LINE FIVE: THE INTERNAL PASSPORT
The Soviet Jewish Oral History Project of the Women's Auxiliary of the Jewish Community Centers of Chicago

NELLA RUBENSHTEIN RADUNSKY

Graphologist
Institute of Lawyers, Minsk, 1955

BIRTH: 1933, Minsk

SPOUSE: Izrail Radunsky, 1929, Minsk

Married in 1955

CHILDREN: Lyuba, 1956, resides Chicago

Michael Radunsky, 1962, resides Chicago

PARENTS: Moishe Rubinshtein, 1902 -1936, near Minsk

Perle Katz, 1908 - 1966, Ukraine

SIBLINGS:

MATERNAL GRANDPARENTS:
Yankel Katz, Ukraine

Clara -- Katz, Ukraine

PATERNAL GRANDPARENTS:
Miron Rubenshtein, Byeloressia

JEWISH ORGANIZATIONAL AFFILIATIONS (IF GIVEN):
Jewish Community Center
Free Synagogue

ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

Women's Auxiliary of the Jewish Community Centers of Chicago

NAME: **NELLA RADUNSKY**

DATE: June 12, 1991

INTERVIEWER: Elaine Snyderman

TRANSLATOR: Sarah Krive

(Nella, you were born in Minsk, Byelorussia in 1933. It sounds as if your life was very complicated from almost the start. In about 1936, what happened?)

In 1936 my father was repressed and sent - we didn't even know where. I was three years old. My mother was twenty-eight years old. We were left, the two of us, alone. We didn't know anything else about my father. We didn't hear anything else about him, and my mother lived out the rest of her life alone with me.

It's interesting that when I tried to emigrate from the Soviet Union, I was supposed to fill out a form on

which there was a line: "If your parents are living, where are they? If they have died, then in what year and where are they buried?" And I couldn't fill out this line, because I never knew. I basically never knew my father, never knew where and when he died, nor where he was buried. They shot him maybe, who knows.

Since 1936, when he was repressed, we didn't know anything about him. So I didn't fill out this line, insofar as I didn't have this information about him. And they didn't want to accept my documents and process my exit from Russia. I was forced to turn to the head of OVIR and write him a long, detailed letter about why I don't know anything about my father and why I didn't fill out this line on the form. So, briefly stated, in 1936 I was left an orphan forever, and my mother was left a widow.

We lived with my grandparents until 1941 when the war began. Then we went with my mother to Kiev where her sister lived. At this time the German soldiers killed my grandfather and grandmother and my mother's brother's children - all the family. And purely by chance we left there and ran away from Kiev. Because when we arrived in

Kiev where my mother's sister lived in order to take her to grandfather's house in Stary Konstantinov, the Germans had already attacked Kiev, were bombing Kiev. We left Kiev with mother's sister and only for that reason remained alive - mother and her one sister. But my mother's brothers were called to the front. They were soldiers throughout the war. Their wives and children, together with my grandmother and grandfather were killed. This was in 1942, 1943. We don't know exactly when. The war began in 1941... It was probably 1942. The younger brother was killed on the front and the other returned.

My mother told me that my father was a very honest person. He was a good worker and always worked hard, and why they took him away, she never understood, because, as we say, "without judgment or investigation," they came during the night, took him away, and didn't say anything. And we never saw him again. Our whole lives we lived in fear. I never told anyone that my father had been repressed, because for me that would have closed all the doors - I wouldn't have been able to go to school anywhere, or find work. Everyone whose parents have been repressed are considered "children of enemies of the people." I went

to study, and always hid it, and never told anyone the truth, that my father had been repressed.

In 1957, after Stalin died, they started to unearth all the crimes he committed. So In 1957 I received a notice that my father was arrested for nothing, and was guilty of no crime, and was thereby rehabilitated. My mother suffered so much. I have this letter with me.

We all ran away on foot, then were transported in some kind of transport trains. And that's how we made our way to the Urals. Throughout the war we lived in Kuibyshev. Mama worked there in a factory. We lived there during the war until it was over. We lived together with mother's sister in one room. Mother's sister had three children. They gave us coupons and we would go and for the coupons would buy bread and other foods. Like food stamps. I was not very full for two years. There was bread and oil, and maybe meat, I don't remember everything. But because my mother and her sister and her sister's children worked at the factory, they got worker's coupons. It's a little more bread, a little more oil. But for country folk there

wasn't even that. (Was there milk and eggs for the children?) Sometimes, maybe. I don't remember.

