

Interview with TATIANA BENHARBONE  
Holocaust Media Project  
Date: 8/27/91 Place: San Francisco  
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Q. I'M TAMI NEWNHAM AND I'M INTERVIEWING TATIANA BENHARBONE. AND I'M HERE WITH LAURIE SOSNA AND CAROLINE ROSENTHAL.

TATIANA, WILL YOU BEGIN BY TELLING US YOUR BIRTH DATE, WHERE YOU WERE BORN AND WHO COMPRISED YOUR FAMILY AT THAT TIME.

A. I was born in 1937 on November 30th. I believe I was born in Loj. My name was Tatiana Volsvolska. My father's name was Vladislov Volsvolska, and my mother Danuta.

Q. WERE THERE ANY BROTHERS OR SISTERS?

A. No, no.

Q. DO YOU KNOW OF ANY EXTENDED FAMILY, AUNTS AND UNCLES?

A. There was a grand uncle, I believe, who presently resides in Brazil. He survived the Warsaw ghetto. He was one of the resistance fighters.

I saw him very briefly at the end of the war and that's when he told me who I was, because until then, I didn't know what my name was and really who I was, and then I never saw him again.

Many, many years later in Israel, I met a son that he had subsequently from another marriage, because he lost his wife and his son and his whole family during the war.

Q. WHAT WAS HIS NAME?

A. Andre. The son's name was Andre. We met briefly at the time and he told me. He wasn't really my uncle, but he was -- I forget the -- my grandfather's brother, so he was a grand uncle.

Q. CAN YOU DESCRIBE ANY MEMORIES YOU HAVE OF YOUR EARLY CHILDHOOD WITH YOUR PARENTS, BEFORE THE WAR?

A. Well, my very earliest memory is a silly one. It was eating a lot of green sour stuff, which I found since then in California. It's called sour grass, and then I ended up throwing up. That's about the earliest memory I have.

The second memory that I have is being asleep at night and suddenly the neighbors rushing in crying that "The Germans are coming, the Germans are coming," and my grandmother picking me up and wrapping me up and laying me on bundles of blankets and clothes and hitching up horses and driving and the horses -- with the horses to a very large city. It was the biggest city I'd ever seen until then, trolley cars. I believe it was Krakow. I'm not certain, and there she left me with a woman and told me she would come back for me, she was going back to get our things, and I never saw her again.

That was the very earliest memory.

Q. HOW OLD WERE YOU?

A. About two and a half, maybe three.

Q. DID YOU REMEMBER SEEING YOUR PARENTS IN THIS TIME?

A. I don't -- no, I don't remember, but from what she told me, was that my father -- my father went to Warsaw. He was teaching at the university in Warsaw and he didn't come back, so my mother went after him and then she didn't come back. That was just shortly before our neighbor came to warn us. That was about 1939 then. Maybe 1940.

Q. AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT?

A. She left me with this lady, and I remember sitting there in front of a very milky kind of soup with things floating in it, kind of like noodles, and I remember being locked up there and scared to death and I was so afraid, because there was a lot of noise outside.

I locked the doors and when she tried to get in, I couldn't open it and they had to get somebody to come climb through the window to open the door, and I really -- I got hell.

So after that, I think it was the end of our relationship, because after that, she took me to another couple and I remember it was Christmastime, because there was a big beautiful Christmas tree standing there in the middle of the room, and they were a young couple.

Their name was Kukulo and they called me Ursula and they had this big suitcase under the bed with walnuts

painted in silver to hang up on the Christmas tree and I stayed with them -- they were like my mother and father -- then throughout the course of the war. I grew up as a Catholic with them.

Q. WHAT WERE THEIR NAMES?

A. Kukulo. K-u-k -- Kukulo, and I was Kukula, because in Poland, you know, it's "A" for the woman and "O" for the man.

Q. DO YOU REMEMBER -- WHAT WERE THEIR FIRST NAMES?

A. I don't know what their first names are. They would take me with them to work. They had a book store, and I would lie down in the shelves with -- behind the front counter, these deep shelves, and read. I read everything, with the result I practically lost my eyesight. After, I had to have glasses.

But then I remember bombing and running down the stairs of the apartment where we lived, going into the shelters underneath, and then it was very dark there and kids crying and very hungry.

Those things, I remember, but my fondest memory is running down the stairs, and I was learning to count and I had just realized that after 10 comes 11 and then 20 and then 21 and when you get to 30, it repeats, 40, 50, and the idea struck me, I said "Wow, you can go forever. I mean, you can just count forever. It's so easy."

I was trying, I was tugging on them and saying "You know, isn't this amazing? What an amazing thing," you know. I was just totally -- my mind was blown away,

running down the stairs, and nobody cared. Nobody -- everybody was just in an absolute panic and, you know, I just -- you know, for me, that was the most important thing in the world at that moment, is discovery. Nobody cared much. That was one thing.

Another thing I remember is coming out into the street and there was a candy store down the street with a little old lady. We used to go there and buy candy and one day we went out there and there was nothing there. It had been bombed and the lady wasn't there, the store wasn't there and most of all, the candy wasn't there, and I was wondering where it had gone to, you know, because suddenly there was just nothing there at all.

But it was -- so those are about most of my memories --

Q. WHAT WAS YOUR UNDERSTANDING --

A. -- during the war.

Q. -- OF THE WAR, WHAT WAS HAPPENING?

A. I didn't have any understanding. I just thought this was what happened. I thought that's how life was. I mean, it never occurred to me that it was a war or there was peace or war or things were any different. It was just -- it just was.

And I remember also going to the Catholic church and having the best part, you stick your tongue out in the end and they put this little wafer on it, because it was delicious. You know, it was something to eat, and then all the incense, you know. It was really heady, you

know. They swung these things with incense in it and it was really nice.

Do you want me to just keep going on?

Q. YES, IF YOU HAVE MEMORIES. THEN I'LL ASK QUESTIONS.

A. After the war, I remember when the war ended and -- I mean the highest point in our life is when the Cossacks rode into the town on their horses and their fur hats and their swords. That was -- you know, that was wonderful and we all believed they saved us from the Germans.

And they stayed upstairs and I remember at night, I'd lie in bed and the roof would kind of shake up and down. One day, I went up there and they were like all singing and drinking and dancing and one of them picked me up and swung me around. It was very exciting.

That's about it. Then I remember going with these little -- fair hair and braids like tucked under, these little white ribbons, little red handkerchiefs and from the school, we'd go to a museum and there'd be a big picture of Stalin with his whiskers. We loved him, you know, he saved us. And we were bringing flowers and putting it under, you know, the painting.

It was only years later, when I was in the United States in school -- I remember the day that Stalin died. We were standing around the table for lunch and somebody announced that Stalin died. Everybody went "Yea" and I stood there and I started to cry and they all looked

at me. You know, this was like 50's. It was very strange.

By that time, of course, I knew that, you know, the things that he had done and how he really hadn't saved Poland at all, but what you learn as children really stays with you, so there I stood there, crying, because Stalin had died. Because I had a crush on him, big mushtaches.

When the war ended, the Kukulos took me to a place and they told me that the war had ended and I may have had living relatives and that I was a Jew, and I stood there with my rosary and my New Testament and I was in a state of shock.

They said "We're going to leave you here with this woman" -- it was Elena Kekler -- "and maybe there will be some relatives of yours," and they left me. That was the last time that I saw them, when they brought me there.

Q. HOW OLD WERE YOU?

A. That was after the war, 1945, so I was about eight maybe. '45? Yeah. Right after the war.

Q. WHEN YOU FIRST CAME TO THEM, AND YOU REMEMBER HAVING CHRISTMAS WITH THEM, WHAT WERE YOU THINKING? DID YOU RECOGNIZE THAT THIS WAS A DIFFERENT --

A. No. Well, I never -- I don't think I've ever seen a Christmas tree and it was wonderful. It was like from the fairy tales. I always read fairy tales and stuff and this tree was -- see, the wonderful thing in Poland, what they do with the Christmas trees, all the things on

them are edible. They bake special cookies and they string them up, and candy and walnuts, and then you eat them right from the tree, so it was like a, you know, a wonderful -- I mean, for a child, all that stuff hanging from a tree, it was marvelous and it was beautiful.

By the time you get to eat it, it all tastes of pine needles. It was an awful taste. Those cookies get kind of stale. You know, to this day, when I go near a pine tree, I remember sort of the taste of cookies, tasting and smelling like pine needles.

But it was -- it was marvelous, you know. Opening this suitcase full of painted silver walnuts and helping string them on the tree. That's the first thing I did. They just immediately took me in and then they got me involved in this, you know. It was magical. Of course, I didn't know anything, you know.

Q. SO THERE WAS NO SENSE THAT YOU WERE JEWISH?

A. I didn't know actually what was going on. I was young. I knew for some reason, you know, my mother and father were gone, but I think I was much more attached to my grandmother, who was the one that actually took care of me, because I think they both worked, but it was the loss of my grandmother that was the most -- you know, sometimes I would wonder why she hadn't come back for me, and, you know, I'd cry and -- but then, you know, very shortly I think I got used to my life and I mean, when you're three years old, you don't really go into these things. I mean, you don't know what's going on. I didn't



even know what was going on until I was much, much older.

Where I really started to suffer, the fact that I was a Jew, was after the war. Then like I came to full grips of what it was to be a Jew in Poland after the war. A lot of the children that I was with -- that's another story. The woman, Elena Kekler, wrote a book called "My Hundred Children" and I think almost everybody has read it. It's in every language. ABC did a special on her life, because she died a few years ago.

