

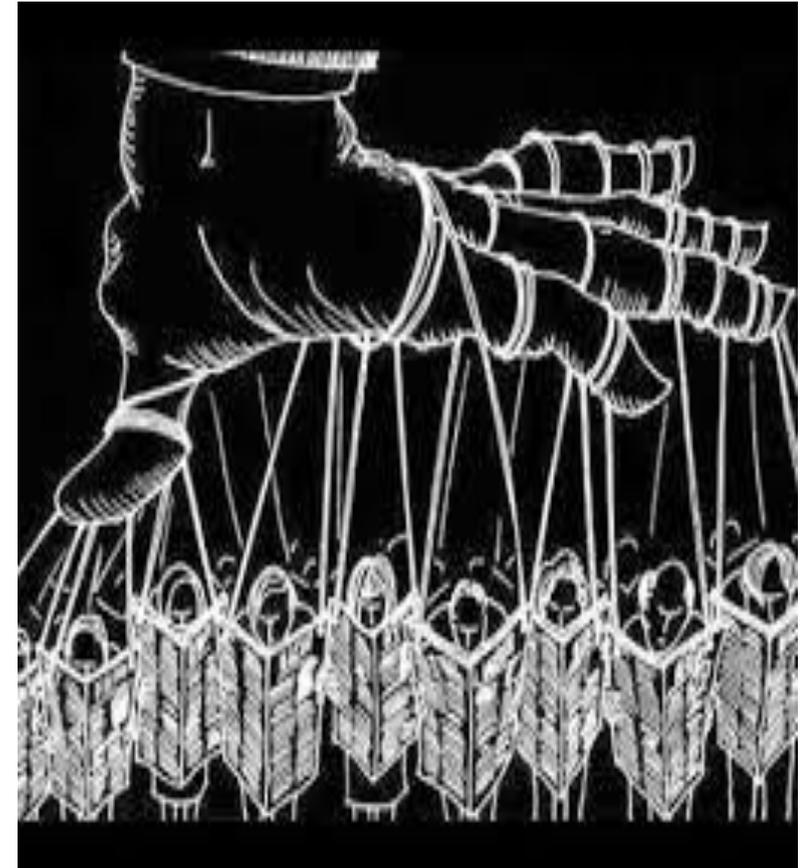
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Erasmus+

The impact of totalitarian regimes on people's individual life





A day in communist Romania

I just woke up today at 5 am and went to queue for milk and bread and after waiting for two hours, my mother came to take my place in line, because I had to leave for school.

Arriving at school, we sing our national anthem and are forced to wear our grey uniforms with the registration on the arm or on the chest. Our hair is supposed to be held in a ponytail and if the teachers caught us disobeying, they would send us back home to change and if we did something worse, they'd hit us with a ruler or would make us stay with our knees on nut shells.

When I get home, after I eat a piece of bread, I start doing my homework, but at about 5 o'clock I take a break to watch my favourite TV show, which is played once a week. Then, the whole family reunites to watch Ceaușescu's speech.

A day in communist Romania

When the speech is over, the electricity stops so I have to finish my homework at a gas lamp which gave me strong headaches.

