The Institute of the Romanian Revolution of December 1989

ALEXANDRU GRIGORIU

A REVOLUTION INCARCERATED

(TESTIMONIES)

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Preface

This book is attempting to bring back, to those who are interested, some of the testimonies of the people detained/arrested in December, 1989, in Iaşi, Timişoara and Bucharest, by the members of the suppressive forces (the Security, the Militia, the Army), to reflect upon them and to determine the conceptual framework applicable to the repression actions undertaken by the members of the force institutions of the Romanian communist state during the Revolution in December, 1989.

The idea of this book originated in the need to rectify the position expressed by some researchers of the phenomenon concerning the Revolution in December, 1989, most of them, former Security members or individuals related to this institution, according to which the state's force structures (particularly those belonging to the Ministry of the Interior – with a focus on Security and pretermit of the Militia – without, however, omitting those of the Ministry of National Defense) had absolutely no involvement in the repression deeds, and if they had, it was merely based on the orders received, therefore portraying sufficient reasons to stage an exoneration from the murders committed.

The analysis of the testimonies herein has the object of shining a light on the magnitude of the repression and to provide answers to questions, such as: who were those who exercised acts of extreme violence against revolutionaries? What were the reasons claimed by them in order to excuse the exercise of repression? What was their conduct towards the individuals detained? How do the affected people describe the experience they had been through, what is their perception on it and what are their comments regarding this matter and their executioners as well? In addition to those

aforementioned, after having consulted the professional literature operating with definitions and concepts, such as *state repression, state terrorism, torture* and *executioners*, there appeared the need to lay the foundations of a conceptual mechanism that should be used as part of the analysis, as well as to test such mechanism, by correlating it to the casuistry and information included in the testimonies. I shall confess that one of the difficulties that I dealt with while drafting this book was placing the experience undergone by revolutionaries into a conceptual framework. If terms, such as *state repression, state terrorism* or *executioner*, benefit from the existence of definitions leaving no space for interpretations, *torture*, on the other hand – the term quite often used to describe the experience of the people having been affected by the intervention of the repression forces – is a concept whose issues render plenty of difficulties, particularly under its time and quality component/aspect.

The book is structured into two distinctive parts, sections. The first one contains sub-chapters dealing with the analysis of the concepts used, the portrait of the December 1989 executioner, as depicted from revolutionary testimonies, the methods for repression and the reasoning claimed for its exercise by the individuals having resorted to such actions, as well as the consequences of the actions of the repressive forces over the victims. To these consequences, the information concerning the composition and structure of the repressive forces having acted against the December 1989 revolutionaries is added. The second part contains the testimonies and materials, reproduced or transcribed, underlying the analysis performed throughout the first part.

This book addresses to all those who are currently missing examples of the means under which the force structures of the state acted in December 1989 in order to safeguard the Romanian communist system and its leader, the person who gave the repression order, Nicolae Ceaușescu. The conceptual mechanism set forth may serve as information to all those studying or showing interest in the communist phenomenon repression in Romania, throughout its last term. In addition to the historical function of these

testimonies, quite often, those who were the victims of the 1989 repression are solely remembered as being arrested/detained, without further consideration, the reader shall have the possibility to consult, within the content of this book, some testimonies of individuals that were kept under arrest and investigated in mid-December 1989 in Iași, this being the less media-covered case of the predecessors of the Romanian Revolution of December, 1989 – the members of the Romanian People's Front -, along with the cases of the numerous persons detained and tortured in Timișoara and Bucharest. The answers to all these questions underlying the analysis may also represent matters of interest to those who are interested by the December 1989 Revolution.

The materials used for this study are part of different categories and their selection took into account three objectives: 1) avoiding redundancy, as much as possible, 2) selecting a relatively balanced number of testimonies from the cities with the highest number of victims, namely Timișoara and Bucharest, and 3) rendering only those fragments that would be able to answer the questions necessary to the analysis part and which included information on the aggressors of all force structures involved in the act of repression. Among such materials, some are interviews, published either in specialized magazines („Caietele Revoluției", „Analele Sighet"), or in daily newspapers („Adevărul", „Ziarul de Iași"), within special works (such as those of Cassian Maria Spiridon, Adrian Kali, Virgil Hosu, Alexandru Rif, Marius Mioc, Romulus Cristea, Ioan Dan, Mihai M. Andreescu, Ion Bucur) or under interview books (the two-volume book coordinated by Zoltan Rostaș and Florentina Țone – *Tânăr student caut revoluționar*). As an observation, some interviews are rendered in full, while others, most of them, are only fragments. Also, I need to mention that some of these are presented in published works, a part of them are available online, while a different part is found in the archives of the Institute for the Study of the Romanian Revolution of December, 1989. There are also the fragments of the depositions provided at the Timișoara Trial, the statements made at the prosecution's office under the

same trial (either by the victims, or by their executioners), but also fragments from memory literature books and recordings of conversations between the repression forces during their intervention against the revolutionaries in Bucharest (most of them assumed, along with related comments, from the book of Mr. Romulus Cristea, *Mărturii de la Baricadă*). The book ends with the reproduction of two lists containing the names of those detained in Timişoara and Bucharest. It is worth mentioning that the number of people deeply affected by the action of the state's public order forces is much higher than the one found in the two tables. Not all of those having been subject to a bad treatment were also „arrested" by the incarceration institutions.

The strong emotional image marked by the account of the bad treatment to which the December 1989 victims were subject, the size of the repression and the magnitude of mobilization and structure of the forces engaged in protecting the system, have confirmed the assumption based on which the Romanian communist regime was a criminal regime, from its beginning and up to its very end.

The subject of arresting the Romanian People's Front members in Iaşi, starting from December, 14th, or the „detainees" individuals in Timişoara, starting from December, 16th and continuing throughout the following days, but also in Bucharest, on the afternoon and night of the 21st, represented a subject of interest for historians and journalists alike, which is the reason why it was present in a relatively large number of works and interviews. I am, therefore, indebted to all those who had previously engaged in works on this matter and have, thus, played their part in a better understanding of the repression phenomenon; their names have been set forth under the bibliography references of this book. I would also like to thank my colleagues at the Institute for the Romanian Revolution in December, 1989, for their suggestions (particularly, to Mr. Ion Calafeteanu and Mr. Constantin Corneanu and Ms. Daniela Osiac), their proofreading (Mrs. Carmen Rădulescu) and their observations (Mrs. Ioana Ciodaru Ceauşescu). Another person I would like to thank is Mrs. Alina Vlăsceanu, for

drafting the document and for sacrificing her leisure time in order to help with finishing this book, and to the Institute Manager, Mr. Claudiu Iordache, the person who suggested the topic of this book, I would like to thank for the support and confidence granted.

The Author

State Terrorism, State Repression, Torture

> „Contrary to the ideas admitted, the true purpose of torture is not to bring forth words, but to bring forth silence."*

Denial and exoneration are the most common attitudes displayed by the former members of repression forces in pre-1989 Romania, when they were forced to justify the repressive actions undertaken (by them or by the institution on whose behalf they speak) throughout the month of December at the end of the ninth decade of the past century. Nothing new, one might say About the representatives of one of the forces having acted during the Romanian Revolution in December, 1989 – the Security – Andrei Oișteanu said, during an intervention within the debate entitled *The Security – from Terror to Total Surveillance*, organized by the Group for Social Dialogue on November, 18th, 2013, that: "During the Nürnberg trial, the Nazi leaders were trying to find alibies, saying: those were the orders, those were the laws. Eichmann was saying the same thing in Jerusalem, in '61. The former Security officers say the same thing, today. This may also be seen as another of the banality of evil". An institution, such as the Security, of which Elis Neagoe-Pleșa and Liviu Pleșa, researchers of the archives of the National Council for Research of Security Archives, concluded: „from its foundation and until the fall of the communist regime, the Security remained the principal repressive instrument, through which the Party and its leaders transposed into practice the subordination of the entire society"[1], has her one defenders.

* Sironi Françoise et Branche Raphaëlle, «La torture aux frontières de l'humain», „Revue internationale des sciences sociales", 2002/4, n° 174, p. 591-600. DOI: 10.3917/riss.174.0591.

„According to the information published over? throughout the two decades from the occurrence of the events[2], with most of them published within the „Vitralii – lumini și umbre" magazine, it is well-known that the Security, although accused of having resorted to terrorist means in order to supress the people's revolt, did not get involved in the repression"[3].

Such an assertion, far from being accurate solely by looking at the testimonies reproduced in this study, brings up a phrase – *terrorist means* – which reminds us, among others, of the deeds of the repression forces of the Romanian communist state in December 1989, as well as of the concept called *state terrorism*.

State Terrorism

It has not yet been possible to harmonize the features of this concept for the purpose of achieving a generally-accepted definition. The different methodologies applied by political scientists have a key-role to play in the process of providing a definition for this concept. However, as Jurgen Kocka so precisely stated, "Rarely does the attractiveness of a concept correlate with its precision"[4].

However, there are some basic features pertaining to the concept of *state terrorism* that are encountered within all current definitions. And they refer mostly to the nature of the act of terrorism, and not to the nature of the author[5]. Also known as repressive terrorism, "a tool systematically used by

[1] *Securitatea Structuri – cadre Obiective și metode Vol. II (1967–1989)*, coordinator Florica Dobre, Autohors Elis Neagoe-Pleșa, Liviu Pleșa, Enciclopedică, București, 2006, p. XXVII

[2] The revilers of the revolution, when not speaking about the *December 1989 coup*, most frequently substitute the term *revolution* with the term *events*. For a detailed analysis of the terminology associated to the December 1989 Revolution, please see Ruxandra Cesereanu, *Decembrie '89, Deconstrucția unei Revoluții*, 2nd edition, Editura Polirom, Iași, 2009.

[3] Cristian Troncotă, „Rolul Sovieticilor în revoluția română", *Vitralii – Lumini și umbre*, year 4, no. 16, September-November, 2013, p. 85.

totalitarian regimes"[6], state terrorism was defined as "the threat of and/or the actual use of additional/special forms of political violence, under different degrees, by an acknowledged political system, against external and internal opposition"[7].

Ruth Blakeley identifies four key-elements defining state terrorism: (a) (there must be) a deliberate act of violence against the individuals which the state must protect, or a threat of exercising such acts of violence, if a prior fear climate had already been instituted due to previous acts of state violence; (b) the act must be committed by actors on behalf of or in connection to the state, including paramilitary and private security agencies; (c) the violence act or threat is meant to induce extreme fear among those observers who identify themselves with the victim; and (d), the target-audience is forced to consider changing their conduct in a certain way[8].

It is, again, Ruth Blakeley who performs the analysis and indicates the difference between state terrorism and state repression. She show that, under state terrorism, the intention is not to inflict pain on the randomly selected targets, but to determine the spread of fear among inhabitants so as to be able to retain them in a state of compliance with the state politics[9].

A similar perspective is also set forth by Gerard Chaliand and Arnaud Blin, who state that: „The sole

[4] Apud, Maria Todorov, „Introduction from Utopia to Propaganda and Back", *Post-communist nostalgia*, Maria Todorova, Zsuzsa Gille (eds.), Berghahn Books, New York, 2010, p.2.

[5] Ruth Blakeley, „State terrorism in the social sciences: theories, methods and concepts", *Contemporary State Terrorism. Theory and Practice*, Richard Jackson, Eamon Murphy, Scott Poyinting(eds.), Routledge, 2009, p. 12. The author of the article breaks down the theories stating that there is not such a thing like state terrorism.

[6] Gerard Chaliand, Arnaud Blin, „Introduction", *The History of Terrorism from Antiquity to Al Qeda*,., Gerard Chaliand, Arnaud Blin (eds.), University of California Press, 2007, p. 7.

[7] Joseph H., II Campos, *The State of Terrorism*, Ashgate Publishing, 2007, p. 108.

[8] Ruth Blakeley, work quoted, p. 15.

[9] Idem, p. 14.

difference between anti-state terrorism and stat terrorism is that, whilst the former contemplates destabilization of authority, the latter tends to stabilize authority and, mostly, destabilize the population"[10].

State Repression

State repression is a subject which still holds numerous profoundly unexplored sides[11]. One of its definitions, highlighted by Christian Davenport, shows that state repression "entails the use of or threat with physical sanctions against an individual or an organization, within the territory under state jurisdiction, for the purpose of imposing a cost over the target, as well as discouraging some activities and/or beliefs perceived as challenging the Government's staff, practices or institutions"[12]. Such a definition, as Christian Davenport would specifically distinguish, focuses on the integrity rights of the individual, therefore leaving aside other aspects that state repression might include. Among these, we count, the same author indicates, the harmful effects of particular structural features experienced over extended periods of time, such as the inequality in resource distribution – "structural violence". Also, this fails to include the rights of the second (economic, social and cultural privileges) and the third generation (the right to peace and a clean environment). As Davenport clearly notices, the definition ignores aspects referring to the need to mark the presence of a behavioral threat over the protester or the failure to specify that certain norms or laws are breached – human rights. Nor is there a presentation of the definite particular purposes pursued by the repression, or the success level obtained by the authorities in

[10] Gerard Chaliand, Arnaud Blin, *Lenin, Stalin and State Terrorism*, *The History of Terrorism from Antiquity to Al Qeda*, Editura Gerard Chaliand, Arnaud Blin, University of California Press, 2007, p. 203.

[11] Christian Davenport , „State Repression and Political Order", *Annual Review of Political Science*, Volume 10, issue 1/2007, p. 1-23, [doi 10.1146_annurev.polisci.10.101405.143216]

[12] *Ibidem*.

the pursuit of the proposed objectives, among which we count: 1) the general limits within which citizens may act; 2) the control or elimination of specific threats over the existing staff, practices or institutions and 3) facilitating movement towards a certain direction – agreed by the state. The same author classifies state repression into antagonistic pairs, such as: straightforward or hidden, violent or non-violent, successful or unsuccessful repression, identifying, at the same time, a state repression, supported by or affiliated to the state[13].

Most frequently, in states with an authoritarian management, repression plays the part of maintaining in power individuals that would otherwise be stripped of the positions they hold. Democratic states, on the other hand, possess the alternative influence and control means by which they may respond to the challenges against their authority and, additionally, the values characteristic for a democratic society[14], other than those imposed by the communist power within *popular democracies*.

Authoritarian states resort to repression for three reasons:

1) They miss viable alternative means for political control;

2) They cannot suffer any damages pursuant to taking repression measures;

3) There are no actual „control"/counteraction mechanisms for the coercive power of the authorities within such states[15].

The methods of state repression are: harassment, spying/surveillance, outlawry, arrests, torture, isolation, mass murder that, unfortunately, were accurately enforced in communist Romania, as well, from its beginning and up to its fall, in December 1989.

[13] *Ibidem*.
[14] *Ibidem*.
[15] *Ibidem*.

Torture

Associated with the history of the appearance of the state and prisons itself, enforced in all political systems – predominantly, in authoritarian ones, but also in democratic ones, with related aspects – *torture* drew the attention of researchers from different human science disciplines, particularly during the last decades of the last century and immediately after that[16].

The torture methods and techniques are very well documented. Whether we speak about physical or psychological torture, their history did not escape researchers. From the most primitive and rudimentary techniques, to the *telefono*, *white beating*, the *Five Techniques* of torture of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, *dorsiflexing*, *al Hazz*, *falaka/crapaudine*, *electro-shocks*, *waterboarding*, *drug use*, *white noise* and many others were described and brought to the attention of those interested in this matter[17].

History, in its structure as experience of the past, and culture, in its most general form, plays important roles in defining torture, thus contributing to grading and problematizing which seldom emphasizes the lack of consensus, in this matter. Notwithstanding, there is a long list of features attached to torture, so that descriptions of it may be synthesized under the shape of definitions.

According to the World Medical Association, „**the deliberate, systematic, or wanton infliction of physical or mental suffering by one or more persons acting alone or on the orders of any authority, to force another person to yield information, to make a confession, or for any other reason"**[18]**.**

[16] Idem, *State repression and the domestic democratic peace*, Cambridge University Press, 2007.

[17] For a synthesis of torture methods and their history (focusing on the contemporary and recent history) see also Darius Rejali, *Torture and Democracy*, Princeton University Press, 2009.

[18] Ellen Gerrity, Terence M. Keane, Farris Tuma (eds.), *The Mental Health Consequences of Torture*, Springer Science & Business Media, New York, 2001, p. XIII.

Within the *United Nations Convention against Torture and Other Cruel, Inhuman or Degrading Treatment or Punishment*[19], torture is defined as "any act by which severe pain or suffering, whether physical or mental, is intentionally inflicted on a person for such purposes as obtaining from him or a third person information or a confession, punishing him for an act he or a third person has committed or is suspected of having committed, or intimidating or coercing him or a third person, or for any reason based on discrimination of any kind, when such pain or suffering is inflicted by or at the instigation of or with the consent or acquiescence of a public official or other person acting in an official capacity". Although a more restricted definition, it is still useful to those studying the torture phenomenon, pursuant to its component referring to its official consent/adoption by state representatives[20].

A more detailed analysis of torture, performed by Elizabeth Planje and Tristyn Campbell, takes into account the existence of six distinct thematic categories that may apply to the definition of torture and they are codified under the following layout: 1) *intention, motivation or emotion*; 2) **c***haracteristics of the individual being tortured*; 3) *conditions that give rise to torture*; 4) *judgment*; 5) *method*; 6) *focus on outcome*[21].

To the first category, attempting to respond to questions, such as: why do people resort to torture and what are they

[19] Adopted with the UN General Assembly of December, 10, 1984, it shall come into force on June, 26, 1987. Romania ratified this convention on October, 9, 1990. Some accounts related to this Convention and its deficiencies, and to the legal system, in general, as a factor of inhibition for the exercise of state torture, in John T. Parry, *Understanding Torture. Law, Violence and Political Identity*, University of Michigan Press, 2010, The Shortcomings of the Definition offered by the UN are also assessed by Ellen Gerrity, under the work quoted.

[20] Tracy Lightcap, *The politics of Torture*, Palgrave Macmillan, 2011, p. 14.

[21] Elizabeth Planje, Tristyn Campbell, „Coding and Variable Formation for Definitions on War, Torture and Terrorism", Kathleen Malley-Morrison, Sherri McCarthy, Denise Hines (eds.)., *International Handbook of War, Torture and Terrorism*, Springer, 2013, p. 6.

trying to achieve by using it?, two sub-categories are attached that, in turn, possess divisions. The first of the two sub-categories related to the codified group *intention, motivation or emotion*, is that of *destructive intention*. Under it, the purpose of torture is to create a destructive outcome, in other words, torture for the sake of torture. In turn, it is divided – starting from the goal for exercising torture – in: 1) *torture exercised for the purpose to pressure or break a person* and 2) *torture performed in order to cause pain*. The latter is associated with premeditation and deliberation. The second sub-category, codified under the name of *constructive intent*, defines torture in almost utilitarian terms, as torture is the instrument pursuant to which one may obtain something particular, without necessarily taking into account the terms of morality: good-evil. This sub-category is split, according to intentionality, into other four sub-categories: 1) *information or compliance*; 2) *strategic advantage*; 3) *self-gain* and *4) punishment*. The first sub-category – *information or compliance* – shows torture as a means of obtaining information or bringing the victim in a state of subjecting to the executioner's will[22]. The *strategic advantage* perceives torture as an instrument of power or of political interest. Self-gain focuses on torture as a means for expressing goals that may not be explicitly expressed. And the last sub-category, *punishment*, sees torture as an instrument of punishment.

Torture, defined under the terms of the second category, implies, in turn, sub-categories, such as *general features of the executioner* (designations, such as „animal" or „soldier"), or sub-categories related to the victim's attributes, such as: *helpless, powerless* – or *forced and* held *against their will*.

Another category of torture definition takes into account the conditions that eased its infliction, therefore noting:

[22] For the typologies of the Romanian concentration system executioner, typologies that may be applied, taking into account its own peculiarities, to the December 1989 executioners, further see Dumitru-Cătălin Rogojanu, *Imaginea Torționarului Comunist reflectată în memorialistica universului concentrațional românesc (1947-1989)*. Cetatea de Scaun, Târgoviște, 2014.

torture pursuant to the failure to settle an issue by diplomatic means, the incapability to negotiate and *lack of feelings.*

The fourth category, *that of appreciation*, assesses torture either in terms of tolerating, or in terms of condemning it. This analysis introduces moral, legal or human issues. Starting from such considerations, two subcategories were indicated: That of *tolerating* torture and that of *not tolerating* it. The first sub-category is also split into that of *torture accepted as necessary, in some cases* and that of *torture, as a last resort*[23]. The sub-category of not tolerating torture also acquires, based on motivation, five sub-categories: *useless*, *unjust*, *immoral/inhuman/abusive*, *sadistic* or *sick* (for the fun of the executioner) and *a violation of human rights*[24]. In addition to these, there is also a *general* sub-category that, even though expresses a certain value of torture, it may not be descibed to one of the two aforementioned sub-categories – tolerating or not tolerating torture.

The definition of torture, based on the methods by which it is inflicted, also involves, in turn, several new sub-categories. The failure to specify, by some respondents, the precise method used in the exercise of torture, or the responses mentioning the use of any method, have led to the occurrence of the sub-category called *general*. It does not take into account any ethical or moralizing elements. When entering such factors, the analysis shows two new sub-categories: that of *physical torture* and that of *psychological/abstract torture*.

The last category, the one that analyzes the *effects* of torture, is also divided into three sub-categories. The first sub-category is that of *general effects*, enhancing the globalizing effect of torture, the destruction of the individual,

[23] For further study the opinions supporting this vision see Mirko Borgaric, Julie Clarke, *Torture when the unthinkable is morally permissible,* State of New York University Press, Albany, New York, 2007.

[24] For further study the opinions that reject the practice of using torture see also Jeremy J. Wisnewski, R. D. Emerick, *The Ethics of Torture*, Continuum International Publishing Group, 2009.

physically, as well as mentally. The following two sub-categories, that of *physical torture* and that of *mental torture*, indicates those elements of human nature which are harmed by torture. Apart from them, the two authors have also identified some responses which could not be codified and entered into any category. One of the responses which turned out to be impossible to codify was that torture "is a choice of man"[25].

The infliction of physical or mental punishments, within a legally institutional setting, have led to the need to distinguish between punishment and torture. The state acceptance of punishments and their classification as judicial or criminal torture, without any ethical implications, awards torture a legal framework. If the victim suffers physical or mental trauma, if the victim is detained or helpless, and even if the executioners are state agents and the deeds are executed under a public purpose, it is still called torture, as Darius Rejali clearly emphasizes[26].

Whether we are dealing with a torture of *interrogation*, one of *intimidation*, of *dehumanization* or a torture for *public display/state terrorism*, whether called *criminal excess* or any other name[27], what is concluded in the specialty literature is its ubiquity, and Romania, at the end of 1989, could be no exception to that. It was enforced under state repression.

[25] Ellen Gerrity, work quoted, p. 7-10.

[26] Darius Rejali, work quoted, p. 562.

[27] Geoffrey R. Skoll, *Social Theory of Fear. Terror, Torture, and Death in a Post-Capitalist World*, Palgrave Macmillan, 2010, p. 83-84.

Repressive Action

Physical Torture

The most famous and widely-spread torture method is the physical one. In Romania, at the end of 1989, in an attempt to sum up the suffered trauma, the individuals who suffered most from the state repression forces called it, as follows: "*beaten to death*"[28]; "*beaten like we heard the Security would*"; "*brutally knocked up*"; "*tenderized*"; "*well-tawed*".

One must mention that quite often, those who have experienced such a nightmare do not recount only their sole experience, but complement the repression setting with the images of suffering expressed by those next to them. As such, Stancu Gheorghe – within an interrogation addressed to the interlocutor, referring to the latter's acoustic memory – recounts such an experience: „…have you ever had the chance to hear a melon fall on the ground? Well, that was exactly the same sound made by that boy's head on the pavement. With me being there. He pulled him, dragged him a little bit further and made us get off"; Costin Emanoil: "smashing his head against the concrete wall, hitting his legs and testicles with his boots"; Balint Costel: "they were pulling her hair and smashed her head against the seat", Trofin Traian: "They were beaten and dragged around, just as you would drag a bag of cement", and Marcău Rodica: "They beat them up, they were hitting them with the gunstock in the face". The pain inflicted to the colleagues is also recounted

[28] I have non-academically opted to leave out the origin of the reproduced quotations from the analysis. Only valid for fragments found within the testimonial part of the work. Sources have been indicated for all other texts.

by Constantinescu Nicolae, Brătoi Dumitru, Popa Ion, H. R. Patapievici, Alecu Ivan Ghilia and others.

A full set of instruments was used to inflict pain. Among them, the baton ("bulanul/cristinel"), bats, gunstocks, pistol stocks, fists, feet, shields, chairs, "steel ramrod" tables, pick hafts, shovel hafts, wooden poles, *power cable with many wires*, nunchaku, shields, but also walls, pavements and edge-stones. Whatever could be used to harm, and was currently available, was made us of. And in order to restrict mobility and, by it, to remain at the executioner's disposal, once handcuffs were no longer available, they resorted to wire, rope, lace, scarf, belt etc.

The description of the means and methods used by the repression forces to act against those who wanted to change the Ceaușescu regime occupies an important part in the memory of those who felt the physical pain inflicted by the forces engaged in maintaining the communist system in Romania. The majority of accounts focus on the methods used for suppressing or punishing revolutionaries.

Some descriptions of tortures to which the protesters against the regime of Nicolae Ceaușescu were subjected to are more complex than others. On the one hand, it is due to the memorialist's expression capacity and, on the other hand, by the shape under which the reminiscence is recounted. A report-type testimony, such as that of H. R. Patapievici, exceeds, at least in size, the possibility of reproducing an event that an interview or a statement may include.

The main physical torture method applied to some of the members of the Romanian People's Front by the investigators, in Iași, was that of foot beating.

As such, Vicol Vasile recalls the fact that their investigator: *"bruised my arms, twisted my fingers"*. They then recall the treatment they were subjected to: foot beatings while sitting on their knees, (with the observation that the method was more efficient with shoes on). Such torture would last all night, continuously, without sleep: "they gave me regimentals, which smelt horribly like urine", "they set me on a table and whacked me so that, when I got home, I had bruises on my back, as well." The same treatment is also

recalled by Titi Iacob: "He made me stand on my knees on a chair, with my head inside a sheet cupboard, and he beat me with the baton over the soles and palms until he was tired", „he undressed me and struck me with the baton so hard that I thought he had broken my spine". Alexandru Constantin was also a victim, this time in Timișoara: „He hit me with the baton twice over the head and then made me kneel and beat me over the soles of my feet, through the shoes, then the took my shoes off and started beating me again until I couldn't take it anymore, and struck me in the temple with the gunstock", (…)"and beat me over the palm with a rubber baton until I couldn't take it anymore"; in Timișoara, Abălașei Ion: "I was stripped of all clothes, hit with a haft of a pickaxe or whatever it was, made to lie down, face towards the ground (concrete), hands behind my head"; Aga Florin Ilie: "hit in the stomach a few times and struck in the head with a boot by someone"; Albina Elena: "made to lie down, face towards the ground and hands stretched forward"; Babilov Rafael – *"they would beat us with their feet and fists wherever they could"*; Cuțara Alexandru: "they would strike me with their feet in the liver, kidneys, head, wherever they could, they would curse me terribly, they would grab me by the chin and lift me up, throw me to the ground again, and the cycle would repeat itself."; "they would often make us lie on the ground, face down, and would start trampling us"; "he started hitting me over the phalanxes of my hand; Suharu Anton – "We were beaten every 40-45 minutes in a row, without being asked a word. We were struck in the head and in the stomach by the military belonging to the Militia"; Manea Silviu Viorel: "After (the soldiers of the Ministry of Natuional Defense were) stabbing me with the bayonet close to the spine, they struck me with the gunstock and after falling down, I was struck by feet and effectively stepped on over the hands."; Liviu Lefter – "using the same human beating and destruction tactic, twisting my hands behind my back, hitting me with their fists like a sack, they took me to the car, throwing me to the ground, face down, and without being allowed to move."; Borchescu Ioan – "They made us all lie down, face to the ground, in the yard, and the military,

not the military, but the Militia non-commissioned officers were holding some white poles and they used them to beat us over the stomach, hands stretched; they beat us until 5.30".

The face / visage holds is an extremely important symbol for an individual. That is why this was one of the first and most sought ody part targeted by pain-inflictors. Bodies beaten to death and tumid faces are recurrent images present in the memory/recollections of those detained[29] in December 1989, by the Militia, Army and Security forces. Stancu George: "He hit me straight in the face with his boot"; Artemiza Aurelia Buibăr: „the boys, without any exception, were disfigured". H. R. Patapievici notices that executioners "were speculating the pain" and indicates their contempt for the image of the individual they were entering into contact with. Just the physiognomy of an individual was enough to create repulsion and drive brutality. They were applying punches just because «you look like a rat face».

The organs causing pain as a result of molestation, particularly the liver, kidneys and head, underwent the most trauma during the intervention of repression forces. Cuțara Alexandru: "they would strike me with their feet in the liver, kidneys, head"; Lefter Liviu: "hitting me with their fists in *the stomach, liver, chest"*; Netedu Elena: "they used to use their fists to hit us in the stomach"; Dinu Elena: "he hit me in the liver", Varujan Vosganian: "their kidneys were turned to bits by those strikes"; Gazda Arpad: "I received a few kicks in the kidneys"; Cotos Dionisie: "I was made to lie on the ground, face down, and brutally struck in the head, in the face, in the back until around 8 PM"[30].

The torturers during the Revolution may not be accused of sexual discrimination. They behaved as brutally with women as they did with men. Most of them showed no mercy to anyone. Iost Krizstina makes a shocking statement in this respect: "Pregnant women were also beaten". Their suffering

[29] With the exception of the people in Iași who were issued with an arrest warrant, those in Timișoara and Bucharest can only be called detainees since the legal conditions for their arrest were not met.

[30] Adrian Kali, Alexandru Rif, *Un decembrie arestat,* Editura Eurostampa, Timișoara, 2007, p. 13.

did not end after detention. Ecaterina Ioana, after recalling the treatment suffered during detention: "And I was hit so hard that one of my teeth came out and I can't hear anything on one side… Blood started coming out immediately from my ear and my mouth", recounts the subsequent moment: "In the meantime, a man dressed in a leather suit, civilian, tall, extremely angry was headed towards us, saying: «What are you doing here?». I said: «I want to have a forensic certificate issued because they beat me, last night, at the Militia, the Prosecution, the Militia…», I didn't know it either, but that was it… He grabbed my hand, right here, by my hand, so hard that I had bruises all over my hand, then he took me, pulled me into the hallway and struck me in the stomach with his feet."; Mutulescu Dacia: "The soldiers violently pulled me by the hair, the clothes, hit my head against the pavement and took me to the van by my feet"; Artemiza Buibăr: "They broke my ribs, hit me in the ribs with their boots, I can still remember it now, they hit me with the shield over the head, with the batons, with whatever they were carrying."; Netedu Elena: "A few men caught me and told me not to resist, they struck me in the liver with their fists, and when I came around, I was in a yard where they were hitting me in the stomach with their feet and pulling my hair. Someone hit me in the back with their foot, and that's when I fell on my knees."

One of the most famous forms of physical torture is the "stress position". After being beaten, detainees were made to stand for hours without making any movements. Any attempt to reposition the body would inevitably bring about correction interventions on the part of repression forces. Mutulescu Dacia: "We were forced to stand with our hands against the wall, facing the wall, for several hours". Florin Iaru recalls the duration of this tantalization, which led to the increase in the pain suffered pursuant to the beatings taken: "…we were there, standing for four hours, hands up against the wall". The same method of torture is recalled by Varujan Vosganian, who specifies not only the time span of the tantalization suffered, but also its effects: "We were standing there, against the wall, hands up and legs spread, from 10 PM

until 2 AM. It's a horrible position because your hands are emptied of any blood and your knees start shivering".

Another form of torture resorted to by the order forces, in December 1989, was that of physical exercise. In this regard, Dârjan Cristina stated that: "Then, he started doing a drill with us. He made us stand and sit back on the chairs several times, and was simultaneously shouting at us".

It is not just the beatings that appear within the recollections of those incarcerated during the Revolution. Another improper treatment, noticed by Bândariu Gheorghe, was that of intoxication with exhaust gases. "The engine of a truck located in the Militia courtyard was running, and the gases originating from the exhaust pipe were going straight into the cell". Plus, there was the use of strong lighting during the investigation (Gheorghe Nicolae Victor: „A strong light was put in front of my eyes.") and the dogs used against detainees. Nicoleta Lorena: "They tried to set the dog on us, but the dog stopped in the door and was looking at us. No matter how much they would beat the dog and wind it up, the dog refused to attack us".

Beside the beatings suffered, the executioners also had to endure the conditions of detention. Not only were they thrown on top of each other and crammed into transport means, with no room even for a mayor (Gogol), but also, they were subjected to these conditions for relatively long periods. Vasu Traian – "And we were four people staying in a very small area. After the car had left, I took a look at their faces … they were green. If we had gone on for another hour, we would have probably all been dead from suffocation (…) I had seen the hitting. I couldn't breath"; same for Alexandrescu Ștefan: "it was awful, we couldn't even move from how many we were in that room". The same atmosphere and the same conditions are also described by H. R. Patapievici: "We had then been thrown into some sort of remanded custody, an area of less than 15 sqm, 63 people. The room was provided with a Iejov & Iagoda-type ventilation: calculated so as to suffocate without asphyxiating. Obviously, no one could sit: we were so

crammed that, if a blast had reaped us, we would have still been standing on our feet".

The detention area holds its place in the memory of those who were detained. Most often, they would stick to summing up in specifying what that space was and its whereabouts, without an actual description of it. Other times, however, a description is provided. V. Vicol qualifies the cell it was taken to as *"horrifying"*. Vosganian states that: "At 2 AM, they took us to a basement, similar to a torture hall, where the walls were full of blood from smashed heads. There was half-light, there was a smell of blood – blood was like a wallpaper. It was horrifying!"

Mental Torture

Another form of torture that the December, 1989 repression forces resorted to was that of mental torture. The mental torture endured by detainees, at that time, was strongly connected to the gestures and attitudes of executioners, with the contextual limitations, humiliations, language, threats, curses and stress associated to the entire experience of those particular moments.

Mental torture is a concept bound by various definitions. Almerindo E. Odjeda believes that defining the concept of mental torture may be attained by analysis and presentation of two components. The first component brought forth for analysis is that of naming all practices acting as mental torture, named *extensional*. The second component, the *intensional* one, consists in identifying the features that torture practices must fulfill in order to be quotable as examples of mental torture. Such approach, Odjeda claims, may lead to a definition of mental torture without considering elements, such as the nature of mental pain or the intensity level it must possess in order to qualify as mental torture.

The first component records 13 methods:

1. Isolation: individual isolation (no contact with other individuals) or semi-isolation (contact only with investigators, prison staff).

2. Mental debilitation: effect of deprivation of food, water, clothing, sleep, interruption of sleep cycles, restrictive clothing, doubling up, kneeling, physical exhaustion, exposure to temperatures determining the occurrence of suffocation or hypothermia.

3. Spatial disorientation: incarceration in small and dark spaces, or with non-functional windows.

4. Time disorientation: deprivation of natural light, irregular schedule for meals and other current activities.

5. Sensorial disorientation: the use of *magic chambers*, facilities which induce erroneous perceptions to senses.

6. Deprivation of senses: the use of balaclavas, blindfolding, the use of opaque glasses, soundproof chambers, nasal masks, noise-cancellation headsets etc.

7. Overstimulation/attack on senses: strong artificial lighting, the use of the stroboscope, strong noise, the use of sound equipment used in public communication from small distances.

8. Inducing hopelessness: random arrest, arrest for an undefined term, random punishment or rewarding, forced feeding, inoculation of guilt, abandonment or "learning indefensibility".

9. Threats: oneself and a third party; death, physical torture or extradition threats; simulating an execution; forcing the viewing of torture acts.

10. Brutal treatments: insulting victims to a sub-human, wild animal level; forced stripping; refusal of personal hygiene; overcrowding; forced interaction with pests; contact with blood or excrements etc.;

11. Sexual humiliation: forcing the victim to view different forms of sexual behavior.

12. Desacralization: forcing the victim to view or take part in the violation of religious practices (irreverence, blasphemy, defilement, sacrilege, incest, Satanism, sacrilege).

13. Pharmacological manipulation: the use of medicine for non-therapeutic purposes[31].

[31] Almerindo E. Ojeda, *What is psychological torture?* at http://linguistics.ucdavis.edu/People/fzojeda/human-rights/what_is_pt.pdf, accessed on 29.10.2014.

Ojeda does not elaborate on the intensional method, stating that this a subject for future research.

Another dual analysis of mental torture is also offered by Hernan Rezes. He, however, use the methods of mental torture and its effects, just like Ojeda, for defining mental torture. He also make a point in relation to the cumulative effect of such techniques[32].

All such techniques are associated or play a part in the destruction of the sense of personality and were partially used for a short period of time also on those arrested or detained in December 1989, in Romania.

The image of potentiality of the unknown with tragic elements was best kept in the memory of those who suffered at that time. Death by shooting was a thought frequently present into the future imagined by those detained in Timișoara, as well as in Bucharest. Virgil Hosu recalls that "At those times, a lot of us thought we were going to be end up executed."; Temereancă Olivia: "We were under permanent terror, we were thinking all the time that we would get shot"; Grigore Tomescu: "We thought, at that point, that we would get shot on the spot."; Varujan Vosganian: "We were convinced we would be shot."; "We had the feeling that they were taking us out, one by one, so as to shoot us against the wall". […] "One would hear, from far away, something closing in and did not know what it was, why and what would happen to you. This mood ingrained by the imminence of danger in a person is quite complicated. Another thing – human dignity is shattered to bits. Perhaps there is a premeditated way of humiliating a man. Toilets did not have any doors! Let's say that the more transient needs were doable, but if one wasn't accustomed to this state, those needs that were more serious and required sitting for, they were impossible to be met. I think that if I had had to stay several more days in prison, I would have probably died".

[32] Hernan Rezes, The worst scares are in the mind: psychological torture. in International Review of the Red Cross, at http://www.google.com/search?q=psychological+torture&ie=utf-8&oe=utf-8&aq=t&rls=org.mozilla:en-US:official, accessed on 29.10.2014.

Horia Roman Patapievici: “This is how we would spend the night: tortured of sleep, of wounds, of suffocation and of the conscience that we would get shot”.

The threats addressed to the detained protesters were extremely varied. Torture, rape, death threats, loss of social status and freedom were the most frequently claimed by the communist Cerberuses. Vasile Vicol: “You’re laughing, ay? You have nice teeth, but don’t worry, we’ll take them out; same goes for the nails!”…”that I’ll get thrown off the building, I’ll get drowned”…”all sorts of threats, bullying”, Bândariu Gheorghe: “Bucur Viorel, who «encouraged» us, saying that this will be the last sunset we shall ever see”; Iost Krisztina: “The Militia were threatening us with either eight, or 20 years.”, Melinte Marian: “The student girl, in particularly, is beaten horribly, brought into an unbelievable state of nerves, verbal threatened with rape and all sorts of harshness.”… “A non-commissioned officer told us, in a threatening manner, that we may see each other again … Another one hinted (perhaps just to get scared and recount what we saw) that people die of heart problems, that there are different methods to induce these effects, one of which is food.”; Vasile Călin: “They beat fellow Goldănescu and threatened to kill him”. Liviu Lefter: “They took me to the car, throwing me on the ground, face down and told me not to move, otherwise they would shoot me”; Tudoran Constantin: “Where would we take you, you bastards?! We’re not taking you to the cinema, we’re taking you somewhere to shoot you” … “Idiots, don’t you see how you look? You grease balls! I’m telling you that you are not arrested, you’re only detained, but you have no idea what’s coming to you in the following hours”. Varujan Vosganian “If you rot here in jail, you will never smoke again, if you go out, you may as well smoke then, but it won’t happen earlier than five days”. Gazda Arpad: “We were told that, if we speak amongst us, we will be shot”. Cuțara Alexandru: “The curses and threats, the insults contained phrases which cannot be reproduced in writing.”… “When he found out I was an engineer, he said: «You were an engineer!», when I told him that my daughter was a student, he said «She was a student!»”.

The repertory of threats also included religious references. To this end, Marinescu Maria recalls the following: "Those of you who are religious, pray, because you will not get out of here alive!", "They were laughing and saying that they would put all of us into a hole and set us on fire, so that we may burn alive. I was getting the shivers"; Netedu Elena: "Women, at the tar cauldron and men, to the execution"; As a matter of fact, religious symbols are repugnant to executioners, while objects holding such connotations are turned into instruments of punishment. Netedu Elena: "He shouted at me to raise my hands. He saw me hold a candle. He came to me and said: «Do you mourn the dead?» and he stuck it up my throat, to eat it. He stood next to me until he saw I was breaking wax between my teeth; I swallowed some of it and the rest was in my mouth."

The „Kapo-Militia"*

Although immoral and illegal, the state's force structures do, however, train a part of their staff to become executioners.

Professional executioners are not generally sadistic or psychopaths. They are usually military staff selected based on their obedience and commitment towards the ideology of the leading authority. Most frequently, they are the most loyal, patriotic and obedient members of military staff[33].

Sociologist Ronald Crelinsten describes three means by which a military staff may end up an executioner: by promotion, recruitment, or by accident. Under the communist system, a fourth means was represented by volunteering. The desire to make their way in the world, the social status and other benefits associated to such services were extremely attractive to many people. Usually, torture is achieved within the elite units with, amongst others, the assignment to gather

* Term used by Horia Roman Patapievici to designate the individuals who had exercised violence against revolutionaries.

[33] Jessica Wolfendale, *Torture and the Military Profession,* Palgrave Macmillan, 2007, p. 162.

Security, as well as other espionage-related activities. Within the same troupes, training is meant to strip the staff of any feelings in order to increase the resistance to pain, as well as for infliction of pain[34].

This process reduces the empathic capabilities of the fighters towards the physical pain of the others, but also towards their own suffering. Such loss of empathy reduces, in turn, the moral sensitivity of staff, which makes the feeling of guilt towards the victim become even more reduced. Such a conduct is sought by authorities and, in order to achieve it, they resort to demanding methods. The indoctrination segment within the training is also added to all of this, where the adversary is demonized[35].

Torture methods, such as sleep and toilet access deprivation, and personal humiliation play the part of making the victim feel and act in a sub-human manner. The behavior associated to the deeds of an animal plays the part of relieving the executioner of their guilt for the actions undertaken[36]. If the victim behaves like an animal, it must be treated as such.

This is the same behavior as displayed by the investigators and the members of repression forces in December, 1989, in Iași, Timișoara and Bucharest.

Most of the testimonies of the revolutionaries incarcerated in December 1989 overlook the names of executioners. The detainees are unaware of them[37] or intentionally omit them. In some cases, the executioner's name was found out subsequently. Very few are the actual

[34] *Ibidem*, p. 162.

[35] *Ibidem*, p. 164.

[36] *Ibidem*, p. 172.

[37] Marius Mioc accurately noticed that, in Timișoara, a part of those who took part in the arrests made in the city were not identified by the victims due to the fact that their face was not presented during the identification process. Only images with the faces of Ministry of the Interior employees were presented to the victims, and not even those entirely, without showing the faces of the Ministry of National Defense forces., in Marius Mioc, *Revoluția din Timișoara așa cum a fost. Mărturii ale Răniților, Arestaților, Rudelor și Prietenilor celor Decedați în Revoluție*, Brumar, Timișoara, 1997, p. 92.

cases were we are made aware of the executioners' names. It is thereby that we find out about Colonel Ciurlău, the head of the Iași Security and Major Constantin Matei of the same town. The following names are mentioned from Timișoara: Florin Dragomir, Corpodean, Petru Voican, col. Sima, Captain Grui, Bălan Avram, Liuetenant Vidican, Viorel Bucur, Colonel Demeter and Radu Tinu. From Bucharest, the following names have been mentioned: Plăcintă Eugen, Colonel Dumitrescu, Lieutenant-Major Burciu Liviu and Tudor Postelnicu.

The physical portrait of the executioner, present within the testimonies, is, most of the times, a minimalistic one. For a part of detainees, the executioner's physical image is not properly outlined. Varujan Vosganian confessed that: "I didn't remember any faces because they were all similar". Quite often, the description emphasis falls on their clothes and is meant to show the repressive institution which the executioner is a part of. One must point out that the outfit worn by a certain person would not necessary class that person under the institution whose marks and clothes they were actually wearing. Some detainees notice inconsistencies between the clothing and the position or the rank of the person wearing a certain outfit. As such, Ghilea Florea admits that "he was dressed in military clothing, he had several conscripts with him, about two platoons. In fact, they were people in excess of 30-35 years, but dressed in conscript clothes".

Most of the physical descriptions of those who were guilty of bad treatments enforced upon the 1989 demonstrators and revolutionaries are brief and either only point to defective esthetical references (Vicol Vasile states: "the second investigator, a handsome man"), or only specify age-related (Gazda Arpad "An older master sergeant") or height-related aspects (Szoke Matei – "the Militia, civilians, probably Security officers, quite tall, athletic shaped"; Ecaterina Ioana – "A tall and quite nervous man, a strongly-built man, dressed as a civilian, beat us up almost to death.", "a bearded fellow, tall, a little taller than me, about 1.50-1.60 m").

The executioner's moral features are, most frequently, present under the portraits outlined by detainees on those who enforced bad treatments on them. Obviously, most of them are negative and, most often, contain short moral qualifications: good-evil. Cuțara Alexandru named the executioner as: "A really tough guy, with a criminal face, a brute dressed as a civilian"; Melinte Marian: "They are full of hate"; Borchescu Ioan: "A Militia officer, young, he was without a hat, coat opened because it was hot, he was a very mean officer, very mean. He hit an old woman who who could not go up. She was with her man, they were coming from a wedding and got caught. He hit the lady over the mouth really badly, he was a really mean person… Handsome man, but mean…" Artemiza Buibăr: "The thing that I distinctly remember is their sight overlooking from behind those helmets. Their sight was so beast-like, so animal-like … Because they were young boys, they were the same generation as us, this probably seemed quite dramatic for me. The sight was so beast-like, so animal-like and so full of hatred… and the way they were behaving with the protesters".

Rarely have detainees benefited from a decent treatment on the part of the investigators. Gazda Arpad described such a case: "There were two Militia officers guarding us. One of them, Popa, a staff sergeant, was quite honest. For instance, he let old man Csoke Andras sit on a chair, as he was unable to lie on the ground, face down."; "One of them, who was limping, Petru Voican, beat up those who went to them. I was questioned by the other one, who seemed more understanding." Farcău Vasile: "a civilian, limping, dressed in a blue overall"; "An older first sergeant, seeing the state of my right eye, asked the major comrade (I understood he was the deputy of the penitentiary's warden) to allow them to take me to the clinic, due to the bad state I was in and that I could lose my eye. The major said to leave it alone, but the master sergeant still took me to the clinic, where a lady cleaned and stitched me up, after which they took me upstairs again." Burghele Victor: "A young prosecutor, wearing a moustache – I don't know who they were because I never saw them

before, but they were a very civilized man. He didn't bully me, he didn't harm me. They took my statement, wrote it, I signed it and that was that." Florin Iaru: "The person who investigated me, I think, was a lieutenant-major. When he saw me, chin full of blood, he said: My God, mister, you look really bad! This is what it is, I said. I can't lose my sense of humor, no matter the situation! Tell me what you've done! I started off as I was taught to: Reporting for duty! A military phrase which, if said, would spare you any beating! I told them I would write down everything that I've done, but there is one thing I would not write down. You can beat me up as much as you want, you can even kill me on the spot! I shouted «No more Ceaușescu», but I'm only telling you this and I'm not writing it down, I said. How shall we proceed? he inquired rhetorically. Let's say you went out because you had no insulin, ok? That you're dissatisfied for not finding any medicine. He tried to save me, while a lady from the Registry Office brought me a piece of bread, wrapped it in a napkin and stuck it into my pocket".

Between the strictly negative and slightly positive image, there is another image which records the lack of empathy of those in the cordons towards the people on the streets. Liviu Ciobanu observes that one cannot expect nothing good from repression troops, not even a humane gesture; on the contrary: "The young are gathering again in Piața Romană; the demonstration continues and I see young girls sharing flowers to the Security officers, special troops, but their faces remain unchanged. I could see the same defiant smiles." In turn, Artemiza Buibăr distinguishes, among those with a dehumanized conduct, one "anomaly": "There was just one young man who did not hit me and I saw that his look was terrified, it was obvious under the helmet, one could only see his eyes". All the others had become the perfect creation desired by the authorities – obedient to the very end.

The zeal of the officers in exercising repression emerges not only by the deeds committed, but also by the orders and attitude transmitted to their subordinates. The recordings of conversations among repression forces, taken in December,

1989, but also a few testimonies, demonstrate such reality. Horia Roman Patapievici: "They would use words to support the grimness implanted by a brawling and violent major, always mentioning the secretary general comrade. The fear of superiors and the pleasure to possess a body were both visible on the faces of those lads in uniform, who were only looking for a slight order so that they could begin torturing with a clean conscious. They would hit whoever they could, at random: fists, feet, boots, batons, gunstock – they were all used to produce and bring out pain. It was a terrifying show. The Militia officers were watching on the sidelines and grinning, smoking a cigarette." A similar situation is depicted by Cristian Medelean: "Whenever the blonde staff sergeant was hitting us, a civilian, short in stature and with a small head, insisted on him hitting us, or else they would hit him".

The aversion of repression forces towards the intellectual highlights a retrograde and constant mentality amongst the system's force institutions. Varujan Vosganian complemented the idea by stating that: "A man came to me and searched me. He found a book and a loaf of bread, that was all I had on me. He said «You're an intellectual, you read books» and he slapped me or hit me with his fists, I can't remember.", Burghele Victor, about his investigator: "He stops writing only when hearing the word 'student', so that he can hit that person for being a student". Cuțară Alexandru: "When he found out that I was an engineer, he started mocking me, pulling my beard and telling his other colleagues: «would you look at that … he says he's an engineer». In the statement I gave there, I wanted to write that I had been beaten up (the prosecutor even started laughing about the way I was walking, limping, and asked me whether I bruised myself against the wagon, while I responded that I got bruised against some boots), he told me to get over it", Valentin Odobescu: "Hey, you intellectual fellow, you grow weary of good! What if you were picking litter? What then? You intellectual, you should be ashamed of yourself![38] Vasu Traian, recounting the ordeal of his 13-year

[38] Cassian Maria Spiridon, work quoted, p. 87

old daughter, with a more mature physique, molested an older officer, also indicates the words uttered by the officer: "You slut, you're a student, ay?"

Those who enforce punishments on detainees seem to be lacking the main axiological values, among them, the familial values. Liviu Ciobanu tells of how one of his friends was subjected to bad treatments by their own relatives: "Vasile had been beaten up by his first degree cousins. One was a Security major, while the other, a Militia staff sergeant".

One of the methods playing an important part in drawing up the portrait of a person is the analysis of language. The means of expression, tone and vocabulary used by executioners not only reflect their level of culture – language could have been and was used as a refined form of torture, but also the self-positioning assimilated in society. They speak using imperative tones. Vasile Vicol was ordered by the Security officer to: "Get over there!" and reminded him, by means of a question ("Do you know where you are?") that he was inside the building of the Security, an area ingrained with authority, accompanied by methods and significations.

Most often, executioners would be cursing. H. R. Patapievici noticed that there was no curse-free addressing on their part. He also took note of the language continuity between the appellatives used by the repression forces of the '50s and those of 1989. "We did not possess a political conscience, we only had a moral conscience, which is the pre-political. The entire Romanian society, with very few exceptions, was a rigorously apolitical society, neutralized of any political essence. Neutralized is like having an injury and you use a hot iron to neutralize it under enormous pain. But after removing the iron, all that is left is the burn injury and the initial injury, wound is gone – because it had been cauterized. What we knew was what the guards were telling us, guards who, up to that time, cursed us and called us bandits. I did not know then that all detainees during the '50s were called bandits. And just to think how quickly had the people of the repressive communist system acquired, under open repression, the language of the '50s. We were called bandits at all times. «You bandit», «you bandit», that's how

they would call us. Always «bandit» and permanent cursing. The brawls… well, it wasn't the beatings that we got during the investigation, the one with the Security prosecution or whatever it was. But we were always brawled, called «bandits» and cursed, at all times… There was no verbal interaction without these… and the same people brawling us were the ones who treated us as bandits and permanently cursed us"[39].

Sometimes, investigators resort to jokes, not to unwind the setting, but merely to remind the investigated individual about the all-knowledge and all-presence of the institution entrusted with safeguarding the system. Viscol Vasile finds out, from a joke told by his investigator, that the Security is everywhere ("A peasant ends up in Iași and asks someone of the Security's location. The answer was: it is everywhere"). Sarcasm and irony are used by executioners also when addressing Ciataraș Ioan Dan: "stripped to the skin in order to see whether we had anything attached to us. At that time, I noticed that our bodies were full of bruises, after which (the Militia officers) started mocking us, saying: «who painted you?»"[40].

Some detainees chose not to reproduce the language used by the executioners, due to the words and phrases used by them. Cuțara Alexandru precisely indicates this reason: "The cursing and threats, insults contained expressions impossible to be reproduced in writing." Others resort to linguistic forms expressing a position similar to that of Cuțara. Albotă Silvia tells of: "an officer who addressed us with the most humiliating words I had ever heard.", Burghelea Victor specifies that the investigator: "Addresses us with the harshest of words, he tells us that we burned down the shops, broke the shop windows, applied bad treatment to his colleagues.", while Borchescu Ioan brings into discussion the religious moral law: "He cursed us, as

[39] https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MYEErq6tCOI. An interview by Cristian Pătrășconiu, accessed on 21.03.2014.

[40] Adrian Kali, Alexandru Rif, *Un decembrie arestat,* Editura Eurostampa, Timișoara, 2007, p. 33.

opposed to God's commandments, he cursed us, he said we was going to take us away and shoot us".

Insults were mainly related to family members. Spouses and parents were mostly recalled upon. V. Vicol: "They would insult and curse me and my family"; T. Iacob: "he cursed me of my mother"; Flocioiu Ion: "(…) only Militia officers there: «Pass him on so we can kill him, fucking cunt!»", Colonel Demeter: "«You can shoot this one, the motherfucker!»".

Most of the times, however, language is the expression of the way executioners related to their victims. V. Vicol said that, for Security officers, "as a human being, you weren't worth one penny to them". In fact, detainees were merely "packages" or "pieces". The terms used were not only codes of a terminology associated to the repression forces, they were reflecting reality. The people present on the streets to protest had their human being status repealed. Detainees were regarded as animals. Sociologist Ervin Staub made the observation according to which: "The most general condition for guilt-free massacre is the denial of humanity to the victim"[41]. In this regard, Vosganian recounted the way an officer was giving out orders: "Undress all of these worms in the morning and take them to the showers! I'll take them one by one and see what's going on with them"; H. R. Patapievici: "stand straight, you animals! Didn't you hear what I said, you scumbag?"

Incarceration and wearing regimentals was felt as a tragedy, to which purpose Cassian Maria Spiridon recalls: "They arrested me, dressed me in stripped clothing, I was number 31, cell 3. So I had this number… I take no pleasure in remembering it. The moment they take you to the cell, they take off your civilian clothes and dress you in a stripped uniform. The most humiliating moment! They gave me a box to put my clothes in, and if I ever got out, I would get them back. Absolutely humiliating moments! It nullifies you! You are nothing! You are an object!" Frisking was also felt as a mental trauma. H. R. Patapievici: "I retained the feeling of

[41] Jessica Wolfendale, work quoted, p. 168.

intolerable moral aggression when their hands were scouting between my legs, contemptuously and brutally".

Another immense mental pain for detainees was the memory of those beloved ones at home – the thought of family. Again, Cassian is the one offering an extremely suggestive image, to this end: "While I was there, I was tired of the thought of my mother finding out that I was in jail. I knew she was old and ill. I was horrified of the thought that she might die if she found out"[42].

The sole attitude executioners may have displayed before their victims was that of superiority, built by inspiring fear among revolutionaries. H. R. Patapievici: "They were continuously, dully and hatefully cursing. A guard with a brutal voice told the Militia officer in charge of guarding us to take us nearby: «I'll sort these ones out right now», he added. When we turned our heads, we saw him: I don't know what my fellows thought of him right then, but I was, for the very first time, scared as hell."

[42] Cassian Maria Spiridon, *Amintiri din strada Triumfului nr. 6 sau Amintiri dintr-o altă „casă a morților"* appearing in „Pesis. Poetry Magazine", Year 4, 1993, no. 9(40), September, Satu Mare, apud Cassian Maria Spiridon, *Iași, December 14, 1989. Începutul Revoluției Române*, Editura Timpul, Iași, 1994, p. 20-22.

Motives and Allegations

Most of those having exercised violence in the December1989 against revolutionaries seem to have fallen in the trap of the Ceaușescu cult. Most of them were part of the structures of the Ministry of the Interior. It is true that the Militia and the Security were part of the more privileged classes, even more than the Army. What is surprising, however, is the impression of executioners that all others enjoyed the same perks as they did. The protest is thus turned into an irrational whim, which must be sanctioned.

The members of repression troupes make frequent references, with a tone of accusation, to those who took to the streets to protest against the regime led by Nicolae Ceaușescu – also known as *The Boss*. Flocioiu Ion: "You fucking asshole, you have a problem with Ceaușescu's regime?"; Vasu Traian: "«Why do you want to overthrow Ceaușescu? You got a better one?». He was standing next to the last column on the platform and was saying exactly that. «What is it with you and freedom? If you're here, at this time of day, doesn't this mean that you have plenty of freedom? Why would you want democracy? Isn't there enough of that already?»"; «Would you look at that… these hungry fellows want to overthrow Ceaușescu!», Marinescu Maria – "«You want democracy, here you go! Have some democracy! (…) You thought you could take down The Boss»". Sandu Dan indicates two Army officers, who "were asking me why I wouldn't let them sleep in peace and what exactly had comrade Ceaușescu done to me for booing him so much. An Army colonel showed up and, after hitting me twice with his fists, asked the same thing: «What is your problem with comrade Ceaușescu? The Party offered you a home, food, a job and you're being funny about it?»". Netedu Elena: "Behind us, there were civilian men and Militia officers passing by and instigating, hitting us over the elbows and

saying: «What is it, you can't hold your hands up anymore? What were you doing at the protest? What is your issue with comrade Ceaușescu?»" … "they took us to hall with chairs and a painting of Ceaușescu. There was a civilian Militia officer who was instructing us on the drill: «Straight! On the ground!». He was pointing towards Ceaușescu and asked us why we were protesting against him. Whoever of us was moving slower was hit with a baton and told: "«What's wrong, are you tired? Out there, in the square, you didn't seem to be!»". Flocioiu Ion: "I'll show you, if you don't like Ceaușescu!". Mazilu Dumitru: "You oppose the country's leaders, ay?". «We'll teach you a lesson!», Popescu Dan: "While being beaten, I was continuously asked who my leader was and what my issue with Ceaușescu was, as he was the one looking after the people". T. Iacob: "What were your intentions? You wanted to overthrow the regime?!", "What right? You wanted to bring Ceaușescu down?! You no longer like it?" … "You don't like the Ceaușescu regime? How come the others like it? Why do you oppose it?" Suharu Anton: "The Militia officer asked those who brought us in: «What have these ones done?», and the one who opened the door to the ARO replied, laughing, that they wanted to take Ceaușescu down".

