

United States Holocaust Memorial Museum
Research Institute

Interview with Benjamin Levy
October 23, 1991
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PREFACE

The following oral history testimony is the result of a videotaped interview with Benjamin Levy conducted by Hadassah Rosensaft on October 23, 1991 on behalf of the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. The interview took place in Tel Aviv, Israel and is part of the United States Holocaust Research Institute's collection of oral testimonies.

The interview was transcribed, transliterated and processed by the Department of Oral History. Rights to the interview are held by the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum.

The reader should bear in mind that she or he is reading a verbatim transcript of spoken, rather than written prose. Insofar as possible, this transcript tries to represent the spoken word, but some uncertainties will inevitably remain regarding some words and their spelling. Thus, this transcript should be read as a personal memoir and not as either a researched monograph or edited account.

BENJAMIN LEVY

October 23, 1991

(Technical conversation)

Q: Please tell me your name, where and when you were born? Who was your family, where did you live? How was your childhood prior to the war?

A: My name is Benik Levy, Benjamin Levy. Prior to that, Bernstein. I was born in April 1930.

Q: Please don't play with the papers because we hear all the noise it makes. Could you start again?

A: My name is Benik Levy, Benjamin Levy. Prior to that, Bernstein. I was born in Lodz, Poland in April 1930. My parents were Misha and my mom Bronia. Dad had a candle factory. Is this okay to say? My mom was a nurse and she didn't like household work or house maintenance. So we had a servant named Marsha. She took care and did everything. And mom worked as a nurse. I also had a brother who was born in December 1935. Our lives until the beginning of the war were nice and good. Not wealthy, but pretty much above average. I had grandfathers, grandmothers, uncles, aunts, from all sides of the family, just like normal families. From this huge family of mine, I have one cousin from mom's side and one cousin from dad's side that unfortunately continue to live in Germany. During the war in 1939, I was nine years old and just entering the third grade. In Poland, you started going to school at age seven, not age six like in Israel. Therefore, I was in third grade. I don't remember the first two weeks I started school exactly, but it was stopped immediately when the Germans invaded. The German Hell started not at once, rather every day slowly, slowly it built up. If it

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was by returning radios, the Jews were forbidden to keep radios, if it was telephones, at that time in Poland it was something. I don't know how many there were. We had a telephone and we had to take it down. If it was that in the streets, everyday they would catch Jews simply as it sounds. They were catching Jews for work. It was clear that dad could not leave the house, since it was uncertain if he would return. There were things like that. So, as a nine year old child, close to ten, I was in charge. I went and came because they didn't check the kids and didn't care whether or not the child was Jewish or not. Moreover, I was hanging around with the son of the maintenance person, a Pole by the name of Shtrous. For him, it was a great progress that I was his friend because prior to that, it was like two opposite ends of the world. And so it continued somehow, until the close of the ghetto. They announced that the ghetto will be closed on April 1, or May 1. I don't remember, it was one of those days. Now there was a competition, a race against time to bring things what we could from the house to the ghetto, and at the same time the one who could bring all of those things was me. This is because neither mom nor dad were able to help because they were in grave danger that they would be caught for work, and disappear. So Maresha and I sometimes went two or three times a day from our house in Gadansk 21, to Gadufska 32. If I'm not wrong, that's a distance of at least 8-10 kilometers each way. Lodz was a large city, it is a large city. And so, with bags on our backs, or packages in our hands, we would go. We weren't bothered by anyone. She was Christian and I was a child next to her and that was the way. With the closing of the ghetto, we only moved our belongings to Gadofska 32. We ourselves went to live with dad's friends in Barbuska 31, because at grandpa and grandma's place, there simply was no space. In a few days prior to closing the ghetto, Maresha knelt down, like the Christians pray, and asked that the family would give me to her, and she would take care of me. I don't know how it would have ended, or whether dad and mom would have agreed at all, but I came down with the measles and a high fever, and she just couldn't take care of me. So I stayed and the

