

Lubov Rozenfeld



I, Lubov Rozenfeld. After finishing school I entered the Pedagogical College in Yaroslavl and sent this photo to my mother in Kiev. 'March 1963. Photo shop of L.O. Levit. Luba Rozenfeld'. Yaroslavl, 1963.

I faced it in the 10th form, when they refused to admit me to preparatory course in the Pedagogical College. At school I got the profession of copy makers, but I couldn't find work after finishing school. My mother's acquaintance composer Zherbin, who was also a construction engineer, helped me to get a job in design institute 'Ukrgiproshakht' making designs of mines. I worked as a copy maker and then was employed by a correction department where we proofread documents and numbered pages. My colleagues treated me well. I went to a parachute club and jumped with a parachute twice, though doctors didn't allow it. When working as a corrector I went to the preparatory course to talk about admission, but they replied: 'Well, if you were a mechanic'. I said: 'Is a mechanic closer to the profession of pedagog than a corrector?' I turned away and left.

I didn't like the town where I was born. Whether because I don't like towns, I like villages, or because of some relationships between people? I went to Yaroslavl (over 1 thsd. km from Kiev), in Russia, passed exams and entered the Philological Faculty of the Pedagogical College. I never faced any anti-Semitism in Yaroslavl. I studied by correspondence and worked in the museum-mansion of Nekrasov [Nekrasov, Nikolay Alexandrovich, 1821- 1878. Great Russian poet, founder of critical realism] in Karabikha and lived in the museum. ß I read lectures for hours there. People came and went... I liked my studies. I liked to pass my exams before term, rent a boat and go rowing on the Volga. My teacher of the Russian language and literature Verkovsky, when I wrote a

paper about Nekrasov's poetry in the Russian music, said: 'This needs to be published. How you wrote this work! It has to be published', but it never happened. I liked to travel by train on New Year since always on New Year and other holidays I felt some emptiness, therefore on New Year I went to Yaroslavl to take my winter exams and in summer I went there to take summer exams and liked staying there. I like Yaroslavl for its hospitality, for the Volga, for the white kremlin, for the first awakening of my feeling and my complex of inferiority. I fell in love there, and I am still empowered by this bitter, but full feeling. This person was worthy of my love, but he was indebted. He said: 'If only we had met two months before, things might have been different, but now I am indebted and I am marrying the woman I owe to'. He got married and I remembered him for many years...

After finishing the college in 1965 I worked as a scientific employee in the museum mansion of Nekrasov in Karabikha. My colleagues treated me wonderfully. In winter I skied and skated. I also attended an art studio. I am an amateur artist and sometimes I make nice things. To work in the museum I needed a residential registration, but my mother didn't allow me to lose my residential registration in Kiev. My brother Alexandr worked on his job assignment in Irkutsk after finishing a technical school. He told me a lot about winters in Irkutsk. I like winter. I didn't want to live in Kiev and went to Irkutsk (over 5000 km from Kiev). At first I stayed at my acquaintance son's apartment and later I rented an apartment. I went to work as a laborer at a construction site and I never regretted it: they employed me, even though I had no residential registration. I didn't want to work by my profession. I had my tonsils taken out and couldn't talk much. Spring in Irkutsk was very beautiful. The Angara was green and it made a great impression on me. However, there was my mother in Kiev. My brother had got married by then. Grandmother Bela died in 1960. I had to go back.