(Were you healthy? Did you stay well, or was there sickness during the war?) We got sick, of course, caught colds. There wasn't much to wear. We wore socks we sewed ourselves and rubber boots. At work we had wet feet. [husband: We need to remember that it wasn't just Jews who suffered during the war. All the Russian people suffered, too.]

(When did you realize you were Jewish? Did you pay attention to this before the war, during the war, after the war? When did it make a difference to you that you were Jewish? I'm assuming it made a difference.) Before the war, I don't remember. I was a little girl. When the war came, we lived in Kuibyshev. There I learned for the first time that I was a Jew, and it was there that we first heard that there were all kinds of *zhidi*, that they're hiding in Tashkent, that the Russian people were fighting, while Jews were hiding in the taiga and in Tashkent. When I started school - that was all untrue, of course, it was just anti-semitism they thought up - my father's name was Moishe.

(That's Yiddish for Moses. And Moses would be a Jewish name.) It's a Yiddish name, but I cannot tell the children that I am Jewish. I changed my father's name so they wouldnot know I was a Jew. Later, when I was leaving Russia, I had trouble, because on my documents my father's name is Michael, and I have a letter saying his name was Moishe. They asked me, "What does it mean?" I told them that at that time I could not tell the truth.

(You're getting your first taste of anti-semitism in Kuibyshev.) I would go to school and the first time I heard *zhid, Moishe*... (It starts when you're nine, ten years old?) Yes.

(1945 - the war is over. Then you go back to Minsk?) Yes. (Are you able to go back to the place you lived before?) We went back to Stary Konstantinov, but when we arrive, our house is not there. The Germans bombed it and it burned. There was just a big hole where our house stood. All our belongings were lost. We barely survived that winter. It's impossible to tell the story of how we lived in a room which opened right out onto the street.

Water in the room froze. But we got through the winter and in the Spring my mother's brother took us to Minsk. From that time, 1947, until our departure for America, we lived the rest of our lives in Minsk.

(You lived outdoors, like in a tent?) No. The winter of 1946 we went back. In 1945 the war finished, but we couldn't travel. Only in 1946 could we go back to the city where we lived before.

(I'm trying to picture the conditions you lived in that winter?) My mother and I rented a room from an old woman. It had the kind of entrance - well, you wouldn't know Russian doors - there are summer entrances and winter entrances. Winter entrances have a kind of corridor, but summer entrances open right out onto the street for when it's warm out. She rented us a room with a summer entrance. The door opened right onto the street. In the middle of the room we had a stove with a pipe that went out the window. We burned things in the stove, but our backs would freeze. There was no plumbing of any kind. We had to get water from the river. Water would freeze. We couldn't even bathe. There wasn't a bathtub. The Germans

tore everything up, and this was only 1946 - they still hadn't fixed anything up again. We were really in a kind of torture. There was nothing to eat. That was real hunger. It's hard to tell all this, and hard for someone who didn't live through it to understand what it was like.

(When did your mother start to work again?) When we went to Minsk, her brother helped her to find a job. But wherever she'd go, they'd ask if she was Jewish. Then they would say, "The place is not available." And only when her brother came from the war could he force someone to give her a place to work. They didn't want to take her on a job. She would call: "Do you need a bookkeeper?" "Yes." "Come over, let's see." She would come, they'd see her, and tell her the place was taken. But those who fought at the front - her brother came back with medals and honors - and only because he fought at the front could he help mother find work.

(What were your living arrangements once your mother started working?) We lived at the home of her brother. But the brother, his first wife and two children died during the war and he was married a second time. His new

wife didn't want to see us, to give us to eat. My mother took me and went outside without a home, without food to eat. We ran out of the house. His wife tortured us. He took himself a new wife and it was hard for them too. They lived in one room. She said, "It's bad enough for us. There isn't anything to eat. What is she doing here with her daughter?" My mother couldn't stand this. She didn't want her brother to have problems with his new wife. So we went wherever our eyes took us. (Where?) We lived with an old woman. As I said, mother's brother found her a job. From that job she was given a room. And we lived in that room.