She found these children abandoned in the streets of Krakow or Warsaw, I don't know, and she took them and made a home for them with the help of the Jewish agency, and she took care of them all by herself. There were a hundred of them and they were a real mess. Some of them had escaped from the ghetto, they had -- they had survived the war and they were abandoned. They were street children, and so I was very lucky, and we had a home and she took us to Zakopane in Poland, out in the snow, and we lived there.

We went to the local school and it was -- it was really rough, because there was a lot of prejudice against the Jews after the war, so the kids would call us "Dirty Jews. Because of you the war started," you know, and I remember going to the school and there would be geese going across and all the kids would run there to get to school and I'd be scared, because those geese bit, you know, and I'd just stand there, you know, and I'd dash there to the school and get to the school.

I remember one day, a teacher asking some question and nobody knew the answer and one of our kids -- there were a few of us in the school -- raised his hand and she -- she just like ignored him completely, but she couldn't get the answer anywhere, so she called on him and he gave the answer and then she turned to the whole class and said "Aren't you ashamed that a Jew would know this answer? None of you? I have to call on a Jew?" Something like that. Afterwards, the kids like beat him up.

It got so bad that finally, we wouldn't go to the school, because the bigger kids would just get beat up and the bigger kids would try to protect us. They all knew that we came, you know, we came from the orphanage, so we'd have to go together and finally we just had the classes inside, inside the orphanage. And --

Q. WHO TAUGHT THOSE CLASSES?

A. People that she had. We had this wonderful woman called Mamutka. We called her Mamutka, which means mother. She was a big bosomed lady. She was Polish, and then there was Elena, who was the director there.

Do you want me to go on like chronologically what happened, or --

So things got pretty bad and Elena decided she would take us to -- take us out of Poland. She managed to get 50 passports and one day -- one night, we're sleeping in bed and she said to us "We're going on a trip, but you mustn't tell anybody. I'll call your names," and those

who had no family at all went. Some of us with family in Poland, she couldn't take them.

My name was on the end, because it was Volsvolska. By the time she found me, you know, it was great anxiety, but finally, I was very happy and we had these tarpolined covered trucks with hay and the little kids would go underneath, covered up with hay, and the big ones would sit on the sides.

Some of the kids like didn't want to go in the trucks, because, you know, they had bad memories of getting into trucks, but finally we got us all in there and she must have bribed the guards, so with 50 passports with maybe 50 kids up and the other 50 hidden -- there was three of these covered trucks. I think the Army must have helped her.

I don't know if I remember a lot of it or some I remember from that special that I saw, you know, but the fact that it was a little girl who they brought in and that was supposed to be me, except they made her a blond, but, you know, she had a few kids that would come in that Polish people had kept during the war that were paid to keep them or, you know, did it out of friendship or whatever. After the war, they brought them back.

So in those trucks, we went and we went through Berlin and Berlin was totally bombed out. We slept in a hotel. The nicest thing was in the morning, we got these white rolls with jam and I'd never seen a white roll before. It was like a high spot of my life. See, food

was very important in those days. Any kind of food, and sitting, and the bombs were falling. Sitting underneath.

We got something that I think since then, I've opened dog food and it's reminded me exactly of the same stuff, you know. Everybody was like really happy to get it. Most of our life was spent peeling potatoes at night, you know, and so we'd have something to eat the next day.

But when we left Berlin, we went to Czechoslovakia and we stayed about three months at a nuns' -- in a nuns' place in Prague and we would sleep -- the beds were lined up like this and the head would be there and then the feet and the head and the feet, so we'd be like two in each bunk like, you know, like sardines, like this.

I remember they took us out to see this marvelous cathedral in Prague, where they had -- in the time when they had these saints with these swords and things that would come around and I remember that. From there, we went to France and we stayed in this big beautiful house right outside of Paris and we spent the next two years there.

From there, some of the older children went to Israel. Her plan was eventually to take us to Israel and she took all but two of us to Israel. One boy was adopted and went to Canada and I was subsequently adopted and I came to the United States. But everybody else went to Israel, which at the time was -- I don't know if it was still Palestine, or I guess it had already become Israel.

Some of the older kids, I remember, had a crush on one boy, and he was -- he was like 18. I remember sitting on his lap. I was about nine or something, and and he went on the EXODUS and I remember the name. Later, I read the book and I said "Oh, wow, I knew somebody that went on that boat."

So in France, we also had teachers come in and they taught us Hebrew, because they wanted us to know Hebrew when we went to Israel, and then we had a lady come and teach us French also and we used to get a lot of sneakers from the United States and gum, and sneakers. One day, we had some visitors come, they left some candy. We just descended on those candies. It was amazing. It was a pile of them. We all grabbed as much candy as we could and ran off with it. Those were good days.

Q. DID SHE EXPLAIN TO YOU WHY YOU HAD TO LEAVE INITIALLY FROM POLAND?

A. There was no -- no, it was very -- no, just one night, there we were and she says "We're going, you know, going on a trip and you mustn't tell anybody outside the orphanage." It was a secret thing. I didn't know where we were going or what, you know. Nobody knew. I know now, because, you know, I'm an adult. I'm telling this as an adult, but at the time, if I were telling it the way it was, I didn't know anything at all.

Q. DID YOU CALL -- THE FIRST COUPLE THAT TOOK CARE OF YOU, DID YOU CALL THEM MOM OR DAD OR WHAT DID YOU CALL THEM?

A. I don't remember what I called them. I don't remember.

Q. DO YOU HAVE ANY SENSE OF WHY THEY TOOK THE RISK OF TAKING CARE OF YOU FOR THOSE YEARS?

A. I don't know. I don't know. They were paid or they did it just out of the goodness of their heart. I don't know, and I wish I could see them again, you know.

But when they left me after, I was very -- I was very -- I was heartbroken. I didn't want to leave, you know, so I guess I must have felt close to them, you know. I knew they weren't my real family, but at the same time, you know, being dumped off, I wasn't very happy.

Then I got very attached to Elena and I was the youngest of the children. There was just one little boy, I think he was a year younger than me. I think I called her mother, though. I'm not -- I'm not certain, but she was about as close, you know, as a mother to me. She was an incredible woman. She was a mother to all of us, but since I was the youngest one, you know, so I -- sort of like I was her favorite. I was always hanging onto her tails, you know, running after her and stuff.

Q. WAS SHE JEWISH OR WAS SHE --

A. Oh, yes, she was Jewish. She was a teacher and she was married and had a child and her husband was deported and her sister and she lost her child, and she survived the war by passing herself off as a nonJew and after the war, she tried to find her family and I think -- when I read her book, she said that I think a lot of it

was almost out of a sense of guilt, that she had survived the war by lying and she lost all of these people, you know.

It was like a way to make up for it.

She was an incredible woman. Brave and beautiful woman. Subsequently, she moved to Israel and she remarried and had a daughter called Chira, the sound, and I saw her.

Q. DID YOU STAY IN TOUCH WITH HER?

A. No. When I was adopted and I went to the United States, many years later, when I was in high school, I remember, she came to the town where we lived and she saw me and I remember I was very unhappy. I was very unhappy and I wanted to go back to her, because I was -- I was trained as a Zionist, I was trained -- all my life I was brought up in a Communist system.

We didn't have clothes. On Friday night, we would get our clothes and the Shabbat and we were trained to go and lived on the kibbutzim and when I came to the United States, it was totally different, it was a capitalist system, everyone was an individual. You know, there, we were -- everyone was a group. I was -- I was never lonely, because I was always with the other children. We were always as a group.

When I came suddenly, you know, it was such a totally different life, you know, learning English and everything, but I was very -- I had a difficult adolescence, and when she came, you know, I said -- it was

almost like "Oh, it's all your fault, you know. I never wanted to come to America and you made me do it."

What a great opportunity, but when they told me that I was adopted to go to America, I didn't want to go. I wanted to go with the rest of the children to Israel and then they said "Oh, you know, anybody who would be so happy. You would be very ungrateful to do so."

So I went.

Q. DO YOU KNOW WHY YOU WERE ADOPTED AS OPPOSED --

A. Well, the people that adopted me are -- were a Jewish couple. My father taught at Harvard University, and his wife, at the time they adopted me, Bernie, she couldn't have any children or thought she couldn't have any children, and they went to the Jewish agency to adopt a child, but they told them that they couldn't for whatever reason.

So when they went to France -- I guess through the Jewish Family Children's Service -- they found me and they adopted me. Now, why they adopted me, I don't know. They said -- I read some sort of files about myself and they said because I was kind of a dreamy and fragile little girl who might not survive the kibbutzim, and I remember, I think I had tuberculosis, because I remember being sent out to the mountains with another girl called Eva. I was always kind of dreamy and kind of frail and skinny and -- I don't know. Actually, I'm very strong, strong as a horse.

So anyway, they -- so that was -- that was the



only time that I saw her. I was in high school then, I remember, and she had been visiting the United States and the next time I saw her was many years later, when I had actually emigrated to Israel, my husband and I and my children, years later, and I saw her again.

All the children, who were already grown with children, of course, they remembered me from when I was little. I didn't remember them, but they said "Oh, yeah, the pain in the neck. The nudge, nudnik." So --

Q. I WANT TO GO BACK A LITTLE BIT TO THE EDUCATION YOU GOT WHEN YOU WERE WITH THE FIRST COUPLE.

A. In Poland?

Q. YES, IN POLAND. THEY WERE CATHOLICS, WERE THEY?

A. Well, I went to Communion and I was Catholic. I don't remember. I don't really remember the school very much. I don't even know that I went to school.