It weren't just adults who suffered ordeals during the Revolution. Nicoleta Ramona, who was only a child at the time, recalls that, after being struck with the fists and slapped during detention, once reaching the Minors Admission Center on Aron Florian Street, she had to, along with other minor children, wash the floors, clean the toilets and the excrements located in a room serving as toilet at times when there was no water. Then, "mother" Gabor, German teacher and center coordinator: "Would make us kneel and pray before Ceaușescu's painting".

During the investigations in Timișoara, same as in Bucharest, detainees were asked to denounce leaders of the demonstration. Alexandru Constantin: "What? You're not here for theft, you're a political prisoner! If you want to be free, tell me, if not three, at least two names of leaders and I shall set you free, otherwise, it shall be you! And at 1.00 PM,

you're back in the factory.!" Gazda Arpad – "They wanted to know who else was in the Tökés group". Botezatu Andrei: "I was slapped over the palm of my head and asked what I was doing at the protest, what my problem was with the country's president and I was permanently questioned about the potential leaders of the revolt".

Again, in Timișoara, most of those arrested were ordered and were forced to draft confessions admitting participation in the city destruction actions. Geangu Ioan: "Listen, Geangu, how can you state that you shouted anti-communist slogans? Just say you broke a shop window, you might get out more easily".

The idea of changing the regime was not favored by the state's armed institutions. A Western-type society was not for the liking of the regime's guard hounds. Abălașei Ion is questioned in relation to: "what I was doing on the streets and what I was protesting against". Balint Costel: "«Why were you on the streets and what was your purpose?»". Bândariu Gheorghe: "cursing us and lashing out against the fact that we came out on the streets". Gazda Arpad – "«is it a revolution that you're after? I'll show you a revolution!»"; Lefter Liviu – "Why were you singing, you don't like the regime?" (…) "Putting punches into me and telling me: «You want to change the world?»". Borchescu Ioan: "We have plenty of walls! You wanted «power»? Why did you not come to us, to give you power? You didn't know that the Militia was holding «the power»?". Neacșa Florin, while trying to avoid a potential arrest in the Piața Sudului area, hears the following orders given by an officer: «Shoot them like you'd shoot rabbits, don't let any of them get away!» Then, after hearing the shots, they said triumphantly, laughing: «What, you thought you were going to get away? (…) You wanted a Western-like protests? We'll give you Western-like bullets»".

Once detained, the lives of those having protested against Ceaușescu were, now, in his hands. Or at least, that was the way of thinking of a member of the state's force institution. Vasu Georgeta: „For what you bastards have

done, even if Ceaușescu doesn't shoot you, you're still finished with what we've given you".

Under the effect of the national communist indoctrination policy, within which Nicolae Ceaușescu had the role of *defensor patriae* and providential entity, one of the people who were operating detentions throughout the protesters sees the change that the demonstrators wanted as a danger for Romania, a danger based on "the fear of Muscovites". Dârjan Cristina: "What, why are you booing the Militia?", "Why did you get out on the streets, booing Ceaușescu? Do you want the Russians to overrun us? Do you want to have a Soviet tank on your doorstep?"

Once imprisoned, the revolutionaries are told by investigators that they were living in a perfect society that mustn't be destabilized.

During "detention", one of the investigators was trying to prove to detainees that their protest was lacking any kind of base. To this end, he makes a comparison between the socialism in Romania and the one in Poland, showing the superiority of the former. The same investigator references the superiority of socialism over the capitalist system, therefore highlighting the advantages of the first one. Vlad Laurențiu: „What is it, you want it to be like Poland, throw your entire wage away on a loaf of bread?" (…) „Can't you see that, in your precious capitalism, your daddy wouldn't have been able to pay for your university?"

The values not associated with the official propaganda are repugnant to the members of repression forces, which are indoctrinated with a materialist ideology. They don't understand, or make it seem like they don't understand, why people who are well off keep on protesting. Material comfort, professional and domestic fulfillment are the limits of human aspiration. Other values on the axiological scale are not allowed. Vlad Laurențiu: „Comrade Ceaușescu is the one who feeds and offers you learning and you want freedom?". There were some specific questions, but they weren't expecting an answer, either; at first „Who was the people you were with?" (…) „Tell me which organization they were part of!""; Cassian Maria Spiridon: They wanted to find out why I

was so discontent – I had an honorable wage, a good position at the Institute (I was chief of staff), I had a home, I had a wife, children, car, so .. what was I missing? Hard to explain or, in other words, they were pretending not to understand"; Virgil Hossu: "He took my statement, while trying to understand my discontent related to the communist system and whether I had any material lacks."

At the time when the Revolution was about to become victorious, a part of detainees noticed an interesting change in the executioners' attitude. Popa Eugen described: "In prison, on the first day, we were called traitors, thieves, hooligans! The next day, as things were evolving, the guards would call us comrades, while the following day, when the revolution was about to prevail in Timişoara, namely, December, 20, we became gentlemen!!! This episode, of going from traitors to gentlemen, made its mark and I have thus decided to remain a gentleman for the rest of my life!" Such twist was also noticed by H. R. Patapievici who, after remembering the fact that, while in Jilava Penitenciary, they were continuously cursed: "at one time, one of them came and said: «The dictator is on the run!»"[43]. A similar instance is depicted by Cassian Maria Spiridon, in Iaşi: "Just as I was about to exit the door going into the inner yard, a young Militia officer pats me on the back with admiration and says: „Your fight was not in vain!"

[43] https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MYEErq6tCOI, accessed on 21-03-2014

Reactions and Consequences

Such ordeals could not have been overlooked by those who were subjected to them. Plenty did not say a thing, others were the first to attack, some made comments, motivated (as in lied), others, in turn, accused or asked explanations related to the reasons for which they were detained or beaten. A part of them managed to resist, not making allowances to executioners, others, however, gave in to the torture to which they were subjected to, and confessed (sometimes, even what they did not commit) or betrayed. V. Vicol: "I'm not afraid of you"; T. Iacob: "He beat me up really badly, but I did not make any gestures, did not scream at all" (…) "but I resisted"… I told him I wanted him to file a record on my name. "I'll deal with the consequences. And that's it. From now on, I won't allow you to hit me any longer!"; Balint Costel: "There, „at their house", I was feeling truly lost in their hands. I wasn't thinking about anything." Farcău Vasile: – "I struck first". Geangu Ioan: "As I was unable to withstand being beaten with a post any longer, I finally gave in and stated that I had thrown a stone into a shop window." Burghelea Victor – "One detainee, Moldavian by speech, bravely shouts to the Militia officers that, after having arrested and beaten him up, they shall return the bike he had with him." Florin Iaru: "Among them, I heard someone scream: „I want to get out of here, I am a member of the Communist Party, I completely agree with the party policy!"

They were all harboring distrust and fear. Speechlessness was ruling in prison cells and in all areas where prisoners were being held. H. R. Patapievici found that, during detention: "I was about to discover that the imminence of death destroys all human identity. No one had the curiosity to ask their cellmate what their name was and, in turn, they did not disclose their own name, either."

The image of physical and mental traumas inflicted by the repression forces, in December, 1989, offers solely a reduced perspective over the meaning of the Romanian communist regime for all detainees.

Most of those imprisoned at the time describe the physical consequences of the torture they were subjected to. Atremiza Aurelia Buibăr: "Me, with broken ribs, then, there was another woman whose all hair was pulled from her head. They had pulled her hair off, strand by strand, she had only a little bit left, around … a few hair strands. She looked, well, terrible. And the other woman had her thigh split and you could see the very bone." Similar images are recollected by Temerancă Olivia: "The women there were in a sorry plight, all wounded, hair pulled from their heads. I can't describe it, it's a gruesome image." Marinescu Maria, telling about a colleague in pain: "Pardon, boss, I've just pooed myself!" The same image is offered by Alexandrescu Ștefan: "some of us had pissed on pooed ourselves" while he also recalls that "one had their eye out, another was bleeding like hell. While I was there, one of the prisoners had dies and we had to call the guards to take him away." An utterly graphic landscape is depicted, to this end, by H. R. Patapievici: "A lot of them had open wounds; blood had built-up on wounds in a repulsive manner, blended with the mud which the injury had been pulled through. Their clothes, all crinkled up, were stained by the cracked up blood: his stain was fade, his smell – unmistakable. One of them had his cheek split open in three lines with edges torn to tatters, starting from his cheekbone. I saw a man with the shin fractured from so many strikes, from whose hideously swollen face, blood was continuously flowing, clotting up just below the chin, like ice-flowers, on the neck. A young man had been beaten up so hard that, in spite of their visage, which was not smiling at all and was completely disfigured, was unstoppably giggling, scaring us like hell. I found out, from the people having witnessed their ordeal, that he had been beaten, for an hour, by two Militia officers (a first sergeant and a master sergeant: one of them was called Gheorghe, quite a peasant name) who had used

their boots to kick him in the head. Poor man, he must had lost his mind".

The effects of the torture they had been subjected to are incurable: Ecaterina Ioana: „From that moment on, I cannot work any longer, I am not capable of working any longer, I have been in the hospital for five months now and somehow, I cannot seem to be able to heal". „Mariana Mariuță, a volunteer with the Association, age 20 and tall, was arrested on the evening of December, 17th and locked up for three days. While in detention, they had stomped on her stomach and twisted her arm so many times that it eventually broke. She was forced to stand in ice-cold water for hours on end. Her best friend, arrested at the same time as her, was never seen again. From the Revolution on, Mariana lost two pregnancies and never regained strength in her left arm"[44]. And their recollection, as such testimonies prove, is undeletable.

[44] Claudiu Iordache, *Securitatea. Confiscarea Unei Națiuni*, Editura IIRNI, Bucharest, 2009, p. 72.

Repression Forces

Iași

„On December, 14th, Iași may have been Timișoara”[45]. The call made by the Romanian Popular Front to the „Army, Militia and Security to show courage, patriotism and political clairvoyance and support our cause for saving this people, who is ours, everyone's”[46] was left unanswered. There was, however, a response on the part of the authorities, but it however consisted in suppressing the movement initiated by the Romanian Popular Front members[47] to trigger, beginning with December, 14th, 1989, several protests against the leadership of Nicolae Ceaușescu, such protests that may end „the hunger, cold, fear and darkness ruling for 25 years. Let us put an end to the terror unleashed by Ceaușescu's dictatorship, which has a brought an entire nation on the brink of despair”[48]. In order to halt such initiative, Iași saw a large number of repression forces mobilized, throughout mid-December. As a matter of fact, the Front's members were under observation beginning with the month of November.

[45] The title of an article published in the newspaper „Adevărul”, Year I, No. 51, Friday, February, 23, 1990, apud Cassian Maria Spiridon, *Iași, 14 Decembrie 1989. Începutul Revoluției Române*, Editura Timpul, Iași, 1994, p. 50.

[46] The call of the Romanian Popular Front, apud. Cassian Maria Spirion, work quoted, p. 15

[47] The core of the Front consisted in: Ștefan Prutianu, Maria Cassian Spiridon, Georgel Moraru, Titi Iacob, Petrică Dușa and Ionel Săcăleanu, plus Aștefănoaie Dorin, Crauciuc Gheorghe Bujor, Dascălu Alexandru, Fodor Vasile, Ilașcu Vasile, Moraru Maria, Manea Cornel, Nica Gheorghe, Odobescu Valentin, Panaite Jănică (Nicolae Panaite), Rășcanu Dumitru, Dan Emilian Stoica, Vasile Stoica, Sfidineac Mihai and Vicol Vasile.

[48] *Ibidem*, p. 16

During December, 14th, 1989, in order to avert the triggering of the demonstration in Iași, they sent General-Major Victor Neculicioiu, the head of MU 0110 of the DSI (The Department for State Security), to settle the matter. Before the Senatorial Commission for investigation of the events occurred in December, 1989, he stated the following: „On December, 14th, I was sent to Iași, with a team, to check on the extent of the Russian involvement. It was signaled out as a major movement". The testimonies of the Romanian Popular Front members contradict, however, the assumptions of the former Security officer. On December, 14th, in Unirii Square, there were seven firefighter trucks brought in, a tram station nearby was disbanded in order to prevent the coagulation of a crowd, any group of more than four people was dispersed and warned not to settle in the area, and the Square was packed with military forces. The organization of a Judo Contest, during this time, in Iași, allowed the Ministry of the Interior to camouflage the display of intervention troops. The presence and activity of the repression body made it impossible to trigger demonstrations in Iași, in mid-December. Throughout the same day, and others, in the days that followed, a part of the Front's members were arrested and were, then, subjected to an extremely violent investigation.

Timișoara

After the triggering of the demonstrations against the relocation of pastor László Tökés, the communist authorities tried to isolate Timișoara. On the night of Saturday, heading into Sunday (December, 16th), all city exits were blocked and every vehicle was asked for identification. On the border of the Timiș County, towards Arad, there was another control point set up, with a different one initiated upon the entry into Arad. On the morning of December, 17, at 6.30 a.m., a group of 14 high-ranked officers belonging to the Department of State Security, and led by General Emil Macri, head of the Economic Counter-Security Directorate, arrived in Timișoara,

by train. General Macri was accompanied, amongst others, by Colonel Filip Teodorescu, deputy of the head of Counter-Espionage Directorate; Lieutenant-Colonel Anastasiu, alternate for the head of Directorate I, at the level of Internal Information; Lieutenant-Colonel Dan Nicolici, head of the Information and Documentation Center; Colonel Datu, officer at the level of 110 (Counter-Espionage Service for socialist countries); Lieutenant-Colonel Carașcă, Criminal Investigation; an officer on the level of Secret Correspondence Control; an officer on the level of Operative Technics.

In around half an hour, at 7 a.m., another group of officers was arriving in Timișoara, again, by train; this group was arriving on behalf of the General Militia Inspectorate, led by General Mihale Velicu, deputy for the head of the General Militia Inspectorate, Colonel Ghicoiaș, head of the Homicide Institute within the G. M. I., Colonel Roșiu, head of the Judicial Directorate, Colonel Onțanu, deputy for the head of the Criminal Investigations Directorate, Lieutenant-Colonel Voicu, deputy for the head of the Economic Directorate, Colonel Ștefan, deputy for the head of the Traffic Directorate, Colonel Obăgilă, deputy for the head of the Security and Order Directorate.

Upon the oral command issued by Nicolae Ceaușescu, the minister of Defense orders, at first, Lieutenant-Colonel Constantin Zeca, from the 18 Mechanized Division Command, to deploy, on the streets of the city of Timișoara, military manpower in support of the M. I. forces. Thus, around 9.30 PM, five patrols of 10 militaries each are set up and sent in reconnaissance missions on the streets of Timișoara, together with M. I. forces. Before midnight, 10 more patrols consisting of 10 militaries each shall be instituted, upon the direct command given by minister Milea. The same command was received by Colonel Rotariu, the commander of the Territorial Air Defense Division, who deploys 9 patrols of 10 militaries each. The military patrols are withdrawn after 4 a.m., in the morning of December, 17th. The army intervention, instead of settling the situation, only led to tempers flaring, which led, at this time, only to injuries, material destruction and arrests.

As time went by, the streets of the city were starting to fill up with protesters again. Thus, in Maria Square, around the County Party Committee and The 23rd August Boulevard, demonstrations gain momentum and the number of protesters reaches 3.000 to 4.000. The authorities' response came promptly, as important numbers of Security and Militia troops are being brought in and intervene violently. Tear gas and water cannons from two tankers were made use of. Any dialogue was dismissed and, under the command of General Milea, the crowd was savagely and indiscriminatingly hit. At 11 AM, the Ministry of National Defense, upon the persistent request addressed directly by the first secretary of the C. P. C. (County Party Committee) – Radu Bălan -, ordered the Commander of the Great Mechanized Unit to intervene with 200 militaries and, subsequently, with a further 200 to block the access ways to the County Popular Council. Another 480 militaries were kept on stand-by. From this moment on, the army becomes the main force fighting against the insurgent population.

The Security and Militia officers were armed with pistols, machine guns and war ammunition. Between 12-5.30 pm, Timișoara saw 7.62 mm caliber machine guns being deployed to a number of 220 Militia and Security officers. Among them, two platoons from the Security troops and three, from the Customs troops, were agglomerated around the County Party Committee, as protection forces. Other defense mechanisms were set up between 1-2 p.m., in Maria Square, Operei Square, at the Continental junction, at the County Party Council and the Mayor's Office. Pursuant to the same command, AAVs (amphibious armored vehicles) and 190 tanks are deployed on the streets. At 2.15 PM, minister Vasile Milea ordered partial battle command for the 90 Mechanized Regiment. At 4 PM, Ioan Coman, General-Major Ștefan Gușă, General-Lieutenant Victor Athanasie Stănculescu, General-Lieutenant Mihai Chițac, General-Lieutenant Constantin Nuță, General-Major Florea Cârneanu and Colonel Gheorghe Radu arrived in Timișoara, by plane.

On December, 17th, 1989, around 4.30 pm, Ceaușescu summoned the Executive Party Committee, in order to decide the steps that needed taking in relation to the events in

Timişoara. As a first step of crisis mitigation, Ceauşescu ordered transmission of the „Radu cel Frumos" indicative and institution of the state of emergency[49], under which "all counties were under the state of alarm. The military units, the M. I. and Security units shall be in a state of alarm". (If the state of emergency was related to domestic disorder, „Radu cel Frumos" deployed troops to protect the state border). In Timişoara, the operative fulfillment of the „Radu cel Frumos" instruction was the responsibility of General-Major Ştefan Guşă.

On the morning of December, 18th, the city seemed to be under the control of the authorities. The command of General Nuţă led to the institution of eight formations, each made up of 10 officers and 15 conscripts. These formations were located in Maria Square, Operei Square, Circumvalaţiunii, Calea Aradului, Lipovei, the County Hospital, Traian Square and Calea Girocului. They consisted in Militia officers and under-officers, and Security and Customs troop conscripts. Militia officers were named heads of formation. On the occasion of instituting such formations, generals Nuţă and Mihale ordered the quelling of protesters, asking M. I. employees to shoot protesters, without notice, until dispersal.

During the time between December, 16th and December, 22nd, 1989, several command centers were instituted to quell the Revolution. Thus, on December, 16 and December, 17th, the repression was coordinated by the first-secretary of the county, Radu Bălan, and the command group of Ministry of the Interior's Timiş County Inspectorate. On the afternoon of December, 17th, 1989, a political central quarter was set up at the offices of the County Party Committee, made up of Ion Coman, Radu Bălan, Ilie Matei and Cornel Pacoste, who ordered the full repression proceedings. On the same day, at the offices of the Ministry of the Interior's Timiş County

[49] About its unlawfulness, and the illegality of all Army actions during the repression, including *The 14-point command* issued by V. Milea, see: Victor Eugen Mihai Lungu, Tit-Liviu Domşa, *„Împuşcati-i că nu-s oameni"*, Cluj-Napoca, December 21, 1989, Academia Civiă Foundation, Cluj, 2005, p. 10 and the following, as well as Remus Macovei, *Implicarea Armatei în represiune*, in Revolution Notebooks, no. 6 (19)/2008, p. 34-53.

Inspectorate, another quarter was being set up, consisting of generals Nuță Constantin, Mihale Velicu and Emil Macri, together with the heads of the county Militia and Security. The connection between the political and the Ministry of the Interior repression centers was provided by chief-inspector Ion Popescu. The Ministry of National Defense had a command center run by General Ștefan Gușă, within the Timișoara 18 Mechanized Division[50].

In Timișoara, the repression quarter was made up of the following: on the part of the Executive Party Committee: Ion Coman, Ilie Matei (December, 18-19), Cornel Pacoste (from December, 20); the Ministry of National Defense was represented by the first deputies of the Minister, namely General-Major Ștefan Gușă and General-Lieutenant Victor Athanasie Stănculescu, by General-Lieutenant Mihai Chițac and General-Major Florea Cârneanu; the operative group from the General Headquarters consisted in Colonel Dumitru Ionescu, Colonel Radu Gheorghe, Colonel Vasile Ioniță, Colonel Drăgan, Colonel Teodor Ardelean, Lieutenant-Colonel Strășescu, Lieutenant-Colonel Petre Marchiș, Lieutenant-Colonel Petre Alexandru, Major Vasile Rusu, Major Păscuț, Major Popescu, Major Bucurei; the operative group of the 3rd Army had, in its ranks, Colonel Ioan Șulcă, Lieutenant-Colonel Olaru, Major Bica, Captain Gologan.

The Ministry of the Interior was, also, well-represented. The Militia sent over, to Timișoara, General Constantin Nuță, deputy of the ministry of the interior and the head of the Milita General Inspectorate (M. G. I.); General Mihale Velicu, deputy of the M. G. I. head; Colonel Ghircoiaș Nicolae, head of the M. G. I. Homicide Institute; Colonel Tudor Stănică, head of the Criminal Investigation Directorate; Colonel Roșoiu, head of the Judicial Directorate; Colonel Onțanu, alternate for the head of the Criminal Investigations Directorate; Lieutenant-Colonel Voicu Ilie, alternate for the head of the Economic Directorate; Colonel

[50] Ion Bucur, *Cartea Represiunii*, 2nd Edition Revised and Complemented, Institutul Revoluției Române din Decembrie 1989, Bucharest, 2014, p. 70.

Ștefan, alternate for the head of the Traffic Directorate; a large group of officers under their command.

The State Security Department sent out the following officers: General Emil Macri, head of the Economic Counter-Security Directorate, accompanied by three officers in the Directorate, and Colonel Filip Teodorescu, deputy of the head of Counter-Espionage Directorate, accompanied by an officer; Lieutenant-Colonel Anastasiu, alternate for the head of Directorate I, internal information, accompanied by three officers; Lieutenant-Colonel Dan Nicolici, head of the Information and Documentation Center; an officer on the level of Secret Correspondence Control; an officer on the level of Operative Technics; an officer at the level of Counter-Espionage Service for socialist countries; Lieutenant-Colonel Glăvan, head of USLA Service; a deputy officer for the head of Security Troops General Headquarters; Lieutenant-Colonel Carașcă, of the Criminal Investigations Directorate. In Timișoara, the General Prosecution was represented by Gheorghe Diaconescu, deputy of the General Prosecution. Considering the importance of Timișoara, the deputy-minister for justice, Bracaciu, and the Minister for Youth, Ioan Toma, were also deployed on a special mission. The orders from Bucharest were fulfilled, in Timișoara, by three persons: Ion Coman (at party level), Ștefan Gușă (in charge of the Army) and Constantin Nuță (representing the Ministry of the Interior), accompanied by numerous officers and local party dignitaries.

At local level, the County Defense Council had, in its ranks, Radu Bălan, first-secretary of the Timiș RCP (Romanian Communist Party) County Committee, Ilie Matei and then, Cornel Pacoste, Colonel Constantin Rotariu, commander of the Timișoara garrison, Colonel Ion Popescu – head of the M. I. County Inspectorate, Colonel Petre Cristea – head of the county General Headquarters of the Timiș Patriotic Guards. There was a strong tie between the County Party Quarter and the M. I. Inspectorate quarter, particularly since chief-inspector Popescu Ioan was located at the R. C. P.

County Committee, beginning with the evening of December, 17th, 1989[51].

A. Kali and V. Hosu, following the statements of those who were arrested, determined that they were to be taken straight to the Militia or the Penitentiary, or to other temporary detention sites (the Libertății Square Garrison arrest, the arrest of the military unit in Calea Lipovei, the hallway of the City Hall or of the County Party Committee). In the end, prisoners would end up at the Penitentiary, after a stop by the County Militia. The same authors also outlined the areas where arrests were operated in Timișoara. Such areas were:

- The area in the vicinity of the headquarters of the former R. C. P. County Committee, where arrests were taking place on the evening of December, 16th and December, 17th;
- The Libertății Square area, where the Military Garrison is based; arrest were made, in this area, particularly by the Garrison militaries, between the hours of 1-11 a.m. on the morning of December, 17th, as well as on the afternoon of the same day;
- The Central Park – Cathedral area, with arrests taking place on the afternoon and the evening of December, 17th and December, 18th (after 3 pm); detentions also occurred on the morning of December, 17th and December, 18th , up to 11 a.m.;
- The area in the vicinity of Hotel Continental, with arrests taking place on the morning of December, 17th (between 2-5 a.m.); also, on the afternoon and evening of the same day (beginning with 1.30 pm);
- The Operei Square area, with most detentions being performed starting from the evening of December, 16 and following-up with the entire day of December, 17th, and a few arrests on the afternoon of December, 18th;
- The Maria Square area, where arrests took place starting from the evening of December, 16 and proceeding with the night of December, 16th to December, 17th , followed by a new stage occurring from the evening of December, 17th

[51] *Ibidem*, p. 70-71.

to the morning of December, 18th; the last arrest made was that of Szoke Zoltan Matei, dated December, 18th, at 3 am;

- Farmers' Market 700 Area, most arrests being made in the morning of December, 17th, between midnight and 5 am; a new phase began in the evening of December, 17th and proceeded up to the morning of December, 18th; Szekely Mihai Iosif was arrested, here, on December, 19th , at 4.30 pm;
- Piatra Craiului Street, in the vicinity of the Cina Restaurant, arrests being made predominantly in the morning and in the evening of December, 17th; a small number of arrest also occurred in the evening of December, 18th;
- Dacia-Circumvalațiunii Area, the arrests being made in the evening of December, 16th and in the morning of December, 17th ;
- The area next to the current Louis Țurcanu Hospital, between 1-4 am, in the morning of December, 17th;
- The Area near Clinicile Noi, in the morning of December, 17th, between 3.30-6 am;
- Iosefine Square area; after a few arrests taking place at mid-day December, 17th, another series followed in the night of December, 17/18; Zăbara Grigorie would be arrested on December, 19th, at 3.30 pm[52].

The same people, A. Kali and V. Hosu, made a classification of the authors of the arrests performed during those days into four categories and showed that, in some cases, they acted in corroboration:

1. Individuals dressed as civilians, most probably, M. I. employees, acting undercover; some testimonies define them as "Security officers" or "Militia officers";
2. Employees of the Ministry of National Defense, single soldiers or soldiers under the command of officers;
3. M. I. employees, dressed in specific uniforms, in some cases, shield bearers;
4. Patriotic guards, who were never acting on their own.

[52] Adrian Kali, Virgil Hosu, *Timişoara '89. 6 zile de asediu.* Editura Saol , Timişoara, 2009, p. 61, 74-75.

The mode of operation of the arresters was described, by the two historians of the Romanian Revolution of December, 1989, in Timișoara, as follows: "Civilians were operating in different points of the city, using Dacia or ARO vehicles, which they would stop off isolated demonstrators or small groups, engaging them by the use of force: hits with wooden sticks, rubber batons, kicks by fist or by foot, to make them enter the vehicles and, eventually, being taken to the County Militia Inspectorate or the Penitentiary"[53].

Based on the information current with the Timișoara Military Prosecution, between December, 16th-December, 22nd, 1989, 987 people were arrested, of which 944 in the Timișoara Penitentiary, 33 at the Militia Inspectorate and 1 person on Garrison arrest. The records of the Ministry of the Interior recorded, between December, 16th-December, 19th, the following figures: 700 men, 132 women. Among these figures, based on ethnic origin: 716 were Romanians, 82 Hungarians, 18 Germans, 4 Serbians, 2 Slovaks, 1 Jew and 8 of other nationalities.

By age, 467 were aged between 18-25 years, 224 were aged between 25-35 years, 89, between 35-40 years, and 43 were in excess of 45 years of age.

From a professional perspective: 335 were workers, 86 were students, 2 members of educational staff, 19 engineers, 4 deputy engineers, 1 architect, 1 doctor, 19 public clerks, 19 pensioners, 19 housewives, 2 conscripts, 29 had no occupation and 116 had other occupations. Out of this number, 53 were members of the Romanian Communist Party, 413 were members of the CYU (Communist Youth Union) and 366 had no political identity. It is also worth mentioning that around 150 minor children were also detained.

[53] *Ibidem*, p. 61.

Bucharest

In Bucharest, the command forces within the Militia mustered in for the protest organized on December, 21st, consisted in 147 Militia soldiers, dressed in military, as well as civilian clothes, 300 officers from the Bucharest Retraining School for Militia soldiers, dressed as civilians.

According to the order received from the Ministry of the Interior, by General Gianu Bucurescu – deputy of the head of the DSI (Department for State Security – the commander for this operation, and by Colonel Marin Bărbulescu – head of the Capital's Militia -, this manpower was organized into ten barriers and a reserve, as follows:

- Barrier 1, at the Ministry of the Interior entrance;
- Barrier 2, in Academiei Street, at the corner with 13 Decembrie Street;
- Barrier 3, in Calea Victoriei, at the corner with 13 Decembrie Street;
- Barrier 4, Aleea Crețulescu, from the bookshop to the State Council building;
- Barrier 5, Calea Știrbei Vodă, at the corner with Calea Victoriei, next to the Athénée Palace Hotel;
- Barrier 6, Constantin Exarcu Street and Gabriel Peri Street;
- Barrier 7, Franklin Street, at the corner with Nicolae Golescu Street;
- Barrier 8, C. A. Rosetti Street, at the corner with Boteanu Street;
- Barrier 9, Boteanu Street, at the corner with Onești Street;
- Barrier 10, Onești Street, at the corner with Nicolae Bălcescu Boulevard.

The reserve was stationed by the entrance of the Union Hotel.

In addition to these Militia units, there were others, belonging to the Security. The latter mustered eight platoons,

made up of 24 conscripts each, boarded on buses and stationed, as follows:

- Reserve no. 1 of M. U. 0530, at the State Council guard;
- Reserve no. 2 of M. U. 0305, in Franklin Street;
- Reserve no. 3 of M. U. 0563, in Boteanu Street;
- Reserve no. 4 of M. U. 0563, in the Plenaries hall;
- Reserve no. 5 of M. U. 0305, next to ARCOM;
- Reserve no. 6 of M. U. 0563, next to the Adam shop;
- Reserve no. 7 of M. U. 0396, in the small park in front of the Cina Restaurant;
- Reserve no. 8 of M. U. 0396, at the Central University Library.

In addition to these Militia and Security units, another four intervention reserves were instituted, with the value of a Security company (consisting in forces belonging to the Security and the Militia) and set up as follows: two units within the Băneasa barracks, one within the Roșu barracks and one within the Măgurele barracks.

For a proper performance of the rally, the repression forces were deployed in Palatului Square and on all adjacent access ways. Also, some Streets were blocked with heavy vehicles so as to avert any potential turbulent groups entering the demonstration site.

After only six minutes from commencing his speech, Nicolae Ceaușescu had to interrupt his allocution, unintentionally, at this point. Although he managed to resume his speech, the atmosphere in the Palatului Square made him eventually withdraw from the balcony of the Central Committee building. The panic set during the protest, following an event failing to have received an unequivocal response on the part of experts, made all demonstrators leave the Palatului Square. Subsequently, pursuant to the appearance of groups of young people shouting anti-Ceaușescu slogans, a part of them shall re-group in order to protest against the communist regime.

After the square was evacuated, the commander of the action ordered, by means of the headquarters of the action, led by Colonel Ciobanu, that all forces engaged – including

reserves – must participate in blocking the access to the Palatului Square, so as to avert any potential ingress into the Central Committee building. The apparatus instituted for this target was redeployed in the following configuration:

- Reserve no. 1, at the State Council guard;
- Reserves no. 2 and 4, to block Onești Street;
- Reserve no. 3, to block Botezanu Street;
- Reserve no. 5, blockade on Calea Victoriei, between the Continental Hotel and the Electrolux shop;
- Reserve no. 6, to block the 13 Decembrie Street;
- Reserve no. 7, to block the Cosmonauților Square;
- Reserve no. 8, on Magheru Boulevard, from Onești Street and up to the Grădinița Restaurant.

Between 3-3.30 pm, the forces within the defense apparatus shall increase, as a consequence of the increase in the number of demonstrators, and had the following outfield structure and setup:

- A company from the M. U. 0563 strengthen ed the cordon on Calea Victoriei, between Continental Hotel and Electrolux;
- Two platoons from M. U. 0575 were instituted on Magheru Boulevard, next to Grădinița Restaurant;
- A platoon from M. U. 0575 was sent over on Știrbei Vodă and Calea Victoriei, next to Athénée Palace Hotel;
- A platoon from M. U. 0575, for strengthening the cordon on Onești Street;
- Two platoons from M. U. 0396, on Magheru Boulevard, between Onești Street and Grădinița, at junctions.
- Seven platoons of 30 militaries each, from M. U. 0829, were set up, as follows:

1. Two platoons for blocking the junctions of 13 Decembrie Street and Magheru Boulevard, next to the entrance to the underground garage passage, with Militia employees and active M. I. school officers to the left and to the right, two armored amphibious loading conveyors in front and several lines of M. N. D. militaries, armored amphibious loading conveyors, fire trucks and, further on, tanks set up at the back;

2. A platoon, at the corner of the Eva shop;

3. A platoon, at the corner of Cosmonauților and Crețulescu Streets;

4. A platoon, at the corner of Nuferilor and Luterană Streets;

5. A platoon, at the corner of Magheru Boulevard and Cosmonauților Street;

6. A platoon, at the corner of Știrbei Vodă and Luterană Streets.

- Two M. U. 0546 platoons instituted a cordon for preventing the access of groups of people from the Academiei Street, by the Negoiu Hotel, towards the Palatului Square. These forces will see two more M. N. D. platoons and 3 armored amphibious loading conveyors added to their numbers.
- Two drill companies from the Câmpina center, in stand-by at the Central Committee.

The M. N. D. forces entered the Square around 2 pm. An order issued by the A. I. commander – was sent to the M. U. 01656 around noon and 100 militaries from this unit were mustered into the apparatus in Palatului Square. New orders issued by the ministry of Defense, General Vasile Milea, led to the arrival of some militaries of the M. U. 01908 Bucharest in the center of the capital, two companies – around 300 militaries. They were deployed in the Intercontinental area. Between 02.00 PM – 4 pm, troops and armored vehicles from the M. U. 01210 and 01305 are requested, while at 4.15 pm, General Ion Hortopan issued the order, to Major Dorel Amăriucăi, to send out, to the Intercontinental area, 10 officers and 100 conscripts, with eight trucks from the M. N. D. mechanical transport depot. After arriving at the area, the driver of a DAC auto-truck was hit in the head with a brick thrown by a protester and, having become unconscious, his truck smashed into the crowd. This serious accident led to the death of seven people and injury of over 20.

After this event, the repression troops started making arrests from the groups of protesters arriving in the Intercontinental area. The repression itself started during the hours of 7-11 pm and enhanced from the time of destruction

of the Intercontinental barricade by the tanks under the command of Major Valentin Roșca[54].

Within this perimeter of the central area (the corner of 13 Decembrie Street – Batiștei Street – Dalls Hall), several reinforcement apparatuses of the M. I. were installed, consisting in four cordons: shield-bearer, Militia forces behind them, and militaries, in depth. In the area of the Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej Boulevard – Universității Square, there were squires and Militia officers, but also armored amphibious loading conveyors deployed, while a cordon of squires, supported by USLA fighters, was stationed in Batiștei Street.

To all these, we add the Intervention and Order Forces (IOF), under the command of the Ministry of the Interior. The IOF employees were provided with shields and rubber batons, arms operating with rubber bullets, tear-gas grenades. In December, 1989, according to the Ministry of the Interior inventories, the stock of the IOF consisted in 18 hunting weapons for use of rubber bullets and 10 pistols for tear-gas loads and related ammunition. Apart from this type of unconventional arms, the IOF also possessed 6 AG-7 anti-tank grenade throwers, 6 40-mm grenade throwers, two land machine-guns, 25 scatter guns, 196 submachine guns and 257 pistols, plus 6 silencer guns. IOF employees played an important part in repressing demonstrators, in December, 1989.

In November, 1989, more than half of IOF troops were called in at Bucharest and the county Militia inspectorates. Under the command of Major Vasile Popa, the IOF were under the direct command of the head of the Capital's Militia, Colonel Marin Bărbulescu. The IOF consisted in 251 employees, under the M. I. organizational chart: 10 officers, 234 sub-officers, a petty officer and 6 civilian employees. IOF was provided with buses, off-road vehicles, auto-trucks, as well as amphibious armored vehicles (armored amphibious

[54] Sergiu Nicolaescu, *Lupta pentru Putere Decembrie '89*, Editura All, Bucharest, 2005, p. 118-127. Report of the Senatorial Commission concerning the Actions Undertaken within the Revolution of December, 1989, vol. I, p. 162-166.

loading conveyors) which had 14.5 mm and 7.62 mm caliber firearms installed on them.

Upon the command of colonel Marin Bărbulescu, those in the IFO troops intervened in most areas of the Capital, dispersing protesters and leading to their arrest. The conversations held by means of M. I. radio transmitters confirm the involvement of this unit in repressing protesters. Several individuals who were illegally detained between December, 21st-December, 22nd, 1989 testified on the involvement of IFO troops in repressing protesters. The IFO intervened in the arrest and beating of those that had sought refuge at the Universitate subway station, on 13 Decembrie, Academiei Streets, Unirii area, Mărășești Passage, Izvor Bridge, C. A. Rosetti etc.[55].

In Bucharest, the main *collection points*, but also points of ordeal for those detained, were those located in front of Negoiu Hotel and Union Hotel, as well as in front of the Ministry for Exterior Trade (they were already operational since 04.00 PM). From here on, the detainees were taken, by vans, to the headquarters of the Capital Militia, for sorting and identification. Apart from the headquarters of the Capital Militia, there were several other Militia precincts where inhuman treatment was organized and enforced upon revolutionaries. Thus, at Militia Precinct 1, a number of 28 people stated that they had been beaten by a „cordon" of officers and civilians, at Militia Precinct 14 (12 people held and beaten), Militia Precinct 10 (19 people), Militia Precinct 17 (7 victims), Militia Precinct 18 (9 victims). Detainees also had to endure sufferings in Militia Precincts 11 and 19. The headquarters of the former Bucharest Security (5 victims) and the R. C. P. headquarters in the 2nd District of Bucharest were two other locations where revolutionaries suffered bad treatment by the repression forces[56].

[55] Romulus Cristea, *Revoluția 1989*, the 21 Decembrie 1989 Association, Editura Romania pur și simplu, Bucharest, 2006, p. 78-79.

[56] Ion Bucur, *Cartea Represiunii*, 2nd Edition, Revised and Complemented, Institutul Revoluției Române din Decembrie 1989 Publishing House, Bucharest, 2014, p. 163.

To the action undertaken by these forces, of which proctor Vasile Milea, military prosecutor within the Bucharest Military Service, who took part, as a session prosecutor, in the „Jilava Lot" concerning the repression of the December, 1989 demonstrations and, particularly, the detention and incarceration, at Jilava Penitentiary, of more than 1.000 people, without remanded custody warrants, mentioned that: „All forces having taken part in the quelling of protesters had also operated so-called arrests which were, in fact, detentions. The channel was the Capital Police, that cordon of individuals which became famous, no one knew who they were, they were savagely hitting these people who were already, some of them, in a precarious physical state, and after a sorting, a selection was performed, they were taken to the Jilava Penitentiary"[57], we may also add the one undertaken by investigators. The same prosecutor would state of them, in relation to Bucharest, that: "After being taken to Jilava, a part of these people were investigated there: what were they doing out on the Streets, who instigated them, what organization are they part of, what is the purpose of this organization? Meaning that an investigation was performed, at the level of the Criminal Procedure Code. In relation to the means such investigation was performed, we have made some investigations of our own, for the crime of abusive investigation, provided under art. 266, paragraph 2. These abusive investigations of December, 21st and December, 22nd, 1989 were undertaken by the Criminal Investigation Directorate of the Security, which was strengthened with different staff from the Militia General Inspectorate, Criminal Investigation Directorate. Those who were, however, directly and sometimes, brutally, involved and for which reason they were put on trial, were those operating under the former Criminal Investigation Directorate of the Security"[58]. And that: „What happened in Bucharest… these forces had actually gone beyond their mandate… They also acted by failing to comply with procedural forms… I, myself, see the

[57] Report of the Senatorial Commission concerning the Actions Undertaken within the Revolution of December, 1989, vol. I, p. 180.

[58] Ion Bucur, *op. cit.*, p. 322.

illegality of their actions… (Hotel Negoiu) was one of the hot points. Where the procedures were of the same brutality"[59].

A part of the people responsible for the abominable actions committed in December, 1989, were deferred to justice: the Minister of the Interior, Tudor Postelnicu, General-Lieutenant Bucurescu Gianu – deputy to the Minister, General-Lieutenant Vlad Iulian, head of the Department for State Security, General-Lieutenant Vasile Gheorghe – head of the M. I. City of Bucharest Inspectorate, Colonel Goran Gheorghe – head of the City of Bucharest Security, Colonel Bărbulescu Marin, head of the City of Bucharest Militia, Colonel Vârban Mircea, head of the Criminal Investigation Service – Militia, Lieutenant-Colonel Pîrvulescu Marin, Captain Ștefan Gheorghe and Captain Gureșoaie Ion, investigators with the Criminal Investigation Directorate of the Security[60], however, most of them were remained unidentified and free.

One of the most striking observations related to the repression in December, 1989, is related to the personal involvement of top-rank officers in the Army, Security, Militia and a part of the central state structures and party structures within the quelling actions. To all of this, we add the criminal liability of those having consented to the authorization of such orders whose enforcement led to the loss of human lives and sufferings barely indescribable or almost impossible to describe. The latter is what Gabriel Liiceanu was speaking about when setting forth the following quote from Hannah Arendt:" The extent to which each of these multiple murders was closer to or further from the actual murderer of the victim does not prejudice, at all, the liability of the actual murderer. On the contrary, the level of liability generally increases as we move away from the person using the fatal instrument with his own hands".[61] To all of these, we add numerous subordinates who" for a bulged

[59] Report of the Senatorial Commission concerning the Actions Undertaken within the Revolution of December, 1989, vol. I, p. 180.

[60] *Ibidem*, p. 180.

[61] http://www.revista22.ro/securitatea-de-la-teroare-la-supravegherea-totală-34272.html

salary and a series of petty privileges" (H. R. Patapievici), agreed to torture their own kind, and some of them, even their own relatives.

Testimonies

Abălașei Ioan[62], Timișoara

„In the morning of December, 17th, within the conflict taking place at the County Party, I was hit in the head, therefore I have no idea what happened to me later on, I woke up at home, with a bandage over my head – then, in the evening, I heard they were shooting the people with real bullets. I could not abstain myself and went back to the city again, and in the vicinity of the County Party, I was approached by 2 civilians who were asking to see my identification documents, and I did not have my ID card with me, only the travel badge. At that point, one of them took away the cane I was using, as my heel was fractured and I had to have a cast on for three months – so, one of them took away the cane and broke it in half, then he called an individual wearing a Militia uniform and took me to a chamber in the County Party Building, then a small car came, with another two civilians, he slapped me a couple of times again, put me in the car and took us to the Militia. There, they took all my belongings: watch, ring, lighter and the money in my wallet. Having been stripped naked, I was hit with some sort of pickaxe haft or whatever it was, made to lie on the ground (concrete), face down and hands behind my head. I asked for some water and they refused to give me any. I had to lie like that, face down, for a few more hours, while one of

[62] The names of testimony authors are given as *Surname – First Name*. In instances where the surname could not be distinguished, we opted for rendering it as found under the consulted material. Where possible, we have also made a note of the city where the witness suffered the ordeal. I may add that not all of those who were subjected to inhuman treatment from the part of repression forces ended up in penitentiaries, leading to the fact that their number exceeds the number of people found in the lists presented at the end of the work.

them was kicking us, asking what we were doing on the Street and why we wanted to demonstrate (…)"[63].

Aga Florin-Ilie, Timișoara

„I was heading to the Libertății Square, where I was detained by a soldier, who asked for my identification documents and handed me over to his superiors, who took me into garrison arrest. I was here for around half an hour and, throughout this time, they were bringing in more and more revolutionaries, as arrested. Afterwards, we were ordered to descend so that we may be put in the Militia vans. I descended head down and hands behind my back, as ordered, so that they may hit us better. They would kick us wherever they could and, after passing between them – as they were standing on each side – we got into the vans. They took us to the County Militia, where we were immediately ordered to lie face down and hands stretched out. They did not forgive us, at this point, either. We were a lot of young people, but also people of different ages, and they proceeded with the beatings. I couldn't see, but I could hear screams from the strong kicks of the communist structure (sic!). I personally suffered a hemorrhage, being kicked in the stomach for several times and also in the head, with the boot, by one of them. I could not see who was kicking us as we were ordered to lie, face down. They did make us stand up and took us to the Penitentiary on Popa Șapcă Street, in Timișoara. They put me in cell 58, along with several of my friends, who took part in the Revolution, up to that moment, friends I met with in cell 56. All sorts of words were being uttered: „They will shoot us", „They won't shoot us", „They will terrorize us" etc. I was wondering whether I would be getting out of here alive"[64].

Albina Elena, Timișoara

„On the evening of December, 16th, 1989, around 11.00 PM, as I was aware of what was happening in the city, I left

[63] Adrian Kali, *1989 – Destin fără Respect*, Editura SAOL, Timișoara, 2013, p. 13.

[64] *Ibidem*, p. 16-17.

the house with my daughter, Roban Maria, and a neighbor, heading for the cathedral (…), at 3.45 am, we left and were heading home but, unfortunately for us, in Libertății Square, we and one other man were held at gunpoint by three soldiers, and taken to the military Garrison; after a short while, along with other people, we were carried to the Militia headquarters in the yard, were there were numerous other people. We were made to lie, face down and hands stretched forward, so as to be kicked by Militia workers, accompanied by defamations and insults"[65].

Albotă Radu-Ciprian, Timișoara

„From Filipescu Street, a group of squires appeared, being deployed along the width of the Street. After a few moments of verbal quarrels, they attacked, savagely hitting everyone in their range, by us of batons. (…) We crossed towards the Bega bridge, but immediately next to us, an ARO stopped and three civilians dressed in leather jackets descended, two of them holding a stick each, while the third one held a spray can. They asked for our identification documents and, when finding out that we were students, they bullied us and pushed us towards the car. While trying to protect my wife, I stood behind her, and was subsequently hit by one of these individuals. (…) There were a young man and a young girl in the car, both heavily beaten, faces bleeding. (…) In the cell I was in, there were also a few Hungarians, of whom some were close relatives of the pastor Tökés (his brother-in-law). They would be taken out of the cell each morning, for investigations, and were only brought back in the evening, obviously beaten, but without saying anything about what happened. In the morning of December, 20th, I was separated, along with other 15-20 arrested people, and were transferred, by van, to the M. I. County Inspectorate. On the road, the deputy officer accompanying us threatened that it would be only at the Security headquarters that we would see what an investigation actually meant, because in the Penitentiary, they handled us with

[65] *Ibidem*, p. 13, 18.

gloves. We were debussed in the Inspectorate yard, where we saw a large number of civilians in leather jackets, armed with submachine guns. I also noticed a large number of empty bottles of alcoholic drinks. There were also numerous soldiers from the Security troops who, upon our arrival, deployed into two rows and we would pass between them up to the dungeon entrances. Before making it in, I was beaten by a soldier. (…) as we were headed into the evening, two of us were called back for investigations and returned brutally beaten. They told us that they were faced with statements different to those that they had issued and that contained the confession of crimes, such as: break-ins, thefts etc., and which, after being severely beaten, they were forced to sign"[66].

Albotă Silvia, Timișoara

„On 16.12.1989, I left home with my husband to get to a colleague residing at 7 V. Alecsandri street. We passed the Student Campus and nobody seemed to be there, because all the lights were off. In front of the room steads belonging to the Medicine Faculty, I saw a group of university staff from the faculty management. We got in front of the former County Council, where there was a group of demonstrators shouting „Down with Ceaușescu!", „Freedom!". We joined them and started chanting. Following the intervention of a group of squires, a mêlée was created, followed by a regrouping of demonstrators who, then, went on to Michaelangelo street. Since their intention was to head towards the Student Campus, we separated and headed for 7 Vasile Alecsandri street. We went to my colleague, where the only topic for discussion was the rebellion in Timișoara. Later on, when we heard the noise of the crowd, we left for Operei Square, where we rejoined the group of demonstrators that, in the meantime, had increased. Some of the chants were „ Down with Ceaușescu!", „Freedom!", „Do not be afraid!". It was a sublime brotherhood atmosphere as each and every one was trying to inspire bravery and trust to the person next

[66] *Ibidem*, p. 19-21.

to them. At one point, I noticed a group of squires in the vicinity of the „Capitol" cinema. The crowd was encouraging the squires to join it. The squires were coming forward, knocking against their shields. Demonstrators split into two large groups, with some of them taking shelter on the Cathedral steps and the others, next to the current crucifix in Operei Square. We heard them saying that the Militia and the Army were surrounding Operei Square and decided to leave.

We went via a detour, by 700 Square, Unirii Square and ended up, again, on Vasile Alecsandri street. We then left for home. Near the Continental Hotel, an ARO stopped next to us and three individuals dressed in civilians descended. When finding out that we were students, they bullied us and pushed us into the car, where there were two more young people, with tumid faces. We were taken straight to the Penitentiary. I was put under some sort of transit arrest, until several more women were rounded. At one point, an officer came and addressed us the most humiliating words I had ever heard. We were registered, my money and jewels were taken away and I was put in a cell. I think it was a cell used in emergency situations with [illegible] functional bed. Also, a pair of metal beds were mounted on walls and we were supposed to arrange them in a functional position. Within this 2/2-meter cell, without facilities, they gathered around 20 women up until the evening, of which 2-3 were underage. Numerous lists were made, based on the professional, civil status and religion criteria. At one point, they resorted to some sort of confession. While in Penitentiary, I only offered one statement, to a prosecutor whose name I do not know. He was satisfied with what I had written, without asking me any question. I must add that, on Monday or Tuesday, 2 or 3 gypsy women were put in our cell, with numerous things to steal. After a few hours, they were removed from the cell and, as I understood, freed (I did not see them anymore afterwards). On Wednesday, 20.12, all women in the cell refused to eat. Following this refusal, from what I understood, the Deputy Manager of the Penitentiary came to our cell. We asked to be released, our families to be notified, and more humane conditions. In maximum 30 minutes, we

swapped cells and were promised assistance in all the other matters. I was freed around 8 PM and was transported (along with other women) up to Sălăjan street"[67].

Alexandru Constantin, Timișoara

„A cordon of soldiers wearing shields were coming from the Opera area and were shooting without a specific target. We heard from the crowd that we must not run, we must not back down, that the bastards are shooting blanks, but when I heard the bullets whistling through the air, I realized that they were actually war ammunition. To my right, on the pavement next to the Cathedral Park, by the park, in the underground, I got to the bridge and saw that there was a military cordon which I went past, although they were performing arrests on other people. I proceeded towards Küttl (Ștefan Furtună Square) where, by force, upon the commands of a (fat) civilian – I recall a major in uniform present onsite, as well – I was arrested, as follows: upon their command to „Kill him", I was fined with the bayonet in the right side of my chest, but without injuring me, it only cut through my coat for around ten centimeters, a coat which I kept to this day, as a «souvenir». The soldiers received orders to shoot me and they stuck a gun to my head, but did not shoot me; they did, however, push me into a bus and hit me with the gunstock in the temple, then, another hit in the head, until I fell down in the bus and then, I cannot remember anything until I woke up in the Militia yard. Upon arrival, while coming out of the bus, each of us would be struck with a bat and was forced to lie on the ground, face down. (…) When it was my turn (investigation), I was taken to an office, on the ground floor, and drawn sketches on paper; they were drafting a statement which I then signed without reading. If he thought I was lying, he would leave the office and return accompanied by a strong civilian, who was also asking questions and he started beating me over the palm with a rubber baton until I could not take it anymore. He hit me twice in the head with the baton and then, made me kneel and beat me on the footpads,

[67] *Ibidem*, p. 22-23.

through the shoes, then he took my shoes off and proceeded with the beating until I could not take it anymore, the one who beat I think was called Corcodeanu (i.e. Corpodeanu), as I knew him when I was free. I told him to stop beating me because I was innocent, then I told him I would give him my apartment keys so that he may see that I did not steal anything, and he replied: „What? You are not here for theft, you are a political prisoner! If you want to escape, hand over to me, if not three, at least two heads of revolution and I will set you free, unless it is you! And at 1.00 PM you shall return to the factory"[68].

Alexandrescu Ștefan, Bucharest

„Around 10-10.30 pm, when panic had set over the Universității Square following machine gun shots being fired, I tried to escape by heading down 13 Decembrie street (currently, Ion Câmpineanu). Some USLA employees were grouped up. Initially, around 2-3 tried to catch me, but I somehow managed to escape them. I got to the end of the street, but there were a few Militia officers waiting for us here. In front of the Union Hotel, I was caught and my hands were tied with a rope. We were several demonstrators held (around six) in this area… in a while, we left, under Militia escort, on foot, heading towards the Capital Militia. Several of us tried to escape, but failed. On Beldiman street, several officers were waiting for us, and they started beating us. We entered the headquarters and… we were beaten again. Not only Militia officers were hitting us, but also civilians who I do not know who they were. I heard, next to me, the voice of a Militia officer shouting at another: „Take this one away, he is dead, he is not moving anymore". To get away from the strikes, I lay on the ground, thinking that they would stop it. On the contrary, they were kicking me with their feet as hard as they could. They told me to stand and hold my hands up. They started hitting me with their elbows in the ribs. I was almost numb. In half an hour, I lost my consciousness due to the kicks in the head. I woke up as I was being thrown in a

[68] *Ibidem*, p. 24-26.

pile of people. When I came around, a general appeared and told the Militia officers to take us away. They had no more handcuffs. They used wire to tie our hands and put us in vans. Late at night, we were taken to the Capital Militia, in Jilava, by van. We were put in some chambers, at first, 40 people, and, towards the morning, we were over 100, like sardines. Most of them were injured. One had had their eye taken out, another one was bleeding heavily. While I was there, one of the detainees was died and we called the guards to take him away. A doctor declared the death. Every half an hour, detainees were removed from the cell, for investigations. Everyone was trying to hide towards the back of the room so as to put off the investigation as much as possible. Towards the morning, a guard came with a gun and told us to raise our hands. We were afraid that he was going to shoot us. He counted us. Upon the first hours of the morning, they brought us some water, in a honey bucket, and started allowing us to go to the toilet. Up to that point, we were not allowed to, and some of us had wet themselves. It was awful, we could not even move as we were so many people gathered together in that room"[69].

Andrei Ion, Bucharest

„The squires came and started shooting the passage and that was when I withdrew to the subway station, on the platform. However, the squires descended after us and started arresting some of the people currently there. I hid in a niche in the subway station, opening a metal door and another person came to the same site. I was found there and was taken away by a squire who hit me over the back of the neck with the baton and took me towards the exit, via the subway stairs. While on the stairs, I was hit by a gunman dressed in blue uniform, with the gunstock of a submachine gun"[70].

[69] Romulus Cristea, *Mărturii de la Baricadă*, Editura România pur și simplu, Bucharest, 2007, p. 45-46.

[70] Ioan Dan, *Teroriștii din '89*, Editura Lucman, 2012, p. 291.

Ardeleanu Vasile, Timișoara

„P. C.: - «I stand by my statements made with the Military Prosecution and, further on, I hereby show them».” Please recall the circumstances of you being hit!

A. V.: - On December, 17th, around 2-2.30 pm, I left home. I was out of cigarettes and left, I met up with a friend. I went to his house on Simion Bărnuțiu street, he did not have any either. We wanted to go into the city, buy some from somewhere there. And, at that time, helicopters started flying across. And that is when we said we should go out and see what was happening. And we ended up in Piața de Fân, în Traian Square. Trams were stationed, two of them, coming, from „Neptun” towards the market, several conscripts, dressed in clothes, meaning that they were Security officers, troops…

P. C.: - In a blue coat, right?

A. V.: Yes, but they were young, so militaries. And the two of us, my colleague and I, got on the tram and thought that they were not after us because they were too busy molesting with batons, pickaxe hafts, they had…

P. C.: - Who?

A. V.: The civilians shouting, chanting, I mean …

P. C.: - What were they chanting?

A. V.: «Down with Ceaușescu!», «Take down the regime!», «We want bread!», „We want freedom!”, and we got on the bus, in the rear carriage. When we saw that they started hitting civilians in the tram in front of us, we wanted to get off. My colleague was the first to get off and disappeared around the corner. When I got off, I was already surrounded by two militaries who beat me. They hit me with the gunstock. I fell on the ground. I was left in a pile of blood, an Ambulance took me away and took me to the County Hospital, straight into the Emergency Room”[71].

[71] *Documente ’89. Procesul de la Timișoara*, vol. IV, Editura Mirton, Timișoara, 2006, p. 2371.

Artemiza Aurelia Buibăr, Bucharest

„Well, this is where things were getting worse. Because there was a cordon of squires and they removed us, hand by hand (from the public toilet in the subway). Hand by hand meaning… that they were practically hitting us. That was when I was beaten quite hard, they broke my ribs, kicked me in the ribs with their boots, I can still remember it now, they struck my head with the shield, with batons, with whatever else they had. The thing that I distinctly remember is their sight overlooking from behind those helmets. Their sight was so beast-like, so animal-like … Because they were young boys, they were the same generation as us, this probably seemed quite dramatic for me. The sight was so beast-like, so animal-like and so full of hatred … and the way they were behaving with the protesters. There was just one young man who did not hit me and I saw that his look was terrified, it was obvious under the helmet, one could only see his eyes. (…) They took me out on the alley and that was where I could see it, there were plenty of truly disfigured boys. The girls were beaten up, but less struck in the face, but the boys, without exception, were disfigured (…) They took us to Jilava prison. We did not know where we were (…) The cells were truly crowded, we were put three in a bed. Me, with broken ribs, then, there was another woman whose hair wall all pulled from her head. They had pulled her hair off, strand by strand, she had only a little bit left, around … a few hair strands. She was looking, well, terrible. And the other woman had her thigh split and you could see the very bone. She had also refused any medical assistance”[72].

Babliov Rafael, Timișoara

„When they started shooting, around 6.30-7 pm, I ran to the entrance of an apartment building until the shooting stopped, I came out of the building once, but they started shooting again. The second time, they asked me to come out, hands behind my head. As we were coming out, one by one,

[72] Zoltan Rostaș, Florentina Țone (coordinators), *Tânăr student caut revoluționar*, vol. I, Editura Curtea Veche, Bucharest, 2011, p. 27-29.

they would be kicking and hitting us, as they could. Then, they loaded us onto a hood truck and took us to the Penitentiary on Popa Șapcă, where they split us into boys and girls. The next day, the school inspector Bolog came and collected all schoolchildren from the penitentiary. I may add that there were military and Police staff, as well as armed civilians"[73].

Balint Costel, Timișoara

„As I was rushing to get home, I found myself in front of the apartment building right across the Clinicile Noi, where three young people descend from, two boys and a girl, who were coming from a party, at that time, and a white ARO stopped just in front of us, two individuals dressed in civilian clothes descended from the vehicle, holding sticks, and they summoned us to identify ourselves. As I was trying to take out my identification card from the pocket of my coat, I suddenly found myself hit over the back with a bat, by the civilian. I fell down, dazed with pain: I heard the voice of a girl hitting back. She was also hit in the presence of her two friends, she was called a „whore", while the young boys were beaten and, along with me, put in the car. We were forced to stay hands behind our backs, while trivial words were thrown at us. The girl refused to shut up, she asked one of the civilians why she was picked up and they pulled her hair and smashed her head against the seat. I could not stay hands behind my back because of the pain caused by the hit I got earlier, I tried to move, but I was immediately straightened out with new strikes to the head and back. I lost my consciousness.