ghetto was closed. And then all the troubles began. All the things that the Germans decided to finish, on one hand, at that time they would visit by Oblavot, (curfews) by sudden closures of the streets. If they would find anybody, they'd send them away. Prior to that they closed all hospitals. Any hospital that existed other than for light injuries, like mental institutes, were immediately closed. They simply took anything that existed and destroyed it. After a month or two, instead of a hospital, it became a factory. During 1942, at the end of the winter, the Germans required all of the kids and elderly to report. It wasn't simple. It wasn't just that you catch and kill, or catch and disappear, but you had to report, to come of your own will. And there were concentration sights, those places where they waited, and that's where we had to go. I remember grandma and grandpa, mom's parents, with two or three sisters. And cousins who didn't want to leave them alone, so they went with them. The only one who was left on mom's side of the family was one cousin. That's it. I also had an uncle on mom's side, mom's brother, on the same oblava. He was caught and also taken. We on the other hand, my brother and I, were hidden with my uncle. Until last year, my uncle lived in the United States of America. On Rosh Hashana, he passed away. I was at the funeral. He was a fire fighter in the ghetto. Of all these crucial positions, or functional people, like police, fire fighters, doctors, nurses, all of those, no one was allowed to touch them. It was a tabu. They were not considered as candidates to leave the ghetto and be sent away, etc. So they lived in Bgigiska 5. We went there, and that's where we were hidden. And there, I also saw horrible things on which I testified at court against the atrocities that occurred in the ghetto in Germany. I have been twice in Germany to testify, both on the ghetto and on the concentration camp. Those atrocities kept occurring and we were in perpetual fear. But we were among the fortunate ones, if you can say so, that were in the ghetto. On one hand, mom as a nurse worked in the hospital, a large hospital, and she had a serious position. Thanks to her, she was able to get dad a job in bread delivery stores and the bread would be delivered by vouchers. So he was employed in

one of those stores. He personally received this job from the superior commander of the ghetto. From Chaiim Romokovsky. So, as to the person lives, food was not an issue, and our condition was not among the worst. There were much, much worse conditions. This way continued until the ghetto was destroyed. When the Germans were about to destroy the ghetto, they informed entire streets and quarters as to who and when had to report. Of course there were people who ran away and the Germans would catch and shoot them. And there were big "killing feasts". During one of these occasions my late father, he was a very strict about cleanliness. Although I already was running and we already heard the Germans approaching, I called to dad, "Come on, because we'll get caught". But he didn't finish putting his tie on. Therefore that tie cost us a lot. I can say that we weren't able to leave. We had a hiding place in the yard but we ran upstairs to the top floor and the Germans were behind us. They called to us and brought us to be sent away. When we were caught to be taken away, dad shouted upstairs so they could hear him upstairs that we were caught and were going away because he didn't want to stare toward the windows, where mom and several more families were hiding. They took us to Charnetchego, I think that's what the prison was called. Mom decided that if we were caught, then she would have nothing to do. So she turned herself in willingly. That night we were close together. The next day they loaded us onto trains, as everybody knows, like cattle. And only then, I'm not certain, maybe older ones, maybe others. As to myself, I was a fourteen year old teenager. I didn't know, or maybe I knew and didn't want to understand. I'm not sure but I don't think I knew until we entered the car that inside the car with real blood someone wrote "we are transported, we arrived Shevachim and hear they will visit with us, we want you to know". The amount of people who entered the car was enormous. Only the first people in the car could see because immediately afterwards, you couldn't see anything through the 100 people in the car. There were old people, children, and everyone relieved themselves inside the car too. Everyone together. This is how we traveled.

I don't remember if it was day or night, or more, but I don't remember the time or for how long we traveled. Sometimes we stopped, we went, and so on. It wasn't an express. So we arrived to Auschwitz. When we arrived to Auschwitz, they opened the doors, the scene was so awful that I can't describe it. It was more than where or what, or anything that one can take out of a movie. Some movie or read some book that describes or illustrates the holocaust. But the screaming, the pushing, the beating, these were there from the moment they opened the doors. And most of the people who worked with us, were pushed out, and they were Jews that arrived before us. Later, when I already had been inside Auschwitz, I met a neighbor of mine sent there in 1949. He was caught stealing some potatoes. When he arrived, he was one of those who founded Auschwitz. Later I met him. So the Germans yelled "everybody out." At the same time, some people yelled in Yiddish so the Germans wouldn't understand, it was either Polish or Yiddish. They yelled, "the children or the youngsters should tell that they are eighteen or older. They under no circumstances should say that they are younger than eighteen." But I am fourteen and my nine year old brother next to me, my mom, dad, and mom's sister. So we went to the first partition. Men to the right, women and children to the left. I went with dad. Afterwards, there was a second partition and I made sure or more correctly, dad made sure that I would look taller, unlike a child. At that time, we still had a package that dad held. He took pants out of the package and I wore them. He put cardboard and some rocks to fill the pants, and he tied the pants to me. There were other people we knew who were doing the same. I looked taller wearing the pants. This way I passed with dad through the second partition. When I said that I was 18 the S.O.B. asked me in which year I was born. I told him 1927. All that within seconds that they opened it. These people were very well trained to yell, talk, inform us, and whatever they could do. This was nice and easy until the partition when they told everyone to take off their clothes. Everyone was naked. So here you cannot add height or anything like that. Twice in this partition, they took dad to the right,