What I remember is lying in those bookshelves and reading. I mean, days and days on end. They would take me with them all the time. I don't think it was very safe to go to school, so I probably didn't go to school. At least I don't remember, but I do remember reading everything.

I read things I wasn't supposed to read. Misolaur. I read Madame Bovary, the Polish translation. All kinds of X-rated things for children.

Q. THEY MUST HAVE TAUGHT YOU TO READ.

A. I think I taught myself how to read. I was

very precocious. I mean, I taught myself how to count, I taught myself how to read. I don't remember going to school, though. It's strange. The first school I remember was the school in Zakopane and the geese, and I didn't stay there very long, and then classes in -- right inside the orphanage.

Q. DO YOU REMEMBER AT ANY TIME DURING THIS CHILDHOOD GERMAN SOLDIERS BEING THERE IN THE STREETS OR OCCUPYING THE TOWNS?

A. It's hard to remember, you see, because I have seen so many movies about the war and German soldiers, that it's hard to remember if it actually happened to me or I saw it in a movie.

Now, I may be blanking out. There may have been things that happened to me that I don't remember simply because they were too awful to remember, but I really don't remember them at all, as I don't remember Polish anymore, and I spoke Polish until I was about 14 years old. It just totally, in six months' time, I learned English and I just blocked it out completely from my mind.

I know I was very, very disturbed, because I would have nightmares and I would crawl into -- well, after -- after these people adopted me, they had to give me up, because the woman was pregnant, and I think I was much too difficult to deal with, plus I didn't speak English. I spoke a little bit of French, mostly Polish, and I was already nearly 11 years old, going on 12, so

they gave me up to the Jewish Family Children's Services in Boston and I went to live with a wonderful woman called Mrs. Carter, Beatrice Carter, who was vice president of the agency that was in Boston and she had several children who were survivors from the war, and I think they were all disturbed children.

Q. DID SHE ADOPT YOU?

A. No, she didn't adopt them, but they lived with her. There was a home that was run by the agency, but -- but the few of us, myself -- there was a little boy called Harry and Danny and another older girl. We lived in her house in Newton, in our own private little house, and she was like a mother to me. I stayed with her for about four years and it was wonderful, you know, because she spoke Polish and the kids spoke Polish and it was like coming home.

But I remember she told me -- I would call her <sup>2101</sup> , which was a cross between <sup>2103</sup> , which means child, and Jesus, which is Jesus Christ, so it was kind of a mixup, and she told me I would go in her bed and hide under the cover and crawl up like this in her belly and pretend -- I would pretend I was a child and sometimes I would pretend that she was my child, and she was a psychologist, so I think she must have given me a lot of therapy, but I used to have nightmares, even after I married. I used to wake up and my husband would look at me and I'd be sitting up straight in bed like this, you know, and he'd say "What's the matter" and I couldn't

remember, but, you know, I'd always be up like this, you know, in bed.

And so that -- that's why I really don't know.

Q. YOU DON'T REMEMBER THE --

A. I don't remember the soldiers and -- I remember banging on, you know, on doors and people being afraid and scurrying down the stairs. I remember bombs falling and it being dark and gray mostly, and kind of unpleasant generally, you know. And kind of scary, and I remember walking through streets that were bombed out and the -- and the -- I don't know if I dreamt that or actually saw it. Freight cars and then kind of like walls and -- with the windows that are boarded up, totally boarded up, and walking through streets like that, but I don't remember when it was or how old I was, and they're never really in context, so --

You know, I remember those things that are pleasant pretty much, but the things that are unpleasant, I really don't remember, except sometimes I have dreams and then it's like I've been in certain places and they keep repeating and I don't remember the place, but it looks familiar and I don't know whether it's in another lifetime or something else. I don't know.

Q. WHEN THE COUPLE DROPPED YOU OFF WITH -- AT THE ORPHANAGE AND SAID YOU WERE A JEW, THEY TOLD YOU AT THAT POINT, WHAT DID YOU KNOW A JEW WAS? WHAT WAS YOUR CONCEPTION OF WHAT THAT MEANT?

A. Well, I must have known it was something pretty

terrible, so I may have been in school or I may have been -- I do remember standing at the banks of the Vistula River and there was a classmate of mine. It was very cold and she was holding this beautiful little Christmas ornament. It was glass, and I asked her if I could see it and she said "No, no, no, you'll drop it." I said "I promise I won't" and she gave it to me and I looked at it and that darn thing slipped through my fingers and fell and I was terrified and she said "Oh, you dirty Jew. I'll tell my father. He'll kill you," and I was terrified and I ran, with her voice in my ear, you know, like this.

And so I don't know if I knew what a Jew was or I really didn't know, but I remember that and being scared, you know, being really scared, that somebody would tell on me and I guess it must have been this kind of feeling that somehow there was something about me or the whole situation that was scary and that if somebody found out, you know, I'd be dead or something. I don't know, maybe it was the lying in the shelves or just, you know, the general ambience of the time. But I don't -- you know, I don't know.

Q. SO THERE WAS NO --

A. But when they told me "Your name isn't Ursula, it's Tatiana, it's Tatiana Volsvolska, and your parents" -- I didn't know about my parents, anything, until I was about 40 years old. I didn't know what happened to them. So at this time, I really didn't know

what happened, except they didn't come back.

Q. WHEN THE COUPLE DROPPED YOU OFF, DID THEY START CALLING YOU TATIANA?

A. No, they dropped me off and that was it. They told me that my name was Tatiana and that I was Jewish and that they had kept me during the war and that from now on, I'd be with these people and perhaps my own parents would come for me.

Q. SO FROM THAT POINT ON, YOU WERE THEN CALLED --

A. Then I never saw them. Well, they never really called me Tatiana. They called me Tania.

Q. SO YOUR NAME CHANGED?

A. Oh, yeah, my name, everything, and I remember holding my rosary and my New Testament and they sort of said "Well, you won't be needing this," you know. I said "Couldn't I keep my New Testament," and I was like holding onto it like this, you know.

Q. WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?

A. Who knows? Because I didn't need it anymore afterwards. I don't know.

Q. DID THEY START GIVING YOU A JEWISH EDUCATION AT THAT POINT?

A. I guess so. Yeah, I guess I must have had a Jewish education, yeah, because we celebrated all the holidays, Chanukah and no more Christmases. So I got -- I just never remembered, you know, anything about being Catholic or anything after that.

Now that I try to think back over it, I

remember that time in my life, but, you know, when you're busy living it and you're a child, you're much too involved in your present moment, you know, thinking back or thinking into the future.

Q. WHEN YOU WERE IN THE ORPHANAGE AND YOU WENT TO SCHOOL --

A. In Poland or in France, uh-huh.

Q. YES, WAS THERE -- FIRST IN POLAND, WERE YOU GIVEN A CATHOLIC EDUCATION THERE --

A. No, no.

Q. -- IN THAT SCHOOL? NO RELIGION CLASSES?

A. I don't think so. I don't remember. By that time, we were pretty Jewish, by that time, because it wasn't very pleasant for us in Poland, and I don't remember going to school for very long, you know.

Q. DO YOU REMEMBER OTHER INCIDENTS OF ANTISEMITISM FROM THE KIDS IN SCHOOL AND THE TEACHERS?

A. No. We pretty much stuck together. As I say, I was the youngest one. I was only, what, six, seven years old, you know. I kind of hung around the other kids, and we were girls. I think it's the boys that got the hard -- you know, the harder time with it, and they kind of protected us.

I don't really know if I remember that or if I just, you know, remember it from the film that I saw about us, you know, that they did on TV, because some of the stuff I remembered and some I didn't. Like I didn't remember there was a whole thing where the whole town kind

of comes and, you know, and everybody is there with guns and they're trying to defend the orphanage. I never remember that part, you know.

But, yeah, I remember leaving, leaving Poland.

Q. DO YOU REMEMBER ANY FRIENDSHIPS YOU DEVELOPED WITH OTHER KIDS IN THE ORPHANAGE, THAT YOU WERE CLOSE TO?

A. I had a little friend called Eva, who was also sick, and we went to the mountains together. The usual thing, you know. Crushes on boys and stuff and there was an older girl there we used to tease all the time.

No, I don't remember really, you know, anyone in particular.

Q. DO YOU REMEMBER HAVING A SENSE THAT THE WAR WAS OVER?

A. Oh, yeah, the war was over, yeah.

Q. LIKE A CERTAIN -- ON A PARTICULAR DAY?

A. No. Except that day when the Cossacks rode into town, you know. That's -- that was of course much later.

Q. WHEN YOU WERE IN FRANCE, DO YOU REMEMBER THE EDUCATION YOU GOT THERE WAS --

A. Strictly in the orphanage. We never really left it. It was like a boarding school. I mean, later on I was in a boarding school in Connecticut and it was very much like that. We'd go into town every once in a while, you know.

After I was adopted, my parents didn't get me right away, so there was a few months that elapsed where



they used to send me with a few centime, you know, and I'd go downtown to get something to eat and I remember seeing all these neat pastries. I'd always get one of these big bagettes of bread, because it would last longer and I remember always being hungry.

When I first came to this country, the most extraordinary thing that I ever saw was in Cambridge, Massachusetts. We went to a Stop and Shop Supermarket, it was like a Safeway here, and I'd never in been a supermarket and I'd never seen so much food all piled up. It was like -- I couldn't believe it.

