The History of Our Family.

Anatoly Levin

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Introduction.

Greetings, my dear children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren! Greetings, all readers of this book!

You have in front of you the history of our big family. From these memoirs our grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and other readers will also learn much about the Soviet Union, the largest country in the world, from which our family emigrated to the United State. In the Soviet Union an attempt was made to build Communism – the perfect society. I lived most of my life there, being a witness to and a participant in almost its entire history – from hopes and enthusiasm to popular disappointment and revelations of crimes of its rulers. I will tell you about all of that, how we and other people lived through these years. There are lots of good and lots of bad memories.

During our lifetime, because of the Holocaust and assimilation, the Yiddish-speaking Jewish community that followed the traditional way of life has almost disappeared. We still got to witness that world and I will tell you about it a little (read Sholom Aleichem and Isaac Bashevis Singer for more). We come from Russian Jews who were very different from Yiddish-speaking Jews as well as other Jews, for example from Morocco or Netherlands. For us, the Russian language and culture were our own. The majority of us were far from the Jewish religion or the world's Jewish community, but antisemites never let us forget who we were. We must tell our descendants the story of our people who, having made a large contribution to the country's science, culture, and economy, were rewarded with persecution, resulting in the emigration of most of these people.

I will tell all these in connection with specific events in the life of our family, first in Tsarist Russia, then in the USSR, and in America, accompanied by my perspective on some issues, developed in the course of my life.

I, the author of this book, was a pedagogue. For 36 years I taught, first at high school, then in college. I hope some conclusions on the upbringing of high school and college students (including some from my dissertation on how to develop interest in learning) will be useful to readers. I do not hide mistakes in my teaching and personal life – those are also useful to read about.

Appendix A supplies a family tree of our seven generations. In appendix B I tell about our close and more remote relatives. This information, like the main text too, can be extended in case of important changes, for instance, in family composition.

I thank our children Leonid Levin (Lyonya) and Tamara Levin (Toma) for help with editing; Lyonya who inserted the photos into the text (having worked out the script for that), my sister Sofia Levin (Sofa) who did a big preliminary work with the photos, and Toma who organized the printing. Thanks to those who translated this text into English

– our granddaughters Miriam Perelmutter (Masha) and Rebecca Levin and the translator Margarita Voloshinova.

Contents

Part I

1 They gave us life. My great-grandfather. My grandparents.

Maimonides knew seven generations of his ancestors. I have information – more or less – about only three of mine. But for my great-grandchildren Basya, Aaron, Channale, Kayla, Haeli, Simon, Evan, Rosanna, Ivy, and those who with God's help will be born in the future these memoirs will serve as an introduction to the history of already six generations of their ancestors. These children will be the seventh generation of our family. Many people are interested in learning about their ancestors. And our grandchildren, both at high school and in college received assignments with such questions. Our ancestors deserve our memory. There is one more reason why it is useful to know about them. Doctors nowadays consider genetic heredity to be very important. That is why I will provide some information on both negative and positive factors in the medical history of our ancestors and relatives.

My paternal great-grandfather Chaim Dave Levin was the head rabbi of Kostroma – a large city on the Volga River. His wife's name was Asne Tsiva. They had two children – a son (my father's father) and a daughter Sima. In his childhood my father corresponded with his grandfather, writing him letters in Hebrew on Fridays. My great-grandfather was very proud of his grandson and used to show these letters to everybody. I have no other information about this generation of my ancestors.

I knew both of my grandfathers, but I had almost no contact with them. For more than 30 years, though, I was very close to, and sometimes lived in the home of one of my grandmothers, a wonderful woman, who observed all Jewish traditions.

My paternal grandfather Yehuda Leib Levin was born in 1864 in the small Jewish settlement of Rudnya in the Mogilev Region of Russia (now this is the territory of Belarus). After marrying Sarah Moiseyevna Obdirkina he moved to Moscow. They had three children – my father and two daughters whom I will write about further in this book. Like his father, my grandfather was an educated Talmudist, very religious, had a diploma (smicha) of rabbi but did not work as such. He spoke German, could write in Russian, but spoke Yiddish at home. They had a textile processing shop in Moscow (they did corrugating and pleating) where they employed 6 workers. His family kept the secrets of their trade and was rather well-to-do. Business was run mostly by my grandmother; my grandfather spent his time studying and praying.

In 1891-93 tsar Alexander III evicted all Jewish artisans from Moscow. My grandfather and his family left among these people. Some of them left for America. My grandfather also received an invitation to go there to work as a rabbi (there was a great shortage of orthodox rabbis there) but he declined because America was considered not kosher, i.e. a non-religious country. The family went to Yekaterinoslav (Ukraine). All their Russian workers from the shop followed them and my grandmother was able to open her shop again. She was morbidly obese, so much so that the entrance doors in the house had to be widened for her to fit through. In 1904 she died in Kiev during an unsuccessful surgery performed to treat this illness. After her death the shop closed. My grandfather helped his son (my father) who had to stop his studies and start working. Later my father even sent his father abroad to Stockholm (Sweden) where, probably using his German and the international language of Jews – Yiddish – for communication, he bought merchandise.

After the Revolution my grandfather with his second wife Riva, moved to Amur (a suburb of the city of Dnepropetrovsk). They earned a living with small-time trade and were very poor. Because there were no rabbis in the neighborhood, my grandfather unofficially performed the rabbinical duties. I remember the Alef Beys (Jewish alphabet) which my grandfather hammered twice above my bed. I also remember grandfather's voice (he called me Tolka). He gave my mother a leaflet with instructions on how to preserve the purity of a Jewish family. He died from pneumonia in 1934.

My mother's father – Mordche Chaim (Mark) Ashkinazi and my grandmother Chaya Dvoyra, nee Miletskaya (1)[1], (2)[2] lived in the town of Kobrin before World War I. More than half of the population of that town was Jewish. My grandfather was a very religious Slonim Hassid. (As it is written in the Short Jewish Encyclopedia, Slonim Hassidism became widely known for its special Hassidic songs. I memorized some of their merry songs and often played them together with other Jewish songs during our holiday gatherings at my grandmother's place). He worked at the sugar factory which belonged to Countess Bobrinsky. She was kept unaware of the fact that there was a Jew among her employees.

My grandfather's family did well – they had two servants, a Jew and a Russian. My grandmother gave birth to 12 children, only six of whom survived. All her life my grandmother used to tearfully remember her son Archik who had died as a young man. In Soviet times her daughters managed to arrange for my grandmother to be awarded a medal of motherhood. In Kobrin my grandmother had a business – a small shop where she sold flour. She used to invite customers even in Polish: "Proshe pana do monki."

During WWI, Jews were evicted from the regions near the border on suspicion of spying for Germany. Cossacks organized pogroms. My mother's parents with their children escaped through the dangerous zone and went farther to the south into the city of Yekaterinoslav. They settled there probably using their savings in the beginning. After the Revolution my grandfather made an attempt to start a shop at his apartment, but the business was not successful. They lived in poverty. My grandmother for example for the last several decades of her long life had to keep a soft food diet because she could not afford to have dentures made. As long as my grandfather was alive, and for some time after he died, the family

[1]Our Grandfather Mordche Chaim Ashkinazi.

[2]Our grandmother Chaya Dvoyra.

observed Jewish traditions (my grandmother did this all her life). During the holiday of Sukkot my grandfather not only ate, but slept in the Sukkah at the neighbors'.

In his political views my grandfather was, surprisingly, a monarchist. My grandmother was also a conservative. She told me with anger about their neighbor, a poor Jewish shoemaker, who believed that people should not be divided into the poor and the rich. I was told later that when Lenin died, the family rejoiced. They especially hated Trotsky, "Labele Trotsky," as they called him, considering him the main person to blame for the victory of the Communists. As the Chairman of St.Petersburg's Soviet and its Military-Revolutionary Committee, Trotsky administrated practical aspects of the October revolt, and it was he who announced the creation of the Soviet government headed by Lenin at the Second Convention of the Soviets. During the Civil War Trotsky led the Red Army from its creation to victory, serving as a Narcom (Minister) of military and navy affairs.

My grandfather died from stomach cancer in 1930. I heard and remember his last words. We, the children, were making noise and the grandfather calmly said in Yiddish without naming the culprits: "Let it be quiet ." I have never witnessed such grief. My mother was literally rolling around on the floor. The Jewish community printed his obituary in Hebrew (with the picture of my grandfather which I included in this book).

Soon after that, my grandmother was arrested. The investigator demanded from her in Yiddish to surrender gold which she did not have. My grandmother responded, "Yes, I do have gold – this are my golden daughters!" The next morning she was released. The family was very close-knit. My mother was so close to her parents that my father was jealous. My grandmother did all the housekeeping. Every free minute she spent reading an old Siddur. My grandmother used to often repeat emphatically (in Yiddish – she spoke Russian, but reluctantly and of course, incorrectly), "How good our dear God is!" I remember her words about the necessity of being active, "God tells a man: you act and I will help!" If I fell sick or got in trouble, but all ended well, she would say to God, "Scare me, but do not punish!"

She and I often discussed religion in particular. I remember asking her if Jewish women minded that a Jewish man was supposed to praise the Lord every morning for not having created him a woman. My grandmother answered that it is hard to be a woman (to bear children, etc.) and that is why men are glad to be given an easier role. I also remember another feministic phrase of my grandmother: "Look," she used to say, "a hen produces eggs and chicks and her meat is tastier than rooster's."