and me to the left. I was taken left but I was able to sneak outside between everyone's legs. Not that I knew what either left or right would take me, I didn't know that at all, all that I knew was that I needed to be with dad. And for that I would do anything. Twice in the same way, they caught me. Again and again, I was sent to the left and dad to the right. And I did it again. Then the partition was over. All of those who were sent to the right were removed and received a striped uniform and each one was numbered. We were walked to the blocks inside the camp. And then we started knowing in greater details and talked about it. Where are we? What's here? Dad and I were in Auschwitz almost for three weeks. I didn't know what to do. Every time some German would arrive, they would take men for work, and drive them away. My dad and I didn't know what or where, should we join or not, go or not? We didn't know what to do. In addition, inside the camp, I met the father of my best friend from the ghetto. When he saw me, he asked, "What are you doing here?" I responded, "Well, they already took Shmoolik, so within a day they'll take you too." That was it. I never saw them again. However, fortunately, as I mentioned before, this neighbor that was caught stealing potatoes in 1941, and was sent to Auschwitz, there he was a king of kings. He came to look for someone from his family inside the camp, and a real SS soldier accompanied him. He told the soldier what to do. They were such good friends that he told the soldier exactly what to do. So when he met me, I told him that I'm hear with dad. So he saw dad, but he wouldn't smoke alone. But Fritz, I don't remember what they called him exactly. He took cigarettes out of the soldier's pocket and gave them to dad. "Take, tomorrow I'll bring you more". He brought us food, got me a job as a plumber with two Russians. Everyday at noon, he would bring us a bucket with food. But that was only for a few days. He came to visit once more, and he told me, "Benik, no matter what I do, what I'm able to do, you're not missing anything. At the first opportunity, when the Germans come looking for people to work, make sure you stand in line". That picture came back again and again like when we first came here; they took dad and I was only

a little boy, so they didn't take me. It was like that for three or four times. Once there were yellings so strong, it could be heard in the heavens. What do you know? The Germans told us thirty people, but there were only 29, who ran away? Where? Of course, obviously dad didn't answer, and nobody caught him until one day, they came and took me too. Then we were carried and sent to work inside Germany. We worked for Continental Vega which is the same tire company that presently supplies tires for most buses in Israel. That was it. It was tough, but that was it. Over there we worked for about four months. Personally, as a child, I had few privileges. There are probably other kids but I was small and the thinnest. I understood some German words faster than anyone else. That was to my benefit. I also helped dad, and we worked in the kitchen. That was a very large and neat camp. Either 1007 or 1009 of us arrived there. I don't know if 100 people survived. Today there are even fewer since nature took its toll. But when we were liberated, only 100 or more survived. That's it. We worked over there in the camp. The conditions were usually quite humane and acceptable. No more than four months. Then they moved us also in Hanover Allem the other and Eastern side of Hanover. There they built an underground factory for tanks. What do you know? Underground! We would blow up and then we would have to remove rocks from within the mountain and take them up. Everyday there were people who poured cement on the floors and walls and built huge rooms and chambers- a huge, huge factory. We the Jews were left and had nowhere to escape to. Whomever was there remained there and died, and many died. The situation was such that after a month or a month and a half, there weren't enough people for work. So they brought another transport of people-gentiles from the Netherlands, Denmark, Poland, all kinds of people were brought and filled the place for work. One week we worked at night, one week they worked at night, and vice versa. It was good. But they had somebody outside because they were Frei Abveit who volunteered from all their nationalities occupied by Germany. If it was Poland, the Netherlands, and many volunteered. So every