And then they took me to Howard Johnson's, which, you know, Howard Johnson's, in those days, they used to have 28 different kinds of ice cream, and I wanted one of every color. I couldn't make up my mind, so the waitress said, "Oh, no problem," so she brought this platter and it was green and purple and pink and yellow. There must have been at least 16 different scoops of ice cream of every color.

Of course, I couldn't finish it. I got totally sick on it, but that was totally incredible. That was the great memories. That and the pile of candy some tourist brought, you know, stuff like that. I mean, for kids, that's the exciting part, you know, the ice cream, candy. War and stuff like that, that's for adults, you know.

Q. DID YOU HAVE NONJEWISH FRIENDS WHILE YOU WERE THERE?

A. No. Well, Mamutka was nonJewish. She was

Polish, and I guess there was a gardner, too, or somebody. I guess there were some people who worked there, too, you know. I didn't ask if they were Jewish or nonJewish, you know. We just were, you know. This whole thing of being Jewish and nonJewish, I got into it in Israel. There, it was very important. I mentioned the name of somebody and the first thing they say is "Well, is he Jewish" and I kind of said, "Well, what difference does it make, you know? He's a great artist or great writer or whatever," but it was like very important whether that person was Jewish or not and it used to kind of bother me, because I've gone past that stage, you know.

For me, it's not the most important thing about people. Basically, their goodness and not, you know, what religion they are or nationality or whatever.

But -- so what more would you like to know?

Q. WHEN YOU CAME TO AMERICA, YOU SPENT SOME TIME WITH THE FIRST WOMAN THAT ADOPTED YOU.

A. Yeah. They -- after they adopted me, it was a very long period of time. They needed to get papers for me. They couldn't find -- I had no birth certificates. They didn't know when I was born and I told them my name and I told them, but they didn't believe me, so they put my birth as May 15th, 1938 and that's what I have on my passport.

When I traveled, I remember I had a little suitcase. I put all my clothes on my back, so I had three pairs of underpants and three pants and then three skirts

and three sweaters and like three of everything, and I was bundled up. I mean, I couldn't move. It was very uncomfortable.

And they got me on a plane and we went to refuel in Newfoundland, because in those days, you know, you had to stop, and I remember kind of waddling in there to the restaurant and I saw the menu and I wanted some ice cream and I ordered what I thought was ice cream and I got this blob of scrambled eggs on my plate. It was terrible. That's when I realized, you know, I had to learn the language.

Then I arrived there and my adoptive father didn't come right away and I just sort of stood there, very forelorn, sweated in my clothes. Just a bundle of, you know, of clothing, you know, and sitting there on my suitcase feeling totally abandoned. It was kind of awful.

But then he came and got me and the neatest thing was they had a machine with Lifesavers in it, you know. You put a nickel in and rattled and out came the candy and it was, wow, that was my -- it was great, Lifesavers. It was wonderful.

Q. HOW LONG WERE YOU WITH THEM?

A. Only for a few months. Not very long. I went to a school. Of course, I was about 11 years old and they didn't have, you know, these programs for foreign students in those days, so I went to kindergarten and first grade and I was learning to read, see John run, see Mary run and a dog named Spot, something like that.

The kids would make fun of me. It was awful. It was just a horrendous experience. I'd come home and I'd sit on the steps and one day, I went upstairs and there was a lady who nearly tripped over me and she was from Austria and she taught French and her mother-in-law lived upstairs, who was from Poland, so I used to go upstairs and I'd spend hours with that little old lady and we'd speak Polish and she'd give me cookies and stuff. It was wonderful. So that was really -- that was nice.

Then of course I went and I moved to the house with Mrs. Carter. There was a dog called Corky, a cocker spaniel, who became my best friend. I had a very nice childhood. I went to a very nice school in Connecticut called the Cherry Lawn School. It was a very progressive school, and there I learned English.

I remember in fact when my English teacher, telling her I couldn't write, she said "Nonsense, one of our great writers was Joseph Conrad. He was Polish. So if he can do it, you can do it." So that encouraged me, and then after that, my family who adopted me came and got me again and that's when I started high school and I went to live with them until I went to college.

Q. SO YOU RETURNED --

A. Basically I returned to them, uh-huh. They had two little kids by then and I was about 14 or 15 then, and then I started high school in White Plains. I had a very normal kind of uneventful life, believe it or not.

Q. DID YOU FEEL YOUR EXPERIENCES AFFECTED YOUR

ADOLESCENCE IN ANY WAY?

A. Well, what affected it, I think -- yes, I think it was the fact that every time I formed an attachment to somebody, that person kind of disappeared. I mean, starting with my grandmother, then the people who brought me up and then Elena, then Mrs. Carter, and the little attachment there I formed with my adoptive family. I wasn't with them long enough to really form any attachment. It was just maybe a few months.

So I was always going, you know, like from one thing to another. Then finally at 18 I ran away from home, so from then on, I had a fairly interesting life. More interesting things happened to me since than previously, because then I returned to Europe and traveled and did a lot of other things.

Q. DID YOU KEEP IN CONTACT WITH THIS FAMILY?

A. Not -- not really. I went back to Mrs. Carter shortly when I was in college. I had a bad moment in college at one point where the love relationship I had broke up and I was totally, totally at loose ends and I was going to quit college. I wanted to become a dancer, and I was at Simmons College and I hated it, and finally I just went to drop out and go to Bennington, and I got back in touch with this woman and she sent me back to school and a psychiatrist, in fact. I remember that.

I became very angry at him because I was writing poetry and I thought I would never be creative if I became normal and he wanted me to be normal and get

married and have a family and I said "Never, I'm never going to get married and have a family, you know. Finished, you know. I want to be miserable so I can be creative," and stuff like that.

Anyway, I finished college and became a teacher and then two years later, I quit everything to become a dancer, and that was it.

Q. SO YOU SAY WHEN YOU WERE ABOUT 40, YOU FOUND OUT YOUR --

A. Years later, I was living in Spain with my husband and children and he was partly Jewish and he became more and more Jewish as he got older, to a point where he actually wanted to emigrate to Israel and we did. We went there and he wanted to create a Spanish dance company in Israel with local talent, and we moved to Israel and there, I met again Elena Kekler and the other kids that were there.

Q. DID YOU LOOK THEM UP OR --

A. Oh, yes, we were in touch. I mean, she knew we were there and we went to visit her in her home and my children were small, so they went to the Hebrew schools and spoke fluently Hebrew, and I lived there about five years. I had a dance company. Israel was really very good for me. I toured extensively and performed in the bunker there for the soldiers and all the kibbutzim and the Safta theater. I have a poster from there with me in Hebrew.

But that's when I found out -- I met a man who

apparently my grandfather had bought some <sup>2187</sup> ,  
which are orange groves in Israel, and he was the one who  
was to take care of them.

When the war started in Poland, he had heard  
that my family had been deported and both my father and  
mother and grandmother were sent to Treblinka. He didn't  
think there were any survivors. He knew there was one  
child, me, but they had -- they didn't know what had  
happened to me. They didn't know if I was alive or not,  
and so the government sort of took back all those -- the  
land because, you know, he couldn't pay the taxes on them  
and so on.

But I met him and what I did get from him was a  
photo of my father when he was 13 standing there with his  
mother and father, my grandparents, with both sets of  
grandparents, and he's there with a sled and he's 13 years  
old and he kind of looked just like me, and here I was  
with my own kids, and my kids were about four and six, and  
so my father was 13, and the other photo was a photo of  
both my mother and father. It was taken the day of their  
engagement. They were about 17 and 18 years old and I saw  
both my mother and father there, you know, looking really  
happy in the camera, and wow, it was too much.

Q. DID THEY LOOK FAMILIAR TO YOU?

A. No. Well, familiar in a sense if I saw myself  
in a mirror then, I looked just like my father and mother  
together. I could see the features that I have from my  
father and my mother, too, yeah.

Excuse me, I need a Kleenex, I think.

Q. WE'LL STOP A LITTLE BIT.

A. Okay. When I got the photo of my mother and father, he told me that they -- they died in Treblinka in the gas chambers. They just -- that's when it finally hit me, because to that moment, I didn't know really what had happened to me, and was I -- after Treblinka, Auschwitz, there are things I had heard about and some of the kids that I had lived with had been through this.

One of the boys, for instance, his name was Danny and he had been at the ghetto. He was one of the survivors of the Warsaw ghetto. He was about 14 or 15. He was always getting in trouble with the police. He was like a juvenile delinquent all the time, and the other boy was -- he had lost all his hair from an illness and he was little, like this. He was a man, but he was -- he was like very, very small, because he had gone through this illness in the war, but these kids were older than me, and it was things they didn't talk about.

It wasn't -- just when I got that photo, that's when suddenly it dawned on me and that's when it, you know -- then I could feel the pain. But it was something I've never wanted to face or to go through.

Q. DID YOU TALK ABOUT YOUR EXPERIENCES WITH YOUR CHILDREN AND HUSBAND?

A. No. What happened is my first husband left Israel shortly after and then he -- he died. He died about two years later and I remarried and the man I



remarried, I -- I met in Israel and he was from Morocco. He was a Jew from Morocco, Sephardic Jew -- but we never talked.

His experience of the war is totally different. He was raised in Morocco; later his family went to France and then they emigrated to Israel and I met him in Israel, but no, we never talked about -- see, that's what happened to the Jews in Poland, and in Israel, I found people didn't talk about this sort of thing and it was a totally different mentality in Israel than the kind of Jewish kind of thing we had in Europe.

