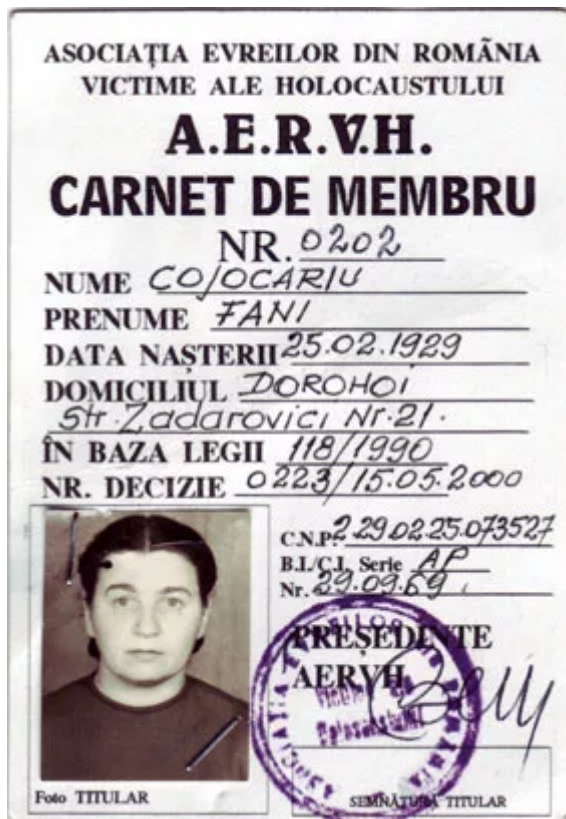


Fani Cojocariu



This is my membership card, Fani Cojocariu, for the Association of Romanian Jews Victims of the Holocaust.

Afterwards, the second-born sister moved out as well - this was already after the Revolution [after 1989] -, and I was living there all by myself in a derelict house located near the street, and only gypsies lived on that street. I was so scared after nightfall... My sister once came here, and she said: "I can feel your loneliness, I can, you, living alone." But that means they weren't sincere, either. Why didn't they take me to live with them? I could have lived either with one, or with the other, for it was known it didn't do me any good to be living by myself. In a block of flats you live all by yourself, it's a different matter. There is a door to keep people from looking inside your house, it has no glass through which they could see you. I lived there alone for a few months, until a family of Christians took me in - their name was Atitenei, they are dead now. They had a house in the courtyard, like a kitchen, as it were. But they didn't cook there, they had the large house to themselves, like a villa, they had their own kitchen there. This was a house where they formerly kept tenants, girls, and the woman's husband came with a push-cart and helped me take from there the most useful, valuable items, and I moved there. In the meantime, I was given a studio flat, too, I believe it was in 1990, but, even though I had a studio flat, I still lived with them, slept over at their place. I lived with them for a year.

Then I too moved in a studio flat. I paid rent to IGO every month. Everyone bought the apartments, I was the only one who was paying a rent. I was afraid then they might evacuate me from the house. The things people do nowadays, the things that come to pass... Someone might go and pay a fat, handsome sum of money to these men who have come to power, and lo and behold they

strike a deal with them and I am put out in the street. And I feared very much that this would happen. We had a Community canteen, and the woman who cooked there - the cook - told me: "Fani, draw a contract with them, for you will end up in the street." But what I bought with one hand I sold with the other. I donated it to the Community. And I receive a small help from them in return. But should I or shouldn't I? Not to mention I am a member of the Deportees Association [the Association of Romanian Jews Victims of the Holocaust], and that amounts to some support as well. One of our presidents, Feder - he is no longer alive -, he is the one who drew the necessary paperwork.