others in the cell to hear, very quietly told me : "The boy is dead. Don't tell anyone I told you. I know you were his best friend. Before he died he cried out your name". Then Florica whispered as if he was thinking out loud : "Another one is dead!" Here is how one of us died, having faith in God and The Legion, my dear comrades. For all of us who knew Iosub, his memory and sacrifice had been an imbold and an example. He died as a young legionnaire mercilessly killed by the ungodly and

lawless. Iosub was the first man I saw murdered.

After a few days, walking together with Gioga, whom I trusted, to empty our chamber pots, I told him that Iosub died. I saw Gioga then how he couldn't hold his tears back from falling. Then I understood why Gioga wanted to escort Iosub on his last trip to the medical office. And this is how the prophecy of Iosub's mother that he will never be a medic came to pass.

If you could bear the torture in interrogation it was because you knew that when you got back to your cell you found you comrades sitting

there who were around you and who were your comfort. Being tortured by your enemies, you endured the suffering with manhood. But in the torture chambers the friends, colleagues and comrades who fought with you before, were now your torturers. In all the rooms on the ground floor and basement the same things occurred with the young students as the ones in room no. 2.

At the end of July, when Florica the guard was escorting us with the chamber pots to the toilet, looking out the window, he was talking as if he thought out

loud but for us as well :

"Some are leaving".

We were sure that these were the ones with a short sentence up to 5 years long and had been already trained in torture, some for the Canal, some for Targsor and others for Gherla.

At the end of July Florica the guard opened the door and in a soft voice he told us :
"Boys pack your bags because you are leaving this section and God Only knows what will become of you".

We packed our bags, looked at each other meaningfully and wished each other well, like we did other times when we got separated. After we got out of the cell Florica

locked the door and told me to follow him. Entering the basement section of rooms I saw what was written above the first door on the left : room no. 3. The moment I got in front of the door Florica signaled the guard on that section to come with the keys.

That guard I didn't see before; you could see he was newly hired. He opened the door and invited me in. To my surprise the room was full of comrades whom many I knew personally or at least heard about them. They were from Iasi, Suceava and others still from Bucharest and Cluj. The ones who knew me

rushed towards me to hug me
and welcome me.

Pitesti (3)

Basement room no. 3
2nd room of torture

When they arranged the rooms inside, repurposing them for the use in "denouncements", Turcanu didn't show up on the corridors, so the prisoners cannot know the purpose of these arrangements. Because of that the arranging inside the rooms was only done by the chief section guards.

The room no. 3 remained on the screen of my conscience as a stain which will never be wiped away except along with my own death.

I looked inside the room to see if there were any familiar faces previously with me in room no. 2, but didn't recognize anyone.

In prison there was a tradition. That was to choose a superior inside the room from among the inmates. One who would ensure order and discipline among the inmates and he would be the inmates' link with the administration.

In that day's afternoon the rooms' superior was being picked. Personally I had to refuse any kind of proposal

because I had a mission from Turcanu. (So I asked myself : who do I talk to and who do I ask for advice concerning this? Even the best friend today could be your biggest enemy tomorrow because he was forced to give you away during his torture and the trouble would be double, for me and for him. This was our big tragedy at Pitesti and Gherla. So who do I tell? NO ONE! I was left alone, like a man on a capsized boat in the middle of the sea. I was tormented for weeks in a row : what do I do?)

Now back to the room boss, there were some names proposed. Most of them inside the room were students in the Legionnaire

Student Corps Iasi⁵¹ so they wanted to pick one of theirs to be the room superior. I proposed Magirescu Eugen for room boss, one of my two faculty colleagues present inside the room. When he saw I propositioned him as a room boss he made a counter proposition - he picked me - saying that I was an experienced guy, I had been on the frontlines so I had authority, calm and discernment. So I was the most fit to hold this function. Even though I categorically refused, I couldn't change the majority's decision.

Facing this dire situation, I decided to accept the election because this helped me

⁵¹ C.S.L.

accomplish my plan even better. I would have to pay dearly for that.

Some of the comrades who knew me well asked me why I disappeared from the section and where did I go several months. I replied that I was kept together with Oprisan and Iosub in severe isolation because Lunguleac had been ratting on us.

What troubled me was that I didn't know what to do regarding the mission Turcanu tasked me with, meaning to not give anything away and instead dig for information, and I had to solve this problem really fast.

I tried to sit quiet. To say, or not to say what happened in room no. 2 would make no difference

whatsoever. I realized eventually that it would do no good if I talked, nor to me nor to the others inside the room. I was sure they brought us to this room just to be taken away later for denouncements so I thought to not disturb their peace until the drama would start.

The second of Turcanu's directives - to dig for info - remained the ugliest issue. I was being put in the situation to follow that order but I would regret it for the remainder of my days. I couldn't avoid the issue either. I was wondering if Turcanu was really remembering all that he said to hundreds of young men. I told myself it is impossible for him to remember

everything. So I avoided to make others suffer. Once I made my decision I put it in practice. I won't dig for info from any comrade or non-legionnaire colleague and I won't engage others in pointless drama especially in the circumstances we were in.

In basement room no. 3, until the denouncements began, there was an unforgotten calm and harmony. There was some freedom, like the one before, in the forced labor sections, "freedom" given with a purpose. Meaning, when we went to empty our chamber pots in the toilet we'd find ourselves in front of other comrades and we exchanged information. This allowed me to

find out the names of the comrades in the four basement rooms.

But this was the calm before the big storm. The thing which obsessed me was that every time the room door opened I could see Turcanu with his dozens of murderers rushing inside the room and hitting right and left. This is how the start of the denuncements began. So the months I spent in that room before the second wave of denuncements were for me more than a nightmare.

I knew the legionnaire meetings that some of our comrades were having, gathering themselves in a corner inside the room were a big mistake. I tried to stop

them from having them but I failed.

Ionica Pintilie, good friend, comrade and colleague from the medical faculty, came to me to ask for my blessing and participation in these meetings because I was the room superior. I had activated with him outside, I knew him well and a strong bond of friendship grew between us. He was younger than me, had a delicate intellectual constitution and I was sure he won't make it through the physical tortures. He remained orphaned of both parents since childhood and had been raised by a relative who didn't have children. He was endowed with exceptional intelligence and had

been one of the most proficient students at the Medical University in Iasi. He had been raised by his adoptive parents with the most pure and unshakeable faith in God.

He clumped inside him unequaled gifts. He had natural-born moral purity and goodness, almost like an angel on the earth. Those I met in the prison like Pintilie could be counted on my fingers.

Due to so many gifts God bestowed on him and because he didn't want to alter them, he was tortured to death with tortures which surpass any imagination.

I trusted him more than I trusted myself so I advised him like a brother to stop having

the legionnaire meetings inside the room. I already knew what was going to happen and I tried with all my power to stop him. But Pintilie had his own mission on the Earth and Heaven called him to sit among the Christian martyrs. He combined so harmoniously faith and Christian morals, the love for God and his neighbor, the undying thirst for knowledge and faith in The Legionnaire Movement that even today I see him as a messenger from another world. For those who knew him and myself, Pintilie represented the prototype of the ideal man. He didn't want to listen to me : his call was one thing, and my weakness, another. But I am sure that no matter what he or we

did, he would have become a martyr anyway, because this was his destiny.

I asked him not to reveal my opinion concerning the legionnaire meetings and if he wishes, to ask comrade Dinescu to take part in these meetings too, who was in prison since the time of Antonescu. I don't know if he asked Dinescu or not, but Dinescu didn't attend the legionnaire meetings.

From the time I entered the room until the denuncements started I didn't see the smallest animosity or contradiction between legionnaires or non-legionnaires in the room. How much harmony and goodwill between these people when the

spirit of love and trust united them! But when I thought at the room no. 2 I trembled.

In the calm before the storm all had intellectual preoccupations. Each one spread his knowledge before his comrade with such a goodwill you can rarely find otherwise. The many good and beautiful things learned! You felt like you attended a class where each one was pupil and professor. A thing which deeply impressed me was the discipline of the colleagues who weren't legionnaires and who fitted in perfectly with the legionnaires without starting any arguments. Another thing which made a mark on me in a good way was that no one did anything inside the room

without asking for my opinion first.

At that date many of us didn't get clothes or laundry from home or penitentiary. Many woolen sweaters and socks were torn and required fixing. So thinking to be of aid to my comrades I learned how to knit. Discovering one of us who knew how to knit, I learned how to do it in a very small time. Noticing that you could see only a 3rd of the room through the peephole, I thought that in the hidden part you could see about your business. I started with the wooden bodkins, then I asked a more humane guard to bring me some wire saying that I needed to repair the bunk. Immediately after I

procured this material I shaped 5 bodkins out of it sharpening the wire against the cement, so not one inside the room remained outside my help. So besides being the room boss I was also the girl of the house.

26th of October was coming again, Saint Dumitru, my name anniversary. A year before I was called and questioned by that suspicious individual I talked about earlier. Now, knowing that one of these days the denouncement storm could be unleashed, I had a dark hunch.

Two or three days before this date some of my comrades came to me and propositioned that I will get their portion of hominy for my name anniversary. I accepted

because of their persistency but with one condition : to repay them sometime later. They consulted with each other and came to me telling me again not to refuse them and not to repay them because this would greatly offend them.

I accepted because if I would have refused I would have hurt their feelings. It surprised me that Magirescu was among these as well.

None of my name anniversaries had the same intensity like the 1950 holiday of Saint Dumitru at Pitesti, even until the day I write these words. It was not that common hominy which I savored, but the sacrifice they made for me. But about the

hominny now, this weakness cost me dearly later. And what hurt the most was the torture these poor people had to endure for their kind gesture.

The next day the door was opened and a guard appeared holding a piece of paper in his hand, asking who of us is Magirescu Eugen. Turcanu didn't show up in these kind of situations in order to not give himself away. He only came to the rooms or the cells where the denouncement was already full throttle. Hearing Magirescu's name, I being the room boss, had to confirm that man is really Magirescu; I got near the door and asked the guard if Magirescu needs to pack his belongings. The guard said

no, and this made me suspicious. I came near Magirescu and looked into his eyes. At first he blushed, then he became white as lime. He just didn't have a voice anymore. After his departure I thought they took him somewhere in a torture cell in order to prepare him for the denouncement. There were cases when others went without their belongings and later the guard came and took them.

The ones inside the room didn't suspect anything because they couldn't imagine at all what was happening inside the prison. The secret was so well kept that only those who went through the denouncements knew what's going on. And when they were brought

to a cell to get information, as my case was, they didn't say a word of what was really going on, because the divulging of that secret was punished exemplary. And the plan foresaw that all of us must go through the denouncements.

I knew that Magirescu had been hired in burdensome activities which were pressing his shoulders and that is why I believed he was taken to the inquiry. He didn't come back for lunch so I asked Pavaloaia, who slept beside him, to hold his food.

But he didn't come for the evening meal either, but only at lights out, at about 10 o'clock. As soon as he walked into the

room I looked at him and I saw his face was totally changed. Poor man, only he knew the drama he felt inside him. I went to him, because I knew him to be an honest man and fond of the Legion, and I asked him friendly where he had been, what happened with him and why he is troubled. Magirescu's answer didn't suffice for me. From that moment on I started suspecting him of foul play, fact which proved to be entirely true. I was sure he was lying to me and all his behavior until this moment was only for appearance's sake. From that moment on I became distant to him. He, being intelligent and well trained, noticed my change in behavior as well.

The next day, after the hominy meal, Costache Pavaloaia was taken out of the room and soon afterward Magirescu, along with a comrade who was first brought into the room a month before. His name was Petrica Cojocaru and he had been a student at Polytechnics in Timisoara. After they had left the room, I was sure that all these people had been in the denunciations already and were being sent by Turcanu to basement room no. 3 with a mission : to extract information. I wondered if others will be called as well but besides the three no one was called.

Three days time they were taken from the room and came back late

in the evening. But in order to remove any suspicion, they were taken and brought back only one at a time. I was surprised that I hadn't been requested, although I had been "denounced" too. I was waiting any moment to be called and I believed only God's mercy could protect me, because I didn't want to harm those inside the room by learning information from them. I was also sure that the three had been talking a lot about me, because Turcanu needed to have a clear picture about my standing. I was also sure that the three wrote about all in the room so Turcanu knows how to act against every one of them. I noticed that when they returned in the room late in the evening, their

conduct with the others was very changed; they were plotting against me as well, for sure.

I was thinking terrified at how I am going to pay for not squeezing information out of my comrades. I don't know why, but I wanted with all my heart that all would come to pass sooner because it had to happen anyway.

The attitude of the three towards me and the others in the room strengthened my conviction that they had been in the denouncements, just like me. I don't know how they did there, but I could already see them named by Turcanu as the torture committee in basement room no. 3.

I asked myself how the reeducation will start in here. At that time I didn't know how the reeducation in the 4th hospital room started. I only knew that in room no. 2 there were only five of us and almost thirty of them, the numbers clearly being in their favor.

In basement room no. 3 though, the majority were people who hadn't been in the denouncements, so I wondered what method will Turcanu use on them. Will he take each one at a time to the torture cells where he'll beat them to a pulp, will he come with a gang of bullies armed with clubs? Turcanu was so sturdy and athletic that he could take a room full of

weakened people like us. Only one punch was sufficient for each. I saw this in room no. 2 in Caziuc's case.

Maybe the reader will ask him/herself where all these people from the torture committee get such strength. The answer is simple. The bullies ate a lot. I watched in room no. 2 how they ate, even making themselves fatter in order to practice their "profession", while the victims were starved in order to become incapable of physical resistance. Transformed into moving skeletons, they could beat us in every way they wanted. Turcanu and the bosses of the torture committees had special alimentary diets and I

saw this in basement room no. 3, when I watched Zaharia, the boss of the torture committee in this room, how he left every day at a certain hour and he got back with a pinkish face - the face of a man who ate abundantly. So in these situations "a club was enough for a whole cart of clay pots", we being the clay pots and Turcanu the club.

The denouncement of those in basement room no. 3

The things I will relate to you from now on are things which I

personally experienced and endured.

I draw the reader's attention to the fact that those sentenced to forced and hard labor were young people with a strong fighting history, with a special responsibility and attachment to the Legion. All those in forced labor, with very few exceptions, had been sentenced to more than 10 years and the hard labor ones to between 5 and 10 years. These categories formed the elite of the young Legion members, with functions, stages of activity and responsibilities in the Legion. This explains why this category was left to be punished last, because for them there was no question of adventure, test,

or game concerning their Legion activity.

All these comrades had been educated in the Brotherhoods of the Cross and endured Antonescu's cruel persecution. They represented the continuity of the legionnaire activity after the coup d'etat in 1941. They were older than 20; some had even been soldiers in the War, like me, others had been army officers, purged from the army at the date of their arrests and had been continuing their studies in different faculties. For most of them the interrogations were very cruel and they had a big cumulus of information. This is why the

communists acted methodically upon them for 2 years.

I told you before how some of these young souls, after the start of the denunciations in 1949, were taken out of their cells to torture cells where for a year they were kept under Turcanu's club. These comrades were then accused by their torturers out of fear, but accused also by the ones who didn't have the right to judge them at all. Seeing them naked at the bathroom in Gherla, I remained petrified. But I will tell you more about this later.

*

I am not accusing and revolting against anyone, but I feel how those souls killed in tortures

scream for revenge when fellow men, indifferent of their political or religious views, treat this phenomena superficially, inventing dates and facts which aren't related to the drama itself. No one has the right to judge those in Pitesti but Only God Himself and them. You will be judged by Heaven too, you the ones serving an occult or another who slander and accuse, intentionally or not. God will judge you too in His righteousness and according to your deeds in the names of those tortured, who went mad or who were killed. The ones who didn't suffer hunger, thirst, cold, longing, defeat, haven't been tortured, humiliated, persecuted and disregarded for

the sake of their nation not even for a day, shouldn't have the right to speak in its name. And those who, for three years, suffered and endured the most horrible tortures, degradations and humiliations, when their conscience and their discernment was raped, killing in them all that had been human, shouldn't even be discussed. Who could judge them? Who could even place a finger on their wounds or even light a candle for those killed? Was Corneliu Codreanu's prophecy that we will get at some point in the swamp of desperation, only a figure of speech? When you have not been chained, you have the possibility of suicide, if you're not a

Christian, or you can take the sword and hit the one who brought you to despair. So, you can choose death if you want to. But, if you are in chains and on the limit of despair, when you want to die and cannot kill yourself, nor take the sword in your hand and stuff it into the one who is torturing you, because all you have are those chains you cannot escape from, then there is no hope from anywhere. That's why the one who is torturing you can turn you into a criminal or an informer. How do you, out of selfish interests and political vices, dare to talk this drama, judging the people who lived it?

There is a saying : "an hour can bring more than an year". But that day and hour had to come because they were part of the destiny. This day was an ascension to Heaven for some, for others suicide or attempt to suicide, and for others collapse and the passage through the swamp of desperation. Some remained there and drowned - few - and this was because they had faith in their own strength.

The ones who collapsed, but admitted to their helplessness and weakness, keeping their faith and hope in God's mercy, escaped this swamp bruised and cut, kneeling down, brought down to the ground and still undefeated. And when they

finally got out of the swamp, they dressed their wounds with the chrism of faith and hope, shouting : "God! Help us and give us strength to march on forward!" These people lived an experience who no other people in this world ever had. "You are not defeated when you were brought down to the ground, but only then when you gave up the fight". You are defeated only when your physical and spiritual strength cannot help you anymore. A legionnaire is only afraid of God and this moment.

Brought down to the earth, with our bodies torn apart by wounds, spat on, humiliated, we raised our heads up when the enemy thought he had destroyed us.

Stronger, more battle hardened, more ready to fight, ready to take on other ordeals, which the enemy was using to bring us down, again using many other methods.

They defeated crippled and helpless bodies, as the prolonged suffering was more than our limited strength could endure. Satan's servants were sure that using the physical torture can kill the soul as well, but they were wrong. The soul is undying, because this is how God created it. So, the souls of all who passed through the swamp of desperation and were killed, met with us, the crippled, the wounded, embracing us from upstairs, from Heaven.

In this battle, featuring deserters, traitors and cowards, the ones killed and those who went mad because of the ordeals endured, those who didn't give up the fight wiped themselves of the mud and, with their bodies battle scarred, but their souls washed and purified, looked once more toward "the walls of Troy".

Our martyrs and our dead didn't have graves, they weren't buried in cemeteries where their survivors, where the generations of tomorrow could say a prayer in their memory.

Satan's servants wanted to forever erase their every trace, because they couldn't kill their souls. But we, who were young legionnaires back then, didn't

give up the dream and are standing above, on the places history put us on, giving advice to the coming generations. Only they shall believe us, because they weren't tempted by the spirit of the unclean. And they will put oil on our bodies torn apart in persecutions and interrogations, camps and prisons, in the abhorrent denouncements : only they will understand why we were so hated by our enemies. They won't know where our graves are but they will still hear the mysterious voice of so many passions this abused and persecuted nation has endured.

They will light sacrificial candles in front of the holy

shrines for the peace of all our dead.

The clean honest souls of a young people who didn't know the clay of sin and corruption, hatred and lust for politics, lust for power, will remember us. These clean souls will be animated by a holy ideal, love for God, for their neighbor and their kind. And Not the lustful, the cowards, the traitors, not those driven by sensual desires, nor those who sold their souls to satan or to any occult will have the right to speak in the nation's name and lead it.

There is no sacrifice of innocent blood The God of Love and Justice won't remember. He will choose fearless men from

among our kind who will fight using the word, evoking to future generations the hundreds of thousands of sacrifices, so "a country as holy as the sun in the sky" can be built on them. Our weapon shall be the word and using it we will relay our aspirations and passions to those who will come after us.

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One day, at the start of December 1950, after the hominy was served, the door opened and, like a Mefisto, Turcanu the evil genius entered the room. Everyone in the room and especially those who heard of him or knew him, remained stunned. They sensed why he had come, seeing that he, who was a

political prisoner, just like them, was enabled to enter all by himself inside the room, unaccompanied by an official person.

Turcanu looked around the room like an executioner who was choosing his victim and, stopped in front of Magirescu and Pavaloaia, and asked them where Cojocaru is. He opportunistically noticed me as well, with a look that terrified me, threatening me as his teeth gnashed : "With you I have a reckoning", and he urged us to get outside. Seeing this order, the ones inside the room were completely confused, not understanding how can another political prisoner order the

other political prisoners to get out on such a martial tone. Also they couldn't understand why we were submitting like lambs.

We got out on the corridor and saw there was no one outside but us and Turcanu. The guards seemed to have vanished. In an hoarse, executioner's voice he addressed us : "Starting today, the denouncements for the bandits in this room will begin". Then he rushed at me like a rabid wolf, grabbed me by my neck, slammed me against the wall, raised me back up again and squeezed my neck stopping my breath, saying : "You bandit, can be rehabilitated if you show proof of loyalty and become part of the action which will take

place inside this room".

Addressing to the others three, he told them to come along with the ones who adhered to his plan of action, and to silence any "bandit" inside this room.

Where did you see in this world that a political prison can be administered by a political prisoner who owns the lives of the other political prisoners? Who could understand and even admit to this fact?

Turcanu resumed : "You will hit with no mercy left and right, together with those I will bring, so no bandit can get up again".

When I heard these orders, I was so scared, as if I was the one being beheaded by the

executioner. And I shouted deep inside my soul : "God have mercy on me and teach me what to do!" The answer was short : "Do what you want".

I then entered back into the room. My comrades, seeing me among the four, were completely confused, not understanding that we were tortured before. After the denouncements ended, they told me that in the days prior to the denouncements they believed Turcanu will do the reeducations with no violence and only to those who wished for them. To their surprise though, Bogdanovici was missing, the reeducation initiator at Suceava.

Oh, Poor fellows! They didn't suspect, not even a thought crossed their minds that in a few minutes they will be mowed down by the terror storm of hatred, of lies and distrust.

In the time you smoke a cigarette, Turcanu enters along with a dozen of bullies, some 15, of whom I didn't recognize anyone. But they were all fattened like ready for sacrifice and held clubs and ox valves in their hands. Turcanu gave them the signal : "Get them, no mercy!"

That moment I was sitting at the bunk to the left side of the door near the wall, and in front of me was Gelu Gheorgiu, who was dear to me because of his

kindness and his perfect attire. At Turcanu's signal, I got near Gelu and told him to get on the bunk and I will get over him, whispering to shout as hard as he can, while I massaged him on his belly and chest. Gelu understood, looked at me and whispered : "Is this how it's done?" and I replied : "It's not it, you will see how it is, shout as hard as you can for now" .

Gelu Gheorghiu started the masquerade and was lying on his side on the bunk so his face couldn't be seen, because he was the only one who didn't have a bloated and bloody face. When Turcanu gave the matadors the order to leave the room,

afterwards, when we looked around the room we were horrified because of what we were seeing : cracked skulls, bloated faces full of blood, sighs and groans of pain.

The moment I was waiting to die for had come and passed, but I couldn't foresee the conclusion.

Turcanu, with a list in his hand, of course given to him by Magirescu and Pavaloaia, yelled as hard as he could that each "bandit" who heard his name to come sit on the bunk. Gelu Gheorghiu, who had been part of Obreja's group, was called the second, probably in regard to my fault. When Turcanu looked at Gelu and saw he wasn't hurt like the others, he asked Gelu who

was supposed to take care of him. Hearing my name pronounced by Gelu, Turcanu stretched a club to me and ordered : "So you, bandit, tickled your comrade. Let's see you now, how you stroke the bandit whom you spared, with this club".