For one thing, you know, we used to perform Friday nights in the kibbutzim and normally, you know, the Shabbat, you're not supposed to do anything. It was strange. It was a very kind of atheistic environment, you know, and it was wonderful, because all my life, it was like to be a Jew was something that you were afraid of and ashamed of. It was like some terrible thing that you had had, like, you know, some illness that you didn't want to talk about.

And I remember people who were Jewish, they were always like very pale and always kind of, you know, shy and kind of into themselves and these were people who were like beautiful. They were, you know, strong and proud and, you know, and pushy and full of chutzpa and, you know, and it was great. They were proud to be Jews. It was a totally different kind of Jew that I had known from the ghetto mentality Jew.

And I think even those people there, I don't think they really wanted to talk about it, about the Holocaust and what happens to the other Jew. It was always some kind of feeling, almost like we had asked for it. Like we had brought it on ourselves. Like I don't think it was ever like said outright, but I'm sure there are people that feel, well, if it happened, you know, it happened because we let it happen.

For some reason, you know -- "Why didn't you defend yourself" and in the ghetto, they did, but it was always like all the pogroms and the whole Jewish thing was that in some way, we were different from everybody else and people hated us because we were different and we just didn't assimilate or somehow, it was our fault.

Not that it was actually our fault, but it was like, you know, this could never happen, you know, and Israeli, "How could you let this happen?" I mean, it's inconceivable, you know. We just beat the shit out of them before they beat it out of us, you know. I mean, forget it. Every war they had out there, they beat the shit out of everybody. Really.

So it's a whole different thing and -- and it's wonderful to suddenly shed your skin, shed the guilt and the pain and suddenly you say, "Hey, you know, it's okay to be Jewish." But you're not really Jewish, you're Israeli. It's totally different. It's very nationalistic. It's very strong, very patriotic. They wanted me to change my name. They wanted me to get an

Israeli name.

I said "No way. You know, my name is Tatiana." "Oh, no, no, you need a Hebrew name." I said "Nope." It wasn't very popular.

But you know, it was a wonderful experience to be there. But I think you have to be born in Israel to become Israeli. It's like in all places, I think, you know, there's a time -- past a certain time, you're too much already, too formed already to become something different or someone different than what you are.

Q. WHEN YOU RETURNED TO AMERICA, DID YOU FEEL YOUR SENSE OF BEING JEWISH WAS DIFFERENT?

A. Well, I didn't return to America until 10 years ago, about nine years ago. I didn't think I'd ever return to America, to tell you the truth. When I went to Spain, I went with my two kids and all my stuff and my husband said "Oh, you'll love Spain" and I thought, God, Spain must be like Mexico, because I'd spent a year in Mexico, and I went there with a hammer and nails and everything, you know, toilet paper, and I was totally stupid, you know.

I went to Barcelona, which was a beautiful, beautiful, sophisticated city. I was like a total idiot and I fell totally in love with Spain and I stayed in Europe for the next 20 years, until we moved then -- from Spain, we moved to Israel, from Israel back to Spain, then to France and then from France I came back to this country about nine years ago only because my husband had never

been to the United States and he wanted to see it and, you know, so otherwise I'd still be there. I was very happy there.

Q. THEN AFTER YOU LEFT ISRAEL AND WERE IN EUROPE AGAIN, WAS YOUR SENSE OF BEING JEWISH DIFFERENT? WERE YOU MORE OPEN OR PROUDER OR --

A. My sense of being Jewish? I don't know. Well, I was always Jewish and, you know, I always lit the candles on Shabbat and so on. I guess I was a little bit more Jewish after being in Israel, because there, you observed the holidays, you know. They're actual national holidays. I mean, on Yom Kippur, everything is closed.

But in another country, you know, you don't know if it's Kippur or not unless you keep track of it. So I guess you're more Jewish when you're in Israel. Plus everybody is Jewish. It's no big deal.

Q. WHAT WERE YOU THINKING AS YOU RETURNED -- YOU SAY YOU RETURNED TO FRANCE.

A. First I returned to Spain and we returned after the Yom Kippur war. My husband was very disillusioned. He was sent out to Egypt. He felt that somehow, when he was in Morocco, he was a dirty Jew for them. He was a Jew in Morocco. In France, he was an Arab, because he was <sup>3416</sup>, you know, he was from North Africa, and in Israel, he was what they called cushib, a black, because he was a Sephardic Jew rather than a <sup>3424</sup> Jew, so everywhere he went, you know, he was the source of prejudice, so he thought if he went to America, you know,

he wouldn't find this.

So his dream was later to come to America, but I think even here, you know, he got all three, you know. So here they didn't like him because he was French, I remember. We went through immigration and they gave him a hard time because he was French. So you can't win.

I forgot what I was going to say, I'm sorry. What did you ask me?

Q. MY QUESTION WAS AFTER THAT TIME, YOU WERE IN FRANCE FOR A LITTLE BIT.

WHAT WERE YOU THINKING AS YOU RETURNED TO FRANCE? DID YOUR JEWISHNESS COME BACK?

A. No. Actually the Jewishness wasn't so much an issue for me, because what I was, I was a flamenco dancer, so for me, I was -- I was a Spanish gypsy at heart and this is what I was. This was my identity.

When I went to Israel, I came as an artist and I spoke Spanish and I danced flamenco and I had my company and when I went back to Spain, it was for the reason to renew myself again, to go back to my roots, and those were my roots, my -- I don't suppose the deepest, deepest roots of my childhood, but this was my identity, this was my work, this is what I identified with, and I went back to Spain and it was very difficult to find work with my husband and my two children, so we went to France actually to get married, because he -- he was French.

And then in France, I danced and I had to stop because I had a hip which was broken during the war and

they told me if I continued dancing, it could cripple, so I stopped. Then I started to paint and I was very lucky, because I painted horses and people loved them, and animals, and we sold the paintings and I supported myself as an artist for nine years until I came back to the United States.

I just started to dance recently again, about -- about a year ago when I came out here to California. I found all the flamenco and now I'm in it up to my neck. I love it. It's wonderful. It's my chance again to go back into what I really love to do.

Q. HOW WAS YOUR HIP BROKEN?

A. I have a bullet in my foot from a German -- you know, it's not a real bullet. It's just a piece of metal that had flown in there and it's still there because when they operated on it, they couldn't find it. It showed up in the x-ray, but 25 years ago, you can see it in an x-ray, but when you went into it, you couldn't find it. So they just sewed it up again.

It sometimes gives me some trouble. I have a hip that was -- when I was a child, I must have been dropped or something. I don't know, but the hip was always giving me a lot of trouble because I started out as a ballet dancer and I couldn't do it. I couldn't do the turn-out, so I went into Spanish dance and character dance and all that, but it doesn't help the hip, because you're doing a lot of footwork.

So after a while, I kind of gave up and I

didn't know all that of course until I went to the doctor to find out why I was having all these pains and he looked at me and said "Oh, you have to stop," like that, and he scared me to death. Never go to doctors, gosh. I mean, if you don't know what's wrong with you, you can go on forever and the moment you think there's something the matter with you, then you kind of get scared and you just don't do anything.

It's like this cartoon, it's so neat. There's Garfield and there's Odie sitting up in a tree and Garfield says, he says "It's amazing what one can do when one doesn't know one can't do it." It's totally neat.

Q. DO YOU REMEMBER THE INCIDENT OF GETTING THE BULLET, GETTING SHOT?

A. No, I was really young. No. I remember being in a hospital or something. I remember -- or something, you know, with my leg bandaged up or something. I don't know. Well, I didn't know what it was. I just had kind of like scar tissue.

It was pretty ugly, and after I had my son, I was in the hospital and they looked at it and they said "Gee, you might as well have it removed." I mean, since I'm in there anyway, why not? It's the only time I was in the hospital, so they cut -- they did it and it was really nice after that. It was all stitched up, a nice foot.

But they said "We're sorry, couldn't find it, so it's still there, but it looks a lot better." I said "Thanks." Then I -- but it's there. It moves around

sometimes. Hits a nerve, it hurts. God, I'm thinking maybe I can do it again. Maybe this time they can find it, you know. Except now I can't afford it.

Q. WHEN YOU WERE IN ISRAEL AND YOU MET UP WITH ELENA, YOU MET SOME OF THE CHILDREN --

A. Yeah. I didn't remember them at all.

Q. YOU DIDN'T REMEMBER THEM?

A. They remembered me and all the miserable things I ever did, you know, in my life. The nuisance that I was. They were all married with kids. I didn't remember.

Q. DO YOU STAY IN CONTACT WITH ANY OF THEM?

A. No, no. I'm very bad in corresponding with people.

Q. A QUESTION KIND OF BACK A BIT. DO YOU KNOW HOW SHE GOT THE PASSPORTS?.

A. Oh, gosh, I don't know. With money. Probably with a lot of money and with the help of I guess different foundations, I think. Probably the Jewish Family Children Services, the other Jewish agencies, the philanthropic Jewish groups that helped.

I don't know. I was a kid and I can't ask her, because she's not there anymore, so -- but it's probably in her book, this "One Hundred Children," and it's still somewhere around, you know, whether you want to read it or even see that documentary that they did. It was I think about three years ago. It was on ABC and Linda Evans did her part. I don't know why you're laughing, but she was Elena and they -- in the thing and it was called "My



Hundred Children," and it lasted an hour. It was a special on ABC, I remember.