All her life my grandmother had asthma. Before the Revolution she used to go to special sanatoriums. Later her daughters took care of her as well as they could. When she got pneumonia they saved her life with a newly released and very hard to get medicine. My grandmother accepted her old age (more than 90 years) calmly: "I am a guest here." She died in 1957 leaving her beloved and loving six daughters, eight grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. She was buried at Kaydaksky cemetery in Dnepropetrovsk. Antisemites vandalized memorial stones there, including hers. Later her stone was restored. I used this sad fact to support the refugee applications for Sofa and later her family.

Pictures: (3)[3], (4)[4], (5)[5], (6)[6], (7)[7].

2 . . . and my parents. I was born thanks to war, antisemitism.

My father, Aleksandr L'vovich Levin, Jewish name Yitzhak Isaac, was Ayzik Leybovich in his passport. (Ayzik is an English pronunciation of Isaac.) It would be good to keep this name in the offspring, the more so that my father gave us the blessing of longevity. My dad was born in Moscow on February 15, 1890 (25 Shvat, 5650). The year of his birth, recorded as 1889 on his tombstone and in his passport, is wrong – this is the year when his elder sister Masha was born.

As I mentioned earlier, in 1891-93 tsar Alexander III evicted all Jewish artisans from Moscow. My father's family left among them and moved to Ukraine to Yekaterinoslav (now Dnepropetrovsk).

My mother, Miryam (Maria Markovna Levina, Manya, who was called Maradl in her childhood, maiden name Ashkinazi) was born on December 21, 1903 (2 Tevet, 5664, the eighth day of Hanukkah) in Kobrin (a small town near the city of Brest-Litovsk – now Brest in Belarus). We knew the exact day of her birth and always celebrated it, but the year of her birth was the subject of comic arguments between my parents all their life. My father claimed that my mother was born in 1902 and he was not 13 but only 12 years older than her. (Despite being much older my father outlived my mother by nine years).

During WWI my grandparents with their children escaped to Yekaterinoslav. There my parents met each other and got married.

Here I would like to digress a little to explain the point expressed in the title of this chapter. My parents met in Yekaterinoslav because an antisemitic tsar evicted my father's family from Moscow and the war forced my mother's family to leave Kobrin. All of us living were born in a result of the general course of events, including such tragic ones. Thus an understandable regret over tragedies, so numerous in the history, logically means also a regret over the fact of our birth. This can be described by words from the song "Victory Day": "This is a joy with teary eyes" (because the victory over fascism – as well as our coming into this world – is connected to such an enormous sacrifice). Religious Jews in any situation often remember the ancient saying "Gam zu l'tova" ("even this is for good"). The past cannot be altered. We can only hope that even the saddest events will lead to something good in the future.

Getting back to my parents – in Yekaterinoslav at the age of five my father started studying in heder, then at the age of 10 – in yeshiva in the town of Kremenchug. My father

[3]Grandmother with her daughters. From left to right: Inna, our mother, Tsilya, Lena, Minna. Chasya.

[4]All of them years later. Sitting: our mother, grandmother, Chasya. Standing: Inna, Minna, Tsilya, Lena.

[5]The grandmother with our family and other relatives.

[6]The grandmother with her granddaughter Rita.

[7]A very impressive picture. 1940 year. Grandmother with her daughters and their families. Sitting: my father, Chasya's husband Moisey, Chasya, Minna's daughter Lyuba, the grandmother, Lena's son Marik, Tsilya. Standing: me, my mother, Sofa, Minna, Chasya's daughter Lilya, Lena, her husband Abrasha, Inna.

was very bright, religious and was a favorite with the rabbis. He remembered religious texts until a very old age though he did not have to review them after the synagogue was closed. I still remember some of his stories, including the funny ones, about the everyday life of yeshiva students. They were given meals by the Jewish residents of the town who took turns. Rebetsin, the Rabbi's wife, served soup in a plate which then was turned over to serve the second course on it to decrease the amount of dirty dishes (dishwashers did not exist in those times).

In his youth my father was strong, and could swim across the Dnepr, a very wide river. This helped him a lot when he had to earn money by manual labor after the Revolution. My father also played the mandolin well, and liked to sing Jewish and Russian songs – from Hassidic songs to songs based on Nekrasov's poems. He kept his good voice until old age.

After his mother's death, my father had to leave Kremenchug and start working as a shop assistant in the haberdashery store of Feygin & Chireykin. My father used to tell me that small item trade is good – people tend to buy small items frequently and without much hesitation and doubts about prices. Along with working my father took private classes and passed gymnasium exams (probably partially) without attending lectures. He could write in Russian without mistakes (otherwise he would have had no chance of passing his exams because before the Revolution, even in elementary school, students had to show complete literacy in Russian). My father was also good at solving mathematical problems.

Three years later, Babich, the husband of my father's cousin's Tanya, took him to the town of Pavlovo on the Oka River near the city of Nizhny Novgorod where he trained my father as a metalworker. Babich owned a factory in Pavlovo and my father became his traveling salesman. He visited dozens of cities. Later Babich opened an office with a hardware warehouse in Yekaterinoslav and my father became one of Babich's two sales representatives.

During the revolution of 1905 my father went into politics and took part in the election campaign of the Jewish religious party of the followers of Echod-Cha-Am (Gintsberg) who believed that Eretz-Israel must become a spiritual center of the Jewish people (about him see the Short Jewish Encyclopedia, vol.1, pages 248-251 and vol.3, page 306). Fortunately, after the Revolution authorities never learned about this part of my father's life – there proved to be no informers among the people who knew about this. During "the Great Terror," affiliation with any political party was one of the main grounds for arrest and execution. With great difficulty, using his connections and bribes, my father had dodged the draft into the tsarist army. The main justification of this action for him was his inability to eat non-kosher food. Later my father never again resorted to bribes, and this was another reason why he was able to avoid being arrested. After the Revolution, many Communists, especially those working at middle management levels, became corrupted. Some entrepreneurs who survived, including Jews who in tsarist times had successfully overcome various restrictions by bribery, tried to bribe the new managers and were caught.

Coming back to the pre-Revolutionary period – soon after escaping the army draft my father started his own business. He even traded internationally (with Sweden). His business prospered, and my father became a merchant of the second guild. He had enough income to be awarded the first guild but did not want to pay bigger taxes which this rank incurred even though this could give him the right to live beyond the pale of Jewish settlement (do

you know what is it?). My father erected a stone building for industrial use which now, a century later, still stands at the corner of Cooperative and Sverdlovsk streets. My father planned to house a factory there, but after the Revolution rented the building out.

My father was always exceptionally honest in his business transactions, as in all else. He used to tell me that the image of merchants as crooks (as a saying went, "no cheats – no sales") can be true only for small-item merchants who never get rich. Real businessmen understand that a good reputation is priceless. They can close deals worth enormous amounts of money over the phone. A person with a sound reputation can always count on finding a loan if needed to open or expand his business. Unfortunately, nowadays this virtue of old-time Jewish (and other) businessmen is forgotten by many, and not only in Russia.

But I was not destined to inherit my father's business. In 1917 the February revolution, which for a short time turned Russia into a democratic state, and later the October revolution, occurred. Communists seized power, then won the Civil War, and ruled the country for 74 years. The factory my father built was appropriated by the state. For a long time my father kept the document of this appropriation.

To revive the economy, which had completely fallen apart during the Civil War, the Soviet government introduced the so-called New Economic Policy (NEP) instead of the existing war communism. Small private businesses and trading were allowed and this quickly brought results. After the Civil War's hunger and destruction the economy began to recover. Later in the eighties, during Gorbachev's *"perestroika,"* many economists and political leaders once again turned to this successful post-Civil-War experience of NEP.

My father, like many other entrepreneurs, put his trust into this new Soviet government policy. He opened a hardware store selling tools, locks, nails and the like, demanded by the growing residential construction market. His store was on Karl Marx Street, the central street of the city. The business grew successfully.

In 1922 my father married my mother. According to her sisters, in her childhood my mother had a passion for study. She got a good education, finishing seven grades of the Kagan school – a private Jewish-Russian women's school. She never finished the last – 8th – grade, which in women's school was considered an additional (pedagogical) – her school was closed due to the Civil War. My mother retained her interest in literature and theater for the rest of her life and attended lectures on literature. She used to borrow books from the library for herself and for us. I probably would have never become a philologist without them. My mother knew Hebrew and Torah. It is from her that I learned some Hebrew sayings such as "Gam zu l'tova," "Boruch Adishem yeim-yeim" (thank you, God, for every day), and "Lo akafdon melamed" (he who has no patience cannot be a teacher). This particular saying, very important to me who does have this flaw, I encountered, like an old friend, here in the USA in "Pirkey Avot" ("The Teachings of Ancestors" – a tractate from the Talmud).

The new family, which soon welcomed two children, myself and my younger sister Sofa, was well-off at first. We went to resorts, kept a nanny – a wonderful woman named Kharitina, I called her Tina. We remained friends with her, and visited her after she married. Soon, though, everything changed. After Lenin's death (in 1924) Stalin and other leaders of the Soviet government decided that NEP could lead to the restoration of capitalism. They did not dare to reverse Lenin's policies at once, but started to exert pressure on entrepreneurs – raising taxes and trying to force them out of business. Once a business owner paid out

the tax, he was saddled with another. Gradually businesses went bankrupt and died. My father closed his hardware store and opened a metal work shop – he began manufacturing himself the hardware which he used to sell. My father was very handy in general and could easily master any trade. I remember helping him fix our cellar. During the war he had made hoes for gardening vegetables which helped him avoid starvation. After WWII in his tiny apartment with no plumbing, he installed water, heating, a toilet, and a shower.