I took the club in my hand and, with a courage which wasn't mine, which came from another world, I challenged Turcanu, saying I cannot hit, because it hurts me to do it. Turcanu took the club from my hands, stretched the club to Gheorghiu and told him to beat me with it. Gheorghiu, a good natured man, who I don't believe ever hurt someone, answered Turcanu with a courage which quaked the whole

room : "I am against violence, I didn't hit anyone in my life and I won't hit from now on either, and no one can judge me because I don't want to hit my fellow man". Gelu lives today and can attest to that.

He graduated the fifth year in the Bucharest Polytechnics. He was born in Constanta and, being orphaned of his mother, he was raised by his father. He was one of the most shining and kind figures even with all the humiliations and tortures he passed through. During the most horrific tortures, his face radiated kindness and mercy, seeing his comrades tortured.

I was convinced that Turcanu who saw many others refusing

to torture their comrades and colleagues, some of them paying with their lives, some remaining crippled, won't sit with his arms crossed this time either.

And indeed, Turcanu began hitting Gelu everywhere, as if he was hitting a sack of nuts and then, tossing his club away, he disfigured Gelu with his fists. When he stopped, Gelu wasn't moving anymore. He then ordered Magirescu and Pavaloaia to throw him on the bunk near Reus.

He then rushed at me like an eagle, threw me on the bunk where Magirescu was sitting and ordered the two to beat me because he is tired. Then,

my buddies Magirescu and Pavaloaia gave me a friendly lesson, so nothing could distinguish me from Gelu and the others who were beaten, and because my wounds from room no. 2 were healed too. After they served me this generous beating, they threw me on the bunk near Gelu. This scene influenced the conscience of my 40 comrades so much that Turcanu couldn't even recruit one bully so he can use him against the others. Few moments in my life when I felt so close to my fellow man. The clubs seemed easier to endure. Turcanu instituted afterwards the action and torture committee for the

denouncements inside the room, through nomination. I didn't recognize anyone of these bullies who were part of the tortures, because I couldn't focus on them or because I was worried about what was going to happen with me.

Who could imagine, even in his dreams, having a healthy mind, discernment and common sense, that in a prison like Pitesti, conceived to preserve the best secrecy, the inmates of all the people had the keys to all the cells, to lock and unlock as they wished, to move the prisoners from one cell to another and to have life and death rights upon them? And

those people who were tortured in basement room no. 3, as well as in all the other rooms in the basement and the ground floor, all of them located inside the "tail" of the "T", they should have been hospitalized. But they weren't even allowed to press their wounds with pads soaked in cold water or clean the blood on their wounds. Even the ones who were killed stood at Turcanu's disposition, he doing with their dead bodies what he pleased.

Before the election of the torture committee in basement room no. 3, on Turcanu's face you could see that he lost

that little which was still left human inside him. He was possessed, God knows by how many demons. How else could he beat and torture innocent people, who never did him any harm and who on top of it all were tormented by starvation and cold, with no means of defending themselves. But I didn't see only one young man killed at Pitesti. There were dozens, and only of the ones who are born in very wide time-spans, only the best. Once the bunks were occupied in the order that Turcanu announced, we could instantly tell that this order wasn't random. The six young non legionnaires inside the room were seated together. The

informers couldn't tell me where to be seated, because they didn't know beforehand how I will react at my denouncement. So Turcanu seated me in the third place in the row, near Gelu. In the head of the row stood Ghita Reus, a young man with an angelic look, a beautiful face and soul, an exceptional kindness and morality, he had been a faculty colleague of Turcanu and Bogdanovici; he was among the first who stood up to them. Moreover, he convinced many others not to be part of the reeducation idea. He sensed from the start that Turcanu and his acolytes were only blind tools in the hands of the

communist regime. Turcanu knew this and hated Reus' guts. Not long before our transfer to Gherla, Reus was taken out of the room and never heard from again, nor in prison or after my release. Probably Turcanu beat him to death.

What caught my eye was that beside Turcanu stood a young man almost the same stature and robustness as his, who had a look that spread terror, his lips were rolled outwards and had the face of an executioner. Turcanu had a more humane look sometimes, but this attribute was missing completely in this one's case. Turcanu presented him across the room saying

his name is Zaharia. Turcanu told about his friend that once he came from Timisoara to Pitesti he switched on to his side without being slapped once and he declared in favor of the methods used, telling in front of Turcanu that he isn't a legionnaire. Like I said, I will only talk about the young legionnaires. So to not offend or hurt any other political view, being in favor of a right to speak, a right to faith and attitude, I will abstain from many comments. Although I could accuse and attack Zaharia's political views, I repeat, I won't. I notice however that a lot of communists and democrats of

all sorts, Christian-democrats and even people from other political groups or parties, were going hand in hand and embraced each other when they had to persecute and demean the legionnaires and The Legionnaire Movement. Back to Zaharia though. I wouldn't have brought him to this discussion if he wouldn't have said he isn't a legionnaire, if he wouldn't have killed Ionica Pintilie with his own hands, if he wouldn't have been the leader of the torture committee and if he wouldn't have done the things he did in front of the 40 legionnaire young men and the 6 young non legionnaires

from the basement room no. 3. In this case I would have been accused by legionnaires and non legionnaires who suffered and are still alive that I am trying to hide how they have been tortured by Zaharia for 11 months, as well as the methods which he applied when he was ordered. So Turcanu presented Zaharia as being the leader of the action and torture committee, aided by Eugen Magirescu and Costache Pavaloaia, who had been legionnaires. At Turcanu's order, Zaharia reserved a bunk for himself to the left side of the door, facing the door opening, near the wall.

Before the denuncements began, that bunk could accommodate six persons and now it was only occupied by three. The bunk under the windows stretched continuously, from one room wall to another the entire length of the room. Into the right, as the door opened, there was another bunk where, usually accommodated 14 people. In the middle of the room there was empty space of 1.5 meters wide, and in the end of the room towards the right side of the door, there was the chamber pot for your physiological needs; the one for drinking water stood in the opposite side.

The stories of Ghita Andrisan

If Ghita Andrisan would be here I would apologize to him, because I didn't mention him earlier. I didn't do it because I think little of him, but just because I forgot to. He remains in the memory of those who met him as a hero, for his behavior during the denunciations. He was the son of a peasant, from around Bucovina's monasteries, where the orthodox spirit and the smell of pine trees prevails.

Andrisan was a true man. Student of the Law School in Iasi, he had been a colleague with Turcanu, but in determined opposition with him, hearing what he had been doing at Suceava. A fearless warrior, with faith in God, in his nation and The Legion which he served with devotion and courage. A clever young man who carried in him the wisdom and common sense of Stefan the Great's mountain men. A character without devilry and hidden places. A good natured man, you could read the honest young man's smile on his face, in whose heart there was no room for hatred and scorn.

I knew him well, before the denuncements began in basement room no. 3; I grew fond of him and esteemed him for his modesty and common sense. During the denuncements, he was one of those who didn't hit anyone, and when he saw anyone being hit or even the one who hit, his tears fell. And because anyone has a defect, because if he didn't have he would be an angel and not a man, Ghita Andrisan had his defect too : he loved to tell stories. Gone from his rural home to a renowned high school, "Eudoxiu Hurmuzache", at Radauti, his professors having studied in Viena, he

had to keep up with the best of his class mates.

Ghita had literary talent, he read a lot and had a knack for telling stories; in a few words, he was a very gifted young man. Because he wanted to be a personality, to make an impression on his colleagues, he started to tell so many stories that you couldn't know if what he said was fact or fiction. He knew a few foreign languages well, especially the classic ones. He was getting ready to be a lawyer saying that his gift of telling stories had its uses in advocacy.

He may have been right that telling stories was useful in his profession, but in

Pitesti he got in trouble because of this. Ghita even had Turcanu confused and, because of this he got to be a hero of the denouncements. Ever since his arrest until the denouncements started, Ghita told his cellmates all kinds of stories, every one more fantastic than the other. Even with his good memory he couldn't tell what was fact or fiction anymore either.

I can see him even now pleading. He had the skills of a very talented lawyer. Cultivated, read a lot, good orator, with his face of a good man, impressed all the ones inside the room with the quantity of information he

possessed, even Magirescu who had been his colleague in Law School. His stories were so logical and told with such talent, that you couldn't tell if he invented them or not.

After his statements inside the room, he was taken to the 4th hospital room, where he put them in writing, and this writing lasted until February. Afterwards, one day, Turcanu appeared in the room, holding some papers in his hand and having the face of an enraged bull.

He went straight to Andrisan, who was the third sitting next to me, signaled him to come to him, grabbed him by his collar, took him over to

the committee's bunk and addressed Zaharia :

-Hey! Did you know that everything that this bandit declared is not true?

With an innocent look and very upset by Turcanu's statement, Andrisan asked him what part of his statement wasn't true.

Turcanu, inflamed :

-What do you mean you bandit?! I beat all these you declare here to a pulp and came to me bearing witnesses that you didn't tell them anything like this and they didn't hear these things from you either. Regarding your activities as a bandit legionnaire, you stated that all of Bucovina was

legionnaire and, if you had known my father, you would have declared him a legionnaire commander also. What part of this is true?" Like an innocent young lady, Ghita replied to Turcanu :
-Everything I stated is true.
-How is this true? I will kill you. Come with me.
He went with him to the 4th hospital room and was confronted with other comrades who shared the cell with him at Suceava and Pitesti. These, crippled and beaten to a pulp, didn't admit Ghita was telling the truth and Turcanu decided in their favor, being now certain that Ghita had been telling stories.

Afterwards he was brought back into the room and confronted with his Law School colleagues. There, Ghita Reus, his colleague in Law School, told him to be careful about what he is declaring because many things written in his statement aren't true. As far as Magirescu is concerned, with all his intelligence, not even he sensed the difference between fact or fiction in Ghita's stories.

Afterwards, Ghita was confronted with the instruments of torture, which were now very real. As a result, Ghita lied down several days on the bunk, with his memory altered by

imagination, not knowing what was real or imaginary in his life.

What remained in our memory, the ones inside basement room no. 3, was Ghita's expression : "This is a beard, this is not a beard". Afterwards, he rewrote all his statement from the start. And when he stated something, he was asked by the ones in the committee : is this a beard or not? And he told the truth.

As every situation in this world has a getaway door, depending on the individual if he senses it or not, Ghita Andrisan's defect was not only a getaway door, but a gate of salvation! Because,

all this beard circus determined Turcanu to be sick of him and leave him to his fairy tales.

So Andrisan remained honorable and an object of envy among us. His nature saved him during the denouncements.

It is possible that everything he declared to be nothing but a fairy tale spawned by his immense imagination, to get out of the tortures and save the ones only he knew about, and didn't want to betray. He didn't want to become a bully for the denouncements either, but only to pass through an immoral situation uncompromised. After my

release from prison I never got to see him again and ask him what was true or not, because of the persecution, and he also lived far away from me, in Bucovina.

Many of us made all kinds of plans to escape the tortures, declaring all sorts of things, known or unknown. But Ghita's attitude, along with its consequences, restrained and brought back many to reality.

The ones who tried to do it like Ghita were caught and were punished much harder.

Maglavit

This was the nickname Bădăria Ungureanu had when we first met him, we the ones arrested and incarcerated at Suceava and brought then to Pitești on the forced labor sections and, especially, the ones in basement room no. 3.

He got his nickname because, between 1935-1936 he set out on foot from Iași all the way to southern Oltenia, in the village Maglavit, to see the miracle of that shepherd, Petreache Lupu.

Vasile Ungureanu had been born in Târgu-Neamț, a church singer or deacon as the folks

said in those parts. He was arrested in Talpalari Church in Iasi, where father Tatulea was the parish priest, an outstanding legionnaire and a priest with exceptional moral attitude, great theologian and composer. In his church, where he had a wonderful choir, all the elite from Iasi came. He was arrested too in 1948 and sentenced to hard years in prison.

Maglavit had been to the war, and afterwards, having a talent in music, went to study at The Conservatory in Iasi, where father Tatulea was one of his teachers. He was arrested in 1948, at the age of 46, and sentenced to 15 years of forced labor,

after he'd been through a very cruel interrogation in Suceava. Maglavit declared he is a student in order to be put in Pitesti, although he was part of "The Wanderers"⁵² organization. He did this so he could be, as he put it, "among the lads". Being raised in the orthodox spirit of the monasteries in the region of Neamt, where his home village was, he was profoundly Christian, a life which could have been seen as a model.

Being a good and peaceful man, who didn't agree with violence, the war with all its atrocities terrified him. In basement room no. 3, he

⁵² Affiliated or part of The Legionnaire Corps

was part of Pintilie's group and impressed with his meekness and kindness, but especially with his mystical life which moved everyone inside the room. Because of his warm soul which covered every young man who stood near him, I grew fond of badea⁵³ Vasile as well, seeing in him the model and life of the eastern holy fathers. Because he was part of the legionnaire meetings lead by Pintilie and the initiator of the mystical circle, badia Ungureanu became the target in Zaharia's tortures. He suffered the tortures like a martyr, but seeing the tortured young men made him

⁵³ A common Romanian expression usually addressed to older men, for older men

cry. At each strike of that club he involuntarily shivered, as if he was the one being hit.

The only reason he wasn't murdered inside the room is Magirescu, who greatly respected him. Being older than us - he could have been a father to us - he was obeyed, esteemed and loved so much, that I saw some people on the bunks crying when he was tortured.

He didn't hit anyone though, and because of him, Magirescu didn't hit either and told him that all of this mysticism had made him mad. Badia Ungureanu had the expression of a byzantine saint, the kind you can see

on the eastern iconography and was one of the few comrades I met in prison who fasted totally on Wednesdays and Fridays, giving his food to others. Because of this, he was one of the few ascetic comrades - Valeriu Gafencu and the lawyer Trifan in Brasov being the exception - who I saw with my own eyes enduring hunger without any problems.

For these, the life on earth had less importance, they were floating in other spheres. How can I not believe the lives of those saints and eastern ascetic martyrs then, when I saw my own comrades using their model as a life?

The Easter of 1951 was coming near, and, one evening, seeing badia Vasile crying, someone asked him why he is crying. His answer was simple : "Because my brothers suffer". He was referring to those who had been tortured. Zaharia, enraged, brutally intervened :

-How so, you mystical bandit, these are brothers to you, not bandits? With Christian simplicity, Ungureanu replied :

-For me they are not bandits, because they didn't steal anything from me and they didn't hurt me at all.

-What do you mean they didn't beat you?

-They didn't, Ungureanu answered.

Zaharia, enraged, yelled at him :

-Tell me about another experienced mystic like yourself then, what do you think about the bandit Bordeianu?

Everyone inside the room were expecting Ungureanu to do a portrait denouncement-style. Instead, he replied :

-Brother Bordeianu is a meek man.

This was the simplest characterization someone has ever made for me. Even now, when I put these memories down on paper, his words ring inside my ears.

Enraged even to the point of madness, Zaharia stormed on the poor man, trampled on him and beat him in such a way, that you didn't know if he was human or a bleeding pile of flesh anymore.

The denial

The content of this notion was and is very controversial even in the writings of the holy fathers, on the time of the Christian persecutions. The young legionnaires' denial of their Legionnaire Movement at Pitesti embraced much more complex forms than

the denial done in normal life circumstances. I am explaining the denouncements mystically. We, the ones who went through the denouncements in Pitesti and Gherla will be accused of being cowards perhaps, by our comrades, and our enemies will have a reason of pointing their fingers at us for what we've done. We will first address an answer to our comrades who are still alive, as well as to those who shall come after us. Yes! We were weak and helpless and we confess. But not out of the fear of death, death which we wished to come every second, but from the

dread of losing our minds,
like Pintilie, Nedelcu,
Soltuz, Ionescu and others...
Let those who are accusing us
live in this terror and dread
in the same circumstances and
then we shall talk again.
But those of us who were
murdered, redeemed our
weaknesses through their
sacrifice. The Legion will
live by its martyrs, heroes
and warriors. We wished we
could die every second,
without having the
possibility to die or kill
ourselves. The purpose of
this torture, its essence,
wasn't to kill us, because
this crime could have been
considered genocide, but to
make us become notorious

killers and informers. The medics in nazi concentration camps were more humane in a way, allowing the "patients" to die, but the communist medics in the prison's medical offices, agents of the Security and competing in murders side by side with Turcanu, stopped it, in order to make the pain even more painful.

To our enemies who persecuted us, when they will remind us in sarcasm that "Death, only the death of legionnaires is the most dear wedding of all weddings to us..." we will reply with a question : what have they been doing during the communist regime in Romania? We know very well

what they have been doing, so we ask them : where are their heroes and martyrs? But their abetment to so many crimes? If they would have been tortured with hundreds of clubs on their bodies, what would have become of them? We are not asking from people forgiveness, neither understanding, because pity has lost its uses. It is so easy to accuse others when no one ever put a finger on you! Five months of methodically applied torture according to plan, had passed. The mysterious interrogator on 26th of October warned us that he will drive us in to the madness of despair when he told me : "Even if you have

been made of reinforced concrete you bandits, we will still soften you". After these five months of unimaginable tortures, they had softened us, but not all. When the interrogator asked me if I am a legionnaire anymore, I replied that I cannot be otherwise because this is what I was sentenced for. He continued, telling me that one day I may say that I am not a legionnaire anymore. And they reached their goal, but not with the ones driven mad or killed, because these continued to confess their faith in God and Legion. Our denial was the consequence of continuous unbearable tortures. We asked

ourselves if this denial was nothing but a lie, being formally done. The Law Maker must give this answer. We asked ourselves again if our denial of the Legionnaire Movement hurt anyone? Is it possible we hurt ourselves or others? Maybe both. Only the free affirmation is valid, unrestrained by physical or moral coercion. We denied the Legionnaire Movement not because we were afraid to die, but because these tortures flowed continuously and we were afraid we're going to lose our minds. Is not death preferable instead of madness for a man in his right mind? If someone needs

to verify that what I say is true, visit an insane asylum. This was our state of mind back then when Zaharia asked each of us if we are still legionnaires.

Our colleagues who weren't legionnaires were grouped together on the bunk near the door in the right.

Ghita Reus was the first one questioned. Christian and legionnaire deep down inside his soul, a young man with irreproachable attitude, he had been tortured extra by Turcanu's order, as he was one of his most dire adversaries.

To Zaharia's question, Reus replied :

"I was arrested, trialed and sentenced for forbidden legionnaire activity. This was the statement I wrote and signed at the interrogation. In the Criminal Law however, there is not a single article attesting you can be convicted for legionnaire activity. From a judicial standpoint, we were convicted in base of article 209 Criminal Law, for the crime of conspiring against social order".

"So, if I wasn't convicted as a legionnaire, then how come you ask me if I am a legionnaire or not anymore, from the Law's point of view? I wonder, does the communist regime consider me to be

legionnaire or not? And if it still considers me to be a legionnaire, for my legionnaire activity, then there is no law which gives the right to the authorities to coerce me not be a legionnaire anymore. Isn't this the truth? If, according to the Penal Code, I am not a legionnaire, then why am I forced to deny what I am not?"

"I for one paid for what I've done, legionnaire or no legionnaire. What I am or I am not is a matter of conscience and no one in this world can make me deny my own conscience. Conscience is strictly personal and only I am the master over its

privacy. From the communist point of view I can only be trialed and sentenced when I voice my opinions or faith publicly, writing that I am against communism. There is no law in this world which can make me exteriorize my thoughts and the privacy of my conscience".

After Reus' exposure, Magirescu, who had finished Law School, didn't say a word. In his intimacy he agreed with Reus; probably he told Turcanu the same thing. The exposure disconcerted everyone in the room, even Zaharia, the chief of the torture committee. He wrote down what Reus said in order to inform Turcanu.

Tudose's turn followed, who said he didn't really contemplated this issue before, if he is a legionnaire or not, because, as Reus said before, this concerns the conscience.

The third was Gelu Gheorghiu who, with his good man attitude, interpreting everything through the moral point of view, answered Zaharia :

"I wonder if I was ever a legionnaire, because from my point of view, to be something means to identify yourself with that which you say you are. In conclusion, I wonder, did I ever identify myself with the Legionnaire Movement?"

"Corneliu Codeanu was the first who identified himself with what he said he was and he was assassinated. Mota and Marin also identified with what they said they were and they died too. All the legionnaire martyrs identified themselves with that which they said they were and were assassinated. "In this room there were two legionnaires, Pintilie, whom you have killed - and Nedelcu, who went insane. And I, if I had the chance, I would have killed myself (I realize now I would have been a coward doing so), and now I am being asked if I am a legionnaire or not anymore".

"For instance : I loved a very beautiful girl, I loved her with all my heart, but at some point, I had to tell her I won't marry her anymore. The girl asks for explanations, but what explanations can I give to her, because my decision concerning her remains unchanged?"

"I cannot give explanations, because someone is torturing me with the knut, and, without my consent, coerces me to tell him what he wants to hear and not what I really feel. So, gentlemen, what you are asking for is only a formal act, because inside my conscience you can never protrude. And you are

interested only in formal acts and if that's what you want, you will get what you want because of the tortures you inflict and will inflict on us. But this doesn't correspond to reality, because no matter how much we deny The Legionnaire Movement, we will still be considered legionnaires".

"However I shall answer your question, but allow me some time to think".

Gelu Gheorghiu's affirmations gave many of us the possibility to answer the same. After Gelu Gheorghiu my turn came. The comrades in the room weren't familiarized with the tortures in room no. 2 on ground floor and weren't

there when I denied The Legionnaire Movement. But I was convinced that, after all the tortures I endured and would have to endure again, me and my comrades, better than going insane, would have to formally deny the Legionnaire Movement.

So, I answered that I didn't think the issue and I would have to reflect more on it, because it is a matter of conscience, and one couldn't pronounce to this straight away.

To Magirescu's question, how much time would I need to reflect on this, I gave him a month or two, at which point Zaharia brutally intervened :

"I will make you shorten that time". Magirescu told him to leave me in peace for now. After us, all the others : Dinescu, Santimbreanu, Ciornea, Sarbu, Ungureanu, Popescu Paul, Zelica Berza, Grigoras, Hutuleac, etc. they asked for time to think as well.

Nedelcu and Ionescu, who weren't legionnaires, who presented symptoms of insanity, weren't asked a thing. Of all of us, only five declared they are not legionnaires anymore, and they were the ones who got chosen by Zaharia to stand guard during the nights.

The next day in the evening, after Zaharia presented the

report to Turcanu, Turcanu came to us. Turcanu's physiognomy is impossible to describe in these situations. As he entered the room he went straight to Reus and told him ironically :
"My colleague, so you bring Law into discussion, isn't it? In matters of Law, I cannot contradict you, because we were colleagues in faculty. But you will see and feel on your crimson legionnaire hide the method I will apply on you, to make you say you won't be a legionnaire ever again, not even if Horia Sima was here to hang you".
"Do you remember, when the denouncements started with

you, bandits, in this room I told you I will make you say what you know and don't know and make you behave like I want you to behave, do you remember? Well, let it sink into your heads you bandits, that I will apply "love" methods on you - allusion to Gheorghiu - so much so, that you won't need so much time to think anymore, like this mystical bandit Bordeianu said. And you know bandits, that I keep my word, like I kept it until now". He looked at all of us who were sitting on the bunks and, without saying more, left the room together with Zaharia.

