

## Ihil Shraibman And His Second Wife Marina Shraibman



This is me with my second wife Marina Shraibman. This photo was taken in Kishinev in 1969. A street photographer photographed us by the Triumphant Arch in Stephan Chel Mare avenue where we were having a stroll.

My first wife Olga Kalyusskaya died in 1967. On 25th June 1968 I met Marina in Pizunda. I was staying in the Creative House in Gagry. She came on vacation to Gagry with a group of teachers

from the Ural. They had stayed 18 days, when one day, when the weather wasn't so good, they decided to go to an organ concert in a cathedral in Pizunda. They were going back to Gagry on the boat of the Union of Writers when we met. Marina was under 30, she had thick auburn hair, bright eyes and an astonishing smile. When we met, we held hands and never parted since then. She stayed in Gagry and from there we traveled to Sochi where my son Edward came on tour. We stayed in Sochi for a month. Then Marina went back home to Kurgan in the Ural and I returned to Kishinev, but I wrote her three-four letters per day. We parted in August, and in October Marina visited me in Kishinev. I went to visit her on New Year's Eve and stayed for three months. Marina was a solfeggio and music literature teacher at a music school. She also studied at the extramural Department of Choir Conductors at the Cheliabinsk College of Culture. We got married in June 1969. I was happy. The only thing that saddened our joy was that it was hard for Edward to accept Marina. He loved his mother so much.

From the first minute of our acquaintance Marina asked me to spell her name in Yiddish. This was the start of her acquaintance with the culture of my people. This was the first time she met a Jew. She studied Yiddish to be able to read my works and now she knows it better than many Jews. We speak Yiddish at home and she is my first reader now, like Olga was in the past. She tells me that when I work and when I read my works to her she lives the happiest moments of her life. I value her opinion more than that of many critics. I think I'm very lucky: I met two wonderful women: Olga and Marina.