night when they worked night shift, only 10, 8, 5 or less would return. They escaped at night and joined their own people. So the Germans did something simple with the Jews. The Jews would work nights, and they during the day. Because we don't escape. It wa a horrible job and we worked this way until 1945. We didn't know exactly why, but on April 3, we didn't go to work. On April 4, they started packing and loading all kinds of carts and we didn't know anything. On April 5, everyone who could walked. We went out for a march. My late dad couldn't walk anymore. He was in a poor condition and couldn't walk. I decided that even though I could walk, I wouldn't do so. But I wasn't sure how I could do that. Now this isn't a game. To walk is to walk, to lay down is to lay down, and even if you don't want to they have the power, the guns, and that's all they need. It took me a few moments not any more, and there were others like me. Until we got organized, what do I mean got organized? What could you organize? There were other friends of mine who came from the camp with their fathers, and their fathers too couldn't walk. That was impossible, dad couldn't get off of his bed. There were others like him. They looked at me, and I back at them, and we didn't know what to do. When it was time to move, the watch towers were empty. So we jumped behind the cabin, and somehow we spread the wires. We went out, ran away, and laid behind the firs available trench. We laid there almost until dark, and it was quiet so nothing could be heard. Nobody. We returned to the camp, and as we thought, everybody left except the my father and the fathers of the guys who remained with me. We broke into the kitchen and whatever the Germans did not take with them was very good. We brought some food and we ate but we didn't know what would happen to us. Everything was open, the gate was open, and we didn't run away or leave because there was nowhere to go, no one to go with. I didn't go because dad couldn't walk. We stayed there sitting, ate what we ate, and sat. After a couple of hours, it was dark, and evening fell. The German Red Cross people came wearing their Red Cross uniforms so we wouldn't be afraid. They told us that everything is going to be alright and

tomorrow they'd come, take us and move us to a hospital, and that the worst was behind us. Those words, those beautiful, beautiful words. They came very early in the morning. They came to take us, but instead of moving us to the hospital, the Red Cross decided otherwise. They decided to take us out of the city limits, and kill us so that there will be no signs, no testimonies, left etc. We were loaded on a truck and there was no resistance because we didn't know their intention. Everything that they told us yesterday we thought could be true or false. But the hospital truck didn't make any difference. We were loaded on the truck and drove down the middle, I mean the middle of Hanover, on the large bridge. I know that place very well. The driver notified his assistant, all together, there was only one assistant. He had no gas and he needed more gas to arrive to his destination. He left the road to get to the gas station, but the owner indicated that he had no gas. So the driver asked whether or not there will be any gas at the upcoming gas station. So he responded, "indagei capus". If you'll have any luck, however, I'm quite sure that they don't have any gas. So the driver and his assistant got together and didn't know what to do. Next to us there were stairs which descended from the road. So they told us to go down the stairs and wait, and they'll soon accompany us. They never came. They merely split off as soon as possible and we went down the stairs and found ourselves in front of a French POW camp. A French POW camp. These French saw us and our conditions and one of us also spoke French and explained to them our situation. They started to take care of us because they were better off than us. They took care of us as is stated in the Geneva Treaty. The French were very well dressed, good looking, they were great. They assembled us inside the headquarter cabins and they were heated rooms equipped the best. It was either the seventh or eighth of April and this is the way we were for two or three days. On April 10, the day I had my fifteenth birthday, at 9:00 AM, we heard a very loud noise from the road above. We didn't know what it was, so we ran up there and saw the United States army spread throughout the road. They saw us and just like a command, they stopped and started throwing