When he had to close his hardware shop (he did not have money for the rent) my father attempted to make his hardware at our apartment (I remember a nickel-plating tub next to my bed), but nothing came out of it. If a former "NEPman" (entrepreneur), now bankrupt, tried to find work in a factory, his application was denied. Unemployment was high and such jobs were only for those who previously worked as laborers. My father, though, was a person who never gives up and finds a way out of any situation. He went to Donbass where due to an acute shortage of workers at coal mines, anybody could be hired. He got a job as metal worker. Because of his ability to speak Yiddish he used to help German experts to communicate with local staff. Some time later my father was able to get a job at a plant in Pavlograd.

In his absence my mother, a young inexperienced woman left with two children, struggled heroically to survive. The problem was that NEPmen and their families were branded *"lishentsi" ("dispossessed")*. This technically referred to voting rights (which was unimportant: elections in the USSR were always a complete farce), but implied denial of all other rights, too. They were evicted from their apartments, right out to the streets, denied hospital and outpatient medical care, etc.

The reversal of the New Economic Policy and the start of forced collectivization of agriculture (do you know what "kolkhoz" is?) brought back the hunger. Bread and other food staples were sold by state vendors in small amounts only to holders of special cards distributed by the state. "NEPmen" were not given these cards. To survive they sold everything in their possession and bought food on the black market. I remember my mother standing near the state grocery shop asking everybody entering it if they were buying rye bread. (The "card" had coupons for both wheat and rye bread; the latter was of very poor quality, so some people were buying only wheat bread and could give their rye bread coupons away).

Once, we got an eviction notice. My mother started going to various local authorities, getting appointments with great difficulty and sometimes taking us children, with her. (I still remember the last name of one of these officials – Golubenko). All her efforts proved fruitless. Then she went to the Ukraine's capital (Kharkov at that time) to see the Chief Prosecutor and prevailed! We were left in our apartment. Our neighbors the Miretskys, however, were evicted.

Having records as a factory worker helped my father to get a job as a metal worker at the factory named "Metal Combinat" (later "Metallist"), when he returned to Dnepropetrovsk from Pavlograd in 1931. There my father worked for 25 years (interrupted by the war) until his retirement. We stopped being outcasts and life became easier. In January 1935 food coupons were abolished and this was a celebrated event. My father earned the highest rank as a metalworker. He was a template producer, manually manufacturing complex molds for presses. He received special orders from other factories even after he retired – he was one of

the best experts in his field in the city of Dnepropetrovsk, a large industrial center. Soon my father was promoted to a senior metal worker, later to a foreman. After that he became a locksmith shop manager (his initial specialization) – a big success for a former outcast with no engineering degree. Managing a relatively small (around 100 people) shop left free time, so he also continued to do metal working, and manufactured lock springs – an operation which nobody else did to avoid confusion in attribution.

My father loved his job and took it very seriously. During 25 years on the job he took vacation only twice. He went to a resort where, taking part in a contest challenge, he quit smoking (before, he used to smoke two packs a day). Usually he took monetary compensation instead of taking vacations. He was never late for work. If I, teaching at a college, stayed home when I had no classes, my father would discreetly ask my wife Anya, "What happened, did Tolya get fired?" He could not understand how one could fail to show up at work. My father had good relations with his coworkers, and used to lend them small amounts of money if they were in need. He never borrowed money himself, perhaps influenced by the Torah where having debts is listed as a punishment. I inherited my father's distaste for borrowing and avoided it even in America where buying on credit is common (and sometimes results in bankruptcy).

My father, naturally, disliked the Soviet regime and did not believe in Communists utopia. *"Sheker ve kozev"* ("fraud," in Hebrew), he used to say. "They will deliver what they promise when mushrooms grow here" (pointing at his palm). He died just 9 years before his prediction came true – the collapse of Communism took all the Sovietologists by surprise. Despite his political views my father took an active part in the social life of his factory – he was an editor (and the author of all the articles) of the factory wall paper, and at some point was even elected the trade union chairman (nearly impossible for a non-member of the Communist Party!).

My father was intelligent, humorous, and wise (his grandchildren unfortunately got to know him only as an old man). As an example I quote two of his sayings which I think are worth memorizing: "You are often right in your arguments," he would say, "but mistaken to think this is so important." That is, even being sure you are right, you need to be convincing and diplomatic in your argument, and ready to compromise. And another one: "A marital quarrel is no reason for a divorce: disagreements are common; what may make divorce inevitable is a strong new love."

The son and grandson of rabbis, my father, who received a religious education, was elected *gabbai* (in American terms, "president") of his synagogue. We kept a kosher home. Later, the authorities arranged a "democratic vote" by residents, mostly young Komsomol members, to close the synagogue and convert the building to a youth club. After the synagogue was closed, my father gradually drifted away from religion.

At the end of his life he expressed his view on religion by saying, "To believe is impossible, and so is to not believe." I saw how his religious upbringing affected his moral values. I am sure my father was never unfaithful to his wife. He never used profanities, nor did he drink, even while working daily with laborers who did both. My father was very responsible in providing for his family (my mother worked only during the war). He was very concerned with the fate of Israel. Honesty and prudence were always his main features. He always declined propositions of his old acquaintances, former "NEPmen," for any illegal transaction

(as a manager of an assembling department which produced finished products, he had plenty of such opportunities). "I want to sleep peacefully," he used to say and also, "Whatever is known to two people tomorrow may be known to everybody." This wisdom again saved him: the whole administration of the factory was persecuted for some illegal operations, he was the only one not charged.

Let's return to my mother. (If only this could be done literally!) She carried the burden of running the whole household – my father had no time to help her around the house. He just did repairs when needed. We, the children, also were not assigned house chores, not to be distracted from our studies. My mother did all the shopping, cooked wonderful dishes, made preserves, canned food for winter: jams, pickled vegetables, fruits preserved in their own juice; did laundry (manually), ironed, repaired our clothes, cleaned the house, bathed the children, treated us when we were ill, etc. The success of our studies was her main goal. She knew our teachers, our classmates and even their parents. She attended all parent-teachers meetings, was a member of the school parents committee and helped in the school cafeteria. Though our family, like most Soviet Jews, abandoned religious traditions, my mother continued to fast on Yom Kippur. She said she was doing it for the sake of her children's well-being.

I especially want to mention my mother's role in saving me when I fell ill with tuberculosis during the war. At that time this illness was often fatal. Besides treatment, a nourishing diet was necessary for recovery, but there was hunger in the country. My mother took a job selling candy at the market which was considered very humiliating.

When my wife Anya and I lived in Dnepropetrovsk, my mother helped us a lot. She bought groceries at the market and brought them to us (a long, exhausting trip). She went to Sofa in Nikolayev when my sister gave birth to her son Marik. I will tell later of our mother's role in the life of Sofa's daughter Lyuba. After we left Dnepropetrovsk, my already very ill mother, kept taking all of Sofa's and my big and little problems close to her heart. I still keep her letter sent in 1971. After detailed questions about us and our children she wrote, "How well have you prepared the apartment for winter? I believe your windows need painting." (She and my father had visited us earlier.) "If you decide to paint them, buy the Indian paint. It gives excellent white color and dries out in three-four hours, very economical one box (one kilogram) – nine rubles." Only after all this she writes that her illness had flared up, she cannot leave home and often had to call the ambulance.

I say nothing new, I just join many, many people who bend their knees before a woman – a mother. Unfortunately I, as many others (which is not an excuse at all), came too late to realize my mistakes in relationship with my mother. My main regret is for making her worry about me by not writing to her often enough. When I was a freshman in Moscow University, my mother in desperation had to write to the University President! He called me to his office. I do not remember realizing what a shame this was. Once really adult, I wrote to my parents often enough, as I thought. My mother felt differently. Could these detailed notes, which are supposed to preserve the memory of my parents and on which I willingly spend more time than I should have spent writing letters in the past, serve as a compensation, however small and insufficient? Hardly. Debts should be paid out while the person you are indebted to is alive. I thought I acted correctly writing every letter to my mother after receiving a response for the previous one. The problem was that in the USSR

the mail was very slow and my mother did not get my letters as fast as she would have liked to. Receiving a letter from us was a festive event for her and my father.

What other joys did they have? Very few. One was our visits, my and Sofa's families with children whom our parents loved very much. Recently Toma told me how as a little girl she played domino with her grandpa. She did not know how to play yet and chose chips which looked better to her. My father made swings for her. My parents always lived very modestly, especially after my father retired. He learned to make his own ice-cream as a special treat for the grandchildren besides the grandmother's tasty dishes.

Did my parents have flaws? Of course they did as everybody else. Their good traits and good deeds, though, which I described above, are not invented or exaggerated.

Our parents had a difficult life in their old age. My mother had asthma for 18 years. Once she managed to go to a specialized resort. She also used to come to Moscow where her sister Mina helped her to get some hospital treatment. Periods of remission alternated with severe flare-ups, when she had to call the ambulance very often. Many times my mother was admitted to a hospital. My father's life was also very hard. They had only one room and a kitchen in their apartment. At nights my father could not sleep because of my mother's cough. Later he became hard of hearing. This would give him better chances for nighttime sleep but my mother needed to call the ambulance very often. They had no phone and in any weather my father with his poor sight went to look for a public phone and later met the ambulance in the street. Besides my father, my mother got some help from her sister Tsilya and her niece Rita. (Sofa and I, living in remote cities, could not do much, though, of course, we visited our parents in Dnepropetrovsk.)