The public statements continued, in the room, as well as the written ones, at the 4th hospital room.

We were certain that, after Turcanu's visit, Zaharia will come with a new method of torture.

After the evening meal, Zaharia came back enraged as a bull and delivered his musical repertoire. He chose ten of us and, along with the committee, applied the law of "love" to Gheorghiu.

Then, he made us sit in a new position on the bunks:

instead of keeping our hands on our knees, we had to keep them straight up. After the beating we took, we could barely move, and because we

had to keep our hands
upwards, in fixed position,
the excitement of the nerves
intensified so much that it
was impossible to bear.

The 1951 easter. the son of man
Bl asphemed

The week that followed after
these events remains in our
memories. The new fixed
position was so hard to bear,
that I wished, more than
anytime, for death to come or
an earthquake to bring the
Pitesti fortress down, and
its rubble bury us forever
underneath it. How we waited
for and how sublime the
martyr's death seemed to us!

However, Only God knew when this torture will end and how.

The Easter was approaching and I was terrified thinking that what occurred at Christmas will repeat exactly at Easter, but with many more satanic aspects, which the man in his right mind cannot even fathom.

It was the Palm Sunday, before the Passion Week.

In that afternoon, Zaharia returned from the 4th hospital room and ordered a new redistribution on the bunks. All of a sudden, it crossed my mind that something strange was being prepared, something indescribable,

concerning the Passion Week and Easter.

The first seated on the bunk, according to the new order, was Maglavit, followed by Nedelcu, Bordeianu Dumitru - the author of these sad memories, Popescu Paul, Zelica Berza, Grigoras, Hutuleac, Santimboreanu, Reus, Gheorghiu and Andrisan.

All these had been part of Maglavit's group. When I saw this new order and especially the fact that we were all part of the mystical group, without realizing it, a horror took control over us, and sensed something was being prepared for us.

Monday, in The Passion Week, right after lunch, Zaharia

returned with a stack of papers in his hand, some worn out brooms, a ball of thick thread, some empty cans, charcoal, and a small bottle. He put them on our bunk, and, he made us build crosses out of the broom sticks.

One of the crosses, the bigger one, was meant for Ungureanu.

I didn't guess what Zaharia was going to do. Out of the empty can, he made the censer, and the papers he brought he shared among the ones who denied the Legionnaire Movement as well as to to 5-6 people who were standing guard since 15th of January.

After all these had been prepared, Zaharia addressed us in the following manner :
"Mystics and - the others in the room - bandits, because you believe in God and His Passions, and as you know I don't believe in such nonsense, and because we are in The Passion Week, you will see what passions will you mystics endure!"

Not even in the most pornographic literature and no matter what anyone would tell me, I could never imagine that some satanic and sick minds could come up with such obscenities, to blaspheme and offend God's Majesty, His Sainthood and Purity.

As I said earlier when I was telling about the Christmas of 1950, I won't allow myself - for the sake of the little culture and literature I assimilated during my learning years, and for the sake of the common sense and decency of a humble Christian - to present before the readers these abjections addressed to God. If I were to pronounce them or write about them, I would be the advocate of satan and his servants.

What is the use of describing these pornographies, insults and blasphemies brought to God? The faithful will believe our word, having God as a Witness and those who

endured these tortures in His name. The atheists won't believe us, who blaspheme God anyway, without being tortured.

From Monday afternoon to the Good Friday, when the Lamentations were sang in our churches, as well as in the three Easter Days, the ten who denied the Movement plus those who stood as guards sang all this repertoire of pornographies, shameless things and salaciousness which exceeded all imagination, on The Lamentations Tune.

We, "the mystics", were lead on our knees through the room for eight days, from one end to the other, with Ungureanu

being our leader, as if we were imagining Our Lord's Passions.

They put the crown of thorns on Ungureanu, and in the cans they put charcoal, they sprinkled it with lamp gas and set it on fire, so we can incense with the cans, while we were walking on our knees, doing prostrations.

I saw Ungureanu crying as never before, terrified of what they forced us do.

What made my soul tremble in this torture of the spirit, was my mother's image, whom I saw in front of my eyes, mournful, the way she experienced The Savior's Week of Passion. I could see her crying; maybe she was

thinking at my ordeals,
although the poor woman
didn't know the hell I was
in.

I could also see all the
mothers of the ones tortured
and terrified of being made
to blaspheme God. If these
mothers would have seen the
torments their sons were
subjected to, many of them
would have gone insane.

After eight days of walking
on our knees, our pants
ruptured, and the knees were
but a wound. The only one of
us who refused to take part
in this satanic ritual was
Nedelcu Aristide. He was
already insane and broke off
from the suite. He was
tolerated, because, as they

said, he'd gone out of his mind.

At the end of the eight days of suffering and humiliation, from the morning until the evening, our souls torn apart, sick of ourselves, of our helplessness and weakness, we were imploring the Heaven to take us away. Because we had been walking on the cement, our knees were all a bloody wound and, when we touched the floor it was like we stepped on needles. But, beside the physical wounds, this spiritual degradation left even deeper wounds in our souls and conscience.

I was thinking terrified in those moments if we would

have to celebrate in the same way other holidays of the Birth and Resurrection of Jesus Christ, while our parents, brothers, sisters and friends will live the Joy of true celebration.

These kinds of orgies didn't occur only in basement room no. 3, but in all the other rooms as well, as the ones who experienced them as well attested, after the denouncements ended.

Here is the final purpose of the communist reeducation : Taking God out of the hearts of people, collapsing them into the void.

Pitesti(4)

The last compulsion of denial

The tortures where we were forced to keep our hands straight up, then the spiritual and moral prostitution of our conscience, strengthened our conviction that we will either go insane, either deny the Legionnaire Movement.

In the two weeks after Easter, when the public and written

statements continued in the 4th hospital room, each of us consulted with our conscience thinking what he will choose to write. You wouldn't be of any use to anyone insane. If you would choose to deny, you insulted the Movement, having one more chance to keep your mind sane.

There was one other question : after all we had seen and lived, convinced that not even in a hundred years will something change inside the communist camp, because we had been sold like perishable wares for the sake of selfish interests without taking the human rights into consideration, which were so

fashionable then, in these conditions what was the point of living anymore?

On the other hand, as lonely individuals, how could we represent the Legionnaire Movement anymore? When we entered the gate of that inferno we became dead to the Legion. All we did was our duties to take part in a struggle which we already lost and in which we became kneeled and tortured. So what did it matter if we denied the Legionnaire Movement or not at this point? The deny leads to total compromise and disdain, and not denying, to insanity. This alternative didn't make sense for me. I, as well as my comrades, had

reached the final limit, a dead end.

The most optimistic of us tried to solve this conscience problem the way Gheorghiu did, with his beautiful girl example, the girl whom he loved so much. And many did follow his example, formally denying the Movement.

The hour brought more than the year because the "red dragon" in Kremlin had died. Still, it was too late. Many denied the Legionnaire Movement already. Those who asked for more time to think were refused. The only one who didn't deny was Nedelcu Aristide, who was insane though and didn't count.

This was the purpose of the Moscow occult : to make us deny the Legion, using continuous and unbearable tortures, to make us morally compromise in front of one another and lose our mutual trust.

You, comrades of ours who didn't go where we went and you are still alive, as well as those who shall come after us, judge us how your conscience tells you to. We were judged severely by our own conscience. The tortures which we endured we don't wish even upon our enemies. What more arguments can I bring concerning our denial? History will judge us, with a right judgement and not a

charade of trial like the
Bolsheviks made for us,
behind which The Red
International pulled the
strings.

The best and most valuable of
us have been killed.

The denying of the Legion and its Legionnaire superiors

Satan's hydra, the communism,
wasn't satisfied only with
compromising us in front of
one another, by making us
deny the Legion, but forced
us to bring the most base
insults, slanders and

denigrations to our Captain, superiors and comrades whom we knew.

Knowing our denial was only formal, Nicolski wanted to have something more in writing, not only our denial of the Legionnaire Movement which they asked to be done in writing.

I am asking my comrades to understand and be convinced that the most, with very few exceptions, denied the Legion only formally and remained on the position that Gheorghiu explained in the interrogatory in that story of the beautiful girl whom he'd remain loyal.

As far as the denigration is concerned, the slandering,

the insults and the depreciation addressed to the legionnaire superiors, they weren't written by us but by the ones in the committee. They were then gathered and given to Turcanu who in turn sent them to Nicolski. Generally, the issue of denigrating the legionnaire superiors in the forced labor section was as decent as it could be, given the certain circumstances. Nicolski, seeing that he cannot reach his goal, invented insults and slanders addressed to the Legion's greatest superiors, which he in turn asked Turcanu to bring them to the chiefs of the torture committees, to be read in

front of us. The most of us didn't pay any attention to these slanders, excepting a few younger pupils and students.

Gheorghiu came back with another solution to this issue as well.

Asked if he knows any immoral deeds the legionnaire superiors may have done in general, he, with the calm of a saint and irreproachable moral attitude, answered Zaharia : "Well sir, you have tortured me so as to make me leave my love, identified with the Legion, to not love her anymore, to deny her, but to insult her, denigrate her, slander her because I once

loved her, sir, it cannot be done!"

"Not even if the one you love left you, because of the love you have for her, common sense doesn't allow you to talk bad of her. You tortured us, forcing us to eat our own excretions and say it was good, but, as far as love goes, there is no compromise".

"I don't know anything, didn't see or hear about immoral deeds of legionnaire superiors I knew. You want me to invent slanders? This, as well, cannot be done!"

Gheorghiu's attitude was a safe net for most of us. I answered the same to

Zaharia's question and got to pay for it dearly.

How could they be defamed, what reproaches could you address to Radu Gyr, Nicolae Patrascu, Vica Negulescu, Costache Oprisan, Gabriel Balanescu, Radu Mironovici, Petre Tutea, Mircea Nicolau, the group of engineers from Iasi's Polytechnics, Nelu and Ion Paunescu, Eugen Teodorescu, the priest and lawyer Paslariu, the prosecutor Ambrozie and his wife, Gili Ioanid, Ion Ianulide, Popescu Ion, Lefa Aristide, Popescu Traian, Florica Dumitrescu, Mircea Motei, Gelu Gheorghiu, Reus Gheorghe, the Scutaru brothers, Ion and Mihai

Lungeanu, Lazar Andrei, Emil
Branzei, Teodor Valeriu, the
brothers Ion and Costica
Stamate, Vasile Patrascu,
Neculai Simionescu, Pintilie
Ion, Nedelcu Aristide, Iosub
Mihai, Costica Butan, Zelica
Berza, Ungureanu Vasile,
Hoinic Dragos, Tatulea the
priest, Olta Manoliu, Nicola
Beuran, the Dumitriu sisters,
Gioga Parizianu, Gherase
Aurel, Grebenea the priest,
Aurel Obreja and other
thousands and thousands of
legionnaires not mentioned
here?

For this reason I want to ask
forgiveness from my comrades
murdered in prisons and those
who are still alive, because
I didn't write their names

here and they were so kind to me too, but my memory couldn't memorize them. I didn't mention those abroad, those parachuted, neither those in Gavrilă's group from Făgăraș.

And what bad things could we say about the chief of the Legionnaire Movement, Horia Simă, under whose command we sprang into battle?

Using these denigrations, insults and slanders, the Moscow occult wanted to tear the legend of the legionnaire elite from the young legionnaire's hearts. This was the Moscow occult's purpose but they didn't succeed at it.

Zaharia, seeing that he didn't get from us what he wanted, brought some papers from Turcanu, all kinds of invectives written on them, and read them to us. But this didn't succeed either, because he had to bring evidence or the one blamed to admit his deed.

In order to hide their dirty deeds, the communists threw them on their adversaries' backs.

The torture of the moral conscience

The first time we were asked if we are legionnaires or not anymore, only five of us said they weren't anymore.

Then the sitting on the bunk with our hands up torture came and the beatings administered to those who didn't suffer this torture, continuing with mocking God in His Passion Week and the "pilgrimage" on our knees through the room, eight days, followed by our denial of the Legion.

Turcanu stated then in front of all of us that the legionnaires don't exist anymore.

We were in the seventh day of indescribable tortures. Our memory had been emptied by

"everything we know and didn't know" concerning our activities and the activities of those who were "free". To escape this unbearable torture a bit, many of us, especially the young, declared things true or untrue, because the suffering crossed the boundary of resistance.

A Romanian saying : "May God not give to man all he can bear", came true in a dramatic way. The photo of these faces which expressed despair taken to its limits, and torture taken to the limit of madness, could have been the most earth-shattering proof of this beastly and satanic event.

The psychologists,
parapsychologists,
psychiatrists and other
specialists would have
possessed a rich study
material.

These images would have
spoken fully about the
communist terror and why
inside the communist empire,
until the present, no
rebellion ever occurred
against the satanic reign.
If the unwritten or written
statements emptied our
conscience, if the Legion
denial compromised us as
legionnaires, still, the most
heinous torture, which acted
inside our privacy, was the
prostitution of our moral
conscience.

The conscience is the most private part of the human being.

Due to this privacy, our Savior instituted the Holy Mystery of Confession, through the power He gave to the Holy Apostles which these in turn transmitted to all the priests, until the end of the world, speaking the words : "I will give you the keys of the kingdom of heaven; whatever you bind on earth will be bound in heaven, and whatever you loose on earth will be loosed in heaven". This warrant, given to man through priests, is the warrant God gave to the person in order for him to

partake at His great plan of salvation.

The one who confesses empties his conscience, before his confessor, of all that is inhuman inside him, of all the devilish temptations and lures and of all the evil he did to his brother.

Of all the tortures I've seen and by now, the reader got to know, the moral tortures surpassed all imagination.

That's why, no one in this world has under no circumstances the right to rape the privacy of his neighbor's conscience, because the freedom of conscience was given to man By God.

Each of us was tortured so as to realize he doesn't have any chance of avoiding this moral "prostitution".

For this reason some of us invented or exaggerated facts that even the sickest mind couldn't comprehend, just to be believed so we can escape the tortures. You were asked if besides stealing, lies, scamming - which you had to publicly confess - you have committed sexual perversions, the prostitution of the conscience being especially the sexual perversions and sexual relations. And the young legionnaires in the Brotherhood of the Cross or the ones in the student centers had been specially

educated so they could avoid perversions, morally and sexually.

Facing the torture committee, you were asked if you were ever involved in sexual perversions. If you replied no, you were tortured for not doing it; if you said yes you were tortured the same, because you did it; either way, you were tortured.

That's why, you got to be like Andrisan, beard or no beard. In that madness of despair, after the horrendous continuous tortures, a lot of us came to the conclusion that "I will say and do anything".

In this stage, when the will to discern, the shame and

common sense had been long abolished, when the tortured was struggling in the gutter, knowing that tomorrow he could go insane on the bunk just like Pintilie, Nedelcu and Ionescu, what could anyone ask of that man? Some of us began to tell, without any restraint, deeds of all sorts, which cannot be even seen in pathology. Poor men, they didn't have any discernment or will; they were completely mad. So, they declared that they did all the sexual perversions, that they had been copulating with domestic animals, with their mothers, sisters, relatives and the ones they personally knew.

It was as if Sodom and Gomorra moved into the Pitesti prison. In the moment these statements were being done, you had to wonder, with no luck for answer, if you were the mad one and don't understand what your comrade is declaring or if he was the mad one and you couldn't understand why he went bananas.

This prostitution lasted some 15 days. The declarations were more decent in the forced labor section and basement room no. 3.

In the declarations at Gherla, made by the youngest, things so scabrous were stated, that you're ashamed to even remember them, let

alone to pronounce or write them.

But what the occult didn't foresee was the fact that the most of us, having discernment and understanding, weren't affected by the situation. In some cases though, Nicoliski, using Turcanu and his tools, succeeded to make us do whatever they wanted to. Because, for some of us, the recovery was impossible. The enemy could now make them into bullies, informers, anything.

Now allow me to anticipate and confess a fact that sheds light, for any man of good faith, on my affirmations above.

In the Autumn of 1961 I had two more years until my punishment will expire and I was imprisoned in the Aiud penitentiary.

I had been punished a lot, in black cells, in the basement and with severe arrest by the political officer lieutenant-colonel Ivan, who, since 1957, had been interrogating me and wanted to catch me with something. But because I lived on other frequencies and the prison didn't hinder me anymore, my position was rock-solid so I could last. One good day he took me out of my cell and into a room in the administration building, telling me that I will be talking with a big comrade

from the Ministry of Internal Affairs and to be careful how and what I will talk.

After a quarter of an hour a colonel from the security came in, around 45 of age, with an intellectual face. He presented himself and started the discussion in a civilized manner. He was asking me about things I've done since my arrest and until that moment. He was familiar with the legionnaire issue and the issue concerning our detention.

When Pitesti and Gherla were brought into the discussion I could tell he was familiar with my attitude, along with my characterization made by Turcanu. Concerning the

things which occurred there, I told him that Turcanu had been interrogating the ones hostile to the regime. He became a bit enraged, but restrained himself. He admitted that the denouncements in Pitesti and Gherla represented a mistake of the administration back then and that he will have to act in a different way from now on. I was convinced that he admitted to his faults only interestedly. He cut right to the chase :

-Mister Bordeianu, I have the power right in this moment, to get you out of prison, if you will accept the proposition I will make to you.

But before he revealed his proposition to me, he asked me if I am still in my right mind and body.

-Thank God! I replied.

He then asked me how did I suffer and still suffer through the detention, because after the massive arrests in 1958-1959 very severe conditions were imposed to us, almost unbearable.

-As you can see!

He then asked me if I still hope to be released from prison.

-I don't believe in the communists' mercy and nothing can convince me that they won't convict me again!

He didn't reply.

-You don't fancy being free?

-I don't trust your freedom anymore!

After this exchange of words he resumes :

-Mister Bordeianu, you forget what I am talking about here : I have the power, as I said, to negotiate with you, and following the proposition I will make to you, provided you accept it and sign it, leaving this room, you won't ever get back to that cell.

-What is this about?

-I will take you out of prison and drive you to Oradea, where we will offer you all the civilized conditions and even luxury conditions, with young and beautiful women - I already

saw the temptation - if you accept and take the responsibility to get information and inform the Security precisely, of all that is being done, said and planned in certain social circles.

When I heard this I lost it. And this could be seen on my face. Noticing my change in attitude, in order to warm things a little, he continued

:

-Don't be alarmed mister Bordeianu, because it is not about your comrades, because I know you are still a legionnaire, although you denied it at Pitesti. I repeat, just so we can be clear : you won't do this to

your legionnaires, nor to other political prisoners released from prison nor to the hidden enemies of the regime, but your mission will be to get information and rat only on ours.

To this I smiled and asked :

-What do you mean, yours?

-On the communists, he emphasized.

-So, you do not trust your own?

-No! He answered, confirming my hunch.

-This is all?

-Yes, largely; we will finalize the details when you have accepted my offer.

Being confident, because I had 13 years of prison and went through all that, and

because my experience and conscience were the same as when I first entered prison, I answered :

-Colonel sir, after so many years behind bars, of experience, after all I've heard and lived and known inside prison, beside the fact I am still a legionnaire, I am also an orthodox Christian, in the truest sense of the Christian concept. That's why, all that you could offer me even in these dire circumstances, in Oradea or elsewhere couldn't tempt me at all. I cannot accept this offer, or anything you could give me, because I wish harm upon anyone, not even on my

enemies and those who want to take my life away. I am convinced that if you would be locked away like I am, even for one year, you would change your point of view. And you aren't the only one whose proposition I didn't accept after 13 years of prison, because I got the same offer in 1946 from a man of yours - Ion Berac - , before I was arrested. And you should know, that, after the denunciations stopped in Gherla and after Stalin's death, I categorically refused to serve you, no matter the advantages you could offer me. My life's purpose isn't to harm anyone, but do good to my fellow man

and even to my enemy. And, as long as I will have life inside me, to serve God, in faith and love, so I can save my soul. I am sorry I disappointed you, but look elsewhere.

I was surprised by the offer he made me, but how surprised he was, not only at my refusal, which he probably expected, but my attitude towards earthly goods and my way of thinking. I was certain though that he heard the same things from other comrades and that is why he remained quiet; he was completely muted.

I returned to my cell, and he probably went to search for other collaborators.

The communists convinced some of us, when we were so unbalanced, mad and despaired, and some of us became the most docile victims.

Analyzing this right, with no passion, you get to understand these unfortunate people too, who accepted this dangerous game, without their consent and conviction.

We, the ones who didn't buy this, aren't heroes. I am certain that not because of our courage and attitude we were saved, but only because Of God's Mercy Who kept us from tripping and falling down. To be proud you did good deeds and that you are more than you really are,

means having an out of control ego, which many times leads you to perdition. Because, situations could come over you which are more than you can handle with your physical and spiritual powers and make you become even more evil than the one you accused of being corrupted. Apart from Me you can do nothing are The Lord's Words. Because of this, only he who entrusted his helplessness and weakness in God's mercy and help will conquer. It is not hard to accuse these brothers of ours who fell as victims to the communists. They gave up only after continuous intolerable tortures, when their

willpower and will to discern didn't help them anymore. Fear and madness of despair overthrew them in the nets of those who were throwing the bait for these unfortunate ones. But the millions of voluntary or paid informers and rats, who put themselves at communism's disposal, why did they do it, I wonder? So we are compelled to rightly discern between the victims of the tortures and those who, conscious and of their own free wills, offered themselves to serve satan. Could anyone ask more of a man than he can give, physically and spiritually? Of course not, because men are not all made the same.

The last tortures in Pitesti fortress

After the intolerable physical tortures and tortures of conscience, we didn't have anything to hide anymore and we didn't have any physical and moral resources to withstand the tortures either.

During the moral tortures the physical tortures continued as well, at the same rate, for the ones sentenced with forced labor, until the public statements inside the cell and those written in the

4th hospital room were almost finished. Turcanu, at Nicol'ski's orders, pushed us to finalize the written statements for a couple of reasons :

- For all those undeclared at the official investigation to become known, so they could convict those committed to extermination camps;
 - To know those who are against the regime and hold functions in the state apparatus;
 - They needed prisoners, for the inception of the Death Canal, for the work in prison workshops and the lead mines;
- You should know that the denunciations started in Pitesti continued at the Canal with the students,

pupils and workers who had short sentences. These were taken to Pitesti, Targosor and Gherla and submitted to the same methods of torture, so as to recruit from among them chiefs of squads and brigadiers. The ones recruited using these tortures, in turn had to coerce, using horror and terror, those who were forced to work there.

As for us, the ones in forced labor and some in hard labor, other trials were being prepared for : the lead mines in Maramures and the horror workshops in Gherla.

The torture which was applied to us in our last months of stay in Pitesti, was typical

to the one developed by the Bolshevik monster Makarenko. The method worked strictly psychologically. As you sat on the bunk in fixed position, all kinds of things ran through your mind, some of them I considered to be diabolical temptations entirely, which I had in normal circumstances as well. But now we had no power to control ourselves and chase these away from the screen of our conscience. For instance, one of those in the committee, more possessed than you were, suddenly stopped in front of you and, surprising you, he asked you what you are thinking about in that moment. Facing this

question, the satanic thoughts mixed together cluttering inside your conscience with other thoughts, so much so that many times you didn't know what to say; it was as if someone took your mind away. In this confusion of thoughts, being left without the most basic will, you could end up in the following situations :

- If you told what your thought was and it did not contradict the denouncements, but they agreed with it, you would escape the beating, because your face didn't show anxiety;
- If you were hiding something, they could see paleness on

your face and, in this case the beating was a sure thing, still considering you to be a great bandit;

- If you told them you aren't thinking anything, and in this case the mimic of the face betrayed your lie, you were again considered to be a great bandit, dishonest and experienced, very dangerous even, and an intolerable torture awaited you.