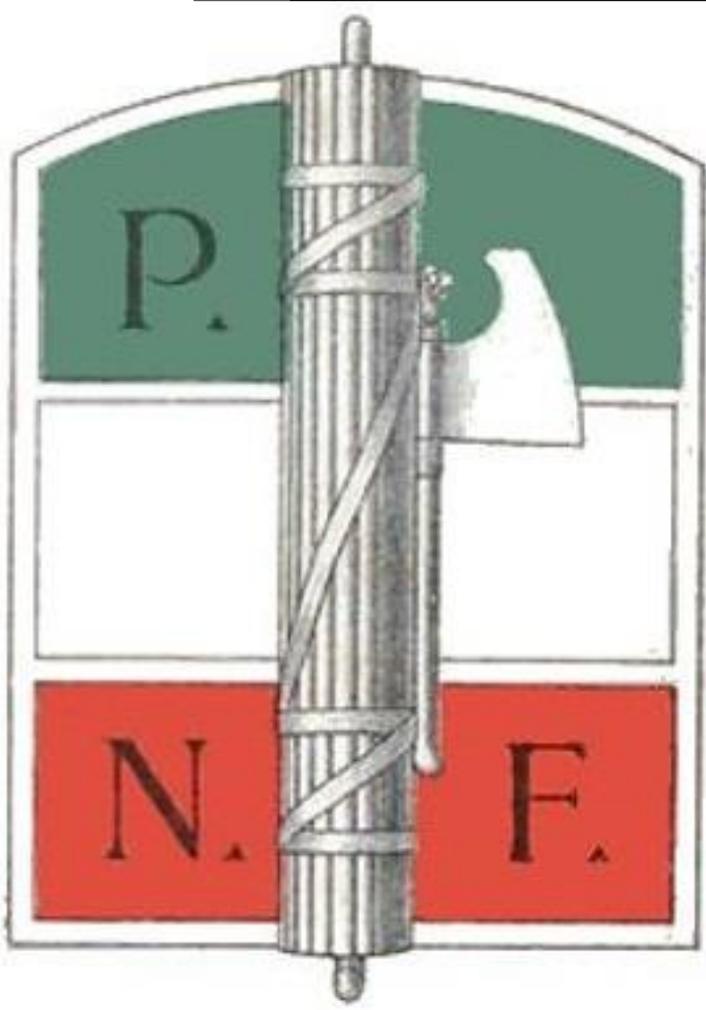
Before going to sleep, my mother told me about the fact that in Romania, the case of the ban on abortion in 1966 as a measure of population growth is known. The application of the provisions of the decree led to an increase in the short-term birth rate – the generation of "decrete".

This was my day and tomorrow I have to wake early to queue. And so long and so forth with no hope for a better future.





