

Genrich Zimanis At A Construction Site



This is my husband, Genrich Zimanis (on the left with a camera), at some construction site. The photo was taken in the early 1950s in Vilnius. He was an inspector of the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

During World War II I was in evacuation. Shortly after I came to Moscow, I met my lyceum teacher, Genrich Osherovich Zimanis. Genrich was born in Kaunas in 1914. He came from a common Jewish family. He was an only child. In the 1930s, upon graduation from Kaunas University, Genrich taught literature at a Lithuanian lyceum. Genrich became a Communist right after the Soviets came to Lithuania. He was involved in ideology. Now he was one of the secretaries of the Central Committee. In spite of a big disparity in years we had a crush on each other. In war times people learnt how to value their feelings. We didn't date for a long time. In a couple of weeks Genrich and I were like husband and wife. We started living together. We loved each other very much and spent a couple of happy weeks together.

By the 1950s, my husband had a high position, as the first secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Lithuania. Snieckus appreciated his work. However, when the state anti-Semitism campaign started, Genrich was also among those who suffered. His candidacy was offered for the position of the secretary of the central committee on propaganda and ideology and in spite of Snezhkus's support, he wasn't selected due to his nationality. My husband started working as the chief editor of the Lithuanian branch of Pravda and in ten years he was in charge of the Communist journal.

My husband was a true Communist, loyal, an ardent believer in ideals of the Communism. There was no nationality factor for him. He thought all nationalities to be equal. He was an internationalist. Of course, belonging to the high party elite, Genrich and I enjoyed all kinds of benefits. First of all, we had a wonderful large five-room apartment. A house-keeper took care of the chores. When our children were small, there was a nanny. The whole support staff was provided by the general service department of the Central Committee. Then the children went to a very good elite kindergarten, which was open only to the children of party activists. The house-keeper took them to and from the kindergarten.