Someone called me up and they said "You have to see this, because, you know, this is -- you know, you're one of them." We all got all excited and I said, "Oh, yeah, I'm one of the kids. My God, I'm one of the hundred children. I'm famous." So we saw it, yeah.

So maybe in that, you know, she says how she got the passports, but I don't know, you know.

Q. CAN YOU MAKE A GENERALIZATION ABOUT THE EFFECT YOU THINK THE WAR HAD OR YOUR EXPERIENCES HAD ON YOUR LIFE OR YOUR --

A. Well, I'm totally screwed up, I mean, you know. I mean, totally. I once went to a group here and it's called the Adult Children of Alcoholics. I don't know if you've heard them, and these are for kids who grew up in alcoholic households or dysfunctional households or had losses and I figured, well, the war is about as dysfunctional as you can get and then that may explain why I never grew up.

For instance, I never wanted to grow up, and -- and difficulties I've had in relationships also with other people and generally men and so on, you know, being very vulnerable and being afraid of being abandoned and all that stuff, you know. Oh, it's sad. But those are the scars that are inside and they -- they don't show and you kind of -- you know, you -- you go on with your life and -- but it's there inside. It kind of always lurks and

you never know when it's going to hit you and what thing will trigger it, you know.

Some stupid thing, you know, like your boyfriend suddenly, you know, going somewhere and you suddenly have this awful panic, you know, of like "Oh, he's never going to come back," and it's totally dumb, but you have the same exact feeling of loss. And also the sort of attachments, you know, that I make to people and the need to be loved and the total insecurity, you know, that's something that can never -- I think you never ever get over.

I think I probably have to go to meetings for the rest of my life, and I just stopped, because it doesn't make any sense. You just have to keep going and just realize that the feelings that you're feeling now are not what's actually happening now, but you're experiencing something that happened before and reacting to it as you would before.

It's easy to understand it intellectually and yet when it hits you emotionally, it's totally devastating, you know, until you can kind of talk yourself out of it. For instance, I get this total panic when I'm alone in the house sometimes, and I thought I was alone, but I have a neighbor down the street, his name is 381<sup>D</sup> -- we call him Joe -- and a few years ago, his wife left him. He was married about 30 years, and it was the first time he was alone and the panic would get him. He couldn't stay in the house by himself, and he had -- he

was born in Auschwitz. He was a survivor, and either his mother or father died there, but one of his parents survived and brought him to America when he was very young, but he was actually born in Auschwitz.

He doesn't remember, or he may remember some things. We're about the same age. He's maybe a little younger than I am. He was born in the 40's, but he gets that same state of panic sometimes. He'd go -- as long as he's with people or outside, he feels okay, he feels safe, but as soon as he's like home all by himself, he gets this total feeling of panic, and when he told me that, it's like "I'm afraid to be alone," it hit me, because it's exactly the same thing.

And I couldn't figure out, why am I afraid to be alone? There are no bombs falling. It's safe out there, it's not dangerous, and it only happens like if I'm inside of a house. It doesn't happen if I'm outdoors. If I'm traveling, I don't mind being by myself, but if I'm in a house for a long period of time, sometimes it hits me. Sometimes not, but sometimes, you know, just out of the blue, it will get me when you least expect it and it's totally -- it's just a feeling of absolute panic and you don't know where it's from, you know. Just awful panic.

I'm sure a psychiatrist would have a heyday with this, but it's there.

Q. DO YOU REMEMBER WAYS AS A CHILD THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE TRIED TO MAKE YOURSELF FEEL SECURE OR SAFE OR --

A. Well, the fact I was with other children, we

were always there. We all slept together in bunk beds like in a dormitory, and so it was like being always in a group, all of us together. We weren't ever alone. I mean, you're alone when you're just all by yourself, but when you're always surrounded with people, you're not alone and then you kind of like to be alone. Then it's like a pleasure to be by yourself, find some space for yourself.

I think the safeness or the nonsafeness, it comes from inside of you and that's something, you know, you just have to be convinced inside that it's safe and it's fine and it's okay. But if you grow up in a world where it's unsafe, then you have this feeling, you know, you kind of keep it with you all your life inside. You don't really know what's happening. But I think basically, that's what it is.

Q. WHAT EFFECT DO YOU THINK YOUR EXPERIENCE IN THE WAR HAS HAD ON YOUR RELIGIOUS FEELINGS?

A. Oh, boy. Well, for one thing, I became an atheist at a very early age. I said to myself, you know, "If there's a God, if I ever meet him face to face, I'm going to smack him in the nose." I went through a long period where I just hated God, and then I went through a period of I just denied the existence. It was a lot easier, and then I couldn't figure out, I mean, why -- well, everybody goes through this.

I mean, "If there's a God and he's a good guy, you know, why does he allow this to happen and why, you

know -- how can people be the way they are and how can people kill each other?" You know, you end up hating people, you end up hating God, so the best thing I guess was just not believing there was a God.

I went through everything. I was a Communist, I was an atheist, I was an anarchist, I was a Buddhist. I went through all the -- you know, all through college, I was sort of a pseudointellectual, you know. I went into everything, you know, existentialism, Zen Buddhism, and I read the <sup>397</sup> and tried to find, you know, some kind of reason for everything and finally, I just sort of gave up and did my own thing, but --

And I didn't deal much with the problem until I came to California, and that happened about three or four years ago. I came to meet my daughter, who had run away from home at 15, and she's a dead head and she lived out in Big Sur and one day I came to visit her and I remember sitting at breakfast and she says to me something about God, if I believed in God, and I said no and she looked at me wide-eyed, in total disbelief, and she says "Mom, how can you not believe in God?"

And, you know, I said, "Well, you know, if there was a God, then how would you explain this and this and this," you know, all that. And then finally, sort of to appease her, I said "Well, I do believe. I do believe that, you know, we have a creative -- that there's this creative energy and we all return to that." I was trying to make it seem a little better than it really was,

you know.

And then it was after that experience, shortly after, that my life started to have very strange things happen to it. I would meet people and I would find books and all sorts of things that would start sort of to prove to me in fact there was a God or there was some kind of spirit. It was like a conspiracy to make me believe, starting with falling madly in love with someone from Big Sur who -- who was -- either he was totally crazy or he was a prophet or one or the other.

He had what is called as a Christ consciousness and he tried in all kind of devious ways to convert me and tell me life which was out there wasn't really so, but there was a great creative spirituality and there was a God and you're just going to wake up to all of this, and we used to have terrible fights, because I only believed what I saw out there.

And finally we broke up after a year and after he left, all of these things started to fall into place and I came out here to California about a year ago and I've been here for over a year and I felt here in California is where I was going to find it, quote unquote, whatever that "it" was, you know; the answer, that it was there in those mountains, it was there in the hills, that it was staring me in the face and this is where it was going to happen for me.

And I kind of -- everything kept falling into place, you know, the people I met, the books that I read,

and now everybody must think I'm totally crazy, because I've done a complete flipover, so for me now, the real world out there is really not the real world. The real world is the one that we don't see, that we sense, that we can only connect that's been there all the time and that we often deny.

And I understand it now, because when I paint, for instance, I'll be in front of a painting, you know, a blank piece of paper, and I don't know what's happening, and it just flows out and things happen and I see things. And when I write poetry, the same thing happens, but it's when I'm connecting with something.

It's not coming from my head, and it's not coming from me, but it's coming from some source other than myself, like it's using me as a source, and when I dance, when I dance in the best of myself, it's when this energy flows through me and is expressed through me, but it's not something that I, you know, decide with my head, you know, this is what I'm going to do and it's how it's going to be.

That's the way I've always done my life previously, very calculating and very intellectual and always with my brain and now I've -- I have done a complete flipover. Now it's almost the way things come and happen and I let things happen and I just am. I just, you know, try to be rather than always be doing and running from or running to things. I just kind of, you know, let it kind of come and come out of me.

So California has been extraordinary, you know. It's been a great year. I mean, I left everything. I left my house, I left my business, came with a little suitcase out here. I nearly starved to death, but it was great. It was like a spiritual awakening and everybody back home thinks I'm totally crazy, you know.

They said "Gosh, you've changed." I went back for a few -- you know, a couple of weeks and they said "You're totally -- you're different. I don't know what happened to you, but you're different." I said, "Well, it's California."

I mean, there are all these things, you know, here. God, I mean, everything comes from California, it seems, and by the time it arrives on the East Coast, you know -- it's amazing. Amazing place.

Q. DID YOU SHARE WITH YOUR DAUGHTER OR YOUR CHILDREN ANY OF YOUR EXPERIENCES IN THE WAR?

A. No. Well, we tried to bring them up, you know, Jewish and of course, they were raised in Israel. My daughter was born in Spain; she was about two when we went to Israel. My son was six. They spoke fluent Hebrew.

When we went to Spain, my son was only about six months old and I only spoke Spanish to them, and in Spain -- in Israel, I spoke Spanish to them, too, because I couldn't learn Hebrew. I didn't have time to go to the -- you know, <sup>4183</sup> or whatever it is where they teach you, because I was performing.

And so I never learned Hebrew, but they did and



when we went back to Spain, they still spoke Spanish and Hebrew, then in France they forgot Hebrew and Spanish and out here, they forgot Hebrew and Spanish and French and now they just speak English, so I don't know if that was any good, you know, but I wanted them to kind of learn the language of the country where they were at.