[Her husband is asking her to tell a story about something.] When we lived in Stary Konstantinov, I told you how horrible it was. There was that stove with the pipe out the window. And my mother couldn't stand it anymore. How old was I? Ten? No, I was already thirteen years old. And that stove we kept going, you could close the flue and of course you'd die then from the smoke. And she said to me once, "You know, let's close the flue, lay down to sleep, and then we won't have to wake up again." And I started to cry horribly. (It was the two of you? Was

anyone else living with you at that time?) No, only me and my mother. (So she talked to you like you were a grown-up?) She said we could finish all the troubles, all the problems. We can go to sleep and in the morning not wake up.

(But her brother came. You got through somehow. And did he find her the job after his wife put you out?) Yes. He helped my mother to find a job. The job had rooms for the employees, and they gave my mother a room in the apartment with many rooms. And a room for each family, and a kitchen for everyone, a communal apartment. And we lived there until I got married.

(Did you still have relations with your uncle and his wife?) After we went out, later - I don't know how many years - it was good, with his wife and him, mother's brother. But he didn't want to help us back then, so we left and broke off relations with him. (Was his second wife Jewish?) Yes. (Do you think his first wife would have been different?) I don't remember her because I was a little girl and I lived with my mother in Stary

Konstantinov in the Ukraine, and her two brothers lived in Minsk before the war.

(So you started going to school again, and you had problems with your father's name for a period of time?) In Kuibyshev my father's name was Michael, and my whole life I write "Michael," not "Moishe" so nobody would guess. Even to get a library card you have to put down your nationality. Everywhere. When I went to college, they want to accept me. My last name was Rubenshtein. They said everything was closed, that all the places were filled.

(What kind of student were you?) I studied well. I always tried.

When I grew up and was already a young woman, my mother had two coats, a winter and a summer. So these two coats for the two of us. When it got warm, mama would wear the winter coat, and I wore the summer coat. When it became cold, she herself wore the summer coat, and I got to wear the winter one. In that way I could go to school to study. My mother gave me the better coat.

(So you had a special relationship with your mother. How old were you when you went to the institute?) I was seventeen years old. (Did you study what you wanted to study? Were you permitted to study your chosen field?) I had a girlfriend in school, her father was a dentist in the city. And the director of the institute where I wanted to go went to this dentist. He built protection for me. He said that I was an orphan, had had a very difficult life, and asked him to take my documents for this institute.

(Did you have some dream of what you wanted to be when you grew up?) Yes, I wanted to be a lawyer. But I could not be a lawyer. Many times I would give the documents to find a job for a lawyer, but I cannot find the job. Simply because I am Jewish. I go to work like an expert of criminology. All the time I wanted to be a lawyer, but my dream didn't come true.

(Describe the work you did. You analyzed handwriting, is that correct?) False documents. People falsified signatures on documents, received money illegally, all kinds of things. I worked in the Office of Criminology,

Criminal Investigation. Anonymous letters, where people would write all kinds of information. I would compare the signature with certain false documents with those of the suspects. This might mean that he received money illegally, wrote letters to people. If a person is a suspect you analyze all kinds of handwriting. It's a whole science, how handwriting is analyzed. I worked in a laboratory.

(This had nothing to do with studying the character of a person by the handwriting?) Yes, it did. That's called the establishment of authorship. For example, anonymous novels or poetry, you have to figure out who wrote it - Lermontov or Pushkin, for example, by analyzing the hand-writing. Character - character traits we also established. In recent years that science has been developing, and there are people who can determine certain character traits, nationality, native language can be determined by text.

(How large was the laboratory you worked in? Were there a lot of people working with you?) Seven or eight people worked at the same laboratory. There were many laboratories. They did chemical, physical, imprint

examinations - from tires, legs, fingertips, knives. (What was the name of the laboratory?) Handwriting Laboratory. Investigation of Handwriting and Documents. For instance, someone might come in and ask, "When was this document written?" And we can say whether it was written long ago or three years ago. Institute of Forensic Examination.

(In this workplace were there other Jews?) Three Jewish people worked at the institute. (Were the Jews treated like equals in this workplace?) You mean at the laboratory? I was the only Jewish person in my laboratory. (And in the institute where you studied there were only three? How big was the institute?) About 100 workers. (So you were the only one in the laboratory? How were you treated? Like everyone else?) The people I worked with treated me very well. Simply like a person. I don't mean to flatter myself, but they really loved me there. They treated me very well. But the bosses never gave me raises, never promoted me. They were nice to me too, but never did anything for me. [husband: They all treated her with a great deal of respect, but they never promoted her.]