A few words about their lack of a home phone. At that time everywhere in the USSR except in Moscow a home phone was a luxury. This service was given mainly to various bosses or for a bribe. For this reason telephone management had no interest in making home phones more available to the public. My father, who had a disability of the 1st degree (he lost his vision almost completely as a result of a stroke), was eligible for a home phone installation without being wait-listed. A telephone representative came to my parents' house and informed them that the telephone indeed could be installed. After this he sat for a long time waiting for a bribe, but my father didn't give bribes. Soon after they got a letter stating that connecting their apartment to a telephone service was "technically impossible." Their neighbors, though, got home phones. I tried to help my parents, visited multiple authorities at all levels in Dnepropetrovsk as well as in Moscow, even at the office of the President of the USSR – all in vain. By that time the wall of bureaucracy became absolutely impenetrable, all functionaries supported each other (though 20 years earlier the same office had easily satisfied my other request).

In July of 1973 my mother was hospitalized again. Her condition kept worsening (cardiac and pulmonary insufficiency as a result of asthma and emphysema). When I arrived at Dnepropetrovsk and came to the hospital my mother was on oxygen. She had to go to the bathroom leaning on me with one hand and holding on to the wall with the other. She told me she wanted to die. When I reminded her of many times when her condition worsened, but later improved, she just repeated that she wanted to die. She was not 70 yet.

My mother sat on the bed with her eyes closed, then she took my hand and squeezed it. I realized that she is saying goodbye but only later understood that she had probably lost

the ability to speak. At that moment I thought that speaking was just difficult for her, but her hand squeezed mine forcefully. I stroked my mother's hand trying to soothe her but she again squeezed my hand tightly, not accepting my calming gesture. She lay down on her bed facing the wall. Soon after her doctor came, she looked at my mother who was lying peacefully and breathing evenly. The doctor felt my mother's leg and said, "There is no swelling, this is not so dangerous." I wanted to go home to let other patients in my mother's room sleep, and started collecting food, brought from home, to put in the refrigerator. (In the USSR, hospitals meals were very poor and were usually complemented by food from home, brought by relatives and friends). But one old and wise woman said, "Who will be eating all this tomorrow?" and I decided to stay.

Some time later it seemed to me that I had stopped hearing my mother's breathing. I called the doctor, who came reluctantly (she had already come not long ago hadn't she?). She looked at my mother and said, "Your mother has died." I demanded to take my mother to the ICU – she had been alive just minutes ago, but the doctor told me that in my mother's case resuscitation is impossible (the doctor had probably reviewed my mother's medical chart at the beginning of her shift, and she knew about my mother's condition during the previous several days).

My mother was very sick and was suffering for a long time, but she died easily, quietly, without agony, as they say, the soul flew away. At the time of her passing her loving and beloved son was at her bedside. This happened on August 7, 1973, the ninth day of Av. This is one more very important reason for me to fast that day. My mother was buried at the Kaydaksky cemetery where her mother was buried, next to the back wall, in the fifth section (reserved for males – there were no other places as the cemetery had been closed for burials by the time she died) in the third grave.

After my mother's death, Sofa and I offered our father to come to live with either of us. He went to live with Sofa and later decided to move to our house. Twice he lived with my family for a long time, returning to Sofa when we had to go to Moscow to see off Lyonya's, and later Toma's, families leaving to America. Hearing and vision loss considerably worsened my father's life – he could not read or watch TV. Otherwise his health was always good until his last years. My father always led a healthy life – something all know about, but few follow. He went to bed at the same time, got up early in the morning, did not eat much – during his last years he ate two times a day at the same time of day. Physical labor was his substitute for exercises. At 88 my father retained a clear mind and good memory – he dictated to me the story of his lifestyle, of his close and distant relatives. Later his memory began to worsen. On the 11th of September (23 Elul) 1982 my father died at the age of 92 in the town of Nikolayev in Ukraine. He was buried there (section 45).

To sum up our parents' life I can say that having overcome unbelievable difficulties and dangers, they managed to live with dignity and honesty. Compared to the lives of millions of victims of the Communist regime and of the wars, their life was relatively peaceful.

Pictures: (1)[8], (2)[9], (4)[10], (5)[11], (6)[12], (7)[13], (8)[14], (3)[15], (9)[16], (10)[17], (11)[18], (12)[19].

3 . . . and grandparents and parents of Anya, my wife.

Anya never got to see her grandparents alive. Neither had she managed to put on paper anything about them learned from her parents. All I can tell about Anya's grandparents I learned from her cousins Anna Shunis, Tamara Aizikov, and Zhenya Grayfer as well as from the official autobiography and personal papers of Anya's father, which Anya carefully preserved, and from the family tree sent by their American relatives (where only their names were mentioned). I personally knew many of Anya's relatives.

Anya's paternal great-grandparents David Meyer and Henne (Hanna) Rachel Erenburg lived in a small town of Parichi, now in Belarus. They had five children. Their son Leivick (picture 1 in chapter 3 of Appendix) and his wife Brayne (Bronya) – Anya's grandparents – lived not far from Parichi in a village Shchedrin. They had 9 children. By chance I learned how Anya's parents became rural residents. The third Lubavitcher rabbi Menahem Mendel (Tsemah Tsedek) bought land from the count Shchedrin in 1839 and gave it to the Jews ("Alef" magazine, volume 371). This enabled Anya's father to claim peasant origin though neither he nor his parents had ever worked the land. In the Soviet Union, which considered itself a state of workers and peasants, such origin gave privileges in education, career, etc.

Zhenya Grayfer told me that her and Anya's common grandfather Leyvik was a well-respected melamed (teacher), his advice was sought by the residents of several small settlements around the towns of Bobruisk and Baranovichi. Because the name "Leyvik" became one of the two Jewish names of our son, I found it (as a full form, not diminutive) in the Short Jewish Encyclopedia (vol.4, p. 758 as well as in "Alef" magazine). Bronya kept a small store. In 1919 she came down with typhus and was taken to a hospital housed in a former private estate. One night, this estate was set on fire by some gang and Anya's grandmother was killed by the fire. Anya's father, together with his father and sister Bluma, left for Ekaterinoslav (Dnepropetrovsk) where he worked until he joined the Red Army in 1919. In 1921 grandfather Leyvik and his sister Bluma died in Yekaterinoslav either from starvation or from typhus (according to different sources).

According to Tamara Aizikova her grandfather common with Anya, Yechiel Rabinovich, had a title of a Rabbi, but worked as a teacher. He was very poor. It was torture for him to

[8] Our mother.
[9] Our father.
[10] Our mother, father, Sofa's daughter Lyuba, her other grandfather, and me.
[11] Our mother, father, Anya, and me.
[12] Our mother with Lyuba.
[13] See 2-6.
[14] Our mother and father.
[15] The house he built.
[16] Our father.
[17] See 2-9.
[18] All the difficulties and joys of life are over.
[19] See 2-11.

collect payment for his lessons – his students did not pay him for many months. They used to invite him to their table and treated him with food, but did not pay. After the treat he felt awkward to talk about payment. Grandmother Hanah was very hard working. It was difficult to provide food for the family and they often went without. They never bought clothes for the children, grandmother made them herself. She baked fresh bread every day, but they ate yesterday's bread to save money. Difficult as it was, for the holidays, especially for Passover, grandmother cooked delicious meals. Then the Revolution happened. During the Civil War they survived the pogroms by putting their son David into bed and telling everybody that he had typhus.

The lives of Anya's parents and of mine were very different. My parents came from wealthy families and even after my paternal grandmother's death when her family lost its fortune, my father had managed to become a businessman with an average income before the Revolution. For that reason, after the Revolution my parents were persecuted and had to fight for survival. Anya's parents came from poor families. As many other Jews, especially the poor, suffering from antisemitism, Anya's father joined the Communist Party, took part in the Civil War and later built a successful career (in its early years, the Soviet system did not bar Jews from any positions).

Naum (Nohum) L'vovich Erenburg was born on 1897 in the town of Shchedrin (now Belarus). At the age of 16 he started earning money by private Hebrew lessons. Naum L'vovich (I will be calling him this name which I am used to) read in Yiddish, Hebrew and subscribed to a Jewish magazine all his life. He was very fond of Byalik. At the age of seventeen Anya's father moved to Yekaterinoslav where he began working first as a pipe cutter and later as a metal worker at a factory. In May of 1919 he volunteered to join the Red Army, and in 1920 – the Communist Party. Having completed a special training course he was made a Deputy of the Military Commandant at the railway station of Volnovakha, later at the Kharkov station, and after that at Lubotin.

In the same year Naum L'vovich married his cousin Basya Yefimovna Rabinovich. A year later they had a daughter Anya. After that another daughter was born who soon got ill and died. In August of that year he was discharged from the Army. He began working as a bookkeeper in Dnepropetrovsk and in 1924 as assistant director of the railroad station in the city of Stalino. In 1925 he moved to the same position in Nikolayev, and in 1926 – to Mariupol. Two years later he became an assistant director of the Commerce Department of the railway management in Dnepropetrovsk. In summer of 1930 he was a member of the Executive Committee of the district Soviet of Workers' Deputies as well as the director of the Commerce Department of Dnepropetrovsk agricultural district. In 1930-31 he worked as an engineer-economist in railway management of Dnepropetrovsk.

In 1931 among a thousand Communists (called "the Party Thousand") he was sent to college. He began to study in the College of Railway Engineers in Dnepropetrovsk. At the same time he worked in this college as an assistant on the faculty of Marxism-Leninism. In 1936 he graduated with high grades (his diploma project received an excellent grade) and started working at Dnepropetrovsk Design Institute of Railway Transportation. He worked there for 19 years as a senior engineer, project director, chief engineer of research department. Railway staff had ranks and wore uniforms like the military. Anya's father had a rank of an engineer-major.

