

"Patria" (Munich), July-August, 1951.

Editorial. "A new ignominy".

On July 9 this year, the hearing before the United States Immigration Service of Mr. Malaxa took place, to investigate his stay in that country. This was the result of the denunciations made against Mr. Malaxa by Messrs. Cretzianu and Visoianu. The hateful predilection of these gentlemen for denouncing their compatriots who hamper their various politicians' machinations seems therefore to gain in intensity the more isolated and detested these gentlemen become. The gentlemen named had to appear at the hearing, to prove their slanderous allegations. But both had an extremely bad day. First, they were required to state their own means of support; what an unexpected indiscretion on the part of the American authorities! Had they known of this, the two stars of our tragic destinies, past and present - but not also future, God forbid - would have stayed out.

"What means have you?" was asked Mr. Visoianu.

"About (the approximation is delightful!) 158,000 dollars," declared the famous president of the Council called to our shame, National and Rumanian.

"How much?" asked the investigator surprised. "Where does all this money come from?"

"From a secret fund, that I cannot disclose."

Then came the turn of the great diplomat Cretzianu.

"And what means have you?"

"400,000 dollars," replied the celebrated diplomat insolently, adding that this was his own money, aside from what his wife owned.

Lord, Lord, have mercy on us!

Realizing he was in a hole, Mr. Cretzianu became furious, as is his custom, losing his temper completely, and going to the length of threatening to beat the lawyer who had put the indiscreet question, to the surprise of the American board, which has seen many things in the course of its work.

Probably this savage bloodthirstiness of the celebrated diplomat determined him then to bring out of his pocket a document stolen from the Rumanian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, to his shame. The document had been dictated at one time by the

former Foreign Minister Gafencu, and Cretzianu, in his then capacity as Secretary General of that Ministry, had extracted it from the archives. With his exceptional cleverness, adored at the time by the nincompoop of our famous diplomatic nursery, whose prototype he himself was, Mr. Cretzianu thought he could thus strike a double blow, both at his former chief, Mr. Gafencu and at Mr. Malaxa. The document, quite outdated, and without any importance, failed, of course, to produce the effect hoped for by the smart diplomat. But this is not what matters. What matters is the fact in itself: that a former official of the Rumanian State should go about with the country's secret papers in his pockets, mixed up among the banknotes of the National Fund, and to produce them before foreign authorities at will. We ask ourselves astonished, like the American judge must have done, whether such shamelessness and irresponsibility are really possible.

Obviously, this unheard-of gesture of our famous diplomat will have the necessary consequences. These Mr. Cretzianu will not escape from!

One consequence occurred on the spot, right before the American board, though it remained for the time being but an extremely ridiculous one for the denouncer himself.

"By the way," asked the lawyer, "when did you come in the possession of this document?"

"I was Secretary General of the Ministry."

"When, under Carol II? But he was a dictator."

"Yes, but I remained in function to defend democracy."

"You held that post under Antonescu, too, when the Iron Guard was in the government. Do you share the latter's ideas?"

"No, I stayed on to defend democracy."

"But you were ambassador under Groza as well, and you stayed on until you were recalled by Ana Pauker," went on the lawyer relentlessly.

"Yes, but I stayed on to defend democracy."

It is a pity the lawyer did not think to ask him who had set up the National Fund seized by himself, probably likewise in order to defend democracy.

So this is how the degrading act of denunciation of the celebrated gentlemen who are at the head of Rumanian affairs turned against themselves. Like an inexorable

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"An evil hour!" sighed Mr. President Visciano.

A new ignominy, we add!

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