I woke up just to find myself knocked down in the M. I. yard, together with the others, and we were forced to descend some stairs leading to a chamber in the building basement. While descending the stairs, the Militia „sheets" were randomly hitting us with the utterly-present batons. In a small room, where there were some other young people, of whom I recognized some, we were made to kneel, hands behind our

[73] Adrian Kali, *1989 – Destin… work quoted*, p. 13, 27.

heads. Due to the hits received, the pain settled in the temples, giving out a feeling of my head being about to explode. I tried to stay calm and resist. We knew quite well where we were, at that point, and who our „masters" were. In the same position, there was another child (Rudolf, pupil in the 7th grade at Primary and Middle School no. 7) with his father, beaten up just like me, behind me, on their backs, four people filled with blood were breathing heavily. They were disfigured. I was horrified. Finally, a few workers appeared and one of them asked us: „Why were you out in the street and what was your purpose?" I could not shut up and tell the Militia officer that I was illegally detained or maybe detained by confusion, by mistake. I was quietly settled down with a fist in the mouth. On this occasion, I also managed to lose one of my front teeth. There was another guy, in a blue overall, collecting our identification data and searching us. Unlucky again, I had a Sony tape which brings about a bucket of curses and strikes for not presenting it when entering the Militia headquarters. When I recalled the entrance I got when entering, I felt horrified. Being rid of this ordeal, I was moved to a 4/4 cell. Inside it, there were around fifty people who were barely breathing. Due to the lack of air, the atmosphere was unbearable, I felt like I was about to collapse. A few young people were removed from the room – (for interrogation purposes), and then, taken back after around thirty minutes, in a manner impossible to describe.

Amongst our ranks, we had a M. N. D. deputy officer of the Gurasada M. U., who wanted to speak to the head of the Militia. He had come to Timişoara for a wedding and was arrested without any explanation. There was no way you could talk to the Militia „bosses". The man was desperate. After a new selection, under the same drizzle of blows, we are taken out of the M. I. yard, to air. It was already morning. The day was restored to its full. In the yard of the institution, we were about sixty people standing in line, beaten up and hands behind our heads. The cold air outside was comforting our physical and mental pains. Around five meters in front of the line, the „protectors" were studying us like some strange animals. Some of them, the ones with golden sheets on their

shoulders, were striking with the baton or kicking with their foot an innocent person, for not standing straight. I was in the first row of the line. I was staring them in the eyes, they seemed scared and agitated, speaking out loud and threatening us with long years in prison. There, „at their house", I was feeling truly lost in their hands. I wasn't thinking about anything. When the penitentiary van appeared, any hope of freedom is lost. We are put in the van under the forever-present strikes. Within an indescribable jam, I got on the van the last but one, with a hairy beggar, both feet cut from the knee down. I am advised to hold him. The scene is grotesque, I can barely stand on my own two feet"[74].

Bălăceanu Constantin Emanoil, Bucharest

„Around 1 PM (December, 21st), I went out with my fellow workers at the hospital and were surprised to see large groups of protesters chanting against Ceaușescu. (…) it was rumoured that, in the Palatului Square, several civilians were shot and tear gases were sprayed. Between the București Hotel and the Athénée Palace Hotel, a cordon of 2-3 rows had been set up, consisting in militaries in blue uniforms, holding rubber batons and several unarmed civilians, behind them, in front of them, on Calea Victoriei, there was a group of 100-150 persons, me and my colleagues included, who were chanting against Ceaușescu. There were several clashes between us and the Militia officers. We wanted to enter the Palatului Square and the Milita officers were trying to force us back, hitting us with their rubber batons. Behind me, I heard the noise of a shop window breaking, in the Biserica Albă area. Also, after about 30 minutes, I saw 2 or 3 yellow buses, with their lights on, as they approached us coming from Victoriei Square and stopped next to București Hotel, most demonstrators were dispersed, but I, being within the first lines, was not able to run. Militaries dressed in khaki uniforms and armed with submachine guns descended from the bus. I was hit in the back, in the spine area, between the

[74] Costel Balint, *Ziua de mâine a început ieri*, Editura Eurostampa, Timișoara, 2007, p. 105-106.

shoulder blades, twice, with the gunstock of a submachine gun. A civilian, around 35 years of age, tall, athletic, dark hair, dressed in a dark fabric coat and a light-colored jumper underneath, caught my right forearm and told me to follow him, taking me behind the Militia cordon. That was where I saw the minister of the Interior, Postelnicu Tudor, dressed in a navy fabric overcoat and wearing an astrakhan on his head. The civilian told him that he had caught me, after a long pursuit. Postelnicu Tudor addressed the civilian: „If he does not listen from here onwards, you take him out!", pointing towards my abdomen, after which he went away without hitting me.

After he left, the afore-described civilian, accompanied by a Militia officer dressed in a khaki uniform, caught me by the arms, twisted my arms, after which I was strongly kicked in the back of my head and lost consciousness. I was knocked down to the carriageway and, although I curled up, I was kicked with the boots and the gunstocks in my back and my ribs. (…) They dragged me all the way to the back entrance of the Athénée Palace, where they abandoned me. I could not say for how long I was there as I was unconscious, but I did come around, at one point, because another body was thrown on top of me. That was when I noticed that we were several male individuals on that site. We were all thrown, around 15 people, in an Aro vehicle belonging to the Militia, which took us to the Police Station 1, on Ana Ipătescu Boulevard. We were removed from the Aro vehicle and taken to Militia arrest. It was empty since we were the first cargo of this kind. They had to drag me since, due to the kicks I got in my spine and my ribs, I could not feel my legs anymore. They left me in the corner of a 5/4 m room, and the other five they put in the same room were aligned facing the wall opposite to the entrance. They took away our identification documents and those who had valuables (rings, gold chains) on them were also stripped of them. Two or three Militia officers entered the room and started hitting them brutally; they hit their heads against the concrete wall, kicking them with their boots in the legs and testicles. They refrained from beating me

because I was unconscious. The room I was in steadily filled up, with around 20-25 people present, all beaten up.

Around 6-6.30 pm, two Militia non-commissioned officers entered the room and asked who of us was Bălăceanu Constantin, after which they took me by the arms and put me in a white, non-registered Dacia 1300 car, and took me to the Emergency Hospital. While in hospital, I was subjected to several x-ray films and, while I was waiting, between the two Militia officers, for the film to be developed, a male individual came in, carried on a stretcher, with the diagnosis: „left lung shot wound" and another person with one leg bleeding, saying that he had been hit by an AAV. The radiologist, after being aware that I was working for the ACIRAM, the hospital's medical device supplier, told the Militia officers that I must be admitted to hospital as I suffered several rib fractures, with one of the ribs almost perforating my lungs. Although the Militia officers said that their order was to take me back to the Police Station 1, the doctor made a stand and admitted me. The Militia officers left and, although I suspected that things would not end there and I would be sought by other civilians, I decided to leave the ward I had been admitted to and slept, on the night of 21/22.12.1989 in another ward. On 22.12.1989, around 01.00 PM, after the Ceauşescu spouses ran away, I requested to be discharged. Upon discharge, I noticed that my clothes were gone, and so was my medical observation sheet"[75].

Bănuțoiu Nicolae, Bucharest

„On December, 21st, 1989, I was arrested in the Universitate area, where I was taking part in the demonstration. Around 10.45 PM, after they started shooting at will, we were lying on the ground, face down, after which we tried to leave towards the subway. We were, however, met by Militia comrades. They „advised us" to trust them and go through the cordon they had set up, and that we would be fine. What followed was a blow of fists and kicks and I could not see anything because of the beatings. Behind the Militia

[75] IRRD Archives, Merits I, case file no. 123.

cordon, the USLA was waiting for us. There was another round of beatings. They caught me by the shoulders and dragged me almost 100 meters, to a van located somewhere behind the Universitate area. There were over 60 people there already. They threw us in vans like bags of potatoes. There were injured people, people with crushed jaws, broken noses, fractured hands and feet, eyes scratched out. We were taken directly to Jilava, after a ride of one-one and a half hours around the city. Around the penitentiary I was at, there were around 400 arrested individuals, plenty of them with life-threatening injuries and left there to die. Shots were heard throughout the night, from the outside. I was not interrogated. The next day, around 4 pm, they freed us"[76].

Bândariu Ioan Gheorghe, Timișoara

„People, disoriented and frightened, were running asunder, in order to defend themselves, but unsuccessfully. Moreover, around 10 meters in front of us, I saw how an M. I. officer was showing soldiers how to hit with a gunstock, savagely striking a man in the face! Under a flight of batons, I was taken, along with my parents, into an ARO vehicle, crammed with inmates. The person coordinating the actions of soldiers was a high-rank M. N. D. officer. We were taken to the Militia headquarters, where we were taken over by the officers and non-commissioned officers present here; after they hit us with their batons in any manner they could, they ordered us to lie on the ground, face down. When in this position, they started hitting us again, cursing us and calling down the fact that we took to the streets. After some time, we were „invited" to descend to our cells. In order to do that, we had to cross a corridor where, on both sides, Militia officers were waiting to hit us with whatever they had at hand. The cell we were locked in was about 6-8 square meters, and we were about 60 persons; the engine of a truck found in the Militia yard was running, while the gases coming out of the exhaust pipe were coming straight into the cell. On the morning of December, 17th, around 8 AM, we were removed

[76] Romulus Cristea, work quoted, p. 25-26.

from the cell and aligned in the Militia yard, in six rows of ten men each, for an hour; as we were arranged as such, we were being „examined" by a civilian dressed in a leather coat and wearing a moustache, dark hair, walking between the rows. His intention was to recognize protesters as, as he himself was saying, he had mixed with the demonstrators, chanting with them! Therefore, he recognized two men who were taken out of the rows and beaten up, being asked to identify other protesters; in spite of the beatings, they did not recognize anyone! After that, Bucur Viorel came to us and „encouraged" us that it would be the last sunrise we shall ever see"[77].

Belu Aurelian-Dumitru, Timișoara

„At the Greek church in the Republicii Boulevard, a black Dacia stopped right next to us and five Militia officers descended, saying that we were under arrest, without however mentioning the reason. During this time, a TV appeared, as well, with 7-8 non-commissioned officers descending from the vehicle. These Militia officers started hitting us savagely, from all sides, without looking at their targets. I tried to run while they were hitting and shoving us towards the van, but got caught, or better said, I stopped, on hearing the words «Stop, or I will shoot!»"[78].

Borchescu Ioan, Timișoara

„There were a few scattered militaries, but they were like statues there… And I went by the „Eminescu" Bookshop and headed towards the „700 Square", so that I could get to my house, by „700", at my place, on Zborului Street, in Circumvalațiunii. And there, between the parking lot at the „Timișoara" Restaurant and the Garrison, the Eye Hospital, a Customs military, a thin boy, holding a gun, threads towards me and summons me to hold. I do so. He asked for identification. I showed him my documents and he asked where I was coming from, I told him where I was coming

[77] Adrian Kali, *1989 – Destin*..., p. 13, 30-31.
[78] Ioan Dan, work quoted, p. 291.

from; he did not care too much, he directed me to go to one of their officers, located in front of the „Banloc" Restaurant. At the Garrison, next to the tram line, there was an IMS and he said that there was an officer just there. I went there. Just as I was about to leave, there were two more Customs officers with weapons, they surrounded me and took me there; I told them I could go on my own, that I know where to go, but they refused and replied that they would join me there. And they took me there. The officer there took my ID card and said: „Come with me!" He crossed the tram line and entered the Garrison. I entered, as well, and he immediately intended to take me upstairs. And they arrested me. The Garrison arrest was holding another 50 people: boys, girls, elders, pensioners, all sorts of people. When I got in there, he said: „Stay here until we check your documents!" I waited there and, at one point, I heard him say: „You must stay here until the morning, I called the commander and he ordered me to keep you here!". What else could I do? I stayed there, in the arrest! We got ready to spend the night there, standing… We took those blankets down and lay on them… They behaved to us nicely, no cursing, no nothing… it was not so… The night passed. At around 4.30 AM, he took us and wanted to bring us outside. I did not know where he was taking us. He took us all out on the street, where a RABA truck with a hood was waiting. And they loaded us all into that truck, but in a sorry plight. With hitting, cursing and all the rest… A young Militia officer was not wearing a helmet, his shirt was open because it was so hot… that officer was very, very mean. He hit an old woman who could not get on. She was with her man, they were coming from a wedding and they caught them. He slapped her over the mouth, a very mean person… A beauty of a man, but mean… We may find out his name because the officer on duty knows who he had delivered us to. He loaded us into that RABA, we left the Garrison and headed towards the Military Restaurant, turned right, then right again, on the tram line, and passing by the „Bega" Shop, up to the „Decebal" bridge. When we got to the bridge, we turned left and headed towards the Municipality Militia. We went passed the Municipality Militia and entered

the yard of the County Militia. It was the worst thing there, worse than any horror movie… They made us all lie on the ground, face down, and not the militaries, the Militia non-commissioned officers, were holding some white sticks and beat us over the abdomen with such sticks while we had our hands stretched, and they beat us until 5.30 AM. At 5.30 AM, a tall and dark-haired officer instructs the van driver to bring the van over, the van that was bringing in the inmates. He brought the van over and the other one asks: „How many can we fit in there?". And he says: „60, and if you pack them up nicely, 90"; „Pack them up really well!" He cursed us like never before and said he was going to take us away and shoot us… „We have plenty of walls! You wanted «power»"? Why did you not come to us, to give you power? You didn't know that the Militia was holding" «the power»"? „The tall officer was the one who voiced these words. And they took us to the Penitentiary. We got there really fast. They did not give us any food there because we were not set up for the portion. From Monday onwards, they started feeding us the portion. And … penitentiary with a penitentiary regime, what can you do?! They treated us humanely. Me and whoever else was in the room… The rest, I have no idea about how they behaved with the others… It was only on Tuesday afternoon that they took me and others for interrogation. Which I spelt out exactly how it happened… To a young prosecutor, with a moustache, I do not know who he was, I had never seen him before, but he turned out to be quite a civilized man. He did not bully me or anything. He took my statement, he wrote it, I signed it and that was it.

Why did I have to get beaten up? And others, more serious than me, I was wondering why they were not brought here. I saw an engineer working down at „Electromotor". And I knew his name. I thought it was Lopată. A young man, around 22 years, you should see what they had done to him. I had never seen anything like that in my life… From here to his toes, he was all bruised, black from the beatings … And he said to me, while we were in the room: „Mr. Ioan, I would take another beating if it was to get out of here. „«For God's

sake, why would you take another beating?»" He was young, 22 years of age, I think he was an electronics engineer"[79].

Botezatu Andrei, Bucharest

„At midnight, I ran from the Universitate, in the Baricada area, when they were shooting directly at the protesters and the tanks were headed towards us. We left towards the National Theater, and then, the Rosetti area. The squires and soldiers had us surrounded. A truck came quickly and blocked the road, and that is why we escaped. We left afoot and got to the Unirii area, followed by the Army, Militia and squires. We were pushed towards the Mărășești Boulevard and they started shooting at us. We were a group of 30-40 people. We jumped the fence of a house and fell into a metal diesel-fuel barrel. A few Militia officers saw me and summoned me to surrender. A couple of protesters were also hidden in the waste bins in the yard, but the Militia officers failed to notice them. The other two signaled for me to surrender and not give them away. The Militia officers started beating me up, they were hitting mea with the gunstocks and the batons. One of them punched me in the face. They dragged me almost all the way to the Precinct 14 and threw me in the middle of a pile of squires who set about me with their boots, shields and batons. A civilian also intervened, continuously hitting me. I was removed and they took me to Precinct 14. There were at least 30 demonstrators there. They started beating us, one by one, and threaten to kill us. They took us to a Militia garage, where the beatings continued and a few soldiers were simulating to shoot us. The beatings lasted up until 3 AM. I was made to lie on the ground, face down, and struck continuously. They put some of us in a van and took us, I have no idea why, towards the „Cenușa" Crematorium. After around 10 minutes, we left for Jilava. When we got there, I was put in a cell with another 30-40 arrested protesters. The beatings continued in Jilava, as well, I was struck over the palm of my hand and asked what I

[79] *Documente '89 Procesul de la Timișoara*, vol. V, Editura Mirton , Timișoara, 2006, p. 2544-2545, 2547.

was doing at the protest, what my problem was with the country's president and I was permanently questioned about the potential leaders of the revolt"[80].

Brătoi Dumitru, Bucharest

„We were directed around 25-30 m towards the Unirea shop, where a true headquarters was set up, with Militia cars (Aro + Dacia), and, all around, there were high-rank officers, (…) I was asked, by the colonel, what we were doing there, at that time, and, seeing that I could barely speak, he was hardly making out my answer, took his hat off and said: take them away from here, they have been in town since morning. (…) We were led by a few Militia non-commissioned officers, along with a few Militia militaries, to the Militia Station 14. We were shoved in some sort of garage. A boy, heavily bleeding, was removed by one of the doors leading to the garage, and they kept on kicking him until, two meters behind us, he fell without making any gesture that would prove he was still alive, after which they threw some water over him, and the Militia officers who had applied the beating, seeing that he had stopped moving, took him by the coat and dragged him out of the garage. (…) We were embarked in a vehicle and carried to the Capital Militia, where hell fell upon us, throughout a very long passage, Militia officers were lined up, on both sides, and as we were passing by, they would strike us with whatever they had on them, fists and boots"[81].

Burghelea Victor, Timișoara

„We stop in Dacia Square, someone from the line is speaking to us. I am by myself, I do not know anyone. Seeing as I was elderly, a young man said he was happy we were there, with them, because we, the „elders", are at fault for the situation Romania was in at the time. The national anthem is being sung and we are headed towards Torontalului. I believe it was around 3 AM on the morning of December, 17.

[80] Romulus Cristea, work quoted, p. 41-42.
[81] Ioan Dan, work quoted, p. 286-287.

I am among the last in the line and I notice that we are followed by soldiers with bayonets on their weapons. I get out of the line and end up in Circumvalațiunii, alone, with the intention of heading towards the city center. I see a barricade of cars before me. I am heading towards the printing office and, from here, towards the city center. I pass under the railway bride by the printing office. Just ahead of me, around 25 meters ahead, two boys and two girls were walking towards the city center, as well. Next to the former Ambulance Service, they are being stopped by a few civilians having descended from an ARO, and are being pushed into the ARO. I try to pass by them. A civilian comes towards me and instructs me to get in the vehicle. I refuse, asking him to present an arrest warrant. I am being showed the „arrest warrant". Two more civilians come along, one of them, holding a stick, wants to hit me in the head. I duck and the stick hits my right foot. I fall, the three men jump me and start kicking me. I refuse to get up, so they lift me and throw me in the car, over the others, as there was no more room in the car. The civilian having hit me with the stick hops on me, saying that I would also state that I had been at a party. The car enters the Militia yard. We descend and, passing through a crowd of Militia officers, we are thrown into a cell at the basement. When I was descending, one of the Militia officers kicks me with the booth in the back, but now, I feel numb. We were about 50-60 inmates, in the cell. It was hot, we had no air, we ask them to open the door so that we could catch some air, but are turned down.

After some time, the door opens and a civilian comes in (I found out, later on, that it had been Captain Bucur Viorel) and takes a seat and starts writing the names of the inmates, their workplace and their professions. He stops writing only when hearing the student profession, just to hit the one who said he was a student. He says some harsh words, he claims we had set fire to the shops, broke the shop windows, applied bad treatments to his colleagues.

Around 6 AM, we are being taken out to the yard and made to stand in line. Again, fists and boot kicks, then, we are thrown into a van and taken to the „Popa Șapcă"

penitentiary. We descend from the van, get into a line and, grouped into 2-3 people, we are taken to a room where there is a civilian and a Militia officer. Our personal data and valuables are being taken away and recorded in a registry. At one point, the stamped cards on which our names were written finish. A Militia officer is sent to bring in more cards. We wait for the cards to be brought in and I accidentally overhear the civilian asking a Militia officer: „Why are we putting these ones in here, since we will release them in a couple of days anyway?". I often thought about that question. Was the respective civilian guessing or did he actually know more of the matter?

After these formalities finish, we are being taken to the so-called „club". After arrival, we are searched, one by one, by two Militia officers, namely: we are stripped naked, our shoes and socks are checked so as to make sure that we are not hiding anything. I still had a few lei in the pocket of my pants. Bare naked, just as at birth, I am sent to the other end of the hall, to a table, where I turn in my change. At one point, a major entered the room and I heard him ask the Militia officer: „Why are you searching them like that? They do not have what you think they have".

Finally, after the entire group was searched in the manner described, we are directed to a cell. Here, there are bunk-beds on three levels, facilities in one corner, a long table and two rows of desks.

We are around 50-55 individuals, 3-4 of us were older (50 to 60 years), and the rest, young people. We ask the guards to give us some papers and, later on, they bring us some old copies of the „Scânteia". We have, among us, two children, gypsies, the brothers Sandu and Mihai, aged 10 to 12. They were living in the vicinity of the Ronaț train station. They were picked up while exiting the cinema. We ended up being friends because they were tiny, and also because one of them was always crying, I think it was Florin, he was the younger one, I think.

We did not get any food on Sunday, but we did have water in the facilities. At night, some students are being brought in. I found out that they had been kept in a bathroom.

On Monday morning, one of us, who had some knowledge of the penitentiary, is instructed by the guards to line us up for the roll call. Two or three Militia officers come along and start counting us, for a few times. I take advantage of the occasion and „properly" introduce myself, stating that, unaware of the reasons for my arrest, I demand that I be taken to report with the commander of the arrest. My intervention caught them by surprise and I am being assured that I shall be taken to report (which did not happen).

We were fed, in the afternoon and the evening. We were thus full-time inmates. On the night of Monday heading into Tuesday, I was listening to the shots in the city and the crowd hooting.

On Tuesday, around 1 PM, a civilian asked who Burghelea was. I confirmed that it was me, he asked me whether I had worked at ELBA and takes me out to the corridor, where I sit, face against the wall and hands behind my back. I feel him as he approaches and, on a low voice, he advises me to keep calm, perhaps because I was looking scared, after which, using an emphatic voice, he says: „March behind me!". I go out into the yard, where I see Oprea Vasile and Culman Gerhard, from the factory I was working at. I join them. The civilian approaches and, using the same low voice, says that in ELBA, where we were working, there is plenty of fuss going on, after which he orders us to follow him. (*On December, 19, General Ștefan Gușă and First Secretary Radu Bălan went to ELBA to talk to the employees. Asked what their requests were, the workers said, amongst others,* „*We want Burghelea*", n. r.).

We are being taken to General Nuță. Dressed as a civilian, he is making us liable for what was happening in the city and, using an irritated voice, tells us that we are free to go. We are being directed along a corridor, after which a well-dressed civilian takes each of us to give out statements. I entered the room first and, when asked why I was out on the streets, I obviously gave a different reason than the true one. Further on, Oprea Vasile and Culman Gerhard are interrogated.

One by one, we are taken to an office where a female comrade, dressed as a civilian, returns our belongings retained on Sunday morning. I politely asked her what the time was and she replied that it was 2.10 PM.

The same civilian takes us to the gate and another one tells him to hold us in for another 20 minutes, after which he can let us go. We are put in a cell, in the building where our valuables had been taken away on Sunday. After some time, the cell door is opened by a quite „colored" civilian who tells us that we would only be set free the coming morning, then we have some Militia officers taking away our returned items and all three of us are escorted back to the penitentiary, in cell 56. The civilian instructed the guard to take us back to cell 56 because „these three are the subjects of tomorrow morning's actions". There are five more men in the cell. We suspect each other, but soon realize that we were all protesters arrested on the streets. Vasile Oprea was badly beaten and has some broken ribs. I slept in the same bed as him, on the night of Tuesday into Wednesday.

We fail to mention the other five people that we are about to be released in the morning. We are afraid that they would interpret it differently.

The morning comes and there is nothing special happening. Around 3-4 PM, I take advantage of a Militia officer opening the door and start telling him about our status. He promises he would check on my story. Later on, when we thought that they had forgotten about us, the Militia officer tells us that we would be released around 6 PM.

We are being removed from the cell, taken to the gate, while another nine individuals are removed from their cells. There we were, a gathering of 12 people, being offered „training" by a shorter civilian, holding a radio-transmitter. He tells us that we would be taken, by car, to the RCP County Committee, where we would be released, and that we should tell the crowd that we were the first to be released from the penitentiary and that everyone else would also be released. The three of us received the items held on Tuesday. The others are told to come back in a few days. One of the inmates, Moldavian, by speech, has the courage to shout to

the Militia officers that, after having arrested and beaten him, they should return his bicycle that he had with him. The civilian tells him to return in 2-3 days"[82].

Bursuc Costel, Timişoara

„I am one of the participants in the Revolution of December, 1989 and, on December, 16, I was held by the public force bodies and submitted to the Timişoara Penitentiary.

I was put in a room with the several other persons, of whom I may mention Stroie Lucian, who has the same domicile as me, a citizen with the name of Goldănescu Adrian in Buziaş, Gherghinescu Doru, Nagy Tiberiu. On the morning of December, 19, 1989, in room 19, were I was held along with the aforementioned persons, Major Radu Tinu came in, accompanied by three other individuals, all presumed to be Intelligence officers, who investigated us.

I recall that Major Radu Tinu was particularly violent, beating up, among others, the aforementioned Goldănescu Adrian, whom he seemed to know for some time before. I, myself, was also hit by Major Radu Tinu, for unjustified reasons, as he requested me to confess my actions throughout the revolution and, particularly to indicate the names of the leaders having started the revolution.

Although this officer had, by violence, instructed us to make statements in writing, I refused to do it.

I remember one particular aspect related to the most abusive conduct displayed by Major Radu Tinu as he was addressing Goldănescu Adrian, and said: «You got away from me once, but tomorrow, I will shoot you myself»"[83].

[82] Marius Mioc, *Revoluţia din Timişoara aşa cum a fost. Mărturii ale Răniţilor, Arestaţilor, Rudelor şi Prietenilor celor Decedaţi în Revoluţie,* Brumar, Timişoara, 1997, p. 51-53.

[83] http://sensidev.com/fc/dosare%20nr%2024.1991/dosar%20nr%2024%201991%20volumul%2019/0110.jpg, accessed on 13.06.2014

Buznea Constantin, Bucharest

„I immediately withdrew towards the National Theater and when I was next to the wall of the basement ladder, an Intelligence officer ranked as Lieutenant was heading towards me, accompanied by several conscripts, and when he got really close to me, pointing a gun towards my head and summoning me, they all bore down upon me and hit me in the head with several hard objects until I fell down, continuing to hit me, even then"[84].

Chițu Eugen, Timișoara

„C. E.: - On December, 17, 1989, I went out. I was unaware of what was happening. On my way home, we met some protesters and joined them, and proceeded to Calea Lipovei, where my house was. We were around 100-150 individuals. Before reaching the corner of Borzești and the street leading to the U.T.T., the Army came out from the U.T.T. street and the front. After that, they… they did not ask us to stop or anything. I could not tell what his rank was, perhaps Major or… he was wearing a black fly front with an oak leaf. He said the order was to shoot. The soldiers failed to follow command, so he started shooting at will himself. Afterwards, the soldiers started shooting, as well…

P.C.: - Which way?

C.E.: Towards us…

P.C.: - Towards you...

C.E.: Yes, exactly.

P.C.: - What was the distance?

C.E.: Perhaps 60-70 meters … After that, they wounded me when I wanted to run on the other side. They wounded my left leg, then, my right one … They broke my bone, I fell down. The one who shot first, the officer, who was followed by soldiers in shooting, came to us and hit us with the gunstock…

P.C.: - Who hit you with the gunstock?

C.E.: The one who ordered to shoot…

P.C.: - The officer...

[84] Ioan Dan, work quoted, p. 288-289.

C.E.: The officer said: „What were you after? A revolution?" I was beaten with the gunstock and kicked with the boots… After that, we were taken by two civilians, people amongst protesters… We were 12 people and they took us to a hole in a lighter shop… We were there for around 30 minutes, or 15 minutes, I cannot really tell. After that, they took us to the hospital with private cars, but two of them were dead…

P.C.: - So, you were 12 injured, shot then.

C.E: Yes, 12. Where we were, in the hole, I could not tell…

P.C.: - And out of 12, two died... What hospital did they take you to?

C.E.: We went to the Clinici, at first, on December, 17, then they took me to the Orthopedics on December, 18, they moved me to the County Hospital after that, because I was not eating, I kept vomiting from the beating I got. To the County Hospital, the Orthopedics, and, on January, 20, I left for Vienna, for surgery…"[85]

Ciobanu Liviu, Bucharest

„The dictator decides to organize a protest in Palatului Square. People are, again, forcibly removed from factories and plants; for the millionth time…This was one of the biggest and happiest mistakes: the organization of this protest which sparked the flame of the Revolution in all Bucharest and, I believe, in the entire country. At noon, my father calls me to watch television; I saw how, during the first few moments, all or almost all of the tyrant's and his wife's portraits were gone, along with all panels that would sing him praises. In the first rows, after which we all saw only Intelligence officers, I reckon. The illiterate was panicking; SIDA – short for just some of the multitude of titles awarded to him, titles imposed on the highest-ranking institutions, meaning *savant – inginer – doctor – academician* (scholar – engineer – doctor – academician) … his face showing a

[85] *Documente '89 Procesul de la Timişoara*, vol. V, Editura Mirton, Timişoara, 2006, p. 2674-2675.

distorted, forced smile; he was applauding – for the final time! The wheels on the infernal dictatorial mechanism were starting to break. The world was shouting LIBERTY! and other truly revolutionary chants; fireworks are being thrown. At 10 AM, I find myself in front of the Eva shop, where I join the millions of young people asking for liberty, and death to the dictator. Militaries of special troops, the so-called antiterrorists, are continuously brought in by car. The first rows consisted in students advising us and, if needed, preventing us from resorting to violent actions against the truly Nazi individuals. Our slogan was "NO VIOLENCE", but there was violence on the part of these special troops. At Eva, we are forced to withdraw; the infernal vehicles of the Nazi – if I may call them so - are advancing and people are being run over by „tracks", struck with the fists, batons and bayonets. I gather the stuntman Ovidiu Pavelescu off the streets, as he had been awfully beaten and managed to save his girl from the terrorists' strikes, holding her like a treasure. We take both of them to a shop, me and my friend Costel Trifu, a shop located only a few meters away from the Intelligence cordons. Ovidiu wanted to proceed with us, the fight had barely begun; I finally managed to convince him not to, seeing how bad he had been beaten.

Young people are gathering in the area, again; the protest continues and I see young girls handing out flowers to Intelligence and special troop officers, but their faces remain the same. I could see the same defying smiles. I ask them: „What do you eat?!", „Why don't you join us?", I ask them to put their guns down and I expect at least one of them to join me; no chance!

At this time, in the Square, candles are being lit for the martyrs in Timișoara. We were continuously chanting revolutionary slogans, we were singing the national anthem, a round dance is started, but the Intelligence vehicles set off again and the cordons advance hastily, they even manage to catch some of us; I managed to escape, this time again.

We regroup on Dacia Boulevard; at first, we are tens, but as we were walking for hours and hours on the streets of Bucharest, chanting „Come with us!", we gather with

thousands. (…) full bottles are thrown into the crowds, from several windows (on Mihai Bravu). We get to the Universității Square by means of a site that, as we saw later on, was blocked by armored vehicles and vans prepared to pick us up.

In a nice solidarity gesture, the drivers of some heavy vehicles park just before the cordons so as to stop the armoured amphibious loading conveyors from advancing. In the Square, different people use speakers to talk, some of them are parents of the victims in Timișoara, people coming from different corners of the country; we find out, with extreme joy, that in Lugoj, the people took over power. I bring the people at the speaker, who were actually organizing the tasks, two bottles of hot tea, as they were barely speaking, they were very hoarse; they would proceed with their activity on different sites in the Square so as to keep the people informed on the important news and to make several calls – which, at the time, unfortunately turned out to be useless.

A few militaries show us how they hit themselves with the cutting edge of the bayonet, of course, and do not even have a scratch; who knows what special shirts they were wearing, apart from the helmets, shields, batons and submachine guns they were holding against men who were probably their brothers and who had, as their only weapon, a conscience in need of being freed from Ceaușescu's doctrines, and two hands.

An amphibious vehicle tries to advance; it fails, it tries again and is set on fire, much to our joy.

I am off to Romarta Copiilor to make a phone call to my mother, it was 11.45 AM; I also wanted to call the English teacher who was tutoring me – and who, I hoped, would continue to do so as I knew nothing of her – she is called Duță Aurelia and told me, when I called her from home about the protest, that if anything, she wants to be among the first lines of protesters. My mother answers the phone: „I am well, mother; we were two hundred and now, we are thousands and many more coming". „Come home, sweetheart." - „I will not be coming until it all ends, do not wait for me!" - „Go and sleep at Ica, I will give you her phone number." - „No use

insisting, I am staying right here". I smoke my cigarette and return; the armored vehicles had taken over Universității Square. I enter the subway, into the passage; after a short while, some – I do not know how to call them, they were not anti-terrorists, their helmets said „Militia", they were fascists – fascists with Intelligence officers dressed as civilians. They break window shops, before, only the windows of a bookstore where Ceaușescu's books were stored – I used a small „c" on purpose – the rest of the bookstore and absolutely all the rest of the windows, including the jewelry – jewelry store – were unharmed. They were probably going to mention it as an act of vandalism, but did not have time to.

I approach a man with a bleeding face and about to pass out; I want to take him to my place, on Titulescu Street, and he eventually agrees to it, but those instances of hesitation were probably about to cost him his life. We want to exit the passage, the Intelligence officers call us, even tantalize us, and we run together towards the subway; they catch up, I manage to run with pain in my heart for having left him there; I turn my head and notice that they were beating him with the batons and kicking him. While in the passage, I ask a few young men to go and have a look whether he was still alive, but most of them turn me down; one of them consents to go with me, but we fail to find him, only 2-3 minutes had gone by.

We must return to the subway again, where they had announced that a train would be coming, but it was not to come anymore. We hide in a thermal room where I am the first one to be caught, right in the middle of it, I end up getting fisted, hit with batons and kicked; I hear shouting: „Sit down" by the Intelligence officer who hit me first; I grasp my head between my hands and sit in order to get another series of kicks with the boots over the hands, but also in the head… it was impossible for me to know what was happening with the others.

We are being taken up the stairs, we get there, God knows how, but when we get there, we are made to lie on the ground, face down, and we arehit with batons and shields over the back, head, legs; whoever raises their heads ends up

not only being hit with the baton in the head, but anywhere else; the ones on the sides are the most brutally beaten. While being continuously beaten, we are loaded into vans, on top of each other, and taken to the Militia section. On the way, I uselessly try to grasp the handle of the door closing the van, the door next to which a Militia officer is sitting and who, for a few moments – the moments I try to take advantage of – turns away from me.

We are made to get off while being beaten up and directed to the station, where Intelligence officers dressed in civilians and Militia officers beat the hell out of us, they make us lie down and they lift us to tie us by the hands with wires (one of the Militia officers even states that he would need another coil of wire), ropes, belts, scarves. They break loose my lace from the jacket hood and use it to tie up the others. I was holding my hands a little bit apart and the Militia officer tying me up shouted „Put your hands together!", but I still managed to keep them apart, even though I was kicked in the stomach (I think). We are lain on the ground, on top of each other, in a room nearby. The window above my head is broken from the outside and a part of it falls on my head; blood was flowing from the head of the person in front of me. I use my teeth to pull the belt off the person beneath me, to the left; a gesture which, I later on realized, completely useless. We were taken to another room, which I think was used as a meeting hall or a torture chamber. I forgot how they called it, but it had a specific name. I sit down next to a calm and quiet daughter of a dustman; I looked into her eyes and became courageous; those eyes were saying quite a few words; in lesser words, it inspired tranquility, courage and resistance. A boy was shouting for Lieutenant-Major Ștefănescu to be brought in; when he came, he loosened the tie of his hands, a little bit, but most of them who were tied with wire and were asking for their grips to be loosened done it in vain.

A Militia lieutenant was kicking, as hard as he could, an old man who could have easily been his father. Around 6 AM, we are loaded into the multi-chambered van, with four Militia officers in each chamber. I knew we would be taken

to a forest on the edge of Bucharest, to be shot. I was reciting „Our Father" in my thoughts. (…) For the first time in my life, I was scared of dying, but I wanted it to come. We got to Jilava, Fort 13, where I was searched, asked to hand in any lighter and blades that we could potentially have on us. I received medical assistance, it was about time; a boy named Vasile had splinters in his leg, his pants had a hole of about one centimeter in them, and another person also had splinters, but this time, in his neck. I could not see with one eye; therefore, I was called Falconeti. The doctor said that my back was all reddish, my leg was hurting, my head was a large wound. Vasile had been beaten by his first-level cousins. One of them was an Intelligence major, while the other, a Police staff sergeant. I was collecting cigarette fags off the ground and would smoke them. I was waiting for the Intelligence to come and pick us up. We were not free, of course. We knew we would probably end up dead or, anyway, beaten up, as we heard the Intelligence would.

The doctors kept us there as much as they could, they were asked to fix us up as soon as possible.

Cell 90. Around 60 people in 23 beds. I managed to fall asleep for a little while. Then, we got bread and some tea.

We are notified that we would be released. The Revolution had triumphed"[86].

Ciucă Marcel, Bucharest

„We were dispersed as we were going home, on the day of December, 22, 1989, together with my wife, we ended up on Calea Văcărești and, about 50-100 meters behind, two more persons were walking, as well, when suddenly, two cars, a white Dacia, stopping at the front, and a TV, at the back (it was 1-2 in the morning) summoned and 5 Militia officers descended, each holding guns in one hand, and batons, in the other, all summoning us to stop. Me and my wife stopped, but the other two persons did not, they started running over Văcărești hill. The Militia officer who descended from the TV went after them and caught one of

[86] IRRD Archives, Merits I, case file no. 161.

them, and fired shots after the other, I do not know if they got him or not, but they did not follow him anymore. I do not know what their problem was with me and my wife (we stopped upon summoning), but they started beating us. After getting bored or tired, I do not know the reason, they shoved us into the TV. While we were moving, someone communicated through the radio-transmitter that a team should drive to Big Berceni because some more hooligans had been caught. We finally got there. While putting them in the van, one of them ran off, they started shooting at him and got him in the leg, I think. They did not take that one to the car. I have no idea what they have done to him"[87].

Constantinescu Nicolae, Bucharest

„(…) I can still remember that, on the night of December, 21 into December, 22, around midnight, we went out to look outside the window. The „Luceafărul" cinema had its windows broken and some Militia officers were projecting some spotlights towards the inside, to check if there was someone else in there. At one time, I saw a group of 4-5 people coming into Colței street and trying to jump the fence into the yard of the hospital. The Militia officers saw them and hacked them down with a machine gun burst. So that we would not be seen by the order forces, we fell face down. They were shooting at the ones who would stick their heads out the window.

- *Where there any instances of people being hurt or beaten up so badly that they needed medical assistance, treatment?*

- Of course, there were numerous such instances. On December, 22, 1989, two young girls showed up at Colțea. Their faces were awfully beaten. I had never seen anything like it before, people being beaten up so badly. They were impossible to look at. Swollen, with traces of blood, I cannot describe it … the two girls had been caught and taken away by someone from the Army (probably), from the perimeter of the Universității, and taken to the area of the Negoiu Hotel

[87] Ioan Dan, work quoted, 2012, p. 292.

(where there was a so-called „protester collection point"). That was where they had been told to lie down, facing the kerb. Militaries, or whatever they were, were coming along and repeatedly and brutally kicking them with the toe of their boots, heels in the neck. They were then taken to the Militia Precinct 10, where the beatings continued; they were then locked up in the Jilava penitentiary"[88].

Corozanu Marian, Bucharest

„We fled to the subway station along with around 30 other people. I hid in the tunnel. At one point, a tube worker came along with a flashlight and I think he saw me and another young man hiding in the tube tunnel… around 15 minutes after, a group of people equipped with shields, batons and helmets came along. Using their flashlights, they saw us and made us come down, hitting us with metal batons. After catching us, the beatings continued. One Militia officer caught me by the hair and the others started hitting me. As they proceeded with the beating, I was removed from the subway station. I passed out several times due to the hits I had taken. «I was taken to the Militia with a van, where I was kicked, fisted and hit with batons as I was going through a live passageway»"[89].

Costea Nelu, Bucharest

„Some managed to escape, while several other persons, including me, were arrested. I was hit and dragged to the corner of the Onești street, where there was a cordon of military holding shields. When they took us, the cordon fell to one side and there was another cordon of soldiers and Militia non-commissioned officers on the street, who beat us up and took away all our belongings, telling us that we would not be needing those objects, money and valuables, because they would shoot us anyway"[90].

[88] Romulus Cristea, work quoted, p. 166-167.
[89] Ioan Dan, work quoted, p. 290.
[90] *Ibidem*, p. 292.

Costin Adrian, Timişoara

„P.C.: - „On the evening of…" Shall we take notes? Please…! What was the treatment applied at the Railway Transportation Militia, at the County Inspectorate…

C.A.: At the Railway Transportation Militia, they hit us with the batons, but not that hard, until we gave the statements. It was worse at the Security, when we got inside, they were kicking us, hitting us with the reversible gunstocks they were holding… When I went inside, until I went inside"[91].

Crivoi Mihaela-Gabriela, Bucharest

„After a while, perhaps 5-10 minutes, we were taken outside and were made to walk by several Militia officers, I cannot really say whether they were officers or non-commissioned officers the ones who hit us, particularly who hit me, by using batons, fists and feet, over my entire body. Then, one of them grabbed me by the hair and pulled me out onto the street, where there was a van. While we were there, we were again beaten with the batons and kicked by Militia officers. Me, my aunt and uncle, and others were put in the van and carried to the Jilava prison"[91].

Cristescu Teodor Adrian, Bucharest

„At a certain point, other forces also interfered, which, I had mentioned in my previous statement, belonged to the USLA (*the Special Anti-terrorist Unit*), troops. I made that statement relying on the circumstance that they were dressed in a more special uniform, meaning that they were wearing high-quartered boots, khaki overalls, and visor helmets on their heads. They used their weapons to shoot, but I cannot state whether they were shooting in the air or towards the crowd. Due to their intervention, panic settled amongst protesters, they tried to disperse, but most of them got caught, hit and immobilized"[92].

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[91] *Documente '89 Procesul de la Timişoara*, vol. V, Editura Mirton, Timişoara, 2006, p. 3141.

[91] Ioan Dan, work quoted, p. 294.

[92] *Ibidem*, p. 288.

Cuțara Alexandru Corneliu, Timișoara

„It was 3 in the morning, on the night of December, 16th-December, 17th. At a certain point, we were stopped by a Militia officer accompanied by two soldiers and asked us to identify ourselves. Me and Ciuhandu did so, he took a look at our papers and handed them back to us. Suddenly, a civilian nearby told them, pointing towards me: „Take this one away, too!" They snatched me, put me in a van, facing down, and some soldiers started kicking me however they could. The car went off, it would sometimes stop and some more people were being brought in. I was soon covered with other individuals who, being on top of me and even though I had to support their weight, they would protect me from the kicks and hits. When they took us out of the car, we were in the yard of the Security building on Leontin Sălăjan Boulevard. They made us descend the stairs towards the basement, one by one, between two rows of Militia officers who kept kicking us and hitting us with the batons and I ended up rolling down the stairs.

While finding ourselves in a chamber in the basement, we were taken over by 5-6 Militia officers who continued beating us. They ripped my beard off, they knocked me down to the ground while cursing me in an awful manner, they grabbed my beard and lifted me again, they threw me on the ground again and repeated the cycle. The cursing and phrasing, the insults included some expressions that are impossible to be reproduced in writing. After about an hour of torture, they put us in the cells, crammed like sardines, where we were left until daylight came along. That was when they took us out on the plateau in the yard, lined us up and started calling us, one by one, for investigation. They did not even give us a break while we were standing outside as, once in a while, they would make us lie down, facing the ground and would start trampling on us. The head of the investigation was a Security officer, dressed in civilian, around 25-30 years of age, holding a wooden stick and thirstily hitting wherever he could. He had a mustache and was wearing a raincoat. Later on, I found out that his name

was Florin Dragomir. When he found out that I was an engineer, he said to me: „You used to be an engineer!", when I told him that my daughter was a student, he said: „She used to be a student!". My every statement and his every question were accompanied by horrendous beatings. The position I was in, during the investigation, was head against the wall, legs spread out to the back and hands behind my back. I was the one who got the most beatings as they tried to extort my confession related to my leading the group that attacked the County Party Subsidiary. I realized that there had been someone at the County Party who was wearing a beard and that was what made them suspect me. I knew it was not me, so I kept denying it.

Around 7.30-8 AM, there was some squirm in the Security yard, some "big bosses" turned up. The people who were investigating us told them that „We are them(?)" and continued the beatings. Around 8.30-9.30 AM, a really rough guy, resembling to a criminal, a brute dressed up in civilian clothes, with a steel baguette larger than a pencil, started hitting me over the phalanges of my hand, telling me that if I did not admit, at that single moment, to having led the break-in at the „County Party", he would then kill me on the spot. To my „fortune", some Penitentiary vans came along, and we were crammed inside them. (…) on the night of my investigation, I was taken to a hall with school-like desks; I was questionedby an individual (a prosecutor maybe?), about my age. When he found out I was an engineer, he started mocking me and telling his other colleagues: „Look at this guy, he says he is an engineer". In the statement I gave there, I wanted to write that I was beaten up (the prosecutor laughed about the way I was walking, limping, and asked me whether I had hit myself, to which I replied that I had stumbled upon some boots), he told me to get over it, but generally, he did not impose what I should write in the statement"[93].

[93] Adrian Kali, *1989 – Destin… work quoted*, p. 13, 34-36.

Dârjan Cristina, Bucharest

„On December, 21st, 1989, around 1 PM, I left my workplace accompanied by a colleague, Gabriela Constantin. We got off at Izvor station and walked towards the Army Central House and when we got there, we noticed a cordon of squires dressed in tunics and blue pants. They were equipped with shields and helmets. Since we could not cross this area, we returned and went on to Brezoianu street, coming out at the „Turn" restaurant. We headed up north, on 13 Decembrie street, towards the „Electrolux" shop.

When we got to the shop, we noticed there were some cordons consisting in Militia officers, but also cordons of militaries dressed in green pants and tunics. They were equipped with shields, helmets, batons and automatic guns which they were holding at the back. There were also civilians holding photography and video recording devices.

Together with my colleague, we started off towards the Palatul Telefoanelor and dipped into the mass of protesters pacifically demonstrating and singing anti-Ceaușescu slogans.

Around 2 PM, I was approached by an individual dressed in a Militia uniform and denominated as a non-commissioned officer. He grabbed me by the hand, then the hair and took me towards a „Dacia 1300" vehicle. The car was parked next to the Kretzulescu Church. There were another man wearing a beard and the driver, in the car.

When I was arrested (in front of the Palatul Telefoanelor, on the traffic light triangle – which is now embedded in the sidewalk), the Militia officer who grabbed me by the right arm shouted to me: „What's this, you like hooting the Militia?". I do not know how, but he was holding a grip on my arm, along with the coat, from just above the shoulder, and was holding me tight, hitching me to walk faster. We passed between the Militia officers, militaries and squires lined up in three rows, between the Electrolux shop and the Romarta shop, as I was saying, we passed between them and the Militia officer that arrested me, released my arm and grabbed me by the hair. My hair was long up to my shoulders and, holding me by the hair, he was hitting me with

his fist in the back of my head, all the way (about 200 meters), until we got to a black Dacia parked in front of the Kretzulescu Galleries. He shoved me into the car, on the back seat, where there was another guy, dark-hair, bearded, around 35-40 years of age. The car doors were missing the inside opening handles. There was another woman brought in, whom they had sat on the left side. It was around 1.31 PM – 02.00 PM. In Piața Palatului, where the demonstration had taken place, you could see flags and placards broken and abandoned on the ground … at the front, next to the driver, a Militia officer got in and we left. I was sitting on the right-hand side, while the bearded guy ended up in the middle.

We got to the Capital Militia. We passed the barrier and the car entered the yard's plateau. They took us out of the car. We entered the building. There was a lot of agitation on those stairs. Many Militia officers were going up and down. We reached a certain floor. I was taken over by a civilian who took me to an office, for investigation. He would reprehend me, saying: „Why were you out on the streets and hooting Ceaușescu? Do you want the Russians to overrun us? Do you want a Soviet tank on your doorstep?" He was walking up and down in the office, often looking out the window. I was sticking to my story, that I had done nothing wrong, that I was out shopping for New Year's Eve and stopped to watch the people on the street. The investigator asked me: „What were you doing in the Brașov group?" I replied that, in front of me, there were two or three men in black raincoats and black astrakhan caps on their heads, but there was no way I could have known who those men were and where they were from. He asked me to write the statement: why I was on the street and what I was doing there. To escape, I wrote that I had been out shopping for shoes. (…) They handcuffed my right hand and tied me to the hand of a man who was fallen, having probably feinted (…) A badly beaten girl or woman was brought in. She was lain on the ground by someone. A doctor was brought in. I remember she was delirious, I cannot remember what she was saying. I did not have the courage to move as they would come and hit us over the head. About four tables in front of me, an old woman sat her head down to

rest. A Militia officer entered the room, brutally hit the old woman over the head so as to stand up. Then, he led us through the drill. He made us stand and sit on the chairs for several times, while shouting at us. (…) After midnight, around 01.00 AM, a short individual came in, holding some ropes on his arm. They tied us up in couples and lined us up to take us to the vehicles, in the garage. I was tied to my right arm by Radu Maria (Mioara).

We descended some stairs. We did not know where we were going, but, by the smell of the exhaust gases and the cold starting to make its presence felt more and more, we realized we were heading for the outside. We got to some doors leading to the Militia garage. The garage was dark, and on the corridor we were located, light was shining, so you could not see anything in the garage. You could, however, hear snapping voices and accelerated engines. In front of us, a vehicle was crammed up and we were stopped until another vehicle would pull up. They let us go towards the van. They made us hurry up. The Militia officers were lined up on two rows. We passed right between them, under an avalanche of baton and bat hitting. I was hit over the left ear, the cheek, the left shoulder, over the back and the left foot. They were cursing us, saying that we had been trying to take their place.

When I got to the back of the van we were supposed to get into, I stopped, put my left knee into the car, reached out my right hand (along with Maria's left hand) and grabbed the lower grid on the car floor. I pulled myself into the car, also helping Mioara to get in, as she was hit in the head and quite dizzy. At that moment (when I leaned over to grab the grid on the vehicle floor), my left foot was stuck behind, and I took several hits on the back of my left foot, from the ankle upwards.

When we got into the car, we went all the way to the wall separating the van from the driver's cabin. We stuck to one another and curled up. The ordeal was happening right behind us. They were shoving the poor women in the van indiscriminately. They were yanking them, hitting them with the bats and batons. When the van was filled up, two or three Militia officers got in the van. Since they had no room to sit,

the bastards knocked two women to the ground and sat on their backs. And they started hoping on their backs so as to weigh them down even more. They would turn the flashlights to our faces and count us. One woman, they pulled her by the hair and the head scarf, saying: «What were you doing on the streets, grandma?»"[94].

Dinu Elena, Bucharest

„(…) and, instead of militaries, other troops appeared, dressed in black, dark helmet, and standing in a shooting position. Approximately around midnight, they started shooting at us, the first line of protesters fell, the shoots were persistent, bullets were coming across, it was Hell, we had no defense, were surrounded from all sides and they were shooting at us from the front (…). Civilians and M.I. forces came around and detained us, I was holding the flag with no coat of arms, I was grabbed by the hair and pulled down from the barricade, two Militia officers and two civilians were dragging me. I was being dragged by the hands, over the ground, and civilians were hitting me. A squire also appeared and began to hit me in the head, I fainted and woke up while I was lifted in front of the van, where there was a civilian who started hitting me in the liver until I began to bleed on my nose and mouth and passed out again"[95].

Lt. Dragomir Florin, Timișoara

„I have graduated the Officer School, class of 1988, and was operating at the Timiș county M. I. Inspectorate, as Border Crossing Control Point officer. Between 16-22.12.1989, I was operating at the Timiș county M. I. Inspectorate, since that was the location where I appeared for the alarm and I was not allowed to travel to the Airport Broder Crossing Control Point, which was my regular place of operation. It is true that, on the morning of 19.12.1989, while I was in the yard of the Inspectorate, 2 Security officers, which I knew the name of one of them – Marcu,

[94] Romulus Cristea, work quoted, p. 151-153.
[95] Ioan Dan, work quoted, p. 293.

handed over to me 2 young workers from the Garofița Timișoara factory, of whom there was information that they had written anti-Ceaușescu slogans on the factory walls. It is true that, at the time of taking over such workers, I have exercised acts of violence against the two, whom, later on, I acknowledged to be Ceataraș and Biscoș.

To this end, I used a piece of wood which I used to hit the two individuals over the bottom. My argument, for this deed, was my being upset as, on previous days, I had been hit by demonstrators myself, in Maria Square. Afterwards, I escorted the two down the corridor on the ground floor of the Security building, and put them in separate offices. They were each investigated by two-three Security officers and, during the investigation, I went in each of the offices and hit each of them with that piece of wood and a rubber baton, in order to help the investigators to obtain any data related to the leaders of the protesters and those who taught them to write slogans against the system. It is true that, by doing this, I also got involved in the investigation, for the purpose of obtaining the aforementioned information.

I hereby show that I have exercised violence against the two individuals upon the instigation of the Colonel Sima, the head of Security, who signaled me to enter the offices where the two were placed and exercised acts of violence against them in order to obtain, more rapidly, the data that we needed. I am truly sorry about what happened, and I hereby show that I had committed such deeds due to the state of irritation and the nerves generated by the situation we were in.

During the activities undertaken at the inspectorate, I was equipped with a 60-shot pistol and a 120-shot submachine gun. It is not true that I used weapons against the protesters or other individuals. On the night of 18/19.12.1989, while I was with Lieutenant Câmpeanu and the driver, Stoica, I fired a warning shot with the submachine gun, namely, 28 bullets in the Calea Girocului area, in order to disperse some protesters, but have not wounded or murdered anyone. I did not use the weapons on me, on any other occasion. I fully support the statement written by me, personally, and I fully regret my previous deeds.

I am not suffering from any mental illnesses and have never been admitted into any neuro-psychiatric clinics. That is my statement, which I support and sign.

I fully stand by my statements, so far, and, in addition to them, I state the following:

The two young workers at the Garofița Timișoara factory were abusively investigated by Lieutenant VIDICAN of the Timiș County Security, service I, as well.

I also show that the two young workers were hit, during the investigation, by Major RADU TINU, deputy to the head of Security, as well. I am not able to identify any other officers having exercised any violence during the investigation. From the single people room-stead where the two young people whom I investigated were living, I picked up two more citizens, whom I took to the Inspectorate headquarters, but I did not, at any time, investigate them abusively.

I state that there were Security investigative officers brought in from several counties, whose names I am not aware of. When they were investigating, I state that I did not participate, so I cannot specify, with certainty, whether the respective individuals had or had not used any violence against the people they were investigating.

I cannot name any other abusively investigated individuals, between 19-22.12.1989, since, during that time, quite many protesters were brought in and I was relocated to the Inspectorate defense mechanism. I also remember that, on the morning of 19.12.1989, the head of the Porcelains department of the „Bega" convenience store was also brought in at the Inspectorate, on the claim that he had hit Lieutenant-Major Dorneanu, who was part of the Militia. I was sent by the head of the Security, Colonel Sima, in the office he was sat in, with the purpose of exercising violence against him, but noticing that he was an older man, I refrained from hitting him.

I acknowledge the deeds committed and hereby show that it is true that, on 19.12.1989, I have exercised violence, using a rubber baton and wooden stick, against the aforementioned individuals Ceataraș and Biscoș, for the

purpose of finding out who taught them to chant slogans against the system and who were the actual leaders of the protesters. The same questions were previously asked by the investigating officers. I show that, during 16-22.12.1989, I have not used any weapons for the purpose of setting fire against demonstrators.

Upon a single circumstance, as previously stated, did I use the submachine gun held, firing warning shots in order to disperse a group of people on Calea Girocului, in Timișoara. On this occasion, I did not wound or murder any individuals. I am certain of this fact as I know that I was aiming towards the sky, just a single shot.

On the evening of 17.12.1989, I was in the Badea Cârțan Square and the Traian Square areas, in order to gather information, aboard an Inspectorate vehicle, a white Dacia 1300, driven by the driver Cârstulescu. The latter may confirm that, on that mission, I was not equipped with a submachine gun and I did not use the pistol I had on me. I regret the deeds committed and I show that I am not suffering from any mental illness. That is my statement, which I support and sign"[96].

Duma Nistor, Timișoara

„(…) I was caught and taken, hands behind my head, towards Maria Square, to the Sinaia church, at the IGOT factory, where I was tied to a radiator using wire, and beaten, and guarded by an individual holding a machine gun. From there, I was remanded into Police (namely, Militia) custody, where I was held for about an hour or two and beaten, after which they took me to the Popa Șapcă Penitentiary, where, near the penitentiary gate, they started beating me.

[96] The Revolution Files, at httpsensidev.comfcdosare%20nr%2024. 1991dosar%20nr%2024%201991%20volumul%20190113.jpg, httpsensidev.comfcdosare%20nr%2024.1991dosar%20nr%2024%201991 %20volumul%20190114.jpg, httpsensidev.comfcdosare%20 nr%2024.1991dosar%20nr%2024%201991%20volumul%20190115.jpg

- «*Where you investigated by the Romanian Government's bodies? How did the investigation develop?*»

- «Yes, I was! And it was brutal»"[97].

Ecaterina Ioana, Timișoara

„Io. E.: On December, 16th, in the afternoon, I went to Unirii Square, to buy milk for my nephews. Starting off from the Unirii Square, I came this way and I heard something about the Maria Square being chanted. I came walking from Unirii Square and all the way down to the Maria Square. When I got to Maria Square, I stood there for a while, until perhaps 7.30-8.00, I could not tell exactly…

P.C.: - AM?

Io.E.: - PM.

P.C.: - That would be around 4 PM in the afternoon?

Io.E.: - Yes, around that time. On December, 16th, From Maria Square, I started walking towards „Sinaia". The distance was not that long, from „Maria" to „Sinaia". When I got to „Sinaia", some civilians came up to me and took me in a vehicle. Driving off, I did not know where they were taking me, I did not know anything, it was dark, I could not see who it was, nor what car type it was, the only thing I knew was it was a dark-colored car, that was all that I could say, that it was a dark-colored car. When we got to the Militia, where they left us in a large yard, they left and I thought it was the Militia or the Inspectorate, I was not sure what it was, I only took a peek from underneath the hands, I was scared, I took a look and saw that there were some large diesel, petrol, oil cauldrons… Next to me, there was a man who was always telling me not to be afraid. On the other side from where I was standing, a man raised his head, I supposed he was a man, a worker still, a tractor driver, and he said to me: „Madam, do not be afraid! Do not be afraid!". I was shaking from top to bottom, I did not know what to do because of the fear…

P.C.: - But what happened there? What happened to you?