Very few exceptions when some of us escaped without a beating, during the one month of the "reading" of thoughts torture.

Surprisingly : our memory was the only psychic function available which still retained its sharpness.

Unwillingly, sometimes facts and events that you didn't think they even happened to you came back to your memory. Our memory had been "swept" away, all that time placed inside it, in tranquility and order, had been torn from it. Our data compartment was so emptied, that it was like a house that thieves robbed of everything, until the very last thread. What could you place there in return, when you didn't have anything anymore to place there? "The thought reading" concluded the torture which endured for nine months, according to the threat : "We will read and know your very thoughts".

Our souls were crippled and defeated and we manifested and behaved like robots. It was like nothing was left alive in us, and the man of reason was long gone from inside us. From time to time there was a spark of reason still in our souls. But this terrified us because of the imminent fall which followed. This is why I strongly attest with all certainty that the continuous torture, intense and without any perspective for a way out leads to the destruction of what is most priceless inside the human being.

If a hardness scale is 1 to 10, our power of resistance, of enduring the tortures was

from 1 to 10 as well. And, if the points at which the metals melt range from between 0 to thousands of degrees, all of them melting at some point, the same thing happened to us too, the ones who endured the denunciations at Gherla and Pitesti.

Taking these things into account, we conclude that our common sense doesn't allow for us to judge the one who endured these trials.

Some gave up after they saw another full of blood and crippled because of beatings, without them being slapped once. Others gave up with a slap or after a good beating, others following hundreds of beatings, others committed

suicide or went mad and others still, were killed. Some gave up after a day of torture, some after a month, some after years. We all melted though, or to put it in communist terms - "softened", according to the statement : "Even if you were made of reinforced concrete, we will still soften you". How could we not "melt", when we didn't have any meat on our bones anymore and our bones were swollen and badly bruised after they had been hit by clubs? After this experience "the thought reading" started. The curious thing was that the most of us couldn't tell what we were thinking of

anymore, what kind of thoughts crossed our minds and if they were conforming with their rules or not. Some, especially those in the mystical group, said they are praying, others they are thinking home, and others said all kinds of things, one more amazing than the next. The inconceivable and incomprehensible difficulty of knowing your own thoughts, was that after so many years of tortures, we couldn't express ourselves in an intelligible way. I, as well as my comrades, saw with our own eyes how we couldn't control our face expression anymore, which always betrayed our thoughts

and it couldn't mask them anymore. During the time when the possessed tortured you he was looking straight in your eyes asking you what you are thinking of, or what kind of thoughts you have, and if you didn't answer sincerely, he saw the thought you were trying to hide on your face. You didn't have any will or power to stop this exteriorization, so they could tell exactly if you were telling the truth or not.

This was the last phase of the collective madness we all who were being denounced lived. And the end result of this "reading" of the thoughts, predicted by

Nicoliski and prophesized to us by Turcanu, was the total distrust towards the one sitting next to you.

The denial of god.

The fall

If the "reading" of the thoughts torture technique filled the cup of hopelessness and madness up to the point of spilling out, the denial of God and the right faith, which stood as the one and our last support, collapsed us entirely. We had been thrown into chaos, unbalanced, with no support or perspective, at the discretion of our torturers.

This fact had adverse

consequences concerning what we would still have to see and experience in another of satan's fortresses, Gherla.

At the beginning of August 1951, when the public and written declarations were almost at their end, and the thought "reading" torture had reached the level foreseen in the occult's plans, Turcanu came from room to room, with the expression of a satisfied demon and I heard him repeating that he could tempt and deceive those who had been tough and faithful, rolling them in the mud.

"Hey bandits, you very well remember what I said in this room and in the other rooms,

and I am not kidding, I will keep my word and will use all the methods to reach my goal. And here we are, using these methods, we have succeeded in reading your very thoughts, fact which you never expected".

"I want to tell you though, that the most dangerous of you, bandits, remain the ones who confess your faith in God. And I am convinced that the ones who didn't deny their faith in God, didn't deny their faith in The Legionnaire Movement either. You are the most dangerous, most experienced and crimson legionnaires".

"So, for these the denouncements will be

continued years, in the way you've come to know them, but using other methods as well. We must get this aberration, the faith in God, out of your minds and hearts for good". Then, he asked us : "Who of you, bandits, believes in God any longer?"

Almost half of the room raised their hands. Facing this situation, Turcanu continued : "I got methods for you too, the ones who raised your hands, to make you say you abolished your faith, in the same way you have denied the Legionnaire Movement".

Then, addressing to Zaharia : "Hey, come by my office

later, see what you have to do with these bandits". For those truly faithful, the biggest possible threat was the last thing Turcanu said, which no one was expecting. We had to be hit in what was most dear to us, our only support - the faith in God - the hope of our redemption from satan's claws. The issue of salvation doesn't interest people who don't believe in God, because they are tied with this material world, earthly goods, social status, the pleasures and satisfactions of this life, so much so, that only death will separate them from these.

But for the ones who believe in God limitless, in salvation and eternal life, not being tied down to Earth, the biggest tragedy is when they are being forced to confess if they believe in God anymore or not.

People like the holy fathers and the martyrs would have preferred a thousand deaths, than to deny God and the faith in Him. But some of us came with the excuse that if even Peter the great Apostle who believed and loved Jesus limitless, denied him out of fear, then us, some helpless microbes, what could we do? This is what the ones who denied God formally said, as

they denied the Legion as well.

And if, apparently, the young men who endured Pitesti behaved generally the same, when we look closer, things don't look the same though. Each behaved differently, depending on his faith in God first, then depending on their attachment and faith in the political view which they had been sentenced for, depending on his physical resistance and especially depending on his moral and spiritual power. Knowing this, we cannot place all the young men who endured Pitesti in one place, saying that all behaved the same.

If all behaved the same, all would have given up after their first slap or during the first day, some wouldn't have been killed, some wouldn't have committed suicide, others wouldn't have become bullies or gross killers. On the physical and spiritual resistance scale, each registered in direct proportion with himself. Concerning Turcanu's affirmations, that the most dangerous "bandits" are the ones who believe in God, we are inclined to say he was correct. Who doesn't remember Vasile Patrascu, whose faith remained unshakable and confessed until the last

moment, with all the torture he endured? Who doesn't remember Zelica Berza from the basement room no. 3, Reus, Ungureanu, Nedelcu, Popa, Andrisan, Dinescu, Popescu Paul, and the others, who publicly stated that no one can make them deny God and His Church, with all the tortures, even more so when the Church is admitted by Law.

It is true that, due to the intolerable tortures, many denied God too in the end. But their denial was short lived. At the end, through repentance, they went back To Christ.

I didn't register among the ones who categorically stated

their belief in God, nor among the ones who stated they don't. The reader has familiarized himself with my view by now, that man's duty is to try in all his life's circumstances.

I didn't have any merit though, the thoughts and attitude were inspired to me By God and the ordeal had to be prolonged until the limit of resistance. I only believed and hoped in God's mercy, Who saved me from becoming a bully and a murderer in Pitesti's denouncements.

When I was asked by Zaharia if I believe in God anymore or not, for the first and last time in my life, my mind

became dark and lost,
something that no one will
ever understand but me, the
one who experienced it. Who
darkened my power of
discernment then? I couldn't
discern the satanic thoughts
which darkened my conscience
and my mind. God tried back
then to give me the
opportunity to confess my
faith in Him openly and
without fear, in this last
trial. But I didn't ask for
His help, for Him to
enlighten my mind and
conscience, so I hesitated to
confess with all my heart.
Those who imagine that in
these outstanding situations
they can last only by their
own strength, are cheating

themselves and will do so until the end of the world. Didn't Jesus say : Apart from Me you can do nothing ? That's why, when I didn't yell and implore for God's help, I fell. And so great was my fall, because satan tormented my soul, and did so for three years. When Zaharia asked me what is my faith like now, a thought which wasn't mine nor God's, took control over me and whispered : "Say you are not praying to god anymore!" And this is what I publicly stated, in basement room no. 3 : "I don't pray anymore, I don't pray to God anymore". And from that moment on I didn't pray.

The result of breaking the communion with God through prayer, was that satan's spirit entered inside me and tortured and tormented me, from August 1951 until Easter 1954. I need to point out that I only said I don't pray anymore, and not that I don't believe in God anymore. But my greatest sin was that I didn't pray at all, for real. Even more so, because I knew the words Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

The prayer, as the holy fathers confess, is the communion of the faithful man with God. In it, man talks

with God, Adores Him,
glorifies Him, thanks Him,
tells Him his sorrows and
troubles, asks Him for
forgiveness, for help and
mercy etc...

In the chapter about Gherla I
will describe for the ones
that have unlimited belief in
God and miracles, how I
restored my communion with
God in prayer. I shall never
forget those and I see them
like mountains before me,
those who had the strength,
courage, faith and manhood to
state their belief in God
without fear. Probably,
that's why the big stars
shine on the night sky and
can be seen, while others,

small and helpless, remain inside the dark, forgotten. At the half of August, Zaharia left the room, because he wasn't the chief of the torture committee anymore, and the fixed position torture on the bunk ended. The beatings stopped as well. But I lived in the fear that, after this apparent calm, a cruel storm was coming on the horizon. And this was Gherla. At the half of September, a small fraction of us left for the Canal, some to the lead mines in Maramures, and others to Gherla. If, in the time I write these memories, I would be asked to choose between death and

Pitesti, I confess with all my heart and fear of God that I would prefer death a thousand times.

And I believe that all of my comrades who are still alive and went through that fortress of satan in Pitesti think the same. Is there a more open and sincere confession who could satisfy the reader of these lines ?

The I leave from Pitesti

As I related to you before, starting with the second half of August, the public statements in basement room no. 3 and the 4th hospital room were almost at an end.

The tortures had stopped, with few exceptions - the ones in the death cells at the head of the "T".

Meanwhile, Turcanu along with his chief of staff and the chiefs of committees were in a big hurry to filter and allocate the statements to their respective addresses and do the written characterization to each young denounced man. This characterization had to be attached to the two files; the criminal file, which could be found at the prison clerk and the secret file from the Ministry of Internal Affairs.

I only knew of these characterizations from hear-

say, but I was sure of their existence seeing them, when the Ministry of Internal Affairs colonel came with my complete file, the one from the prison plus the one from the Ministry of Internal Affairs.

I had my forced arrest home in Baragan back then, in 1963. These characterizations made by Turcanu and the chiefs of the committees had a very evil role in the time of our incarceration. The punishments were given depending on those. For some they have been fatal. Who knew each of us better, from all points of view, than Turcanu and the bosses of the torture committees?

At the half of August, the 14 who were kept in a fixed position on the bunk : Reus, Gheorghiu, Grigoras, Dinescu, Visovan, Santimbreanu, Nedelcu, Popescu, Draganescu, Bordeianu and the others, were relieved of this torture, event which we felt like a true blessing.

I don't have to mention the incarceration conditions : the hunger, the cold, the lack of medical assistance, lack of baths, unwashed clothes and the fact that, since 10th of December 1949, we hadn't been allowed to have fresh air. All of these things, compared to the tortures we had been submitted to, were so

insignificant, that for us they weren't important at all anymore.

I remind the reader that, during all the time of the tortures, the quality and quantity of the food were under the level of basic metabolism - 600-700 calories per day; the measure imposed for us to reduce our physical strength and make us incapable of raising even one finger to all that was done to us. Concerning the cold, it was more like a blessing, when all of your body was a wound.

And I need to mention something else too, first of all for the more skeptical medics and hygienists. During

my stay in room no .2 ground floor and basement room no. 3, not one of those tortured was ever taken out to the medical office and no wound was ever infected. Witnesses are all those who endured in there and are still alive. Not even Gheorghiu's wound at the neck had been treated, but only bandaged by Petrica Tudose with dirty rags and it didn't infect. It seems that when God wants, the law of nature can be overridden. And maybe it was better this way, that in nine months while we were in basement room no. 3, we didn't take a bath, because we couldn't see our wounds and scare ourselves.

But I repeat, all these conditions didn't count face to face with the physical and moral tortures we endured.

And when they allowed us to move through the room, I was living the feeling of coming from another world, after that fixed position on the bunk, moving through the room was something out of fairy tales.

The appearance of those that passed through so many months of tortures was like that of madmen, their look wasn't like that of a normal person anymore. You had the feeling you are seeing shades.

After the Easter tortures and the ones administered in order to make us deny The

Legionnaire Movement,
Zaharia, the chief of the
basement room no. 3
committee, began to change
his behavior; as if something
was happening inside his
soul. He became absent,
thinking and sad, he gave up
his musical repertoire and
absented from the room much.
From the monster and
executioner he was, he became
another person.
I felt he had a remorse for
killing Pintilie. Maybe...!?
After his definitive
departure from the room, on
15th of August, I, remaining
solely with Magirescu and
Pavaloaia, the atmosphere
relaxed a bit and we could
talk to each other. What did

we have to talk though? The private things from other times, our future hopes? They had all been buried.

We feared each other like animals, because during the tortures our movements and eyes were studied, and all the face expression in general. We exchanged words like we were strangers who never met before, until that time. This is how much we suspected each other. So, we discussed only trivial matters : the meals, the air, the room service and sleeping. The things which united us once had vanished completely.

I well remember the state of mind I had when I was allowed

to sleep on one side or on my belly, instead of sleeping in that fixed position on my back, as I slept during the night. In these circumstances, that bare wooden board on the bunk felt like the softest bed.

At the start of September 1951, when I saw Turcanu for the last time in Pitesti, I noticed that he didn't have the bunch of keys in his hand like other times, and the chief section guard was guarding instead of him. The doors were locked with deadbolts and padlocks, the lights out, opening and counting of the inmates being done every evening and morning by the first guard,

in the presence of the guard chief of section. The meal wasn't served by the committee inmates anymore, but by the guard, the food now being increased from 600 to 800 calories per day. We were all so physically and morally exhausted that when we got up from the bunks, we saw dark in front of our eyes and became dizzy. Meanwhile, our laundry were taken for washing, after ten months of being dressed with them. We were taken into the inner courtyards to haul dust our blankets and clothes which we have been dressing since the moment of our arrests.

So, I saw the sun, after a year and a half of darkness. Even more, we were trimmed, shaved and taken to the bathroom in small groups. But seeing our wounds, some of them not healed yet, my state of mind in this bathroom was terrible.

After the arrangements at the bathroom were done, one morning, the section chief announced us to be ready for the inspection of a big chief from Bucharest. Here is how this official visit occurred. We were each standing near our bunk, when the door was opened and a superior officer appeared, a colonel dressed in a militia blue uniform and not security uniform.

Because Zaharia was absent, the report was given by Magirescu. After he presented us each, asking what our names are, he stopped in front of the door and, with the grin of a devil transformed into man, he recommended himself : "My name is colonel Zeller, General Warden of Penitentiaries in R.P.R." .⁵⁴ It was the most shameful of lies, because he in fact was a security officer and one of Nicolski's henchmen, his right hand man. He was the one who had been directly leading the denouncements following Nicolski's orders. He controlled, verified and

⁵⁴ Popular Republic of Romania

conducted them, ordering the methods of torture also. He played double or triple : with the Moscow occult, Teohari and Anna Pauker's party, and another occult that, probably, only he knew about. This is why his true master assassinated him also, in the end. I will lay down the words of this vulgar assassin from my memory : "Hey you bandits, are you legionnaires anymore? I am convinced that, after you have been through all this, you don't care about the Legion anymore. You should be glad you got out as you did, until now. But let this get into your heads that the denouncements will never

stop. And because you are familiar with the denunciations, and if you will show evidence you've changed, you shall do the denunciations on all the bandits in the R.P.R." (the most important thing the executioner said).

"You shall leave from Pitesti to Gherla, some of you. Some already left for the Canal and did a good job there, with the denunciations. The ones that left before you at Gherla did a good job as well, and now some of you, like I said, are leaving for Gherla as well. The denunciations didn't stop, mind you, and we are decided to carry on with the

denouncements forward on all the bandits in our Republic". I recorded the statements of this heinous assassin with the memory of a computer. But what shocked us all, even after all we had been through, was Turcanu's presence near Zeller. You couldn't read the certainty of power on his face anymore, of self-control, arrogance and pride, but the attitude of a humble servant towards the primal executioner. When I saw Turcanu like this, stripped of the myth of power which he used to terrify us with, I became convinced that he was the most unfortunate victim of the satanic doctrine.

Zeller's statement, that the denouncements didn't stop and we will be the ones who will do them on all the "bandits" in the Romanian Popular Republic, said everything. It was the second clue, after the clue given by the mysterious interrogator in 1949, that the occult had its plan, mathematically done, and that its new criminal stage was just opening ahead of us.

So, if Anna Pauker, Teohari Georgescu and Vasile Luca wouldn't have been exiled with Stalin's authorization, we, all who have been through Pitesti and Gherla, we would have become, because of the tortures applied to us, the

most heinous criminals, who would have murdered and tortured everything which was considered rebellious in our country. After the plan would have been carried out to its fruition, we would have been executed too, as Turcanu and his henchmen were.

Let's not forget though that in the drama at Pitesti and Gherla, the instrument used to carry the occult's plan to fulfillment was us, the ones in chains. We were those who tortured each other. The communists didn't torture us with their own hands, but by their orders, we ourselves applied the torture to one another. Our leader though was Turcanu, a convict to

whom the green light was given, he being helped by the first six who willfully accepted to apply these tortures. The reward : promises of freedom, jobs with responsibility and decorations.

In the state of mind I find myself in today, I honestly confess that I pity Turcanu and those who collaborated with him, because they all were the victims of the monstrous satanic plan of communism. What use is intelligence to the man that puts it in the service of evil? Lucifer was intelligent too, but this intelligence he put in the service of that which opposed good. Only

wisdom, which is God's gift, serves good.

When I saw Turcanu standing beside Zeller, I became convinced that he wasn't happy with how his master treats him. He was probably convinced that once the denuncements will stop, he will be taken directly to the Central Committee and offered a minister function. Zeller asked him to carry on with the denuncements at Gherla too, only after this he would receive his due reward.

But, as this world isn't what its people make it to be, but as God wants it to be, Turcanu and his tools were executed, falling victims to their own lawlessness.

Afterwards, until the half of September 1951, my stay in Pitesti was nothing but an interim state. The physical torture, the thought that the denunciations will continue there, where they will take us, forced us to believe that the perspective was getting more and more dramatic. We had believed that all the tortures will end along with the end of the denunciations in Pitesti. But after Zeller's visit, we were straight on terrified of what will happen to us.

Several days before we left, we were taken to a medical visit, formal. Then we were divided in lots, each lot for its destination. On 15th of

September, some left for the lead mines and some for Gherla. I remained inside the room with only 10 people, Magirescu included, who was very sad. After "the thought reading" torture, he didn't speak with anyone almost.

In the days of 16-18 September we left the odious Pitesti prison - odious as the soul of the one whose order built it - the last lot of about 90 young men.

Gherla (1)

The Gherla Fortress

The Gherla prison was situated on the highway that connects the city of Dej to the city of Cluj, on the shore of the Little Someș river. It was built on the time of the empress Maria Theresia of Austria. It's a fortress surrounded by a deep ditch, which was filled with water from the Someș river. It had two buildings with one floor each, Zorca and the Section, containing cells and rooms bigger and smaller.

After 1848, the lords of Transylvania built a third prison in the shape of an "U", with a capacity of thousands of inmates, with rooms as well as cells, nets of thick wire, as in

Pitesti, and an one meter corridor between the cells.

On the cell side, at the two ends of the building, 2nd and 3rd floors, you could find big rooms with a normal capacity of 70 people. There had been a time when these rooms were populated with over 200 inmates each. At both ends, on the ground floor and 1st floors, in the south there was the prison kitchen, and to the north the chapel. It is worth noting that this chapel was painted in orthodox style, which proves that it had been built for Romanians only.

When we first arrived in Gherla, the chapel had been dissolved, and the icons, the veil and furniture had been brought to

the small chapel in the middle building (the Section). The chapel inside the big building had been transformed into a meeting room.

The prison was very imposing. The locals used to call it "The Yellow House".

In the south side, close to the prison, there was a cemetery, and right next to it, a smaller cemetery, destined for the inmates who died inside the prison walls. The entrance to this prison impressed you because of its main gate bridge, where the water ditch used to be.

At the entrance there was the administration building, a one floor building, and from this

building, walking on an arch, you could get to the two stone-paved courtyards.

The big building had two entrances, one to the inner court and another to the workshops court.

The inner court had a gate leading to the workshops to the south.

The prison was circled with a tall 4 meters wall, which had guard towers from spot to spot, the security being ensured by the armed soldiers in them. Near the wall there was a 3 meters wide space, raked and fenced by a barbed wire fence, 2 meters tall.

When you stepped into the main building, you were impressed by

its hugeness and the wire nets through which you could see from the ground up to the 3rd floor. The doors were made of massive wood, enclosed in thick tin, having two strong deadbolts on them, up and down, and a big lock for locking using a key. On the middle of the door, like in other prisons, you could find the large peephole which was used to serve the meals and, on the top of it, another smaller peephole, which was being used to look into the room.

In the middle of the building, in front of the main entrance, there were the stairs which lead you from the ground floor up to the 3rd floor.

This fortress, the way it was built and fenced, ensured such security that only thoughts could fly out of it.

The windows 1.5/1 meters had thick iron bars on them.

All the ones who went to Gherla, not only in the time of the denouncements, but even before and after that, cannot forget this prison, where so many have been tortured or killed.

The Feeling of Death

At around the date of 18th of September 1951, we were transported with the last lot of students in forced and hard labor (the majority were from

forced labor) from the Pitesti prison to the Gherla prison.

Because the train station wasn't far from the prison, from the train wagons we walked to the prison on foot, being escorted by a strong security of guards and soldiers, all armed.

The moment we entered in the prison, with our feet chained, and while looking up to the 3rd floor, something unusual and inexplicable took over my whole being. I felt like I was caught in a strong pliers, which I couldn't get out of. For the first time in my life I had the feeling of imminent death and an immeasurable fear and terror got hold of me.

The hugeness of this prison, seen through the wire nets, from the ground floor up to the 3rd floor, as well as the perfect silence all over the place, gave you the feeling that there are no people here, but death is the only master.

This fear of death, which I didn't have on the frontlines, nor at Pitesti, I was now having in front of my eyes; a fear mixed with horror, terror and dread. The fear of death concerns death only; but this fear which ruled over me was more than that : it had a metaphysical nature, it was satan's possession, who entered in me, since I stopped praying to God.

Instead of God's grace, which I had chased away from my soul, I left a void where satan's spirit nestled. During life, I had only been afraid of God. I wasn't scared on the frontlines, not even when we got surrounded; this fear I couldn't make any sense of it.

Fear, horror, terror, dread, - inside the physical world they have a reason to exist, but what I felt and lived didn't.

After they released the chains from our feet, cutting them with the chisel on the anvil, and the rivets from our braces, we were identified, according to the files we had brought with us, and assigned to the 3rd floor, to the last room north side, facing

the big room, above the ex-chapel.