Q. SO YOU DIDN'T TALK TO THEM ABOUT YOUR EXPERIENCES DURING THE WAR?

A. Not really, no. When we were in France, there was a long -- there was a period of time where they showed a lot of things on the Holocaust and, you know, they saw it and they learned it in school, but there's nothing really for me to talk about, because I didn't really go through -- I wasn't in a concentration camp, I didn't really go through it in the sense of people who actually were in a concentration camp.

I mean, I was very lucky. I survived, but I was like sheltered from it all. So whatever pain I experienced was sort of indirect pain. It wasn't really -- at least that I remember, you know. Plus, I didn't think it was particularly interesting. I mean, you know, I always thought, well, everybody -- everybody's life was like my life, you know. I didn't think it was any different from anybody else's life, you know.

There was nothing -- like I don't even know why I'm being interviewed, you know. So --

Q. WHY DID YOU RUN AWAY WHEN YOU WERE 18?

A. I got in a fight with my mother, my adopted

mother, and I went to live with my boyfriend, which was a very risqué sort of thing to do in those days. He was at MIT and I was at Simmons and we fell in love and it was the first time I was in love, and --

Oh, I remember it was some stupid thing. I got a job over school vacation. My mother was always telling me to go out and get a job and when I got a job, she got mad, because I wouldn't be home to help her with the kids, so she told me to give up the job and I said no, so all in all, I packed up my stuff and I stomped out and I was on my own ever since.

My daughter stormed out of the house, too, when she was 16. She ran off with her boyfriend to follow the Grateful Dead and she had a fight with her stepfather, so most everybody does, don't they, run away from home nowadays, do their own thing?

Q. I HAVE A QUESTION. DID YOU EVER GO THROUGH A PERIOD WHERE YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT THE HOLOCAUST, ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED, YOU KNOW?

A. Of course.

Q. HOW OLD WERE YOU WHEN THAT HAPPENED.

A. About 35. When I was in Israel, when I saw that photo of my parents. Then Treblinka was something that actually was. I mean, I knew it was there, but the fact that my parents died there, that was -- that suddenly it became real to me, or that I had parents.

You know, a strange thing happened to me. When I was living in France, I was an artist and I was teaching

children to draw and paint and I had a student who was German and her mother was from Germany. A wonderful woman; we were great friends.

And then one day, she found out that I was Jewish and she was like in total state of shock. She had never seen a Jew before. And she must have thought we had two heads or something and it was so hard for her, because here was a woman that she respected as an artist, she'd liked me as a friend, she trusted her children to me, and so one day we talked about it and she asked me this question. She said "Well, is it true that Jews eat their children on Passover?" And she said, "Is it true that if you have a mongoloid child, it was destroyed?" Because her child was mongoloid, you see.

And she had learned all these things. She'd come through the war in Germany and it was an extraordinary experience, because then I asked her, "Well, didn't you know about the concentration camps? And what was that awful smell? And didn't you see the boxes?" She said, "Well, I saw them and I did smell something, but we really didn't know what was going on."

I said "How could you not know what was going on?" She said "We really didn't know what was going on" and I believed her, because she was a good woman. And even if they had known it was going on, what would they have done? They would have gotten deported. It's only -- people died. They weren't even Jewish. I mean, the gypsies, the Communists, gays, you know, everybody. It

was just, you know, they just got totally wiped out.

And Stalin did the same thing after the war, too. So I believed her, but it was a wonderful experience after that, you know. We became -- still became good friends, but it was like it just dawned on her, like she didn't know about concentration camps. And she grew up in Germany. I mean, you know --

Then I had another experience that I had that was extraordinary for me, was when I was -- shortly after I graduated from college and I was teaching, I was teaching French up there in Connecticut and for my summer vacation I went to Paris and in Paris, I fell in love in a cafe with a German boy who looked just like -- like Gary Cooper. He was my idol. He was tall and handsome and we fell madly in love with each other and I told him I was Jewish and he said "Well, that's okay."

He said "I want you to come home with me to Munich," and I was terrified but I went on the train. On the train from France to Germany, I started to cry. I was scared, and he took me to his house, took me to his family and he told them I was Jewish and they were as nice as could be, but they were Nazis. They were, and I think they treated me like, you know, as a southern family would treat if their daughter or son brought somebody black home, and they were part of the Ku Klux Klan or something.

I mean, it was just total politeness and everything, and I only stayed like a few days and then I left, because I was on my way to Yugoslavia to some folk

festival and then I came back and met him again and it was like -- well, he didn't want to come to the United States with me; I couldn't stay in Germany.

But I think something had changed. I wasn't quite sure what it was, but we never wrote. I wrote him some letters. He never answered after that. I think they put a lot of pressure on him, but it was very scary. I remember calling home and saying "Guess what, you know. I'm in love" and they said "A German?" And they said first thing "A Nazi."

I said "He's not a Nazi." "How could you? Tania, how could you?" I mean, these were people who wouldn't buy a Volkswagen. I said, "Well, you know, it's not his fault. I mean, he's German, but, you know, he went through the war like I went through the war. I mean, he didn't kill my parents. Maybe his parents did, but he he didn't, so why am I going to be -- why am I going to hate him for something that his people did?"

I mean, you can't just keep on hating people for something that happened, because if you just keep hating them, you're destroying your own life, too. It's not their fault. There has to be a moment we just got to let go, and it's hard.

Like my friend <sup>4477</sup> can never forgive the Germans. Mention the word German and -- you know, he still is into this Holocaust. He listens to Elie Wiesel and he goes to the Holocaust Center and he suffers through this. He actually goes and suffers and I can't do that,

because it's not going to help those that died by my going through the suffering.

I go through it every Yom Kippur. I sit there and I cry for them and -- but I feel I have to do something to make them live so they can be proud, so they can live through me, if anything else, you know. It doesn't make any sense just to dwell on this past and just let it eat away at you like a cancer and eat with the resentment.

I don't know if you can forgive. I mean, it's just so -- so enormous, it's so -- it's so unbelievable, it's -- you can't forgive and you can't forget, but you've got to keep going on, so you've got to -- at some point you've just got to have to let go of it, you know. You've just got to let go of it somehow.

And one of the things I saw that was so moving, I once painted a painting and it was called the Holocaust, but it never really faced it. It was a great painting of a person remembering. Half of it was a skull and half of it was a woman's face and in the background, it showed these burnt-out buildings which was the Warsaw ghetto. It was all gray and you see skulls coming out from the ground and kind of arms reaching out with their numbers and a face of a little girl kind of looking very scared, you know, looking like this in barbed wire and it was what I kind of remembered of sort of the Holocaust, but the thing was so muted.

It was done in an oil which was like very

blurred. It looked like rain had fallen over it, so it was like a memory. It was very soft. Everybody saw it, they say, "That's the Holocaust?" You know, "God, that's not very strong," you know. It's like very, very -- like I was afraid to really do it strong out.

I forgot what I was going to say. Good heavens. Yes, oh, yeah, but there was a cross in that thing. There was a burnt cross that went like this and years later, I was in England and I was in Coventry. There's an old cathedral that was bombed out during the war and there was a cross, a burned cross, and when I saw it, I was like -- I couldn't believe it.

I said "I painted that cross." I had never seen it, but there it was, and the German youth had put out money to rebuild the cathedral, a magnificent cathedral. It was done, I think, by the Germans and other people. It was built up, a new -- the new one at Coventry, the new cathedral. It's magnificent.

So people have been atoning for it and the Germans have been -- I mean, they're best friends with Israel and everything. They even buy their Uzis. I mean, it's crazy. It's totally crazy.

But, yeah, I don't do much with the Holocaust thing. I mean, I remember a long time ago, there was a time where the Germans used to pay reparations to Jews who had gone through it and I remember I was very offended. I didn't want to apply for this and I never did, because I said to myself, "Hey, look, I'm healthy, I'm okay. I'm --

I earn a living. I'm sure there are people out in West Germany or East Germany there who need this money more than I do and anyways, it's not going to bring my family back, so what's the sense of asking them to give me money, because they killed my folks. I mean, it's not going to make them alive."

I just felt like offended to do it. Since then, I've thought about it and said, gee, it would be nice to have some money, but that's when I was young and proud and, you know, no way, you know. You know, on the one hand, you can't bring them back and on the other, it was sort of this altruistic feeling, you know, they need it more than I do, so I can be big about the whole thing.

It's too bad they don't have it anymore. I get more cynical as I get older. But I saw recently this thing on the Holocaust. Did you see it? It's pretty gruesome. Yeah.

Q. HAVE YOU BEEN BACK TO ANY OF THE PLACES YOU LIVED?

A. I've never been back to Poland and that's something I was hoping maybe I'd do one day. I never wanted to go back to Poland. Recently, I met a guitarist, a very talented guitarist who is Polish, and I totally fell in love with him, just because of his music, and then for a while, I thought wow, maybe I'll go back to Poland with him, you know, but it wasn't reciprocal.

So I don't think I'll be going back to Poland. Not with him, anyway, but that was the first time I had



met somebody who was actually Polish and I heard Polish spoken again and I asked him, "How do you say this and how do you say that," and he would say sounds that were vaguely familiar, but, you know, I couldn't understand it. I was kind of hoping maybe he'd teach me Polish again.

I'm past that stage of, you know, I'll never go back. I kind of want to go back now and see if I can find -- because I have been back to every country where I had been in before, including Germany and France, Czechoslovakia, Israel, where I was supposed to go. It's kind of like I made a whole return of all these haunts of my youth, but I haven't been to Poland yet.