A day in the fascist Italy



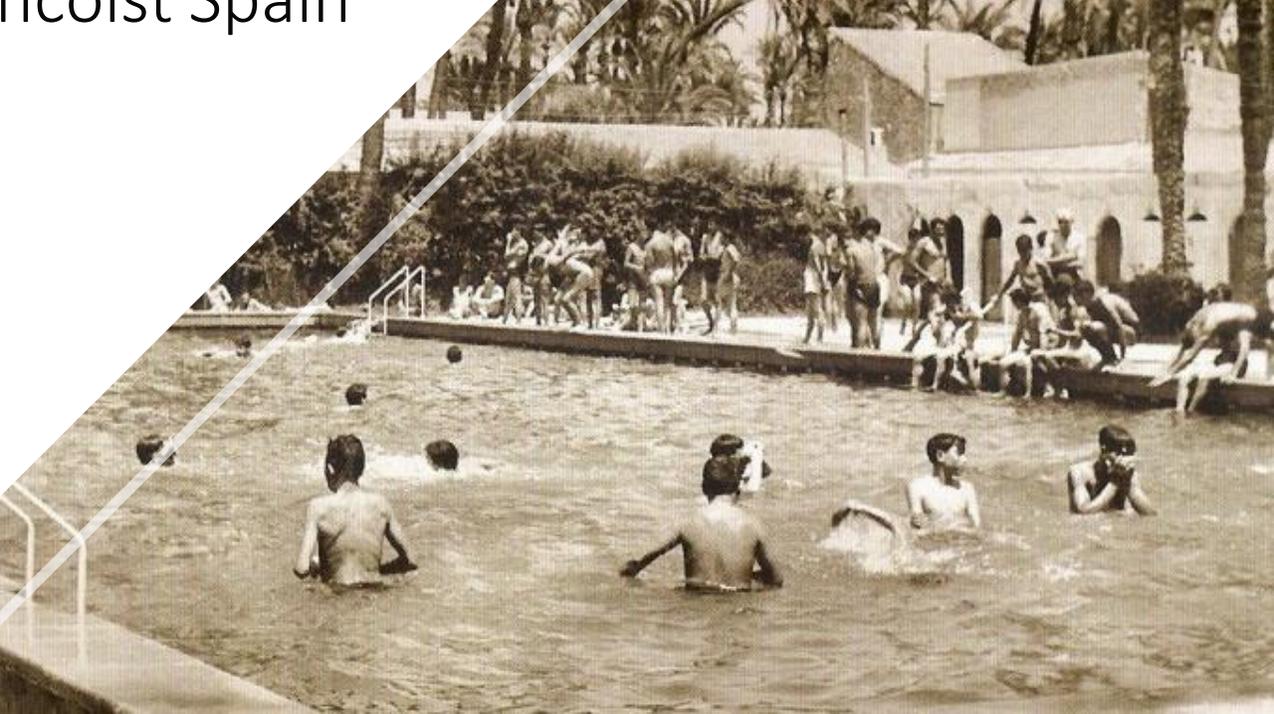
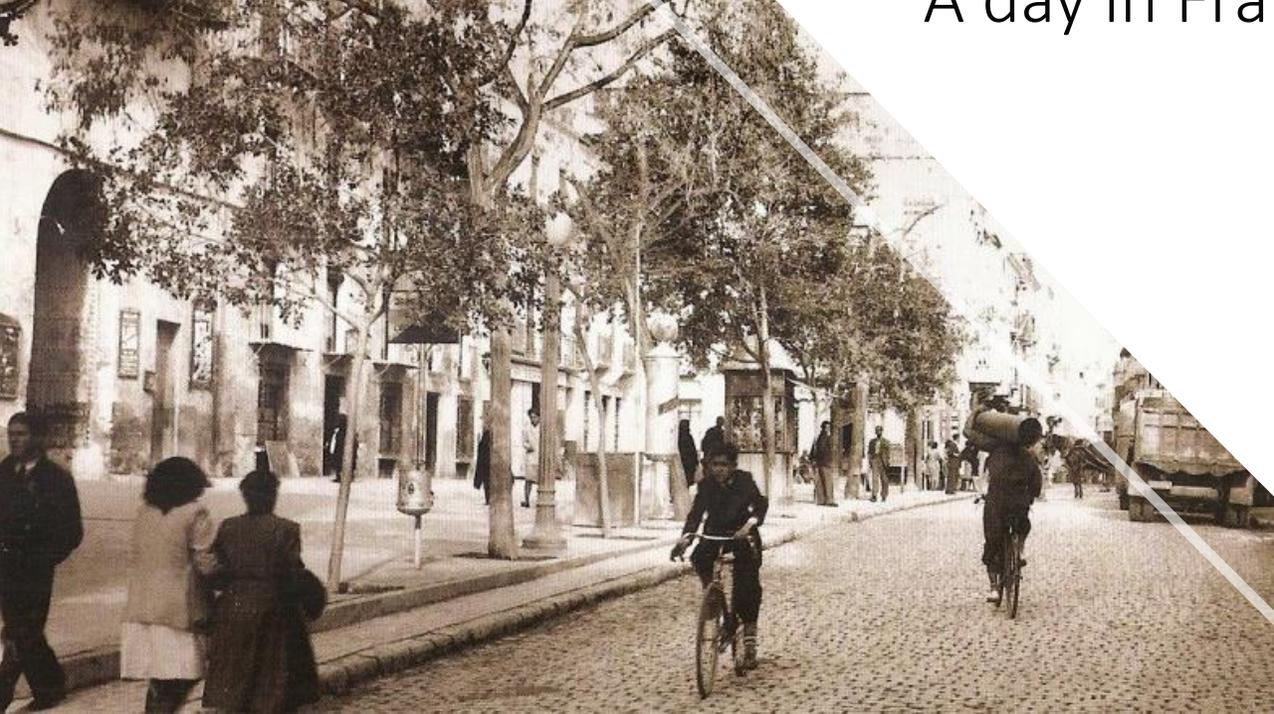
I woke up this morning and went to school, here to say hello you don't have to say "Good morning" but you have to do the fascist salute and say "WIN", the teacher responds with the fascist salute and says "WE WILL WIN". In class You don't have to talk much and you have to be careful what you say as you may face corporal punishment. Now I go home and wait for my father to come home. When he returned from work and said he had heard a speech by Mussolini and confessed his last words, accompanying them with a gesture of disapproval. After that gesture I saw him jump up and yell at him things like: "Are you crazy", "Stop, don't do it!".