On the corridors as well as in the rooms, you were impressed by the tarnish of the mosaic, which had been tarnished by the tortured prisoners. In the part of the building where there were only rooms, these rooms had mosaic floors. For sleeping, inside the big rooms, there were two rows of bunks, and in the small rooms, only one row of bunks and an interspace.

The outset of turcanu and popa
tanu

5-6 months after the students arrived from Pitesti to Gherla, during which the denouncements

and the work in the workshops continued, here were also brought other categories of prisoners, having diverse sentences and specialized workers, each in his own handicraft (I stated earlier that all work which was carried out in Gherla's workshops : carpentry, mechanics, dyeing, buttons, etc., was destined for the soviet army. The work was being lead by the organizational bureau, whose boss was Turcanu).

One good day, at the start of Summer 1952, sitting alone in the room, I was called to the barbers by Magirescu, who was pretending to be a barber; there, being only the two of us, he revealed to me that Turcanu

and his closest collaborators :
Popa Tanu, Martinus, Livinschi,
Caba, Dumitrescu, Pop, Popescu
Aristide, Patrascanu, Lica
Pavaloaia, and the others left
Gherla. To my question, if they
are going to be released from
prison, he told me he didn't
know anything about this.

Turcanu and his collaborators'
departure was for us, the ones
who endured the denunciations, a
great day, which we shall never
forget. The most of us,
especially those who labored in
the workshops, were convinced
that the denunciations, won't
repeat in the way they were
carried out until then. This is
why we also felt a great
spiritual relief.

Some of us believed they were taken to Bucharest and rewarded for the "work" carried out. But more precisely, no one had any idea what had happened with them. Afterwards, it was rumored they had been taken inside a van during the night.

Some, the ones in the torture committees in Pitesti like : Magirescu (legionnaire), Titus Leonida, Diaca and Dobre (non legionnaires), even though they had been Turcanu's collaborators, they didn't leave along with him, fact which had many in disarray, especially because these ones, probably, didn't commit any murders.

What happened with Turcanu and his collaborators we found only

later in Aiud, in 1956. But we, the medical university lot from Iasi, heard it in Jilava, when we got transferred to Jilava from Aiud, because of some of our colleagues' trials.

Turcanu, sinister and controversial figure, even though a brilliant student in Law School, fell as pray (like others had been and others who again would) to his own pride, being driven by a pathological ego, realizing his intellectual value and his will which trampled on everything; so, in order for him to reach his goal, he didn't stop from the most heinous crimes and bestialities. The holy fathers of the Christian church say that pride

is the gravest sin of all sins which man can commit, because this satanic sin darkens the will to discern and kills the feelings of love and mercy inside the man.

Pride drove Turcanu and his collaborators mad and they forgot that all evil done to your fellow man returns hundredfold on the perpetrator.

I earlier said that I didn't fear Turcanu as a killer. I more likely pitied him, considering him to be a victim of communist lies and diversions.

I talked earlier about the relationships between Turcanu and Popa Tanu, the chiefs who disputed the leadership between themselves and the authorship of

the denouncements in Gherla.
Turcanu was executed though;
Popa - not.

And I am sure of the fact that -
after the things I learned in
cell 59 in Suceava in the time
we sat together - that this
murderer, Popa Tanu, squeezed
himself into the Legionnaire
Movement, maybe due to
Bogdanovici, having subversive
goals, and well specified
orders. And he is one of those
who even after the trial said
that the denouncements in
Pitesti and Gherla had been
carried out by the order of
Horia Sima.⁵⁵

⁵⁵ Which is a blatant lie! Horia Sima was the leader of The Legionnaire Movement and had been one of its most brilliant men. This was the well known tactic of shifting the blame on the victims' backs, a communist tactic. And Horia Sima had been long gone, since the '40s, murdered in cold blood by the communist sympathizers

Why was Popa Tanu used of all the people, in Turcanu's trial and Vica Negulescu's trial, I don't know.

But I do believe that only the investigation of this odious killer could shed light on the statements made by the ones in Turcanu's lot, given in Jilava, after they had left Gherla. He could explain the orders and dispositions received from Nicolski and Zeller best, as well as how so many young men were assassinated, along with Bogdanovici.

The departures of Turcanu and his closest collaborators in Gherla coincided with that of captain Gheorghiu, the prison

warden, and that of the odious political officer Avadanei.

Dumitrescu and Marina were convicted, being blamed for what happened in Pitesti and executed afterwards, they say.

It would be desirable not to forget that the only one left alive, being also the one who executed the occult's plan to destroy the young legionnaires, using the denouncements in Pitesti and Gherla, is general Nicolski, the chief of security between 1949 and 1965.

When I left the country, in 1989, he was retired and complained that the Ceausescu regime didn't reward him enough for his work and contribution to the party.

A thing is undeniable though : after Turcanu left Gherla, the one who controlled and lead the denouncements, was colonel Zeller, Nicolski's direct deputy. They say he was later found shot in a Bucharest cemetery. If he was killed (and didn't kill himself) it was done at the occult's orders, by Nicolski, his disappearance erasing any official trace regarding the denouncements.

What is known also, is that when Turcanu and his collaborators arrived in Jilava, Nicolski and those officials who had been collaborating with him disappeared from the ministry offices, others taking their places instead. These asked

Turcanu and his collaborators to wilfully write statements of how they proceeded during denouncements, how they acted, what methods they used, the results that were obtained by them and how much time they had to torture each and every young man in order to obtain those results.

After they extracted all of this information from Turcanu and his collaborators, all the blame officially fell in Turcanu and his collaborators' laps. Their own statements were sufficiently accusing and they were each blamed of all the murders, tortures and methods used in the denouncements. Afterwards, the prosecuting officials were again

replaced by others, and their replacements were assigned with the forming of a panel of judges who, in one of the most secret trials, sentenced them to death and executed them.

Turcanu was the one who, using denouncements, made the most complete investigation of the rebellion in Romania, at Pitesti and Gherla. Also, using him, the transformation of some young legionnaires and non-legionnaires could be achieved, into killers and informers, in prison as well as outside prison.

A young legionnaire (whose name I won't say, to not expose him), being interrogated by a superior security officer inside the

prison in Aiud - Nicolski wasn't the chief of security anymore then - related that the security officer confidentially revealed to him that Turcanu never admitted he received order from abroad to start the denouncements, saying that he himself along with Nicolski planned this. Turcanu honestly believed Nicolski in all the things Nicolski told him; even the promises Nicolski made to him, admitting only later in the trial that he had been deceived. He also said then that, of all the young political prisoners who did the denouncements he was the only one to blame. And if what Turcanu stated is true, then he must be looked upon in a different light. And it is also

my strong conviction that, the occult's plan regarding the denouncements of the young men in Romania's prisons foresaw from the start the disappearance of some of the political prisoners involved in this operation, as well as the disappearance of the officials who supervised it.

Concerning Turcanu's wife, she divorced him when she found out what he had been doing in Pitesti. Later when I had been released, being in Suceava, I found out that she received her husband's death certificate in 1956, sent from Oradea, from a street address number that in reality didn't exist.

They did the same thing with me also, noticing my family that I passed away. When my family received the news, they did my burial service at the family tomb. So, being symbolically buried as well, I could consider myself a poltergeist today. And a very inconvenient one.

Something similar happened to my mother's brother, Vasile Dascalescu, an ex-member of the Peasant Party, sentenced to 20 years in prison too, for some statements he made against the Russians, in May 1944. Having an outright anti-communist attitude in prison, he was murdered inside the prison in Ocnele Mari.⁵⁶ I personally saw the death certificate which his wife

⁵⁶ English : The Big Mines

received : it had been sent from that city, from a street whose number didn't exist, fact discovered by his daughter, Elena, who went there, from Falticeni. I know other cases like this as well, from Bucharest and Iasi, of families who received death certificates from the different cities of the country.

After all I have experienced, seen, heard by me and my comrades, I conclude that Turcanu was himself a victim as well, being the tool of the denuncements, used by certain Moscow forums supported by Anna Pauker, Teohari, Luca and Nicolski, for the moral and physical assassination of the

young legionnaires, who had been prepared and educated for the fight against any antichristian and antinational evil.

Here are a few names of the ones that willfully collaborated with Turcanu, never taking even one slap and who were involved in his trial, people I personally know :

Popa Alexandru (Tanu), student in Iasi; Livinschi, student in Iasi; Caba, high school graduate from Campulung Moldovenesc.

Then, the ones who collaborated with him because of continuous, intolerable tortures : Dan Dumitrescu, student in Iasi; Pop Cornel, student in Cluj; Popescu Aristotel, graduate of the Medical University in Bucharest;

Nuti Patrascanu, student in Bucharest; Vasile (Lica) Pavaloaia, student, forestry sub-engineer; Juberian, student in Timisoara.

Of all the people I know who had been part of the torture committees, I don't know if anyone was involved in Turcanu's trial, besides Zaharia Nicolae, the chief of the torture committee in basement room no. 3, in Pitesti (who we talked about before), Dobre Vasile, student in Cluj, as well as Diaca, student in Bucharest. It was said that in Turcanu's lot had been 36 collaborators; the number seems exaggerated to me though.

Popa Tanu is one of the prisoners who are still alive, were part of Turcanu's trial, and know the exact number of the ones involved. So, Turcanu took the secret of this monstrous crime with him in his grave. Then there is me and my comrades still alive who are the remaining undeniable witnesses of the things that occurred then, in the denouncements. If the things Turcanu stated during his last days and especially, right before his execution, are true - being the only one who spoke with Nicolski face to face - this represents the incontestable proof that he was the instrument which the

occult used from behind the shadows.

Turcanu wasn't the one to state that he received order from Horia Sima, through Vica Negulescu, to perform the denunciations on the young legionnaires. Why? Because Turcanu wasn't a legionnaire!

It is worth noting that no political personality from the peasant party, liberals, social-democrats or other categories, with or without parties, was involved in the trial with the accusation that they ordered the young legionnaires in his organization to perform the denunciations in Pitesti and Gherla. The only ones bearing this accusation were the

legionnaires : the legion commander Vica Negulescu, Costica Oprisan - superior of the Brotherhood of The Cross countrywide - and other legionnaire leaders. The setup of this abject trial reached the heights of hypocrisy, of lies and communist diversion, who dissolved the idea of justice shifting the blame on the victims. Such impertinence, sadism and shamelessness, only a monstrosity such as communism could uncover.

The same lawlessness occurred at Katyn, or in the Tancabesti forest, where Corneliu Codreanu was assassinated along with his 13 comrades in the night of Saint Andrew the Apostle, and

the same in 21-22 September 1939, when the slaughter in all the camps countrywide took place.

The denunciations were performed almost exclusively on the young legion members, students, pupils, workers and peasants. Eighty percent of the young prisoners in Pitesti and Gherla were legionnaire students. I confess it keeping my hand on the cross because I knew them all, legionnaires or no legionnaires. The other categories of young people went through Pitesti and Gherla only accidentally, the clear proof of this being that the occult targeted only the young legionnaires.

After the Russians left Romania, in 1958, Gheorghiu Dej, under whose command so many evils perpetuated, gave a decree of pardon though to all the political prisoners, the famous decree of 1964. A decree which, unfortunately, wasn't done earlier by the Christian Antonescu, nor by "the historians" and old Christian political people of Romania, neither by His Majesty The King of all Romanians, who left the legionnaires, after 1944, in prisons. From them, "the Romanian" Burah Tescovici took control having their files and the keys to all the cells, so they can be left there to perpetually rot by the hundreds of them.

The same "historians" paid for the sin of selling their fellow men though, dying in the same communist prisons.

During the interrogations and statements prior to his death sentence and execution, knowing him like others didn't, I am convinced that Turcanu realized he had been cheated.

Turcanu claimed he wasn't a Christian, although he had been baptized and married like a Christian and, on top of it all, he was raised by his mother in the spirit of Christian morals. So, it is possible that these factors may have contributed to his repentance.

My experience gained during the denouncements and in all the

prison years tell me that even the most odious murderer, scumbag and sinner, if he admits his mistake, honestly repents and asks God for forgiveness, can save his soul. What is not possible with men, is possible with God. This is the impenetrable mystery of Christianity, of God's love and mercy, and the reason he saved the world.

And, if Turcanu had pangs of conscience and felt sorry for everything he did, admitting he is the only one to blame of the things which happened at Pitesti and Gherla, asking God for forgiveness, it is impossible that he wasn't forgiven. I cannot think otherwise.

So, if the information regarding Turcanu's last days are true : his refusal to lie, stating that he received an order from someone to perform those denouncements and admission of his own guilt, I have the unshakable conviction that God had mercy on him and forgave his sins.

If his pathological ego was turned into humility and repentance, why shouldn't he be forgiven in the last moment of his life, like the robber on the cross?

The same mercy may have descended as well upon those souls who had been part of his lot, who sinned the same.

And if I believe correctly and Bogdanovici was saved, admitting to his mistake, thinking of himself as the initiator of the reeducation and guilty, in a way, for the suffering of so many young people, why shouldn't I believe that Turcanu, having done all those things, was saved in the last moment?

I, as a Christian convinced that some mysteries cannot be protruded with the mind, I strongly believe that all people can be saved.

The reader remembers perhaps that when I was escorted by Turcanu from the basement room no. 3 to the 4th hospital room, I wanted to tell him for a moment that he is also a victim of some

sort. I didn't dare though, for the fear of the consequences; as possessed as he was he would have killed me there on the spot.

I didn't hate him though, like I didn't hate those who acted directly upon me, and I didn't hate those who trialed and sentenced me to 16 years of detention. Because God <<forgives us our debts, as we also have forgiven our transgressors>>.

Juberian and Rek

After Turcanu and the others left, the political and administrative leadership of

Gherla's workshops was left in the hands of Juberian and Rek. We could never find out, not even later in Aiud, who passed on this right to them.

Juberian, a young man with real intellectual possibilities, born in Banat, had been a student in Timisoara. I knew him during the denouncements in Pitesti, in room no. 2 on ground floor, at the start of Summer in 1950.

When the five of us had been brought to that room, I remember he was thrown completely disfigured on the cement beside us.

He couldn't stand up anymore; I memorized his name from the torture committee chief, Prisacaru, who announced that he

brought "one of the most fanatic legionnaires" inside the room.

"Have a look at him, we will cure him of his legionnaire fanaticism for good. And this is only the beginning", he continued. Seeing him then and knowing what we've been through, it was terrifying for me to think of what is in store for this young man.

Juberian, in his agony, still had the power to memorize the names of those five who were sitting on the cement floor, announced by Prisacaru and especially my name, being thrown right next to me. In those days that followed he wasn't given any food or water to drink. But

even if they gave him, he couldn't have swallowed it.

During the time I shared the room with him, a few days, he wasn't tortured anymore, because it would have made no difference, so weakened he was. But I did find out from other comrades that after we left, Juberian had been cruelly tortured and tormented because he was one of those young legionnaires who didn't give up easily.

The things that occurred there, until we left Pitesti, and the things I saw with my own eyes happening to him in that room, explain, among other things, why he fell.

I cannot realize why he was put in charge of the organizational bureau in Gherla.

His image of being disfigured and spread across the cement floor, unconscious, lying beside me, in room no. 2 on June 1959, remains in my mind. It is true that I remember him when he was chief of the organizational bureau the same. There are things I cannot forget. He was dear to me, because I knew him and felt him beside me, disfigured and not moving, on the cement floor in room no. 2.

In Gherla, when madness could have been fatal to me, Juberian saved me. And as a chief of the organizational bureau,

objectively speaking, Juberian was very correct and right.

About Rek, I only know he was a Romanian. I cannot tell you his origins, in order not to hurt or provoke feelings which have nothing to do with these confessions.

After Juberian left Gherla, Rek was left as the chief of the organizational bureau until the end of 1953.

As a craftsman, you had things to discuss with Rek, and I noticed, during the time I worked in the workshops, that he was indiscriminate towards all other ethnic groups.

As far as the assassination of Flueraș is concerned, I don't know and I am not sure that Rek

and Juberian were directly involved, the physical and moral author being the captain Goiciu, nominated warden of the Gherla prison, instead of Gheorghiu. To emphasize this opinion, I will further relate some events.

Goiciu and Mihailescu

The 1948 arrest found Goiciu as a warden in Galati's Penitentiary. The prisoners who went there said that Goiciu wasn't Romanian and that he is bragging he is a friend of Gheorghiu-Dej⁵⁷, working with him for the communist party at the C.F.R.⁵⁸ workshops in Galati.

⁵⁷ A president back then

⁵⁸ Romania's railroads

And, if what he said was true, of course Dej offered that important function to this monster, born to be a murderer, who didn't have anything else inside, but the inclination to torture and kill people.

Those who knew him in Galati were terrified when they heard of him. He had a tremendous pleasure to kill and torture priests or sons of priests and few of those who went to the prison in Galati escaped alive from his hand. There are eye witnesses, who stood in the same cell with the son of a priest, when he was praying, surprised by Goiciu through the peephole. They say that Goiciu entered the cell, stretched the son of the

priest on the floor and crushed him under his feet until he died. He was a brute, a type of proletary with "political" power which he abused of anytime, executing the orders to destroy.

So Goiciu was known in all the communist prisons as one of the most odious executioners and killers. You could clearly read the pleasure to torment and torture on his face. It is said that, while he was a warden in Galati, Iuliu Maniu was brought in the prison, the president of the Peasant National Party, whom he horribly tortured.

At the same time a young legionnaire was brought there, who had been in the denouncements at Pitesti. I

cannot divulge his name, because of the situation inside the country, and I ask him as well to not make himself known. He had an exceptional intellectual background and a very delicate physical constitution, which made the tortures in Pitesti very hard for him to withstand so he finally gave up. After he gave up though, he was sent to Galati by Nicol'ski in order to extract information from Maniu and find certain things from him.

And he heard from Maniu all kinds of things : facts, events, regrets, future plans and.. something I will tell you further.

Even though he had been sent there with an abject task, this man still had the virtue, once he entered the cell where Maniu was, to tell Maniu the purpose he was sent for : "Mister president, I had been to Pitesti and terrible things are happening there with the young legionnaires and with other young students. I had been tortured too and I have been sent from Bucharest to extract information from you and memorize everything you will tell me. So, please tell me whatever you think I should know, so you don't have to suffer".

And, for almost an year, during which he shared the cell with

Maniu, that young man discussed everything with him.

More over, since he first came into Maniu's cell until he left Galati, he even gave his tiny slice of bread to him, telling him he is young and can suffer prison better. Maniu accepted his offer very reluctantly and only because the young man insisted so much, and when it was time for them to get separated, the old man hugged him and, crying, he told him : "I respected Codreanu, knowing his honor, his unbending faith and his political view. But, as a man and Christian I wonder if in the same circumstances, a young peasant party member would have treated Codreanu in the way

you have treated me? I, dear friend, only know you from slanders; now I know you for real, this is why I told you what to declare to the people of our time about me. And the things you did for me I won't forget as long as I live".

After this emotional scene, the young man still had time to reply to Maniu : "Mister president, the things I told you and what I did for you, I didn't do because of my ego or political interests. I did it first of all because I am a Romanian, then because I am a Christian, and because I love my country and nation as much as you do. We are suffering inside the same prison for our

political views, for the good and justice of the Romanian people".

You can get to know people very well the way they really are, when you change their living conditions, when you take away their jobs and status quo, their fortunes and their perspective of being who they are. In other words, you can truly know a man only when you submit him to trials, temptations, sufferings and even to the last trial of death.

And, memorizing what the young legionnaire said also, we all, the young people who endured denuncements and exceptional life conditions : torture, degradation, suffering and

humiliation, hunger, cold, punishments, restrain and patience, knowing any moment we could die, became convinced that, as Corneliu Codreanu said : "The purpose of human existence is not life, but the resurrection in the name and through Jesus Christ".

Now back to Goiciu, whom I got to know at Gherla and I had a fear and a dread of him, like I had for few people during my life. It was not random he was put up to this task, of torturing and killing, in the prisons of Galati and Gherla, the best people this nation had.

In the summer of 1952, once he was nominated as the warden, he ordered the carpentry workshop,

- that is where I was also working - to build several carcens and them to be installed at the ground floor of the big building inside the prison. There all prisoners could see them; they were on the left side, as you entered into the main building, and looked like some boxes made from wooden boards 2 meters tall and so tight, that a man could barely fit in them standing up. They were also called the death carcens.

In 1952, Goiciu and lieutenant major Mihalcea, the factory chief, were beating people very bad.

Mihalcea ordered me to draw a sketch of the carcer. I drafted

a sketch of 1 x 1 m. Seeing it, he trampled me under his feet, then he took the meter and showed to me the dimensions of the carcer : 40 x 40 cm. After it was made, I was locked inside it for three days, in the last day sharing it with another convict.

Oh God! How many valuable prisoners died inside them! And the reason of the punishments was ridiculous : either the convict didn't assume the correct army position standing straight with the bonnet in his hand when Goiciu was passing by, either because they didn't shout "Long live, warden sir", either because you didn't pick up the garbage from the floor, either

because you milled a certain part with a small deviation, or because you milled it one millimeter more.

As if for Goiciu, sadism represented the class war essence of the proletariat. Those punished didn't get anything to eat or drink. And some were forgotten there until they found them dead of half alive.

When this executioner passed in the front of you, you could sense behind him there was something which permanently urged him to torture and kill. I saw with my own eyes how, in the workshop court, this monster unleashed himself even upon one of his officers, ordering him to

get down on the ground and stand up again in front of the convicts, until the poor man, full of mud, didn't have the strength to raise up again. The convicts were very often beaten, dozens every day, some of them remaining crippled for life. I cannot forget the beating the engineer Secara took.

How much of a difference between him and the warden Gheorghiu! One was born only to torture his fellow man and kill him, in the name of communist justice, and the other, to allow his fellow man to pull himself together.

The other assassin of the Gherla prison, Goiciu's replica, known as such by all those who went there, was Mihalcea. He was

Goiciu's assistant and responsible with production.

But I am so sick to talk about him that I will forget him.

Flueras's murder

Old man Flueraş, a carpenter from Arad, ex-member in the International Socialist Committee and ex-secretary of the Social-Democrat Party of Titel Petrescu, he didn't adhere to the Communist Party along with Lothar Radaceanu (Wurtzelbaum) but, he remained loyal to Titel Petrescu's P.S.D.⁵⁹

Arrested along with Titel Petrescu, he had an honest and a

⁵⁹ The Social-Democrat Party

great common sensed man behavior. I've known him at Gherla in the following circumstances.

At the end of Spring 1952, I didn't get out to work, being sick; I was taken out of the cell by the guard to sweep the prison yard and, along with other inmates in my situation, to bring drinking water with the gourd, from the yard. The chiefs of the organizational bureau back then were Juberian and Rek.

One good day, being taken out into the courtyard to sweep, the engineer Cristescu, war invalid, responsible with the cleaning of the yard, sends me to get a broom from the middle building of the prison. This building was

situated in the south side, across the kitchen, where the chapel was; the icons and all the furniture had been brought here from the church on the ground floor in the north side of the big building.

I remained baffled when I saw an old man there, on his knees and with his hands clenched. He was praying in front of an icon.

Hearing the noise of my shoes, he turned his head and, seeing I am a prisoner just like him, signaled me to come closer. With shyness I got close to him and kneeled down also. Then, the old man whispered to me that he is Flueras the socialist.

After he finished his prayer, I asked him, confused, how come

he, who should have been an atheist according to his view, is still praying to God?

