

Tsylia Aguf



I was photographed on New Year's Eve in 1938 to give the photo to my admirers. The picture was taken in a photo shop in Kiev. I finished school in 1937 and entered the Faculty of Philosophy at the Kiev Pedagogical Institute. I actually wanted to become an actress, but my father said once that one had to be exceptionally talented to become an actor. He didn't believe I was particularly gifted, and I couldn't do anything against his will. He had great influence on me. I often went to dancing parties. My mother was concerned about me and always chaperoned me there. Young men that wanted to invite me to dance had to ask her permission. It was okay with me. I felt protected, and when I didn't like a young man, I could always refer to my mother's presence. I had admirers. I

remember a Korean man, Venia Kim, kissing me for the first time. A studio was shooting a film in Teterev. There were a few Korean actors there. One of them asked me whether he could escort me home. He kissed me good-bye and I felt so ashamed. At home I took different cups of tableware. I covered my eyes with them until I forgot about the incident. Venia Kim wrote me letters for a long time. I had many admirers at the Institute. I didn't have a problem of meeting young people, but I didn't quite know who I needed. I met my future husband at a party at the Institute. His name was Mark Aguf, and he was a Jew. He was a student at the Faculty of Architecture at the Kiev Art Institute. He fell in love with me.