In the laboratory where I worked, my boss was killed in an airplane crash. I was the oldest, most experienced worker, but they didn't make me head of the department. They gave it to some younger woman, Byelorussian. (What year was that?) That was ten years ago or so.

[husband: Going back to a point made about jokes made during the war about Jews not doing anything. There are many nationalities in the Soviet Union, and many people fought in the war, but if you take Heros in the Soviet Union, the medal that's given out, Jews had the third most, even though there were fewer of them than other nationalities that took part. But to get even to that point where you would be given this medal was already a big step, because they didn't want to give them to Jews.]

(How did you meet Izrail?) How did I meet him? To tell the whole thing would be a very long story. (How old were you when you met each other?) I was twenty-three years old and he was twenty-seven. I was younger than him by four years. A friend we had in common introduced us on the street. It was the May first demonstrations. All the students were sent to the demonstrations. We made a column

and went around with our friends, and we met there. We've been married thirty-five years. [Izrail: My parents liked her a lot.]

(So you didn't know each other very long then before you got married?) No. Six months. He didn't want to wait for a long time.

(What kind of wedding did you have? Was it a civil ceremony, at home?) It was at home. For the friends and relatives. It was very modest. We didn't get married in a synagogue. There wasn't anything like that back then. We couldn't do that in Russia. No one did that. We did the civil ceremony at ZAGS and then had a party. We had seventy guests. (Did you wear a special dress for the occasion?) No, I had a usual dress, a pink one. I still remember that! (Did you make your own dress or did you buy it?) A tailor sewed it for me.

(Did you get your own apartment right away or did you live with someone's parents?) No, we lived with his aunt, and then with my mother in one room. It was only in... what year was that? - that we got our own place. We

already had two children when we got a little apartment with two rooms. The line to receive an apartment was ten to twelve years. Those who had six square meters of space were not allowed in line, but if it was less than six, they were allowed. So, we lived in one room, twenty square meters, me, my husband, mother, two children. How much does that come to? For five people, it had to be less than six square meters a person. So we each had four square meters. But if there were six square meters for each person, you generally couldn't even get in line. [Izrail: The problem was there wasn't much housing. After the war, people came from the country to Minsk to get apartments. I'm not against country folk, but everyone was pushing and shoving to get apartments. They didn't want to work on the collective farms. They wanted an easier life.]

(Lyuba was born in 1957?) No, 1956. (And she was born in a hospital?) Yes. (Did you have good care during your pregnancy and delivery?) Yes. As far as that was possible in Russia. (You didn't have any problems or complications when the baby was born?) No. (Six years later Michael was born?) Yes. (1962?) Yes.

(Anything different with that pregnancy or delivery or anything?) With him? (We're interested in the health care too, whether it was pleasant or unpleasant.) I'll explain to Sarah. When I had my second child, our son, we lived in one room with my mother, with a communal kitchen. The room was sixteen square meters. I had to go back to work so I wouldn't lose my job, because for Jews to find work at all was very difficult. (When you were pregnant?) When I was pregnant they gave me a leave of two months after the birth. But in two months I had to go back to work. So I went off to work and we got a babysitter. All in this one room, can you imagine? She lived with us. She came from the country and had to live with us. So in this [fifteen]-meter room lived me, my mother, my husband, our two children and the babysitter - six people. We had a communal kitchen. There was another woman who lived in the apartment, in the other room.

Our babysitter slept in the kitchen because there wasn't even room for another bed in the room we had. So that's how we lived. Then later we got our apartment. [Izrail: A lot of people lived like that, not just us.] (What year did you get your own apartment?) The year my

son was born. He was born in April. And in September 1962 we got our apartment. (Was it a nice apartment?) Not a nice apartment. A *Krushchovka*, it's two rooms. One room is a little bigger, and the second one is smaller. [Izrail: The city had been destroyed. It had been hit harder than other cities. The apartment was just like this one, just the same.] (But it was a new apartment?) Yes. (So did the plumbing work?) Yes.

(How long did you keep the sitter for Michael?) Until he went to kindergarten. Maybe four years. (The same baby-sitter?) No, many babysitters. I changed them. It was not a good babysitter. I've had many babysitters.