Q. SO IN FRANCE, DID YOU RETURN TO THE PLACE YOU LIVED?

A. Not really, but I mean, I was close to it, you know. At least I was in the same country. Sort of a symbolic return, not real, you know. I don't know if I'd ever -- I don't know if these people are still alive who brought me up, those people from Krakow, but anyways, I don't speak any Polish, so. . .

Q. WAS THE MAN IN ISRAEL ABLE TO TELL YOU ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR PARENTS? HE SHOWED YOU THE PICTURES, BUT DID HE --

A. He showed me the pictures. He didn't know anything at all. My grandfather bought some orange groves, which I think now would be on 46<sup>39</sup> Street in Tel Aviv, so if they had kept them, I wouldn't be sitting here. I don't know where I'd be. I'd be a

multi-millionairess or something.

But I guess there are all kind of taxes to pay on it. I don't know what he did. I guess, you know, the government just took it away or he lost it, you know. Who knows. But it's my one attempt at a great fortune. Destined to be poor.

Q. I'M NOT CLEAR WHO THIS MAN WAS.

A. He -- when my grandfather brought land in Palestine -- it was Palestine at the time. Must have been in the 30's or before the 30's, or whenever my grandfather bought it. He bought it in my name, like people buy land, I don't know, in Hawaii or something, whatever, and this man, I forget his name, lived in Palestine and he was a friend, I guess, of the family, so he looked after this property.

But when the war started, he lost contact with my family and then he heard, I guess, that they had died, they had gone. They all ended up in Treblinka and they didn't know, you know, if I had survived or not, so he just sort of took care of it as long as he could and he finally just let it go. That's it. He's still there.

Q. DO YOU KNOW HOW HE HEARD ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FAMILY?

A. Being an artist, I'm not much into specific things, as you probably already realized when I told you I didn't know how they got the passports. These are not particularly things that interest me, in the "how". I don't know. It doesn't make any difference to me.

Q. HOW DID YOU CONTACT HIM? HOW DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT HIM?

A. I don't know. I don't remember how we found him or he found us. Maybe through Elena, or maybe he found me, because as I say, I was performing in Israel and I was very well known there. I did all the kibbutzim, I did six television shows. I did the Uri Zora show, which was like the "Tonight Show" at the time, and so he saw my name perhaps.

Q. WERE YOU USING YOUR MAIDEN NAME?

A. No, just Tatiana. Tatiana, but I guess -- I don't know. I don't know how he found out really. Israel is very small.

Q. ANYTHING ELSE THAT YOU WANT TO SAY?

A. No, because there's nothing that has to do with the Holocaust. I mean, I told you what I remember. It's not very much.

Q. WHAT DO YOU WANT YOUR CHILDREN TO KNOW ABOUT THE HOLOCAUST?

A. I think they know pretty much already. I've stopped sort of wishing or demanding or wanting things, you know, that people should know or want to know. I did my thing, my mothering thing. My daughter is 23 and my son is 26 and I never could tell them anything anyway. They tell me.

And my daughter's middle name is Danuta, which is after my mother, and I mean, they grew up in Israel and then they've learned a lot of this stuff in school.

Especially in Israel. I think they probably went to the places, the museum there. I never went, so I think they know probably more than I do about this whole thing.

Q. DO YOU THINK THAT THE MIGHT BE AT  
433<sup>A</sup> , A RIGHTEOUS GENTILE? DID  
YOU EVER LOOK FOR THEM THERE?

A. I've never gone to 434<sup>S</sup> . I don't -- or even know what is, I'm ashamed to say. I've heard the name, but I don't even know. Is that the museum of the Holocaust in Israel?

Q. HONORING NONJEWS WHO HELPED JEWS DURING THE WAR. THEY'VE GIVEN THEM THE TITLE OF RIGHTEOUS GENTILES.

A. It's beautiful. No, I don't know. I never went there. I haven't even gone to the Wailing Wall. As I said, when I was in Israel, I was there as a performer and I -- I danced my way from one end to the other and as I say, my thing was what I was then, a Spanish gypsy. My Jewishness was sort of second. I didn't go there as a Holocaust survivor trying to find my Jewishness or my roots and stuff.

I guess it wasn't something I was deeply into at all. It hit me, you know, in my life and I'm never -- I probably have never yet even come to grips with it totally. Maybe I'm still denying it, I'm still in my denial phase. Most likely I am. Because sometimes the things you wish never happened, so you try to make believe they really haven't. Don't you think so? I think that's probably what it is. I haven't yet really accepted it

totally.

Q. HOW DO YOU FEEL THE EXPERIENCE OF THE HOLOCAUST COMES OUT IN YOUR DANCING OR YOUR POETRY OR YOUR ART IN ANY WAY?.

A. Probably in a very remote way. I've always tried to create things that don't really exist. I try to make things that are beautiful, and so when I paint anything, I have a tendency to idealize it, sort of a cross between Walt Disney and Jack Benny's paintings. They're very romantic, and my horses all flow out of clouds and they're all fairy princesses and God knows what.

Everything is, you know, is beautiful and esthetic and very soft and people said they liked to see my landscapes, because it makes them dream. Only once, somebody saw my paintings, and it was very painful to me, because he was a fellow who I guess had just come out of a mental institution or something and he looked at it and he said, "There's a tremendous loneliness here, tremendous aloneness and tremendous pain." I kind of looked at him with my eyes wide open. "What do you mean?"

They are landscapes; there's just maybe one or two trees, maybe one little fox sitting there and this vast emptiness of space and for people who saw it, generally they liked it because it was very relaxing. They could see in it what they wanted. It was a flight from reality.

But this man was more attuned with the

inner reality, and when he saw it, he saw it from his own -- his own -- his own space, where he was at and he saw that. I never did. With me, it was always trying to compensate and make things better, you know. I never liked to go into, you know -- I never wanted to deal with the anger and the hate and the pain, so I covered it up with gentleness and softness and love and all of this, which is all a lot of bullshit.

Probably inside of me there's a rage and sometimes I feel it and it's scary. So it sometimes is really too scary to go into, and I think if one day I really painted it, you know, it would be -- I don't think I'd want to see it and I want to put something that people like to see. Not -- there's enough ugliness in the world, to make more.

But I did one painting of a rabbi and I did one -- when I saw the "Elephant Man," I was totally shaken up from that movie and that's when I did the rabbi and I did -- one was with a violin player, an old man playing a violin, and those were maybe closer to the real things of life.

But as I say, most other things are mostly, you know, foxes and horses and landscapes and faces of women, maternity. It's very pleasant, you know, things, but there's a lot of pain. There's a lot -- I've seen people see me dancing come out crying and I used to think, "Oh, wow, you know, I'm terrible." But I come from a theater tradition. My husband was a very great choreographer and

dancer and I should mention him, because he was -- he was Jewish. He was Roberto Inglesias and he's in books about dance and so on. He was well known. He was an alcoholic also, suffered atrociously and he went through his alcoholism and it was cured, and I went through all of this with him too.

But he choreographed things and flamenco -- also the flamenco itself, which is the dance of the gypsies, there's a lot of pain. It's a very deep and sad and tragic music and I think that's why I identify with it so much. It talks -- it is, it talks of death and love and loss and all the things that make life happen, so it's a very real -- it's an expression of the people that suffered and in a way, my Jewishness goes through this and there's a tremendous Jewish influence in the flamenco, too, as well as the Moorish.

So, yeah, there's some sadness, but I don't like to be sad all the time. It's no fun, no fun to be sad.

Q. OKAY. I THINK WE HAVE NO OTHER QUESTIONS.  
OKAY. I WANT TO THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

A. Well, you're welcome very much.

Q. WE APPRECIATE YOU TAKING THIS TIME. YOU'VE DONE A GOOD JOB. I THINK IF WE COULD GET ON CAMERA THE --

A. This --

Q. IS THAT YOU?

A. Yes, that's me.

Q. WOW.

A. But that was like 20 years ago. I still look pretty fierce, but I have a lot less hair. This was in Tel Aviv at the Safta Theater, and these people are all -- they're Jewish. Josef Felta is a wonderful guitarist, who's Israeli. Juan de Dos is from Spain and he came at the time of the civil war in Spain and married a Jewish girl and I guess it was still Palestine then, taught her how to dance, and later he played the guitar and sang. Haim is a wonderful dancer. He was with Antonio in Spain, and Dalia is also -- I taught her. She was my student and she was a ballet dancer in Israel, and this is my husband. This is his stage name, my second husband.

I'll show you one of -- when we came to Israel, -- oh, this is it. This was with Inglesias and it's all in Hebrew, so I can't tell you what it is, because I can't read it. I was never able to read it. And this was in the "Jerusalem Post," where it says "Flamenco comes to Jaffa," and this is me lighting the candles. I had lots of hair. And this was my husband, Roberto Inglesias, and this is both of us in our flamenco costumes dancing.

Q. HOLD THAT UP JUST ONE SECOND. WE WANT TO GET CLOSER.

A. Sure.

Q. IT'S BEAUTIFUL. IT'S REALLY GORGEOUS.

A. So he's reading the prayer and this is -- so these are just things from Israel. There are more from Israel but they're all in Hebrew and they're mostly



programs and stuff like that. I have a list of different places I performed in Israel here. 1971 to 1975. The B'nai Brith, the Badnoor National Ballet Theater, the Theater in Haifa, the Uri Gora TV show, Safta Theater. All the kibbutzim and the Army bunkers. We used to go with military escort in the Sinai.

I remember one time a singer was looking for a ladies room, so they kind of took us out there. When she came back, she said "There was no ladies room, there was just a hole in the sand."

Q. Okay.

(End of tape.)