

## Masha And Konstantin Blumenthal



My husband, Konstantin Naumovich Blumenthal, and me in Liepaja in 1950. My husband is from Riga. His father was sent to Siberia on 14th June 1941. He succeeded, along with his mother and sister to evacuate and in 1945 was accepted to the Moscow Conservatoire for fortepiano. When he graduated in 1945 and came here it was of course logical to expect work in Riga like others from the city. But he did not find work. He was sent to Liepaja. He always joked, "I was lucky! Otherwise we would not have met." He was sent to work as a teacher in a music school. When he arrived he did not know anybody. He rented a nice room from a landlady, where he boarded. Later I lived there. Once he somehow asked his landlady, "In general are there any Jewish girls here?" The

landlady answered, "There is one!?" It is true there were very few of us, very few. At first his acquaintances met me so as not to traumatize me. My husband accidentally saw me, so I would not know. He said he liked the girl. Then he invited us to a restaurant and everything went from there. We went steady for almost two years and got married in May of 1951. I was dating my husband one year and ten months. Then his Aunt came from Moscow and told him: "If you have serious intentions towards this girl, go ahead, if not - leave her alone. She is too serious, too good for you just to use her." So we married. We did not have a religious wedding. Just a civil one. We went to the registration department and put our signatures on the marriage certificate, it was on Saturday, 5th May. And he left for work right away, he had examinations to attend in his school. And only the following day had I moved to his place and we started to live together. There was no celebration - not a tea party, nothing. You can imagine in what kind of mood I was with my closest relatives all dead by then. There was no joy. Yes, I felt happy, of course, because I didn't have to be alone anymore, because I found my man! Wedding! Everybody's happy? With no one to congratulate us? Just put your signature, that's it! One friend sent flowers to my apartment, another presented six plates. That's all. But this sad beginning didn't prevent us from living a wonderful life together. The difference in our education - I was far less educated - and his high position at work didn't interfere with our peaceful and decent life. A very interesting life.