(So the children are growing up and things are getting a little better with Krushchev in power. Have you had an opportunity to observe any kind of Judaic life? Did you observe the Jewish holidays at all?) No. It was impossible. We were always afraid that the neighbors would find out, or at work. We didn't follow the traditions or celebrate the holidays. We couldn't raise our children with it. And we didn't tell them they were Jews until people started saying it on the street or in school. But they

understood that it was better not to say anything about this to anyone. No Jews could. In Russia it just wasn't possible. They trampled on Jewish culture, traditions. They talked about all of it at meetings, etc. It just wasn't possible in Russia.

(At this point, did you have any thought about emigrating? Was it even a dream? We know it wasn't possible at that time, in the early 1960's.) Yes, but my husband has a big family, and they couldn't all leave Russia together. They had many problems. When our son left Russia to go to America, I understood that I couldn't live that way anymore - without my son, my granddaughter, with everything becoming horrible. Then after Chernobyl, the ecology was ruined.

(What is the girl's name?) Rita, Michael's daughter. (How old is she?) She will be four years old soon. (His wife's name?) Alla.

(Was it Chernobyl that changed Michael's mind, that made him want to come to this country?) Yes, but this year when his daughter was born was just horrible. There was

nothing to eat. Everything was poisoned all over. And they decided. He didn't have work. So he was sent into areas where the Chernobyl accident had been, on business they sent him. The accident was in 1986, and they left in 1988. Around Chernobyl, the air, the land, everything was ruined. (What was your son's training?) He's an accountant. Now he lost his job. (Here in Chicago?) Yes, and he is looking for a job.

(So your life goes along. There are a few things I want to be sure to ask. Are you aware of any of the political activities where people were reading *samizdat* manuscripts? Did you know of any of this going on in the 1970's? Some people in Minsk I know read the works of Vasily Grossman.) We can read this when Gorbachev came in. (It wasn't published until Gorbachev. Did you get a chance to read Solzhenitsyn?) The only book of his that was published in the Soviet Union was <u>One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich</u>. Aside from that we didn't read anything, and nothing else was published. (So in general you didn't read *samizdat*?) That was in Moscow and Leningrad. We didn't have that kind of thing. We could only read those things

when Gorbachev came in with *perestroika* and *glasnost* and democracy. And that was a big game itself. There were better books, though, than his. Heavy Sand, Children of the Arbat. Anatoly Rybakov.

(How would you describe your circle of friends? Your husband as an artist, you a lawyer. Were you able to discuss politics in your circle of friends?) Yes, we can discuss it only in our house, in this circle of friends. But we can not say what we think in public - at work. Only at home. (Were your friends Jewish and non-Jewish?) Our circle is Jewish people, but at work, at the other place we are friendly with other people too. We lived in this country. The people - we cannot be not friendly, not helping each other.

(The questions I ask are not making judgements, just finding things out. For instance, when I ask you if you were a member of the Communist party, that is not a question of judgement. Just, if you wanted to be a member, could you be a member? Would you have liked to have been a member, or were you a member?)

[Izrail: I would like to add something. Jews always worked hard, because there was just that kind of situation. And Jews assimilated in Russia. And Jews made a very large contribution to Russian culture - music, painting, science, everywhere, with their minds, hearts, talent, good will, and for them Russia became a homeland. Maybe even more for Russians. Namely Jews made this large contribution to Russian culture.]

And no one ever valued this. [Izrail: They did in some measure, they gave awards, etc., but rarely.]

(Were you a member of the Communist party?) No. (Could you have been if you had wanted to be?) No. For Jews that was very difficult, but we never wanted it anyway. No one in our family was ever in it.

(How did your son find a sponsor to come to this country? Did you have family here?) No, he went with his wife and daughter. They didn't have a sponsor here. (So they had permission to go to Israel probably, and then they came here. And their little girl was born the year before or after Chernobyl?) After Chernobyl. She was born in 1987. (Was she healthy?) I think so, but before they brought her

to America she was sick. She had stomach problems, eye problems. (Did other children exposed to the radiation have those problems?) It's hard to say. I don't know. There was nothing to feed here there. Her stomach was always digesting improperly. The doctors said they would keep her to feed her, but there was nothing to eat. Three months before the departure, she hadn't gained a single gram. And she was already ten months old. And those last three months she should have grown. There was nothing to feed her. Anything you gave her, she threw right up. Not fruits, not vegetables. Probably everything was covered with radiation and it just made her sick. She was a weak child. Only when they got her to Vienna and got her to a doctor right away did she start to get better.