After the city of Dnepropetrovsk during WWII was liberated Naum L'vovich was sent there to work as a project engineer at the railway reconstruction. There he found his wife's niece Bela, a Holocaust survivor (I will write about her later) and adopted her. Anya's father was decorated with medals "For War Service" and "For Excellent Work during the Great Patriotic War of 1941-1945." He was also awarded the title of "Honorary Railroad Worker" carrying a number of benefits, one of which was free railway travel once a year anywhere in the USSR.

But in the fifties the authorities learned that Anya's father had a brother in America whom he sometimes (rarely) corresponded with and that Naum L'vovich had concealed this biographic fact. The attempts to explain that his brother was a member of the American Communist Party, had been persecuted for this, which forced him to change his name, did not help Anya's father. He was stripped of security clearance, transferred to a lower ranked job, and in August 1953 at the age of 56 pushed to early retirement "for health reasons." Despite this Naum L'vovich kept his naive faith in the Communist Party even when few believers Party's propaganda remained. I remember looking at the picture of the holiday parade at the Red Square, trying to guess the Party hierarchy place of various national leaders by their placement on the parade's grandstand. Naum L'vovich said that the placement was random.

I do not have enough information about Anya's mother – the only document left is her death certificate. I learned some facts from her nieces and grandchildren and I am also using my own memories of her. Basya Yefimovna (Basya Seina) was born in 1907. She probably had some education (maybe from her father) because she loved to read all her life. After she got married she became a housewife. She worked only during the war, sawing at home. She was very hardworking. Naum L'vovich also took part in household chores. I remember how they did the dishes together – she washed and he dried them. He often left for long business trips, though, and she managed the household alone. She kept her house very clean. Her neighbors were amazed at how she managed to have time to do everything she did. Basya Yefimovna was a smart woman and was skeptical about the official propaganda, though she did not argue over it with her husband. The radio in their home was all day on and I remember her commenting on political shows, "Mi klapt in chainik," she used to say in Yiddish, which means, "they beat in a kettle" – it is just a meaningless noise. On the "Great Terror Policy" she used to say that while there could be one or two persons considered the enemies of the people, it is impossible for everybody to be an enemy. I remember her saying in Yiddish, "This world is also a world" i.e. "you should not forsake earthly pleasures," or "the rich are great economists." This was said ironically about the proverb "we are not so rich that we can afford cheap things" (which are of poor quality and disposable). Anya spoke about her parents very fondly, saying they were very responsible, hospitable, and loving.

They loved their grandchildren very much. Our son Lyonya lived with them until the age of three. Later when we rented a separate apartment with no plumbing, Anya brought the children to her parents on weekends so they could have a bath, and Anya's mother repaired their clothes, etc. Grandfather used to take them to a park and read to them, often when Toma was eating. Once, after getting tired of the children's mischief, he suggested interrupting these weekend visits for some time. But next Wednesday he already called saying that he had rested sufficiently and is waiting to see his grandchildren back. When

Toma decided to take music lessons, Anya's parents gave her a very expensive present – a piano. For our wedding they gave us a complete set of the Big Soviet Encyclopedia, which Naum L'vovich had been collecting for more than 25 years. The grandchildren loved Anya's parents. Once when a girl named Sveta called Naum L'vovich "granddad," Toma argued, "He is my granddad, not yours."

Both of Anya's parents had serious health problems. Basya Yefimovna suffered from cholecystitis and kept a strict diet. In October 1959 she was hospitalized with an acute attack of this condition and on October 30, 1959 at the age of 62 she died from peritonitis it caused. She was buried in Dnepropetrovsk at a new cemetery. Naum L'vovich married her sister Sofia Yefimovna. In 1965 they moved to Moscow, where Sofia Yefimovna's daughter, Tamara, lived with her family. To move, they exchanged their apartment with a family who had an apartment in Moscow. On March 24, 1968 Naum L'vovich, who had stomach cancer, died from liver failure (as indicated in his death certificate) in oncological hospital. He was cremated and buried at the Novodachny cemetery in the town of Dolgoprudny, in the 6th section near the father-in-law of Tamara Aizikova.

Mine and Anya's parents have not disappeared without a trace. They continue in us, and their names have been passed to their descendants. Anya (Hanah) got the name of her grandmother and great-grandmother. After Anya's death her name was passed to our great-granddaughter. Our granddaughter has the same name. Sofa (Sarah) has the name of our grandmother. Lyonya got his Jewish name Leyb Leivik after the two great-grandfathers. This name sounds similar to his secular name Leonid. Our granddaughter Masha (Miriam) was named after my mother, and our great-granddaughter Basya has the name of Anya's mother. The name of our granddaughter Naomi is connected with Anya's father's name.

Pictures: (1)[20], (2)[21], (3)[22], (4)[23], (5)[24], (6)[25], (7)[26], (8)[27].

[20] Anya with her parents and aunt Sofya Yefimovna.
[21] Anya's father.
[22] Anya's mother.
[23] Anya with her father and Sofya Yefimovna.
[24] Anya with her parents and relatives.
[25] Anya's father.
[26] Life's sounds faded away.
[27] See 3-7.

4 Happy childhood in an unhappy country.

Ночью из дома я поспешу,
В кассе вокзала билет попрошу.
Может, впервые за тысячу лет
Дайте до детства плацкартный билет.
Тихо кассирша ответит: билетов нет.
(Р.Рождественский, "Город детства")

(I am awaken long before dawn,
Run to the station, it's silent as a stone.
This one time only, in a thousand years,
Ticket to childhood I'm here to request.
Quiet, they answer: you knew, there are none.
(R.Rozhdestvensky "The Town of Childhood"))

I will start the story of my childhood by listing all my names. My official name was Anatoly Ajzikovich Levin. Everybody called my father Aleksandr and I was usually called Anatoly Aleksandrovich. My Jewish name – Naphtoli Herts ben Yitzhak Isaac. My American name – Anatoly Alexander Levin. (Anatoly isn't a popular name in America. If in the future somebody would like to keep my name in the descendants, it may be better to use my Jewish Biblical name).

I was born on July 24, 1923 (11 Av, 5683) in Dnepropetrovsk. The date of my birth was a source of great disappointment for me throughout my whole childhood. The problem was that my sister Sofa (Sarah Zise) was born on March 25, 1925 (29 Adar, 5685). Her birthday was celebrated every year while mine was not because in summer many people, often including our family left the city for summer vacation. The same city was the birthplace of my wife Anya and our children. Pictures: (1)[28], (2)[29].

The city of Dnepropetrovsk before the revolution had the name of Yekaterinoslav in honor of the Tsarina Catherine II (The Great) who had founded the city. The new name of the city refers to the river Dnepr, one of the largest in Europe, and to a revolutionary Petrovsky, one of the leaders of Soviet Ukraine – in Ukraine, unlike in Russia, the cities were not renamed.

Dnepropetrovsk is one of the oldest and largest industrial centers of Ukraine. Before the War (by this here and later I mean WWII) its population was over 500,000, now – over a million. The city houses a diverse array of industries, which earlier included the manufacturing of missiles.

And yet the city is very beautiful, green, with gorgeous parks. On the banks of the Dnepr lies Shevchenko Park with its alleys of roses and lilac, beautiful beaches, boat stations; outdoor summer theater where free concerts of classical music are performed by the symphonic orchestra. I used to call this park "the park of the intelligentsia." The city center has a Chkalov Park for young people with a dancing area, parachute jumping tower, boats

[28] I, at the age of two.
[29] Sofa.

on a pond, a children's railroad with real moving trains. All the railroad workers, except the train driver, are school children. Lenin's Park (I am naming just a few of the city's parks) is a quiet place. During the day this is a place for parents and grandparents to take their children out; at night the paths turn into a date setting for future parents (including me and Anya who, luckily, lived nearby).

Pictures: (3)[30], (4)[31] (5)[32], (6)[33].

But as children, the most important place on Earth for us was not our city but the yard around our building at 80 Komsomol'skaya Street. Samuil Marshak wrote "Children of our yard – you are its true owners" (adults rarely lingered in the yard). Sofa and I were lucky – our three story building, where in one of the apartments we spent our entire childhood and early adolescence (17 years for me and 16 for Sofa), had a large yard separated from the street and adjacent buildings. (Anya had a good apartment but had no yard and she had to go to her cousins Zina and Nika to play in their yard.)

The former owner of our building Katsnelson used to grow fruit and decorative trees in the yard (apricot, pear, black and white mulberry, maples, as well as acacia and lilac bushes, and others). The apricot tree was our favorite. It had low spreading and twisted branches which we often sat upon like a flock of birds. There were eight of us younger children, and three other older kids who hung out with us but rarely participated in our games. Everyone had his own designated branch to sit on. Sometimes this seating arrangement caused arguments but nobody wanted to sit on my branch, which was higher. We all collected apricots before they had a chance to ripen but pears grew very high on the tree and only Grisha and I could get to them. Unfortunately the pears did not ripen until winter. Even now when I see a hard unripe pear I call it a "childhood memory." After the mulberry ripened, us three boys treated ourselves and the girls to its fruits. White mulberries were especially prized – a rare sort, very sweet and not staining.

And there was also grass – a great place to play – tall weeds, malva the girls used for wreaths, and yellow dandelions – the main flowers of my modest childhood (it still pains me to see them pulled out as weed). And finally the yard had a path leading to a mysterious ravine with ferns, where interesting things could be unearthed, such as pieces of fine china (the ravine had been probably used as a dumping ground at some point). It was strictly forbidden to descend into the ravine because it ended with a precipice with no fence. Down there was a building, the third floor of which was level with the edge of the precipice. Despite the prohibition, Grisha and I used to go down to the precipice and Grishka, who was younger than me and my friend Misha, but bolder, even dared to descend even there.