The old man, with a voice that warmed my heart, told me that all of this occurred in his younger years, and that it had been nothing but a lie, and now he is praying to God so He can forgive him.

During that time, my madness was still advanced and my attempt to pray didn't work, because my prayers were spoken with my lips and in now way felt with my heart.

Before I left, I whispered to the old man to be cautious, because there are a lot of informers around and some bastard could rat him out. He

answered me that he is not afraid any longer and I left him alone. He had the possibility to come to the chapel and pray, because, along with other old and sick people, he cleaned the prison yard and the kitchen.

My encounters with Flueraș at the chapel repeated several times. He was always telling me to come closer, to sit and pray with him side by side. He asked me once if I am orthodox and if I believe in God. I answered yes. But because of the short time span I never got to tell him what I had on my mind, and all I had been through.

God is felt with the heart and not with the lips. The cold reasoning cannot feel God. Only

the pure, warm and full of love heart can feel Him, because He is love. So, my lips were saying the prayer, but my heart was cold and emptied of God's presence. Flueras was the exact opposite of what I felt and this is why he said the prayer with a warm heart overwhelmed by the presence of God.

In our encounters in that chapel, I felt old man Flueras so close and warm near me, as if my old man was standing beside me, with his white beard.

Flueras believed arduously and he was waiting to leave this world, while I, with my ice cold heart, wanted to stay more.

As my madness progressed, and the cell walls crushed my whole

being, I wanted to get out at any cost outside and work.

Meeting Juberian in the courtyard, I asked him to take me out so I can work. Juberian measured me with his eyes and said he knows I am sick. I answered him that it is true, but I couldn't suffer the cell any longer. He looked at me and promised that he will do something about it.

Since this meeting with Juberian, I didn't get to see Flueras anymore, but once. The words he said to me then ring in my ears even now : "My boy, they are all lies. See that you don't lose God, because if so, you've lost everything".

An example of an honest with himself man, this Flueras; a man who said that all he believed until then had been all a lie, besides God, Who is The Absolute Truth. As the Ecclesiastes says : "Meaningless Meaningless!" says The Teacher "Utterly meaningless! Everything is meaningless!", besides God.

After several days, I woke up with Juberian inside my cell; he was asking me to follow him. Once there in the carpentry workshop, to a table where the parts for the mechanic carpentry were being made in their brute form, he told me in the future I shall be a gager, while warning me at the same time to be careful because if I gage one

part wrong it will cost me time in one of the carcens on the ground floor. He went to his office and I went to the mechanic carpentry.

I saw Flueras for some time in the courtyard, when I was leaving or going back to the shop. I was making sure I could be seen by him and that I could see him also. I was saluting him with a special respect. I even admired him, because, even though he had been an atheist, returned to the right faith, kneeling down in front of Christ's Icon.

After several weeks of working as a gager, I found on my table inside the workshop being written in distorted capital

letters : "The murderers Rek and Juberian killed Flueras". I remained petrified. I couldn't believe my eyes and I didn't believe it in that moment. I didn't believe that, after Turcanu, Popa, Livinschi, Caba and the others left, Juberian was capable of killing someone. I am certain that the murder of Flueras was ordered from Bucharest, and the moral and physical authors weren't Juberian and Rek, but Goiciu. Probably because someone found Flueras kneeling down, in front of Christ's icon, then he went to inform Goiciu, and Goiciu had the pretext of killing him, as he did in Galati to so many priests or to those he caught

through the peephole kneeling down, saying their prayers.

Only God knows who killed Fluera, for the crime that he was praying to God, in order for his unfaithfulness and sins to be forgiven. Those words : "from now on I won't be afraid anymore", dramatically ring inside my ears even today.

Gager

The work of a gager inside a mechanic carpentry workshop has its importance, because every part being done at the machines first has to be millimetrically sketched, at certain dimensions.

This work, because of the attention it required, helped me forget the burden which pressed on me. It required little physical effort, but great responsibility; a small mistake could lead me to the death carcens.

I had awaken the curiosity of my comrades who knew I was sick. They could see me getting back to work, but not the hard work inside the manual carpentry workshop, but something easy, replacing a high school graduate, who was part of the torture committees, as an assistant to Popa Tanu and recently left for Gherla. Honestly speaking, the work as a

gager was a favor, not done to anyone.

I was convinced that Juberian, in his privacy, had remained the same man I sensed he was in room no. 2. I didn't understand though why he did this favor to me; maybe mercy and the memory of being in the same torture room.

The machines in the mechanic carpentry workshop were occupied, in the three shifts, only by students in general, so I was easily acclimatized. But in life, the happy moments are short lived, moments and hours pass like lightning, and the sufferings, no matter how little they would last, you feel as endless. And if the suffering is

permanent, life becomes almost impossible and, when you live the fear that the sufferings are with no end, you prefer death.

The work I was doing back then had been a light of hope in the suffering and terror which gnawed at me and ground me with every passing hour. I often saw nothing in front of my eyes but a grave with no coffin or a cross.

The happy moments pass quickly. I had a fear that had to be confirmed. The workshops' capacity was enlarged and the three work shifts became permanent. That's probably why Juberian, before he left for Gherla, called me into the organizational bureau and

announced me he was changing my job : from a gager, I was going to be a timekeeper. The news fell on me like lightning.

Timekeeper

As time passed, all the convicts found out that the students, pupils and a part of the workers are informers. This saddened me, but it also made me glad, helping me avoid the dire situation of anyone confessing something to me and I being forced to spill the beans out about that person. And I, being a timekeeper - a job hated and despised by all the people who worked there, because this job was only held by reeducated persons and some who had been

part of torture committees at Pitesti and Gherla - who dared to confess something to me?

So I found myself being put in a position I didn't deserve and didn't wish for. But I, having nothing to do with those who were normally doing this work, morally speaking, I told Juberian I cannot accept it, pretexting that I didn't own the strength to focus anymore on the math calculus. I asked him to rethink his decision. In every way I insisted it didn't matter, his decision was final. And I was convinced that being known by him during the denunciations, as he also knew my physical condition, he was guessing why I am not accepting this work. In

that moment the thought crossed like lightning through my mind that he wants to destroy what was left of my dignity. My relationships with the prisoners who were working and my comrade students would become totally different.

Hearing my refusal to be a timekeeper, he threatened me that he will send me back to manual carpentry, where the physical effort was above my physical strength. And, because I couldn't accept the cell or the manual carpentry, all that remained was to accept Juberian's proposition. It could be that he wanted my well being. And being an informer wasn't the

same thing with being a timekeeper.

The timekeeper job wasn't hard, from the physical effort point of view, but it did require great responsibility. You had to check the parts that the workers were making.

I always accepted to be tested and find out a solution, because the refusal means the fear to be tested. And my trying, taken to certain boundaries, had the reason that I didn't capitulate right from the start. But, trying too often and too hard many times grinds your being so much that nothing is left of it anymore.

When I started to achieve something in my life, I never

wronged another, envying him for his position, job and fortune he may have had. Envy was never my master. I knew about the commandment : "You shall not covet your neighbor's house; you shall not covet your neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his donkey, nor anything that is your neighbor's". I have always been satisfied and reconciled with that which I had or could do myself.

But as a timekeeper, I was being put in the situation of checking the results of an exhausting physical work and precisely record, honestly and objectively, what the prisoners were doing. And this meant not

to care about the time or obligations the prisoner was submitted to. And these were killing him.

Until that moment, when I accepted the job of a timekeeper, a shrewd thought was eroding my conscience, provoking me to revolt against destiny, against my position and attitude regarding this trial. But I came to the unshakeable conclusion, that the destiny is God's will intertwined with the will of the free man.

Did someone coerce me or torture me or promise me something in order to make me a legionnaire and start the fight against the communist hydra? No! When I began my activity, in 1946,

didn't they tell me I could end up in prison or maybe even dead, and I accepted of my own free will? Sure! And then, was it God's fault that I, without being forced to, built my destiny in this manner? Of course not.

And God's will is for us to trust in Him, love Him and guard His commandments, love our neighbors as ourselves and take a stand against evil and satan's servants who rebelled and want to bring suffering and perdition to the whole of mankind.

After these reflections, the voice which lead me to revolt had been defeated; I was thinking that, if my test was God's will and I couldn't back

away, He will give me the power and moral conscience to get out of it in one piece.

Man's knowledge is many times paradoxical, because people, in general, are thinking one thing and are living or saying another. If someone says something today, tomorrow he doesn't say the same thing, what he said yesterday, today he denies. Today, someone can be a criminal, and tomorrow a martyr, today a saint, and tomorrow a devil. Of all these, in all his falls and climbs, nothing remains for the soul but a final goal of his existence on the earth : salvation, resurrection.

The statement of Radu Gyr the poet is so telling : "You are

not defeated when you bleed,
/Nor when the tears are in your
eyes. / The fiercest defeats /
Are giving up your dreams".

"The dream" of our earthly
existence is the salvation of
our soul. Did it matter what my
comrades and the others said
about me because I was a
timekeeper? The important thing
was knowing I didn't hurt
anyone. The decision to stand up
to the test I had in front of me
gave me satisfaction. And this
is what mattered to me, not what
the others said; my honest
intention was only to do good.

I asked Juberian a favor, to let
me work the nights, in the third
shift, which he accepted. I
preferred this shift because of

the horror which tortured me and which grew in intensity during the nights, because of the quiet; plus, the surveillance was more infrequent than during the day.

And I stayed in this job until the work in the Gherla workshops was interrupted.

I asked myself the question if morally speaking, the position of hypocrite, when I had to get information from others because I was tortured to do so, wasn't more immoral, more inhumane than the one I was in now, denigrated, hated and despised as a timekeeper?

Wasn't the intention to not harm and help my wronged fellow man more convenient? Appearances

many times can be deceiving! We believe and spread rumors about our fellow men that they are what in reality they aren't. So not the appearances, not the talk and not the denigration are of interest, but the deed. Only the good or bad things we do define us as moral beings. And, although I offended God when I was forced to say I don't pray anymore, He, in His infinite mercy and goodness, gave me another try, which was in both my advantage and the others' as well.

From my first days as a timekeeper I was suspected not only by my comrades, but by the other prisoners in the workshop as well. The night shift was in

my advantage regarding surveillance, because I was a lot less supervised. At the same time though, I was taking a big chance, because I didn't check one part which was being worked with so much sweat by those who not only they were not paid for the exhausting effort, but didn't get any food either in response to their spent energy; more over, all of them had just been enduring the denouncements.

And still, because the organizational bureau trusted me, I was looked upon with much suspicion in the beginning.

As time went on though, the ones working in the nightshift realized my attitude and, from enemies and denigrators, became

my friends and God's mercy reflected on me, and on the others which I was supervising. And the most conclusive proof was that, for an year, while I was a timekeeper, no calculus error was spotted and we were never checked if the number of parts declared corresponded with the number of parts made. The ones that are still alive will be able to testify about the truth of my words. And not one, being a student, pupil or worker, did rat on me because I didn't check on them.

It was a silent agreement between me and the ones that worked this shift, and their love warmed my heart. During this time it was as if my

madness' intensity was reduced also.

And still, there will be voices who will accuse me that I accepted that job which was totally compromising. Others will maybe say that I didn't do the right thing, because from the law's point of view, I was obligated to check on what was being worked; but I was solely interested if my deed is enjoyable to God or not. It was unfair that the communist regime subjected prisoners to debilitating works, norms that couldn't be achieved, without pay or proper food in direct proportion with the deposited physical effort. It was an abuse, an outrageous injustice.

Keeping these things in mind, I had the freedom to not check on them also; if I would have checked on them, the consequences would have been the death carcens, only few getting out alive from those. And this is where the Romanian saying fits in : "Do good and throw it in water, because from the bottom it will raise and float like the oil on the surface".

How can I not come to my brother's aid, from the position God offered to me, how can I not help them, when they worked harder than slaves?

Gherl a (2)

The denouncements Cease

After the things colonel Zeller stated in Pitesti, that the denuncements will be continued, either at Gherla, either elsewhere, outside prison (words repeated by Turcanu at Gherla and experienced by us inside the torture chambers), no one believed these tortures will ever be stopped. But, as all things in life have a beginning and an end, closer or farther away, and because nothing goes on without God's will, on 1st of January 1952, the denuncements were stopped. This happened after the removal from the government of Teohari Gerogescu, Anna Pauker and Vasile Luca. Gheroghiu Dej, with Stalin's

approval, took the reins of the party in his hands, as well as the state's.

Take note that Nicolski, the chief of Security supported by the Russians, still remained in his function, until Dej's death. So the Moscow occult had him as an agent, his mission especially being to carry out with the denouncements. Of course, the three ministers who controlled the key ministries : Internal Affairs, Foreign and Economy, weren't strangers to the denouncements either, as well as Gheorghiu Dej.

Even with all these events, Turcanu and his squads weren't freed anymore, but on the

contrary, interrogated,
sentenced to death and executed.

Another reason the denouncements
ceased I believe is because they
became known abroad, even with
all their secrecy.

It is not precisely known where
the order to cease the
denouncements came from, from
Dej or from Moscow. Because the
West, already knowing what was
happening in Romania, began to
ask the Russians this or that.
And this hurt their foreign
politics.

For us, the ones inside Gherla,
the departures of Juberian and a
few of Turcanu's henchmen was a
sign.

It was being said that no one inside Gherla wanted to carry on with Turcanu's work.

At the same time, the new political officer came with the rumor, which most of us didn't believe, that Turcanu and his squad had been freed. Those who did fall for this rumor though, became informers and rats, signing commitments with the communists. It was a clever fishing in murky waters, and who fell in that trap didn't ever recover. On the other hand the ones who didn't fall for the rumor recovered completely, finding themselves again and recovering their spiritual and physical strengths, thus, saving themselves from the swamp of

desperation. Many of these I met in prison and afterwards, outside prison.

The tortures and degradations had been operating on our weakness and helplessness and the most of us melted and fell through the cracks. Afterwards though, when the physical tortures didn't exist any longer, who could find an excuse for those who made a pact with the Security, except maybe because the denuncements in their minds didn't really stop, continuing because of inertia?

I am thinking that the denuncements didn't stop because people wanted them to, but because God had mercy on those tortured too much, He

Himself ending this injustice with no precedent in the annals of universal history.

Anyway, the ceasing of the denouncements was the alarm call which awakened our consciences, helping us understand that nothing on this earth lasts forever and the dread of a continuous torture had been nothing than the product of our state of minds, of the delirium of collective madness and demonic possession. So, all those who understood that only faith in God will save us from this collapse, totally recovered, with no hard feelings, forgiving and understanding their torturers

also, being they comrades,
friends or enemies.

Ceasing of the work in Gherla's workshops

After Stalin's death, in March 1953, the forced labor with political prisoners started to lose its importance. Until the end of 1953, the works at the Canal, at Salcia, in the lead mines from Maramures, as well as the works in the big prisons came to an end.

Everywhere diabolical norms had been imposed, more than what a man could take. Under legal appearances, the bolshevism was trying to hide its crimes. At

every accident natural death was invoked.

At one of Gheroghiu Dej's meetings with Stalin (as Marin Preda confessed), Stalin, being asked how could one get rid of the bourgeois rebellion, "advised" Dej to start building canals, camps, prisons, where, applying the methods he had already tried in his country, he will get rid of all rebellion. Dej, an active pupil, conformed exactly to the advice of his daddy and unleashed the most drastic extermination opera of the Romanian elite.

After the denouncements ceased, the survivors of those tortures, not being any longer suppressed

by tortures, little by little recovered.

Not having the certainty that the denouncements were gone forever, we didn't trust each other to talk what was on our minds; we understood each other only using our eyes and mostly sensed each other.

The work inside the workshops continued though. And, even with all the effort deposited, many times surpassing our strength, of exaggerated norms, we were still preferring the workshop instead of the cell, because it offered us a bit of freedom and the possibility to move around a bit, to meet each other, to feel ourselves a little bit less chained. Here people could see

each other every day, saluting each other and asking each other about their well being. Far from confiding in each other though. The drama which they had been enduring destroyed all of their enthusiasms.

It was being foreseen that, after the ceasing of activity in workshops, a new stage of detention was coming, being again locked away in cells, enduring another form of denouncements, cold, hunger, searches, black cells, basements, zarca and severe arrest, applied especially during winter time, with half the food for three days and dressed only in a shirt and underpants.

A lot had died because of these severe arrest measures.

These punishments were administered to the political prisoners after a criteria of anomalous faults, as for instance : looking out the window through "blinds" (wooden boards nailed on the cell windows, in order to stop people seeing outside), lying on the beds or bunks during day time, writing on the walls using pieces of wire, writing on coloured glass bottles given by the gen-pop inmates or taken from medical offices and emptied of their contents, writing on the soles of your boots (using the soap stolen from the bathroom and detergent dust) .

The Morse Code communication through the radiator pipes was the gravest, because it compromised the prison secret. Starting 1953 until my release in 1964, this cell regime isolated us completely from the rest of the world. We didn't connect with our families anymore, didn't receive food or clothes and didn't read one printed line. All of these ground us, made us sick and killed us by the thousands.

Sharing the cell with Costica Cristescu

From September 1953 I wasn't taken out to work anymore, the

work reducing to only two shifts, until December when it was completely stopped.

Until the start of December I was moved a couple of times from one room to another.

At the end of the month I shared the room with the doctor Vasile Marculescu, one of the most brilliant medics, who understood his call even with all the sentences he had received.

Respecting Hipocrat's oath, he had always intervened to help those threatened with death. He is among the few medic prisoners whom I met in prison and who treated his patients with more care than a brother's care. Even though he didn't get any medicine, he was encouraging the

sick with advices, thus healing their pains, as much as he could. For me it shall remain a mystery how, for instance, only by feeling Popescu Paul's abdomen, healed his intestinal occlusion. (Our comrade from Cluj Petrica Sabadus suffered from the same disease, and because the medics in Dej didn't want to operate him, they killed him, leaving two kids as orphans).

Doctor Marculescu never took the political view of the person into consideration, his intellectual background or social status; for him, all prisoners were his brothers. He wasn't a legionnaire, and still he had been through the

denouncements in Gherla, growing fond of the young people, whom he understood and helped.

Being in the same room with him and knowing his medic and man behavior well, I myself being a student in Medicine, I sometimes addressed him with my problems. Not working in the shop anymore, my madness was starting to become violent enough, so much so, that I was expecting any moment to lose my mind. I asked for his help. But because he wasn't specialized in this matter, he couldn't help me. He asked a favor like between colleagues so I can be admitted to the sick prisoner hospital. So doctor Marculescu remains in my memory as the man who did a

lot of good to me. I had the pleasure of meeting him outside prison, just before I was leaving the country, in the Roman Square, Bucharest.

When admitted, instead of finding my peace, my disease, which wasn't physical in nature, aggravated instead during each passing day.

I was then taken and isolated at the Zarca, in a cell with people who had been in the denouncements, the engineer Costica Cristescu and another pupil.

After a few days of living together, when the pupil temporarily left the cell, Cristescu told me that we had been isolated because we both

had been denounced and that the pupil had a "mission".

The way I and engineer Cristescu behaved towards him left him totally defenseless. Indeed, after a few days our pupil burst open and confessed that he had been introduced inside our room just to extract information from us, to hear and memorize everything we discuss. We were so deeply impressed by the sincerity of the young man that we started crying. During the time we shared the same cell with him, a few months, we were successful in persuading him to have the strength and courage to not rat anymore in the future.

During the time I shared that cell with Cristescu we grew very

fond of each other, without discussing the denouncements in details though. I don't know why, he didn't understand the essence of this drama at all. More intuitive than rational, he was observing with predilection on the pupil's and students faces who had been denounced and were working inside the workshops, a similarity with devils.

As a political affiliation, Cristescu was a peasant party member, he had been the superior of the young people in that party in Bucharest. He had done the war too and lost his right arm on the front.

Even though we had different political views, Costica

Cristescu still remains in my memory as the man with no political prejudice and hard feelings, serving the nation without personal or party interests.

Meeting Gheorghe (Gicu) Jimboiu

While I was sitting in the cell with Costica Cristescu, in a very severe regime, I asked the guard to be taken to the medical visit, to the medic in the section where I had left from. That was my faculty colleague Virgil Lungeanu, from Iasi, who had convinced the doctor Marculescu, the official doctor,

to let him consult the sick and his diagnostic to be final.

It was the year 1954, in February, in that unforgotten winter, when out of the ordinary heavy snowfalls were felt in Transylvania as well.

An event occurred then which changed the lives of the political prisoners. The more mild politics Hruscirov instituted have been felt here as well, meaning a more improved medical care. During that confusion after Stalin's terror, even some of the guards were a bit more humane, which was good for me as well, because they accepted to take me to the medical office. Fortunately for me, the guard didn't assist and

I could talk with Lungeanu as between colleagues.

As I stated earlier, my disease wasn't physical in nature.

Lungeanu knew something about this disease, but he told me that because he couldn't comprehend it, he could do nothing for me. Even the psychiatrists whom I got to know and ask for help when I was still working inside the workshop answered me the same.

The favor which Lungeanu did to me though, was to diagnosticate me as having trouble with my lungs, and in doing that he helped me get away from the Zarca⁶⁰ and transfer me to the section where he worked as a

⁶⁰ Cells with very hostile conditions

medic. My luck was that this diagnostic was confirmed by the official doctor as well, without even consulting me.

After several days I was taken out of the Zarca, from the cell where I had been sitting with Cristescu, and taken to room no. 1 in the building named "The Section", which was on the top of the Chapel where I met Flueraș. The fact that I also met Jimboiu there meant a lot to me.

Jimboiu didn't endure the denunciations in Pitesti, because, being severely tortured during his interrogation in Brasov, as a student at the Mercantile Academy in this city, after the interrogation, he was

diagnosticated with severe tuberculosis and liver problems. Being in this state he was then taken to the Sanatorium Penitentiary for the ones sick of tuberculosis in Targu Ocna, on the Trotus valley.

Being orphaned of his father since a little boy, he had been raised by his mother who didn't marry a second time, living in the most pure orthodox faith. To this background, the legionnaire education was added also, in the Brotherhoods of the Cross, he being directly influenced by the one who remained a myth for all of us who met him, the legionnaire student Valeriu Gafencu, sentenced from Antonescu's time.

Gafencu I didn't know personally. I did read his written thoughts smuggled out of the prison by a miracle. I only saw him at Pitesti a couple of times, before the denuncements started. All I know about Gafencu I learned from the other comrades, Jimboiu included, and this is why I leave the right to talk about him to my comrades who knew him and were influenced by him.

Jimboiu was perhaps the most illustrious student of Gafencu, harmoniously intertwining the legionnaire view, the orthodox faith and thirst of intellectual knowledge. He is among the few legionnaires whom I got to know, who lived thinking he would

rather die, than to denounce another in the interrogations. The result of his conviction was the tuberculosis and liver problems and, later, death.

He was sentenced to hard years in prison, not by his own statements, but by others' statements, getting out of the interrogation with the clear conscience that he didn't bring other young people in prison along with him.