and giving us food and clothing until their superiors instructed them to stop and keep moving because it wasn't a game, and the war was still on. And so we were released. For several days afterwards almost everyday some Americans would come and take us to all sorts of tours, would bring us food, and they merely didn't know what to do with us. Dad was very very sick. During the first days the hospitals didn't function. Nothing really did. I don't exactly know, either he drank or ate something that made him very ill. That was about two weeks after liberation; at least two weeks. So he felt sick and they took him to a German hospital. There were several other people from our camp. Dad laid there for almost a week; 5 days. On May 6, he passed away in Hanover, in the hospital. On the other hand, the healthy people who left the camp and arrived in Belzen, it was a march to Belzen. And these are people from Lodz. These were people whom I knew as a child prior to the war so of course mom knew them as well. So they hugged each other. And they told mom that they wish that they would meet their women and children as your son and husband-healthy and well. And they remained there for a few more days. As I mentioned before, dad passed away three weeks after liberation. Mom came to me, she knew exactly where from the other people. More or less, she knew the camp's address. In the camp, there was someone who knew that we were moved to where ever they moved us and she came in an ambulance from the hospital in Belzen where she worked. She took care of the ambulance, and all of the details. I assumed that it wasn't simple because taking a British ambulance and sending it quite a distance from Belzen to Hanover, each way a three hour drive or more. So she met me, but by that time dad was already gone. The meeting was very dad, very happy, but not complete. I returned with mom to Belzen. There was a person by the name of Dr. Benco who established the hospital at which mom worked. Since mom was a registered nurse, she was working more than anything else, because there weren't many nurses. I would wander around. We lived with three or four of mom's friends from the preliberation camp. There were two Ashtushot, as far as I remember. There was Ela's sister-

in-law, if I'm not wrong, but I never talked with them about it. One evening, I heard a conversation between mom and her friends. They were sure that I was asleep. They said that mom knew somebody who had an apartment in Hildes-Ein and she wants to take me and move there. When I heard that, I exactly understood their intentions. Early the next morning, even though I was almost sure that the odds were against me, the kinderheim in Belzen was for orphans: no mom, no dad, and I personally know a few who were not admitted because someone had a mother or father. They were therefore not admitted, and I know them. I came with Dr. Benco. I told him what I heard and I exclaimed that I won't go to Hildes-Ein or anywhere else but to kinder-ramze. I threatened, I said something, although I'm not sure what it was, but I said I had to, and that I remember well. And that same day I was in kinderheim. Many children were assembled at kinderheim from many different places. I had a good friend who today lives in Natania and arrived from Berlin. I don't exactly remember how he got to Berlin, but there were children there from several places. This began to organize in a very fundamental way. Whether it was the Bragades, the Joint, each time Dr. Benco accompanied them. This group came and that group came. They brought beds and food. The food was extraordinary. It was way above that which was necessary for children like us. Ela and her mother were the leading team of this children's house along with Dr. Benco, Mamusha, and Shostraleh. Later the bragades slowly helped, whether it was Aryeh Schwartz from Jerusalem, or the late Areyah, and a few others whose names I cannot recall, however there were six all together. After four months around October, as far as I remember, just before winter, the Belzen kinderheim moved to the Barbuk Family Palace in Blankeynayze which was not far from Hamburg. There was nothing to say: the change was remarkable. It was a real palace. It wasn't to be belittled. It was there that we studied, went, enjoyed ourselves, traveled, and anything you could consider. The Joint, the Bregades, and Dr. Benco and all of the delegations that came from Belzen sponsored these improved conditions. This occurred

almost everyday. It really added much, and I remember it well. Everyone's arrival made us feel special, and we didn't need to worry about anything. Therefore, we played, studied, and traveled; and they conducted themselves this way to alleviate our trauma. We were there until the end of March, beginning of April 1946. From there we went to France and stayed in a camp, for which I don't know its designation, but it was quite orderly, the dome houses looked like igloos. It was there that we also conducted the 1946 passover seder. Immediately after passover, or perhaps during passover, we were taken out of this area by a ship called Shampolion. By the way, it crashed a few years ago off the coast of Lebanon. This was a very large ship which was partially owned by the French military. It was built during World War I, it was a very serious ship. We were more than a thousand children of all ages who boarded the ship. Children from many other places, not only from Blankeynzyze. Many children from several places, and I don't know where, but I saw people that I never knew. We traveled, or more accurately, we sailed on this ship and we arrived to Bezairta in Africa because it was occupied as a French colony; we were accompanied by one or two French batallions which replaced other French batallions previously settled in Bezelta. Particularly for us, it was an incredible show: how they were accepted and the orchestra. I mean this was a real show. They arrived, disembarked. Afterwards, we left Bezerta and sailed to Alexandria. Now that was a show I'll never forget. Very difficult to forget: because this was the first time that I ever saw an Arab. An Arab is an Arab! Arabs in Bezerta were not the Arabs in Egypt. The Egyptian was something like the last person in line; and that's the way they behaved and looked. We would throw cans into the water and they would jump into the water to pick them up. On April 26, 1946, we arrived to Palestine at Haifa. The British were waiting for us with buses because we had our appropriate buses. The British took us to the Atleet camp. We spent four days in the Aleet. On April 30, the British separated us into two groups; we were the children's group from Blankeyneyza, we were taken by buses. After serious persuasions, discussion, and

