

Edith Umova And Her Husband Yevgeniy Kuznetsov



This is me and my husband Yevgeniy Kuznetsov in this photo. This photo was taken in Tallinn on our wedding day in 1963.

I'm not sure if I should talk about my marriage here. My friend introduced me to her acquaintance Yevgeniy Kuznetsov. I didn't like him, but when I heard about the details of his life, I just felt sorry for him. Yevgeniy was born in 1933 in Kronshtadt, where he grew up. His father was in the military, and when the Soviet rule was established in Estonia in 1940, his father was assigned to service in Tallinn. His family moved to Tallinn. Yevgeniy had a hard life. After finishing the seventh grade, he had to go work. However, he was a talented person. I like talented and intelligent people. I would say that every person is born with some talent; it only needs to be developed in the course of life. It's a pity when for whatever reasons parents are unable to develop their children's talents. Yevgeniy couldn't spend two minutes idling. He drew, took to photography, liked fishing and played the piano beautifully. He didn't know the notes, but he could put together any complex tune. Yevgeniy left his home young. He had no place to live. He got accommodation in a dormitory. He couldn't quit his job for the fear of losing his lodging in the dormitory. I found it interesting to spend time with him, but there was no love. I didn't even think of marrying him. I felt sorry for him.

I always wanted to help other people. I decided that we could enter into a fictitious marriage, and then Yevgeniy could receive a stamp of residence in our apartment. This would make his life much easier. I discussed this option with my mother. She didn't quite like the idea, but I decided that this fictitious marriage wasn't going to change anything in my life. I didn't even change my name, and my friends knew nothing of this marriage. The two of us went to a registry office and had our

marriage officially registered. This happened in 1963. I just wanted to help him. We actually didn't live the life of husband and wife. Yevgeniy was away all the time. They said that he had another woman. We didn't have any common assets. It was only on paper that we were registered as husband and wife. Yevgeniy's parents didn't appreciate our marriage either. His mother was an unkind woman, and his father was an evident anti-Semite. When he came to meet me, he asked Yevgeniy why he had married a Jewish woman. Were there no Russian girls available? Yevgeniy later cried from shame for his father.