I met all kinds of people during my life, before, and after detention, but I never met one as Jimboiu, who could understand Orthodoxy and love Christ like he did, no matter their age or education. A young man with a pure body and soul, blessed with

a great kindness and goodness. He was the only being whom I met and who never said he is suffering because of hunger. He loved people for who they were, indifferent of who they were, friends or enemies, even if his love meant sacrificing himself. He had an understanding that cannot be rationally explained for his enemies and for the ones who tortured and were still torturing him. He was so convinced of his earth mission to do good, that he seemed to come from another world. If I wouldn't have met this young man, I would doubt many things or I wouldn't have believed them. Jimboiu, as only the saints understood, identified himself with the Son of Man's

call : << Come to Me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn from Me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For My yoke is easy and My burden is light >>

From the moment I knew Jimboiu, I didn't read the lives of the saints like any other lecture. Knowing him, any doubt, and any suspicion that saints didn't exist or still exist on earth, was shattered forever from my soul. This martyr, having a bizantyne saint's body, was the unequaled model of what man must be and do for his salvation and the salvation of the nation he came from.

Although faith is something other than reason, still most people have need of proof to believe (Saint Thomas the Apostle category). I cannot find any words in order for me to express my honor and admiration for this legionnaire martyr. Any term I would use to make others understand who this young man was and what he meant for those who knew him would be futile. Everything I stated above can be resumed in the following sentence : he was an angel in the body of a man.

I have the strong belief that the existence of people on earth and their relationships is not a random act.

From the moment I talked with Jimboiu I had the impression I am conversating with angels.

He was perfect in all ways, according to the imperative : <<Be perfect therefore, as your Heavenly Father is perfect>>

Section room 1

The Section, where room no. 1 could be found, was part of the middle building inside the prison.

At the start of February 1954, when I was taken out from the Zarca into this section with big

rooms with overlapped bunks, where only the ones in terminal phases of their disease were put, many who had been enduring the denunciations as well as those put to a lot of exhausting work in the prison workshops.

Normally, I shouldn't have been there, not suffering from a physical malady. In the time I had been working as a timekeeper I had been recovering a little, not being forced to deposit a fanatical physical effort over my strength capabilities in order to get the norm done; I was still weakened, because my disease was so advanced that not even food interested me anymore.

In room no. 1 I lived the most terrible, frightening and

inconceivable spiritual torture. And there I also thought and understood what the faith in God truly is.

As I walked into that room, smaller than the others, with only one row of overlapped bunks, I wondered how will we be able to fit in? We were around forty.

On the top bunks there stood many whom I knew since the time of the denuncements. So I was invited to take a seat among them. The love of my comrades and the ones who were my coworkers in the workshops impressed me. It was the same climate we had been living inside Pitesti, before the denuncements.

How could this climate be compared with the hell inside Pitesti and Gherla during the denuncements?

How can it be explained that these young men's pure and full of love hearts turned to 180 degrees backwards and they started to tear at each other? How can it be possible to be an angel today and tomorrow a demon? And still it was possible; all of us who had been in the denuncements, although honest, pure in heart and fearless fighters, became the contrary of what we used to be, as a result of terrible tortures. But, if the fall of the angels of their own free wills is irreversible, the fall

of man, as a result of coercion and torture, is reversible in most of the cases, if not all.

The nice climate in room no. 1 wasn't proved by words, but by gestures and silence, because we weren't telling each other where we've been, what we've suffered and what we've done. What we were before the denunciations didn't matter, but what we had become. We had been living an experience which no young generation had experienced before.

So many dead and killed without mercy, so many gone insane and so many who tried to commit suicide, aren't they telling anything to us?

The thousands of comrades killed in a cowardly fashion in the time of that demented king Carol the second and during the satanic reign of communism are wrestling inside me; especially those killed during the denouncements in Gherla. All these cry imploring for God's justice to be done. I am only their speaking advocate, being the one who saw and suffered that unstoppable hatred of satan, applied through his servants against us.

How is it possible that a man can be a man today and tomorrow the opposite? And still, it was possible. And you saw from what I stated earlier what the cost was for them.

I stated earlier that, being isolated in basement cell no. 15, in the Suceava prison, waiting for the trial, for the first time I was finding myself left by everyone and without any way to get out, not sleeping because of cold and hunger, and during a sleepless night I cried to the Heaven : "Lord, Jesus Christ, Son of God, I want to die for You!"

My cry was sincere, it started deep down inside my conscience : I wanted to die with all my heart. But my intention had its roots in a pride which I was going to pay for dearly. Responding to my prayer, God offered me the opportunity to die for Him, and not only once.

My mistake was asking for something that didn't benefit me. Plus, I didn't have the wisdom to add : "If it can be done and with your help, Lord". Because, as the holy fathers say, the trial, the temptation and suffering are not above what a man can take, and to overcome them you have to remember that : <<Apart from Me you can do nothing>>. So, only with Him, through Him, with His indulgence, help and will, we can overcome any temptation, of any kind.

In Pitesti, during that most brutal ordeal, I didn't deny God, I only stated publicly that I don't pray any longer. But there were still consequences

for this and this is why the dread of death took over me when I first entered Gherla. I refused God's grace of my own free will and then probably God left me also, remaining only I, alone and naked during this great ordeal.

The holy fathers say that the prayer is the state of communion between The Maker and the creature. I was left without, and inside my soul deprived of God's presence and power, the spirit of satan entered, possession so violent I cannot describe.

And, if I didn't become a bully and a murderer, it's because the possession which took over all

of us was manifesting inside me only in the form of horror.

It is not my intention to force others to understand or believe what I felt back then. The suffering and pain of those young men who endured the Pitesti and Gherla inferno were more than horrible and intolerable; so my suffering, pain and the dread inside my soul cannot be understood, or explained and imagined by comparison.

The dread and fear were manifesting inside of me with such force that, in the moments when I was lucid, I used to say to myself that if we really lived in hell and if that is how hell is like, who then could

endure it forever? I only endured for four years and I wonder, when I am writing now, how come I didn't lose my mind? And if I didn't last, wishing for my death, I wonder what was like for those who didn't believe in God.

The Gospel confesses that when God chased the demons out of the possessed man, they asked Him to let them enter the pigs herd, because even demons are terrified of the tortures in Hell.

We couldn't sleep on the bunk at night, being crammed together like sardines, so we recovered during the day time, exercising in turns.

After a few days, as I was moving around in the room, a young man was drawn to my attention, more special than the others. He had the face of an eastern ascetic which radiated goodness.

When we met the first time I didn't memorize his name. Asking about him, the comrades told me he had been a student at the Brasov Academy, he didn't endure the denunciations and just came from the Targu Ocna Sanatorium, being sick of tuberculosis and having trouble with his liver as well.

I noticed that this man was looking at me too. At one point, he surprised me while I was looking at him : I had to lean

against the wall so I didn't fall down. Something inexplicable took over me and it seems that a force, other than my own will, was in direct opposition with his stare. I startled and realized that a spirit, contrary to the one that was possessing me, was fighting inside my soul.

Exhausted, I lied down on the bunk. My face was like a dead man's, the blood withdrawn from my cheeks. Noticing my paleness, my comrades asked me what is wrong. I told them I wasn't feeling well. The night that followed I shall never forget. The spirit of satan which was possessing me, tortured and frightened me, probably because

it couldn't suffer the way Jimboiu - the young man - was staring at me.

The next day in the morning, he came close to me and invited me on his bunk, so we could talk. The spirit who was possessing me tried to stop me from doing this step, but Jimboiu's gesture - he took me by my hand - forced me to follow him.

The first word which he addressed me was : "My brother, you are sick; don't be afraid though and trust me. Open up your soul and tell me what is on your heart; maybe I will be able to help you with something".

In a few words I related to him what was on my conscience. After my confession he answered : "You

sinned badly before God. Why didn't you try to pray again in Pitesti too?" I answered him that I didn't know who stopped me, but something did.

He asked me if I am still praying. "I am praying, but I don't feel anything; my heart is like a stone", my answer was.

"Ever since you pray, did you ask God for forgiveness?" To my negative reply, he continued : "Did you cry?". Again, no.

-I would like to know how you pray.

After I told him how I pray, he answered to me that I am praying well.

-I feel as if God left me though.

-Don't offend God, it was not He Who left you; you offended Him, he apostrophized me.

After this exchange of words, I believed I talked with an angel, because the power which emanated from him silenced the spirits which tormented me.

From then on, he invited me to talk with him every day.

Realizing the man he was and his immense spiritual power, I implored him to pray for me too.

"I will pray, he answered, but it requires a personal effort too. The offense brought to God cannot be erased otherwise but by the tears of repentance only. Only then when you will pray in tears and repent, God will hear your voice and forgive you".

The days until the 1954 Easter were so terrible for me, that I don't have any words to express what I was experiencing, let alone helping someone understand it.

As the talk between me and Jimboiu progressed my torment became ever so unbearable. Every day I was waiting to wake up insane from my little bit of sleep. Paradoxally, my thinking and discernment were functioning at all times high and I was realizing the state I was in and this hurt me a lot.

Then my mother's face passed before my eyes, crying, and I was terrified thinking she will get to see me mad.

It is of no use, no matter how I try to convince anyone, to make him understand what I felt and experienced back then under the pressure of this fretting. In the prison and outside prison, all those whom I confessed what went on with me back then, in order not to offend me, they didn't tell me they don't believe, but that they don't understand.

The only ones who did understand me when I told them the things I've been through, besides Jimboiu, were the hermits inside the monastery Sihastria.

The Easter was coming near, at the end of April, in a beautiful Spring, after a hard, unforgotten winter, when the

inside torment surpassed all limits. Being in that spiritual state I had the following thought : if all this world was mine, what use would it be to me, if I didn't have the peace and quiet I once had before I stopped praying? It is like the word says : << What good will it be for someone to gain the whole world, yet forfeit their soul? Or what can anyone give in exchange for their soul? >>

Because God doesn't allow temptations greater than we could withstand, in the most critical moments, His mercy and help come to us. But only if we ask for them with all our hearts.

The Ressurrection

God would punish me if I didn't confess what I experienced back then. Because It is He Who performed the miracle, and I must testify to that. That's why, this chapter addresses only to those who believe in God limitless, in His Gospel and Church.

Christianity is the religion of miracles. The embodiement of The Son of God from the Virgin Mary, which is beyond what we know as laws of nature, is the first of the miracles. God becomes man, like us, for us to see, feel, hear Him talk, see His miracles performed among us men; and we get to the point where we deny

Him as The Son of Man, persecute Him and crucify Him.

The miracle of miracles, which human reason cannot comprehend and admit, is the Ressurrection Of The Son of Man. While He was still with us on the earth He told us : << I am the Ressurrection and The Life, I am the Life of the world, I am The Way, The Truth and The Life >>.

The ones that don't believe in The Son Of Man's Ressurrection and His miracles and His saints' miracles they performed using His Power won't have a part in the resurrection and eternal happiness, but they will only be resurrected in order for them to get their rewards for their unfaithfulness and evil deeds

which they done as servants of satan. For if they served satan on earth, it is him they shall have forever.

Christianity is only received by faith, not by power of human thought. Faith is a "given", a gift From God given to man from his creation. And this gift operates especially there where human reasoning cannot protrude.

<< Believe and you shall be saved >> << You study the Scriptures diligently because you think that in them you have eternal life. These are the very Scriptures which testify about Me >> The Son Of God says.

I tremble with all my being when I remember living four years in that slice of hell. But what

will the unbelievers have to say at the Resurrection, when God will perform His greatest miracle, resurrecting man and the world for eternity? And all this for man to be alive and eternally happy.

It was not random that I met Jimboiu in room no. 1 in the Section. I had to know him because I needed to understand that man's salvation is only possible with God's grace. And it was not random that we were just above the Chapel where I met Flueraș, the atheist turned to the right faith at the end of his life on earth.

The Easter was coming near and my physical and spiritual strengths had been exhausted.

Without realizing, an anxiety or maybe a hunch that something needed to happen to me made its way in all my being. I was experiencing the emotion of the man ready to be put to death. I wasn't afraid of dying, which I wished so many times to happen, but I was afraid that any moment I could lose my mind forever.

It was the Saturday of the Easter. A day before that I had been praying so deeply, as I never did in my life; at the same time though I was desperate believing my prayer wasn't listened to.

So Saturday in the evening, at about 10 o'clock, when it was time for lights out, I lied down on the bunk. I couldn't find my

sleep for a few nights now.
Towards the middle of the night,
something urged me to get down
from the bunk and move around
the room. I got close to the
window and in that moment I
heard the Gherla church bells
ringing because it was twelve
o'clock, announcing the
Ressurrection service. The bells'
sounds were so harmonius that it
seemed to me that they came from
another world.

I fell down on my knees in front
of the window and, having my
hands clenched for prayer, I
yelled from the bottom of my
soul : "God Jesus Christ, Son of
God, I confess that I offended
You, but You Lord, know that I
am on the brink of suffering and

patience. I cannot do it anymore! Do with me as You will! I ran away from You, Lord, but I pray to You with all my being, if it is possible, forgive me and Ressurrect my soul because I believe in Your Ressurrection limitless".

That moment, as I was sitting on my knees having my hands clenched and my eyes looking through the iron bars, all my being trembled and streams of tears started to flow from my eyes.

While I was crying, I only could say : "Lord, have mercy on me!" I didn't get to finish these words, and my whole body was caught in trembling and convulsion just like those who

are possessed and I felt how a strange unseen force left my body. It was the spirit of satan which had been tormenting me and taking control over me, for four years time.

I think of my healing, because it was a healing, as the atonement of a man who carries a great burden on his back, until he falls under its weight and cannot get up again anymore; then someone comes and takes the load and he feels, all of sudden, so light that he can fly. This is how I felt immediately after that satanic force left me.

I fell on my head, on the cement floor, unconscious , my shirt being all wet because of

perspiration and my tears wouldn't stop streaming out of my eyes. I felt my forehead wet by the tears fallen on the cold cement which I was kissing. They were the tears of repentance which God received in His good will, forgiving my offense brought to Him. In the four years of torment, I didn't shed one tear, but now my soul was being washed in the pool of repentance and God's miracles.

Later on, I got up, not knowing where I was; I felt I was another being and I was so light, as if I was floating in other spheres. Right on the Resurrection day, God healed me and resurrected me too.

I kneeled again and, lying with the face on the ground, I yelled again with all my breath : "God, you are so good and merciful with sinners, that I don't know how to thank You!" Then the words Of Jesus when He healed the invalid man crossed my mind : "See, you are well again. Stop sinning or something worse may happen to you". My heart felt a joy that cannot be understood except for the ones who experienced it. If until then I was in hell, that moment I felt that Heaven's joy wasn't far from my soul.

I got up from the cement; before me Jimboiu was standing like an apparition. I hugged him, saying with all my heart : "Christ Is

Ressurrected!". "He truly Is
Ressurrected!", he answered full
of tenderness. We cried for a
while, both. I didn't feel
closer to someone in my entire
life as I felt to Jimboiu that
moment. We were both living the
joy of my resurrection. I wanted
to thank him for his advice but
he only was content to say :
"Your tears were pleasing to God
and His mercy has healed you. I
saw everything from the moment
you got down from the bunk; I
wasn't asleep either. I am glad
for you with all my heart".

It was daytime and the ones
inside the room awakened. The
light of The Ressurrection bathed
me in Its rays. I was a
different man, because : "I was

lost and had been found, dead and had been brought back to life". I returned on the bunk, lied down and slept profoundly, so much so that my comrades barely woke me up at the evening meal. I hadn't been sleeping like this for four years. The Easter of 1954 was the real birth and resurrection for me; a crucial event concerning my faith and thinking.

In my soul a power had been installed, which made me only fear God and nothing else, instead of the fear and dread I experienced for four years.

For me prison wasn't a fetter anymore, but full freedom. Even though my body remained in chains, my soul was freed from

everything that could tie me to this earthly life. It was the freedom The Son Of Man gave us saying : <<I give you true freedom>>. The prison walls, padlocks and chains which pressed us and tied us up weren't so important to me; I lived in other frequencies of life. Not only my soul, thinking, understanding and experience were different, but even my helpless body, dystrophied, was stronger.

Those that will read this chapter in goodwill and patience, will know - I believe - why do I think and live like I do.

I stayed in that room one more month after that, during which I

had the most fruitful conversations with my loved friend and comrade Gheroghe Jimboiu. Afterwards, he was taken to the interrogation in Aiud, where, I only later found out that his sickness got worse and being submitted to a strict regime and with no medicine, he had died like a martyr. I have this private belief that God took him in the Heavens to be with the saints.

After Jimboiu left, it was as if something tore inside me and I asked Virgil Lungeanu, my colleague, to get me out of this room and send me to the cellular. After I insisted, I was transferred to room no. 1

ground floor, in the big building of the prison.

Room no. 1 cellular

In this room I met a lot of comrades who had been in the denunciations, as well as my good friend and comrade Lefa Aristide, which hadn't been there. He had the chance to be repartitioned as a medic at the Pitesti medical office, and from there, in the Autumn of 1949, miraculously, to be taken along with the ones sick of

tuberculosis, for a cold abcess, to the Sanatorium Penitentiary in Targu Ocna.

Lefa, a student in the fifth year of Medicine, did wonders at Targu Ocna with the ones sick of T.B. The official medics, fearing the disease could spread, gave him a green light to take care of the sick. It is there he met Valeriu Gafencu, under whose influence he lived.

A certain pastor, Wurmbbrand, who had been in the denouncements, got sick of tuberculosis too because of the tortures, and was sent to Targu Ocna, where Lefa took care of him, saving his life. When Wurmbbrand left the Targu Ocna prison he told Lefa :
"Because of you and the way you

took care of me I am alive; I will never forget you". This is how these young legionnaires knew to help their fellow men, no matter who they were.

During my stay in that room, because of an informer, I was punished along with Lefa and Stupu with severe arrest in the basement, which was under the Somes river bed and because of this the floor was always wet.

The basement regime was very severe, getting only half of our food ration only once in two days. In the nights we slept on some wooden boards which were put on supports which were then taken on the corridor during the day. On the cement floor of the cell we put wooden boards so the

water couldn't get inside our boots. Ever since I experienced the miracle of my resurrection I was more immune to suffering.

One day, I was taken by a guard to the administration building. Passing through an office room, where women were working, whose faces I didn't see for six years, I told them : "Good day!". But I didn't get to finish my sentence and I felt a powerful punch in the back of my head. The hit pushed me to the floor; the women, seeing the scene, remained petrified. The representative of the working class, the proletariat, having another type of education, felt like he needed to "rebuke" me in front of them : "You, bandit,

aren't allowed to say to the ladies : good day".

From that room I was escorted then by the guard on a corridor, in an interrogation office. In front of me a young Security officer appeared, who politely invited me to take a seat on the chair. After I was seated, the officer, measuring me head to toe, asks me : "Where were you taken from sir, because you look like crap?" "From the basement", I answer. "But what's that on your forehead?" I didn't want to describe the women scene but, because he insisted so much, I told him everything, emphasizing that this is the proletary moral and civilization. In front of me, the officer wrote a report

so the guard who hit me could be punished. But he didn't know that the prison warden was the famous Goiciu!

Upset by the conditions that the political prisoners have, he switched on to another subject. He was coming from Galati to investigate some cases of medics from Tecuci who had been same year colleagues with me at the Medical University in Iasi. My colleague Lunguleac declared in Pitesti that these had connections with the legionnaires during their faculty studies. It was the second time around when I saw that the Security was using our statements given in Pitesti in order to arrest, trial and

sentence all those who had a relationship with us. How could I admit a statement which could send innocent beings behind bars?!

In that time, the physical pain had less importance for me, and that's why I categorically stated to the officer that I don't admit to anything and I will give no statement to anyone, asking him to send me back where I was coming from. My firm decision compelled the officer to call the guard so he can escort me back to the basement.

A fact worth noting is the keeping of secrecy inside Romania's prisons. In Antonescu's time it was

different, the communication between the political prisoners was done with a simple system of knocks with the fists against the wall.

At Gherla, many of our comrade students in Polytechnics knew the Morse Code and they communicated perfectly through the radiator pipes and cell walls. This ingenious discovery is due to Tomuta Octavian from room no. 1 ground floor, today an engineer, one of the best students the Bucharest Polytechnics had back then.

But, as we had no apparatus for the sending of the messages, there had to be another way for the representation of the dots and lines of the code. Tomuta

suggested that the dot should be a short hit and the line should be represented by two rapid hits, almost overlapped, method which was quickly transmitted to all the cells. The communication was first done from window to window, until the Morse Code could be learned.

So, in the Summer of 1954, in the train wagons, the vans or security cells, the secret was completely shattered. All kinds of information was being sent, from the most common, to politics, scientific, literary, philosophical, theological.

In Aiud, sharing the cell with Eugen Magirescu, I noticed he was very familiarized with this way of communicating : walking

around the room, he recorded everything that was transmitted through the pipe. Ion Munteanu only needed to hear two or three letters in a word to understand the rest. They became so specialized that they didn't need to send whole words, so the transmission time was greatly reduced.

Many of the Romanian or foreign authors' poems were transmitted using this procedure and then memorized. So were the poems of Radu Gyr, Nichifor Crainic and other young poets.

All the searches were announced, from the ground floor up until the superior floors, using the Morse Code.

This procedure cost the prisoners dearly. Once caught, hundreds of them were punished with severe arrest, many of them dying because of it. But even with all the punishments and the hundreds of victims who fell, it was impossible to stop this communication between prisoners and the secret couldn't be ensured any longer. For this to happen, they would've had to suppress all the radiators or post a guard in front of each of the cells.

For ensuring secrecy, in the Summer of 1954 shutters were placed on the cell windows, in all the prisons in Romania.

In the cel I with badea trifan

I met lawyer Trifan in cell 32, in Gherla. I heard in the prison about the Marian group, ex-chief of the city of Brasov and Trifan, ex-legionnaire prefect of Brasov, sentenced to hard years in prison since Antonescu's time. Another group of legionnaires sentenced back then gathered around Biris. The two groups had different attitudes though. One of them experienced and lived in the spirit of the eastern fathers, and the other lived and thought in the spirit of the eastern fathers.

I was impressed by the understanding of the older people towards the young people

there who had been enduring the denouncements. For these, the incorporation in the Legion had been done with prudence and humility, because of what we had experienced in Pitesti and Gherla, and a sudden recovery could push us into a dangerous extreme. And still, the most recovered, in direct proportion with the amount of what they endured during the denouncements.

The detention period 1954-1964, was for us, the young legionnaires, one of harmony, understanding, sharing of knowledge and love, in discrimination to 1949-1954, (five years of intellectual

inactivity), the darkest years of our lives.

The cells had been transformed into high school and university lecture classes. The peasants and workers had learned foreign languages, memorized hundreds of poems, knew math, physics, chemistry etc. and, not rarely, were engaged in philosophic-religious discussions. Each convict shared with the others what he had accumulated in time.

The merit for this harmony and for the comeback of the young legionnaires inside the Legion's bosom was especially granted to Badea Trifan, a veteran in prison, having had already fourteen years of executed sentence, and to the professor,

philosopher and poet Ion Munteanu, who originated in Ardeal, Cluj.

Munteanu was part of the legionnaire elite.

But Badea Trifan was part of the heroic generation of the Captain. Because of this he was looked upon like a myth, by us, the youngsters; his word and the word of Prince Alexandru Ghica, who was also in the cell, was for us law.

What I would like to emphasize during this chapter is especially, the way of thinking and living of the two orientations: eastern and western.

The great personalities which represented the two worlds

interested me in a special way. After the hell I just escaped from and after meeting Jimboiu, my thirst for knowledge ushered me to find out something about the other ways of Christian living as well.

Ion Munteanu was the most receptive to what was going on inside the room, as one of the most prominent Greco-catholic intellectuals in Cluj. An elite intellectual, cultured and talented : a writer, philosopher and poet, he was ruled by the western rationalism and didn't keep anything from the orthodox thinking. During discussions, he sought to draw me in to his sphere of influence, to think and live like he did.