(Did she get well?) Yes, they fed her baby foods, things without radiation, and she started to get well right away.

(Let me jump to some questions. Did you have any trouble emigrating when you wanted to leave?) Waves of emigration had already started. Gorbachev permitted everyone to leave. We joined that wave. At work I had to let

them know I was leaving. There were some difficult moments, but at least people who were leaving were treated a little better. Before, a person who wanted to leave was subjected to meetings, cross examination, and so forth. My son went through that. But by the time we left there weren't problems like that. My son left in 1987, and we in 1989.

(When did you get here? What was the date you arrived in Chicago?) April 4, 1990.

(How would you describe your personal philosophy. You've had a lot of losses in life, but you've obviously overcome very much.) How to say it. My philosophy of life. I lived a very hard life in Russia. The country is horrible. [Izrail: The land is beautiful, the people are awful.]

All right then, the regime. It's a beautiful country, but the regime, Soviet power is horrible; it's a bunch of thieves. They killed the lives of generations of people. What is my philosophy? Of course we couldn't realize in Russia our dreams, our capabilities, our interests, our

inclinations. We were always placed within some kind of borders. Two steps to the side is not possible. We went along the notorious, well-trampled path. Of course we reconciled ourselves to this fate. Of course we never knew any kind of freedom. We always felt rage, just as all people did, rage for the Communist party, rage that because we were Jewish things were denied us. I would say we lived a horrible life in Russia, horrible.

[Izrail: But I would say that I lived a very interesting and full life. Even though things worked against me, I still had a good life.]

He just loved his work. Russia is a beautiful country, beautiful land. He could travel and paint. But it has to be said that for all this he didn't receive any salary. He earned money from orders, from various things, but aside from that, you could say he was a free artist. Well, maybe what I've said isn't all organized. I wasn't really prepared for this. Maybe if I'd thought it out beforehand I could have put it all differently.

(What do you hope for your children and yourselves here in the United States?) I would like them to realize

their capabilities, find interesting work, get the children a good education so they will know that they're Jewish. Of course my children weren't raised as Jews in Russia, but I hope that they give to their children training in Jewish culture and traditions; that they won't be ashamed to be Jewish. It's not a shameful thing to be Jewish. In Russia it was a shameful thing. Everyone was afraid and hid it. But I want them to live freely, for the children to study what they want, for the children to live according to their principles and desires, and that no one stop them from doing what they want with their lives.

(Have you been able to join any Jewish organizations or participate in any of the rituals that you've missed - weddings, bris, bar mitzvahs?) My daughter's son had his bris when they arrived here. They couldn't do that in Russia. They weren't raised as Jews, of course, in Russia. They didn't know anything about it, but here, where it's possible, they want to become acquainted with Jewish culture and rituals, and I think that their children will be raised completely differently. They've got what we couldn't give our children in Russia.

(How old was he when he had his bris? He's eight-and-a-half now, right?) Yes. (So how old was he?) What month was that? When he was eight years old. (How did you feel at that moment when he went through the bris? Were you there for it?) They went to a hospital, Mt. Sinai.

(One last question, you obviously have a positive attitude. How have you kept your family strong and together through all the ups and downs of your life. Your oldest is 34, your son is 28. And now you have your grandchildren, and your husband is an artist who probably isn't very practical... How have you done all this? What has sustained you through your life?) How I did it? I don't even know. But I knew that if I couldn't do it, I couldn't live. My son left with the hope that we would follow. Now, here, I don't need anything. I just want my children to be happy. I put all my energies into helping them get out of there, because I knew that there's no life there for my children and grandchildren. Me, I've pretty much lived my life through. I suffered so much in life, and have known so much sorrow - I didn't want my children to have to know this.

(Is there anything I should have asked that I didn't?) I don't know. Maybe that's all. I cannot translate all my life in two or more hours. It's very hard for me. What I can, I told you. But I cannot explain everything. I think you should go to Izrail for interview. I thought this was another interview for Izrail, not for me!