efforts, because no one wanted to leave one another; we came together, and we leave together. The British explained that the young children should go to school, such as Ben-Shemen, and the older children went...there was no choice. We were separated into two groups again. One group went to Kibbutz Sedaywrote, and the other group, including myself, went to Kibbutz Kiryat-Anavim. The following was unforgettable! I was a fifteen, almost sixteen year old; I already knew about communism, and what I knew was entirely negative. Communism and I are two different worlds. One morning I woke up in kibbutz, that was my first, and the entire kibbutz displayed red flags as well as blue and white flags everywhere. We didn't understand what was going on. We did not understand what, how, what it was...because when we came from Blankeynayze, we came with our blue and white flag and we came with all the pichiphkes, as they call it. Later everything was okay, of course they explained what was going on, and we understood. We also received quite a warm welcome. What do I mean by warm welcome? If you could gather the tears of all of those people who stood there and welcomed us, you could have boiled several water heaters. That was awesome!

Q: Do you remember when I came on the first Shabbat to Kiriyat-Anavim and we were together?

A: Yes, in the dining room and later when we sat in one of the rooms until late at night.

Q: Correct.

A: Yes, that was my first shabbat here in Palestine.

Q: I came to see the children of...

A: Look at the way we look! I can't speak for others, however, I feel I can say that everything was very strange for me. It was good, new, and nice, and I don't care. It took a very, very short while, of course we wanted to be like the other children in the kibbutz. Like the children who were born in Palestine with everything. The way we dressed, worked, everything. That's right, the relations between the local youth and us weren't so great in the beginning. Obviously we didn't speak Hebrew, they didn't speak any other language than Hebrew, so of course there were conflicts. Although they were on petty matters, the conflicts existed. It wasn't very pleasant or nice. We had a team who took care of us. The head master, an instructor, and a teacher. We learned a lot at school; we wanted to learn more than they wanted to teach. Therefore we received whatever we wanted, but this was fleeting.

Q: How long did you stay in Kiriya-Anavim?

A: We stayed in Kiriya-Anavim until the beginning of the independence war.

Q: And afterwards?

A: We were also the major force of the kibbutz during the war of independence.

Q: What did you do afterwards?

A: Afterwards we joined the Palmach because they did not accept us anywhere else. In 1947, I was only 17 years old and a person could join the army only if they were 18 or older. What happened with our group is that we split up and each one of us found a way to lie, and some of us were even successful in joining the artillery, the air force and so on. However, there was

no problem joining the Palmach. Even 16 and 17 year olds joined. I also had a car accident when I just joined. There were other things around. All of us left the kibbutz. I'm almost certain that most of us if not everyone, that if it weren't for the war of independence, then our group would not have disbursed. Although I believe that this war was a good war.

Q: And what do you do now, and where are you living?

A: Now I live in Haifa. I have two sons, may they live healthily!...I have four grandchildren.

Q: How old are your sons?

A: My oldest is 36 years old and the youngest is 33. I already have a grandchild in first grade, and I hope to get more grandchildren. Someone must continue. I did not have the economic means to have more than two children.

Q: Do you have contact with your other friends from Kiriyat-Anavim?

A: From our group?

Q: Yes.

A: Certainly, of course. Although not personally except for a few individuals. However, every five years, the entire group meets. Recently, last summer, we celebrated 45 years. We met in Bai-Harishonim, Batey-Aharon, not from Natonia. Of those who are alive, nobody was absent. Unfortunately there are already three or four that are no longer with us: one was killed

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in the independence war, two passed away due to illness,...three-nature takes its toll. But everyone else shows up by obligation.

Q: So I would like to receive an invitation for the next time.

A: I agree, I agree, I agree...

Q: If I'll be alive!

A: I agree, and personally I'll send you the invitation because I was one of those who initiated these meetings. It was me and Haddasa. You should remember her name too. Haddasa Binder. Now her name is Hamburger. We organized the last meeting and I'll take on the responsibility to organize the next one, and I promise...

Q: If I'll be alive.

A: Today...

Q: It's not so difficult.

A: Not so bad.

Q: We'll see. So thanks, many many thanks.

A: Thank you very much.