His opposite in thinking and Christian-orthodox living, Badea Trifan, was warmer and his word went straight in my heart, it wasn't addressed to reason.

In this climate, as one who was experiencing the orthodoxy, I chose Badea Trifan as a guide; I didn't reject Munteanu either though.

The Easter of 1955 was coming near. A year passed since the miracle God did with me and since I met Jimboiu.

The Passion Week of this Sacred Easter was truly an anniversary for me; I lived it in repentance and humility, my soul always looking upon Golgotha. In general, all of us lived The

Passions of The Son Of God in
humility.

Many times we are inclined to believe only what we see. Then we feel like we don't need faith any longer, because faith only operates where we cannot see and where the possibilities of reasonal knowledge become useless.

I didn't notice how Jimboiu experienced the Passion Week, in 1954, because he was very discreet in his outward behavior; but I saw Badea Trifan, from Monday until The Great Saturday.

The things I saw in him were more than impressing. Monday morning I wanted to sit with him and talk about the spiritual

experience of This Sacred Week. To my great surprise though, when I came closer to him, I noticed tears streaming from his eyes. The ones in the room, respecting his wish, reserved him a spot on the bunk. I was ashamed because I disturbed him and all the Passion Week I couldn't reach and talk with him again. He was secluded in this corner and was continuously crying, looking upon the suffering of The Son Of God crucified on Golgotha with the eyes of his soul and feeling His suffering with his heart. So much it impressed those inside the room that the whole Great Week was one of mourning.

After I saw Badea Trifan I was moved, and I then directed my attention to Ion Munteanu also and I became convinced of the difference between the orthodox and catholic living. Trifan was living by his heart, Munteanu by his reason. I never saw Munteanu shed one drop of tear during The Passion Week, while Trifan cried how a mother who lost her only baby cries. Trifan felt the calvary on Goglotha, while Munteanu thought it.

I was then convinced for the remainder of my days, to mimic Jimboiu and Badea Trifan, as the brothers closest to my soul.

I wondered how many Christians on this earth are capable of a living like theirs? And I, could

I ever shed a tear looking upon Golgotha with the eyes of my soul? Yes! God made me worthy of trembling before His sacrifice!

During that sacred Easter I watched Badea Trifan's bright face, looking like one of those Romanian mystics faces, like father Cleopa Ilie, father Argatu, father Arsenie etc.

Leaving Gherla

If inside Gherla I lived the dread of death and hell on earth, it is here where I was reborn also, I was resurrected and made it to the shore out of the swamp of desperation. And

not using my human helplessness and weaknesses, but only with God's help, Whom I am not worthy to thank.

Inside Gherla prison, my faith, my thinking, my understanding and experience were cemented for the remainder of my life. If in those four years I experienced hell's tortures, it is here also where I saw the light leading to redemption. It may seem paradoxical, but in this prison, which I've come to love, considering it to be the place of my resurrection, I met people who I otherwise couldn't meet during my life.

At the end of Summer 1955, those with sentences of at least 10 years or more were chained and,

along with the first lots, we started leaving for the prison of Aiud.

We were informed there that the prisons in Romania had been divided by the prisoners' political membership.

So, the largest prison inside the country had been reserved to the legionnaire political prisoners, because their numbers were more than those in the other parties, the so-called "historic", who had been put in smaller prisons, even though today they lie, saying that it was toughest for them.

In the winter of 1960, February, I was caught by the chief guard of the section writing on the sole of my boot some recordings

which I meant to memorize. A report was filed for severe arrest, which could only last a month from the warden's orders, and if it needed to be more than one month, only by the Ministry of Internal Affairs' order.

After they approved the report of the guard, who had me punished with severe arrest 20 days, I was presented at the medical office, where they could decide if I was capable of carrying out the punishment or not.

On the cellular, at the second floor, Ion Ciocan from Galati, my ex-colleague in the same year and class at the Medical faculty in Iasi was a medic. I didn't see him before until then. At

that date, the official medics in Aiud were also the Badea family.

After a short visit, this colleague wrote "apt" on my report, although I was thin as a ghost.

Being revolted by his criminal behavior, and taking advantage of the momentary absence of the guard, I looked him straight into his eyes and asked him :

-Do you know, you murderer, where you are sending me? He didn't reply. He was sure I won't recognize him after my 11 years of incarceration.

I then measured him head to toe - he was fat as a bull fed for the slaughterhouse, from the minimal food given to the

prisoners - him, who sold his
medic conscience for a bowl of
lentil.

Looking at him straight I
resumed my accusation :

-Hey, murderer, don't you know
me?

Surprised, he couldn't avoid the
answer anymore and told me :

-Mister Bordeianu, I know you,
but because I cannot stand the
prison and hunger, I sold myself
as a medic!

-God shall punish you; you are
an odious killer, you are
sending innocent people to
death, I said to him, thinking
about doctor Marculescu, whose
dignity was being brought to
light in contrast with this

"butcher". According to Ciocan, I was "apt" - in full blown winter, dressed only in sheepskin and a meal once in three days - to make it 20 days arrested in there.

As I didn't get any package of clothes in prison, I did have with me, since 1949, in Pitesti, one flannel and one pair of underpants, its patches sown one over the other. The ones punished with severe arrest were allowed only to dress with the sheepskin, a shirt and a pair of penitentiary underpants, a cap, boots and thin socks.

I was then announced by the chief of section to get ready to be transferred on the severe arrest section; beside my shirt

and underpants I put on the thick flannel I mentioned earlier.

After that I was lead by the upper floor guard on the severe arrest section.

I will say something about this section. It was situated on the continuation of the middle building in Aiud. It had small cells, cement floors, no heating, a small window in the upper part, in the corner, which remained open during winter and shut during summer and a chamberpot for the necessities, with no lid on it. The walls were wet and it was said that salt was put inside those walls intentionally. You didn't have

anywhere else to sleep than on the chamberpot or on the cement.

When I arrived, the section guard looked at me, measured me from head to toe and was happy enough to open the cell so I could get in, without checking if the clothes corresponded with the rules or not. God gave the guard this good thought, because His mercy was with me.

I considered this to be God's miracle, a miracle which helped me avoid certain death. I couldn't have resisted in the middle of winter only dressed by the rules.

It was so cold, that the drinking water we got once in three days was always frozen.

But because of the prayer I survived.

God wanted to give me strength so I could move around the cell, otherwise I could've froze to death, and I could move even though I had such a weakened body. Every day the political officer visited me to see if I was alive anymore.

But near the end of the torment I couldn't move anymore, and I fell inertly on the chamberpot. I was then removed from the cell by the two guards, taken by my armpits and back to my cell. When the cell door opened, the guards said one thing to my comrades : "Take him!", then abandoned me. My comrades rushed at me, took me in their arms,

stretched me upon the bed,
undressed me and started to
massage my whole body in order
to defreeze me.

I never in my life felt such a
warm gesture of friendship like
in that moment, the love of my
comrades which cannot be
expressed in words. During my
absence, they saved their slice
of bread for me to have too,
which they received in the
morning along with their tea.

*

Now, a few words concerning the
reeducation in Aiud.

In May 1962, I was taken out of
my cell and into the prison
yard.

I had only one year until my sentence expired. I didn't see breaking out of prison as a solution; on the contrary, it would have did nothing but complicate things, fact which the political officers knew also. Because of this, I was taken in the vegetable gardens building, which could be found at some 2 KM away, on the shore of the river Mures. This is where I lived until November.

Meanwhile, inside the prison the reeducation commenced : some kind of masquerade done under the supervision of the security colonel Craciun, the prison warden.

In September-October the reeducation at the garden

started also. Asked if I will take part in that circus, I answered no.

At the end of November 1962, in a Sunday morning, we saw inside the courtyard a van and a few smaller cars. We were ordered to group in a square formation on a field similar to an amphitheater. It was a beautiful day outside, sunny. In front of this amphitheater four comrades were brought : the math teacher Munteanu from Cluj, the doctor Sercaianu from Buzau, Dutu Dumitru, ex-pupil at the Officer Millitary School in Ploiesti, arrested and sentenced since Antonescu's time and the last one, Dumitru Bordeianu.

The first asked to talk in front of the prisoners was doctor Sercaianu, who had an irreproachable attire in prison. He had been part of the legionnaire rebellion group and refused to speak. Professor Munteanu was next. He answered categorically "no".

Dutu, having executed 20 years of incarceration, had only one thing to say : "I won't even speak to such people!"

For me, it was the first and last political speech I ever spoke in my life. During the speech, the four Internal Affairs colonels, the prison warden Craciun and colonel Ivan, were looking at me seemingly hypnotized. I spoke for 20

minutes about the reeducation at Suceava and the denunciations in Pitesti and Gherla. They were all listening, the prisoners and officials, curious and interested to know what I was talking about. I was convinced that someone will stop me from speaking but, to my surprise, I was allowed to finish my speech, ending it with : "I won't adhere to this circus, to this masquerade, because I've lived in these situations for four years already!" .

The prisoners in the amphitheater, brought there to boo, were muted. No one said a word. For me this was the greatest political satisfaction life offered to me.

But in the moment I finished, I heard, without knowing where the order came from : "Put this bandit in chains and all the ones like him!"

In a moment's notice, we were all four put in chains, shoved inside the van and isolated on the cellular, each one in a cell, until the start of May, 1963.

From this cell I was taken to another cell where I met Gheorghe Calciu. Ten years had passed since we didn't see each other.

On 15th of May 1963, Calciu was taken to the first home arrest, and on the 8th of June, same year, I was taken also in Baragan, in the same village,

Viisoara, in the Slobozia district.

In 1964 I was then released and then, after other twenty five years of being monitored and stalked, interrogations and threats, I had the possibility of coming to the free world, in Australia, Victoria State. It is here where I could write the things I wrote and my printed confessions could see the light of day.

Closing

Before I end my book, I would like to thank mister Horia Sima with all my heart, the Chief of the Legionnaire Movement, who

advised me to write these experiences about the young legionnaires, students and pupils and workers, who have endured the terrible drama at Pitesti and Gherla; without his advice and help these confessions couldn't have seen the light of day.

I believe that only the ones who have been through Pitesti and Gherla have the right to talk about this sieve of satan, meaning the denouncements performed in the two death prisons.

The ones who wrote about this drama until now, did it so : some wrote from the stories and fairytales of others, who were only marginally part of the

denouncements; others, possessed and driven by an unstoppable hatred towards the Legionnaire Movement, said that the Pitesti and Gherla denouncements weren't carried out upon the young legionnaires. All these denigrators, who are in the service of many occults, with no fear of God and shame toward people, lacking the most basic common sense, God shall judge according to His righteousness and Will.

I will write below a portion from a poem which says a lot, written by the young poet legionnaire, Aurel Visovan, who shared unforgotten moments with me in the Pitesti denouncements, basement room no. 3.

Pitesti Moment

Stop your roaring laughter -
madmen!

Inside your dark laughters blood
is boiling,

From the grin of the satanic
storm...

Who did you crucify again -
madmen?

Which sacred song grinding hard
it breaks?!

Oh! Dances in a macabre rhythm
Apocalyptic burst of strange
funeral songs...

Dark sky, dark bells

Ringling dark and

Rings it rings it rings...
Undead, ghosts,
And some dead Angel
Who froze,
Gone in eternities...
Living dead, ghosts,
And howling of madmen collapsed...
Oh, Lord, where are you?!
Why don't you light miracles,
Heavenly miracles?!
Where are you?
Oh, Lord, where are You?!

..... .

Impenetrable - no answer...

..... .

Pitesti... Pitesti... Pitesti...

We, the young legionnaires, from the youngest youth, were and are in trenches, hungry and thirsty, despised, humiliated, persecuted, interrogated and judged unfairly, locked away in camps and prisons, denigrated, permanently suffering and put down like rabid dogs. But the people loved us, because we were engaged in a fight for them, for them to finally be a master on their swath of land and fortune.

My conviction is, as I stated earlier, that when I was interrogated in the Pitesti prison, on 26th of October 1949, by that Russian type character, he already had the reeducation plan done at Moscow, probably as Stalin suggested and with the

knowledge of the three communist ministers : Anna Pauker, Teohari Georgescu and Vasile Luca. These formed the team of the Central Communist Party bureau (of course, having the approval of Gheorghiu Dej also) who, with the aid of general Nicolski, the Security commander, and one of his aids, colonel Zeller, personally orchestrated, ordered and verified the denouncements at Pitesti and Gherla.

They were the ones who initiated and applied the plan for the burial of the young legionnaires. So, the plan wasn't made for any other young Romanian group of people, but only against the young legionnaires, who had continuity

in fighting and persecution - from 1933 to 1948 - an ideology and education very well put in place. On the date when the denouncements were started, the young nonlegionnaires represented a tiny number. The legionnaire pupils were over 90%, taken from all the Brotherhoods of the Cross countrywide.

At Suceava, in 1948, the prison numbered a few hundreds legionnaires.

At Suceava, in 1948, the prison numbered a few hundreds legionnaire pupils. Here also could be found a lot of students from the Legionnaire University Center Iasi, then the leaders of the Brotherhood of the Cross

from the Moldavian highschools :
Comsa Ieronim, C. Strachinariu,
M. Lates, L. Soltuz, etc...

The young students and pupils
nonlegionnaires who endured the
denouncements at Pitesti and
Gherla could nominally show many
of them were killed, how many
tried to commit suicide, how
many did commit suicide, how
many went mad. The young
legionnaires didn't need
denouncements or reeducation.

The young nonlegionnaires were
regarded in prison as sons of
kulaks⁶¹, unlocked⁶² officers,
priests, policemen and bobbies,
or as "bourgeois"
representatives, kicked out from
high schools or faculties. I

⁶¹ Wealthy peasants

⁶² Officers of the last regime who were admitted into this one, communist

will give a striking example for argument's sake : In the Medical University in Iasi, which in its 6 years of studies numbered some 2000 students, only one of those students, a nonlegionnaire, member of the peasant party, was arrested and taken to Suceava, and after his interrogation he was immediately released from prison.

In my year, where we were some 300 students, only the legionnaires were arrested and sentenced to hard years behind bars; the others, who remained free, many of them would enter the communist party, either as activists, security personnel or as trusted people placed in high places. So it was no need for

them to be "denounced" or "reeducated" any longer, because they themselves done it, with no help whatsoever. From university professors to the last student, they took advantage of the circumstances to find "shelter", shamelessly flirting with the invader while forgetting that our nation was at the brink of collapse, its very private essence threatened to be decomposed.

The young legionnaires realized this danger and engaged with all their strength to avoid the irreparable. The fact that the Pitesti and Gherla denunciations were spearheaded exclusively towards the young legionnaires is proven by the thousands

sacrifices in its ranks. And if there was still someone to contest this fact, it would be someone that flirted with the invader before. But the history did record the sacrifice brought on the country's altar of those killed, pushed to suicide, those gone mad, diseased and dead because of the tortures and inhumane detention conditions. I am the representative of all the ex-young legionnaires, saying that, if these would have to choose again between a new wave of denouncements and death, I am certain they would prefer death. I myself wouldn't hesitate to choose death one moment, instead of the continuous tortures of the denouncements which I endured.

Here's the conclusion of the denouncements :

-you should never believe what "the bandit" says;

-you shouldn't trust "the bandit";

-"the bandit" is never honest;

-"the bandit" always tries to hide what he knows;

-"the bandit" tries to mislead;

-"the bandit" cannot be reeducated, so he must be denounced (tortured) continuously, until he dies.

These things I heard dozens of times from Turcanu and his collaborators' mouth. From the interrogation I was submitted to on 26th of October 1949, from all the things Nicoliski stated (and

later from the statements of Dumitrescu the prison warden, the first guard and other guards), as a leitmotif, the following words went through my mind : "In this prison, you bandits legionnaires, are around 80% and are trying to convert the others too, drawing them into your camp, to make them legionnaires", "we will know even your very thoughts", "maybe later you'll say you aren't a legionnaire anymore", "you, bandit legionnaires, are in our hands and we will do with you as we please because we have ways to", "even if you were made from reinforced concrete we will still soften you".

With few minor exceptions, the most of us were possessed. Some of them are alive today. Others suffered a martyr's death. The ones murdered have to be excluded, and those who went mad are a special category.

The most of us lived a collective madness, the possession and dehumanization, reaching at the heights of despair.

The dose of torture administered to those who were being denounced depended on :

- belief in God and Christian moral values;
- belief and fondness concerning the Legionnaire Movement, the legionnaire doctrine, the Captain and the legionnaire

superiors and, especially,
concerning Horia Sima;

- the history, function and position in the Legionnaire Movement;

- the intellectual and professional skills;

- the grade of influence on the other young men;

- the moral way of life and combat strength;

These tortures, unprecedented in the history of detention, maybe with the exception of Asia, were applied "using us, by us, for us".

What could be observed after the fulfillment of this plan? In the plan they foresaw crushing the young legionnaires for good, but

they were wrong, fulfilling only approximately 10% of this plan.

They weren't expecting so many dead, suicide attempts, madmen, and so much resistance from the legionnaire youths. Although they managed to extract from us, using unbearable tortures, over 90% of what we didn't declare in the official interrogations, they couldn't take the faith in God from our hearts, the Christian and Legion's moral values.

They didn't succeed of making all of us possessed or irreversible killers and they could only use very few people as informers, in prison or outside of it.

The distrust between us was only transient and the superior forums didn't expect our recovery and unity.

They couldn't keep the denouncements a secret.

Instead of being destroyed and buried, history placed us on the incredible heights of patience and resistance, as representatives of the fight for our nation, against evil and bolshevism.

I saw the ones responsible for this genocide, and victims, I repeat, were 90% legionnaires. The Christian essence of this youth is worth noting : they managed to get to such an advanced stage of living, that they forgave those who tortured

them, comrades, colleagues or enemies.

The tortures in the denouncements in Pitesti and Gherla weren't applied to any other student youth in the communist countries and we aren't sure they would have been applied even in the U.S.S.R.'s gulags.

The Legionnaire Movement is unique in the world, as politics and purpose, as the denouncements with their unique methods of continuous torture, are unique too.

To all our enemies we reply using the words of the Pharisee Gamaliel : <<Therefore, in the present case I advise you : Leave these men alone! Let them

go! For if their purpose or activity is of human origin, it will fail. But if it is from God, you will not be able to stop these men; you will only find yourselves fighting against God.>> (Acts 5, 38-39)

So, if the Legion is against God, it will fail, but if it serves God and the nation, no one could be able to stop it.

The Patron Saint

Of the Legion is The Archangel Michael, and the master of all those full of hatred is satan, because hatred is the devil's weapon.

I will say a poem from my memory written by an unknown young legionnaire, who was killed or

maybe he went mad because of
continuous tortures :

The Accacias

With our roots deep sunk into
mud,

We are The Accacias with our
heavy strong wood,

We look to the sky placing our
branches on our foreheads.

Him who gave us birth, dying, he
wished

For us to be Accacias : our
nation's strong shield.

We are Accacias and we grow
everywhere

On steep valleys, on hillocks
and podzol,

On the nations naked soul and
body,

On groves depleted by
sufferings.

We are The Accacias and we grow
just about everywhere.

We grow as fast as a storm.

The executioners feared our
enthusiasm so much,

As the pine grows in one year,

We grow in one month.

We don't want to prick anyone,

But our enemies deadly hit us,

Wishing that persecution would
be our fate,

The thorns being our only given
defense...

A burning longing leads us to
our destiny

And where one of us falls
wounded,

One thousand sprouts take its
place.

We are The Accacias and grow
from the earth,

Trees of Romanian tradition and
creed.

On top of every political view
and everything, our limitless
faith in God remains, the love
for Him and our neighbor, faith

in the salvation of our Romanian nation and all the nations.

We hug like brothers those Romanians who went to prison like we did, no matter their views, religious or other type, for their attitude, manhood and courage to stand up against satan's ideology, communism.

We honor those killed or murdered in interrogations, camps and prisons.

We don't forget, and we remember the living and the dead in the communist camp with the same consideration, all who suffered and died inside prisons. For all these we light a candle before the Sacred Altars...

Final note

When saints will stop existing on the earth, then the end of the world will come too.

Saint Ephremus the Syrian

Because he thought himself as righteous, and in order to be seen that he indeed was righteous, God allowed Job, the first confessor of God, to be in the hands of satan, for a while.

Dumitru Bordeianu's book is a dissertation of contemporary demonology, as none other, except The Hymn for the Carried Cross, by Virgil Maxim. It is so special because, in the times of organized blindness and deception we are living now, no

one is able to see the perspective of the cosmic battle we are all being part of. With our hearts hardened by sins, "we look but cannot see, hear but do not understand" that the war satan rages against God and His Christ, using people as his army, is coming to its final battle.

In the end times, for our sins, "And now you know what is holding him back, so that he may be revealed at the proper time. For the secret power of lawlessness is already at work; but the one who now holds it back will continue to do so until he is taken out of the way." (2 Thessalonians 2,7).

The Christian view of the world doesn't exist as a whole anymore, and satan is freed from his prison, where the Church of Christ was keeping locked up <<to go out and deceive the nations in the four corners of the earth - Gog and Magog - and to gather them for battle>> (Revelation 20, 7-8) preparing them to bow to their Antichrist at the end of times.

This chain of events started with the masonic rebellion in France, along with "the great revolution" of the freedom of unchained evil, of equality in inhumanity and of the fraternity of men with devils, until "their souls will be one" (Saint Nil the Athonite). Then, the

monasteries of the French heresiarchs were transformed into masonic clubs ("the jacobines", the ones who occupied the place of Saint Jacob, being the most famous), and in the papal temples the idol of luciferic "reason" was enthroned.

In the 19th Century, "the French plague" spread to the faithful east. Because it couldn't hit the Orthodoxy frontally, using humanism, meaning the cult of man, deviated it on to judeo-protestant and catholic views.

Only later, in the last hundred years, they could implement the next stage, that is physically destroying the Church: first in Russia, then in the other

Orthodox countries. A special case, and very similar, is Spain, where the holy relics of the orthodox saints (saints can only be orthodox) were re-martyrized and their holy places blown sky-high in 1936.

And so here we are living this frightening century of demonic triumph and joy, described by those with spiritual power to foresee. Saint Ignatius Briancianinov, frightened, tells the story of a smith from near Petersburg, at the start of our century of revolutions and disbelief. At noon, the smith saw a large group of demons sitting on the branches of the forest trees, peculiarly dressed, wearing sharp pointed

hats, wildly singing: "Our time!
Our freedom!"

And because in the orthodox countries (except Greece and Serbia) he couldn't provoke general apostasy using signs and wonders as he did in the heretical and pagan West, the enemy had to build the "real" communist hell, in Orthodox Russia first, and then Romania, where something undreamed of by satan and his servants occurred: the demolishing of the church from christian's hearts, of their hidden place of worship, of God's Kingdom of Heaven, which is inside us.

After a hundred years of devastating antichristic liberalism, in Romania had

appeared, wondrously, after the First World War, a generation of believers, unseen before, with the exception of the first Christian persecutions. These were the legionnaires, gathered around the icon of Saint Archangel Michael, the Angel who stopped those without a physical body from falling.

Against these people the evil enemy spearheaded his attacks, in a country which was in the hands of the unfaithful since 1918, under the leadership of demon possessed individuals like Carol the Second and Antonescu.

