

Iwan Jemetz

It was still the warm season, and, as you know, because there was no food, my mother collected some pigweed, dried it, ground it, and I don't know how, God only knows, mixed it with water and on a piece of metal, or maybe it was a pan, I don't know, made a fire, sat down by the fire, I sat in her lap, and we waited for those pancakes my mother was making. There was a group, *icheyky* (cell) that was from the Communist party, attached to the party, like the Komsomol, and others, there were *icheyky* (cells), that's what they were called. Three of them came on horses, one of them was a distant relative of my mother's. I saw that the men came on horses, mother's relative got off his horse, kicked and spilled the [food] my mother was preparing. My mother didn't move, and I don't think she argued very much with them, because I stayed in her lap. So they yelled for a while, and left.

You didn't have the right to talk about this [the Famine]. This "wasn't, isn't and won't be." It didn't happen. I'm saying that we got to the point, still long before the War [World War II], that a husband didn't trust his wife, and a wife didn't trust her husband. And when the children began to go to school, [the parents] started not to trust the children. Because the teachers would [ask], "What are dad and mom talking about? What are dad and mom doing?"