Before leaving to America we visited our city and our house. By an incredible coincidence, 44 years after our family left this house, at the very time of our last visit there, the yard of our childhood was demolished! Asphalt was poured over the yard, the fences were leveled and the ravine was filled. Marina Tsvetayeva wrote in one of her last poems,

Ребёнок растёт на асфальте
И будет жестоким – как он.

[30] On the Dnepr River.
[31] See 4-3.
[32] The railway station.
[33] Our key tram stop.

(A child being raised on the asphalt
Will, in time, be as brutal and hard.)

And where is this steep hill which I used to climb with such difficulty in my hunt for yellow dandelions? Could this little bump possibly be it?

Там нас порою сводили с ума
Сосны до неба, до солнца дома.
Там по сугробам неслышно шла зима.
("Город детства.")

(There we sometimes were thrilled to behold
Sky-reaching pine trees, sun-reaching abode
There its snows winter soundlessly trod.
("The Town of Childhood"))

Speaking of snows – at the time of our childhood there was no snow removal in the city and only the tramway tracks were cleaned. This was wonderful! But it did not only give us the chance to play snowballs, make snowmen, and ride our sleds – children have all this today. In those days, there were horse-drawn carriages instead of taxi cabs. In the winter, these carriages, drawn by beautiful horses, were put on sledge runners. The top of a carriage is up, the passenger's legs are covered with a rug or a bear skin, and – off we go! "What Russian [Jew] does not like a fast ride!" – smooth, on the snow, not on stone pavement, – especially if he is five years old! A ride was expensive and was experienced rarely but the memory of it stays forever. The most common means of public transportation was by tramway, which began running in Yekaterinoslav in 1898 – earlier than in Moscow and St.Petersburg. Its carriages varied by season. In summer they were open, without the side walls (supplied before the Revolution by a Belgian company which introduced the tram in the south of Russia).

Let's take the story from our yard and streets into the building. During our last visit we saw that it had been remodeled and, unlike the yard, improved. Instead of six large apartments, each housing three families who shared the kitchen and bathroom, as it had been after the revolution, the building now had many smaller one-family apartments, each with all the facilities. Three floors were turned into four through reductions in ceiling height. But my balcony! In the picture (7)[34] is our building at the time of our last visit. Our apartment was the top one on the right. But instead of the small balcony we had a big one stretching along the whole length of our living room. From below a large maple tree grew branching out right at the level of our balcony, embracing it with its leafy branches in summer – it felt as living in a forest. In summer I slept there in a hummock made by my father; we used to eat, do homework, read, in short – live there.

Neither the balcony nor the maple tree exists any more. But our childhood is over, too, we ourselves are gone from that place, so calm down, Tolya, Anatoly Alexander Levin.

[34]The home of our childhood after the reconstruction.

Mr. Katznelson has built that house so well that after a century its foundation and walls withstood such a major renovation. Mr. Katznelson himself, though, was not as strong as his building. He died from a heart attack when the building was taken away after the revolution, leaving him and his family a small apartment.

My systematic memories start at the age of five. I have only episodic memories of my life before that age. I am three, we are on a beach at the Azov sea, in the town of Berdyansk. At that time there were separate swimming places for men and women. I see myself running back and forth between my dad and mom. The most vivid memory is that of my father having come from a business trip (this was still the time of NEP, and my father had his own business). He used to bring home taffies for us. This candy was magic: as soon as Sofa and I could, with much regret, see the bottom of the box – candies are finished – this bottom was removed revealing another layer full of candy. This miracle could be performed once more before the box was really empty. How little is needed for happiness in childhood?

Please remember this, my readers with small children or grandchildren. Mine have already grown, thank God. I have great-grandchildren whom I see very rarely – they live in different cities. Nevertheless they are always glad to see "grandfather Tolya" who brings them candies.

I have many memories from the age of five. Here I am climbing into my parents' bed, asking my father to practice solving math problems with me (my math teacher Antonina Andreyevna was upset that after graduating high school I did not choose math as my college major. Now I could have reported to her that my children have done this). In bed my father read poems to me, I remember "Moydodyr," Krylov's fables. Evidently a parent's bed is the favorite place for little children. Even though through my fault such a close relationship with my father did not last long, my father always liked to talk to me.

I remember buying bread in a private bakery during NEP and even more interesting – buying ice cream. The ice cream vendor stood at a street crossing and put the ice cream between two round wafers, then you eat it by licking around the wafers. It was so tasty! I remember how the ice cream rose in price from 5 to 15 kopeks. I remember my childhood pranks. I used to ask passers by if they have a bride for me 5 years of age. I used to ring a bell at my neighbors' doors and run away. I remember a big flood. Somebody probably suffered from it – we, children did not know about this. But what a joy it was – to go to visit your friends by boat in the street! I even remember the name of the person we visited this way (Rozhansky) – so great was this impression. In summer at the Dnieper we used to take a boat and go to the islands (my father was a good rower). There the sand was golden, the reed was high, you relax under the sun which we did not fear (soothing our sunburns with sour cream at home later).

When the misfortunes mentioned previously fell upon our family, our parents were trying to shield us, keeping all the problems to themselves so we would feel nothing or almost nothing. I remember how our mother, choosing our clothes for repair, said, "May our enemies wear such clothes." I asked her, "Who is our enemy – tax inspector?" My mother answered nothing. I remember how our father's acquaintance whose belongings were all about to be confiscated for failure to pay taxes brought two big geese to us, which lived for a long time on our balcony. I also remember how our mother (our father worked in a different city) together with other people "stripped of rights" were ordered to go clean the snow from

tram tracks. Our mother took us there and said she had nobody to leave her small children with. She was relieved of this duty.

To keep from us the information we were not supposed to learn, our parents discussed it in Yiddish. That is why we began to understand this language very soon. Later I learned to read Yiddish a little, too. I found a book in Yiddish – Sholom Aleichem's story "Gymnasium" at my grandmother's. Because the title of the book and the author's name were printed both in Russian and in Yiddish, I learned 13 letters in Yiddish (the vowels in this language are marked by separate letters. "Alef," Ayin" and other letters are used). Then I started to look for familiar words containing the letters which I knew and one letter unknown to me. Having learned the whole Yiddish alphabet this way I read the book. This was difficult, so the beginning of the story got imprinted on my memory. I also read grandmother's Siddur a little – the text was in Hebrew on the top of the page and in Yiddish on the bottom. I did not read any more in Yiddish, though I like this language. Pity, it is disappearing (listed in the Red Book of languages), and thanks to rabbis and other people who keep this language alive in their families.

Our early childhood took place in the atmosphere of Judaism.

During all my preschool years I believed in God to the amazement of my older friends who were already at school. I even said to my father, "Maybe we are sleeping the whole week and wake up on Saturday?" This is a strange thought but it shows how important Saturday was in our household. I remember the amazing taste of our mother's dishes from Jewish cuisine, I remember also the game of nuts, bow shooting on the respective holidays.

We used to go to synagogue with my father and sat in an honorable place behind the bimah, facing the praying (my father was a gabay).

When I turned five, my father attempted to teach me Hebrew. He sang the song "Homey Shonim" to me – about a boy who at the age of five goes to Heder, saying goodbye to his toys but promises to return to them after his studies. My father had no textbooks, only religious literature. We put on our hats and the lesson began. My father showed me the alphabet, read, "Boruch Atoh ..." I asked him what it meant. My father answered, "You will learn this later." I started crying and that was the end of my Hebrew studies. Once I saw Elijah, the prophet, when during the Passover Seder they filled the wine glass designated for Elijah. I was sent to open the door for him. I went out into a dark corridor and saw something looking like a thunderbolt. I returned and announced that I had met the prophet. They did not want to disappoint me then. Later I learned that what I had seen was an electric spark caused by a faulty switch.

I remember how before the holiday of Yom Kippur they spun a rooster over my head, conducting "capores" – not money, but a live rooster (by the way I still remember and like the Ashkenazi pronunciation of the words: "capores," "sukes," "shabes," etc. more than Sephardic version which is popular now). As for roosters and chickens – I had to take them to the butcher, unfortunately, – a child should not been subjected to the view of a bird fluttering with its throat cut! It was equally hard to see how the fish head cut off by mother continued to open and close its mouth. And how my cat played with a mouse, biting it slightly, letting go, catching it when it tries to run away, and finally eating it.

I had a chance to see a real tzadik in our home. He came from Belorussia. I remember this tall beautiful old man with a snow white beard, who, I was told, before the revolution

was a soldier. He was received with such respect! People were literally trying to catch every word coming out of his mouth. All you could hear was, "Reb Shmul Yechiel, Reb Shmul Yechiel!" I remember one of his sayings. During dinner he said, "In such a rough country (Eastern Ukraine was considered not religious enough) – such tender fruits!" He said this about our tomatoes, and indeed neither in Italy, nor in America I have seen such tomatoes, smelling and tasting as the Ukrainian ones.

At our grandmother's house (22 Karl Libknekht street) Passover Seder was observed up until the war. At that time I was already an atheist and a Komsomol member, as almost all the other young people, and I asked my uncle, Abrasha, a Communist, whether we should take part in this celebration. He answered that we should – out of respect for grandma. Later, in Dagestan, I saw that Muslims never had such doubts – their Communists openly participated in religious ceremonies.