[97] Adrian Kali, *1989 – Destin… work quoted*, p. 13, 105.

Io. E.: He beat us up. He beat us for at least 20-25 minutes.

P.C.: - Who?

Io. E.: - A tall and nervous man, with a strong physique, dressed in civilian, beat us up like Hell… That was around 4 PM…

P.C.: - How many people were there?

Io.E.: - There was only one man who was beating us …

P.C.: - No, no! I mean, how many were you there?

Io.E.: - We were plenty, quite a few, at least 80-90 individuals.

P.C.: - And you were made to lie on the ground? There, in the yard?

Io.E.: We were made to lie on the ground, facing down. He made us lie down like animals.

P.C.: - When they took you away from there, from the Sinaia Restaurant, did you have anything on you that might make you a suspect?

Io. E.: I had nothing on me, just a bag, just like I have it now. I was not going anywhere without my bag because I did not know what I would find, as I had taken the bag to get some milk for the children, for my nephews, because I have four nephews…

P.C.: Right!

Io. E.: And around 3.30-4 AM, after having been interrogated, someone, a civilian, took our statements, and took all of us in a dark-colored car and dispersed us on the streets…

P.C.: - Did he let you go?

Io.E.: - Yes, he let us go.

P.C.: - On the same night.

Io. E.: - Yes, on the same night… He let us go, a few women… Just a few persons and some children, I was the oldest of the group… But they beat us savagely. On the morning of December, 17th, I went to church. In the afternoon, when I came out, around 1 PM, I came here again, to „Maria"…

P.C.: - Why?

Io. E.: - I had heard that many stores were broken into, so I said: „Let us go and see, perhaps there are some shops broken on Maria Square, as well, see what is there." In Church, I heard people saying that they wanted to take the pastor Tökés away from here or murder him … I heard that from the people, from the crowd. I came here, at „Sinaia". I told the people that were guarding there, that large crowd of individuals, there were around 300-400 people in „Maria". That was where I asked the people there, the guards: „Let us see Mr. Tökés, he is the reason why we are here, at least let us see him, if he is still alive … or did you murder him?" A gentleman came along, lieutenant or colonel, whatever he was, I did not know the ranks as I was a country girl myself, so he came along and said: „We will take you, but do not oppose us." He took me inside and down that hallway, me and another woman. During this time, the individual went out. We were looking through a door and the door's peak-hole, because that was the only way, you could not go inside, we were looking through the peak-hole, she went out. And I got punched in the face so hard that one tooth came straight out and I could not use one of my ears… I had blood coming out of my ear and mouth and, as I was coming out of the hallway, after I came around, a man with a beard, a little taller than me, about 1.50-1.60 meters, said: „Mr. Sima, you struck her down, you struck her down! What have you done to her?" That was when I found out that the person having punched me was called Sima. I had not meet him before, ever…

P.C.: - But did you see the one who hit you?

Io. E.: - Yes, of course…

P.C.: - How did he look like?

Io. E.: - A man who was taller than me, stronger build, and had two small and one large star…

P.C.: - Right. Anything else? Was he young, was he old?

Io. E.: - He was old…

P.C.: - Brown, black or blonde hair?

Io. E.: - Brownish, neither blonde, nor dark, a little brownish…

P.C.: - With or without grey hair?

Io. E.: - I could not notice that, since he was wearing a hat…

P. C.: - A hat ... Right. And you probably left.

Io. E.: - I left there just as I was dressed. I went directly home. On my way home, I met my husband. He said: «What happened to you?» and I told him: „Look, I was beaten up by so-and-so". He said: „What were you doing there?" «I went there just like anyone else, I went there to see». I went home, on the morning of December, 18th, I did not go to work. I went to take out a forensic certificate.î

P. C.: - Right…

Io. E.: - When I got to the hallway of the County Hospital, because that was where they were doing the forensic certificate, a man was shouting, I mean, I asked a man, seeing him dressed in a civilian outfit and heading towards me, I say: „Mister, please tell me where I should go to get a forensic certificate?". He tells me: «Look, just there». Meanwhile, a man dressed in a leather jacket, civilian, tall and quite irritated, was coming towards us, saying: «What are you doing here?» I said: „I want to take out a forensic certificate because they beat me, last night, at the Militia, the Prosecution, the Militia…", I did not know either, but those were my words… He grabbed my hand so hard, here, that I had marks all over my hand, that was how hard he grabbed me, he took me to the hallway and kicked me in the belly. From then on, I cannot work any longer, I am not capable of working, I have been in the hospital for five months and I cannot heal at all. I was beaten so badly, and Dr. Costea came along and said: „Mister, why are you hitting this woman? You are not allowed to beat anyone in here!" And he called him by the name, whatever it was (namely, Veverca). I do not know him, I have no idea, he was a civilian…"[98].

Farcău Liliana, Timișoara

„On the eve of December, 16th to December, 17th, 1989, I was in my brother's apartment, located in Timișoara, 2

[98] *Documente '89. Procesul de la Timișoara*, vol. V, Editura Mirton, Timișoara, 2006, p. 2646-2648.

Dropiei street, who was celebrating his and his wife's birthday, together with several friends and family members. Around midnight – 1 AM, there were plenty of screams coming from outside.

I went out, wearing a shirt and slippers, to see what was going on, along with Sonfa Adriana, my brother's colleague, from Timișoara…, Zorilă Marian, my brother's godparent, from Timișoara… Anescu Carmen, with her husband, a family friend, from Timișoara, and Dorel, my sister-in-law's brother.

Upon hearing the chant of anti-Ceaușescu slogans and requesting human rights, liberty, democracy, we set off along with the other protesters, shouting these slogans, starting off from Dropiei street and up to Calea Aradului, the gas station, Calea Lipovei and back to Operei Square, where all protester groups would gather.

Around 4-4.30 AM, as we got to „Timișoara 700 Square", we were surrounded by militaries and Militia non-commissioned officers, all armed.

We were all trying to run in different directions in order to hide as we were driven with stones and wooden bats and warned that we would be shot at if we did not stop.

On Gheorghe Lazăr street, at the corner of the Milk Factory, I was taken, against my will, by a group of militaries and three Militia non-commissioned officers, along with Somfa Adriana and Carmen Anescu, and shoved into a car and taken to the City of Timișoara Militia, in the yard, where we were dragged facing down, beaten up and badly treated, without any mercy, by the Security bodies.

After half an hour of beatings and mocking, we were thrown, like a bunch of stones, into cells at the building basement, where all our personal data had been collected and where I met, again, my brother and his godparent, who were caught by a different group and beaten up really badly. Around 7 AM, they took us out of the cell and into the yard. When I got to the door of the third cell, where my brother was, I heard a cry for help.

For the time being, I recognized my brother's voice, who, at the time, was beaten up really badly, in order to admit

that was part of the group of protesters and for chanting anti-Ceaușescu slogans.

Upon my many insistencies, they removed him from the cell; his face was smashed up and full of blood, his clothes were ripped, one of his leg bones was crushed, his nose was cracked, his eye was all swollen up; I could barely recognize him.

With the reduced strength, I had after so many hours of being kept without any air, standing, in that stinking cell and without any light, standing in cigarette smoke, I managed to get close to him and barely ask: „Vasile, what have they done to you?", falling down afterwards.

At that moment, a civilian non-commissioned officer approached me and started kicking me, shouting: «Get up, you, animal!»

My brother barely lifted me and was able to say: «Do not be afraid, my sister, it will all end well».

We were all taken out in the yard and forced into vans without windows, without air and without telling us where we were going. Around 10.30-11 AM, on December, 17th, 1989, we were taken to the Penitentiary, on Popa Șapcă Street"[99].

Farcău Vasile, *Timișoara*

„We got to the 700 Square and heading for Operei Square, but between the Ophthalmology and Dermatology, there was a cordon of soldiers in fighting position, with the bayonets set up at weapons, while in front of the Ophthalmology, there were several people holding bats. About all of them had the same six-corner bats.

We walked up to the soldiers and asked them not to shoot, that we only wanted light, bread and milk for the children. It was around 2.30 AM. At that time, I heard the Militia siren coming from the *Casa Armatei* (Army House). I ran. The soldiers came towards us and surrounded me next to

[99] The Revolution Files, at: httpsensidev.comfcdosare%20nr%2024.1991dosar%20nr%2024%20p%201991%20volumu%2021MG_7636.JPG, httpsensidev.comfcdosare%20nr%2024.1991dosar%20nr%2024%20p%201991%20volumu%2021MG_7636.JPG.

the wall at the Dermo-Venereal, wanting to pierce me with their bayonets, but I somehow managed to escape. I ran towards the streetlight. One of them was coming towards me to hit me with a bat, but I hit him first. The second one was a fat petty officer who hit me in the face with the revolving pistol's gunstock, and I fell to the ground. That was the moment I recognized Sergeant-Major Nica Vasile whom I had recognized while cursing and kicking me, after which they took me, amongst the punches and kicks, and threw me into the Militia van, where there was also Marian Zorilă. My eye was all cracked up, my nose was crushed, ribs broken, and I could barely see. Marian recognized me. His head was also cracked, and he also had some broken ribs.

They took us in the yard of the Militia Inspectorate, where they opened the door and ordered us to lie on the ground, face down. There were plenty of them on sidelines, holding bats or shovel ends, and started beating us again, after which they ordered us to get up and descend into the Inspectorate's dungeon. Upon descending, there was a Militia officer hitting us with a bat, while below, there was a major who was not sparing us at all. He ordered us to go into a cell, stand facing the wall and another "blessing" would soon arrive.

After a while, he ordered us to get out. At that time, I saw my sister, Lia Farcău, and also Carmen Anescu and Adriana Sonfa, who had left home with me. We were put in another cell where we were ordered to count ourselves. We were around 75. We had a civilian among us, limping on one foot, dressed in a blue overall, who beat us up really badly.

In the morning, around 8.30-9 AM, we were ordered to step outside, in the yard, where they lined us up on several rows. We were roughly around 200 or more. A civilian, holding a shovel end, was walking a young man in a raincoat around for him to recognize other people who were with him in Maria Square. The young man identified around three people. When he got to me and Marian Zorilă, the civilian asked the young man whether he had seen us in Maria Square. The young man denied having seen us there and that was when he took a bat over the backside, and, at that

moment, I told the civilian that we had not been in Maria and that they picked us up in 700 Square. We were set aside, both me and Marian Zorilă, I think because we were full of blood. I think they wanted to leave us in the Inspectorate yard because the rest of them were shoved in a large van. When the civilian left the site, an office ordered us to get in the van, as well. We were carried to the Penitentiary.

We were put in a room where all our belongings were taken away: money, jewels, keys, pocket knives, and we were recorded in a registry. We were then taken to a meeting hall, searched to the skin and recorded in another registry, asked where we were working and whether we were party members.

An older first sergeant, seeing how badly my right eye was looking, asked the major comrade (as I understood, he was the deputy of the penitentiary warden) to allow him to take me to the clinic because I was badly injured and in danger of losing my eye. The major replied cursing me, but still, the first sergeant took me to the clinic, where a lady cleaned and stitched me up, after which I was taken upstairs again.

I was taken to a cell where I was with Marian Zorilă, too. We were 36 people over 18 beds. We had, with us, 3-4 students which Marian knew.

On Monday, they started taking us in for investigations. When returning from the investigation, everyone was beaten up awfully.

They took us down the hallway, where those of us who were in Maria Square were to be recognized by some civilians. On Tuesday, one of their whistleblowers was put among us, whom I immediately recognized. Again, on Tuesday, I was taken in for investigations and taken to a bedroom where two civilians were saying that they came to Bucharest for us and they started dictating me to write that I had been in Maria Square and I had set some shops on fire. I did not write this down, telling them that I had been arrested in 700 Square. They started beating me with a power cable with plenty of wires inside, but I still refused to write what

they wanted me to write. This lasted for more than three hours. Only God knows what I have been through.

Then, they took Marian Zorilă away. He was taken to a room with Dr. Popescu, from the UMT, and Lațcu, party secretary at the UMT, who had been called in to identify their workers. Dr. Popescu behaved quite nicely with Marian, however, the pig Lațcu started cursing him and asking why he was singing the national anthem out on the streets, which led to Marian saying that he was not singing on the streets, that he wants to go home. Who could then admit that they wanted to go to Operei Square? Marian got off a little easily, with the beating.

On Wednesday, we were taken in for investigation, again. In the evening, around 5 PM, the deputy of the penitentiary warden came in, accompanied by several officers, telling us not to despair as they would soon free us. We did not know what to believe since, at all times that we stood in the cells, a car was outside, with the engine running, so that we would not hear what was happening out there. However, we knew some things, as there were more detainees coming in and they would share the news with us.

Around 6 PM, they took us out into the yard and shoved us into vans. I did not know where they would take us. They took us to Unirii Square, where they let us go, telling us to go to the Opera and tell them that they had freed us. Along with Marian and other boys, we got to Libertății Square. I could not continue to walk as I was feeling quite bad. I barely managed to get home, where my 3-year old daughter failed to recognize me, that was how disfigured I was, and my 6-year old son barely did. On Thursday evening, I was heading to the Operei Square and, from then on and until the final victory, I was out on the streets of Timișoara"[100].

Flocioiu Ion, Timișoara

„F.I.: - On the day of December, 16th, towards December, 17th, I finished work at the „Detergents Factory" and I was heading home, on 50 Reșiței street, where my

[100] Marius Mioc, work quoted, p. 39-41.

accommodation was. At one point, I was stopped by some Militia officers, they took me off the loader-digger and took me to the Militia.

P.C.: - Around what time?

F.I.: - Around 7-8 PM.

P.C.: - On the 17th?

F.I.: - Yes, on that day. When I went there, I heard: «What is it with this guy?» And some Militia officers started cursing me and beating me up. «Wait a minute, I am just coming from work! Look, I am an honest guy, I did not do anything, I have not got anything to do with the protesters, they can do whatever they want…!» And I continue: «Look, I know Captain Ciucă Valentin». And one of them says: «Go and call Ciucă Valentin!». And, at that moment, they were forcing me, by beating me up, to get in there. My luck was that Captain Ciucă Valentin came along and shouted: „What happened to you, fella?" „Well, sir, they stopped me on the street, asked me to identify myself, took away my documents and brought me here and …" «Let him go!», Captain Ciucă Valentin ordered. And they let me go. I took the loader-digger and headed for home, since it was here, in Trubadur Street, but I am telling you, I could not get there …

P.C.: - Were you driving the loader-digger?

F.I.: Yes, I was. And when I got to Maria Square, I saw there was a barricade there… I went left and right so that I could get off the street… When I got to the Universal Grocery Store, situated on Maria Square, another Militia patrol stopped me and said: „Where are you going?", I say: „Home!". «Where are you coming from?», „The Detergents Factory, where I work." «Your documents?» „Here you are!" I hand them over my papers. He asks for my ID card. It was in a diary, where I kept my cleaner documents, and when I got off the loader-digger, he waves towards a shorter fella, with a small hat decorated with flowers and, at that moment, I got myself kicked with a bat over the backside. The one at the front, he automatically … I wanted to run away from the loader-digger, for two meters or so. And one of them kicked me in the back, just here, and hit my chin on the stair there … It is an extremely large piece of machinery… When I wanted

to get on it, he grabbed me and wanted to shove me in a van. From there and up to the van, I was beaten savagely. I said: „Sir, I was here just a while ago, what is your problem with me? I did not do anything to you. I did not fight back, I did not do anything, what is your problem? I was just coming from work." And he takes me to… In the meantime, I tell them: «Wait, let us talk, as everyone knows me, including Captain Ciucă, Colonel Demeter…» because the I.E.L.I.F. had rented the Security yard, they would send us there by order of Manager Coman Ion, who would confirm from state funds, not Security funds… We were working for peanuts there, we would get some small incentives… And that was when he was looking for… I look up and, as he pushed me through the door, there were only Militia officers there: „Let us have him, we want to kill him, the motherfucker!" I was immediately grabbed by the backside by Captain Grui: «Leave this one to me!» Mister President, please, you must believe me, I am 42 years of age, have two children and rather than being beaten up, I would have preferred to be dead. I was tortured like you have never seen it before, Sir, they were kicking me like mad… Ask the entire factory, all the I.E.L.I.F. the way I arrived, after four days, when they set me free. I was done over. And, at that time, if I had found Captain Ciucă, perhaps I would have not had to suffer such a beating. He would have said: «Let this one go, we know this one, he is not a troublemaker, he is not a bad guy…» I have been in Timișoara for so many years and I have never been at the Militia, here. I had no business with them. And they put me in there… From above, I saw Colonel Demeter. I shouted towards him. As I was there, at the Security garden, I also knew him: „Mr. Colonel, Sir, look what they are doing to me!" He is hurt. „And what should I do? Do not worry, I am coming down there!" When two of them were holding me, I find myself kicked just here, in the head, and I turn my eyes: „What is your problem with me?" I lost my strength and others were hitting me with the batons here, and over the feet and the chest. I had two broken ribs and I have a problem with my hand, since then. I am always swollen up here, in the liver area, and my wife bought me some medicine… apart

from that, Colonel Demeter was at the plant manager, Coman Ioan, who was a good friend of Demeter's: „You can shoot this one, the motherfucker!". He went straight to the plant and manager Coman Ioan deleted me off the daily activity sheet. „This one has got no more business working here!" Me, Sandu Mihai and everyone who took part in the Revolution, also from his order, everyone who wanted to go out for the Revolution, had to be recorded in a table. That was exactly what happened, and, after the revolution, a meeting was held and they excluded those boys, the ones who worked there. After releasing us, on Wednesday, around 10.30 AM, I looked at my watch, they took us to the Penitentiary. I could barely walk. The boys, gentle as they were, set a bed there for me and I lay there. There were plenty of children there, age 13, age 11, and officers would come in every day and curse them: „I will show you, if you do not like Ceaușescu!" and took me in for investigations. I was knocking on the door, all day long, saying: „Sir, it's winter. What will I do? If my loader-digger engine breaks, it costs around one million eight hundred thousand…" „You can sue the Militia officer that brought you in…" „How can I sue him if I don't even know him?" No one was taking any heed of us. When I was there and talking to a prosecutor, one thing led to another and he saw that I was the nicest of all and asked me: „Which part are you from?" I say: "From around Drăgășani, Olt county, close to Vâlcea." "Amazing, that's where I'm from, too." As I managed to chat to him for a little bit longer, I found out that he knew my sister, who was working at the Drăgășani Tribunal, so he behaved nicely to me… When at the Security, he didn't even slap me once. But the Militia officers had no mercy on me… My question is, Mister President, as beaten as I was, four days later, I went to the protest again and, on the evening of December, 22nd, I was walking down the tramline, from Traian Square to the Opera. And I signaled the driver and he stopped. Up to the Main Post Office. There, some protesters showed that something landed on the Post Office roof and lights were going off and, at that moment, the Army stopped there, that second, the militaries descended, holding submachine guns…

A citizen with a beard, because this is the real reason I want to ask, as I am still confused deep down, a citizen with a beard looked left and right, crossed in front of the tram and, as the door was open, the driver descended to see what these citizens were explaining to the militaries, there was a captain and he immediately took charge of the organization, so as to occupy the post office there… This guy wanted to steal the tram. As I was watching him, I blocked the tram with my hands and, since he was a little bit shorter, I grabbed him, people were fussed, and I led him from the tram to the Opera, where we were. When I wanted to take him inside, he started pulling. He refused to say who he was… he started saying he was a pensioner, or whatever… well, because of the pressure there, he confessed: he was the head of the paratrooper squadron in Bucharest… I have no idea who they belong to, is it the Security, perhaps? When they were shooting there, someone tried to ask whether there was someone who volunteer to go to the military unit, so and so… Everyone was scared. I said to myself: „So many people have died already, one more won't matter." So, I said: «I'll go». I wanted to go outside. They gave me a Dacia, I don't know whose it was, the driver did not want to come out because of the storm of bullets, and eventually, they got some ammunition, while I stayed inside the car. I came back, but during the time I was at the Opera, I was wondering to myself: where are the four terrorists he had caught and handed over to the Army? All in black shirts, skinny … They would say: «The Security took a few shots, the Army took a few shots…», but those who surrendered at their own will, where are they? They were taken care of my Marcu and Fortuna, who were the coordinators of the revolution." (…)

F.I.: A Militia officer, skinny fella, that guy really beat me up… If I were to find him, I would probably be in this box right now… I would have preferred to be dead, he was putting his foot here, on my head: «You son of a bitch, you disagree with Ceaușescu's regime?», «Sir, I haven't done anything, I have my own business to mind, I don't even know what is happening in the city…» And I counted on the fact

that, if he had taken me away, he would eventually have let me go"[101].

Florea Gheorghe, Timişoara

„They beat me up so badly that I was unconscious and when I came around, I found myself in a Militia ARO; at one point, the ARO stopped next to a Militia van, and I was thrown into that van where there tens of bodies, guarded by Militia officers armed with submachine guns, rubber batons and dogs. As we were lying on the floor, they started hitting us with the gunstock and the batons. As we were savagely being hit by a sergeant-major, I got up and asked him why he was hitting us like animals, and the sergeant-major comrade replied that he would kill me and continued to furiously hit me, but luckily, a first sergeant interfered and ordered him to stop"[102].

Frunză Ilie, Timişoara

„I was arrested in Piatra Craiului street; after they discharged a loader on me, I surrendered. (…)

- *Where were you taken afterwards?*
- To the Popa Şapcă Prison. (…)
- *Can you recall an episode from detention?*
- Upon descending from the military trucks, we were lined up and, up to the entrance to the penitentiary club, we were smacked with bats and batons. We were admitted to the penitentiary without any warrant, therefore, illegally. We were illegally held and beaten up by people from outside the penitentiary system. It was illicit! An abuse!"[103]

Gazda Arpad, Timişoara

„We started praying. At that moment, the door broke down. Around 15 people came in, some dressed in civilian clothes, others, in Militia uniforms. A civilian was smacking the baton against his palm and, with a sadistic smile, he said

[101] *Documente '89 Procesul de la Timişoara*, vol. V, Editura Mirton, Timişoara, 2006, p. 2885-2888, 2889

[102] Adrian Kali, Alexandru Riff, work quoted, p. 21

[103] Adrian Kali, *1989 – Destin*... work quoted, p. 13, 108.

to László: «Pray, because it will be your last prayer!» I was taken first. They used the baton to beat up László, his face was bleeding. They spared me the beating, at that time, then.

The Tökés family was shoved into a Dacia, and the furniture was loaded onto a truck, and they were taken to Mineu. The rest of us who were there have been taken to the Security yard. During the trip, we were beaten up by a guy who was in the van, with a cable. The guy was shouting: «What, you want a revolution? I'll give you a revolution!».

In the Security yard, we were made to lie facing down, and beaten up again, they would step all over us with their boots, walking around our backs. Then, we were made to kneel, hands behind our backs, and I got some kicks in the kidneys. Among those who beat me up, I recognized Viorel Bucur who, during the Timişoara trial, was complaining that he had been ill during the revolution [at the trial, Viorel Bucur was acquitted]. This Viorel Bucur punched Pal Kiss in the face, and the latter fell down. He also punched me and managed to break my glasses. I would have fallen, too, but I leaned against the van.

We were then taken inside the building. On a corridor, we were, again, made to lie, face down. We were told that if we spoke amongst ourselves, we would end up being shot. We stood like that for about 5 hours. Whoever went by would give us a kick.

There were two Militia officers who monitored us. One of them, Popa, a sergeant-major, was quite honest. For instance, he let old man Csoke Andras, who could not lie facing down, sit on a chair.

Corpodeanu (I found out his name later on) also came along and held a prehistorical lecture: „You, Huns, brought raw meat under you saddles, but we, Romanians, hung our slippers twice off the Budapest Parliament and, just so you know, we will hang our boots, the third time".

In the morning, we were interrogated by two officers. A gimp one, Petru Voican, beat up all those who went to him. I was interrogated by the other one, who seemed quite understanding. I told him what had happened during

December, 15th-December, 16th. If those statements still exist, I acknowledge them as true, to this day.

Around noon, we were taken to the Penitentiary. It seemed like we were in a madhouse when we got there. He was calm, there was no shouting at us, and the beatings stopped. We got to a room with around 70 people inside, two in a bed. I could hear shots in the city.

On December, 18th, I was investigated by prosecutor Liviu Ciavici. He behaved fairly.

On December, 19th, I was interrogated for about 8 hours, from 10 AM. There were two individuals – one that was there permanently and another, who would sometimes disappear. Again, I was punched and beaten with the baton. They wanted to find out who else was in the Tökés group. They gave me a bunch of photographs, taken on December, 15th-December, 16th, to identify some more individuals who had been there. I told them I did not recognize anyone, and that was the truth. I gave a 10-page statement.

On December, 20th, around 10.00 PM, we were removed in a truck and freed at the Cardinal Point turnaround. We were convinced that we were free because the events extended onto several cities. When I got home, I turned to TV Budapesta, where they were broadcasting a show, it wasn't Panorama, but it was still directed by Lajos Chrudinak. Chrudinak was just phoning in in Timișoara and someone from Timișoara was telling the events in real time. That was when I found out that the movement did not extend, just yet, and I got scared"[104].

Gâriuță Lazăr, Bucharest

„The undersigned Gâriuță Lazăr hereby represent that, on December, 21st, 1989, around 3.30-4 PM, while I was in the security, escort and surveillance service at the Jilava Penitentiary, the Security and Militia bodies brought in the first protesters detained, namely, 2 young people, a girl and a boy, who took part in the meeting organized in the Central Committee Square.

[104] Marius Mioc, work quoted, p. 12-13.

I may mention that these 2 young people were studying at a university in Timişoara. The car they had been brought in with was a white Dacia 1310, with surveillance numbers. The girl was in the back of the car, while the boy was in the trunk, and both had their hands tied with wires. The identification data was recorded in the people's registry within the penitentiary control post. They were escorted in separate rooms, for interrogation. Around 4.30-5 PM, they started bringing in plenty of protesters held, and they were hosted in the Jilava Fort no. 13, in order to be interrogated by the Security and Prosecution bodies"[105].

Geangu Ioan, Timişoara

„On Tuesday, December, 19th, I went to the mass (in Moşniţa Veche). I was in my workshop when the head of precinct, Dupţa, and his deputy, Mendrea, came to me and told me to follow them in order to make a statement. While at the Police precinct, they talked on the phone with Lieutenant-Major Petru Voican, who told them to bring me to him. I was taken to the county Militia in a rocker. Upon arrival, I was taken over by Petru Voican, who knew me from a previous investigation. He asked me when I had shaved my beard. I told him that I had done it several days before. He asked why I was lying and slapped me a few times.

I was made to lie down and, then, handcuffed. Voican put his foot on me and asked me what I had done on the night of December, 17th towards December, 18th. I told him I hadn't done anything. Then, he took me to another room, where Doru Berejovschi was kneeling, hands tied up behind his back. He asked Doru whether he recognized me. As I did not have a beard anymore, Doru hesitated, but after Voican smacked him over the sole with a pickaxe end, he recognized me. Doru left.

I was to be investigated by Voican and someone else who Petru Voican called a prosecutor. They were investigating me, one by one, with the help of the pickaxe

[105] IRRD Archives, Merits I, case file no. 136.

end and the baton. I was particularly being hit over the feet, soles, palms and backside.

At night, I slept in a cell, on concrete, as there was no bed there. On December, 20th, I was taken out for investigations again, every 3 hours, before the same persons. They were forcing me to admit to having broken some shop windows (even though I had not done it) and to recognize other individuals who joined me, out on the streets. Voican would advise me: „Geangu, how can you say that you were chanting anti-communist slogans? You would be better off admitting to having broken a shop window, it would get you out of jail sooner". As I was unable to withstand being beaten with a post any longer, I finally gave in and stated that I had thrown a stone into a shop window.

In the evening, I was taken, along with other detainees, in some lodges where we were given inmate clothes. I remembered a guard asking whether he should cut our hair or not, but he was told that there was no more time. I was taken to cell no. 1, along with Doru Berejovschi, Sandu Mihai, the student Mioc, the doctor Tăut, and others. The room leader was a thief who had already been brought in when I got there.

On December, 21st, I was investigated, just like on the previous day.

On the night of December, 21st-December, 22nd, around 03.00 AM, I was investigated by another two individuals of whom Voican was saying that they were a judge and a lawyer. I was no longer beaten. These people were not from Timișoara, because, instead of Electrotimiș, they were saying Electromureș.

On December, 22nd, around noon, while I was sitting in the cell, next to the window, I heard Militia officers, saying: „scrape all papers and let the people go!"

Our clothes were brought along and they put us in a TV van. The van was headed for Calea Șagului. I was next to the van door and I opened it as it was not locked from the outside. I jumped out along the way and headed for the County Hospital, along with Doru Berejovschi. He stayed on to be stitched up, while I went home, along with my

workshop boss, Jifcu Gheorghe, whom I had met on the way"[106].

Gheorghe Nicolae Victor, Bucharest

„Around 4 PM, we came to Universității Square, along with the other protesters who were peacefully protesting against the system by anti-communist chants. Around 11.30 PM, I was arrested from within a group who retreated towards the History Museum. That was where we were surrounded by the USLA troops. I had the unpleasant surprise of seeing that, from our ranks, a few individuals, dressed in furry coats, came out and were showing the squires who to arrest. We were surprised by this event. We were beaten up. I lost consciousness and I could not recall anything else, only that I woke up to be thrown on the ground, in a van. I was full of blood from the beatings I had received. Other protesters were thrown over me, just like in a pile. We were taken directly to Jilava Prison. Identification was made and we were sent to our cells. The other detainees who were in the same cell with me, asked the guards to send in a doctor as I was in a critical state, I was feeling quite ill. A doctor came in and left after a short examination. I was then taken out for investigations, at Jilava Prison Fort. A strong light was thrown into my face. A statement, as desired by the investigators, was dictated to me. Because of the beatings I had received and the light coming to my face, I could not even make out what I was writing. The next day, we were freed and sent to the Progresul Station, by means of vans. Up to that time, I had taken several steps in order to find out who the guilty parties were for what had happened to me. I did not manage to find anything out, I have no other details"[107].

Ghilea Floria, Bucharest

„I was in the square when I was approached and held by an Security lieutenant-major, by the name of Plăcintă Eugen, from the Bucharest Security. He was dressed in military

[106] http://mariusmioc.wordpress.com/2013/12/18/arestat-de-la-serviciu/#more-16054, accessed on 8.10.2014.

[107] Romulus Cristea, work quoted, p. 36-36.

clothes, he had several conscripts with him, about two platoons. They were, actually, people above 30-35 years, but dressed in conscript clothes"[108].

Ghilia Alecu Ivan, Bucharest

„Why is it for no one!? Because, here we are, seventeen years since I am being haunted by the ghost of this MUSEUM OF ACKNOWLEDGEMENT and all my efforts (to abstract it from virtual reality and seed it into the live reality, the existential pragmatism) are in vain when confronted with the ingratitude and immobilism of those who pretend to forget or have even forgotten about where we come from, what we have been through and the exceptional sacrifice undertaken for the miracle of the entangled genesis of our historical restoration.

The „social eruption" of December, 1989, found me with over 2.000 manuscript pages lying in the drawer: the novel entitled *Piramida* (*The Pyramid* – an utopia), symbolically prophesizing the end of the global world and, implicitly, the end of the atheist-communist nightmare) and *Întoarcerea bărbaților* (*The Return of the Men*), a novel dedicated to the memory of the survivors of the Stalinist concentration camps, rejected by the censorship, starting from 1980. Morally pushed forward by these two forbidden „graves" and the piles of canvases and cardboards unimaginably filling up my little apartment in the Perla building, painted and repainted with Crucifixions and Ordeals transferred onto the bleeding wound of the totalitarian state of Romania, knowing, while painting them, that as long as the red plague survives, they would only be seen by the few friends visiting my premises, pushed forward by the revolt of humility of the artist living the drama of interdiction, I took to the streets, becoming one with the revolutionary feeling. In his monumental book, *O istorie a literaturii române* (*A Romanian History Literature*), within the ample space dedicated to me, professor Ion Rotaru also inserts this little detail: „Particularly active, taking to the people in the streets of the University Square (currently,

[108] Ioan Dan, work quoted, p. 289.

Revoluției Square), mingled up in the first lines of the crowd on the evening of December, 21st , arrested, shoved into a van with others and taken to Jilava Prison, savagely bullied, made to face the wall, almost shot, finally freed, once the Army and the rest of the repression forces sided with the people (but who can know exactly how things stand?).

We, Romanians, don't really know „exactly how our «revolutions» unfolded, from 1821, to the last, in December, 1989". It wasn't „put in a van", as the great literary historian, eminent professor, at that time, would write it, without having a clear knowledge of the truth, but made to get in the van, under gun threat, and made to lie next to other three people, injured and arrested just like me, subjected to ordeals of bats and gunstocks of tormentors lined up on Câmpineanu street, now making up a lot of four bodies lying on the floor of the huge truck, probably a lorry, over whom another two rows of bodies were squeezed in, just like a pile of wood, so that we, the ones underneath, were being crushed under the weight of another two rows of wounded and arrested individuals. That was how we were taken to Jilava Prison. Then, during that endless nightmare, crushed under the bodies of the unfortunates on top of us, I was driven by the feeling that I must pray continuously for my heart not to give in, and I prayed with the fiercest desire. To God, to Jesus and all the saints, and I was horrified at the thought that we would be removed from the truck, somewhere in the fields, and shot. Until the morning, since executions took place all night at Jilava Prison, the thought of dying was utterly present, heeded in my soul only by the vow sanctified by the suffering and fears of those in the cell overrun with bodies and faces decomposed by the tension, mostly young people, such as Patapievici and Varujan Vosganian, who I was then meeting for the first time. It so happened that I was in the same „upstairs" bed as a countryside priest, the father from Chirnogi, whom, surprised by weakness, as he so was, I managed to „strengthen" up, almost forcing him to „do his pastoral duty" and save us all from losing hope, and he was praying dearly for us. For «our escape».

After the prayer, as if through a miracle, the door opened and the prison warden came in and told us to «stay calm» because «soon, in a few hours, we could go home»; «Home, where? », I found myself asking with a sickly voice, from the upper bunk, next to the priest of Chirnogi who had instantly frozen, holding his hand up as he was making a cross. Home, to our Father in Heaven, or home to us?" «Don't be afraid. Everyone will get to go to their own home», the Commander said and, in order to dissipate our fear, he let us know «that the dictator had run off».

The feeling of grace that had come over me and is still here is all that I, us and this county had gone through at that time, at least during the frenzy of those first few hours and days, the three days of the Resurrection, beginning with the night and days of that December, contrary to the „laws of the weather", with days similar to Easter time, and not Christmas time, and ending with the excitement of the solidarity and fraternity on the streets, with the joyful madness burning like a fire in the souls of every Romanian; it had all been a chain of miracles. It should not be forgotten and we will need to barricade our memory against nothingness which reminds us of the shout making itself heard in Romania, after half of century of tearful groans, torturous screams and the grunt of dying men, hidden under the directed tunnel of applause and the acclamations of robots made to stand before the god in the painting who would see himself as the replacement of the God in the Icon: God is with us and We shall die and We shall be free![109]

«[...] Going back to December, 1989, where were you arrested?»

From Inter.

Please tell us about the travel to the Jilava Prison.

Wounded, beaten up like Hell and squashed like a worm, on the floor of a truck, with two other rows of wounded bodies with blood flowing from them, on top of me.

In your novel Vis de râsul lumii (*A Laughing Stock Dream*)*, you speak about the feeling of humanity that you had*

[109] „Revolution Notebooks", no. 2(9)/2007, p. 58-60.

noticed in the others, throughout the travel. Could you elaborate on that?

What is going on, today, on the streets, taking all the faces of tenacity having reached the end of its patience, its sacrificial, Christian and truly humane dignity, that understands its supreme purpose of being human and to ease our burden and suffering.

Once you got to the prison, what was your concern? What were you thinking about? And whom?

I was focused on surviving this nightmare. I was living in intermissions, in an imaginary perspective, finding myself in the fiction of the manuscripts I had left home and for whose fate I feared – they would be gone if the Security came around. I was on an imaginary escape, projecting myself in the future, with the hope of escaping, thinking about the future, mentally conjuring it, the formative moments of my life, the people dear to me, my girls, in the first place, pursuing their lives, friends, projects etc., paying, at the same time, attention to whatever was going on around me, aware of the fact that I was living in a historical delirium and that I, myself, am part of the frightened enthusiasts around me, braced by courage and self-abandonment, by the death upon us.

In this book which you remind of, you make the following confession: being afraid to think and, still, unable to extinguish my thoughts. Please explain.

I have lived through a paroxysmal intensity, on several layers, at the same time. The old person, the nice communist, was facing the rioting insurgent.

Were you perhaps wondering about the events occurring in the Square? Do you regret not being there?

On an imaginary level, I knew exactly what was going on in the Square, I used to live there. I was living emotionally and mentally there, as well, as I recall the tension in the Universității Square facing the rudeness, sophisms, arrogance and headstrongness of the Power – now instated for eternity, as it seemed back then – the pathetic power pretending not to hear the shout of the crowd still not fully unleashed, grabbing on to the last poisoned quarter of Power. I was living what I

am living right now, identified with the last poor man shouting.

What did you see in Jilava Prison? What frightened you? In one of your books, you characterize the world as a huge slaughterhouse and we are the cattle taken in for slaughtering. Would you apply this characterization to the Jilava Prison of those days?

Death, suffering, cruelty, human solidarity, savagery, men with crushed testicles, children and women kicked in their genitals with boots, a young man with a bleeding head saving an old man who was holding in his palm the eye taken out of his socket, water mixed with blood and served to dying men; I saw the phrases *Tyrant, leave! Ceauşescu, leave, Long live freedom! No more communism!* written in blood. I saw a child crying next to the body of his father, shot, and I kept this mental image and transposed it into oil, on canvas, in the painting called Orphan.

How did you sense the passing of time while you were detained?

Exactly like nothing each second that you will die and no one will know of your death. I felt the shiver of death when my wristwatch was taken away and I was asked, for the record, whom it should be delivered to. Our escaping alive was certainly a miracle, just like the Revolution itself, re-echoing after twenty-seven years in the name of the same merciful Hope, was a great miracle. The shout voiced by young people, of whom some would also die: *God is with us, We shall die and We shall be free*, was the shout of souls unleashed from the communist atheism, believer in the power of Christ the Savior, present again and everywhere and forever within its creatures.

Please tell us more about your meeting with Mr. Horia Roman Patapievici.

It was such an emotional moment. When the master sergeant who was in charge of recording our names and addresses into the registry asked what my profession was, from the crowd of the bodies squeezed up behind me, before I could say who I was, I heard a weak, child-like voice, lost in overall fear: He's a writer, a writer! It was the young

celebrity of today… who onerously benefited from a never-before-dreamed-of position and who, against all odds, manages to lose my manuscript of the nightmare I had lived back then. What can I say about the gentle philosopher, other than that I am anxiously awaiting, at my youth, to see how the fate of such days tormented by the curses of non-fulfillment turn out and what posture will he display tomorrow, self-contemplating their work and moral stature!

How were friendships made on that night?

Spontaneously, sincerely, in a deluge of candid emotions, all of us feeling like brothers in the wake of the moment, exalted by the same joy of the unbelievable miracle.

What was the first feeling experienced upon descending to the streets, after being freed?

That I had entered the frenzy of a fantastic dream, which lasted up to the time that I entered my apartment, happily ascertaining that the manuscript and paintings were safe. The state of jubilation ended the moment I made the first call to Liana. Upon hearing me, she started crying. Eventually, I found out that her friends scared her on the phone, in relation to my arrest, she was afraid of the Security officer on the premises and set on fire the novel she had been secretly working on"[110].

Ghițiu Ioan, Bucharest

„The difference between the two cordons having replaced each other was the following: the ones making up the cordon which I saw after 9 PM were wearing winter clothes, unlike the others, who were dressed in summer clothes, while the second difference was the fact that these militaries, although instituted after 9 PM, were older and had the same height and were not holding any ranks"[111].

Grizeanu Gheorghe, Bucharest

„Around 11.30 PM, seeing that the Militia-Security troops and conscripts were firing their machine guns at the

[110] „Revolution Notebooks", no. 1(39)/2012, p. 31-34; Interview with the artist Alecu Ivan Ghilia taken by Ioana Ciodaru-Ceaușescu.

[111] Ioan Dan, work quoted, p. 289.

masses, I wanted to take cover in front of the Dunărea Restaurant, but I was caught and immobilized in a hallway by conscripts, Militia-Security staff, holding shields and helmets, and a cordon of Militia workers. I was beaten with gunstocks, by the militaries and the batons, by the Militia workers. I was hit in the head (where my skin was broken), in the face, all over the body, in the abdomen, over the feet. Subsequently, some of us were taken to the entrance of an apartment building in the vicinity of the Dunărea Restaurant and made to lie on the ground, face down, during which time we were stomped on by the conscripts in the Militia-Security troops"[112].

Grumezescu Olguța-Cristina, Bucharest

„While at the Capital Police, we were made to pass through a lane of police officers and civilians who started hitting us. My hands were tied at the back, women, on the left-hand side, and men, on the right-hand side of the room. We were at the Capital Police for about an hour, during which time we were constantly being hit. At one time, because I was feeling ill, I asked for some water, and a civilian, addressed as Colonel Dumitrescu, was also hitting the people arrested. A Militia non-commissioned officer, under the name of Vasile, brought me a glass of water and a pill, as I had told him that my liver was hurting"[113].

Honig Ilie, Timișoara

„*P.C.: - So, on December, 16th...*

H.I.: Yes, on December, 16th…

P.C.: And around what time?

H.I.: Late… When I got there, almost the entire crowd that got there, in around 30-20 meters, I saw a group of squires, as they were called, appearing, all dressed in Militia clothes, all holding some shields in front of them, wearing white helmets, like in the Road Traffic Department, and wearing those masks over their eyes and, at the time that we

[112] *Ibidem*, p. 292.
[113] *Ibidem*, p. 293.

got there, a young man waved to me… I, although having noticed before that they had come in a line and aligned up there, I went to the right of the line and stepped out of it. Meanwhile, when this group of squires came along, the line was approaching the building… During this time, when the group of squires came around, upon the order of the respective leader, I can't remember whether it was an officer or a non-commissioned officer as he was dressed like the others, they turned around. After having ordered them to turn around, they all turned towards the protesters and, then, he ran towards the Militia side…

P.C.: Who was running, were they the protesters?

H.I.: No, not them! It was the leaders of the squire group… During this time, I got out of there and made way on this side, on the pavement, and was about to witness the upcoming events. I could see some people shouting, at the front, and some individuals were standing in front of them, there, holding their shields up. At one point, this citizen, who was their leader, came towards me and, then … [missing text] … without realizing it and, he hit me here, in the plexus and, with that long baton, he hit me in the head… There were some Militia officers closer to me, about 5-7 meters away, and he told them: „take him away!". And I realized, there and then, that this was the first episode and that the second episode would follow next… I was taken away from there, I mean, after they beat me up and he told them to take me away, I noticed that the Militia officer was in a shadow, hands in his pockets and just walking around. He quietly whispers to me to walk away, to run… As I had no air, no nothing, I got somewhat brave, under these conditions. I started walking hastily… I walked past the second Militia officer, I saw that he failed to catch me and so did the third one, so I passed to the right-hand side, towards the tramline, I crossed the bridge, crossed the Bega canal, I went through the shadows of the park and headed straight for home. I immediately changed my previous clothing, I got on the first tram that came around and returned straight away, to see what was happening there. When I turned back, I saw, from inside the tram, that there was nothing there anymore. I

would like to add that, after beating me, I heard screams and groans of women, right there, behind me. When I returned there, with the tram, I looked outside the tram frame and it was full of papers there, just like after the war… The group of squires at the site were all lined up. Then, I came to the Cathedral. At the Cathedral, I got off the tram and stuck my hands in my pockets, just as if nothing had happened and headed home… As I was walking, again, on the left-hand side, I saw that nothing was going on anymore, absolutely nothing, and the squires were gone from the site, it was truly quiet… I thought they settled down, I thought that tomorrow, something else was awaiting me, that all protesters will become colleagues and we will be… Tomorrow, although I didn't get any shuteye that night as I was so agitated, I knew that the following day, something was awaiting us, as a consequence of our protest… according to the procedure. Tomorrow came and, around nine o'clock, when this group of protesters came there, a man, wearing a moustache, I think, a young man, dressed in a tracksuit, I think, holding a bar and speaking to the people, said that we should not break any windows, we should not cause any destruction because they were still the people's goods, that there should be no events happening… That we had the right to protest, that we had the right to… but just not destroy anything. Indeed, the people who were on the sides, including myself, in Traian Square, and heard these things, we heard the same chants we had voiced ourselves, on Saturday evening. Afterwards, these protesters passed and there were several of them coming here. A group of squires and shooting in the air…

P.C.: Where?

H.I.: Towards Traian Square, as they left the Bakery, they came towards us, shooting towards the sky and holding up their shields, of course, with drill ammunition, not war one. They came there… Meanwhile, I was standing in the Self-Service doorway, just there… When they came here, in Traian, they proceeded and were taking shots, for a while and, as I had been informed, one of them, as well, perhaps their leader, whoever it was from that group; it wasn't just a group there, it was about 3-4 of them shooting towards the

sky, they came out and perhaps beat up a disabled man, I have no idea about the reasons and how, I wasn't able to notice that since I was somewhat to the back. From that time, I saw that, at a certain time, they were withdrawing and that's when civilians came out and they started throwing bricks, throwing whatever they could find, things started flying around here. During this time, when they saw that civilians came out and started hitting them, they started to retrieve, shooting at the same time, to that same side, but walking backwards… Namely, back. They did not turn 180 degrees and walk in the same position, only with steps backwards, close to the Bakery, and from there, they left, they were gone. If I'm not mistaken, first, the tanks came in, I think it was two tanks coming, and after that, some armored vehicles and this mess with the civilians and all these things broke out again.

P.C.: - How did those militaries look? What were they wearing?

H.I.: - Who?

P.C.: - The militaries shooting intimidation shots towards the sky, the ones in Traian Square.

H.I.: They were dressed in Militia uniforms and holding shields, like the ones at the…

P.C.: So, they were Militia officers?

H.I.: I have no idea whether they were Militia officers or not, but they had the same outfits with the ones on that evening, when we were beaten up… same as then…"[114]

Hosu Virgil, Timișoara

„At that time, I panicked and decided that a part of us should head for Paris street, while the other part would head towards Unirii Square, with the purpose of meeting up in front of the Cathedral. While on Paris street, I was detained, along with other young men (with whom I stayed at the back of the line), by individuals dressed as civilians. They threatened us with guns, violently hitting us; they also forced

[114] *Documente '89. Procesul de la Timișoara*, vol. V, Editura Mirton, Timișoara, 2006, p. 2326-2328.

us to get into the cars and then, around 4.30 AM, they took us to the „Popa Șapcă" Penitentiary. After being detained, I realized that we had several „moles" in our ranks, who were notifying the Security about our next moves, the route we were following; the repression forces, at the time of our arrest, seemed quite well organized.

When we got to the Penitentiary, the Militia staff treated us extremely badly; they cursed and threatened us, while ordering us to take out all our belongings (wedding band, watch, money, documents, belts, laces etc.), allocating us to different cells.

On December, 17th, around 6 PM, a person was brought to the cell I was in, and he later on confessed to having been arrested before the "Continental" hotel; we were quite curious to find out what was happening in the city, and he was the one who told us that the Army and the Militia had fired the ammunition they were equipped with, injuring quite a many people, while others had been murdered.

While listening to his story, we were well aware that hideous system would severely repress us, so I immediately thought that they would either execute all of us, in a large group, or we may be sentenced to hard labor for life!

On the morning of December, 18th, some Militia staff came in and collected our personal data (date and place of birth, occupation, political affiliation, meaning whether we were part of the R.C.P.); around the early hours of the morning, the Militia staff threw in our cell two more persons, who were so badly treated that they could barely move, full of blood and having urinated on themselves. As there were no more vacant beds at the time, I got out of my bed and granted first aid, along with my cellmates, and then sat them in my bed. Later on, I found out that their names were Biscoși Grigore Beniamin and Ceataraș Dan, employees at the „Garofița" factory in Timișoara, and that, on 15.12.1989, they had used black coal to write „No more communism!" on the factory walls. The party secretary called the Security and they were arrested and, for three days, beaten and subjected to death threats in the basement of the Militia, with the tormenting officer in charge being Dragomir Florin.

On the afternoon of that day, around 2 PM, I was called by a military prosecutor who was investigating me in relation to my actions on 16.12.1989; he took my statement, trying to find out my discontent related to the communist system and whether I had any financial deficiencies; at the end, he handed me the statement to sign it, after which, at the investigation, other cellmates followed. On the same afternoon, some more people were arrested, who told us that quite a many people were gathered on the city streets; in those moments, I was thinking that our families – along with all the Romanians in search of a different life – took to the streets of Timișoara in order to ask for our release.

On December, 20th, around 4 PM, we were removed from the cell and lined up in the prison yard (there were already hundreds of people here); I was unaware of the purpose of our lining up in the yard but, at that time, many of us thought we were going to be executed.

The Militia staff started behaving in a more civilized manner; we got into trucks, in separate groups, without being notified of the destination; the truck I was in stopped in Libertății Square; here, the officer and accompanying non-commissioned officer removed us from the trucks. We joyfully headed towards the Operei Square, where the protesting crowd greeted us with exhilaration and we all went on to chant „Liberty!", „Timișoara today, the whole country tomorrow!". From here, I headed home to let my family know about the events occurring in the Penitentiary on „Popa-Șapcă" street[115].

Titi Iacob, Iași

„[…] On December, 14th, 1989, I had just finished my shift, in the morning, and we were supposed to meet at 2 PM. […] When I got to the Podu Roșu, I felt that something was not alright. The traffic was quite low, so I hurried up and when I got to the County Council offices of today, at the corner, at the streetlight, I heard bells ringing. It was there that I also saw two people, dressed in an unusual military

[115] IRRD Archives, Merits I, case file no. 219.

uniform, one that I had never seen before. We walked down the Ștefan cel Mare Boulevard, we reached the Mitropoly – the bells rang at 2 PM – I knew a colleague of ours, Vicol Vasile, would ring those bells. Close to the „Materna" shop, I saw the fire engine with the water hose parked next to „Gulliver". I quickly realized that something had happened. In Unirii Square, just as I was about to cross the passage, I met Ștefan Prutianu, Cassian Maria Spiridon and there was someone else with them. We said "Hello", shook hands and continued to walk. At the Traian Hotel, in front, a Security officer was present. He was standing with his legs apart, like a Sisyphus, hands behind his back. I walked right behind him and headed towards the Iași Restaurant. I did not go in, I turned back. There were Army cars, militaries and they were probably equipped with ammunition and weapons. The windows of the „Modern" Shop were open on the side towards the Square. I lurked in the area, for a while. I then headed towards the tram station and saw that people were grouped into 2-3 individuals, and the Militia staff were telling them to move along and not crowd up. I headed down the Ștefan cel Mare Boulevard again. I was just waiting for it to break out. I then went by the Infectious Disease Hospital and then, I returned to the Square… […] I then walked down Ștefan cel Mare, where I met up with Prutianu. I asked him what we were going to do: „I see that this movement is dead, there is nothing of it". He told me he had been at the Opera, that he heard they had thrown crackers, but that failed to blow up. I saw that nothing was happening and that was it. The next day, I went to work, but there were already some rumors running around that Vasile Vicol and others had already been arrested. I met Mr. Dușa, at a theater show, on December, 15th, 16th and 17th. On Sunday afternoon, he told me that a part of them were arrested and that we might be busted, too.

On December, 19th […] he led me to the gate, put me in the car and took me to the Security. There, a door electronically opened up, I went in and an individual came towards me, whose name I later on found out that it was Constantin Matei, back then, a major. He looked at me with a

frown on his face, he took me to an office, I sat there for a while, then, he took me to another office, where the investigation began. He made me write, in block letters, whatever he was dictating. He was dictating in a certain way, I failed to agree with him. He made me kneel on the chair, head inside a metal cupboard, and he started hitting me with the baton over the palms and the soles until he got tired. My colleagues told me that they were spared the beating. He was hitting me like an animal. He beat me up savagely, but I did not show any feelings, not even a scream. At a certain point, he asks me how it is like to want to drink human blood, why I did not come in and cooperate with them, because I could have had anything that I wanted. He then wanted to know how many meetings I had with Ștefan Prutianu. I told him that there were two. «You're lying, you had three!», he said. My God, they knew everything. Perhaps, Prutianu, or someone else – I wouldn't want to accuse anyone, God forbid – may have said some things. When he got tired of beating me over the soles, he kicked me so hard in the shoulder that I flew off, like a cloth. He then cursed me and took the file, which he noisily slammed against the desk. «Go on, read what Prutianu said about you!». I did not take the file to read. He then made me kneel again on the chair and started hitting me thirstily over the soles. I was wearing some really thin shoes and he was hitting me so hard that I could feel the shoe sticking to my skin. I felt like shouting because of the pain. At one point, a prosecutor came in and, I think, asked how things were going. Matei replies that they are not going well, „even though he is a smart boy". They then exchanged some dirty words about me. At one point, he says: «Did you follow Prutianu? What exactly was your intention? Did you actually want to overthrow the regime?!». I told him that we had no conditions in the factory, food was scarce, we were tired of potatoes. «Right, so you want to eat human meat?», he furiously asked. I replied: «Even if we are workers, you have no right to mock us. I only asked for one of our rights!». «What right? You wanted to bring Ceaușescu down?! You no longer like it?» – he shouted. Suddenly, a sort of game started between us. He would tell me, as a diversion: «Do you know

that your wife has a heart problem? You know she is here, as well». I then replied that my wife had nothing to do with this and that, if it is true and she is there, they should let her go home, to the children. «I will bear all the consequences!», I added. They tried this diversion to make me talk, but I stood my line. They then told me what Ștefan Prutianu would have said, that he would have said this, and this about me, but I did not admit to anything. He asked me whether I had met with different individuals, but I denied it. He then wanted to know what was it about „Deșteaptă-te, române". I told him that it was a poem entitled „Un Răsunet", that it was written by Andrei Mureșanu, that it was published, and you could actually buy it. He was saying that I was attempting to mock him. And he beat me again.

Was it only Major Constantin Matei that called you in and beat you up?

Titi Iacob: He was the only one who investigated me. Just one prosecutor had come by, while Colonel Ciurlău, the head of the Iași Security, came in, but only stayed for about 5-10 minutes. He behaved quite badly with me. After beating me over the soles, when he made me kneel on the chair, he told me to get dressed, but then he put me in another office and he undressed me again and he smacked me, with the baton, over the backside, so hard that I thought he had broken my spine. But I resisted. After several episodes of beating, I told him I wanted him to file a record on my name. «I'll deal with the consequences. And that's it. From now on, I won't allow you to hit me any longer!». When I told him that, he stopped. From that moment on, he stopped hitting me with the baton. Had I not stopped him, he would have probably killed me. Then, he tells me to get dressed again. I thought he was going to let me go home. I think it was close to midnight. I get dressed, approach the door, but he tells me to come back and take my coat off. That was when he said that my bones would be rotting in that place. «What is your belief, mister?», he asks. I told him that I am Christian by the Gospel, therefore, Baptist. He did not comment on that, but did ask me what my connections were with foreigners. I was amazed, but then he tells me that he has many friends from my

Church. I thought he wanted to set me up. The truth is we had plenty of «whistleblowers» in our ranks, too, because that also meant that they had some extra advantages. I replied that, by my knowledge, our people mind their own business and that was that. He then says: «You don't like the Ceaușescu regime? How come the others like it? Why are you against it?». I went quiet, I could not say anything. At one point, he says: «Listen, we will let you go, but if you say anything about where you were and what you have done, you grab your things and come back here». Then, I ask him whether my wife was there, as well, but he did not reply. He told me to get dressed. When I got to the door, he shook my hand with both of his. And then, I understood something. I had lost contact with whatever was going on in the country.

When was this happening?

Titi Iacob: It was on December, 19th, 1989, at night. I had no idea what had happened, especially since during the last few days, I had not listened to the Free Europe Radio station anymore[116].

Florin Iaru, Bucharest

- „*In front of the București Hotel?*

- Yes. We were shouting «Join us!», and the people living in the apartment buildings in the area were looking at us. «Join us!» was our chant. We were standing right in front of the troops, for about a quarter of an hour. We danced «Hora Unirii» and shouted: «We want a Popular Government, a Government of the People!». These were all taken from the communist propaganda movie called *Setea* (*Thirst*). The irony!

- This type of chant is quite correct because it is used exactly by the opponent's language and may not be denied. Suddenly, Călin Angelescu appeared next to me, to my left, while, to my right, the friend Ion Dimitriu which I had previously recalled. Florin, he told me, when I heard that the broadcast was interrupted, I immediately took to the streets.

[116] „Revolution Notebooks", no. 2(40)/2012, p. 31-34; Interview taken by Ioana Ciodaru and Constantin Corneanu.

But I was determined to just watch, just stand on the pavement and watch. But when I saw you there, in the middle, I was ashamed and I had to come next to you! Therefore, I had, by my side, around three familiar people, while behind me, two-three-four rows away, the writer Ioan Groșan was present, the one with the Security cooperation scandal. A cooperation which I do not believe in. I believe in the cooperation during the first period, but I do not believe in the second one. We were facing the troops. From amongst their ranks, an elegant, tall and imposing man came out, holding an astrakhan hat. The astrakhan hat was a distinctive sign! Later on, at the trial, I found out that it was General Gianu Bucurescu. He was a leader, he was instructing the troops. Călin Angelescu said to me: Listen, I saw Ceaușescu! It wasn't Ceaușescu, it was Tudor Postelnicu. We had never seen Ceaușescu before us, ergo, my friend's confusion. General Bucurescu asked us: «What do you want, anyway?»

- At that particular moment, I turned towards the masses and shouted: My brothers, do we have among us an attorney who is familiar with the Romanian Constitution!? There was a moment of quiet, there was no attorney amongst us. Then, *I shall speak!,* I said, and jumped straight into his face. I told him that we wanted democracy, that it was our right to participate in the protest, that it was how comrade Ceaușescu wanted it and that we want to go there, as well, and say what we believe! It took a few minutes until General Bucurescu withdrew at the back and, at that moment, from the earth, from the green grass, two trucks appeared with men who caught us in-between, like a sandwich. Călin got away on the side and ran towards the Biserica Albă (White Church), but I was caught in the middle! Writer in the middle! Four men caught me by the hands and feet, one was holding one of my hands, the other was holding my other hand. I took my glasses with the left hand and put them in my pocket. A shorter fella, with a dock-like coat and some boots, came towards me … and when he started kicking me with those boots… And he kept on kicking… He obviously caused me massive bleeding… He kicked my lungs and cut my breath. He was stomping on me! That was when they caught

Ion Dumitru, as well, and threw us at the corner with the Capșa tea room, piled up one on top of the other. We were about 20-25 individuals caught, beaten, some beaten worse because they did not know how to defend themselves.