On Saturday we boys gather in the square, we males wear the table uniform while the girls wear the uniform of the daughters of the she-wolf. They make us tidy up to form the word "DUX". You have to be careful that at any moment someone can enter the house and request personal goods saying they are used for the war heritage. This is an experience that happened to my family, some guards forcefully entered my house and took my parents' wedding rings saying they were used to regenerate the national heritage, they also took all the copper that hung along the sides of the kitchen. This scene will stay with me for a long time.



A day in Francoist Spain





My mom would wake me up at 08.00 to get ready to go to school. I just put on my clothes – which not always were clean and had breakfast. Back then, breakfast was just a glass of milk and a load of bread, if mum had gone shopping. I would walk for 30 minutes as there was only one school in my town and we didn't have a car. So I left home at 09.00 and it took me 30 minutes to get to school. And I start at 09.30

I didn't see girls, schools were just for boys. And we always had to pray and sing the national anthem before the class started. If we didn't, we would have trouble.

In class, behavior was important. If you didn't follow the teacher's instructions, you'd be punished or hit.

While I was at school, my mum would tidy the house and do the shopping. Shops didn't have much food, so you were lucky if you got something to eat. She always had to take her ration card, she couldn't take as much food as she wanted. Then, she'd go home as fast as she could and she'd cook. If dad arrived and food wasn't ready...she was told off.

When school finished I went home. I had lunch with dad but mom waited until we finished if there was anything left. Free time was different. We just went outside. At home, there wasn't a TV. At Sundays I was forced to go to Church. Sometimes it was also compulsory to go to the public ejections, that mostly took place when someone shared his/her ideas rejecting the regime.



om KSIĄZKI

WYDAWNICTWA ROLNICZE

A day in communist Poland

Jan Kalbarczyk and Teresa Kącka



A day in my glourious nation.

- 5.30 am – 6.30am - I got ready for work and ate a modest breakfast. There isnt much variety, but theres enough food to go by.
- 7:30 am - I just arrived at work, it took a really long time because the train was delayed again. Some more bricks fell off the building today. My co-workers are drunk as usual, which means I'll have to do more work, so we don't get punished by the administration again.
- 16:30 - After a long day of I would really love to head home however, I have to do the shopping first. I had to stand in a line for an hour just to get my ratio of 200g of pork per week.



Evening entertainment

- 18.00 - After the dinner I made, we watched tv together. The 18.00 news were the highlight of the day. They reported that Poland had exponentially grown in GDP over the past month. At 19.00 the kids cartoons came on. Since there are only two channels this is the only entertainment they'll get from the tv during the day.
- 21.00 - 22.00-i was about to sleep but then i heard my neighbour listening to radio Free Europe, so I listened in and found out that the news lied about the GDP and in fact our nation was getting poorer and poorer.



A day in the period of
the Greek dictatorship





In school, we were forced to write anti-communist texts and we could get expelled if we didn't.

When we had free time and we'd finished school me and my friends were constantly taking place on student mobilizations in order to restrict the power of junta.

Some of us could sent into exile, tortured in prisons and we basically didn't have any human rights, such as water, food and medical care there. In the military it was easier to get assassinated too. For example, Grigoris Lambrakis was a Greek member of the faculty of the School of Medicine at the University of Athens. He became a prominent anti-war activist and he was giving motivation to all of us. His assassination by right-wing zealots provoked mass protests and led to a political crisis.

Everybody was always feeling afraid and tired of the situation, because we couldn't express our thoughts and our ideologies.



Unjust decisions were made by the military courts and no law was observed and enforced.

Moreover, in addition to the health problems caused to people who were sent in life imprisonment and exiles, torture victims sustained psychological trauma.

Last but not least, children were born with parents in prisons and exiles.

THE END