Dnepropetrovsk is a large modern city. In our everyday life there was nothing or almost nothing but religious traditions (and not for a long time) and Yiddish which reminded us about the ways of the Jewish shtetls (small towns). I still got to learn about that life observing my grandmother's family and our neighbors. For example, my grandmother, like other Jewish women, all her life collected goose down for pillows and, more important, feather beds. These feather beds were usually part of the dowry of a bride. They served not only as a mattress but as a blanket, too. I got to sleep in such manner in my grandmother's house, resting on a down bed under the light and warm down comforter.

Our building was inhabited mostly by respectable Jews, who started to rent their apartments from Mr. Katznelson himself (though later different people came to live there. Next to us the evicted family of NEPman Miretsky was replaced by the family of an antisemitic laborer, Trofimov). And next to our building was an "Aronka's" yard, as we called it, after the boy named Aron who befriended our Grisha and sometimes showed up in our yard, (in our house there were no children anymore with such "old" names as Aron). "Aronka's" was a yard where in small separate houses lived shoemakers, vendors from Oziorka – a nearby large and picturesque main market of Dnepropetrovsk, – and others. In this yard, loud arguments often took place and usually they happened outside the houses right in the yard.

Probably in the places these people were from, the customs were different – very good and really bad. Please read Sholom Aleichem. How skillfully he described life in these Jewish settlements ("shtetles") with wonderful Jewish humor and compassion especially for the poor, who suffered not only from pogroms, but also from their own rich. Maxim Gorky, who loved Jews, wrote to Sholom Aleichem, "I have read your book. I laughed and cried. This book is wonderful!" This was about the novel "Motl, The Cantor's Son."

Now let's jump over the fence from the "Aronka's" yard into ours, where we spent the best hours of our childhood. I see my childhood friend – I have never had a better one. Misha Babitsky was two years older than me. Very serious, he studied violin successfully (he played in the empty kitchen late evenings, to not disturb anybody). He was an attentive listener, unlike many children and teenagers (and even some adults) who prefer to dominate a conversation. My friendship with Misha spanned 17 years in the course of which we had only one quarrel. I do not remember the reason, but the quarrel must have been very serious – we stopped being friends for 2 years! I remember how we divided the common corridor in two parts – ours and yours. We were made to reconcile, when I was dragged to his birthday

party. A special form existed for making peace. Both sides had to hook their little fingers together and say simultaneously, "In peace, in peace forever, whoever quarrels is a pig."

In the picture (8)[35] are Misha (in the navy uniform), me and Yura Zlatin (wearing glasses) – Misha's schoolmate, a pleasant intelligent boy. I had met Yura before, but I got to know him well and to love him in Moscow, where we attended the same college (he started earlier than me). This picture was taken in Moscow where Misha, who had been drafted into the navy after graduating high school before the war, was passing through. This turned out to be the final farewell photo of them – Misha and Yura were killed in the war.

But in the meantime everybody is alive and Misha and I whistle to call each other to go out to the yard. How do children play in America? Probably in some ways similar to and in some ways different from ours. We had few toys and were not spoiled at all. Every purchase of a toy was an event. I remember getting radio earphones (we had no radio at all prior to this). Everybody went to sleep and I went to bed wearing my new radio earphones for the first time. And in the silence of the night quiet songs began to sound right in my ears! I still remember these songs. Then a comedian Vladimir Khenkin took a stand. I remember how at one girl's birthday, her father, a cinema technician brought a movie projector home and showed us the movie "The Adventures of Baron Munchhausen." Can you imagine – a movie AT HOME!? No you, who have a TV now in your pocket cannot possibly imagine such a wonder. So, having few toys, we mostly had to entertain ourselves, and did it quite well.

In the summer we played a game of "Tag." At first the catcher was chosen by a special chant. Every child from our group had to say in turn one word from this chant, and the one who had to say the last word became the catcher. Everybody ran away and he chased and whoever was caught became the catcher himself. I especially liked the game of hide and seek. To hide in some unexpected place was considered especially cool. For example, once Grisha managed to quietly climb the tree, under which the catcher stood with his eyes covered. Another time I hid in a locked shack where I got in through a hole in the roof. There was a tree – an enormous oak lying in the middle of our yard. Somebody had brought it there for firewood, but could not cut it. We had competitions – who could run the most rounds around the oak. The results were 10-12 rounds. I made 12 rounds and decided to continue. After 15 and 17 rounds I still did not feel tired. To the surprise of everybody around, including myself, I keep running, making 20, 30, 50, 100 and 110 rounds. Everybody left and I stopped.

Sometimes we played soccer with the kids from an adjacent yard – not from Aronka's, but from Abramka's yard on the opposite side. I was a halfback. At that time the patriotic feelings about this game were not so strong yet – we used English terms to describe the game and its players: "goalkeeper," "corner," etc. because football came to Russia from England with all its terminology. The same way shipbuilding brought many words from Holland (*"haven," "matros," "ballast,"* etc.). Similarly, some Russian words – not only such as: *"pogrom," "vodka," "tsar," "Bolshevik,"* but also *"cosmonaut," "intelligentsia," "Bol'shoi ballet"* – became a part of other languages. I remember how the attacker of the opposite team – Abram (who later became a talented engineer) skillfully defeated me. We were

[35] Misha (sitting), Yura (right) and I.

playing next to a shack. When I positioned myself in front of Abram trying to block him, he kicked the ball up on the roof of the shack and the ball, after rolling some distance there, fell on the ground behind my back. While I was gazing at the roof trying to locate the ball, Abram ran around me, got hold of the ball behind my back and scored a goal. This was cool, even if against the rules – the shack was outside the field's limits and a ball kicked there was considered to be out of the game. All this still excites me a little (it was a very important event compared with WWII, wasn't it?); I have not become a soccer player, but I still understand the games I used to play (volleyball was another) when I watch them on TV sometimes. Also, the sports which I played a little in the past – running, rowing, skiing, skating, gymnastics on apparatus (which they made us do at the University) still interest me, though I cannot call myself a sports fan.

In the evenings and in bad weather we played sitting down. I especially liked the game of 15 questions (it is 20 questions in America) as well as games based on exclusions when you have to be very attentive. For example, everybody is supposed to list numbers except those divisible by or ending with three. Whoever makes a mistake is out until only one person is left – the winner.

Or you must answer questions without saying the words "yes" or "no," "black," "white." "Your name Is Tolya?" "My name is Tolya." If you made a mistake, you must pay some "bail." You could return your "bail" later by singing or dancing something. Do you play the game "Battleship"? I must shamefully confess playing it not only at home but also in classes. We played chess and checkers. I still love chess and play often – what a wonderful game even on my amateur level.

Suddenly in the high heat of a game we hear my father's voice from our balcony, "Tolya, Sofa, come home!" The whole gang runs up to the balcony and yells all together, "Half an hour more! Half an hour more!" If there was no more calling, that meant an amnesty, but if Father called again, I had to go. Once, we prepared a puppet show, staging Pushkin's "The Tale of Tsar Saltan." At that time the whole country was mourning the crash of its biggest plane, bringing the death of the whole crew (the papers never wrote, though, for instance, of the death by famine of millions in Ukraine). A collection of money to build a new plane was announced. We decided to contribute. We sold tickets among the residents of our building. The girls made the puppets; I played Saltan, Misha played Gvidon. The show also included a concert (my mother was upset because Misha played the violin better than me). The spectators brought their own chairs. The money we made on the show, we took to the editorial office of the local newspaper.

Among our entertainments there were practical jokes and some simply unpleasant teasing. Once Misha's sister Lilya came to our home and asked for my sister Sofa. I had a matchbox in my hand and told her Sofa is in this box. "You are lying," said Lilya. "You can look for yourself," I said very seriously. And Lilya, who was already a student in school, opened the box to look. Even now I laugh when I am writing about this. Another joke, not so innocent. My mother bought cherries and gave them to us children. Sofa and I divided them and started eating. I was trying to eat slowly and after Sofa had finished her share, I showed her mine and, a bad boy, singing, "You want it, you want it, and never stop wanting!"

Animals and us. Neither our parents nor our children ever had a dog. It is a pity they had not. Dogs are nice, smart, and devoted animals. Of course, they take much time. My

cousin Marik, living in Moscow, almost daily, in any weather would take his dog Jerry out for a walk (later he had another dog). The dogs were members of the family for him and his wife Lyuba. Walking outside is good for your health, so it can be said that dogs also take their owners for a walk. We had a neighbor Korneyev who liked hunting and he had a beautiful dog Alpha (and later another dog, Beta), both Irish setters, big with smooth brown coat, calm and well mannered. Korneyev communicated with them in English ("down" – lie down) or in French ("tout beau" meaning "everything is OK, stay calm"). Grisha had a small white dog named Mars.

But our friends were always cats – in our childhood, adult life, in our children's families, and some of our grandchildren's (here, as elsewhere in my narration I break the chronological sequence of events, connecting past occurrences with later ones). The favorite cat of my childhood was called Tamara. Later we found out that it was a Jewish name. This name was given later to our even more beloved daughter. The cat was a beautiful brown color. Toma, my daughter, has the hair of the same beautiful shade. Both of them were very well mannered and treated me well. My daughter believes in the transmigration of souls. Who knows, maybe it is true? (I will show her this paragraph. If it stays in the text it will mean that all is fine with our sense of humor).