- *In the truck?*

- Not in the truck, on the street, at the beginning. Then, the car came to pick us up. Luckily, Călin Angelescu managed to escape and went to the Barricade, but he was followed up to the Obor Square. They took us to the Militia Precinct 1. My problem was that I had talked to General Bucurescu, I was the one with the claims. That's him!, they said. I was the first at the interrogation. I was hit again and I fell down. Still, not all investigators were the same. The person who investigated me, I think, was a lieutenant-major. When he saw me, chin full of blood, he said: My God, mister, you look really bad! This is what it is, I said. I can't lose my sense of humor, no matter the situation! Tell me what you've done! I started off as I was taught to: Reporting for duty! A military phrase which, if said, would spare you any beating! I told them I would write down everything that I've done, but there is one thing I would not write down. You can beat me up as much as you want, you can even kill me on the spot! I shouted «No more Ceaușescu», but I'm only telling you this and I'm not writing it down, I said. How shall we proceed?, he inquired rhetorically. Let's say you went out because you had no insulin, ok? That you're dissatisfied for not finding any medicine. He tried to save me, while a lady from the Registry Office brought me a piece of bread, wrapped it in a napkin and stuck it into my pocket. Around 7 PM, on December, 21st, 1989, they loaded 12 of us into a car. I can't remember everyone since it's been a while and I haven't had a chance to speak to them in 20 years, although, after 1989, we were meeting in the same place, every year, for the first two. The car was an ARO, outside, there were two Militia officers with guns pointed outwards and we were standing there, all nice and beaten up, without having a clue as to where they were taking us. My belief was that they would take us out on the fields and shoot us. It was obviously not exactly like that, but it is only now that I may say this. Back

then, I had no notions of law, legislation, of what was possible and what was impossible. There was a huge difference between the written laws and the events occurring, between what was written on paper and what was happening in reality. You had nothing to rely on. I told them: Boys, if they take us all out in the fields, make sure you don't run in the same direction! You spread up like breadcrumbs so that at least a couple of us make it out alive. Irrespective of how many bullets their loaders hold, a maximum of two bullets will reach any man, the rest are wasted in the air. If you start running, we have high chances of escaping. And let's learn each other's names and, if some of us die, let's make sure the ones who survive know the other people's names! For five continuous minutes, we repeated our names amongst ourselves, so that we may learn them, and one of them, who was a painter, said to us: God, if I make it out alive, I swear I will paint your houses for free!

He kept his word, he went to each of them, one at a time, and painted their homes, except for me, since I didn't call him. On the way, I said to myself that I would die without having the pleasure of drinking a Coca-Cola! That was my worst regret, at that moment! They took us to the Jilava Penitentiary, where Horia Roman Patapievici was also held. Back then, we didn't know each other, it was only later on, when meeting in the public life, that we discovered that we had both been in the same hell, without any hope. The pain started after the beatings, considering that we stood with our hands lifted against the wall, for four hours. Many of those detained were badly beaten, I only had a little blood on my face, the camouflage coat had a thick cover, which kept me somewhat protected against the beatings I had received. It was not suitable for the insulin and the syringes because the one who kicked me with his boot in the chest managed to break my vial.

During this time, two friends, Ioan Groșan and Eugen Suciu, who was living on Calea Victoriei, went to D. R. Popescu and told him: D. R., we're not asking you to let him out, because you can't, but at least let him have some insulin so that he won't die!

In Jilava, I was obviously the first one to be taken in for questioning, by some ranks higher than the Militia! I could not comprehend what was going on. Eventually, they took us all back to the cell, in common law, and sat us all down on a small bed. I was plaintively looking at the small coop, I was plaintively looking at the prison walls and, at one point, I heard: Which one of you is Iaru?. Not again!, I was saying to myself… Which one of you is Iaru Râpă? They took me in for interrogation, with some even higher-ranked people.

Comrade, were you…?

I was!

Do you know comrade general X? I was wondering what I should say, that I knew him or that I didn't know him? What was the best option? You are in luck! The comrade general intervened, he said it was a mistake. It was D. R. Popescu. I got out of there around 2-3 PM, they let me and the sculptor Vasile Gorduz go free; it must have been the Plastic Artist Union that intervened on his behalf. I remember it now like it was yesterday: when I was going through the hallway, I heard some inmates saying: Look at that, these fellas are being released! Among them, I heard someone screaming: „I want to get out of here, I am a member of the Communist Party, I completely agree with the party policy!

Many of them were picked up just for the plain fact of being on the streets, they had nothing to do with anything! They took us into an ambulance whose floor was all covered in blood and they took us all the way to the Bellu Cemetery, where they released us and said: If I catch you again, you will end up at our place, again!

I got home at around 5 AM. *Radio Free Europe* had broadcasted some news about my arrest and the repression, therefore, all my neighbors were asking me about what I had been through. The rest is of no importance. The important thing was that I was alive. When I got undressed, I noticed that I was black, my entire body was black because of the beatings I had taken. I was out alive, they hadn't broken

anything! Many thanks to Andrei Sencovici for teaching me how to defend myself!"[117].

Iliescu George Dorel, Bucharest

„We were taken outside, where we were knocked down at the base of the University wall. We were there for about 15 minutes, during which time I was beaten by the soldiers equipped with shields and helmets and wearing the inscription „Militia". We were taken to Precinct 17 and, from there, to Jilava Penitentiary, where we were visited by a doctor and asked if someone had any open wounds. There was no one in the room with open wounds; however, everyone was bruised all over their bodies, on the legs, and we had bumps on our heads"[118].

Iost Krisztina, Timișoara

„Around 4 AM, on December, 17th, a group of Militia officers, dressed in uniforms and as civilians, broke down the door (of the house where the pastor László Tökés was living in), they beat us up, cursed us, shoved us into a car and took us to the Security, except for the pastor and his wife. We were initially interviewed in a corridor, between repeated cursing and kicks (…) The Militia officers threatened us with either eight, or 20 years in prison. Even pregnant women were beaten up"[119.]

Kiss Adrian, Bucharest

„After a few minutes, the station was invaded by a group consisting in five Militia officers dressed in grey overalls, holding shields, helmets and rubber batons. They started hitting the people in the station with their batons. I tried to get out of the station, but outside, a cordon of militaries dressed in the same way as the ones who descended earlier had been formed. Two militaries started hitting me in the head with the

[117] Revolution Notebooks, no. 3(41)/2012, p. 23-35; Interview with the writer Florin Iaru, taken by Ioana Ciodaru-Ceaușescu, IRRD, Bucharest, pages 41-43.

[118] Ioan Dan, work quoted, page 287.

[119] Adrian Kali, *1989 – Destin*..., p. 43-44.

batons. I fell down, but they continued to hit me until I lost my consciousness"[120].

Lefter Liviu, Timişoara

„On December, 17th, 1989, around 6 PM, I headed towards Calea Aradului, riding my bike, to a brother in order to tell him about the events having occurred in the city on Saturday evening, but here, outside, there was plenty of agitation. Upon hearing the shots fired in the city, I left for home. I cycled down Calea Aradului with the intention of heading via Câmpina Street and towards the Campus, where I was living, just behind it. But, as I was cycling and singing «Deşteaptă-te, române», just outside the ITT (namely, the Textile Factory), I was warned by a cordon of soldiers, who shouted «Halt! Or we shoot!». I stopped the moment I was warned, with guns pointed towards me. I was ordered to «Put down your bike and put your hands behind your head!». I did exactly that, they approached me, one, on one side, the other, on the other side, they pulled my hands up behind my back and started punching me in the stomach, liver, chest, and saying: «Why where you singing, are you against the system?» (…) After a while, almost an hour, the Militia car came around, an ARO with two Militia officers, but they applied the same tactic of human beating and destruction, twisting my hands to be back, punching me like I was a boxing bag; then, they took me to the car and threw me face down, telling me not to move and that if I did, they would shoot me. I may add that, while I was at the ITT and facing the wall, I heard screams coming from the street.

They took me to Popa Şapcă, where they lifted me, grabbing me by the back side of my belt and throwing me on some stairs, in a hallway. I was punched all the way to a hall and was asked: «Do you want to change the world?»"[121].

[120] Ioan Dan, work quoted, p. 287.
[121] Marius Mioc, work quoted, p. 91.

Manea Silviu Viorel, Timișoara

„After they (M. N. D. soldiers) stung me with the bayonet next to the spine, they hit me with the gunstock and, after I fell, I was kicked and they effectively stomped on my hands, and, during the „walk", they hit us with shovel or hatchet ends, I can't really remember (I tried to stand still, all the way, hoping that there would, perhaps be an escape window if they stopped paying attention to me, so I kept taking in the hits"[122].

Marcău Rodica, Timișoara

„- You go and broadcast something, a message from me.

- Go on, it will be broadcasted on television, as well!

- Yes, I'd like to… So, are you recording and filming, at the same time?

- Yes, we are.

- My name is Marcău Rodica, from I.C.S. Timișoara Alimentara. On Sunday, I defended my shop. As I was walking from the shop towards my home, the Security troops started shooting at us without any warning. I had brothers and sisters held at the penitentiary. We were freed three days later, beaten up and tortured. They beat them, as well, they beat them using gunstocks. I am sitting in this bed, right now, but on behalf of my colleagues from I.C.S. Alimentara, I join you, the young people of Timișoara and of Bucharest, and the entire country, for the great revolution. We want a better life! We want the young people to be free! We want everything to be good and everyone to be happy! We don't want any more dictatorship! We don't want any bad things to happen in the country! We want Ceaușescu to be trialed here, in Banat! (…) all the people in this hospital join you, those out there, in the Operei Square. Ann from here, from the hospital, we offer you our support through our souls and our voices. Be strong and don't stop! Resist! We will not take any more of the Security troops! We are sick of them! I understand they

[122] Adrian Kali, *1989 – Destin*..., p. 13, 112.

submitted an acceptance application. We won't accept them, we don't want them!"[123]

Cassian Maria Spiridon, Iași

„At any time during the investigation, were you asked about your affiliation to the KGB?

Cassian Maria Spiridon: Never, during the investigation, was I asked anything about the KGB. Not once. They only showed me some pictures. A very interesting fact. On December, 14th, in the evening, I was returning home and I met my son, who was off to Judo training and I talked to him for a while. I realized, then, during the investigation, that I was practically monitored, surveilled all the time, followed step by step, because they reproduced my entire conversation with him. They never said anything about the KGB. All they cared about was to find out who was above us. They did not stop and think, for a second, that the only people above us were… well, us. And God. I remember that they beat me up savagely, I told them that it was just us, just Ștefan Prutianu and me. I permanently tried to give them the runaround, to fool them, but they seemed to know everything. I told them: «Gentlemen, you know my biography better than I do! I tend to forget a few things, but you seem to know everything!». I remember they kept asking me to write the statement, first in capital letters, then in small letters. They were interested to see whether I was the one who had drafted the manifestos. I wasn't asked anything about the KGB. They are now talking about the KGB diversion. I told Alex Stoenescu, who talked to me, as well, the plain truth. That I had nothing to do with the KGB. That it is strictly something of the Perestroika era… We had no business with that. It's been 22 years, has someone come up with a document or anything like that? The Soviets were in Iași. They were tourists. There was a bus full of Russian tourists – Soviettrans – something like that, in Unirii Square, next to the Traian Hotel. But they had no business with us! This is where all the vagueness lies, this is

[123] https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sTm8YVUpLUE, a film directed by Harun Farocki and Andrei Ujica, accessed on 12.07.2014.

what some people are trying to institute, blow some smoke. What is quite interesting is that it is still us that need to explain that we had nothing to do with the Soviets! Let them explain if we had any business with them! And even if we had, is it such a small issue being a KGB man, dare I ask?!

How was your time at the Security?

Cassian Maria Spiridon: I was arrested, they dressed me up in inmate clothes, I was number 31 in cell 3. So, I was just a number… I don't take any pleasure in remembering it. The moment they take you to that cell, they take off any civilian clothes you may be wearing and give you inmate clothes to wear. The most humiliating moment! They handed me a box to put my clothes in, and if I ever got out, I would get them back. Some absolutely humiliating moments! They cancel you out! You are nothing! You are an object! In the cell, we had – I realized – a snitch. He was a border man, he tried to cross the border. He was a sports teacher. He was put in the same cell with us, the intellectuals. I was watching him… He asked me what my intentions had been. I told him specifically what I had wanted to do: to gather the people in the Square against Ceaușescu! „My goodness, how?", he was saying. Therefore, he was trying to break me. I obviously treated him with contempt because, even to this day, I am certain he was a Security man trying to find out more information about me. I was in no mood to talk to him! During the time that my name was 31, I was an instrument in their hands! As for being released, I got out of the cell and they told me to get undressed. They gave me my civilian clothes. I signed for having picked them up… But I kept explaining them that there is no use for me to be released because my ideas have not changed a bit! „But there is no use to let me out!", I was telling them. I kept wondering why they were in such a rush. The truth is that, after they took us outside, the revolutionaries came to free us. "Please, get dressed!", they said to me. I got dressed and they escorted me. A Militia officer was standing at the exit and when I got next to him, he said, with admiration: „Your fight was not in vain!". I thought it was a mind game. When I got out, the Security soldiers were there, holding machine guns and ready

to defend the building at 6 Triumfului street. I have to live with these memories from the Death house! I kept trying to find out what had happened. He said: „Go home!". I kept replying, „Mister, can't you understand that I don't want to go home!"

Have you ever met the Security investigators, after December, 22nd, 1989?

Cassian Maria Spiridon: I had the opportunity to meet my investigators. I once met a young men as I was walking through the Copou Park. He was the one who had put me in the cell, him and Ciurlău, and it was him that told me about Captain Lazăr, who beat me up the most, Colonel Trașcă, and Ciulău, who had put me in the cell. Lazăr was the bad guy, while Trașcă was the good guy. At one point, they both started beating me up… They would set me down on a solid table and kicked and punched me. At first, I did not understand the presence of that table, there. In 1992, I met Major Matei, who is a retired colonel, now. He was the official Security investigator in Iași. I remember being put in a room with shelves, with Lenin's and Marx's works. It was him that I had plenty of talks with, he was even writing poetry about Ceaușescu! And I met him on the street. I walked past him. But he caught my hand and started telling me… I said to him: «Are you mad? What is your problem with me? You could have at least said you were sorry. That was that… considering the circumstances…» But he kept telling me what a nice person he was! He wanted me to give him a good behavior certificate! «You want the victim to apologize to their executioner? I just have one request: if you see me on the street, just cross to the other side and leave me alone!». We have not seen each other ever since. I believe all tormentors should apologize or, at least, admit to their guilt! We were banished from Heaven for not admitting our guilt! We failed to admit our sin! And forgive! By forgiving each other, we may proceed with our actions. Without forgiveness, we are lost, we always hold that feeling of guilt, of fault, and we may no longer continue. The Security had done their duty up to the last minute! And they are still doing it now! In Iași, Doru Țigău found, in the safe of comrade Maria Ghițulică,

some documents showing that four of us were to be shot! The Security was to apply the procedure relating to the state of emergency… We were meant to be eliminated. It was actually a list of about 60 names"[124].

……

„After a few hours, I was escorted down a corridor and put in a cell on whose door, a lit sign was installed on top, with the inscription "Investigation" in red. When I entered, it lit up. The room looked austere, with a table and three windows holding the works of the Marxism-Leninism classics, «esthetically» displayed. The investigator came in, a short, plump and apparently kind fella. The questions began from Adam and Eve, he asked me to write my biography in capital letters, in small letters etc. Knowing that I was dealing with writing, they were probably thinking that it was me who wrote the manifestos discovered in the city. They were actually made by stamping, with letters dug in rubber. It was past midnight, they could not find out anything from me. I was playing the part of the naïve man. The investigator disclosed their personal poetic skills, he told me about the books that he wanted to publish, about how well he was getting along with Horia Zilieru and Corneliu Sturzu (it was true, I had seen some of his poems, adequate for the «era», published in «Convorbiri literare» etc. Before saying our goodbyes, he even shared a joke. He told me how a peasant, who had just arrived at the Iaşi station, kept asking: «Where is the Security?», and someone replied: «Everywhere, everywhere!… I smiled politely, I said «Goodbye» to the comrade investigator, Major C. Matei, and left. The major is currently retired, ranked as colonel.

The next day, I was again taken away from the Institute with the same ARO and carried to the respective site. This time, from the waiting area, I was directed to a hall normally used as an office. Here, surrounded by five officers dressed in civilians, the row of questions began. I continued to play innocent. They even told me what I had spoken about in

[124] Interview taken by Ioana Ciodaru and Constantin Corneanu, in the „Revolution Notebooks", no. 2(40) / 2012, p. 15-17

Unirii Square and even who I had met when returning home, they showed me photos and asked me to identify different people etc. They were exchanging, while I was left under the repeated rows of questions and made to write statements. It was obvious that they knew every detail.

They threatened me with Cristinel. I did not know who or what it was. I found out the following day: it was the rubber baton – that is how the men with chicory eyes would call it. They were going mad upon seeing me writing down in my statement that I had fought against the socialist order. They wanted to find out why I was so discontent – I had an honorable wage, a good position at the Institute (I was chief of staff), I had a home, I had a wife, children, car, so… what was I missing? Hard to explain or, in other words, they were pretending not to understand.

The third and last time they picked me up – again, from the Institute – I was already used to it, I was working in two shifts, my job, during the day, and at their disposal, during the night. This time, I was entered through the inner court and put in a cell, at the ground floor. The head of the Security, Colonel Ciurlău, showed up, neatly dressed, and started shouting at me. He is a pensioner today, as well. I was then transferred to a room with a long, massive table, two chairs, a hanger with a rubber baton hanging on it, a strong door and the window covered in perforated metal sheet. A large fella came in, wearing glasses and short hair, he looked surprisingly like Dan Grigore. And he started the investigation. He asked me to get up on the chair. I got up. He started shouting: Not like that, on your knees, on the chair! I did just that, but without realizing what the purpose was. I had not managed to read the book *Gherla*, by Paul Goma. He started hitting me with the baton over the soles, for full minutes, until he would get tired – I could hear him gasp. I have the habit of not saying a word, not a shout, whenever something is hurting. He kept beating me and I wasn't saying anything, he would let one go over the feet, the buttocks, the backside. Then, he would rest for a while and would resume the operations. During the breaks, I had really intelligent conversations with the comrade. Captain Lazăr had a Ph.D. in

Law. It is possible, for his track record during the Revolution, that he may have been promoted to Major. Colonel Ionescu arrived, as well; he was a short, upbeat and quite paternal man. His actual name was Trașcă. After laying me on the table (that was how I found out what they needed a long and massive table for), the colonel started punching me in the head and the back, while the captain was operating with the baton.

After eight hours, they exchanged roles. While whacking me, another team was investigating (I only found out afterwards) my wife, in a civilized and nice manner.

Almost 24 hours later, Major Matei came in and said I would be locked up. The cells were in the same building, on the second floor. I was taken, through the inner yard, to another door, where I was taken over by Militia officers. Paradoxically, on the stairwell walls, panels with educational quotes from Kant, Hegel and other philosophers were hanging. When we got to the second floor, they asked me to strip naked. I think that was the most humiliating moment. Just like in the *The First Circle*, by Solzhenitsyn. They searched me everywhere, under the tongue, in my anus etc. They handed me the inmate clothes, they asked me to write a delivery-receipt form and that's how I became number 31. In cell no. 3, provided with windows on the upper side, there were four more bunk beds, two each, and another inmate. He claimed to be a sports teacher and was using the phrase «we, intellectuals». He was there for having attempted to fraudulently cross the border – a border man, as they say. He was actually a snitch trying to break me, but unfortunately for him, he was unsuccessful. While I was there, I was tired of the thought of my mother finding out that I was in jail. I knew she was old and ill. I was horrified of the thought that she might die if she found out. On December, 22nd, around noon, the door opened and I was called out: «31, come on!» They asked me to sign the delivery-receipt form, take off the inmate clothes and take on my civilian belongings. They were agitated and were rushing me: Faster, faster! I kept trying to explain to them that there was no use to set me free because they would bring me back there. I thought they

wanted to cause me a mental shock, by freeing me and, then, arresting me again.

I got dressed and was escorted to the ground floor. Just as I was about to exit the door leading to the inner yard, a young Militia officer pats me on the back and, with admiration, states: "Your fight was not in vain!" I didn't understand any of it. Although I had asked the Militia officer who removed me from the prison yard and escorted me to the street, he refused to explain, he tried to calm me down and told me to go to my family. There was madness in the streets, the works of the "genius" were flying as they were torn to bits, people were chanting etc.

That was how I left, on the afternoon of December, 22nd, 1989, the Death House on the Copou hill, without shoelaces on my boots, with a sad figure and the hope that the Militia officer's words, «Your fight was not in vain!», would soon be confirmed"[125].

Marinescu Maria, Bucharest

„I was walking towards the Victoria shop and I stopped next to the Jewelry Shop by the Capital Militia (…) I saw a man coming towards me, I immediately recognized him as one of the Security officers. And he said: „Come here, for a second!", and he grabbed me by the shoulders and took me to the Capital Militia, there, 50 meters further. We entered that small street coming out of Victoriei, it's called Eforie, I reckon. We walked up the stairs, it was a double staircase. When we entered, he said, in disgust: «There you go, boys, another package!»

- *Around what time did they pick you up?*

- After 1 AM, perhaps 2 AM. Long story short, they beat me up until the morning came. They started straight away, while I was still in the hallway, with the batons and were kicking me with the boots. And they were beating me,

[125] Cassian Maria Spiridon, „Iaşi, 14 Decembrie 1989, Începutul Revoluţiei Române" in *Analele Sighet 10: Anii 1973-1989: Cronica unui sfârşit de sistem, comunicări prezentate la Simpozionul de la Memorialul Sighet (5-7 iulie 2002)*, Romulus Susan (editor), the Academia Civică Foundation, 2003, p. 1.116-1.118.

from shift to shift, but there were on the ground, perhaps, tens of people. Men and women. That's how they kept me until 5-6 AM.

- *Did someone ask for any water, food or medical assistance?*

- Who could have asked, anyway? They were all lying on the ground, face down and waiting for a baton or a booth to come their way, at any moment? And they kept saying: «You want democracy, here you go! Have some democracy!», «You thought you could take down The Boss», and so on. I could consider myself lucky, considering the circumstances, because I sat down facing a stove and that was how the beat me up. There was one there, he lifted his head and said: «Pardon, boss, I've just pooed myself!». I was feeling pity. At one point, I couldn't even feel the pain anymore. From the entrance hallway, they took us to some really tall rooms, via another hallway. They took us by the back of the neck and threw us on the ground, like a bunch of animals.

If you were to lift your head to see what was happening, you would end up with another boot in the ribs.

One of the police officers accompanying us said: «Those of you who are religious, pray, because you will not get out of here alive!». They were laughing and saying that they would put all of us into a hole and set us on fire, so that we may burn alive. I was getting the shivers"[126].

Marinică Dumitru Mircea, Bucharest

„Approximately 4 or 5 hours later, protesters were scattered and they began to harass (arrest) them. I ran to hide on Scaune and Moşilor Streets and then managed to get to Republicii Boulevard, where I was caught and, without even being asked to disclose my identity, they started to strike me with the rubber mace and the wooden club, and, as I fell to the ground, they kicked me and I lost consciousness[92].

[126] Zoltan Rostaş, Florentina Ţone (coordinators), *Tânăr student caut revoluţionar*, vol. II, Editura Curtea Veche, Bucharest, 2012, p. 371-373.

[92] Ioan Dan, *op. cit.*, p. 290.

Dumitru Mazilu, Bucharest

„It had gone up to 1 AM, on the night of December, 21st to December, 22nd. The lightning of machine guns were lighting up the entire area, and the blast was so close that the windows were rattling in the house that the jailers had turned, for several years, into a terrible prison, we were feverishly awaiting our child. We could not stop him. He wanted to take part in that dramatic confrontation, together and along with many of his colleagues. He was only 16… He left beginning with the first movements in the Romană Square, to the Intercontinental Hotel and to the University… He returned, once or twice, swiftly, to keep us updated, and left again. He was thrilled. A feeling of pride and joy was lighting up his entire being… «They are all out on the streets!»; «No more dictatorship!» – he told us when he left last, around 9 PM… I heard that several children had been murdered. Neither me, nor my wife were saying anything, but we were both thinking, worried, about Daniel, who had not returned for 4 hours… Eventually, he returned around 1 AM. He told us that the people would not give in any longer, that students are the soul of the battle. They had asked school children to rest in shifts and return after a few hours… But we barely managed to turn the lights off and the strong banging of car doors was heard from outside. My wife rushed to the window and warned me hastily: «They are here to take you away!», «They are many and armed!». I immediately ran towards the entrance door. There was a huge frenzy on the stairs. Several armed individuals were coming up, and three of them stopped in front of the door, trying out different keys so as to try and open it… I confirmed my wife that they would come across us. I had understood from the very beginning. The 20+ police officers were there to execute us… They had taken all of us so that there would be no witnesses. The neighbors, who were barricaded in their apartments, when they came to pick us up, could not state specifically what they had seen, except for an unusual fuss and the doors caused by breaking the door down. Later on, I found out that, in front of each apartment, there were two police officers holding automatic guns and not allowing anyone to get out of their apartment. The most

worthy individual turned out to be a worker living just underneath our apartment who, upon hearing those awful noises, understood that they were there to kill us. Steadying himself, he launched out on the hallway and pushed the officers from the door: «Who are you, what is your problem with these people? Why do you want to murder them?» – he asked, in a single breath… But he didn't get to hear the answers. The two jailers immediately enforced several punches on him and threw him back into his accommodation in less than two seconds, blocking his entrance door… We were, indeed, in the presence of the execution squad. We felt no fear. Not only me, my wife, as well, and my child were waiting, for a long time, to be killed. After we had openly revolted against that tyrannical government system and, particularly, after I had managed to make the United Nations aware of the crimes committed by the totalitarian system against the Romanian people, I had no doubt that they would eliminate us. We had assumed this risk, and we are now living the dramatic moments of pulverizing a family who had told the Government people some painful truths, for which we could not be forgiven. What I did not know in advance was the way our lives would be taken away from us. They were threatening us, for the past four years, by means of the unsigned „fliers" left in the mailbox. They even called my attention upon the death of my mother and my brother, which made me aware of the fact that they were not quite unaware of their extremely strange disappearance… We were expecting a car or tractor accident or a new „heart attack" - as the usual procedures showed, but not once did I stop to think about an execution squad formula.

Something had happened, something really serious, considering that the tyrants had decided to finish us so brutally… We would, later on, find out that the heads of the repression had reached the conclusion that – on that fatal day for tyranny – I would be the one who was leading the protests of the young people in Bucharest, through my child, who had been present in all hot points in the Capital. They knew that, under the Report submitted to the U. N. – after it had been illegally taken out of the country – I had proven that the

young people would undertake the huge risk of „rustling the loop of the totalitarian tyranny". And they knew, from the thousands of informers planted in the university environment, that the young people were decided to fight until the very end… Before this borderline case, I could almost feel no physical pain or, in any case, I would not give it any more importance… All my thoughts went out to GOD… Since I was a child, I had been raised in the church environment. I would not miss a single sermon. I would observe my days of fasting and regularly say my prayers… Father Berilă – who hosted the ceremony at my father's funeral, in 1977 – said that, during my early years, he had seen me quite close to the religious life and habits… As a matter of fact, throughout the terrible years of detention, my wife read to me several significant quotes from the BIBLE, particularly in moments of extreme desperation… And now, I was again alone, in front of GOD… I was praying, in my mind, and reciting Our Father, which I would repeat every night, before going to bed… I repeated some of the psalms engrafted in my head. And, during those six or six and a half hours – where our tormentors were looking for a place to execute us, without witnesses, and bury us in the ground – I prayed to Dear God to give me the strength I needed so much, to be able to get beyond, with dignity, those final moments of my life.

I asked dear God to guide the people in the Execution Squad to begin the ritual with me, and not my wife or my child. «Dear Lord, please, spare me the ordeal of seeing my wife and my child, the closest people I have in my life, murdered before me!». «Please let them survive!» «Their only fault is that they were by my side, morally supporting me and encouraging me!» «I am the only one to blame!". „It is because of me that they are tortured right now!». I was certain that I would not survive the assassination of my loved ones… I felt like a terrible burden, having to take with me, in the grave, the guilt of having exposed them so much and seeing them slaughtered, before my life would have ended. And I have the firm belief that GOD listened to my prayer… After more than six hours of searching, the police officers could not find the place they were searching for. There were

tens of thousands, millions of Romanians, everywhere. They were giving the totalitarian tyranny the final blow. Whenever they thought they found the perfect spot and were getting out of the car to prepare the Execution, other groups of people, other fighters would appear, and they forced to return to the vehicle and search another site. And as they kept searching, dusk was upon us. I found out, later on, that they had reported to their superiors in relation to the problems they encountered in finding a suitable site for our elimination. A recording tape was made of a radio instruction given out by the minister of the Interior: «The Alexandria problem, we shall sort that on the night of 22 into 23! We postpone, then! Understood? We postpone everything!». We had no idea, at that time, neither the place where we had stopped, nor that the 30-minute wait would save us another couple of hours alive… So, until the next night. That was the decision of the most feared and ruthless minister with the ones who dared to oppose the two dictators… From a conversation between two of our tormentors, I had understood that it was 7.30 AM. After some time, we were asked to get out. I tried to send a few words to my wife and child. I was certain I would be the first one to be executed and that God had listened to my prayer… I wanted to tell them how much I loved them and that they should be strong and have faith in God… Oh! God! I don't remember how many times I had repeated these words so as to be able to say them on the final moments before the separation. I could only give them a short look. I was certain it was the last time I would see them… Two individuals brutally grabbed me from my place. The chains on my hands had gone even deeper into my skin. I was full of blood… But was no longer feeling the pain… It was all swarming in my mind… I tripped, I hit myself. I then went up a few stairs and entered into a hallway. There were a few Militia officers there. One of them was a colonel or lieutenant-colonel. I entered a narrow aisle, and, after about twenty steps, I was pushed in a small, freezing cell. A doctor immediately came in and asked how I was feeling. He left me some medicine to take. I knew that every individual sentenced to death would be seen by a doctor, just before the execution… I was sitting peacefully

and waiting. Two individuals came in and sat on the metal bed in front of me. The cell contained four metal bunk beds. They told me I could sit, as well. When I did, I felt a horrific pain entangled in my entire body… The minutes were going by, but there was no command for me to accompany them on my last path. One of them bullied me, again. «It serves you right, if you don't stay in your place!» «You oppose the country's leaders, don't you?» «We'll teach you a lesson!». I, however, was not paying any attention to him… I was reflecting on the years of suffering endured by my loved ones, those tens of thousands of hours of detention, the hardships encountered after all means of living. And I was proud of them. I had a wonderful wife. She had helped me a lot; she was determined and would not let herself intimated… I had a wonderful child. He had effectively taken part in my battle. He was brave… And again, and again, I was wondering why they had to die? What was their fault? It all seemed so unfair, so mean. And I was praying, again and again, to Dear God, to keep them safe… After they had thrown me in that freezing cell and after the tormentors stopped hitting and humiliating me, I terrible worry came over me, I remembered that I had left the draft of a document on changing the system on my worktable, improvised during the detention years, where I wrote down those pages I had sent to the U. N. and where the ordeals endured by the Romanian people were detailed. I was thinking that, in the event that the dictator's men had discovered that document, everything would be lost! «Oh, Dear Lord, why did I not think of putting it somewhere safe?» I was sure that, if he saw it, the dictator would say that he had stumbled upon „a global plot set up by imperialist circles in order to destabilize the political situation in Romania and remove him from power". That document was contemplating to eliminate the totalitarian system and reinstate democracy, liberty and dignity of the Romanian people. For the tyrant, it was more than a plot. These objectives stood as a defiance to all the things he had spoken out for, throughout all those years of dictatorship… I was stewing in all ways. My chest pains were getting stronger. My mouth was bleeding. I had blood

pouring down one of my eyelids… But the thoughts were terrorizing me… What may have the dictator done upon seeing that document? What terrifying scenario may he have set up? How many people were arrested, accused of having helped me to compile that document? And again, I was wondering why I did not have the ability to hide it somewhere?! I was feeling like a complete failure. I was overcome by a total physical and mental exhaustion. I was out of strength. I was almost certain that the inevitable occurred and I had only myself to blame for it…

From the prison, to the verve of the Revolution. I had lost track of time. I did not know the amount of time lapsed from the moment the police had shoved us into those metal cages. … And, during those times, when discouragement was deeper than ever, during those times when the suffering had overcome all my senses and I had abandoned myself to faith, some unusual noises caught my attention. Through the hard, massive iron door, I could hear several other doors… I was certain that the time of the execution was here. And a deaf pain, such as the one caused by a sharp dagger, was tearing my heart up, when my thoughts flew towards my wife and children: «Had they executed them already?» «Am I the first or the last one?» But I didn't have time to provide myself with an answer because several individuals marched into the cold cell. «I brought you clothes. Put them on. We are going to another penitentiary. Come on, get dressed quickly!» – was the command set out by one of the officers having entered the cell. In a more mechanical manner, without saying anything, as I had previously learned that it would not serve for anything, I started putting on those items which were not mine and were not fitting. But I did not pat any importance to it. As a matter of fact, I did not find it important to think about what the tormentors were asking me to put on, before death… And, the next minute, my heartbeats started speeding up. A heatwave was over me, my wife was standing in the doorway. She was alive. I wanted to head towards her. I was not allowed to. I wanted to tell her that I was happy to see her alive. But I could not get the words out of my mouth. I felt paralyzed… She replied to a question

which was troubling me, but which I did not have the strength to ask her before: «Daniel is in another cell!» I displayed a sigh of relief. So, he was alive as well… «What is it with these clothes?» «They are not ours!» «What are they going to do with us? » «Where are they taking us?" - she inquired. «We are taking you to a different location!» – one of the police officers swiftly replied. «Get dressed right now! We need to leave». I advised my wife to get dressed, so that we may avoid another confrontation with the people who had made us suffer so much already… In a few minutes, we were put in a couple of Dacia 1300 automobiles.

My wife and child were in the car in front of us. We were following behind, at close range. It was then that I found out I was in Alexandria. When we were brought in, we didn't know where the prison was. We assumed it would be at Jilava Penitentiary… I also found out that it was 2 PM… Cars had driven away quickly off the mark. I no longer had any handcuffs on, nor did I have that huge wooden gag in my mouth. No one was saying anything. On the way, we realized we were heading for Bucharest… Around 4.30 PM, the cars stopped close to the accommodation. There were plenty of people on the streets. They all had tears in their eyes, «I thought they had killed you!». «We couldn't help you last night!». „They were too many and had firearms on them!" „What could we have done". „But we are now really happy to see you alive!" – they were saying to us, nervously… „Join us to the Palatului Square!" „People are waiting for you, there". „Ceaușescu has been banished. The tyranny is over!" - they were shouting with joy… At that moment, my wife approached me and asked me to wait for her a little bit; she went to the house and returned, holding the text of that essential document… I could not believe it. I had no idea by what miracle was the document I had suffered so much for saved, „When they marched in the house, I jumped to your work desk, took the document and threw it behind the refrigerator, in that narrow room where they would not have suspected it to be!" Without saying a word, I hugged and kissed her. My wife had been – during those decisive moments on the night of December, 21st into December, 22nd

– more rational than me. To her, the most valuable item in the house was that document. That was the object she had decided to save. And the place she chose was indeed the most suitable… As a matter of fact, she did not even get to return from the refrigerator room by the time police officers were breaking down the entrance door with violent kicks and I was being hit with the gunstock of the killer machine gun. … The joy of seeing that document safe was huge. I felt my powers returning. I was convinced that the Dear Lord had accompanied and guided us throughout this entire journey.

With an interminable belief in our Holy Father, I went to Palatului Square and I was asked to speak to the crowd there. Deeply nervous, face tumid from all the beatings I had received, I told people where I was coming from and I underlined the anti-communist features of the Romanian Revolution. I reminded them that we were under the most oppressive totalitarian system for over 45 years and that the country never was and never would be a communist country. I proposed that our land be called, in plain words, Romania, without any other accompanying socialist or communist adjectives, and the country flag be relieved of any communist marks. Encouraged by the approval of the 200.000 people present in the immense square, I started reading out loud the programmatic change proposals, starting with abolishing the single party system and institution of a democratic pluralistic governing system, so as to structure a new democratic Power in Romania. The crowd's acclamations convinced me that the desire for change is unbeatable and that the new power should have a democratic essence, without any further connection to the totalitarian system. At that time, I proposed people to choose their representatives amongst those who had fought against tyranny and to organize the guarding of the repression body archives, in order to prevent the destruction of the files related to the 45 years of suffering. More than 200 people arrived in the Central Committee, people on behalf of the masses, with whom I discussed the structures and program of the new Revolutionary Power. There was a full agreement for the country to be named, simply, Romania, the national flag to be relieved of the old symbols and the way

we address one another, to be the one used throughout the civilized world, as well as to abandon the phrasing „comrade", imposed under a presidential decree. Also, there was complete agreement for the proposal of repelling the repressive bodies and of setting up new Power mechanisms. It was decided that these proposals be brought to the attention of the entire country, by means of the radio and television. To this end, the Television Management was requested to notify the population that, in a short while, a Broadcast, essential for the country, shall be aired live.

After presenting the programmatic change proposals, the masses in favor of abolishing the totalitarian system became the target of a crossfire. They were shooting from the Royal Palace building, from the adjoining buildings and particularly, from the „General" building and the one where the dictatorial couple's Security Body was located. „These are terrorists, terrorists!" - several young people in the Palatului Square were shouting, young people who were bringing in the first testimonies of the dramatic confrontations taking place outside…"[128].

Medeleanu Cristian, Bucharest

„Myself and another person were put in a room, on the ground floor, and a non-commissioned Militia officer, ranked as master sergeant, tall, around 1.90 m, and blonde, proceeded to punching and kicking us. He punched the other person in the mouth, taking out two of their front teeth. I could definitely identify the non-commissioned Militia officer having exercised acts of violence on us. We were taken to a garage, again passing through a cordon of militaries. At the time that the blond master sergeant was hitting us, a civilian, short, small head, insisted on him hitting

[128] Dumitru Mazilu, *Revoluția Română zile și nopți de dramatism și speranță*, The Institute of the December 1989 Romanian Revolution, Bucharest, 2011, p. 14-42; See also "Revolution Notebooks", no. 1(20) / 2009, Dumitru Mazilu *Mărturii, O noapte de neuitat – 21 spre 22 decembrie 1989*, p. 60-65

us, otherwise he would hit the master sergeant. I could identify that person, as well"[129].

Melinte Marian, Timişoara

„I am watching the evacuation, over the fence, of the first secretary Ilie Matei and a desk clerk, aided by a Militia officer without rank, in a blue jacket. Once the official are evacuated, I am taken by surprise by a troop of soldiers debussed from trucks. They are older, with longer hair, they are armed with pickaxe or shovel ends, wearing khaki cloaks, down to the knee, and holding blue and red fly fronts. They are full of hatred and start hitting me.

I am knocked down on the concrete and the kicks rain down on me. I defend myself using my feet until I am hit in the head and – in a millisecond – I stand still. Someone commands that I be lifted up and taken away. I am being put on a truck half full of khaki cloaks, with side benches. It is around 2-2.20 PM. Behind me, they bring to the vehicle: Kenksan Victor, worker at the Cigarette Factory (member of Altar 89); a young, blond, solid man, disfigured by the beatings and with his hands tied behind his back with a wire; a short female student; an older man, bleeding; three young men, of which one would be my roommate in the Penitentiary, named Ricioiu Ştefan, worker at Comtim Fabric. We are transported to the Security Military Unit on Bariţiu street, just after the Gara de Nord (North Train Station). On the way, we are brutally hit, each of us, by a conscript Militia sergeant: punches, batons over the hands, over the soles, in the head. We are cursed and threatened.

The female student, particularly, is beaten up really hard, brought to an incredible state of irritation, verbally threatened to be raped and subjected to all sorts of acts of persecution. Becoming aware of the fact that I was an engineer, I received a special recommendation from which I benefited after being dressed up again, in the car, and consisting in batons over the soles, short series of punches and the unmissable cursing.

[129] Ioan Dan, work quoted, p. 295-296.

Around 3 PM, we are debussed at the Militia County Inspectorate on the Sălăjan Boulevard. A „welcoming committee" is expecting us, consisting in Militia and Security officers, dressed in short, black leather clothes and armed with submachine guns. We are taken out of the vehicle, one by one, and savagely hit with the guns, then made to lie on the asphalt or grass, face down. Any movement, no matter how small, is followed by kicks in the ribs, cursing and death threats (…) A petty officer said to us, on a threatening voice, that we might see each other again… Another one implied (perhaps, to be afraid to tell of the things we saw) that: people die of heart diseases, that there are several ways of causing such effects, one of which is food…"[130]

Mierlă Marian, Bucharest

„I returned to Calea Victoriei. Things had escalated quite a lot, over there. We were then about 200 people there. They were shouting: „Down with the Government!", „Timișoara" and they were singing the beginning of the national anthem „Deșteaptă-te, române!". Subsequently, the chants became more and more courageous and became „Down with the tyrant! ", „Down with the vampire!", „Freedom!" and, contrary to what was said, they also shouted, ever since those moments, „No more communism!". The citizens were brutally dispersed by the security troops – they were dressed in some sort of overalls, if I remember it well, they were wearing protection helmets, white shields and had some long batons which they used without reservation and all around. They came from the north of the street, jumping out from „ARO" vehicles. There, a significant number of people were detained, brutally beaten and arrested, under the booing and whistles of those who had managed to get to a particular distance. We got to Universității Square around 3 AM. Towards the evening, I was quite impressed with the stairs at the square passage, and I mean those next to the University Square. Also, the shop windows on Republicii (now, Carol I Boulevard) were full of painted writings, such as

[130] Kali, *1989 – Destin…,* p. 13, p. 47-49.

„Vampire/Tyrant/Shoemaker, leave", the most numerous, or „Liberty", „Long live free Romania" etc. (…) It wasn't long before successive heavy rifle or AAV cannon shots and screams were heard coming from the square (namely, C. A. Rosetti Square). I raised the window blinds a little, and I saw tens of people falling to the ground: one of them was agonizing and I had to stop looking, for a while. The other boys kept looking and one of them said that „the cordon is coming, right now". I went on to look again and, indeed, I saw a compact cordon advancing at a slow pace. I could hear some snaps coming from behind it. I soon saw what that was: two individuals, located around 10 – 20 meters behind the cordon, were shooting at some of the bodies of the ones that had fallen, probably those that had only been injured"[131].

mr. Mihaiasa Dorin, Bucharest

„As they descended from the trucks, I saw that many detainees were wounded and full of blood, while conscripts were continually hitting them with their gunstocks (…) The Militia officers would motivate their violence by the fact that they would have been beaten, themselves, by the persons detained, on the occasion of having caught them. The signs of violence were particularly displayed by those who were found carrying items stolen from shops"[132].

Mioc Marius, Timișoara

„I was born in 1968, in Timișoara. I graduated the Faculty of Mechanics of Timișoara and, currently, I am working as a financial analyst at Procter & Gamble Company.

In 1989, I was expecting Romania to undergo what other countries in the region had undergone, as well.

On December, 16th, I heard people were gathered in Maria Square. It was a rumor which I did not pay too much attention to. On that evening, I wanted to go to the club, at Casa Studenților (Students' House). I took the tram and,

[131] Romulus Cristea, *work quoted*, p. 62-63.

[132] http://sensidev.com/fc/dosare%20nr%2024.1991/dosar%20nr%2024%201991%20volumul%2019/0187.jpg, accessed on 13.06.2014.

when I got to Maria Square, I saw that there were people gathered there. I remembered what I had known before and got off the tram. It was past 8 PM. Some people were holding candles, they were peaceful and there were no chants, just yet. I had heard about something – the case of a Hungarian priest, but I was unaware of all the details. I wanted to go and see what was happening there, hoping that something was about to change. I got off the tram and mingled with the people there, as I was curious to see what they were doing. At one point, I intended to walk on the other side of the pavement – there were some Security officers there, as well, but you could sneak past them.

I know that, at a certain moment, next to the entrance of the Priest Tökés' house, there was someone saying that the firemen may be coming. They are not forcing anyone to leave this area, but the firemen may be coming. Still, people refused to leave. I can't remember exactly the timing of events, but I do know that, at one point, someone came out the window – at the same house, and said that he was safe. People were shouting „No more lies". After some time, the rumor that the students were coming spread and people started shouting „Ceaușescu, leave", „Liberty". „Hora Unirii" was sang. Then, a first group of Militia officers came around – they must have been about ten. People got a little scared and pulled back, but then, there were some people in the crowd who concluded: „look how many we are, and look how few they are". In order to encourage people, they started shouting „thieves, thieves" to the Militia officers. A few empty bottles were taken from the food shop in Maria Square and thrown towards the Militia officers – to encourage people – so that they would not be scared of the Militia officers anymore. Afterwards, the firemen came around, as well – a fire truck sprinkling, and people pulled back when it was sprinkling, and regrouped soon after. Further on, more and more security forces appeared – until they managed to disperse protesters. We were driven away to the bridge heading to the city center – in Maria Square.

R. – Did you go to the student campus?

M.M. – No, I didn't go there. There was a group that left before I got to Maria Square. I got to Maria Square really late, around 8 PM. From what I subsequently found out, the revolution had basically started before I got there, but I just didn't know it, at that time.

There was a period of truce. There was a group of squires, with helmets on, standing just about where the trams split up – tram no. 6 from tram no. 1. Protesters were at the bridge, so there were just a few tens of meters between protesters and Militia officers. Among protesters, some were just standing and watching, others were shouting. At one point, the squires began to advance, hitting their shields with the batons, making noise and advancing, at the same time. Therefore, the bangs coming from the shields were meant to scare off the protesters. They advanced as much as they had to, in order to divide the crowd of protesters into two parts. The group I was part of was pushed over the bridge – on the side towards the center – and there was another group – on Splaiul Tudor Vladimirescu (where Flora is located). Where I was – pushed over the bridge – we were not too many left and I was wondering if there was something I could do there, since there weren't many of us. I thought about trying to tell people to meet on the next day, as well, so that it would not just be a flash in the pan and to proceed with the protests. I started spreading the word out, „tomorrow, at 5 PM, we meet again at Maria Square". I first said it to the group I was part of, and then I took a detour – by the Cathedral, over the other bridge – so as to reach the people at Flora, as well – and tell them the same thing. Later on, I was walking through the city and when I saw people on the street, I would approach them and tell them: „tomorrow, at 5 PM, we meet again at Maria Square" and then we shall move forward. An old lady told me: „Go to the Train Station, there is a large crowd there", so I headed towards the Train Station. I would approach people or groups, let them know about it and walk on. I spread the word in the Train Station and, when coming out of the Train Station – I see two Militia officers chasing me. I start running, as well, but at one point, I see some Militia officers cutting me off and, eventually, I got caught.

I was taken to a building on Republicii Boulevard. They found my student card and I thought I would get expelled from university. I was thinking to myself that it was really dumb of me to carry papers because, if I didn't have them, I could have declared another identity. Afterwards, they took me to the Militia Inspectorate, where there were other detainees, as well.

R. – How long were you there for?

M.M. – I was there for a week – not only here, but at Popa Șapcă, as well. At the Militia, they took us to some dungeons, where there were other detainees, as well, and I was made to kneel down, hands behind my head. The detainees were called over, one by one – to state their names, addresses and the way they were arrested.

R. – Were they hitting you?

M.M. – Yes, there was a guy – Bălan Avram – he is still in the Police force today, as well, and who, when entering the dungeon and seeing someone not kneeling and not holding their hands behind their heads, would hit them really hard. The others would curse us, but without hitting anyone. I was only hit a few times, but there were others looking horribly, with blood flowing all over. One of them was saying that they had stomped on him and thought that they had broken his ribs, and if we ever escaped from there, to help him and take him to a friend.

On December, 17th, in the morning, they took us from the Militia to the Popa Șapcă Penitentiary, where we were kept until December, 19th, in the morning, and I was investigated on December, 18th.

During the investigation, I was beaten and threated to be hanged with my head down. I wanted to say that I intended to take a train, but I was not really aware of the train's schedule, and I said to myself that if I started off with this, I would most probably get confused, at one point.

Anyway, they already possessed some information about me.

On December, 19th, they took me back to the County Militia, where I was investigated on December, 19th and 20th. That was the time I was beaten up really badly. I was lying

on the ground, face down, smacked over the soles and feet, and over the backside. The ones who arrested me, put down, within their report, that I had told people to gather in Maria Square, at 8 PM. I realized they did not exactly know what I had told people. I could not take it any longer and, on the evening of December, 19th, I confessed to everything. I admitted to having told people to come the next day.

On December, 20th, I was investigated by another person claiming to be famous in Romanian penitentiaries. They kept asking me what I had done, what I had seen at the protest, what they had talked about there etc. On the afternoon of December, 20th, I was dressed in inmate clothes and taken to a cell where there were another 6 or 7 people.

We had, among us Dr. Tăutu – who is now a city counselor –, there was another person shot in the hand, and the others were named Geangu, Sandu Mihail and there was a thief who had been brought to the cell before us.

On the evening of December, 21st into December, 22nd, I was taken for investigations again, but without being beaten up, on this occasion, before an individual who presented himself as a prosecutor, and on the afternoon of December, 22nd, they removed us from the cell, handed back our clothes and put us in a van. We did not know exactly what was happening. I thought that, perhaps, they were taking us back to the penitentiary to return our personal belongings (watch, money) which they had taken away in the beginning. The van had a small window going into the driver's cab and we would, thus, see where we were headed. He went by Bega, towards Cârțan Square, over the bridge and towards the embankment. He was somehow making a detour and that seemed quite strange to me. After that, I saw he was heading towards the city suburbs and told the people in the van to knock on the walls of the van so as to make some noise and attract the attention of people on the streets. The ones sitting next to the door managed to open it and jumped out along the way. At that point, we were on Drobeta street. I was the last but one to have jumped out of the van. I thought they would stop and chase me. That was why I stopped and entered a yard where some old people were living. I asked them to turn

the radio on and select radio Bucharest and that was when I realized that the Revolution was victorious. Afterwards, I went home – I was all beaten up – and I stayed home until December, 24th, when the radio asked for the students to come, as the terrorists had arrived. (…)

In January, 1990, I went to the Militia and identified Avram Bălan, who was one of the people that, on the night of December, 16th into December, 17th, was hitting the detainees there. The person having investigated me on December, 19th – Filipescu Ion – was also there. I declared it to the Prosecution.

In the case of Avram Bălan, a pardon was granted on January, 1st, 1990, so my complaint was not investigated as it fell under the pardon, and in the case of the other one – he failed to admit to anything and I did not have any evidence against him. […]

R. – Who do you believe to have been behind all these events?

M.M. – I don't believe that the Revolution was organized, but that it originated in the people's discontent, in the fact that, everywhere around us, communist regimes were falling, which was an encouraging factor. I also saw that Russian troops were not getting involved in supporting the communist regimes and it was obvious that no one from the outside would interfere so as to support Ceaușescu.

I never felt that the Security was almighty and that nothing could be done about it, instead I believed, just like many others, that the communist regime can be overturned.

Subsequently, after Ceaușescu was driven away from power, there were others who knew how to take over and maintain that power. They created that masquerade with the terrorists.

The beginning of the Revolution, in Timișoara, in my opinion, was not orchestrated by anyone. Not even Tökés himself could have ever thought that something of this magnitude would come out of his protest. My opinion is that Ceaușescu failed to consider Tökés a serious threat to him. As Tökés was Hungarian, Ceaușescu did not count on a tie-in

between Romanians and Hungarians, so he had somewhat underestimated the Tökés situation.

R. – What was your opinion on the former regime?

M.M. – The Ceaușescu regime was a rotting regime which was not guided by any principle, other than the leader's cult of personality, and the criterion for promotion was the sycophancy towards him. It was a corrupt regime, incapable of survival.

R. – Who do you think the shooters were?

M.M. – As far as I know, shots were taken by the Army, the Militia and the Security – of those who were hoping that Ceaușescu would remain in power"[133].

Mutulescu Dacia, Bucharest

„At one point, an armoured amphibious loading conveyorsped into Magheru Boulevard, coming from the Eva shop. The people on the pavements took to the sides. When in the Romană Square, the AAV turned 180 degrees and went back into Magheru Boulevard again. I decided to oppose it. I headed towards the center of the boulevard, holding a flower, and stood on the AAV's trajectory. At first, it did not change its route; eventually, at the last minute, it avoided me. That was when I encouraged the people on the sides to come off the pavements and step down on the carriageway because, in the end, they could not kill all of us. I sat down, like a Turk, in the center of the boulevard and several people joined me, we joined our hands so as to form a human chain. The soldiers stooped on us and I was the first one to be grabbed. The two protesters next to me tried to pull me back (one's name was Lucian – I only know his first name), but they were picked up, as well, and locked in the van waiting in the middle of the boulevard, the soldiers violently grabbed me by the hair, the clothes, hit my head against the pavement and, pulling me by the legs, they put me in the van (…) We were taken to Police Precinct 1, on Ana Ipătescu Boulevard. Upon descending from the van, the soldiers were pushing us and

[133] Statement and interviews at http://www.memorialulrevolutiei.ro/index.php?page=baza-de-date/declaratii-ale-victimelor/mioc-marius, accessed on 18.06.2014.

the police officers aggressively surrounded us while also kicking and punching us. We were taken to a chamber, where we were made to stand with our hands against the wall, facing the wall, for several hours. My jaw was really hurting due to the punches I had taken, and I could feel some twinges in my backside and in the kidney area"[134].

Neacșa Florin, Bucharest

„Around 12.30 AM (on December, 22nd), when fire had already been opened against the protesters and the crowd was starting to disperse, I cleared the area with the intention of going home. I was accompanied by my brother-in-law, Sima Gheorghiță, and a work colleague of his, named Dogeanu Ion, whom I had met during the protest. Around 1-1.15 AM, we got to Sudului Square, where we were held by the Militia bodies, who had started the round-ups and blocked the intersections. While we were put on a van in Sudului Square, a person who wanted to run away was shot with two pistol shots. While in the car, the Militia officers were saying to us: „You wanted a protest like in the West? We'll give you bullets like in the West". While we were still in the car, a person, instead of coming in, pulled away and wanted to run. Another Militia officer shouted: „Shoot them like rabbits, don't let any of them get away!" Then, after hearing the shots, they said to us, triumphantly and laughing: «What, did you think you were going to get away?»"[135]

Netedu Elena, Bucharest

„On December, 21st, as I was exiting the apartment building I was living in, a neighbor told me that it was impossible to get through to the Athenaeum or the University because it was blocked by squires. I left. A neighbor from the building walked with me. We went down Luterană street, came out behind the București Hotel, in Calea Victoriei, went down Nikos Beloianis street and came out on Magheru. We went to the Eva shop, where there were several security

[134] Romulus Cristea, work quoted, p. 127-128.
[135] Ioan Dan, work quoted, p. 291.

cordons and the traffic was stopped. I went towards the University, passing by all security cordons, without anyone stopping me until I got to Dalles. That was where protesters were also stopped and surrounded by security cordons. I realized what it was about and joined them. It seemed as though I had known them forever. I shouted, with them, „ Down with Ceaușescu!", „Timișoara, Timișoara!". A man approached me, handed me some flowers and told me to pass the cordon, offer the soldiers some flowers, talk to them, because I was a woman and they would understand. To tell them not to shoot the protesters! I took the flowers and went passed the cordon, where the crowd of protesters was surrounded. I was facing the ones in the security cordon, around nine meters away. An old man, wearing a flag on his chest, was laying flowers at the belts of the people holding guns. That was when I walked up started speaking to a man in the first line, I wanted to give him flowers, but he would not take them. However, he broke open his weapon and it had no charger; he said they did not have any orders to shoot. The first line of the cordon consisted in men up to the age of 35, dressed in navy clothes, wearing a trench cap, without any marks and who were holding weapons provided with bayonets. The second line was made up of Militia officers in charge of public order on the street. The third cordon consisted in conscripts. Behind these three cordons, around ten meters away, there were three small tanks, all facing the University. Behind the small tanks, there were other lines of conscripts. I was looking at every soldier separately, checking to see whether I could spot my brother. My brother had around one month before finishing the Army stage. While I was shouting, from behind protesters, an Army van came around, passing amongst protesters, the security cordon, passed the small tanks, and bringing in more militaries. We were continuing to shout even louder, while approaching the security cordon even more.

Later on, when we were already fraternizing with the people in the security cordon, from behind protesters, again, a truck appeared, just like the first one, but this time, it came speeding, ran over some protesters, passed the security

cordon and stopped just in front of the small tanks. It was an Army truck. A man holding a bag of 250 g of meat, which was the portion / person / month, went over to the truck, started to pull the door, but couldn't open it. Other protesters were pulling the dead people from underneath the truck. When they saw that all protesters had passed the former security cordon, they started shooting in the air from behind the small tanks. No one could hear anything. We all dove to the ground, on top of each other. When they stopped shooting, we all stood up, we were all frozen, I was unable to move; my teeth were clenched together, I could not shout any longer, I could not open my mouth anymore. I heard a voice ordering to restore the security cordon. Someone handed me a candle, I didn't get to light it, though. Some men caught me, told me not to resist, punched me in the liver and I came around when I was in a yard, where they were kicking me in the stomach and pulling my hair. Someone kicked me, really hard, in the backside, after which I fell on my knees. He told me to put my hands up. He saw that I was holding a candle. He came to me and said: „Are you mourning the dead?" and he stuck it down my throat, to eat it. He stood next to me until seeing that I was chewing on wax, of which some I swallowed and some was stuck in my mouth. Then, they, put us in a van and took us to the Capital Militia. In the van, there was also a man with a five or six-year-old boy. When we got to the Capital Militia, they recorded us, kept us somewhere on the first floor, on an aisle, standing with our hands up, but without touching the wall so as not to get them dirty. I was standing face against the wall, we were a lot of people there. Behind us, there were civilian men and Militia officers passing by and instigating, hitting us over the elbows and saying: „What is it, you can't hold your hands up anymore? What were you doing at the protest? What is your problem with comrade Ceaușescu?" They were punching us in the liver. I did not shut up, I wanted to turn around and, when I moved, he punched me on my left side. I felt a terrible pain, my jaw was stuck, my bones were hurting, I could not locate the pain, you were not allowed to see the person beating you because they would beat you even harder. After about 3-4

hours of standing with our faces against the wall and hands up, they took us to hall with chairs and a painting of Ceaușescu. There was a civilian Militia officer who was instructing us on the drill: „Straight! On the ground!". He was pointing towards Ceaușescu and asked us why we were protesting against him. Whoever of us was moving slower was hit with a baton and told: "What's wrong, are you tired? Out there, in the square, you didn't seem to be!"

A girl had an epileptic seizure and a person in a white robe came along and offered assistance. When she came around, they started tying us up with ropes. It was nearly morning. The morning of December, 22nd, 1989.

While I was at the Capital Militia, you could hear and see, out the window, shots coming from all sides. Then, they took us down in pairs. On the ground floor, Militia cordons were waiting, on both sides, holding batons and, when we passed between them, they started beating us. They kept hitting us until we exited the building. A van was pulled up to the entrance, and we were shoved in there, just like some bags, exactly as we were tied up. In the van, I found the same man with the young boy, tied to one another. We spent quite a long time in that van, unaware of where we were going; we got to the jail at around 4 AM. (…) After being done with us, they put us back in the van and started shouting: „Women, at the tar cauldron and men, to the execution". When they put us in the van, they did not accept that young boy. We rode that van until it stopped in front of a large gate, and they took us off. While descending from the van, I got a few more batons on the backside…"[136]

Nicoleta Lorena, Bucharest

„After 11 PM, in the Unirii area, next to the fountains, we were inquired by some soldiers about what we were doing in the city, at this time of the night. One of them noticed that we were hoarse and our clothes were stained with mud, due to having crawled on the ground in order to avoid the bullets at the University area. An individual came around and started

[136] Romulus Cristea, work quoted, p. 121-123.

nudging us with a gun and asked us to trot until we got to the Militia Precinct 14. Once there, they escorted us to a well-lit garage. There were plenty of people there, holding their hands up. I, my brother and my father were made to stand with our backs against the wall. The Militia officers started beating us all up. There were around 20 people in the garage. My brother and I started crying. I could hear, behind me, the shouts of a person badly beaten and who was, periodically, splashed with water so as to come around, and, at one point, I heard someone ordering to bring the dog in. They tried to set the dog on us, but the dog stopped in the door and was looking at us. No matter how much they would beat the dog and wind it up, the dog refused to attack us. After three quarters of an hour, they called in the vans. It was then that I saw the one that had been badly beaten by Militia officers: he had no scalp, his hair had been ripped off. We got to the Capital Militia. Someone ordered for the children to be put at the front. I thought we were not going to be beaten up, but we underwent a new episode of beating as we passed a cordon of Militia officers. We were put in a cell, myself, my brother, my father and a neighbor. Throughout the night, we saw tracings and heard shots. We were interrogated and we left, around 2 AM. Upon coming out of the Militia, because they were out of handcuffs, they tied our hands up, using barbed wire, for some of us, and rope, for others. I got in a van with five persons and seven Militia officers, the atmosphere was suffocating. At the penitentiary gate, my brother was stopped for being a minor. My father and I were taken to cell 89, where there were several tens of people. We were there for about an hour. Then, towards the morning, me and another 10 boys, my brother included, put us in a van and took us back to the Militia Capital. We got there around 6 AM. They identified us, then, they made us wash the floor, clean the toilets, they would often curse us and inflict a baton over the backside. Some slaps and punches came our way, as well.

Around 8 PM, they took us to the Minors Admission Center on Aron Florian Street, somewhere around the back of the US Embassy. Mother Gabor, a teacher of German language and the coordinator of the center, came around. She

would make us kneel before Ceaușescu's painting, telling us to pray. Then, Mother Margareta came around, as well, taking me and my brother to one side and slapping us over the head. She cut every boy's hair until they were all bald. My hair was long and made into a bun. Mother Margareta would pull my hair and keep telling me that I resembled Elena Ceaușescu. She, then, wanted to bald me, changed her mind, but still poured oil over my hair, just to mock me. They made us work: we washed beds, clothes, toilets and gather the excrements located in a room used as a toilet, as the water was turned off. We stayed there until December, 23rd, 1989. Our parents were unaware of our whereabouts. They started looking for us everywhere: in hospitals, morgues, at Jilava Penitentiary. They couldn't find us. On the morning of December, 23rd, when things were quite obvious in relation to Ceaușescu, the „mothers" in the correction school started treating us differently: they wrapped armbands around our arms, saying that we had become revolutionaries. They allowed us to notify our families. We called home. They came and took us away. We were blue, we had no clothes because some of them were stolen. Before leaving, I got another portion of beating and was threatened not to disclose the treatment I had been subjected to. I was shocked, scared, I did not have the courage to go out on the streets or in public places anymore"[137].

Nicuță Negru, Director of the Timișoara Penitentiary in December, 1989

„- *When did you first become aware of the fact that things were getting agitated in the city?*

- On December, 16th, around 10 PM, I was at home with my wife and were discussing the start of holiday preparations, when I received a phone call from the counter-Security officer at the penitentiary. He told me I should come in as soon as possible as there are acts of disturbing the public peace and vandalism occurring. I immediately called my driver and put on my military uniform. The moment the

[137] Ibidem, p. 51-52.

driver came through the door, the counter-Security officer called again: „Why are you dressed like that?", „Like what?", „Please, come in dressed as a civilian!", „Why?", „I shall report when you arrive." I changed my clothes into civilian clothes, got in the car and headed towards the unit.

- *What did you notice on the way?*
- Nothing in particular.
- *Did you not pass through the central area?*
- No, we didn't. I live about 1 km away from the unit. It was only at the time that I entered the premises that I started hearing non-identifiable sounds, screams, noises, all turned into a continuous roar. In a straight line, our unit was about 800 m away from the center. When I got to the officer, the counter-Security officer reported that the city was filled with acts of vandalism, arson, shop break-ins, and the head of the Timiș County Security ordered for me to appear at the unit and phone him. The head of the Security was concise: „The C.I. officer must have briefed you in on what was happening in the city. Bring in your troops at the unit, take all necessary steps so that nothing particular may happen". I immediately replied: „Comrade Colonel, I may not alarm the unit without the approval of the head of the General Penitentiary Directorate". „Ask for approval, do whatever it takes, but alarm the unit!" I phoned the on-duty officer in Bucharest, reported the situation to them and asked them to notify Colonel Boștină (head of the directorate), as I must urgently require their approval for alarming the unit. After a few minutes, the on-duty officer at the directorate called me back, asking me to repeat what I had reported earlier. He must have not believed his ears. After about 30 minutes – it had already gone past midnight – Colonel Boștină also arrived at their office. He asked me to report the situation to him, as well. I executed. He reached a short conclusion: „Alarm the unit!" I executed.

- *Did you not think of sending someone to see what was happening in the central area, to inform you of what was happening downtown?*
- No, I didn't. My main concern was to provide the security of the unit. We had no duties beyond the unit gate.

- *Did you contact anyone else during the night?*

- Around 2-3 AM in the morning, I can't really remember, I got another phone call from the same head of Security. He asked me to prepare because „soon", they would send some "inmates" to the penitentiary.

I replied: *„At this time, it is not possible. According to current rules, all cells are locked until the wake-up call. They only open at 5 AM. I cannot accept any new inmates until that time."*

He insisted on that, telling me that it was not his problem and that I had to accept them. „Who should I take over?", „The ones that plundered and destroyed the city." „Comrade Colonel, are there any papers, are there all necessary documents, necessary for the acceptance, present?" „Not for now, but the prosecution shall arrive at the unit in the morning and shall have them issued."

I called back to Bucharest and reported to Colonel Boștină. After a swift hesitation, he approved the acceptance of those to be brought in. Around 4 AM, they started bringing in the first detainees. I was surprised that many of them were beaten up; quite a few of them were drunk. Also, plenty of them were carrying all sorts of items. They were, I concluded, stolen goods.

Five young Gypsy women descended from an ARO, wearing some of the most expensive furs I had ever seen, with labels still attached. I asked them where they got those furs from. „Well, the fur shop that was broken into; we took them out after the shop was set on fire." A citizen was carrying a brand-new music player in a bag, another one was carrying a TV set. One of them came in with a champagne shuttle.

- *Upon entering the premises, did you display a rough conduct in relation to them? Were they pushed, hit?*

- Unfortunately, I must admit that some of the militaries were a little too harsh with the people they were taking out from the cars. Considering that formal arrest documents had not yet been drawn up, it was decided that there would be no arrest papers drawn up, that their hair

would not be cut and that they won't be dressed in inmate clothes.[…]

The process of bringing in citizens – quite a few of them, young – lasted the whole of the following day. At one point, I called the inspectorate and reported to the chief inspector not to send any more as I had no more space to put them in. His response was harsh, and it somewhat deterred me: „I don't care, take any kind of steps you have to, and don't come to me again with things like that, or you're done!"

- *Is there any evidence of the people brought in?*

- The Militia and Security were unloading the cars on the premises of the unit and driving off. We tried to create some name tables. […]

- *Where would such name tables be located?*

- First, I would like to mention that, the next day (Sunday, December 17th), in the morning, around 7 AM, a group of Militia and Security officers, as well as a few prosecutors, all led by the Deputy General Prosecutor Diaconescu, entered the unit. Their names can be found in the registry at the gate. They started the investigations without the participation of unit staff, as we, by statute, have no jurisdiction to undertake any investigations or inquiries. The aforementioned tables were drawn up upon the request of the prosecutors and they were handed over to them.

- *Did you speak to the Deputy General Prosecutor?*

- Yes, he told me that the assignment of the troops arrived onsite is to determine the deeds committed, which were mainly criminal acts of destruction and robbery, and that they shall determine the level of guilt for each individual, after which all legal arrest papers shall be issued. He also ordered me to prepare a room because, soon, a trial panel was about to come to sentence those that were found guilty.

On the same day, a group of party activists arrived at the unit, a group led by the first secretary, Bălan, which was split into commissions and started to talk, simultaneously, with the officers having started their activity the day before. The activists were accompanied by a prosecutor and an officer of the Ministry of the Interior. They, with approval by General Colonel Ion Coman, started letting go around 100 young

persons, particularly pupils. High-school managers were called in – by means of the party – to the penitentiary site. They undertook to take steps so that such actions would not reoccur, they received their pupils and, together, left the penitentiary. […]

- *Did the Deputy General Prosecutor stay here for a long time?*

- Yes, he did. He would leave and then return. On Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday… he would always come and go. Where and why, I never asked him, I did not dare to.

- *Were there any seriously beaten up people?*

- Yes, there were. Including with raw wounds. I can assure you that the penitentiary clinic provided medical care, at the level existing today, for over 50 people. On Sunday night, new „inmates" were brought in. The Army started to bring them in, as well. Moreover, we were required to send the penitentiary vans to the garrison, as well as to the military unit in Calea Lipovei, so as to pick them up directly from the site.

- *If you were aware back then, or now: how did the Army patrols handle the „instigators"?*

- There were all sorts of rumors. But I couldn't tell you for sure because, throughout the entire period, I did not leave the unit. I can, however, tell you one thing: the shots continued throughout the night. We were all asking ourselves: „Who is shooting? Who are they shooting at? And why?", without being able to provide an answer (…)

- *So, did you initially think that the disturbances were caused by some hooligans, rogues, vandals etc. When did you realize that it was, actually, about something else?*

- It happened on Tuesday afternoon and, more specifically, on Wednesday morning. Throughout this time, we could finally see that it was not about any vandalisms of some hooligans anymore, that things had taken a completely different turn.

- *Was it still the vandalism dominating on Monday?*

- On Monday, it was a certain time of calm. The shots stopped, the screams were barely there anymore. On Tuesday

afternoon, groups of workers started to appear. It was on Wednesday that they appeared massively and looking well-organized. The workers on the large industrial platforms had been activated. It was then that I concluded that the situation had turned 180 degrees.

- *How long did the „acceptance of inmates" last until?*

- It lasted until Tuesday, but their pace was continuously slowing.

- *When did the releases occur?*

- The massive releases occurred on Wednesday (20.12.1989), in the afternoon. At that time, in the center of Timișoara, from my information, there were about 100-150.000 people gathered. They were asking for a change in the Government and for Ceaușescu to leave. They were also persistently requesting that the people arrested in the penitentiary be released.

I would like to add that I had prepared – as requested – a chamber for a trial panel, but the panel failed to arrive. I found myself in a particularly stressful situation, not knowing what to do. There was the danger that the massive crowd in the center (which was not very far from us) would split up and a group would head towards us in order to free the inmates.

I was forced to think about the possibility of the penitentiary being broken into. A serious, uncontrollable situation may have been born, considering that the penitentiary was holding, at the time, over 1,000 common law inmates and around 650-700 left of those who had been brought in without formal documents. Obviously, the penitentiary – as a military unit – had to be defended, at all costs.

Having consulted myself with the unit management, we reached the conclusion that the only way to prevent a potential clash, to avoid a slaughter, was to free those legally admitted. I felt relieved when, around 10.00 PM, it was decided that all those detained on the streets and in the squares of Timișoara would be freed. We put them in cars. There was a serious agitation going on. Those onboard were scared, they were afraid of the unknown, some were even

thinking about being executed. We hardly calmed them down. We took them to Piața Mare and released them in the middle of the crowd.

- *Where are the investigation protocols now?*

- I am unaware of their destination. I did not even see them. During those days, tens of M. I. officers and military prosecutors operated here. I was not involved in the investigations. Those were days of extreme stress for me. The release of the inmates was one of the main requests of protesters…"[138]

Horia-Roman Patapievici, Bucharest

„The law of the survivor is to confess. From then onwards, he is the slave of moral imperative of seeing the world through the eyes of those that have stopped seeing it. Nothing seen by those who have ceased to see may not be kept hidden. You are free only when you have the courage to speak the truth. We may add that, by following the word of the Gospel, in Romania, even the stones had started to scream: how could people shut up? But it is not the urgency of the revolt that I would like to speak to you about, but the things that I have seen during the 26 hours while I was in custody, first at the Militia General Inspectorate (MGI) and, then, at the Jilava Fort. I was one of the first to be picked up, just as the incredible resistance of the people in Bucharest, against the communist dictatorship, was barely getting born.

At first, we were only six, in a MGI chamber, and we were allowed to sit. Then, we became 25. At first, the door to the aisle was open and guarded by a Militia officer. Then, as the evening would deepen, the door was closed and three armed Militia officers were posted in the room. From the aisle, we would hear the thickened sound of a bizarre agglomeration, similar to that of a gagged – and gasped – breath.

When nighttime came, a major with a neutral, clerk-like visage, read out a few names from a typewritten list. Mine

[138] "Revolution Notebooks", no. 3(16) / 2008, p. 51-55; Interview taken by Oliver Lustig, on the first days of 1990; IRRD Archive, Merits I, Case file 154.

was there, too. I was singled out and made to stand face against the wall and hands behind my head. Seven others were accompanying me. I retained the feeling of intolerable moral aggression when their hands were scouting between my legs, contemptuously and brutally. They handcuffed us on both hands: we were forming a disoriented and chaotic line, pushed into obediently limping on the dark hallways of Bucharest's Lubianka. That was where I would receive the first signs of violence of the repression occurring outside. The passage I was crossing, twisted among the building insides like a segmented snake, was leading into several halls (I counted four): they were all screaming of people. But they were not the people I would usually meet on the streets. It would be more suitable to name them „bodies", namely a bunch of hackled bodies. They were mudded, beaten up, disfigured, hackled and scared. One young man was just being hit in the shin with the boots: the one doing it was a kid with injected eyes and pleasant traits, who, muffling, was telling his victim to stand *„the hell"* with his face against the wall. A bearded man, looking like a painter, was screaming because of the bayonet with which a Militia officer was ransacking his testicles. Others, the lucky ones, were barely beaten, when the Militia officers, winding each other up, would swoop for a hit, cursing. Those whose hands were still non-grazed were holding against the wall like drunkards (although no one was drunk); the others, with bloodied hands, had clung onto the wall with their chests and cheeks, so as not to upset the Militia officers, who were continuously shouting, just as if they were possessed: „stand straight, you animals! Stand straight, you jackass, did you not hear me?" - and the strike would follow, and others were coming after it, and so on until the gasps were getting rarer, and the aggressor would lose their breath. On the plastering cover, the irregular drawings of bloodshed were stretched out.

The floor was full of bodies thrown all over. Amongst them, stomping and kicking, Militia boots were creating paths of order. They were cursing continuously, dully and with hatred. They would use words to support the grimness implanted by a brawling and violent major, always

mentioning the *comrade secretary general*. The fear of superiors and the pleasure to possess a body were both visible on the faces of those lads in uniform, who were only looking for a slight order so that they could begin torturing with a clean conscious. They would hit whoever they could, at random: fists, feet, boots, batons, gunstock – they were all used to produce and bring out pain. It was a terrifying show. The Militia officers were watching on the sidelines and grinning, smoking a cigarette. There was no inmate body, by color, not shedding any blood. They were almost all groaning. They had been terribly beaten, and some of those lying down where whispering in aid of medical care: they were wounded by shooting. The Militia officers accompanying us were shouting not to turn our heads. But it was impossible not to look: had we been blind, our horrified skin would have turned into a look.

Finally, we were shoved and taken out on the IGM (General Inspectorate of the Militia) plateau, which was engulfed in darkness. The apartment buildings around us seemed to be mourning: even though we were feverishly looking for them, hoping that someone would see us, we failed to see any lights on. The Militia officers having pushed us in the van were using their flashlights to shed light on their feet. They were many and whispering. They ordered us to stay only on the left hand side. That was the only way anyway, as we were tied with handcuffs. The place was too tight, and two of us, hurting their hands, had to sit on the knees of others. I heard an authoritarian voice asking how many *„pieces"* were there inside. The answer was *„seven"*. *„Bring in another seven"*, the initial voice shouted, muffled.

After a moment of silence, someone else asked, with a less authoritarian voice, „are they… are they… shooting them now?" „No, they are not shooting them now; we await the order", was the reply. We had sadly understood that the repression was stronger than the protesters, that in Timișoara, the killings shall proceed, and that, in Bucharest, we, the ones already under arrest, are doomed to become the first exemplary victims. I made a cross with my tongue, on the

hard palate (my hands were immobilized) and I started praying. I discarded the bitterness by saying Our Father.

The van drove off in a short while and we started watching the road through the small window just above the driver. He went down Eforie street, he crossed the Dâmbovița via Izvor, then he engaged on Victoria Socialismului, towards Casa Diavolului (improperly named in the official press, the „Republic House"). I was immediately struck by the symbolistic of this forced *descensus ad inferos*: except for presidential cars, I think the repression cars were the first signs having celebrated the glorious *„victory of socialism"*. The symbol was dictating such confirmation: you could only reach the victory of socialism by organized death. Our destination, as we would soon understand, was the Jilava Fort.

As soon as we got there, we were identified, again. Admittance sheets were drawn up, for each of us. We had then been thrown into some sort of remanded custody, an area of less than 15 sqm, 63 people. The room was provided with an Iejov & Iagoda-type ventilation: calculated so as to suffocate without asphyxiating. Obviously, no one could sit: we were so crammed that, if a blast had reaped us, we would have still been standing on our feet. This is how we would spend the night: tortured of sleep, of wounds, of suffocation and of the conscience that we would get shot.

I was discovering that all needs vanish before death: not for a second was I hungry, even though I had not had anything to eat. What were the people with open wounds be feeling? I was about to discover that the imminence of death destroys all human identity. No one had the curiosity to ask their cellmate what their name was and, in turn, they did not disclose their own name, either. We were already wrapped in the anonymous and indifferent decency of death. We all consented to it, with ease and, I'd say, with grace. It was a communal grace.

The majority of us were savagely beaten. A lot of them had open wounds; blood had built-up on wounds in a repulsive manner, blended with the mud which the injury had been pulled through. Their clothes, all crinkled up, were

stained by the cracked up blood: his stain was fade, his smell – unmistakable. One of them had his cheek split open in three lines with edges torn to tatters, starting from his cheekbone. I saw a man with the shin fractured from so many strikes, from whose hideously swollen face, blood was continuously flowing, clotting up just below the chin, like ice-flowers, on the neck. A young man had been beaten up so hard that, in spite of their visage, which was not smiling at all and was completely disfigured, was unstoppably giggling, scaring us like hell. I found out, from the people having witnessed their ordeal, that he had been beaten, for an hour, by two Militia officers (a first sergeant and a master sergeant: one of them was called Gheorghe, quite a peasant name) who had used their boots to kick him in the head. Poor man, he must have lost his mind. It is useless for me to list the horrifying effects of human cruelty. Their parade, despite the horror, is monotonous: the means for torture are finite; infinite is, however, the degradation, the abuse and the suffering. What is left is the fact that each of these people had been cold-bloodedly tortured by one of their own, a person whose sole motivation is a higher wage and some petty privileges.

Detainees were coming in all night: their state was getting worse. By contrast, ours seemed better. We found out that the demonstration could only be broken up dispersed late at night, that many people had been shot or just squashed under the weight of armored vehicles, that, on the north side of the Royal street, the special troops were changing every fifteen minutes and that they were using unimaginable cruelty to perform the beatings. I was told about inmates being dragged, by their feet, up to the Negoiu hotel, smashed with their teeth against the wall and, then, badly beaten by people changing shifts at very short intervals. Transformed into inert masses, they were shoved in vans and sent to Jilava. Some of them were speaking, with fear, about rubber batons filled with mercury, whose strike, they whispered, would break the muscle, crush the bone and may crack one's skull open. A young man with a beard told me about the fate of a teenager who had been injured in the leg, next to the Dunărea apartment building. While crying out and pulling his bloodied

body, he kept chanting against Ceaușescu; two Militia officers took him to the building's hallway where, behind the door, they blew his brains out with a couple of shots.

When dusk came, they removed us from the hellhole where we had chocked from one another, eight at a time, and put us in a van. On the seat right in front of me, there was a strong, young man slowly aching. He seemed crushed. He told me that he had been beaten with the baton over the back of his side until he passed out; when he came around, he discovered he could not see anymore. He started screaming. After beating him up because of his screaming, the Militia officers whom he told he had lost his eyesight continued to savagely hit him over the liver, kidneys and testicles – this time, for lying. He was now lying before me, a pack of deranged meat that would alternately emit a small, woeful and lost voice.

Upon tearing the dense fog of the dawn, which seemed stuck to the wet asphalt, we were heading for the heart of Jilava Penitentiary. We passed two circular fences of barbed wire, over two-meters high, and we were debussed in front of a dirty booth where a soldier was on guard. The one with the crushed vision remained in the car. I have no idea where he was taken. Later on, I searched for him among those who were freed: I could not find him. I still don't know whether he is alive today. Like almost all of my detention inmates, I don't know his name, either.

We entered some sort of a winery, with walls in excess of 1.5 meters thick, arched over the floor line. The walls were white and ragged. They directed us towards a dead end cut off with whitewash bricks. They ordered, cursing us, not to turn our heads. On my right side, on the wall, at the height of my shoulders, I saw some longish, ragged, brownish stains. It took me a second to understand that it was dried-up blood. Some fervent soldier must have crushed the head of an inmate against these walls, while passing by. As soon as I realized that it was blood, I started feeling its smell.

A guard with a brutal voice told the Militia officer guarding us to take us next door: „I'll deal with these ones right now", he added. When we turned our faces, we saw him: I don't know what my comrades thought about him, but,

for the first time, I was afraid. The room „next door", where we were meant to be „dealt with", seemed built in the ground, just like all others. An unsettling „hospital winery". There was a row of chairs next to the wall on the left. We sat down. It was just when my eyes started exploring the room did I realize where we had been brought at. There was a seat with a back, lying in the middle of the room; around it, there were bits of rope, cut; a table covered in wall tile was just one meter away and, it its reflection, I saw two iron crowbars and a few crinkled cloths; two 50-litre plastic barrels, a ladle and a huge funnel were next to it; but the thing that was eye-catching, the idea screamed be every object appearing before my eyes, were the stains of uncoagulated blood on the floor and the cloths impregnated with fresh blood. Around the chair – blood, on the table wall – blood, cloths – befouled with blood… A man had been tortured there just a short while before and we were brought there to take their place.

Malraux would say no one could resist torture. Well, none of my coincidental comrades showed any signs of terror. Their dignity was impressive. And at that moment, like we had suddenly been enlightened by the imminence of torture, we started exchanging our phone numbers: each of us thought that the *other one* would make it alive, they found it absolutely normal, and were trying to make sure that their family would know of their fate. I felt ridicule towards my soon-to-be mutilated body that will be separated from life in shouts and pain. I was finding out, somewhat disinterested, that pain may also make you blush.

But God wanted to set us on a different path, this time. After around a quarter of an hour, the guard with a brutal voice dragged a horribly mutilated man to the chair in the middle of the room, whose leg was twitching, just like dead people would, and he evacuated the rest of us, without cursing us anymore, back to cell 88. Here, we were crammed in topsy-turvy, probably on purpose, until we ended up lying three of us in the same bed.

As such, we started awaiting the beatings we would be subjected to during the investigation. I was perking up. We were looking at each other, inspecting the cell. We were

familiarizing our instincts with the heavy breath of prison. Time was passing by. Once in a while, the door would open and a name was read out loud. In time, the risk of being called out would not produce any emotions. We were getting accustomed to detention in the same way we had immediately accepted the unimaginable filth of that hideous penitentiary. As we were the slaves of the fanatic individual having taken possession of Romania, we knew death was lurking at every step. Slowly, precariously and with a certain feeling of being sick, discussions went underway: thus, for the first time since we were locked up, we could create an idea about the protest's magnitude. There were insistent talks about a general strike on December, 22nd. As would often happen with isolated individuals, hope was chaotically mixed with resignation, inside us. That was, perhaps, the reason why each of us, towards our own self, and any of us towards each of us, had not yet restored our individuality. No one would needed a name to think of their neighbor as a trustworthy comrade. All of a sudden, we, the prisoners of an insurrection, falling flat on the head of the bizarre Romanian people, did not require any names in order to identify ourselves.

I record this stunning fact as its significance is still to be extricated. We greeted each other, meaning we gave our names to one another, only at the time that, later in the afternoon, we were notified that we would soon be freed. At that time, a priest from Greaca village, who had been arrested along with us, said, with an extremely loud voice, Our Father and the Hymn of Grace to Mother Mary, which begins with *„Truly behooving to honor you…"* I don't know how many of us, present there, were truly religious in their day-to-day lives. What is certain is that we all stood simultaneously and started crying, as if apologizing. It was, by far, the most emotional moment of the entire time of my detention.

Finally, it was only after the release decision came in that the wounded were admitted into hospitals and the ill received medicine: without this command, they would have left us to die, knowing that they had merely done their duty.

One last detail, but with a symbolic value: we were removed from the cells and in a yard that seemed to be

concealed by the rest of the buildings and looking like a wide ditch: this is where our wedding rings, money, watches and IDs were returned to us. The yard had two sides made of wall and one made of earth looking like a high wave, guarded by gazebos holding soldiers armed with field weaponry. The side of the yard made up of the narrow wall was apparently the site where death sentences where being executed. I approached it: the wall was brown-reddish, eaten away by the holes left by bullets. The ground under my feet was so battered that its neatness, by the water impossible to enter it, was suggesting the lack of flexibility of the dead skin. The wisdom of hazard had made it possible for us to be freed by the place where others usually had their lives taken away. With this symbolic coincidence, I re-entered life after Ceaușescu.

I am certain that, if the communist regime in Romania had not fallen on December, 22, 1989, most of those who had been arrested one day before would have been shot. The events would have progressed as the criminals had already practiced in Timișoara: beating, arrest, torture and shooting – destruction of the body. For this reason, since I know who I owe my life to, for me, since December, 22nd, people are split into two categories: the ones having taken to the streets on the morning of December, 22nd to protest, knowing that they risk being shot – and who saved my life; and then, there are those having refused to protest and who, if you ask me, have consented to my cancellation from the living register. My blood relatives, for instance, protested on December, 22nd: they were waiting, with pusillanimous prudence, to see what *else* was going to happen. Similar to a large portion of the people I belong to by birth, they were waiting, as well, for things to be decided by *others* and for them to take advantage of the situation, in one way or another.

I will never forget that. I would just like to add that the people having led the arrests, the investigation and the detention are neither usual, nor normal people. They are murderers with conditional suspension, specifically remunerated to torture and murder. These people were raised for this and most of them love their job. They will always be able to say that they had only done their job. Today, as if

nothing had happened, they walk the same streets as us: assassins walk around Romania, mingling with their former and future victims. They only await a new regime which may give them the legal possibility to bully, torture and murder.

I hereby dedicate this memorial essay to all those who have dared: my love reaches out to them.

January, 21st, 1990

Let's take, for instance, the situation on December, 21st, 1989. I had the bad luck to be arrested that afternoon (without having performed any heroic deeds). I was taken to the Militia General Inspectorate, where the group I was a part of, without being beaten, was stored in a political education room (it was full of Ceaușescu on the walls). From time to time, a major, dressed in outfield clothes, would enter, shouting and cursing us. He would get epileptic-like seizures every time he would see us. At midnight, when we were taken towards the vans which were to carry us to Jilava Fort, we crossed, handcuffed and chained up in groups of eight, the hallways of the hideous building: since they could not fit inside the chambers anymore, inmates were thrown topsy-turvy next to the walls, under the supervision of non-commissioned officers and trainee Militia officers. To my amazement, they were treating inmates similar to what I had read, in the books about the Nazis, that the guards there were doing, the feared kapo. Not only were inmates literally beaten to a frazzle at the time of the arrest, but also the Romanian kapo-Militia officers in the MGI were, at this time, speculating on their atrocious pain. Throughout our anfractuous course of being removed from the MGI premises, I saw an inmate made to stand with kicks in the buttocks and then, hit in the testicles, another one, whose face was flayed, was being hit because, as the kapo-Militia officer was saying, he „looked like a rat face"; finally, I saw a stodgy fella, around the age of 50, with a terrible flesh rupture underneath his knee, which looked like an open fracture, made to stand facing the wall, screaming of pain with every movement, screams that were bringing out a strange sadistic grimness in the soldier behind him.

I often wondered why those men in uniforms were executing arrest commands just as they would have wanted to exterminate people – why were they stirring up a suffering by means of violence which no one had ordered – why were they adding to the pain of one of their *fellows* their irrational thirst for the groans originating in the tormenting hate towards a *convict*?"[139]

Perici Viorel Gheorghe, Timișoara

„P.V.: - And we headed towards the station… From there, we went down 6 Martie and, at the Milk Factory, there was a cordon of soldiers, but they let us go without hurting us. From the apartment building opposite, the tower with the Furniture Factory, I saw some flashes. So, someone was taking our photograph. From there on, I went down Gheorghe Lazăr, by the Flower Shop, that narrow street, I don't know its name; there were some cordons there, as well. These cordons were aggressive. We wanted to pass without any trouble from them, we wanted to go to Calea Aradului and collect some more people from there, as well. They started hitting us with the gunstock, they were carrying some bats and they literally started hitting us. At that point, the people, discontent, found stones and decided to hit back. From there, a few more soldier trucks came in and they started to seriously advance towards us. We failed to disperse and, close to the „700 Square", Militia vehicles started roaming around and picked us up. I managed to run from „700 Square" via the new tram route and there, a car, a cream ARO without any inscription, two individuals jumped out from the back, hit me and shoved me in the car. They told me to lie down in the car. They also took my friend and a couple of children, aged around 13-14, a boy around the age of 17 and an older man and a woman. They put her in the vehicle, as well. They took us down to the Militia. Once we got there, we were taken out of the car and they started beating us again and made us lie on the ground, facing down. While there, several of them started beating us, so they were not just two-

[139] H. R. Patapievici, *Politice*, Editura Humanitas, Bucharest, 1996, p. 7-16, 183-184.

three, four-five kicking us … We were not allowed to look to the left or to the right, just to lie with our heads down…

P.C.: Where? Outside?

P.V.: Yes, there. So, they took us in through the large gate – they have some cells there, on the right hand side as you walk in, at the basement – but before taking us below, to those cells, they beat us up. I however, managed to see one of them, with brown hair, wearing a raincoat, brown pants, blue eyes, with a moustache. After having beaten us, they took us down to the basement and collected our personal data. Afterwards, they put us in a room and my friend, separately. There were 70-80 people in that room. In the morning, they removed us from there and lined us up, around 70-80, I can't remember now, on the plateau and their intention was to take us away and drive us to the Penitentiary. Before loading us in the van, they beat us up again, and there was one civilian, dressed in a short, blue, quilted slicker jacket, wearing glasses, a thinner fella wearing grey pants and black shoes. He said to us: „What got into you, with all that scandal and shouts for 'Liberty!'? Were you tired of freedom? Well, no matter, have a look at the sun (it was around 7.30-8 AM), look how it is rising! I will hide you for at least 20 years from now!" After which he ordered us to be loaded in the vehicle. We were taken to the Penitentiary. They spared us the beatings there. There was a major at the Penitentiary and he promised us that no one would ever lay a finger on us. And that's the way it happened. On Tuesday, December, 19th , they started operating with us. Some civilians were calling us to another building, next door but still in the Penitentiary, and were taking our statements. We issued those statements and we were taken back to the chamber. On December, 20th, around 9.30-10 PM, we were taken out of our cells. So they released us from the Penitentiary…

P.C.: - On December, 20th?

P.V.: Yes, then"[140].

[140] *Documente '89 Procesul de la Timișoara*, vol. V, Editura Mirton, Timișoara, 2006, p. 2802-2803.

Popa Eugen, Timişoara

„- *Which moments of risk did you witness?*

- I was at the Decebal Bridge, where they were shooting at people, the Prefecture (the RCP's County Council) where I was protesting. I was arrested and savagely beaten by the Army, Militia and Security.

- *What were your hopes during those times?*

- The hope of getting rid of Ceauşescu and communism.

- *Please recall an event with a powerful influence on you, during the Revolution.*

- (…) In prison, on the first day, we were called traitors, thieves, hooligans! The next day, as things were evolving, the guards would call us comrades, while the following day, when the revolution was about to prevail in Timişoara, namely, December, 20th, we became gentlemen!!! This episode, of going from traitors to gentlemen, made its mark and, thus, I decided to remain a gentleman for the rest of my life!"[141]

Popa Ion, Bucharest

„From behind some armored vehicles, shots being fired towards the sky, but later on, I noticed they were also shooting at protesters; some of them fell dead and others were injured. Militaries with shields were approaching the group of protesters and shooting the masses (…) They were firing from close range. While there, I was caught by surprised, immobilized and taken to the Militia Precinct 14, searched and brutally beaten, without any mercy. Close to me, a boy fell and never got up again, due to the beatings. The same beatings caused me to become unconscious"[142].

Popescu Dan, Bucharest

„Ceauşescu's protest had broken up and the people had started coming to the University. At Batiştei street, next to the roundabout at the University Area, the security forces

[141] Adrian Kali, *1989 – Destin…*, p. 13, 124

[142] Ioan Dan, work quoted, p. 295.

appeared, lined up: USLA squires, Militia officers and civilians who, you could see from a mile away, were Security officers. Around 4 PM, I headed towards Piața Romană, where McDonald's restaurant is currently located. The street leading to the Eva shop was blocked by the USLA and the Militia.

At one point, I heard a command, they shouted something like „Now!". The squires started advancing towards us, hitting their shields with the batons. They formed a cordon around us. I tried to run. The USLA moved to one side and a horde of Militia officers rushed into us. A few civilians started to shoot at the people in our group which they then handed them over to the Militia officers. I got caught by a civilian dressed in a long, blue coat. Almost immediately, I was given to „the care" of some Militia officers from Precinct 1. We were taken to Precinct 1, where there were tens of others, arrested and crammed on hallways and in the offices.

We were interrogated, beaten up. During the night, we were taken to the Capital Militia and then, to Jilava prison. It was horrible there. We were being stomped. A soldier was hitting me in the shin with his boots, threatening me to tell them all I knew about the heads of the revolt. While being beaten up, I was continually asked who was my boss and what was my problem with Ceaușescu, who was the people's caretaker"[143].

Popovici Ioan, Timișoara

„P.C.: - Alright! So, you were injured, right?

P.I.: - Yes, I was. And then, one of those three chased me (persons over 35 years of age, dressed as soldiers), dragged me back to the car and, when we got there, I was beaten up so badly that I couldn't eat anything for a couple of weeks. He hit me in the jaw with the gunstock and in the head, with his boots. And then, they took me to the Garrison. At the Garrison, they threw me out of the vehicle and the officer on duty appeared. The three men appeared, as well,

[143] IRRD Archives, Merits I, case file no. 72.

and told the officer on duty something like: „Take him away into custody." What I remember quite clearly is that the officer said something like: „No, you shoot with the boom-booms and then, the Army takes the fall. You kill the people and the Army shall be held liable afterwards." That is something that I specifically remember. And that's when I realized that it can't have been those soldiers"[144].

Prutianu Ștefan, Timișoara

- „*How long were you arrested for?*

- From the night of December, 15th and up to December, 22nd. I didn't get any food for three days and three nights and anyway, I hadn't eaten the night before and I didn't know where to run, where to hide. They didn't offer me any water either, for about half a day. My lips were cracked, my tongue was like cardboard. They continued not feeding me, hoping that I might give in a little bit. It was barely on the evening of December, 17th that they took me to the cell; until that time, I had been kept in a room with only a table and where they would sometimes come in with their own chairs. There was Ciurlău, there was Alexa (Constantin Ciurlău, head of the State Security Directorate – Iași, and Ion Alexa, head of the Military Prosecution), too. Plenty of them were there, a lot of them came through that office door! The military prosecutor who signed my warrant, Circiumaru, asked me, later on, in the summer of 1990, to draw up a statement that I would never speak about these things. I just want to recall an event that might seem funny, right now: I had the best meal in my entire life. On the fourth night of hunger, they brought and served me, through that square opening in the door, an aluminum bowl of cabbage; cabbage parboiled in hot water, which was also black. Extraordinary! I ate every bite of it and it was so good! ... What an amazing cook hunger is! I was released from prison on the afternoon of December, 22nd, somewhere between 1 PM and 2 PM. They were releasing us, one by one, without knowing of one another. And a guard

[144] *Documente '89 Procesul de la Timișoara*, vol. V, Editura Mirton, Timișoara, 2006, p. 3128.

there taps me on the shoulder and says: „See? The fight was not in vain". I was dumbstruck, I still had marks and bruises, I still hadn't taken my boots off because my feet were swollen… and someone says to me: „Don't you know that this happens? It broke out somewhere else". The violence and the privation stopped on December, 17th, they fed me that fantastic cabbage… So, Timișoara saved us. I don't know what would have happened if it hadn't been for them. Then, they were, in turn, saved by Bucharest. It was a chain, it was not just cause and effect, it was something continuous. Something that had begun or something that had possibly never ended"[145].

Rus Traian, Timișoara

„As I was in the same formation with the Militia officers, I could see the way they were grabbing a protester and beat him up with the baton until he would pass out, then they would put him in the vehicles waiting on the street located on the right-hand side of the Reformed Church.

I stayed in Maria Square until around 1.15-2 AM when, at one point, the Militia officers' formation broke out and I ran towards the area where the hooded vehicles containing caught protesters were located. At one point, I wanted to head to the train station, but I was stopped by Captain Balotă, that was how he introduced himself, from the Security troops. He was equipped with a shield and a helmet, a baton and a radio transmitter. He asked me to identify myself, took away my military badge, checked my bag, verified the service order and asked me to get on one of the hooded trucks. I did not resist and got on. There were two more citizens in the truck. After around half an hour, the truck was full up and, accompanied by two Militia first sergeants, were taken to the Militia County Inspectorate on Sălăjan street.

Here, upon descending from the truck, Lieutenant-Colonel Corpodeanu Ion was holding a bat of the size of a shovel end, which he used to hit us with. Other Militia

[145] Interview with Ștefan Prutianu, taken by Emilia Chiscop at http://www.ziaruldeiasi.ro/local/ieseni-la-ora-16-in-piata-unirii~ni4j0b, accessed on 20.07.2014.

officers would kick us. They took us to the Militia basement and held us in custody. While here, others came and beat us up, as well[146]. (…)

They took all our data and locked us up in custody. The women were separated from the men. The custody chambers were full.

Those who spoke, or dared to say anything were taken outside and beaten up, you could hear them being beaten, but they were no longer to be seen. The tormentors would not bring them back to the same room. We were locked up. (…)

When I was released from custody, in the Inspectorate's yard, next to some thuja or pine bushes, there were three people beaten up so badly that they had fainted. They were not moving. An ambulance came along, but only took one of them. Captain Bucur was taking care of the loading into the trucks"[147].

Sandu Dan, Bucharest

„It was past 11 PM. Feeling scared, due to the fact that they started shooting without having a specific target, I ran towards the fountain at the University. A civilian came next to me, willingly saying that their car was parked on Ion Mincu street, by the Architecture, and he offered to take me home. I trusted him. When we got to Academiei street, I saw him signaling another civilian. An Army officer appeared, grabbing me by the hands and pulled me towards the alleyway at the Odeon Theatre. Another two Militia officers and another soldier, I think, appeared and started punching and kicking me. They were asking me why I wouldn't let them sleep in peace and what exactly comrade Ceaușescu had done to me for me to hoot him like I did. An Army colonel showed up and, after hitting me twice with his fists, asked the same thing: „What is your problem with comrade Ceaușescu? The Party offered you a home, food, a job and you're being funny about it?" My luck was that other groups of protesters

[146] http://sensidev.com/fc/dosare%20nr%2024.1991/dosar%20nr%2024%201991%20volumul%2019/0173.jpg, accessed on 13.06.2014.

[147] http://sensidev.com/fc/dosare%20nr%2024.1991/dosar%20nr%2024%201991%20volumul%2019/0174.jpg, accessed on 13.06.2014.

started arriving from the University. As they were preoccupied with catching other protesters, as well, they left a soldier to guard me, but I managed to escape, hiding, for about three hours, in the hallway of a property in Pasajul Victoriei"[148].

Sandu Mihai, Timişoara

„From Calea Lipovei, 6-7 military trucks appeared. We hid in the entrance of a house on V. Goldiş street. A Dacia car in Unirii Square flashed twice and, then, came speeding towards us. Three civilians descended from it and started threatening me and Imbre (Bordeanu had managed to run) with guns and made us put our hands behind the backs of our heads. I tried to protest that I was going home and asked them what was their problem with us, and the individuals started cursing and hitting us, shouting and asking why we didn't like the regime. They then put us in the Dacia and drove us to the County Militia. Here, in the yard, there were two rows of Militia officers (some dressed in civilians). We had to pass between the two lines until reaching the cells at the basement, under the flight of wooden bat hits. (…) I did not admit to having participated in the protests. The investigator asked me why I wouldn't tell the truth, that I had broken some shop windows and that I had thrown stones towards Militia officers, and he started punching me in the head. (…)

On Wednesday morning, around 10-11 AM, they started taking inmates out, according to some tables. (…) Around 2 PM, my turn came. I was taken to the first floor of the building located next to the Bega river (the Municipal Militia). At the site, I found an investigator arrived straight from Bucharest, quite displeased for having to come here because of people like me. I re-wrote the statement according to which I was coming from the UTT. The investigator then left and a Security officer, wearing leather clothes and carrying a machine pistol, appeared. After 20 minutes, the investigator returned, and the Security officer left. I had my sheepskin coat on me. The investigator told me that it was

[148] Romulus Cristea, work quoted., p. 17.

warm there and that I should take my coat off. I realized that a beating was to come. As the coat was softening the hits, I said that I'd rather keep it on me. The investigator then said that I should execute his commands and called a civilian from outside, who was holding a bat. They said they had a statement from one of my acquaintances (whose name he failed to disclose) saying that I had taken part in the protests, and that I should stop lying to them. I refused to change my statement, so the fella with the bat started slapping me and kicking me in the stomach. After about 20 minutes, I fell to the ground. (…)

On Thursday, around 4 PM, I was taken to another investigator. I repeated the statement. The investigator then brought in a chubby fella who, as I understood, was from the party. He told him that they must deliver the list of those having devastated and that I should change my statement. After the fat individual left, the chamber was invaded by a few more people who started punching, kicking me, beating me with bats or whatever they were holding. After a round of 20 minutes of beatings, they told me to write. I told them I couldn't do that since my hand was shaking. They called in the guard to take me to the cell, saying that they would call me back when I come around.

On Friday morning, around 8 AM, I was taken before another fella with a moustache. He was holding a rubber baton, which he then used to hit me, and told me to state that I had broken shop windows and hit Militia officers. I was just starting to write the statement when I saw protesters on Tache Ionescu boulevard, shouting „Down with Ceaușescu!", „No more communism!", and I said: „Comrade, why are you picking on me, who hasn't done anything, and you're not picking on the ones outside?". He started hitting me because I had the courage to tell him what to do. I then said that I would not be writing any statement and that he should bring in the people on the streets and take their statements. The Militia officer promised that he would deal with me for as

long as I would be in the area and he literally kicked me out and sent me back to the cell"[149].

Sasca Viorel Zoltan, Timișoara

„Between apartment buildings, I managed to reach the petrol station in Calea Aradului and, from there, I was heading towards the crossing by the printing house. When I got to a distance of around 200 m from the passage, an ARO stopped nearby. I walked on, but when I approached the car, a civilian holding a nunchaku appeared from behind the car and ordered me, on a brusque tone, threatening me with the nunchaku, to get in the vehicle (…) We were taken to the Militia and Security yard, where we were taken out of the car (…) The first one of us to pass was seriously hit with the baton over the back of their head. I decided to pass the aisle running, so I got off easily. Below, they were collecting our identification data. In front of me, there was a gentleman with a beard who stated their job, I can't specifically remember what it was, perhaps architect or plastic artist, and he was immediately hit with the baton (…) Once in a while, they were peeking through the eyehole and asking us to line up so that all our faces could be seen. A Militia officer recognized a young man and took him outside. Hits were heard, followed by subsequent screams of pain, afterwards (…) A Militia officer in his 20s and wearing a moustache entered the cell, along with the person previously identified and asked him to indicate other protesters"[150.]

Stancu George, Bucharest

„I said I would go there, but obviously, they knew it, so I went down to the subway (…) I sat next to him, a squire passed just in front of me and didn't mind me. But the moment he passed by me, from the back, somewhere on the right-hand side … I heard him, but I did not expect him to do what he did, he kicked me straight away, fully in the face. I got up, I was whirling, the one that had previously passed by

[149] Marius Mioc, work quoted, p. 47-48.
[150] Adrian Kali, *1989 – Destin*..., p. 13, 50.

me caught me and tried to hold me so that the other one can hit me again (…) what is certain is that they took us outside and there, I know for a fact, they made us kneel, head facing the wall, the University wall, that is, where candles are being lit. Face to the wall, hands behind my head, and the beatings started there. With whatever they could find: foot, shovel, shovel ends, boot, and the ones holding weapons, with gunstocks. Next to me, where I was sitting, next to the wall, I saw… I don't think I will ever forget that, I saw a young man, brown-blonde hair, and he had this kind of bloated jacket on… well, he was not moving, lying on the ground, I couldn't see where he had been shot because it was a thick jacket, but he had been obviously shot because there was blood next to him. The moment they made us kneel, I said to myself: That's it, this is where they will shoot us! (…) but they did not shoot us there, instead they made us stand up – they had formed two military cordons, from that corner there and up to the statues at the Romanian Commercial Bank. So, quite a long way, about 200 meters, and you had to pass these two cordons… not more than one person, because there was no space, but just the one, hands behind the head and nothing else. Of course there was… I made a resemblance… reading books about Auschwitz, World War II and what was happening here, I made a resemblance between this practice and what had happened during those times, when they would undress the people in concentration camps and would form two cordons and beat them up until finishing them off. They did something similar to us, as well: we were passing between them and, as we tried to walk faster in order to avoid being hit, there would be, of course, the usual suspect who would grab you by the collar and say „Hold on, what's the rush?" and would start punching you wherever they could, in the head, in the feet, in the stomach, basically anywhere. The only thing I was able to do, at the time, was to protect my head, as much as possible: instead of holding my hands on the back of my head, as they said, I crossed my fingers and held them over the head. Most of the hits I got over the head were actually over the fingers, for which reason my fingers

were numb, because of that, swollen and numb for over a month.

Eventually, after long episodes of beatings, I got to the square, there, at the statues, where they made us lie on the ground, facing down. (…) As I was lying on the ground, facing down and hands behind my head, the bracelet was uncovered and, in that particular light, as he was probably unaccustomed, he saw it gold, instead of white. „Would you look at this fella, democracy got to his head, he's wearing a golden bracelet!" and he wrapped his finger around it and pulled: the lock, quite thin, gave in. He made me stand up and caught me from behind… later on, I found out that the way he had caught me was called a „Double Nelson". His arms beneath my armpits, lifting my hands up, so that I couldn't move, and a colleague of his appeared and, benevolent, he started hitting me. I could not get away from it this time, he was trying to kick my genitals, at all times. The only thing I could do, the only movement, was a swing from one leg to the other and try to avoid it. He could not hit me, but instead, when I got home the next day, from the many hits I had received, I had blood clotted under the skin, on my thighs. They eventually gave in because the car appeared and they put me inside. I remember being the last one to the put in the van, they locked the door behind me since they had an intermediate door, where the guard or whoever else would be sitting and, in that space, they had thrown that young man whom I had seen in Universității Square, fallen in his own blood (…) The moment they started moving that boy, the door on our side opened up, as well, but not completely. As I was the first one there, I caught a glimpse of him … they were pulling him, actually a Militia officer came and was shouting „Come on, get off!" to the boy who, if you ask me, was already dead, but perhaps he wasn't quite dead yet. „Come on, get off! Look at this one, he doesn't want to get off!" He grabbed him by the feet and pulled him, until he eventually fell out of the car. Umm… have you ever had the chance to hear a melon falling on the ground? Well, that was exactly the same sound made by that boy's head on the pavement. With me being there. He pulled him, dragged him

a little bit further and made us get off. And, of course, the same system as in the square, two rows of militaries formed, from the car to the building and it was later on that I would realize that this was the former Capital Militia, currently, the Capital Police. Well, I had never been there, I had no idea. And they kept applying the punches and kicks until the entrance hallway; when there, they made us stand, again, facing the wall and hands behind our heads"[151].

Stroescu Alexandru, **Lieutenant-Colonel in 1990, warden of the Jilava Penitentiary**

„On December, 21st, around noon, the former deputy of the minister of the interior, General-Lieutenant Dănescu, ordered the former warden of the penitentiary, Colonel Aurel Borcan, to accept the vans bringing protesters in, and to make the fort available. We did not perform any investigations, it was the employees of the 6th Directorate of the State Security Department.

The injured were transferred to the hospital. After 1 AM, as the penitentiary was full, and the staff club was full up, as well, the ones brought in were redirected towards the hospital, without being investigated further. It is hard to specify the number of protesters having been brought in, but they must have been around 1.200. Only 375 were recorded, though. We performed the recording, but before entering the fort.

It was General Dănescu that ordered us to take some of their data, their age, political affiliation, profession and workplace. It was all abnormal, there weren't even any arrest warrants. Our registry shows the most diverse of professions, from locksmith to mathematician, of all ages, from 9th grade students to pensioners. Most of them were teenagers, workers and students. About half of those mentioned were party members and UTC affiliated, while the others were not. The vans kept entering the hospital until 4 AM. Investigations were only performed in the fort.

[151] Zoltan Rostaș, Florentina Țone (coordinators), *Tânăr student caut revoluționar*, vol. II, Editura Curtea Veche , Bucharest, 2012, p. 92-96.

In what concerns the civilians (performing the investigations), they came on December, 21st. On December, 22nd, in the morning, the penitentiary staff asked, by means of their warden, that the investigations, i.e. beatings, stop. It was also reported to General Dănescu, but the civilians only left upon command, after Ceaușescu's flee was announced"[152].

Master Sergeant M. N. (female), Jilava Penitentiary

„On December, 21st, around 8 PM, I was ordered to appear in the C. Fort section. I thought that, considering the situation in the country, the female inmates were meant to be sheltered. When I got there, the fort warden ordered me to supervise two young female teenagers having just been brought in by van. I was ordered to stand in the doorway, with the door being open, and not allowing them to talk to each other. They were not beaten up. They were around 20 years of age, tearful and scared. Around 2 AM at night, they started bringing more people in. Until the morning, there were around 200. I had been ordered to search them and collect any valuables found, in the supervisors' office. I spent the night laying valuables and money in envelopes, and wrote each of their names on such envelopes. At 5 AM, I was unable to search anyone. It was awful, you would go crazy just hearing the screams, the groans. All women had been investigated until 11 PM. I don't know what happened afterwards. From inside an investigation room, the investigator was shouting: „Stand up!", „I can't!" was the reply of the badly treated person, and the savage beating would resume. Later on, in the night, women were coming all beaten up and injured, from the city. One of them had had their hair torn out of their head skin, over a palm's length. When I was walking down the hallway, I saw two boys through an open door, and it looked like they were sleeping. They were so beaten up that they were barely breathing. They were 9th graders, as someone had told me. Towards the morning, due to the cramming, the civilians were

[152] Ion Bucur, *Cartea Represiunii,* IRRD Publishing House, Bucharest, 2012, p. 285.

investigating on hallways. Four civilians were beating up a student using their batons, in such a way that I thought he would not make it alive from there. I could not ever forget his screams. I got home and told my mother: Mom, I will never forget this in my life. I've been in the police force for 16 years, I've seen plenty, but never ever witnessed such bad treatments. The investigators were very agitated. One of them came to our office, he was trying to hide what he was writing, and he said to me: „Most of them have no fault at all, but that is why they sent us here." In the morning, I returned all monies and valuable to the women, nothing was missing"[153].

Suharu Anton, Timișoara

„In the vicinity of the bridge crossing the Bega river, a truck filled with extremely loud militaries was coming from Badea Cârțan Square. The truck was traveling at a low speed and it turned, heading towards me. When it reached me, I was ordered, by those militaries, to stay where I was, and I did so. They started laughing and opened fire in my direction, at the same time shouting: „Run!". I felt burns in my hair, on my head and being hit over the back. After around 3-4 meters, I fell down. I heard two women shouting: „You killed him, you murderers!", but I got up and tried to run towards Badea Cârțan. I fell and got up again. I had no idea what was happening to me. When I got to the bridge, I saw, under the light of the pole, that I had been shot in the right foot. It started hurting terribly. I tried to run, pulling my leg as much as I could, with the thought of reaching the tram depot, but when I tried to cross the Leontin Sălăjan Boulevard, I was heckled by an ARO with two individuals inside. One of them told me to get in the back of the car. I asked why and he implied that he would shoot me if I didn't comply with his command. That fella was dressed in a dark grey suit and was wearing a black hat. He implied he had a gun under his coat by reaching in the inside of it. He opened the door, saying that nothing would happen to me and that I would only give a statement and then, I would be released. After getting in the

[153] *Ibidem*, p. 285-286.

car, I saw that there were three more people lying down, face to the ground, on the ARO's floor. I was ordered to lay down on top of them (…) The Militia officer asked those that brought us in: „what have these ones done?", and the individual having opened the ARO door replied, smiling, that we wanted to take down Ceaușescu from power. He pushed us from the back and towards the entrance, where we were awaited by bats going up and down over my head, in several rounds. I don't know what happened to the others because I couldn't see or hear anything due the pain caused by the beating and my shot leg. The bullet had gone through my shoes and my foot was sticking out through the shoe sole. It seems that I had fallen down. I was unconscious, for a few seconds. I was in a hallway, in the basement, where there were several other Militia soldiers holding bats again and ordering me to enter one of the rooms. I was beaten with bats, again. Once I was in the room at the basement, I was ordered to: Lie down! Face to the ground. There was some kind of white dust (may have been lime or chalk) and dampened. I lay down. As I was coincidentally located next to a radiator, I stuck my head next to it. I may add that we had newcomers arriving every 2 ½ minutes, so the room was crammed with badly beaten protesters. They were all looking really bad. We were beaten every 4 to 45 minutes, in a row, without being asked a single word. We were kicked in the head and in the stomach by militaries under the command of the Militia"[154].

Szoke Matei, Timișoara

„- In what circumstances were you arrested?

- I was arrested together with a group of protesters and savagely punched and kicked.

- Do you know who was responsible for that?

- The Militia, the civilians – probably, Security officers, very tall people, with athletic forms. (…)

- Please recall an episode from detention.

[154] Marius Mioc, work quoted, p. 100.

- Investigations every hour, arrested people bearing bruises all over their bodies, including their blue faces following the beatings that occurred!"[155]

Temereancă Olivia, Bucharest

„I took part, together with several colleagues and friends, in setting up the barricade at the University Square, on December, 21st, 1989. In the evening, we were warned, by the security forces, to leave because they had started shooting. We walked to the subway entrance and entered the passage at the University Square. It was there that we stumbled upon a person with an injured leg. I took him to the water closet, I washed his injured leg and dressed his wound. Another person, a man, also came in. The water closet was equipped with iron latches, with a lock, so we barricaded inside. The USLA tried to break the door down, but failed. I can't really remember how they eventually managed to enter. It seemed that someone had opened a door and the USLA individuals got in through a niche in the adjoining door. They started beating us up and cursing us. A civilian was coordinating this entire „activity" of the USLA and the Militia. They managed to get us out by continuous beatings, they shoved us incoherently into a van where we were suffocating due to the lack of air and which, eventually, reached Jilava Penitentiary. We were terrorized, thinking, all the time, that they would soon shoot us. After each of us handed in their personal belongings, we were taken into cells, where we were crammed, lying three in a single bed. The women there were in a sorry plight, wounded and hair torn out. I can't even describe it, it was a terrifying image. I could hear women screaming on the corridor, all night long, they were probably investigated and their statements taken"[156].

Todoran Constantin, Bucharest

„After they started shooting in the barricade area, the protesters started to run, heading to wherever they thought

[155] Adrian Kali, *1989 – Destin…*, p. 13, 131.
[156] Romulus Cristea, work quoted, p. 27-28.

they could find shelter. I went towards the subway at the University and entered the station, there was a large crowd there, and they announced, through the speakers, that trains would be arriving to pick up passengers. Under less than five seconds, the USLA troops ambushed us. They started kicking us with their boots, shields and batons they were equipped with. I saw several desperate people jumping in the tunnel and heading towards Unirii Square, but I was afraid to jump because I had previously had a fractured leg. The Militia officers formed cordons starting from the platform, on the stairs, in the passage and all the way up, to Ion Heliade Rădulescu's statue. We were pushed down this aisle and, until reaching the surface, we were hit with gunstocks, and punched.

Most of those removed from the subway were badly injured, many of them unconscious, due to the kicks and punches received. We were thrown into a pile. At one point, one of us, a stronger fella, tried to run, but hit straight into Militia cordon. He was shot on the spot. We were put into vans. They took us to the Militia Capital, somewhere at the basement, crammed in a room. An individual, dressed in civilian clothes, appeared and took his coat off and started to punch and kick all those in the room. We also had a journalist among us, a man around the age of 60. He was sitting on a wooden bench and addressed the individual who had just entered into the room, saying that he was working in the press and asked him not to hit him. He was immediately elbowed in the head. After a while, we were taken out for investigations, one by one. I managed to avoid the beatings as I stated that I was a tailor and was just about to take a suit to a colonel.

Later on, we were removed from the Capital Militia, again, through a cordon of Militia officers who kept on hitting us, we were put in vans and taken to the Jilava Penitentiary. While in the van, one of us asked an attendant where they were taking us. The Militia officer, pointing a gun at us, said: „You want to know where we are taking you, bastards?! Well, we're not taking you to the theater, we're taking you to the shooting squadron". I was badly hit, I had

broken ribs and blood on my face. We were taken to the penitentiary hospital.

There were 46 of us in a single room. Some of us could not get into beds because of the wounds they had, because of the pain they had to endure. As the morning approached, an individual appeared and presented himself as the warden. He was flashing out at us, ordering us to stand facing the wall and with our hands up. Afterwards, he held us a speech: „Idiots, look at you. Hooligans! I'm telling you that you are not inmates, you are just detainees, but you have no idea what's coming to you in the next few hours". In a short while, some health officers were sent to the respective cell and bandaged our wounds. A doctor, holding a notebook, was taking down our names and diagnoses. Towards noon, on December, 22nd, 1989, at 11.45 AM, two nurses, seeing that I was scared, told me that we would soon be released from prison. I was unimaginably thrilled"[157].

Tomescu Grigore, Bucharest

„On December, 21st, after the protest was dispersed, we grouped at the Intercontinental Hotel. Around 10 PM, I headed for home, with the firm decision of coming back, with food and accompanied. Using my brother-in-law's car (whom I also found at home and who was also determined to return to the city center, where the faith of the people was decided), we reached Colței street around 11.30 PM. On our way to the University Square, we met several Militia patrols, moving tanks, solitary group of protesters and I saw the shiny trails of tracings on the sky.

Upon coming out of Colței street, we were stopped by an Army detachment, with war equipment. Brutally taken out of the vehicle, we were searched, jabbed with the bayonet and, perhaps to steady himself, a soldier next to us shot twice in the air. We thought, at that point, that we would get shot on the spot. When they found the food we had on us and in the car, they handed us over to a Militia captain who, using a military escort, dragged us all the way up to the History and

[157] *Ibidem*, p. 44-45.

Art Museum of Bucharest, where we saw vans surrounded by Ceaușescu's „anti-terrorists". Once they took charge of us, we were kicked, punched, hit with the gunstocks, rubber batons, spit at, cursed and knocked down.

We were mercilessly crammed into a blue van and, in the hustle and bustle at the door, I lost my glasses. After the vehicle stopped, we were taken out of the van, one by one, and made to pass between parallel rows of Militia officers who were hitting us with whatever they had available. As we got into the premises of a Militia headquarters (later on, at Jilava Penitentiary, we found out that it had been the headquarters of the Bucharest Militia Inspectorate) with punches and cursing, we were forced to lie down on the concrete of a hallway, one on top of the other, in piles of 2-3 people, facing down, hands over the head and without moving. Militia officers would stomp on us, hit us and cursed us as they pleased, as they saw, in the popular attempt in Bucharest, a direct attempt to the privileged status they were enjoying under the dictatorial regime.

We were then forced to kneel down, tied with rope in pairs, and we had to stay like that for a while (for how long? I have no idea, my watch had broken while the violence was unfolding) and facing the wall; we were hit again (I got two or three baton blows in the head), the rope was beginning to pierce the skin and our knees were starting to seriously ache. One of our executioners, dressed in civilian clothing, with a slinky voice, distinguished himself by specific cruelty and savagery; I could not see his face as I was made to watch the wall or the floor at all times, but I heard him brag about having arrested a journalist, as well.

Among those tortured with me, there were 15 or 16-year old teenagers, 60-year olds, intellectuals and workers, pupils and students. One of the arrested girls, as she was pregnant, started to vomit following the beatings; she was hardly even allowed to wash up. When an old man said that he was suffering of a heart disease and could not withstand extended kneeling, he was answered by mocking and blows. Somewhere, on the cold cement, a teenager was crying out as he had been shot in the abdomen.

Eventually, we were told to stand up and fall into a line. We were again made to pass the rows of executioners and were again beaten until stepping into a Militia truck, with compartments on the inside. In a cabin where two people could hardly stand, there were five of us crammed in. I don't know how I was looking, but the view of my comrades, seen from only a few centimeters away, was truly horrible: blood, face deformations, tumefactions. As the travel was quite long, the air was becoming more and more unbreathable. We had, however, dealt with the idea of dying, and the face of death was quite the same to us. When the truck stopped, the thought of the bad treatments to come upon descending the truck made any potential execution seemed a happy end to our ordeal"[158].

Trofin Traian, Timișoara

„*P.C.: - What were you chanting?*

T.T.: Throughout all this way, starting from Maria Square: „No more communism!", „Ceaușescu, leave!", „Elena, leave!", „No more dictatorship!", „Join us!"; people were watching us from their apartment windows and signaling that they would join in, as well. But I don't know how many of them actually did come. And we headed towards the Michaelangelo bridge, where we were hoping that the students in the campus would come along, as well. We were in that particular roundabout for about 20 minutes or, perhaps, half an hour. During this time, we were hoping to see the students joining us. Some of them did, others didn't. And we headed for the „Continental Hotel". At the „Continental Hotel", plenty of people were joining us, others were, however, pulling out of the crowd. On the way, we stopped buses, cars and called people out to join us. We took a right, heading towards the Party County. Well, that's where the party really started. About 100 meters from the headquarters, a red firetruck appeared, by itself, and some soldiers and officers inside it. We weren't scared, we kept on marching on. The group was quite large, it was exceeding the

[158] Ion Bucur, work quoted, p. 277-279.

section of the building, of the Bank, into the building of the Clinic no. 3. When we still had about 15-20 meters to the corner of the building, namely, to that small park next to the Party building, that firetruck hose started releasing water towards us. We were all wet, but eventually, we went past it. A few teenagers walked up to the vehicle, the driver got scared, he backed up, reaching the corner of the building at the other end of the street, windows were broken, but I don't know how, because there were no stones nearby, but the firetruck windows were broken. Something must have happened between the soldiers and those protesters. We stopped in front of the Party building. Could those people, having stood behind the curtains and watched that crowd, could they have perhaps avoided the tragedy that occurred? Because they were stalking us from behind the curtains and windows. No one came out. A few children took the emblem, the coat of arms off the building corner. And they did break some windows. But soon, from behind the building, some troops appeared, dressed in overalls and wearing white hats, holding batons and shields, and they started beating us on the spot, even though we were not carrying any weapons. That's where I also got the stick, myself, over the backside, and this is the reason why I am speaking like that. I withdrew to the ASCAR – Cardiology – Hospital, it is close, nearby. I hid in the hallway. People were taken away and beaten up… Whoever was caught and beaten up, was taken and dragged to that small park where gate no. 2 is, where they used to hold all Party consultations, they were dragged to a car there. They were beaten up, just like that, and dragged on the ground, like you would drag a cement bag, which contains just a little cement, and you would go ahead and drag it on the ground. That's the way those people were taken there. Women, young girls, young children. But it was indeed…

P.C.: What were they struck with?

T.T.: Who? You mean, what we were beaten with? I couldn't specify an exact length or diameter, but there were some wooden bats and rubber batons, but mostly wooden bats, made of round wood. That was the instrument they used on my backside. Children were caught and taken away, but I

withdrew due to the horrible pain. We took some tree branches, we hit a few, as well, but just for some; we were soon out of luck. Everyone withdrew as they could, towards Maria Square. It was, how should I say, the beginning of the revolution, a moment that, as I see, a lot of people neglect. That, if it hadn't happened, neither would those break-ins and crimes had occurred, the ones in our city. We returned to Maria Square. There were no break-ins in the city, except for the Party, those windows at the entrance of the Party building. But when we withdrew to Maria Square, people were awaiting again, they were awaiting those that had left, to see what happened. Whoever got there was telling about what happened. But we said we would not leave Maria Square until the dictatorship fell. They all understood that we must be united. And we were, up to the time that, from towards the bridge, the Cathedral, a platoon of about 80 persons appeared, Militia officers dressed in Militia clothes. And guess what they were holding! Those kind of bats, crowbars, car levers, those ramrods you use for carpets – used at the Party for holding the carpets, that was what they were holding – and they were advancing in lines of four, because that was the way they had come from the bridge side. At the station, in Maria Square, so just before trams would be turning towards Lahovari, they split up into two rows. One part headed towards the self-service, and the other part, towards the small workshops at the basement there. Wherever the crowd was larger. And there were also older women and young children, so there weren't any homeless people or whatever they thought it was. That warden… I wish I could have known him … did he have any children? (the witness cries) Please excuse me…

P.C.: - Yes, of course. Please settle down!

T.T.: He ordered them to strike us with those bats! Why? If you believe me, perhaps some will, but me, as a human being … they were human beings as well, they could have not hit us. But they did. They punched us, they used those wooden sticks they were holding, the batons, the iron bars. Those that were at the end of them know about it very well… Plenty of them are afraid to come here and tell you. There's

plenty of them in the city, but they are afraid. I am not afraid, even if I never get out of here again… Why is that gentleman who punched me that first time, at the corner in Maria Square, still in this room? I know this for a fact! The man with the crowbar is also in the room, and they were hitting children, teenagers, elders to disperse them from the site. When the fight started, to disperse the people from the site, we had no other choice than to start and ravage things. What did we start with? They know, of course they know, the milk bottles, the 1.000 milk bottle shuttles in Maria Square, we broke all of them. We replied since we had no other defensive weapon. And we were dispersed by the troops that appeared, just like at the Party. Indeed, there were plenty of breakages. That was where the break-in in the city started from. From the first self-service cafeteria in Maria. I don't know how it got to the first window, but after that first window, the break-in and fire-setting proceeded, up to Ștefan Furtună Street. I took part there, as well, I'm not saying I didn't break anything, I'm not saying that I didn't set those books in the bookshop on fire, I'm not saying that I blocked the streets so that firefighters would not be able to interfere, those that were coming, and because of that fire car that came around and hit the corner of the church, the kerb is still missing there. Why did they want to run us over? That child who got on the firemen's cannon… where is he? He disappeared with it, in Calea Șagului, no one knows anything of him. Where is he? (the witness is crying) And many more… That man, who is in this room today and who has used a crowbar or a rubber baton to hit people, I want that man to be punished! Because I'm still suffering since then. It's been seven months and I'm still suffering from a bat strike, that… I can barely speak… please believe me! … On December, 16th, when there was nothing else we could do, wherever we passed, that the fire had broken out, we may be sentenced, but just know that without that gesture, that dictatorship would still be in power today. And those people, who could have stopped on December, 16th, right after beating us up, because no one was saying anything, they could have stopped the killings! They haven't. They

proceeded the following days, as well. If I may get on with December, 17th, there are still plenty of things to say, but I was asked to point out just the main focus elements. So, please pardon me if I stop with emotion!"[159]

Tudorache Gabriel, Bucharest

„After these fusillades were shot, they tried to disperse the protesters. Then, the squires appeared, wearing helmets with the inscription „Militia" and they were hitting protesters with their batons. We withdrew to the „Luceafărul" travel agency, when tear gas was spread out. We tried to regroup, but they started shooting at us from the first line of Militia officers in khaki, wearing Security fly fronts and white helmets without any inscriptions. The second line of militaries were shooting tracings in the air (…) Around 12.45 AM, we were surrounded by militaries dressed in khaki, most of them, non-commissioned officers, and a fire truck with a red cabin from which militaries holding bats and rubber batons descended. I was caught and taken in front of the Bucureşti shop. While here, I was hit by militaries. Civilians then appeared and walked me to the Capital Police. I was hit and that is where I recognized Lieutenant-Major Burciu Liviu, who was hitting a young man with a bat"[160.]

Vasile Călin Vasile, Timişoara

„- *Please recall an episode from detention.*

- I can recall two of them. The first one was when they took us out of the cell, lined us up facing the wall and hands up, and they would turn us around, one by one, in front of individuals with covered faces, who tried to identify us and tell whether we had been among the protesters. They were led by Major Radu Tinu. He recognized fellow Goldănescu, beat him up and threatened to kill him, then I was afraid I was next, but he must have taken it out sufficiently on him and he therefore, let me free"[161.]

[159] *Documente '89 Procesul de la Timişoara*, vol. IV, Editura Mirton, Timişoara, 2006, p. 2266-2269.

[160] Ioan Dan, work quoted, p. 296.

[161] Adrian Kali, *1989 – Destin*..., p. 13, 143.

Vasu Georgeta, Bucharest

„The shots of machine guns were coming down on us even more, becoming parallel with the pavement, about one-meter high towards Unirii Square, continuously shooting, only with tracings, the Militia officers and the others were running towards us, shooting with their machine guns. People start falling down, shot, right beside us and even more often. A Militia officers cordon was heading for Rosetti Square, one coming from Brâncoveanu area and we were forced to enter the subway. As soon as we reached the pass, we heard machine gun blasts behind us, down the stairs. We withdraw to the subway platform. A train was in the station, heading towards Pipera, and an announcement was made, saying that this was the last train for that evening. It waited for several minutes, which was quite unusual. After a few minutes, the announcement comes in that „train in both directions is arriving in the station". Coded message? Why don't they just say that trains are coming in? Is someone trying to say something? No other train arrived that night… (…) The USLA troops arrive, hitting us with shields, batons and kicks applied with a special technique, and they take us off the subway platform. After the first baton, I didn't think I could take a second one; I thought I would fall down. I knew it would have been fatal, because others before me had gone down the same path… The next minute, they were surrounded by other soldiers and literally stomped upon… I thought I saw one of them in a bag. People were walking slowly, which led to more hitting. I yelled at them to move faster because „we would get beaten to death until the exit".

I thought I escaped, but starting from the escalator and until reaching the exit of the passage, I went past the first aisles formed by the special troops who continued to hit us with their shields and batons; I felt like my head was going to explode. As we were going up the escalator, the ones hitting us, the ones having beat us up on the platform were saying to us: „For what you bastards have done, even if Ceaușescu doesn't shoot you, you're still finished with what we've given you". I could only take a few steps and, from the corner

of the University Square, I saw a line of Militia officers, most probably, dressed as civilians, beating up everyone that was coming out of the subway, punching or kicking them, and they were directing us by the University Square and down Calea Victoriei.

I had lost my dad even since we were on the subway platform. I was so worried, and I was praying to find him as soon as possible, and that he was healthy. As soon as I got out of the „flight" of hits at the subway and got to see the light of the night, I was struck by one of the civilian Militia officers, followed by another, and another, up to the fountain at the University corner, opposite the Eminescu bookshop. There, an individual, white hair, Russian hat, started punching me in the face and, with the other hand, was also trying to twist my arm behind my back. Seeing that he couldn't as I was twisting, as well, and not allowing him to win, he got irritated and caught me by my long hair, making a knot around his hand. I couldn't care too much about what was happening to me. All I could think about was finding my father. After a while, when the Militia officer bullying me continued kicking me, we also started to move and take a few steps down the boulevard.

There weren't too many people on the streets, like earlier… so, it was easy for me to see a few meters in front of me as a man was surrounded and beaten by Militia officers dressed as civilians. I couldn't see too well who it was, but I know that, when I saw the scene, I tried to break loose from the hand and punches of „my" Militia officer, to walk up to the other Militia officers and tell them to stop the barbarian ordeal inflicted with so much hate over the fallen person. I could not get rid of „my man", so I had to drag him with me (namely, he was holding on to my hair while I was pulling myself towards the small crowd). I shouted, when I got closer to them, to stop beating that poor person. When I got closer to them, I realized that the person was my father. Obviously, no one was taking into account my words, on the contrary, they were hitting him with even more hatred and even more

power. At that moment, my Militia officer forcibly pulled my hair and forced me to cross the boulevard"[162].

Vasu Traian, Bucharest

„Cordons were coming in from Unirea and from Rosetti, so we had to descend to the subway. (…) We weren't paying enough attention upon hearing some students whispering: „These ones belong to the Anti-terrorists". When I looked around, I saw some tall, strong fellas, wearing some grey, navy, neutral coats, without any sign of weapons, but strong and wearing gun vests, those thick ones (…) I was paying more attention to them and I hear one of them say: „Why do you want to overthrow Ceaușescu? You got a better one?" He was standing next to the last column on the platform and was saying exactly that. „What is it with you and freedom? If you're here, at this time of day, doesn't this mean that you have plenty of freedom? Why would you want democracy? Isn't there enough of that already?" And they kept going like that, but without any hatred, they were looking straight through you. It was like they were on drugs. It was the first time I saw that look. Afterwards, they started stringing out along the platform and select a random person from a group and start kicking and hitting them with the batons (…) I had then seen that, after being struck down, they all started to sort of swim. They were walking as if leaning and were starting to swim. Gypsies would fall down. And, the moment the person would fall down, even more would surround him and start kicking him. And he would die because these guys were displaying some ballet-like movements. As tall as they were, they could take their feet up to 1.70. And when they raised that boot of theirs, it would stop in that poor guy's body. It is practically impossible to withstand such a shock without something happening to you, let alone twenty of those? Impossible. And I was shouting at the girl not to fall, that was all that I was screaming to her. I did not know what was going on. After the first baton, I saw that she started walking the same way. She was three or four feet away from me.

[162] Romulus Cristea, work quoted, p. 82-84.

When I got hit with the baton, same thing happened to me. After the first one, I felt like the subway was spinning around, while, after the second one, the pain would start from the front and go all the way to the back. Upon the second baton, the floor was no longer horizontal, it turned vertical. So, all of us displaying those swimming-like movements were doing them because we were trying to hold on to the floor, not to fall, not go down, since you were now walking on the wall, not the floor anymore. And that was the feeling until we got to the escalator. And I was periodically shouting at her not to fall down. And when reaching the escalator, I thought they had plastic helmets on, so that you wouldn't be able to walk… well, the escalator wasn't working, you had to go up, so that there was no chance of getting away from it, they were standing there every two meters and would strike, one with the helmet and the other with the baton, depending on their radius. And when he hit me in the head with the helmet, I heard a metal sound. What the…? Well, he took me like that until reaching the escalator at the University. The girl went out on the right-hand side escalator and I, on the one on the left, and waited for her. I received some extra batons. A van was pulled up next to the University clock, which is now gone. Its doors were open and I thought they would put us in there. They took us by the University and continued to beat us up until the Eminescu Bookshop, namely the University corner, where there was a sprinkler, opposite the Eminescu Bookshop. There were civilians there, not wearing a uniform, but they began to punch and kick us. If I didn't have the girl with me, next to third entrance to the University, I would have killed a guy, a skinny fella, I could have easily strangled him and stomped on his neck, he would have been dead. I wall telling you that I was carrying the bread and the pate and I had no time to reach my… that's how many strikes there were. So many, I didn't even have to reach my pocket. And right next to the University Square, where the fountain was, there was an old man, white haired, with a winter hat and a grey coat; he caught the little one by the hand and was trying to hit her. I couldn't… who I was trained and, thank God, strong, I was quite muscular. And he

couldn't because his hand was twisting, the little one was also twisting, and that's how it happened for a few times. When he saw this, he grabbed her by the hair with his other hand. Her hair was long and he started slapping her over the face. At this time, I was moving towards him and told him: „Stop hitting her, can't you see she is just a child?" and he would scream at her: „You bitch, you're a student, ay?" She was tall, well-built, she had taken gymnastics classes so she was as tall as I was, but she was only 13 and few months, and during this time, one of those people from the Police Precinct, I think, gave me an uppercut and I fainted. And I didn't know what happened to me until I woke up at the Capital Militia, where Fashion House Mall is now located, down an alleyway. I remember perhaps feeling a stronger punch that threw me off, but I'm not sure whether it happened next to that shop, Romarta Copiilor, probably. And they lined us up in pairs, at the Capital Militia.

I could not see with one eye, it was just the other eye that I could make something out with. And they started walking forward. They were laughing and making jokes. When there were only two fellas left, I saw what it was all about. Just as it had happened at this Militia Precinct, on the route leading to the basement of the Capital Militia, there were cordons, waiting at a distance of around one meter from each other, shoulder to shoulder, and they would strike you in the head with the baton, kick you, however they could (…) And one of them, a few steps away, hit me in a similar fashion, from below to the head. And then I took my hands apart and the bread fell down. And they started kicking the bread around, saying: „would you look at that … these hungry chumps want to take down Ceaușescu!" (…) They tied me up with a tall and skinny fella. The poor man, every time they would take us out to go to Jilava Penitentiary… he was walking really slowly because he was injured, well, less resistant, so we would always end up being the last. They would beat us up for about 20 meters, on the way to the car, and 20 meters coming away from the car. Same for the second car, and when getting to the third car, I said: „Brother, what the hell? They'll beat us to death, for God's sake, I'd

rather be shot!" (…) So that we could all fit in, they stuck in that niche where the guards were supposed to sit. And we were four people staying in a very small area. After the car had left, I took a look at their faces … they were green. If we had gone on for another hour, we would have probably all been dead from suffocation (…) I had seen the hitting. I couldn't breathe. I had a few broken ribs and this scapula"[163].

Vicol Vasile, Iași

„December, 14th, 1989 came. I had contacted the people at the Cathedral, to ring the bells, to recreate the moments in Czechoslovakia. […] On that morning, such a euphoria got over me when I left the house, however, I got to work quite displeased of the fact that I had not notified enough people.

I entered a room where there were plenty of small boards and I told everyone to come over, I told them about the song, as well, whose text I was carrying in my pocket, and around 9-10 AM, around two hours after I had made the call, I was called in the office of the head of the workshop, where there were three people; I can recall a name, a gentleman having introduced himself as Major Matei, the head of the Criminal Investigations Office or something like that, from the County Security Inspectorate. They said they had received a notification that a documentation was missing, that it had been stolen, they inquired whether I had a box. I was head of the project and was operating with plenty of documentations, drafts etc. The people that came looked around in the box, I thought they might arrest me, as well, so I crumpled up a flyer, since I never had any flyers, only the paper with *Un răsunet*, which I threw on the floor without them noticing it. […] When I then entered Matei's office at the Security, because that was where they took me, I, being accustomed to tens of delegations, manager offices, I naturally sat on the chair in front of the office; he had not sat down yet and started shouting at me: „Where do you think you are?", and the cursed me and ordered me: „Get over there!". There was

[163] Zoltan Rostaș, Florentina Țone (coordinators), *Tânăr student caut revoluționar*, vol. II, Editura Curtea Veche , Bucharest, 2012, p. 70-76.

a wooden bench there. „Have you any idea where you are?", he inquired. I replied, smiling: *„Well, yes, I'm at the Security"*. And he started asking me all sorts of things: what I know, how I found out, where I found it out from and everything there was about December, 14th , with standard statements: *„son of X, I hereby represent and end and sign every page."* He would take the statement, read it, say it was not proper and I would have to write another one. I forgot how many of these statements I had to write. He did not, however, beat me at any time, he seemed a kind and squatty person. On the other hand, another one came in behind him, a comrade, who seemed to have sniffed me out, put a hand on my shoulder, saying that everything would be alright, he did not introduce himself, but Matei had told me when he had seen me laugh: „You're laughing, ay? You have nice teeth, but don't worry, we'll take them out; same goes for the nails!".

After which, he told me a joke, too: „A peasant ends up in Iași and asks someone of the Security's location. The answer was: it is everywhere".

This second investigator, a handsome fella whom, I had heard, possessed a Ph.D. in legal sciences, caught me at a time I was shocked to find out that things were not quite as I thought they were, that they were actually not on our side, so that optimism, my joy quickly vanished; that investigator took a rubber baton and bruised my arms really badly, twisted my fingers, in the next week, I could barely write any statements, you couldn't make out anything in there.

Another kind of torture was to kneel; there was an iron cupboard, you would sit against it as you could, and the soles were exposed and he would hit you over the soles as hard as he could. If you were shoeless, it was better because the pain was greater with shoes on, as that particular area was the geography of the human body and you could not really know what was hurting anymore.

Apart from the beatings, there were all sorts of threats, intimidations; they couldn't give a toss about your human value.

They told me about Ștefan Prutianu, whom I now hated, that he had written bad things about me, that they had known, from the very beginning, who did what; they were asking me about my family who was in prison for years after the collectivization, the were insulting and cursing me and my family. They continuously tortured me: without any sleep, with beatings, with threats that I would get thrown off the building, that I would get drowned etc. On December, 18, 1989, I received an arrest warrant. They handed it to me to sign it, which I did, and they took me below, where they got me undressed, they gave me regimentals, which smelt horribly like urine. The cell was awful, my colleague did not know my job and why I was there, I told him I worked in the factory and an accident occurred there and I was investigated for that particular occupational accident; there was nothing I could say, he could have been one of them.

How was the confrontation with them?

Vasile Vicol: One night, they woke me up, we crossed the inner yard from one side to the other, accompanied by Matei and the one that kept beating me up, who apparently had a twitch when he saw me and would raise his hand, just like he was about to hit me. At first, I displayed a reaction, but later on, after he would beat me up really well, I started to feel less pain. He was coming towards me, just as I was crossing, with the respective gesture, my hide was already tanned well, so I said to him: „I'm not afraid of you anymore!". He placed his hand on my shoulder and said: „Don't worry, it will all be fine!". We got to the other wing, where the head of the Iași Security was located, together with many others, and he asked me where others street protests would occur, and I, in the spur of the moment, replied: „Timișoara". Why Timișoara? To me, it was the West, and then, I also added Cluj, Brașov, Bucharest and other big cities. He sent me back to my cell. I met Matei again, years on after, while standing in a queue at the CEC, with both us pensioners now, and he reminded me of an awful beating where they had set me on the table and wasted me so hard that when I got home, I had bruises even on my back. Unfortunately, I forgot about that beating as I had passed out,

that's how the body reacts when subjected to high-level pain, it defends itself.

How did you meet Constantin Olteanu?

Vasile Vicol: The head of Security called me to his office and there was another gentleman there, dandy, impeccable, who asked me about our organization, the number of members it had etc. He kept pushing me to tell everything because there were other methods, as well. That was all that he said and then I realized that he was Olteanu, he was the one I had seen around Ceaușescu, I knew he was a keyman"[164].

Vlad Laurențiu, Pitești

„On the afternoon of December, 21st, it all started; I saw the „crowned" fleet contained by panic, the entire balcony was frightened, just as if the last word had been said and particularly, the crowd had regained its right to boo. The streets begun to truly exist. First, some civilians were chasing after some stray individuals down Gheoghe Gheorghiu-Dej Boulevard, and then, it seemed like all the forces gathered and marched through the stopped cars, chanting: „Timișoara", „Assassin, leave", „We are the people". Someone had the idea to sing „Deșteaptă-te, române!". It was all chanting and fraternization, that's why some people may have, perhaps, forgotten that this was meant to be a peaceful march. The window of the bookshop on the boulevard had been broken, and the books of the „geniuses" were torn to bits. Taken off the under a flight of punches by a group of Security officers, crying out for help, with my clothes ripped, I was taken to the General Inspectorate of the former Militia, where the nightmare began. It was not a nightmare of beatings, but one of uncertainty… I was kept for about four hours (so until around 6-6.30 PM) in the office of a Militia captain, caught under the punches and rhetorical questions of Security officers. „What is it, you want it to be like Poland, throw your entire wage away on a loaf of bread?"; „Can't you

[164] Revolution Notebooks, no. 2(40) / 2012, p. 26-30; Interview taken by Ioana Ciodaru and Constantin Corneanu

see that, in your precious capitalism, you daddy wouldn't have been able to pay for your university?"; „Comrade Ceaușescu is offering you food and education, and you want liberty?". There were also some questions to the point, but these weren't expecting an answer, either, at the beginning „Who were those people who you were with?"; „Tell me what organization you're part of!".

Eventually, someone quite irritated came along, a short fella, wearing glasses and a tousled hair, gnashing that I would spit it all out; seeing that I hadn't had too much to say, they became more reconciliatory; they only asked for three names! In time, they nearly forgot about me; I was there only with the previously mentioned captain, writing the statement and watching his every move. The phone call he had received at one point made me jump up; he only said: „it's not good, it's not good at all", and he hung up. He then headed towards the office window, watching the sky, searching for the helicopters sounding so close to us. No more noises, shouts and deepened groans could be heard on the corridors any longer. It was obvious it was not finished and I was hoping that it wouldn't finish, because this was my chance"[165].

Vlăsceanu Ion, Bucharest

„We were carried to the Capital Militia, in the car. As we descended, we entered an aisle of Militia and Security officers, who were hitting us with their batons wherever they could. Upon entering the headquarters, I was greeted by an individual dressed as a civilian and who, after having cursed me, kicked me in the stomach"[166].

Varujan Vosganian, Bucharest

„- *Mr. Vosganian, how did you end up in Universității Square?*

- On December, 21st, around noon, when I heard that the radio broadcast had been cut off, I told my colleagues at the beer factory in Rahova, where I was working at the time, as

[165] Ion Bucur, work quoted, p. 280-281.
[166] Ioan Dan, work quoted, p. 292-293.

economist: „I'm off". A soldier was already on guard at the gate, but I jumped the fence through the back and went straight to Universității Square. Why? It wasn't because I was some sort of a brave individual – perhaps I am, but that is for others to judge. I went to the Square, thinking that: if I am not there right now, it means that I deserved whatever came to me, up until now. That was the feeling I had taken with me there. I passed all the stages.

- *So, you were there when they started shooting.*

- First shot came around 7 PM. I think they used blanks and shot in the air. But the feeling of hearing the sound of bullets, the loading of guns and shooting, it was to us like they had really targeted us. I remember recalling the ears bowed down by the wind, that was how all of them fell to the ground. At those times, you do things that, perhaps, if you were asked to repeat them, you would not be able to repeat. From where I was, close to the squires, I threw myself to the ground and rolled over along the entire 13 Decembrie Street, until reaching the front of an apartment building. I entered the building and, at the second floor, I jumped into the yard by means of a small window.

- *Were you alright? You had jumped the height of two floors…*

- Probably, at these times, your body unrealistically strengthens itself, such as Petre Petre in „Răscoala" by Rebreanu, whom they had used an entire barrel of bullets until he felt that he had been shot. Boots, scarves, hats, death. Were you alone? No. I was with a boy from Ploiești, a worker. I have never seen him again, I don't even know whether he is still alive or not. It was him that I descended into the yard with. We stood there, for a while, and then we entered the building hallway through a small door. We found a horrible image there: boots, scarves, hats, blood. More may have tried to squeeze in after us and they were probably caught there. We went up and started ringing door bells to let us in. It was barely at the 4th floor that a lady opened the door, a lady who – I did not know at the time, but found out the next day – knew me. Her name was Ionescu and she was working with the Ministry of Agriculture, she was the wife of

a former Security officer who had actually been killed after Pacepa's departure.

- *Did you stay at the widow Ionescu's house for the night?*

- The God-fearing woman said to me: „Stay here until the morning, until things settle down". But I had my mind set on achieving greatness. Around 8.30-8.45 PM, I went down with the intention of heading back to the Square, like a brave man that I was thought I was. The moment I exited the building, the street was empty. A fella called me out and pointed a submachine gun towards me, in the back. They were looking at the clothes so as to identify those that had been in the Square, because all our shoes were muddy from the water pipes. Seeing that I was clearly wearing the marks of having participated in Universității Square, he told me to walk, hands behind my back, all the way to the corner of the street, where I found several others like me, and made me lie on the ground. „ I went to the Square, thinking that: if I am not there right now, it means that I deserved whatever came to me, up until now"

- *The Square was being cleaned of any "hooligan element".*

- Yes, they were shoving 7-8 of us in the van and were taking us to Eforie street, at the Security headquarters. I ended up on the second floor. A fella appeared and said: „Undress all of these worms in the morning and take them to the showers! I'll take them one by one and see what's going on with them". We were standing there, against the wall, hands up and legs spread, from 10 PM until 2 AM. It's a horrible position because your hands are emptied of any blood and your knees start shivering. At 2 AM, they took us to a basement, similar to a torture hall, where the walls were full of blood from smashed heads. There was half-light, there was a smell of blood – blood was like wallpaper. It was horrifying! A fella came to me and searched me. He found a book and loaf of bread on me, that was all I had in my bag. He said to me: „You're an intellectual, you read books", and he slapped or punched me a couple of times, I can't really remember.

- *Can you describe him?*

- I have no recollection of any face because they all looked alike. Another came and tied my hands behind my back. There was a corridor with around 20 Security officers on one side, and another 20, on the other side. They would push you amongst themselves and everyone would be hitting you with whatever they had on them. Some would be using batons, others, iron crowbars, others, just plain punches. At the end of the hallway, the vans were waiting to pick you up. As your hands were tied behind your back, you could not defend yourself. The thing was to manage to resist on your feet. If you were to make the mistake of falling down, you would get booted in the back. I met people whose kidneys were turned to bits by those strikes. The crowbars would crack open the blood veins in your feet and hands and would harden your flesh. There were some of them whose flesh was as hard as wood, due to the hemorrhage in the capillaries. I managed to stand up. My luck was that I was wearing quite a thick jumper, which actually took away some of the strength in the beatings.

- *Where did they take you to?*

- They took us out on a field, they opened the car doors and were pointing their submachine guns at us. We were convinced we would be shot. It was the moment I was about to meet death. I was thinking to myself: what a life I had! My achievements are close to none, my books lie in the manuscript, I have no children, no one will ever know anything about me. There was one, I can't remember very well, who was only left with their canine teeth. They had broken all his front teeth using the gunstock and he was full of blood on his golfer because someone lying on top of him had been killed with the bayonet. That was the state of spirit and, in addition, we also had three submachine guns pointed at us, just awaiting an order. Two hours had passed as such, after which we had to leave again.

- *What happened next?*

- In the meantime, they must have been notified that the workers started to approach the center, because they got back in the car, closed the doors and drove off. One of us, who I

think had been there before, said, while taking a look through the little window in the car: „We are saved, they are taking us back to Jilava Penitentiary!". I said to myself that the death penalty was moved to the prison. They took us to a damp basement there. We were plenty, quite a few, I couldn't even say how many we were. Some had undergone panic attacks, one had an epileptic seizure, there were about two or three whose eyes were nearly dripping from their sockets due to the punches, then there were those whose kidneys had been shredded to bits and were dragging their feet, it was a disaster! It was like the Paris catacombs, water everywhere, the smell was horrible and they were taking us out one by one. I had the feeling that we were taken out one by one just to get shot. But they were taking us out and were taking us to a place to record us.

- *So, you were an official inmate.*

- I can truly say that I am a real man: I was in the army, I have an inmate sheet at home, and a daughter.

- *After the recording, where did they take you?*

- I ended up on the second floor, which was some sort of infirmary. It had 21 beds and we were made to lie two in a single bed. A master sergeant appeared and had a look at each of us, then called my name, said: „You are the boss" and left.

- *Why do you think you were selected to lead the inmates?*

- I have no idea, but I think it was because I was older than most them there, who were a bunch of kids. Right next to me, a child was shaking and crying. I'll move away for a bit. In 1991, on December, 1, we went to the Triumph Arch to set some flowers. I was a deputy on behalf of Armenians and one of the teenagers present turned to me and said „Do you remember me? I was in the same bed with you, crying, and you were telling me not to be afraid". This was the child with the golfer stained with blood because someone else had died just on top of him. He was arrested right at the Universitate Passage.

- *What are the tasks of a chief inmate in Jilava Penitentiary?*

- I've been a chief all my life, even since nursery, so I possess this skill. I selected two deputies, gave to each of them half of the room to supervise and, as chief, I received the forks and spoons, which I then handed out to each person. They were really rusty and blunt, so there was no change that you could commit suicide with them. They did not bring any knives. Then, they came with some food, too. In some bowls, they brought us some slimy soup with a few bits of fat inside, a quarter of a bread with a particularly suspicious smell, and some marmalade. Also using my position as a chief, I asked them to form a queue, spread the bread out and rationalized them.

- *You seem to have had some authority between the inmates…*

- Of course. In the meantime, I had also organized cigarette traffic. There was a fella there, the owner of a greengrocer's, who had been arrested.

He was carrying 7.000 lei in his pocket and he was terrified that they would find his money, but he was also in possession of Albanian cigarettes – Arberia. He tipped me, as the chief, the Arberia cigarette pack, and I, such as in the Russian concentration camp movies, shared them with the others. And I asked the master sergeant how we could get some cigarettes. The master sergeant said to me: „If you rot here, in jail, you won't ever smoke; if you're released, you can smoke as much as you want then, but not earlier than five years".

- *You spent the entire night behind bars. What are the most striking images?*

- Coincidentally, I am currently writing a novel where I am recounting this entire story. Prison is a completely unique experience and, if you've never been to prison, you can never understand. The first truly fearful thought is uncertainty because you have no idea what will happen to you. One thing is to steal an egg and know that you will get six months in prison, and another thing is the fact that you're arrested without the knowledge of whether you would ever get out or you'd be shot the following day. Then, you have the sound of those heavy, metallic doors with a grid over them. Moreover,

I have no idea how prison walls are made, but you can hear all the sounds. One would hear, from far away, something closing in and did not know what it was, why and what would happen to you. The state the imminence of danger brings about in a person is quite complicated. Another thing – human dignity is shattered to bits. Perhaps there is a premeditated way of humiliating a man. Toilets did not have any doors! Let's say that the more transient needs were doable, but if one wasn't accustomed to this state, those needs that were more serious and required sitting for, they were impossible to be met. I think that if I had had to stay several more days in prison, I would have probably died. Because I wasn't capable of doing certain things with 40 people staring at me. The toilet doors were set in such a way so that someone could see you from any angle. And this kind of destruction of intimacy is terrible. To professional inmates, it is something ordinary, but to me, it was horrible.

- How did you find out about Ceaușescu's fleeing the next day?

- On December, 22nd, in the afternoon, the doctor came in with two packs of Carpați filter cigarettes and whispered into my ear: „Be ready, the dictator has fled!". I don't know what we were meant to be ready for, but I called my deputies and told them: „Organize the men, we might need to use our force" – I don't know what exactly we were meant to use our force on, but I thought that, if a door opens, we might need to get out quickly. Something in the likes of the Count of Monte Cristo. But at 2 PM, some prison staff came around, told us to get out, lined us up, took us out to the yard, returned our ID cards, put us in some buses and released us. The feeling I was having when I saw trucks filled with people shouting „Death to the dictator!" and that blinding light, and the entire situation, the prison door which we were moving further away from, all of these gave me the feeling of a parallel world.

- Is the light behind the prison fence different though?

- The light in prison is completely different to the one you see here. It is a sick light, coming from some thick windows, it is almost poisoned, it is more like a breeze of

light. And I realized all this when I was out. It happened to be a sunny day, and the sunlight seemed like it would blind me. It was like in those movies when you see a man almost drowning, but then, all of a sudden, he pulls his head out of the water and takes a deep breath of fresh air. The light in prison is completely different.

- You remember this light from the Revolution. What do you think Romanians generally remember?

- During the previous year, I had plenty of encounters throughout the country. I managed to meet with 20.000 people. I asked each of those people whether they know the name of any young man having died in the Revolution. Except for Timișoara, where two people had spoken to me about their relatives, and Cluj, where some of them had heard of the painter called Matiș, no one in Romania knew the name of any young person having died in the Revolution. No one in Romania was envisaging the face of a young person dead during the Revolution! I mean, I would close my eyes and visualize Doja, Tudor Vladimirescu, Burebista, but not those young people! The Romanian Revolution was buried for the second time; after the counter-revolution had buried it, collective memory had done it again. Perhaps that is why we are wondering around, that is why we can't seem to find our place, because we don't know how to take on these dead people!

- So, what solution do you see to this?

- In the 90s, we were anti-communists, instead of being modernists. We wasted a lot of time. We were facing the past, instead of facing the future. My opinion is that the only way these children could be taken on by the Romanian people is to build the world for which they had died and then, punish those who have murdered them. If we punish the murderers, but the leaders are very much alike those people, all we did was to offer a false moral endorsement to the leaders of today, to transform the executioners into vigilantes.

I will share a secret with you: the blood of dead children has the same color as the Communist Party flag"[167].

Wangher Andrei, Timișoara

„On 16.12.1989, I was in the middle of the mass of protesters in Maria Square and, around 9.30 PM, I was picked up by a citizen, by all appearances, from the Security, he was dressed as a civilian, and he took me to the Security in a Dacia 1310 private vehicle, driven by a sergeant major. I may also add that, until we got to the Security headquarters, the individual who held us beat us up in the vehicle and we were full of blood[168.]

At the Security headquarters, I was forced to write a statement dictated by the people there, after which I was sent to the laundry washer to wash my jacket which was bloodied all over, due to the batons and punches I had received.

Afterwards, I was taken to the basement of a building where my personal data was collected; then, I was made to kneel, facing the wall and hands behind the back of my head, until the next morning…"[169]

He also concludes the following: "I may state that, in the group of protesters I was in, in Maria Square, there was also a civilian shouting anti-communist chants alongside us and, the moment the water cannons were commissioned, he ran off with me. I realized he was an Security worker, but only at the time the Dacia vehicle I was telling you about had stopped next to me, on the boulevard, and that citizen had immobilized me and sprayed tear gas into my eyes…"[170]

[167] Interview of Varugan Vosganian, taken by Laurențiu Ungureanu and Iulian Andrei Crăciun, at adevarul.ro/news/societate/varujan-vosganian-amintiri-inchisoare-_50ad4c447c42d5a66392822e/index.html.

[168] http://sensidev.com/fc/dosare%20nr%2024.1991/dosar%20nr%2024%201991%20volumul%2019/0252.jpg, accessed on 13.06.2014.

[169] http://sensidev.com/fc/dosare%20nr%2024.1991/dosar%20nr%2024%201991%20volumul%2019/0250.jpg Accessed on 13.06.2014.

[170] http://sensidev.com/fc/dosare%20nr%2024.1991/dosar%20nr%2024%201991%20volumul%2019/0251.jpg Accessed on 13-06-2014

Table of Detainees. Timişoara Penitentiary*

*Adrian Kali, Alexandru Rif, *Un decembrie arestat*, Eurostampa Publishing House, Timişoara, 2007, p. 40-59

1. Andor Victor
2. Aghiorghesei Florin
3. Amurăriţei Gheorghe
4. Aştefănoaie Simion
5. Antalka Attila
6. Astalos Matei
7. Andronic Alexandru
8. Alexa Alexe
9. Amariei Emil-Gabriel
10. Archim Viorel
11. Abrihan Ioan
12. Apetrei Vasile
13. Albotă Radu Ciprian
14. Antochi Ioan
15. Aos Eva
16. Albotă Silvia
17. Andrei Viorel
18. Albina Elena
19. Ardeleanu Iustin
20. Anescu Carmen
21. Abălaşei Ioan
22. Apistoaie Ştefan
23. Alupoaiei Eusebiu
24. Ardeleanu Corneliu
25. Abrudan Dorian
26. Aga Florin

27. Apetrăvitei Gheorghe
28. Achim Petru
29. Alexandru Constantin
30. Bîndariu Ioan
31. Bălan Ioan
32. Bădiţescu Vasile
33. Bunda Vasile
34. Baltac Mihai
35. Bogdan Doru
36. Bălan Radu
37. Busta Vasile
38. Bartha Ştefan-Sorin
39. Baciu Moisă
40. Bobiu Vasile
41. Bacheş Vasile
42. Bloos Iohan
43. Barbu Dragoş
44. Binder Adam
45. Bratu Ioan
46. Burde Marian
47. Blăguţ Violin
48. Boroş Harald
49. Brihac Gabriel
50. Budescu Dinicu-Iosif
51. Balog Ildiko
52. Berişteanu Măria
53. Buretea Carmen
54. Bidălach Angela
55. Burlacu Mariana
56. Bucătaru Emilia
57. Boicu Dan
58. Boicu Benone
59. Burean Ion
60. Bourel Florin
61. Berinde Adrian-Cristian
62. Bubutanu Gheorghe
63. Boariu Viorel
64. Barany Francisc
65. Bădeancă Florian

66. Baroiescu Constantin
67. Borzoş Ioan
68. Bucătariu Constantin
69. Boca Gheorghe
70. Belcia Ion Mircea
71. Bocskei Ştefan
72. Borchescu Ioan
73. Boroş Emerich
74. Bîta Matei
75. Blaj Graţian
76. Bodor Ştefan
77. Bereczki Ladislau
78. Bîlc Dănuţ
79. Burghelea Victor
80. Balea Mircea
81. Bîrdean Marius Sorin
82. Balint Costel
83. Bogza Vasile
84. Buliga Sorin
85. Blazer Ştefan
86. Belu Marcel
87. Bălăci Rodica
88. Bertalan Lilla
89. Babadan Florica
90. Burcă Valerian
91. Bulgar Sorin
92. Bursuc Costel
93. Boca Gavril
94. Biro Karol
95. Bancea Ioan
96. Banda David-Viorel
97. Berbentea Dănilă
98. Boia Valentin
99. Bondar Doru
100. Boghian Vasile
101. Bere Marius-Florin
102. Baicu Petrică
103. Brânzan lonel-Călin
104. Berejovschi Doru

105. Briscan Delia
106. Borşoş Andreea
107. Bendaru Elena
108. Bogdan Ana-Maria
109. Boarnă Ioan
110. Braz Florea Ştefan
111. Blidar Marinel
112. Baraban Petru
113. Buretea Carmen
114. Berlogea Octavian
115. Bociort Cornel
116. Bisioc Ileana
117. Bologa Ion
118. Bobeică Florin
119. Boroş loan
120. Bălineanu Constantin
121. Banez Ioan
122. Bancovici Corina
123. Barta Matei
124. Bablior Ana
125. Benţan Alexandru
126. Burac Ionel
127. Bălin Petru
128. Burghelea Angelica
129. Birieş Dionisie
130. Banilenici Mircea-Vasile
131. Benza Ioan
132. Birică Melania
133. Barboni Simion
134. Babliov Rafael
135. Buciu Grigore
136. Cutară Alexandru
137. Cristea Ştefan
138. Cîrstea Marian
139. Costiniuc Alexandru
140. Cazacu Florin
141. Cîrjan Aurel
142. Calancea Corneliu
143. Calancea Gruia

144. Copilu Victor
145. Crîşmariu Dorel
146. Constantinescu Răzvan
147. Ciobanu Vasile
148. Crancu Alexandru
149. Cismaru Silviu Adrian
150. Crăciun Florin
151. Coca Ioan
152. Carp Petru
153. Craiveanu Valentin
154. Costescu Ion
155. Coman Ilarion
156. Căldăruşe Călin
157. Cocoş Leonard
158. Csoke Andrei
159. Csuke Attilo
160. Caloariu Mariana
161. Caloare Niculina
162. Coţofana Ioana
163. Ciocan Simona
164. Ciohan Elena
165. Costin Ramona
166. Căpăţînă Sorin
167. Cristescu Ion
168. Cuteanu Marius
169. Ciugariu Mihai-Brănică
170. Corbu Suraj
171. Chivu Mihail
172. Costel Adrian
173. Cojocneanu Ştefan
174. Catin Dorin
175. Curteanu Nicolae
176. Cornea Vasile
177. Cozariuc Marian
178. Cosma Samuel
179. Ciachir Mircea
180. Cruţ Gheorghe
181. Curcă Gavrilă
182. Căluşel Romeo

183. Cadar Dumitru-Marius
184. Codrea Ioan
185. Chiclă Ştefan
186. Caloianu Dumitru
187. Chira Puiu
188. Conisceac Vasile
189. Covaciu Imre
190. Culman Gherhard
191. Czermak Cristian
192. Călineanu Constantin
193. Cosa Uve Marius
194. Cercel Vasile
195. Calniciuc Vilica
196. Cristescu Luminiţa
197. Cucu Niculina
198. Cernat Monica
199. Căpraru Valentin
200. Ciobanu Ion-Doru
201. Cucoş Nicuşor
202. Ciui Gheorghe
203. Cenuşe Petru Radu
204. Cazan Paul
205. Călin Rudi
206. Ceachir Ioan Doru
207. Chindea Aurel
208. Crivăţ Marcel
209. Clipa Silvia
210. Coroviac Ramona
211. Cucoş Carmen
212. Catana Cristiana
213. Cioroianu Nicu
214. Coanda Adrian
215. Ciobanu Paul
216. Chereş Florin
217. Ciobanu Radu
218. Căpraru Dimitrie
219. Cales Dumitru
220. Căldare Niculina
221. Căldare Mariana

222. Cotoş Dionisie
223. Crista Petru
224. Chirpac Vasile
225. Calancea Vasile
226. Cioringan Ioan
227. Căldăraş Marius
228. Ciuc Ioan Mircea
229. Cîrdei Vasile
230. Colbu Cristian
231. Constantin Mioriţa
232. Constantin Miţa
233. Călin Mihailoc
234. Călin Cuişoara
235. Ciataraş Dan
236. Cardoş Iosif
237. Cocskei Ştefan
238. Contrea Viorel
239. Colomea Camelia
240. Colomea Sonia
241. Ciobanu Valentina
242. Cotrocoi Constantin
243. Cristea Fănel
244. Dogaru Nicolae
245. Dorescu Gheorghe
246. Dejeu Marcel
247. Dacher Laszlo
248. Dinier Nicolae
249. Dinu Dorel
250. Didă Aurel
251. Dreghici Iancu Andrei
252. Dădu Romică-Sandu
253. Drăgoi Octavian Dan
254. Dan Remus Daniel
255. Doczi Teodora
256. Drăgoi Iuliana
257. Dascălu Maria
258. Dumitru Nastasia
259. Dănilă Dumitru
260. Durac Ionel

261. Daniluc Ioan
262. Doruţiu Tomiţă
263. Dudu Dumitru
264. Din Ilie Leontin
265. Dicu Liviu
266. Dumitru Radu Simion
267. Dume Florian
268. Drăgoi Nicolae
269. Drăgoi Sorin
270. Danciu Daniel
271. Danciu Viorel
272. Dan Nicolae
273. Dinică Ion
274. Drimbău Florian
275. Dumitrescu Ioan
276. Dăescu Adrian
277. Dragomir Marius
278. Dandu Nicuşor
279. Dumitrovici Cristian
280. Drob Aurel
281. Dumitrovici Mircea
282. Dumitru Viorel
283. Dumitru Emanuel
284. Duma Nistor
285. Dirili Vasile
286. Dumitru Nistor
287. Dalea Marius
288. Dumitru Maria
289. Damo Andreea
290. Drăghina Lăcrămiora
291. Dora Zinel
292. Derbancea Georgeta
293. Doazi Teodora
294. Daia Decebal Marius
295. Dinţa Ovidiu
296. Daloş Ioan
297. Droma Laurenţa
298. Dudenco Petru
299. Diaconu Sorin Ioan

300. Duncă Constantin
301. Diaconu Mariana
302. Dragomir Gheorghe
303. Erdei Francisc
304. Erma Liliana
305. Enculescu Eugenia
306. Ene Ioan
307. Fekete Bela
308. Flocioiu Ion
309. Floruncuţ Alexandru
310. Fabian Francisc
311. Farcău Vasile
312. Filip Cristinel
313. Fekete Paula
314. Fulop Ildico
315. Fioreanu Constantin
316. Foleanu Dorin
317. Florian Ştefan
318. Feiu Tiberiu
319. Focht Cornel
320. Fornazier Costică
321. Feraru Ion
322. Feru Lia
323. Filip Ilie
324. Fuchus Rihard
325. Fulga Iosif
326. Florea Gheorghe
327. Farcău Liliana-Elena
328. Fornnazier Georgeta
329. Facasciuc Sîrbie
330. Furdea Traian
331. Fekete Paula
332. Florea Antonie Cristian
333. Feneşanu Nicolae
334. Frunză Ilie
335. Farkaş Zoltan
336. Ghibirdic Aurel
337. Giura Remus
338. Ghemnar Robert

339. Gingă Dumitru
340. Grigorescu Stelian
341. Gazda Arpad
342. Guran Laura
343. Guta Mariana
344. Gâbu Sorin
345. Grigore Vasile
346. Gătea Victor
347. Giroveanu Robert
348. Giorgie Viorel
349. Gîlă Gheorghe
350. Giurici Nicolae
351. Gruiţă Ilie
352. Ghibu Adrian
353. Gavra Traian
354. Gliguţă Ioan Radu
355. Groza Cristian
356. Gliguţă Adriana
357. Goldănescu Adrian
358. Gherghinescu Doru
359. Gafiuc Constantin
360. Gug Florian
361. Găină Nicolae
362. Glavan Sterică
363. Ghenci Nicuşor
364. Gheorghe Florian
365. Gomboş Gavril
366. Gheorghe Florica
367. Gavrilă Panică
368. Gherghinoiu Ion
369. Gondea Stelian
370. Gabai Ştefan
371. Groza Vasile
372. Geblescu Sidonia
373. Ghiocel Stela
374. Ghiocel Rozica
375. Gyorghy Perene
376. Gherghinoiu Elena
377. Gherghinoiu Gheorghe

378. Gavrilă Cristian
379. Grigore Mihai
380. Ghiorghiosu Aurel
381. Huminiuc Pavel
382. Hajdo Laszlo
383. Hip Claudiu
384. Hoha Viorica
385. Horoşincu Liviu
386. Hristcu Petru
387. Hruşcă Ioan
388. Hodină Constantin
389. Homei Ioan
390. Hintari Vasile
391. Haga Florin
392. Hristin Eugen
393. Hosu Virgil
394. Hotos Monica
395. Hosu Isidor
396. Haidet Margareta
397. Holdiş Mihai
398. Ion Virgil
399. Iancu Aurel
400. Istrate Gheorghe
401. Iliuc Ion
402. Ionaş Ladislau Ludovic
403. Iacovania Marius
404. Iorga Mihail-Cătălin
405. Iost Norbert-Ladislau
406. Ioniţă Mihai
407. Istvan Gheorghe
408. Ilan loan
409. Ioja Emerich Eugen
410. Iordache Ion
411. Ionesi Valeriu-Trandafir
412. Iager Carol
413. Ivanov Mitrofan
414. Ioniţă Dorel
415. Iosep Gh. Eugen
416. Ilie Daniel

417. Ilie Ştefan Vasile
418. Iantoc Constantin
419. Ilieş Vasile
420. Iost Cristina
421. Ichim Ion
422. Ipati Ion
423. Ignea Mircea
424. Ichim Ilie
425. Inurean loan
426. Istvan Dorina
427. Jekely Ana
428. Jurma Octavian
429. Jolde Dumitru
430. Jivan Gheorghe
431. Jurcă Costică
432. Juravle Gheorghe
433. Jianu Doru
434. Jude losif
435. Josza Kătălin
436. Jroie Emilian
437. Judele Mihai
438. Jokni Ana
439. Jurj Gheorghe
440. Jurchescu Gheorghe
441. June Măria
442. Jisa Ion
443. Jung Mihai-Florentin
444. Kiritza Ştefan
445. Kiss Pal-Jozsef
446. Kovacs Ileana
447. Kronenberger Iosif
448. Kencsan Victor
449. Kis Pavel
450. Kovaci Karol
451. Kocsis Ion
452. Kapornyai Zoltan
453. Kardaş Iosif
454. Kovacs Ştefan
455. Kiefer Manfred

456. Kovacs Nicolae
457. Kuhn Nicolae
458. Kovacs Ileana
459. Kiraly Ştefan
460. Kleyn Eduard
461. Kovacs Gheza
462. Lăcătuş Marius
463. Luţă Cristian
464. Lăcătuş Ştefan
465. Laur Robert
466. Licu Dumitru-Ovidiu
467. Linte Constantin
468. Luţai Pintea
469. Levai Lucian
470. Luca Iuliu
471. Laszlo Eugenia
472. Lazaroi Sanda
473. Ludwig Rodica
474. Lodoabă Jurescu Iosif
475. Linghi Adi
476. Lefter Liviu
477. Lazardu Tiberiu
478. Labancz Ladislau
479. Lupoaia Costică
480. Lopată Ciprian-Marius
481. Lelea Teodor
482. Lăzărescu Victor
483. Lovag Schmitzer Delia Monica
484. Lăzărescu Carmen
485. Luncan Petru
486. Lupşan Eugen
487. Lungu Simion
488. Lăcătuş Constantin
489. Leviţchi Ileana
490. Lup Ionel
491. Lazăr Romulus
492. Lupu Dumitru
493. Lucaţ Dumitru
494. Lupu Valentin

495. Lazăr Gheorghe
496. Luianov Timotei
497. Lupu Octavian
498. Lazurcă Adrian
499. Luca Achim
500. Linta Ovidiu
501. Lazăr Virgil
502. Lorea loan
503. Mihociu Daniel
504. Miu Marius
505. Moţa Ioan
506. Mindie Elisei
507. Moghioroşi Mihai
508. Meilă Codruţ
509. Mezin Dan
510. Moacă Grigorie
511. Mărgan Virgil Sabin
512. Mircea Romică
513. Madarasz Karoly
514. Mureşan Dumitru
515. Moldovan Vasile
516. Moldovan Emil
517. Mărinoiu Adrian-Valentin
518. Morariu Vasile
519. Meşter Mihai
520. Matinca Dumitru
521. Magheţiu Elena
522. Munteanu Mariana
523. Melinte Marian
524. Mocuţa Constantin
525. Manea Silviu Viorel
526. Mazarovici Iosif
527. Moldovan Gheorghe
528. Murăreţ Tudor
529. Mihoreanu Vasile
530. Mesenschi Iulian
531. Manoilă Teodor
532. Mura Gheorghe
533. Molnar Micloş

534. Mateiaş Daniel
535. Maier Ioan
536. Magyarit Erno
537. Micu Robert
538. Motreşea Gabriel
539. Macovei Damian
540. Maranga Ioan
541. Mioc Marius
542. Munteanu Mărgărit-Ovidiu
543. Miu Gheorghe
544. Meci Dimitrie
545. Munteanu Marius
546. Munteanu Valentin
547. Mestecăneanu Mircia
548. Miclea Cătălin
549. Mădaşu Adriana
550. Matei Constantin
551. Micu Mirela
552. Marton Hajnal
553. Mânase Hugo
554. Mîndroiu loan-Ilie
555. Marcu Valeriu Constantin
556. Meszaros Tiberiu Zoltan
557. Merticariu Mihai
558. Moga Victor
559. Martocean Florin
560. Maghior Ştefan
561. Mihalache Adi-Nicuşor
562. Matei Dorel
563. Martoceanu Alex
564. Mertecaru Viorel
565. Maftei Lucian
566. Mateş Gheorghina
567. Mureşan Agata
568. Meşter Marioara
569. Macău Constantin
570. Moroşanu Mircea
571. Marinescu Adrian
572. Marton Gabriel

573. Martin Adrian
574. Mate Vasile
575. Mali Adrian
576. Magheţiu Elena
577. Milercovici Dana
578. Mănescu Viorel
579. Marton Valentin
580. Macaş Monica
581. Mîtea Matei
582. Miclescu Genoveva
583. Mazarache Miţa
584. Mihai Veronica
585. Mihai Tudoriţa
586. Miclescu Melania
587. Marcovici Sofia-Ana
588. Mutrescu Gavril
589. Morar Măria
590. Mailat Doru
591. Milan Ghica
592. Mureşan Mircea
593. Muselin Ana
594. Moldovan Liviu
595. Nicolici Ioan
596. Năstase Laurenţiu
597. Novăcescu Sorin
598. Nistor Mihai
599. Nagy Mihai
600. Naghi Ion
601. Nicolcescu Ion
602. Nistor Petru
603. Neatu Ion
604. Nica Octavian Silviu
605. Nedelcu Gabriel
606. Niţu Costică
607. Niculescu Constantin
608. Nagy Tiberiu
609. Necula Ştefan
610. Nuţa Marinica
611. Novacovici Dumitru

612. Neu Costel
613. Nicolin Mariana
614. Neda Lilviu
615. Novacovici Marius
616. Novacovici Ion
617. Negură Nina
618. Nechita Gheorghe
619. Nanae Claudia
620. Novacovici Dumitru
621. Oprescu Marius
622. Orfescu Horaţiu
623. Ordeanu Viorel
624. Oprea Vasile
625. Oprea Constantin
626. Oncioiu Ionel
627. Olteanu Petre
628. Olteanu Octavian
629. Olah Karol
630. Opruţa Sorin
631. Olariu loan
632. Pekni Ioan
633. Periei Viorel
634. Panaite Cornel
635. Popescu Cristian
636. Panchea Aurel
637. Petrică Gheorghe
638. Popescu Bîrlan Ovidiu-Cristian
639. Petrea Gheorghe
640. Podea Lucian
641. Pitarcă Traian
642. Pricop Cornel Mircea
643. Pop Alin Sorin
644. Presbiterianu Bogdan
645. Pascaru Mioara
646. Paşcaru Ionică
647. Piesa Daniela
648. Popa Marioara
649. Palaghia Măria
650. Petrescu Nicoleta

651. Petrescu Laura
652. Puiu Laurenţiu
653. Popescu Dumitru
654. Pascaru Mitruţă
655. Pîrpăliţă Ion
656. Părpăluţă Costel
657. Pasca Gheorghe
658. Palescu Viorel
659. Pleşuvu Florin
660. Prunar Paul
661. Popovici Marcel
662. Popovici Petru
663. Postolache Vasile
664. Pătrindei Marian
665. Paulovici Mihai Dorel
666. Pocovnicu Paul
667. Popa Galileu
668. Pahon Silviu
669. Pinţa Călin
670. Petromăneanţ Daniel
671. Petitjean Lucian
672. Popa Dorin
673. Panciu Ion
674. Petcov Svetomir
675. Petromăneanţ Zeno
676. Pandurescu Liviu
677. Pîrvu Radu
678. Purcel Vasile
679. Papară Gheorghe
680. Pfaiffer Gabriela
681. Popovici Elena
682. Popa Mariana
683. Păscălău Lăcrămioara
684. Pitic Nicolae-Liviu
685. Prăjianu Constantin
686. Pălin Petru
687. Popescu Marin
688. Padhazi Gabriela
689. Pîrvan Adriana

690. Pali Marta
691. Petcu Gabriela
692. Popovici Viorica
693. Pinescu Carmen
694. Petrache Florin
695. Pitaru Virgil
696. Pleşoianu Dumitru
697. Pintea Ionel
698. Pinciuc Nică
699. Pleşcan Florin Ion
700. Poenaru Cornel
701. Preda Ovidiu
702. Pascaru Mioara
703. Pascaru Ionica
704. Popovici Costică
705. Păun Dorina
706. Păun Angela
707. Porumbiţa Adamia
708. Porumbiţa Marinela
709. Păun Ecaterina
710. Petridean Ana
711. Popa Eugen
712. Popa Gheorghe
713. Popa loan
714. Părpăluţă Măricel
715. Păscăloiu Gavrilă
716. Rusu Mircea
717. Reus Alexandru
718. Răileanu Radu
719. Raţă Marcel
720. Ruskal Emerik
721. Rad Daniel
722. Roman Alexandru
723. Rupă Constantin
724. Ruja Gheorghe
725. Roman Constantin
726. Ricioiu Ştefan
727. Roană Aurel
728. Roşea Ilie

729. Radu Vasile
730. Răuceanu Mihai
731. Reileanu Gheorghe
732. Roşea Petru
733. Rad Gavril
734. Rancz Ioan
735. Rancz Rudolf
736. Rus Marcel
737. Radu Aurel
738. Roban Măria
739. Rînceanu Dorina
740. Roşu Florin
741. Roşu Marius
742. Regep Codruţa
743. Rusu Simona
744. Rumân Hermine
745. Roşu Mirela
746. Radu Costache
747. Rădău Dumitru
748. Rusanda Petru
749. Román Gheorghe
750. Radu Romică
751. Rusca Ioan
752. Roman Mircea
753. Rupşan Eugen
754. Szaloş Ioan
755. Simionescu Romică
756. Stratulat Ionel
757. Stamatiu Oreste
758. Sandu Mihai
759. Stoian Dănuţ
760. Sebeşten Eugen
761. Sandu Valentin
762. Săceanu Eugen Claudius
763. Sasca Viorel
764. Santeiu Călin
765. Sabău Francisc
766. Scapeţ Vasile
767. Szoke Matei

768. Stanciu Marius
769. Surmic Octavian
770. Săndile Mioara
771. Stancu Măria
772. Serp Mihaela
773. Scînteie Daniela
774. Şuş Viorica
775. Simion Vasile
776. Săveanu Andrei
777. Stăiculescu Emilian
778. Suciu Augustin Cornel
779. Şerban Gheorghe
780. Stănia Sebastian
781. Secrieru Ionel
782. Saltă Constantin
783. Stanca Aurel
784. Szasz Mihai
785. Stein Daniel
786. Sălhan Ionică
787. Sonia Romeo
788. Suciu Doru-Nicolae
789. Stanoiev Milenco
790. Sumănaru Adrian
791. Scheut Constantin
792. Schlibak Tiberiu
793. Săvescu Constantin
794. Somogyi Attila
795. Szvitlak Zoltan
796. Smolinski Norbert
797. Străin Dumitru-Romeo
798. Sandu Dumitru
799. Sifai Adrian
800. Sarkadi Ştefan
801. Sifian Remus
802. Simion Eugen
803. Şandor Ildiko
804. Ştef Elena
805. Stroia Lucian
806. Săvescu Viorica

807. Spînu Luminiţa
808. Stoian Dorel
809. Sas Petru
810. Sărular Goran
811. Stănilă Eugen
812. Stavarache Petru
813. Slinc Ioan
814. Sherer Carol
815. Sima Alin
816. Studineanu Marin
817. Sandu Gheorghe
818. Szerb Eduard
819. Sturugaru Ilie
820. Sabău Mariana
821. Sabău Ruxandra
822. Szalo Zsuzsa
823. Suciu Gabriela
824. Şuşnea Lavinia
825. Suciu Mirela Carmen
826. Stancu Paula
827. Sancovici Corina
828. Sonfa Adriana
829. Stratulat Daniela
830. Şandor Ildiko
831. Soos Zoltan
832. Sbora Ioan
833. Ştiucă Nicolae
834. Sulcină Victor
835. Suharu Anton
836. Suru Mihai
837. Şipoş Iosif
838. Săcăluş Nicolae
839. Simdile Mioara
840. Szasz Petrică
841. Sanislav Nicolae
842. Stan Dan
843. Strugariu Dan
844. Schontal Ion Mihai
845. Smican Sorin

846. Stoffel Gheorghe
847. Săcălaş Emil
848. Szoke Attila
849. Sekely Ana
850. Smarandache Daniel
851. Sărăcin Constantin
852. Santa Vasile
853. Stoian Speranţa
854. Şepeţan Drăgan
855. Şteţcu Nuţu
856. Senfleben Iosif
857. Sarcadi Ioan
858. Serba Ileana Mălina
859. Stoia Octavian
860. Sava Iosif
861. Subţirelu Doru
862. Spiridon Ionel
863. Stoian Gheorghe
864. Stit Daniel
865. Sgondea Stelian
866. Sântămăreanu Valeria
867. Şihai Csaba
868. Sârbu Adrian
869. Szekely Mihai Iosif
870. Şteţcu Nuţu
871. Ştir Remus
872. Ştranb Iosif
873. Sarcadi Ioan
874. Şepeţan Drăgan
875. Şerban Iozsef
876. Ştefănescu Constanţa
877. Sânta Vasile
878. Ştefcu Doina
879. Toma Cornel
880. Tîrziu Viorel
881. Tîrziu Daniel
882. Trip Dumitru
883. Truţ Achim
884. Toma Constantin

885. Tripa Vasile
886. Tomotaş Sorin
887. Târlă Cristian
888. Teridancea Geta
889. Toma Emilia
890. Tăut Teodor
891. Terbancea Nicolae
892. Trancă Vasile
893. Turcaş Viorel
894. Toth Gheorghe
895. Turcaş Ioan
896. Tot Adrian
897. Toth Emeric
898. Tat Iosif
899. Tcaciuc Mihai
900. Tomuş loan
901. Tacaci Marius
902. Toma Constantin
903. Tudor Dorel Adrian
904. Tokacs Sorina
905. Tat Silvia
906. Trăilă Cornel
907. Tăutu Nelu
908. Todor Coriolan Octavian
909. Turlea Valerică
910. Toţi Şandor
911. Toador Costel
912. Tanciuc Mirela
913. Toader Ilie
914. Tătaru Petre Elinor
915. Tutoi Constantin
916. Tălpoş Alexandru
917. Tătar Aurelian
918. Trif Marinei
919. Toma Marian
920. Todea Felician
921. Tâlhan Ion
922. Tănase Tudora
923. Totoş Iudit

924. Toma Angelica
925. Torok Gavril
926. Ţurcanu Florin
927. Ursu Dan
928. Urlan Dumitru Sorin
929. Ungă Camelia
930. Ursache Dănuţ
931. Vieriu Petrică
932. Vestemean Teodor
933. Vasile Florea
934. Vînesar Lucian
935. Vălan Tiberiu
936. Voin Gabriel
937. Vasile Adrian
938. Vatcu Radu
939. Virag Gabriel
940. Velea Liana
941. Vîrvorin Ştefan
942. Vîslă Constantin
943. Vara Ştefan
944. Varga Iosif
945. Vîrban Marin
946. Vaida Gheorghe
947. Venczel Endre Gabriel
948. Văcăreanu Zina
949. Virag Geza
950. Vracean Tiberiu
951. Vasi Călin-Vasile
952. Voaideş Viorel
953. Varga Gabriela
954. Vînesar Daniela
955. Vlad Simona
956. Valto Mirela
957. Văsuţ Florina Gabriela
958. Vilciuc Sorin
959. Vincu Traian
960. Vlasici Dan
961. Vasile Zamfira
962. Wangel Andrei

963. Zmandarache Daniel
964. Zamfirescu Mihai
965. Zorilă Marian
966. Zetelca Duşan
967. Zaharia Mihai
968. Zah Gheorghe
969. Zahan Simion
970. Zajti Adrian
971. Zlanag Gabriel
972. Zechely Mihai Iosif
973. Zallos Ioan
974. Zbora Ioan
975. Zabara Grigore
976. Zărioiu Tudorică

Table of Detainees.
Bucharest Penitentiary – Jilava*

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
1.	Andrei Aurica	17.07.1960	Bucharest, District 4	Mason
2.	Avram Auraş	25.10.1937	Bucharest, District 4	Complex Leader
3.	Antoniu Bogdan	30.07.1968	Bucharest, District 6	Student
4.	Arsenie Constantin	06.07.1953	Urziceni	Locksmith
5.	Alexe Călin	20.12.1955	Bucharest, District 2	Locksmith
6.	Apostol Costin	07.09.1971	Otopeni	Mason
7.	Anghel Dănuţ	18.10.1969	Bucharest, District 3	Toolmaker
8.	Arsene Dumitru	11.01.1969	Resident	Worker
9.	Albu Dumitru	02.12.1952	Bucharest, District 1	Steel Fixer
10.	Andrei Elena	20.05.1960	Bucharest, District 3	Weaver
11.	Aliţei Floare	11.04.1953	Bucharest, District 6	Fireman
12.	Andrei Gabriela	18.10.1965	Bucharest, District 4	Biochemist
13.	Alecu Ivan Ghilia	01.03.1930	Bucharest, District 1	Writer
14.	Andrei George	11.03.1968	Bucharest	Locksmith
15.	Andrei Ioan	22.02.1964	Resident	Economist
16.	Andronescu Ion	24.12.1940	Pănătău. Buzău	Engineer
17.	Andrei Ion	31.03.1972	Slobozia. Ialomiţa	Worker
18.	Andrei Liliana	22.08.1968	Bucharest, District 4	Worker

* Ion Bucur, Cartea Represiunii, ediția a II-a, Editura IRRD, 2014, p. 385

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
19.	Andrei Nicolae	19.07.1970	Bucharest, District 6	Cook
20.	Antonescu Petru	28.04.1957	Bucharest, District 3	Painter
21.	Anghel Pavel	29.06.1957	Bucharest, District 3	Reeler
22.	Alexandru Rodica	11.03.1964	Bucharest, District 3	Without occupation
23.	Anghel Ştefan	18.06.1962	Resident	Worker
24.	Achim Teodor	07.08.1968	Bucharest	Car mechanic
25.	Albani Maria Andra	16.05.1970	Gunshot wound left part;	
26.	Bucatariu Aurelia	17.06.1972.	Bucharest, District 1	Pupil
27.	Brătianu Pandele Alexandru	06.12.1964	Bucharest, District 2	Tailor
28.	Butia Anişoara	11.07.1968	Bucharest, District 3	Tailor
29.	Brecău Ion Cristian	22.01.1971	Bucharest, District 4	Pupil
30.	Balter Constantin	13.06.1958	Bucharest, District 4	Purchaser
31.	Bolozan Cremona	11.11.1968	Bucharest, District 1	Usher
32.	Băbescu Andrei	09.02.1950	Bucharest, District 1	Pensioner
33.	Beraru Cristina	14.04.1969	Bucharest, District 6	Welder
34.	Burcea Camelia	05.06.1964	Bucharest, District 6	Operator
35.	Bordea Costel	04.04.1967	Brăila	
36.	Berescu Cătălin	12.05.1966	Bucharest, District 1	Draftsman
37.	Bălan Costică	25.05.1960	Bucharest, District 5	House painter
38	Biţă Daniel	26.02.1956	Bucharest, District2	Barman
39.	Burnaci Daniel	06.02.1967	Bucharest, District 1	Worker
40.	Bacra Daniel	21.01.1960	Bucharest	Mechanic locksmith
41.	Balogh Doru	20.11.1974	Ciumeghiu. Bihor	Pupil

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
42.	Badea Daniela	13.12.1966	Bucharest	Laboratory technician
43.	Boingiu Ecaterina	28.06.1958	Bucharest, District6	Technician
44.	Bleţoiu Iuliana Eugenia	19.07.1971	Ploieşti	Without occupation
45.	Balaban Eustaţiu	11.03.1950	Bucharest, District6	Musician
46.	Barb Laurian Emil	14.05.1961	Bucharest, dormitory	Electrician
47.	Bratu C-tin Florin	20.04.1935	Bucharest, District3	Nurse
48.	Barbu Florian	13.07.1946	Bucharest, District1	Building eng.
49.	Balău Florentina	01.06.1951	Bucharest, District1	Economist
50.	Badea Mihail Gavril	05.11.1948	Bucharest, District1	Jeweler
51.	Badilaş Gabriel	03.01.1956	Bucharest, District4	Technician
52.	Balea Vasile Gabriel	11.04.1970	Ploieşti	Track crane operator
53.	Buzdugan Gheorghe	14.08.1961	Năvodari	Mason
54.	Barb Ioan	19.09.1943	Bicaz Chei	Driller
55.	Buzoianu Ion	19.04.1965	Bucharest, District4	Without occupation
56.	Botez Liliana	30.09.1968	Bucharest, District2	Laboratory technician
57.	Baciu Leon	03.02.1972	Bucharest, District 3	Pupil
58.	Burcea Marian	02.11.1957	Cosmeneşti TR	Carpenter
59.	Berechet Marian	22.04.1953	Bucharest, District 2	Illustrator
60.	Bordei Marian	15.01.1970	Resident	Welder
61.	Bertea Mihail	27.05.1971	Bucharest, District 5	Pupil
62.	Butoiu Mariana	27.05.1956	Bucharest, District3	Warhouse operative
63.	Băloiu Mihai	06.11.1962	Bucharest	Carpenter
64.	Boldeanu Mihai	28.05.1959	Bucharest, District 5	Car mechanic
65.	Buzaş Nicolae	01.11.1946	Bucharest, District 2	Seller

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
66.	Bobeică Nicolae	10.11.1947	Resident	Electronics engineer
67.	Bucătaru Nicolae	06.12.1964	Bucharest, District 2	Locksmith
68.	Botuşan Roman	23.05.1953	Bucharest, District1	Locksmith
69.	Brăiloiu Sever	17.07.1968	Bucharest, District4	Student
70.	Breslaşu Tiberiu	18.04.1967	Bucharest	Locksmith
71.	Burcea Vasile	03.10.1956	Bolovani. DB.	Doorman
72.	Bacer Viorel	25.12.1953	Putna. SV.	
73.	Botezatu Vasile	08.03.1955	Bucharest, District 3	Cutter
74.	Bucur Valentin	06.09.1967	Balta Doamnei. PH	Locksmith
75.	Baban Valeriu	13.06.1958	Titu Târg. DB	Mason
76.	Brînză Mariana	22.08.1960	7th month pregnancy - danger to give birth;	
77.	Barbu Ionel	14.01.1954	Severe trauma	
78.	Balăşescu Eugen		Cranial and thoracic trauma	
79.	Băbescu Gheorghe	09.02.1950		
80.	Bratu Eugen	34 years old	Occipital wound	
81.	Bucur Nicu	21 years old	Thorax and abdomen trauma ;	
82.	Creţu Valerian Apostol	26.05.1954	Bucharest, District4	Economist
83.	Cristescu Teodor	11.08.1946	Bucharest, District1	Mechanic eng.
84.	Ciobanu Anica	16.04.1943	Bucharest, District1	Ordely
85.	Ciumatu Adrian	31.10.1973	Bucharest	Pupil
86.	Cucoş Cristinel	04.04.1952	Bucharest, District6	Electrician
87.	Candiescu Călin	12.07.1948	Bucharest, District6	Researcher
88.	Chirilă Cristina	28.07.1968	Bucharest, District 5	Collecting agent

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
89.	Ciumatu Constantin	17.06.1964	Bucharest, District 3	Without occupoation
90.	Calagian Ioana Constanţa	22.03.1957	Bucharest, District2	Warehouse operative
91.	Cămăraş Alexandru Corin	14.06.1970	Bucharest, District 4	Worker
92.	Chiriţă Cristina	28.03.1972	Bucharest, District4	Worker
93.	Cigusievici Dragoş	17.03.1922	Bucharest, District 1	Economist
94.	Căliman Dorin	30.03.1958	Reghin. Mureş	Extra
95.	Constantin Dănuţ	01.10.1964	Perieţi. Ialomiţa	Commercial operative
96.	Caplea Didina	27.10.1950	Bucharest, District5	Waiter
97.	Cotelici Elena	05.10.1963	Bucharest, District 1	Kindergarten teacher
98.	Constantinescu Emil	16.03.1962	Petroşani. Huned.	Electronics eng.
99.	Călinescu Eugenia	02.06.1934	Dărăbani. Botoşani	Pensioner
100.	Călin Floarea	18.03.1945	Bucharest, District3	Train dispatcher
101.	Cazacu Flavian	08.12.1972	Bucharest, District 2	Pupil
102.	Cazacu Gheorghe	11.07.1967	Bucharest, District 3	Mechanic locksmith
103.	Cocinef Gheorghe	31.08.1942	Bucharest, District2	Electronics eng.
104.	Cristea Gheorghe	01.11.1927	Bucharest, District 2	Pensioner
105.	Coc Gheorghe	10.04.1944	Bucharest, District 4	Priest
106.	Cărăşel Adrian Gabriel	15.11.1978	Bucharest	Pupil
107.	Covrig Ioana	25.06.1970	Poenari. Dâmboviţa	Grinder
108.	Crainiciuc Dtru. Iosif	04.08.1953	Bucharest, District6	Engineer
109.	Cîmpeanu Liviu	18.04.1931	Bucharest, District6	Writer
110.	Crăciun Liviu	11.08.1969	Bucharest	Stretcher-bearer

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
111.	Constantinescu Liviu	05.11.1967	Bucharest, District2	Worker
112.	Ciobanu Mioara Luminiţa	12.06.1972	Videle. Teleorman	Pupil
113.	Ciobanu Marin	21.05.1951	Pantelimon. SAI	Tailor
114.	Ciubotar Mircea	26.07.1965	Bucharest, District1	Draftsman
115.	Coranschi Marcel	15.07.1960	Emil Bodnăraş.SV	Student
116.	Ceasîr Gh.Mihai	08.02.1959	Bucharest, District6	Town hall agent
117.	Capriţa Răducu Mihail	28.11.1942	Bucharest, District 1	Engineer
118.	Cricov Mihaela	06.11.1961	Bucharest, District6	Electrician
119.	Ciodaru Magdalena	21.02.1968	Bucharest, District1	Courier
120.	Condacu Marian	24.01.1970	Bucharest	Electrician
121.	Cîrneală Mihai	09.04.1959	C. Lung Mold.	Mechanic
122.	Ciobanu Mihail	05.02.1956	Bucharest, District 2	Dyer
123.	Cantemir Maria	27.11.1950	Bucharest, District 2	ICRA delegate
124.	Cernea Nicolae	28.12.1925	Jariştea. VR.	Pensioner
125.	Colniceanu Nicolae	03.02.1956	Celei. Gorj	Electronics engineer
126.	Costea Nealu	05.11.1960	Bucharest, District 3	Without occupation
127.	Ciobotaru Paula	10.04.1945	Bucharest, District2	Designer
128.	Călin Răzvan	16.02.1974	Bucharest, District 2	Pupil
129.	Crăciunescu Steluţa	16.12.1955	Bucharest, District 2	Householder
130.	Crăciun Adrian Sorin	11.10.1967	Bucharest, District 2	Student
131.	Cojocariu Tudor	09.09.1964	Iaşi	Woodworker
132.	Călin Tudor	23.08.1965	Popeşti Leordeni	Dinamo sprtman
133.	Coroboianu	01.12.1967	Bucharest,	Worker

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
	Carmen Teodora		District 4	
134.	Constantinescu Vasile	29.01.1951	Rm.Valcea	Machinery mechanic
135.	Chiriţă Viorel	30.08.1967	Bucharest, District1	
136.	Costaş Valentin	23.08.1965	Bucharest, District 3	Worker
137.	Calfa Valeriu	12.07.1953	Grumăzoaia.VS.	Fitter
138.	Ciobanu Veceslav	26.12.1949	Bucharest, District 4	Wood modeler
139.	Constantinescu Vali	27.11.1953	Bucharest, District 2	Biologist
140.	Ciobanu Vasile		Vidra. Giurgiu	
141.	Ciupitu Elena	12.09.1967	3rd month pregnancy	
142.	Ciupitu Marian	11.07.1967	Wounded	
143.	Contiu Dumitru	27.05.1959	Wounded	
144.	Cămăraş Alex. Sorin	14.06.1970	Bucharest Wounded.	
145.	Cimnades Constantin	17.07.1964	Wounded	
146.	Constantin Adrian	34 years old	Wounded	
147.	Cucu Vasile	22 years old	Wounded	
148.	Ciobanu Liviu	21 years old	Wounded	
149.	Coman Dorin	30 years old	Wounded	
150.	Cioprinzacu Marin	31 years old	Wounded	
151.	Dumitrescu Anastasia	15.11.1957	Popeşti Leordeni	Chemist operative
152.	Dogaru Mariana	30.07.1971	Mihai Bravu	Worker
153.	Dumitrescu Victor	15.03.1972	Bucharest, District 1	Pupil
154.	David Tudor	16.03.1961	Ţăndărei. IL.	Turner
155.	Dragomir Costel	08.08.1975	Bucharest, District 2	Pupil

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
156.	Dinescu Corneliu	04.11.1946	Bucharest, District 4	Economist
157.	Drăgună Ion	24.01.1965	Bucharest, District 3	Without occupation
158.	Dreţcanu Petru	10.06.1955	Bucecea. BT.	Turner
159.	Dorica Vasile	16.02.1972	Corbeasca.BC.	Worker
160.	Doară Mihai	20.01.1944	Bucharest, District 5	Kayac trainer
161.	Durcă Ion	20.04.1924	Bucharest, District 1	Tailor
162.	Duculescu Florin	18.03.1964	Călăraşi. Dolj	Woodworker
163.	Dobre Marin	21.12.1951	Bucharest, District 4	Doorman
164.	Dragomir Nicu	24.04.1963	Burduşani. IL.	Steel bender
165.	Dumitru Costel	17.05.1955	Bucharest, District 4	Worker
166.	Diaconescu Gh.	19.10.1956	Dobreşti. Dolj	House painter
167.	Diaconu Gheorghe	16.10.1946	Bucharest, District 5	Electronics
168.	David Florin Marius	19.04.1970	Bucharest, District 1	Stone mason
169.	Dumitrescu Ilie	05.12.1971	Bucharest	Carpenter
170.	Dorofte Marian	28.02.1977	Bucharest	Pupil
171.	Dolhan Maria Rodica	16.01.1960	Bucharest	Painter
172.	Drăghici Radu Mihai	27.10.1957	Bucharest, District 3	Locksmith
173.	Dîrjan Teodora	11.02.1970	Bucharest, District 6	Turner
174.	Doroftei Toader	22.05.1950	Bucharest, District1	Priest
175.	Dumitru Alexandru	26.01.1963	Grindu.Ilfov	Turner
176.	Dăbuleanu Eugeniu	11.07.1956	Bucharest, District 2	Worker
177.	Davis Iulia Rodica	08.03.1950	Bucharest, District 2	
178.	Dumitrescu Virginia	09.08.1972	Bucharest, District 6	Pupil
179.	Dan Cerasela	11.01.1963	Gh. Dej. BC.	Carer

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
180.	Dinu Elena	06.01.1962	Bucharest, District 3	
181.	Dan Adriana	04.01.1960	Bucharest, District1	Computer operator
182.	Drăguş Lucian Paul	22.03.1948	Bucharest, District 4	Associate engineer
183.	Dan Lucian Marian	06.10.1959	Bucharest, District 1	Electronics
184.	Dincă Aurelian	11.12.1959	Bucharest, District 3	Car mechanic
185.	Delca Gheorghe	05.01.1945	Bucharest, District 4	Locksmith
186.	Doru Rîndunel	02.04.1968	Dormitory	Electrician
187.	Dinu Gino Liviu	11.02.1966	Bucharest, District3	Student
188.	Dumitrescu Bogdan	04.01.1968	Bucharest, District 3	Mechanic locksmith
189.	Dinco Marian Dinu Mariana	05.07.1955 23.04.1973	Bucharest, District 6 Open cranial trauma	Programmer
190.	Elisevici Cristian	11.06.1950	Bucharest, District 4	Driver
191.	Ene Constantin	03.09.1956	Bucharest, District 2	Worker
192.	Eremia Nicolae Daniel	20.10.1968	Bucharest, District 1	
193.	Eugen Bratu	22.08.1955	Bucharest, District 5	Fights trainer
194.	Ene Viorel	29.03.1975	Oltenița	Pupil
195.	Epure Dorel Ene Nicu.	07.02.1975	Bucharest, District 4 Front wound. cranial trauma	Pupil
196.	Fecer Cristina	18.06.1973	Bucharest, District 6	
197.	Fieraru Florica	01.06.1940	Bucharest, District 3	
198.	Filip Dorina	29.03.1945	Bucharest, District 6	
199.	Fifea Rodica	02.05.1954	Bucharest, District 3	
200.	Floare Dorin	25.10.1964	Bucharest, District 2	

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
201.	Filip Mihaela Loredana	17.05.1973	Bucharest, District 6	
202.	Fulger Doru	07.08.1961	Novaci. Gorj	
203.	Francis Cristian	13.01.1973	Bucharest	
204.	Felciuc Titus	26.03.1966	Bucharest, District 4	
205.	Frangu Neagu	11.08.1954	Bucharest, District 6	
206.	Florea Andrei	28.11.1971	Bucharest, District 1	
207.	Ferdinant Ronţi	10.08..1967	Bucharest, District 5	
208.	Goldenberg Anariţa	27.11.1968	Bucharest, District 1	Student
209.	Grădinaru Daniela	16.12.1966	Baia de Aramă. MH	Worker
210.	Gavrilescu Cornelia	24.10.1973	Bucharest, District 5	Pupil
211.	Gheorghe Nicolae Victor	31.07.1967	Bucharest, District 5	Driver
212.	Grecu Gabriel	06.04.1968	Bucharest, District 4	Crane operator
213.	Gologanu Mihai	22.09.1963	Bucharest, District 1	Student
214.	Garabeţ Gabriel	17.02.1958	Bucharest, District 6	Electrician
215.	Gherghiceanu Gheorghe	30.09.1958	Bucharest, District 6	Mechanic locksmith
216.	Gorduţ Vasile	08.10.1953	Bucharest, District 2	Sculptor
217.	Gadina Constantin	13.02.1954	Bucharest, District 5	Associate engineer
218.	Ghiţiu Ioan	01.12.1944	Bucharest, District 4	Caster
219.	Ghinea Ştefan	15.02.1939	Bucharest, District 2	Distribution agent
220.	Ghebăilă Adrian	27.03.1965	Bucharest, District 1	Electrician
221.	Georgescu Hedriga Silvia	03.10.1945	Bucharest, District 3	Verifier
222.	Gogan Marin	13.08.1935	Bucharest, District 4	Caster
223.	Griuzeanu	30.08.1960	Balaciu.	Locksmith

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
	Gheorghe		Ialomiţa	
224.	Gheorghiţă Petre	12.04.1963	Bucharest	Worker
225.	Giurcă Constantin Gogiman Viorel.	11.11.1954 20. 05.1960	Bucharest, District 2. Cranial trauma, Gunshot wound over the shoulder	Chemical eng.
226.	Holmanu Mihail Cristinel	05.03.1970	Bucharest, District 4	Electrician
227.	Hîrleşteanu Mihai	30.05.1975	Bucharest, District 6	Pupil
228.	Huţu Aurelian	25.09.1968	Bucharest, District 6	Electronics
229.	Halas Vasile	16.03.1949	Bucharest, District 2	Warehouse
230.	Huştea Carmen	16.11.1966	Bucharest	Student
231.	Huştea Gabriela Silvia	10.04.1968	Bucharest	Warehouse
232.	Higiu Vasile	22.04.1970	Bucharest, District 3	Finisher
233.	Hry Mnczuk Ionel	05.05.1962	Bucharest, District 5	Car mechanic
234.	Herculea Andronic Valentin	15.10.1963	Bucharest, District 1	Postal service mail carrier
235.	Hoffman Robert	03.04.1970	Gunshot wound;	
236.	Ionescu Valentin	10.06.194	Bucharest, District 2	
237.	Ioan Ştefan	23.04.1950	Bucharest, District 3	
238.	Iana Gheorghe	28.01.1967	Obreja. Caraş Sev.	
239.	Iordache Dan	27.11.1962	Bucharest, District 2	
240.	Ionescu Victor C-tin	29.10.1957	Bucharest, District 3	
241.	Ionişor Vasile	22.09.1958	Bucharest, District 6	
242.	Iordache Elena	09.07.1964	Bucharest,	

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
			District 3	
243.	Ionescu Gabriel Ciprian	15.09.1967	Bucharest, District 1	
244.	Ion Marin	02.05.1945	Bucharest, sector 2	Doorman
245.	Iordănescu Elena	11.08.1961	Bucharest, District2	Chemist operator
246.	Ionescu Ştefan	25.06.1934	Bucharest, District 3	Technician
247.	Iacob Mihaela	05.06.1967	Buzău	Student
248.	Ionescu Artemiza	13.12.1967	Bucharest, District 6	Worker
249.	Ignat Jucu Nichita Cornel	17.09.1948	Bucharest District 1	Laboratory technician
250.	Ianoş Fernando	12.10.1970	Bucharest, District 2	Pupil
251.	Iacob Mircea	10.04.1928	Bucharest, District 2	Driver
252.	Ionescu Tiberiu	12.07.1963	Bucharest, District1	Sports trainer
253.	Istudor dan	16.03.1941	Bucharest, District 4	Locksmith
254.	Iorga Gabriel	08.10.1959	Bucharest, District 5	Administrator
255.	Ion Luminiţa	29.12.1970	Bucharest, District 3	
256.	Iaga Gheorghe	29.03.1947	Bucharest, District 5	Tiler
257.	Ionescu Mihai	08.11.1949	Bucharest, District 3	Translator
258.	Iordănescu Mihai	28.12.1955	Bucharest, District 2	Barber
259.	Ivan Alexandru	05.09.1975	Bucharest, District 5	Pupil
260.	Ioan Ruxandra	31.12.1969	Bucharest, District 3	Mechanic locksmith
261.	Ionescu Vladimir	02.07.1956	Bucharest, District 3	Programmer
262.	Ion Aurelia	01.10.1957	Bucharest, District 6	Householder
263.	Ion Ştefan	27.09.1959	Bucharest, District 3	Worker

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
264.	Iordache Valentin	04.04.1957	Bucharest, District 3	Associate engineer
265.	Iordache Florian	13.09.1971	Bucharest, District 3	Pupil
266.	Ionescu George	24.09.1967	Bucharest, District 4	Turner
267.	Ionescu Petre	25.12.1967	Bucharest, District 2	Worker
268.	Ilieş Iulian	25.08.1964	Bucharest, District 5	Waiter assistant
269.	Ilie Lucian	31.07.1969	Bucharest, District 6	Mechanic locksmith
270.	Istrate Dumitru	20.10.1961	Abdominal wound	
271.	Ionescu Anca	20.12.1957	Severe trauma	
272.	Irimia Petre	06.06.1944	Spine fracture	
273.	Ianoşi Andreeva Dimităr	15.03.1969	Lowe limb fracture	
274.	Kiss Adrian	27.09.1965	Open cranial trauma	
275.	Jascu Maria	23.06.1941	Bucharest, District 2	Geologist technician
276.	Leolea Ion	05.11.1956	Bucharest, District 6	Mechanic
277.	Lazăr Mihai	21.04.1965	Bucharest, District 3	Technician
278.	Laudescu Nicolae Dan	03.06.1954	Bucharest, District 5	Barber
279.	Lupe Costel	13.10.1950	Bucharest, District 2	Waiter
280.	Lungu Miţa	12.07.1955	Bucharest, District 4	Dispatcher
281.	Licşor Ludmila	13.08.1957	Bucharest, District 6	Pilot
282.	Lăzăroiu Răzvan Cristian	12.10.1967	Bucharest, District 2	Winder
283.	Lixandru Constantin	01.12.1953	Bucharest, District 5	Mechanic locksmith
284.	Laslo Domnica	10.06.1945	Bucharest, District 3	Telephone operator
285.	Leonte Corneliu	07.08.1942	Bucharest, District 4	Technician

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
286.	Leolea Elena	05.11.1950	Bucharest, District 6	Worker
287.	Mateescu Andrei Alexandru	16.03.1970	Bucharest, District 6	Without occupation
288.	Marchiş Eduard	24.06.1967	Bucharest, District 6	Student
289.	Maxim Petre Vasile	30.06.1948	Bucharest, District 5	Cook
290.	Mădescu Alexandru	01.08.1953	Bucharest, District 4	Worker
291.	Mazilu Florin	17.08.1968	Bucharest, District 4	Unskilled worker
292.	Manea Petruş	27.06.1954	Bucharest, District 5	Welder
293.	Melian Dora	13.12.1967	Bucharest, District 3	Student
294.	Moldovan Valentin Valeriu	07.12.1953	Bucharest, District 6	Trimmer
295.	Marinescu Maria	22.10.1963	Bucharest, District 5	Technician
296.	Mangu Valeriu	04.07.1956	Bucharest, District 4	Teacher
297.	Miu Marian	27.06.1963	Bucharest, District 5	Electronist
298.	Mititelu Renuş	12.06.1968	Bucharest, District 4	Locksmith
299.	Marin Ion	10.03.1954	Bucharest, District 6	Waregouse manager
300.	Mazilu Mioara	12.06.1968	Bucharest, District 4	Crane operator
301.	Mutulescu Dacia Mădălina	10.11.1967	Bucharest, District1	Student
302.	Marin Liliana	31.01.1970	Bucharest, District 6	Office servant
303.	Manole Ioana Eugenia	07.10.1963	Bucharest, District 4	Typist
304.	Mureşan Letiţia	17.03.1959	Gângău. Sălaj	Designer
305.	Moraru Ovidiu	23.10.1960	Bucharest, District 6	Worker
306.	Manea Iuliana	04.04.1960	Bucharest,	Turner

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
			District 4	
307.	Mezdrea Constantin	09.12.1964	Bucharest, District 2	Worker
308.	Marica Florentin	27.06.1965	Bucharest, District 3	Mechanic
309.	Marin Florina	04.02.1967	Bucharest, District 3	Locksmith
310.	Manolache Florin	04.07.1972	Gurb&neşti.CL.	Without occupation
311.	Moroşanu Octavian Ctin.	18.07.1958	Bucharest, District 4	Physicist
312.	Miştreanu Mihai	03.06.1959	Bucharest, District 3	Without occupation
313.	Marcu Sorin	04.11.1967	Bucharest, District 4	Student
314.	Mihai Adrian	14.09.1956	Bucharest, District 3	Driver
315.	Miticăn Dragoş	01.02.1953	Bucharest, District 3	Mechanic
316.	Mihai Vasile	10.08.1944	Bucharest, District 3	CEC contr.
317.	Matei Ion	23.08.1962	Bucharest, District 5	Operator
318.	Manea Cătălin	19.091970	Bucharest, District 2	Nurse
319.	Mateiescu Bogdan		Bucharest, District 6	Pupil
320.	Manea Mariana	30.10.1968	Bucureşti.	Householder
321.	Mititelu Marcel	09.05.1972	Bucharest, District 5	Worker
322.	Moraru Eugen	04.09.1951	Bâra. Neamţ	Welder
323.	Minculescu Carmen	27.07.1929	Bucharest, District 5	
324.	Munteanu Florentina	07.06.1962	Bucharest, District 3	Pressman
325.	Matei Rodica	19.03.1969	Bucharest, District1	Seller
326.	Mihalache Dorina	20.04.1960	Bucharest, District 2	Worker
327.	Marinică D-tru Mircea	28.10.1954	Bucharest,. sector 3	Mechanic locksmith
328.	Marinică	28.08.1971	Bucharest,	Seller

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
	Florin		District 6	
329.	Mitică Marian	11.09.1968	Bucharest, District 4	Locksmith
330.	Mircea Maria	22.01.1967	Bucharest, District 4	
331.	Maxim Petre	30.06.1940	Bucharest, District 5	Cook
332.	Mănescu Mihai	26.01.1945	Bucharest, District 4	
333.	Marcu Aurel	10.09.1948	Bucharest, District 3	Mechanic locksmith
334.	Mihai Petre	05.05.1962	Bucharest, District 2	Car mechanic
335.	Marin Mihai	01.08.1973	Bucharest, District	Pupil
336.	Mihăiescu Florin	06.04.1936	Bucharest, District 6	Technician
337.	Medrea Florica	22.08.1962	Bucharest, District 6	Pupil
338.	Mălinaş Vasile	02.11.1951	Bucharest, District 3	Turner
339.	Minca Petrică	12.06.1961	Gunshot wound in the left shoulder area	
340.	Morărescu Sever	10.09.1971	Gunshot wound in the abdomen – hemorrhagic shock.	
341.	Marin Adrian	28 years old	Thorax and abdomen trauma.	
342.	Neguţ Mihai	17.04.1967	Adun.Copăceni	Student
343.	Nicolae Victor	27.09.1976	Bucharest, District 4	Pupil
344.	Niţă Eleonora	22.07.1957	V. Călug., PH	Householder
345.	Nicolae Ştefan	19.06.1963	Bucharest, District 2	Unskilled worker
346.	Nicolae Gheorghe	21.10.1951	Bucharest, District 2	Worker
347.	Nemţeanu Victor	06.07.1961	Bucharest, District 2	Worker
348.	Nanu Ştefan	02.07.1955	Bucharest, District 2	Barber

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
349.	Niţă Vasile	02.03.1965	Bucharest, District 2	House painter
350.	Niţă Ioana	10.01.1954	Bucharest, District 2	Without occupation
351.	Neghină Angela	26.02.1972	Bucharest, District 2	Pupil
352.	Nica Sanda	02.03.1971	Bucharest, District 3	Without occupation
353.	Nica Florea	01.04.1936	Bucharest, District 3	Worker
354.	Nicolaescu Lucian	01.01.1951	Bucharest, District 6	Printer
355.	Neacşu Jeanu	26.10.1970	Bucharest	Fitter
356.	Neagoe Gheorghe	30.03.1930	Bucharest, District 4	Tractor driver
357	Nedelea Dumitru	15.03.1958	Balta Sărată, TR	Garment worker
358.	Neţulescu Gh.	23.08.1957	Bucharest, District 3	Unskilled worker
359.	Netedu Elena	01.02.1952	Bucharest, District 1	Worker
360.	Neacşu Cristina	21.01.1961	Bucharest, District 5	Main oper.
361.	Niţa Ion	14.03.1962	Bucharest, District 4	Sorter
362.	Nitrai Eugen	15.10.1971	Tecuci, Galaţi	Pupil
363.	Negru Gheorghe	01.01.1944	Bucharest, District 3	Worker
364.	Noaghe Florian	26.07.1961	Bucharest, District 3	Mechanic
365.	Nicolae Adrian	06.12.1948	Bucharest, District 4	Teacher
366.	Nicu Niculina	11.10.1953	Bucharest, District 3	Director
367.	Niţu Constantin	07.06.1970	Bucharest, District 1	Locksmith
368.	Neamţu Florentina	14.04.1970	Bucharest, District 6	ADAS agent
369.	Naghiu Vasile	05.04.1939	Bucharest, District 3	Chemist operator
370.	Neacşu Marian	29.07.1955	Bucharest, District 3	Garbage man
371.	Nechifor Liliana	04.05.1960	Cranial, thorax and abdomen	

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
			contusion	
372.	Niţă Magda	05.08.1970	5th month pregnancy, - danger to give birth	
373.	Niţă Sorin	07.10.1957	Thorax trauma	
374.	Niţulescu Şerban	45 years old	Trauma	
375.	Oneaţă Doina	06.11.1959	Bucureşti	Draftsman
376.	Olteanu Nicolae	06.01.1948	Bucharest, District 6	Electro-mechanic
377.	Onica Dimitrie	28.10.1934	Bucharest, District 4	Judge
378.	Olaru Ion	25.05.1961	Craniocerebral trauma	
379.	Pavel Mihai	14.10.1930	Bucharest, District 3	Locksmith mechanic
380.	Păcurar Ileana Silvia	26.02.1968	Bucharest, District 5	Structural engineer
381.	Popa Laurenţiu	12.08.1959	Brăila	Locksmith
382.	Prager Viviana	23.07.1955	Bucharest, District 5	Translator
383.	Pădureanu Mihai	06.09.1967	Bucharest, District 6	Fitter
384.	Paralescu Damian	30.12.1968	Bucharest, District 6	Steel bender
385.	Protopopescu Gh.	26.11.1952	Bucharest, District 2	Head of unit
386.	Pleşa Ion	19.05.1950	Bucharest, District 2	Door man
387.	Pop Petru	26.05.1933	Bucharest, District 5	Electrician
388.	Paraschivescu Alex. Petru	17.12.1910	Bucharest, District 1	Physician
389.	Popa Marcel	15.06.1963	Bucharest, District 6	Student
390.	Preda Vasile	23.09.1961	Bucharest, District 4	Without occupation
391.	Pungă Dumitru	14.03.1914	Bucharest, District 1	Pensioner
392.	Paraschiv Marinela	18.09.1967	Bucharest, District 6	leather craftsperson

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
393.	Puiu Petrică	04.04.1957	Bucharest, District 2	Electronics
394.	Pachiţa Mihail	24.09.1936	Bucharest, District 2	Building eng.
395.	Pascu Fane	01.01.1962	Bucharest	House painter
396.	Paraschiv Mihai	29.01.1968	Bucharest, District 5	Without occupation
397.	Popescu Dumitru	04.02.1941	Bucharest	Electrician
398.	Pălmaciu Marian		Bucharest, District 4	Pupil
399.	Popa Cristian	28.10.1960	Piteşti	Electronics
400.	Panaite Eugen	06.03.1955	Bucharest	Driver
401.	Popa Ilinca	14.05.1967	Bucharest, District 1	Worker
402.	Petre Dan Marian	17.02.1974	Bucharest, District 5	Pupil
403.	Patapievici Roman Horia	18.03.1957	Bucharest, District 2	Physicist
404.	Ploscaru Zoe	03.05.1922	Bucharest, District1	Pensioner
405.	Pop Ioana Silvia	20.11.1962	Bucharest, District1	Painter
406.	Pascaluţa Blîndu Nicolae	29.10.1947	Bucharest, District 4	TV operator
407.	Paraschiv Alexandru Florin	26.04.1964	Bucharest, District 2	Technician
408.	Prunariu Eugeniu	16.07.1936	Bucharest, District 3	Welder
409.	Petriuc Ştefan Nicolae	04.12.1970	Bucharest, District 6	Electrician
410.	Paşaluc Constant.	01.02.1961	Bucharest, District 4	Maintenance mechanic
411.	Pauşan Vasile	13.12.1956	Bucharest, District 2	Loocksmith
412.	Popa Ionel Florian	09.04.1971	Bucharest, District 5	Welder
413.	Pop Gheorghe	18.04.1919	Bucharest, District 3	Worker
414.	Preda Eugen	04.05.1954	Bucharest, District 6	Cook
415.	Popa Sorin	08.09.1971	Bucharest, District 6	Pupil

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
416.	Petrescu Daniel	16.07.1973	Bucharest, District 6	Pupil
417.	Pascale Viorel	24.05.1964	Buzău	Engineer
418.	Pascu Valentin	01.07.1954	Bucharest, District 6	Associate engineer
419.	Pripici Marian	09.07.1966	Bucharest	Locksmith
420.	Petrescu Marinela	08.02.1931	Bucharest, District 5	Pensioner
421.	Poparcea Daniel	29.09.1973	Open cranial trauma	
422.	Purice Gheorghe	10.04.1944	Severe craniocerebral trauma	
423.	Peter Florescu Ovidiu	17 years old	Multiple wounds in the face area.	
424.	Rusu Gheorghe	19.03.1955	Iaşi	Chemist operator
425.	Rotiliuc Constantin	06.05.1970	Putna, Suceava	Mason
426.	Radu Alexandru	16.03.1967	Bucharest, District 5	Worker
427.	Răţoi Sorin	06.06.1962	Bucharest, District 5	Electrician
428.	Roşescu Petruţa	20.01.1949	Bucharest, District 6	Goods sorting technician
429.	Romanescu Cristian	29.04.1962	Bucharest	Electrician
430.	Răutescu Radu	11.01.1965	Bucharest, District 4	Student
431.	Raţă Petre	20.09.1967	Văreşti, Giurgiu	Electrician
432.	Radu Ion	12.08.1964	Bucharest	Worker
433.	Radu Maria	13.03.1951	Bucharest, District 6	Typist
434.	Rîpanu Luminiţa	19.07.1971	Bucharest, District 2	Householder
435.	Răduţ Vasile	13.11.1950	Bucharest, District 2	Seller
436.	Rădulescu Lucian Teodor	19.08.1966	Bucharest, District 3	Worker
437.	Rizac Mircea	07.07.1946	Bucharest, District 4	Car driver trainer
438.	Rădulescu Stelian	01.09.1957	Bucharest, District 2	Locksmith
439.	Rucsăndoiu	18.01.1951	Bucharest,	Worker

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
	Nistor		District 6	
440	Radovici Ion	23.08.1947	Bucharest, District 6	Turner
441.	Ruse Ilie	16.05.1970	Bucharest, District 4	Vulcanizer
442.	Răducu Ilie	20.04.1938	Traumatism	
443.	Rădoiu Constantin	28.09.1965	Gunshot wound right thigh	
444.	Ripa Florin	24.05.1954		
445.	Ruseanu Joiţa	45 years old	Spain and fracture, in cast.	
446.	Stoenică Aurel	24.02.1955	Bucharest, District 3	Without occupation
447.	Socolescu Mariana Alexandra	01.03.1949	Bucharest, District 6	Designer
448.	Stănescu Anton	13.01.1952	Bucharest, District2	Associate engineer
449.	Sîrbu Alexandru	09.05.1972	Bucharest, District 2	Worker
450.	Stoian Beniamin	19.08.1967	Bucharest, District 5	Football player
451.	Sfirschi Dionisie Cristian	18.05.1969	Bucharest, District 4	Driver
452.	Stoian Constantin	19.03.1965	Bucharest, District 5	Electrician
453.	Strat Constantin	21.05.1970	Bucharest	Cook
454.	Samoilă Adrian Dan	02.05.1969	Bucharest, District 1	Pupil
455.	Sava Daniel	17.11.1967	Bucharest, District3	Turner
456.	Simiganovchi Dan	30.05.1957	Bucharest, District 1	Horticultor
457.	Ştefan Doina	11.02.1969	Bucharest, District 4	Householder
458.	Stanciu Dragoş	20.09.1956	Bucharest, District 6	Warehouse operative
459.	Stan Daniela	21.01.1973	Bucharest, District 3	Pupil
460.	Stancu Daniel	24.10.1968	Bucharest,	Turner

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
			District 4	
461.	Ştefănescu Dumitru	26.10.1939	Bucharest, District 3	Electronics engineer
462.	Stănculescu Doru Emil	25.06.1950	Bucharest, District 6	Composer
463.	Stefogiu Ecaterina	23.10.1954	Bucharest, District 3	Receptionist
464.	Santea Eugenia	11.05.1972	Bucharest, District 1	Pupil
465.	Skrbotovitz Eugen	14.12.1953	Bucharest, District 2	Master assistant
466.	Stavarache Florin	03.06.1970	Resident	Welder
467.	Smeu Florentin	07.05.1970	Bucharest, District 6	Worker
468.	Ştefan Gheorghe	27.08.1951	Călugăreni	Car driver
469.	Ştefan Georgeta	07.09.1952	Bucharest, District 1	Carer
470.	Sbirlea Gheorghe	17.03.1954	Bucharest, District 2	Commodities expert
471.	Samoilă Gheorghe	27.09.1966	Bucharest	Car driver
472.	Stancu George	04.04.1963	Bucharest, District 6	Locksmith
473.	Şelaru Geta	13.08.1953	Bucharest, District1	Archiver
474.	Ştefănescu Gheorghe	18.02.1951	Craiova	Driver
475.	Stănculescu Gh.	05.02.1965	Resident	Electrician
476.	Stoian T. Gheorghe	27.07.1954	Gârbovi, IL.	Carpenter
477.	Sode Gheorghe	14.08.1955	Bucharest	
478.	Spiridon Gheorghe	27.01.1952	Resident	Worker
479.	Şerb Ionel	11.03.1966	Bucharest, District 2	Worker
480.	Stănilă Ilie	11.05.1966	jud. Dâmboviţa	Fitter
481.	Stroe Ion	07.01.1944	Bucharest, District 6	CTC operative
482.	Sabău Ioan	28.11.1958	Zalău, Sălaj	Mechanical

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
				fitter
483.	Stoica Ionel	21.01.1971	Mereni, TR	Fitter
484.	Senteş Ionică	02.02.1962	Bucharest, District 5	Head of unit
485.	Stoicănel Jeni	02.09.1967	Roşiori de Vede	Worker
486.	Staicu Marian	12.08.1970	Bucharest, District 3	Woodworker
487.	Stamenco Marian	23.09.1954	Bucharest, District1	Electrician
488.	Şerb Marin	28.06.1949	Bucharest	Driver
489.	Sicoe Marian	17.11.1959	Sohodol, Alba	Mathematician
490.	Soica Nicolae	30.01.1973	Bucharest, District 2	Pupil
491.	Silache Nicolae	25.12.1957	Bucharest, District 1	Store keeper
492.	Scrieciu Nicu	07.07.1963	Bucharest, District 3	Electrician
493.	Şerban Nicolae	27.06.1968	Bucharest, District 5	Dyer
494.	Sandu Ovidiu	28.12.1958	Bucharest, District 5	Press toolmaker
495.	Simionescu Petru	27.03.1927	Bucharest, District 2	Copy editor
496.	Stoica Segheraş	1975	Bucharest, District 3	Without occupation
497.	Szikszai Ştefan	14.03.1964	Bucharest, District 5	Barber
498.	Ştefănescu Sandu	19.06.1972	Bucharest, District 5	
499.	Şerban Titi	25.08.1960	Resident	Mechanic
500.	Şerban Valentin	08.08.1967	Bucharest, District 2	Worker IPS
501.	Ştefan Victoria	12.07.1954	Bucharest	Householder
502.	Sebastian Viorel	18.02.1952	Oradea	Master workman
503.	Silvestru Victor	07.10.1952	Bucharest, District1	Associate engineer
504.	Stoica Valentin	20.02.1960	Bucharest, District1	Teacher
505.	Stan Viorica	03.04.1953	Bucharest, District3	Householder
506.	Şerban Vanda	03.10.1964	Bucharest, District1	Operator
507.	Stroe	09.11.1969	Bucharest,	Seller

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
	Valentina		District6	
508.	Stoenescu Virgiliu	01.07.1941	Bucharest, District5	Worker
509.	Sălceanu Victor	28.06.1957	Ploieşti	Toolmaker pressman
510.	Stanca Gheorghe	07.05.1947	Craniocerebral trauma;	
511.	Stan Daniel	08.04.1970	Craniofacial Trauma	
512.	Stan Silviu	20 years old	Gunshot wound;	
513.	Şerban Rada		2nd month pregnancy - danger to give birth;	
514.	Tomescu Aurel	20.03.1967	Cândeşti Vale	Machinery mechanic
515.	Tache Aurel	15.07.1965	Bucharest, District 1	Locksmith
516.	Tănase Alexandru	22.08.1936	Bucharest, District 5	Mechanic locksmith
517.	Turcu Adrian	30.11.1967	Bucharest, District 2	Toolmaker pressman
518.	Toader Antonel	13.09.1970	Bucharest, District 5	Foundry worker
519.	Teianu Aurel	20.03.1966	Bucharest, District 4	Electronics engineer
520.	Tenuf Bogdan	21.01.1968	Bucharest, District 3	Dyeeing technician
521.	Trandafirescu Cătălin	19.01.1965	Bucharest	ITB controller
522.	Teodoşescu Corina	12.06.1965	Bucharest, District 4	Commodities expert
523.	Trandafir Cristina	17.08.1970	Bucharest, District 4	Calculator
524.	Tănăsie Camelia	02.01.1958	Bucharest, District 4	Seller
525.	Tudor Dorel	22.06.1967	cămin nefam.	Mason
526.	Tănase Daniela	01.12.1969	Bucharest, District 4	Teacher
527.	Tocu Dana	03.06.1969	Bucharest, District1	Laboratory technician

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
528.	Tudor Eugen	17.06.1963	Bucharest	Toolmaker pressman
529.	Tucă Dorin Eugen	26.11.1953	Bucharest, District 2	Computer operator
530.	Ţigănuş Florentin	03.05.1969	Focşani,Vrancea	Mason
531.	Tudorache Gabriel	08.07.1960	Bucharest, District 4	Turner
532.	Triculescu Grigore	16.12.1967	Bucharest, District 3	Worker
533.	Tudose Gheorghe	22.03.1970	Vasilaţi, CL.	Driller
534.	Titichi Georgian	01.06.1972	Bucharest, District 5	Pupil
535.	Tomescu Grigore	29.03.1954	Bucharest	Legal adviser
536.	Taban Gelu	17.09.1965	Corbeasca, BC.	Locksmith
537.	Tucă Cristian Ion	01.12.1970	Bucharest, District 6	Without occupation
538.	Trifan Ion	12.12.1950	Medgidia, CT.	Crane operator
539.	Turcaş Ion	29.01.1938	Bucharest, District5	Seller
540.	Temereancă Olivia	06.06.1971	Bucharest, District 4	Pupil
541.	Teodorescu Marius	06.09.1965	Bucharest, District 4	Student
542.	Toader Paula	20.08.1965	Bucharest, District 3	Electrician
543.	Toader Izabela Ştefania	13.03.1972	Bucharest, District 4	Pupil
544.	Ţepeş Vlad	05.02.1697	Bucharest, District 3	Turner
545.	Ungureanu Mihai	19.08.1951	Bucharest, District6	Master
546.	Ursu Dan Mircea	14.05.1967	Bucharest	Student
547.	Vas Camelia	25.11.1964	Bucharest, District 5	Householder
548.	Vâlcu Camelia	26.08.1967	Bucharest, District 2	Warehouse operative
549.	Vlioncu Cristian Doru	30.05.1969	Chitila, SAI	Carpenter
550.	Vlăduţ Elena	04.10.1972	Bucharest, District 6	Pupil

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
551.	Vasilica Florin	07.11.1967	Bucharest, District 5	Turner
552.	Voiculescu Florina	22.03.1969	Bucharest, District 4	Computer operator
553.	Varlan Florin	05.08.1971	Bucharest, District 4	Pupil
554.	Vasiliu Gheorghe	21.10.1953	Bucharest, District 6	Locksmith mec.
555.	Vrînceanu Gabriela	09.11.1967	Bârlad	Electrician
556.	Vasu Georgeta	10.04.1976	Bucharest, District4	Pupil
557.	Vlad Gheorghe	02.10.1948	Plop, DB	Handler
558.	Vasile Gheorghe	01.11.1940	Bucharest	Carpenter
559.	Vâlcu Gabriel	22.04.1975	Bucharest, District 4	Pupil
560.	Vlad Ion	18.11.1949	Periş SAI	Adjustment technician
561.	Voiculescu Ion	26.11.1961	Bucharest, District 6	Operator
562.	Voicu Liliana	19.09.1967	Bucharest, District 2	Cook
563.	Vlaicu Aurel Laurenţiu	24.04.1962	Găeşti, DB	Locksmith
564.	Vlad Laurenţiu	19.06.1967	Piteşti	History Student
565.	Vlad Tibi Marius	23.07.1963	Bucharest	
566.	Vecliuc Mihai	22.10.1966	Bucharest, District1	Worker
567.	Voineag Mihai	22.09.1967	Bucharest, District1	Student
568.	Vatamanu Maria	04.09.1968	Roznov, NT	Sellet
569.	Vasile Marian	1975	flotant, District 3	
570.	Zanidache Venus	06.10.1968	Bucharest, District1	Shampoo dresser
571.	Zainea Petruţa	22.02.1956	Bucharest, District 6	Assembling locksmith
572.	Zanfir Lazăr	12.01.1952	Tunari, SAI	Worker
573.	Zeleniuc	18.04.1970	Bucharest	Worker

Ref. no.	Surname and first name	Date of birth	Domicile	Profession
	Luminița			
574.	Zainea Gheorghe	22.04.1955	Bucharest, District 6	Pensioner
575.	Zamfir Sanda	13 years old		

Instead of conclusions

Moral blindness, ill will or ignorance may be some of the reasons that may be the foundation of exculpating or denying the implication of the enforcement officers pertaining to the Secret Services, Police and Army in the repressive action during the Romanian Revolution from December 1989. the attempt to erase those traces that would show the contrary, as well as the effort to implant fake historical facts in the collective conscience by means of studies and positions denying the reality of the repression not only dishonour those using such actions, but also dishonour the memory of those who experienced the trauma during those moments, morally damaging those who suffered for the ideals that those who became the detractors of the sacrifice on the altar of liberty in 1989 enjoy.

The revolutionaries' testimonies are clearly concerning the forces that tried to protect the communist regime led by Nicolae Ceaușescu. The Secret Services, Police and Army are guilty of mistreating and torturing more than one thousand people in an extremely short period of time, only because they desired a change, and, firstly, th change of the political leader.

The actions of the repressive forces in December 1989 meets the criteria of an actual State-endorsed terrorism. The mistreatment during the arrests and tortures during the inquiries are very clearly lead to labeling the regime led by Nicolae Ceaușescu as a criminal one. Bound with chords, ropes and wires; hit in the liver, kidneys, head, face, on the hands, legs back, on the entire body; slammed on the pavement and in walls; trampled on the legs, abdomen and hands; pulled by the hair and beard until tearing them; disfigured; broken hands and legs; broken heads and noses; eye pulled out; broken ribs, broken jaws; bruised; hit with the stocks, sticks, batons, shields, metal rods, with the hands and

legs;jabbed with the bayonet; threatened, sworn at and terrified; beaten until nearly going mad; sleep, water and food deprived; kept on their knees of standing, with the arms up for hours; put one above the other and crowded in closed paces, in another words, dehumanized. This is the way in which the repressive forces behaved towards the revolutionaries in December 1989. A small number of those who gave the orders for the repression or who applied these treatments have been brought to justice, and, by a political decision, they have been granted amnesty for their deeds. A part of them have not even been identified.

The history should not be repeated in order to avoid having painful experiences; during the history, the human beings proved to be inventive enough so to find out new ways of torture. But remembering tragic events may prevent us to relive traumatizing events, if we are intelligent enough to discover the actual facts. Society's issues – among which, those in the category of state repression – will not be solved by ignoranceand oblivion.

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