It is thought that unlike dogs, cats get attached to their living spaces, not people. This is not exactly right. Anya had a cat in her childhood, which knew the time when Anya returned from school (and fed the cat), and it met her a block away from Anya's house. Once Anya and I, already adults, lost our cat. Approximately a month later coming home at night we suddenly heard "Myau" from a tree. I thought it could be our cat, called it, and indeed it was our cat, looking much thinner. It jumped to the ground (it is well known that cats always land softly on all four paws), and followed us home. When my first cat Tamara had four kittens (my daughter also had four children, one at a time, not all at once like the cat) I made a home for the kittens in a quiet and safe place. There was a bathroom in our communal apartment, which was not used for its direct purpose but served as a storage place for various junk and later as a place of my "confinement" (instead of standing in the corner for my punishment). There was a small attic above this bathroom, accessible only to the cat and me. This was the place where I settled the kittens. Only those who have had a chance to watch kittens open their eyes, grow and become more active and playful every day can understand what a joy it is.

Jumping 60 years ahead I will tell you an episode from our American life. For several years in a row, Anya and I used to go with our grandchildren to a summer campground in Maine. Once, our granddaughter Anechka announced she was going home. We could not understand the reason: the children really enjoyed the camp. It turned out the anniversary of death (Yahrzeit) of Anechka's beloved cat was approaching and our granddaughter returned home to light a candle on its grave. Returning to my past – when our kittens grew up a little I regretfully gave them away to nice families. We always did so – we could not even imagine getting rid of the kittens by drowning them (I feel disgusted even writing about this).

At that time it was not the custom to neuter pets. This led to the fact that urban children, like rural children of the same age, learned about the relations between sexes in animal world earlier than their parents would have liked them to. My cat lost her virginity

right in front of my eyes. Though it was probably consensual (she did not run away), she was writhing on the floor for some time afterwards. We also saw such encounters between dogs in the streets (street dogs, that is – aristocratic Alpha and Beta never resorted to this). These observations were complemented by the information which we used to get from older boys, from neighboring yards. Later, forbidden literature (Maupassant and others) continued our education. These topics were not raised in the school program then.

The above-mentioned older boys brought us prison songs and prison romantics. I was interested in it for some time. I even wrote a continuation of the popular song "Murka" with the conclusion: if you became one of the gang you cannot betray your peers (in my childhood I wrote poetry; my poems were bad but my mother and my teacher Vasily Ivanovich encouraged me). Once, boys ran into our yard from the street, screaming: "Let's go beat up Izvilistaya Street!" I could not understand why it was necessary to beat up this street, but went with everybody. Fortunately, Izvilistaya Street turned out to be empty.

I have been recalling my childhood years – so many interesting and happy hours and minutes! But our childhood, like anybody's childhood, was not so carefree as it seems now. Happy childhood and adolescence – these are the memories of an adult who has forgotten many sad events or ignores them. But what later seems a trifle, feels entirely different in childhood. Fortunately this is how our memory works – good things are remembered better than bad ones. And there were enough bad things in our childhood.

The problems are not only due to the social system. Let's look at our blessed America – how much do children cry, scream – is this from happiness? How many unpleasant comments, restrictions, punishments children get here! The same thing happens later at school plus worries over quizzes, exams, grades. Also, conflicts between children themselves – they are the same as between the grownups, only children feel them more acutely. I, for example, was constantly teased (never by my friends but by other children) because of my stuttering and nystagmus (constant movement of the eyes).

I mentioned earlier that Grisha had a small white dog Mars. Once I was in the yard and Mars was not far from me. From the window of the building standing in the gully somebody knocked out Mars's eye with a slingshot. The dog cried out and started madly spinning in place. I witnessed the whole thing. This memory alone is enough to admit that the perceived happiness of our childhood is very relative.

And illnesses! We had almost all the usual childhood diseases. In addition, we managed to get unusual ones. For example, once Sofa got a terrible burn when a big pan with boiling water (for boiling clothes) overturned and the contents spilled on her. For many days she lay naked in terrible pain, with a curtain hanging above her instead of the blanket.

Later came our difficult adolescence with its own problems. For example as one song said, "statistically there are nine boys for every ten girls" (amazing coincidence – there were ten girls and nine boys in my graduation class, and before that, during ten school years, ten girls and nine boys left for various reasons – I remember all their names). This song is interesting to sing, but as I heard from one of my acquaintances, it is real torture to stand or sit against the wall during a school dance and hope to be invited. And worry the same as adults do, only more acutely, "Does he (she) love me or not?" And we are still lucky – our childhood occurred between wars (and our children and grandchildren also grew up in times of peace).

In conclusion, I would like to mention a well known idea that in early childhood, before the age of five, the foundation for many personality traits is being laid. I remember, for example, that in early age I developed vanity – I liked being praised. Praise is like an addictive drug. And so, if nobody was praising me, I began to boast about something (I heard a joke from Toma, "if you haven't praised yourself you feel like you've been spit on").

Yet, in general, there were many good things in our childhood and they dominate our memory. In life's tough moments good memories provide optimism.

And the ticket to childhood is readily available. Free. Open a book by Chukovsky, Marshak, or an English author, read the poems that were first read to you, and later by you, in your childhood.

5 School years. Education in the Soviet Union.

In April of 1931 my mother took me to school. In those times kids were admitted to school at the age of eight. So, even though I had learned to read well (I taught myself to read at the age of five – using the shop signs and labels with names of the merchandise placed next to products), write printed letters with my left hand and could solve math problems, I could not start school in September when I was seven. My parents decided, though, that I would have nothing to do in the 1st grade and mother persuaded the school administration to admit me at the end of the school year so I could pass in the second grade in summer. This did not let me celebrate September 1, the day long-awaited by all preschool children (the beginning of a school year in Russia). When my cousin Rita went to school and I came to give her my best wishes, she met me with the announcement, "We have a day off tomorrow." Before that every one of her days was a day off, but now she was going to have a real day off.

By the way, for me, September would seem more remarkable as the beginning of the year. January is separated from December only by an artificial formal calendar. Yet, religious Jews, Orthodox Christians, Muslims, peoples of the Far East, and others do not mark the new year at January 1st. Christians mostly celebrate Christmas instead. And September starts a new school year – an important event for school and college students, their parents and teachers. September is also the beginning of a new working year for many people after summer vacations (American Labor Day). The harvesting is about to end and a new cycle of agricultural work begins (in the Southern hemisphere spring work in the fields begins). The new theater season begins.

As for me – I was compensated for the loss of this September 1st holiday by the fact that that date became very important in my life for the next 52 years of study and work. I remember how strange I felt on September 1st, 1985 when I retired (to leave to America). In the college where I had worked, and all around the country, the new school year started with celebration and I stayed at home.

This will not happen for a while though. And today is a great spring day and I am going out with my mom and passing girls playing a game of hopscotch (jumping along the squares drawn by chalk on the asphalt according to certain rules), and they have no idea that I am going to school. We entered the classroom during the lesson! Kseniya Stepanovna

(the teacher) said, "Well, boy, write your name." I did not know where I was supposed to write, but seeing a black board on the wall I came up to it and wrote, "Tolya Levin." I was seated next to Anya Brodsky. Anya was very friendly, gave me a pencil and paper (I had nothing with me on my first day – my mother did not expect me to be asked to stay in class right away). Our homework was to learn a poem by heart. How thoroughly I studied it! I had already learned it by heart, but I continued to go around the room and practice, and practice that poem.

Soon after, I became one of the worst students in class, even though I could read better than anybody and knew four rules of arithmetic. The problem was that my handwriting was very bad. I was left-handed, and before going to school I wrote with my left hand. Unlike in America, our schools taught "lefties" to write with the right hand, but I could not achieve even the lowest level of calligraphy. I retained my bad handwriting for the rest of my life (thank you computer, my savior). But when I really try hard, I can write normally. I remember how in the seventh grade my teacher Nikolay Vasil'evich made me rewrite my essay three times and later read it aloud to the whole class, carried it between the rows of students and said, "Meet the new Levin" (starting from the fifth grade or sometimes even earlier, students were usually addressed by their last names).

I remember one lesson of Kseniya Stepanovna. When we were in the third grade she once took us outside. It was an early spring and the melting snow formed little rivers of water along the streets which became excellent visual aids. In the course of one lesson I learned and memorized many geographic notions: an island, a peninsula, a tributary, a strait, a mouth, a delta, etc. (Later, I used to tell my own students about this lesson).

In the same third grade, my history of frequent but short infatuations began. I fell in love with two girls from our class at the same time. I loved one more than the other. I do not remember in my sleep or daydream I saw the three of us at the Dnepr River. There is a blue spring sky above us, with small white clouds, the edges of which are lit by the sun. The white-dressed girls are in the boat and I, unnoticed, am under it. From time to time I appear and give the girls treats. I watch with pleasure how they silently eat something tasty which they have gotten from me. It was probably day dreaming because I do not remember ever having real dreams in color – mine are always in black and white.

I also want to point out that all my life I have been having dreams with a fully developed plot and characters with well designed personalities – real fiction (I never wrote fiction or plays). What is amazing is that in my dreams my actions and myself are depicted absolutely realistically, while everything else often looks as a fantasy, as if created by a completely different part of the brain (I read about this in Dostoevsky's books, too). Of course sometimes dreams can be unpleasant. What a pleasure to wake up and realize that this was only a dream!

When I went on to fifth grade, we were transferred to a new bigger school far from our house (1)[36]. Though there was another school right next to our house, we wanted to be transferred together with all our friends to the far one. Usually we went to school by tram and I was often late for classes. I am still a "night owl" – that is what people who go to bed late (in my case usually at 1 a.m.) and wake up late are called. One can only envy

[36] Our school.

those who belong to the opposite group – so-called "skylarks" who get to enjoy the healthiest morning sun, non-polluted morning air. My mother had to pull the blanket off me to make me get up in the morning. Our children also became "night owls."

When we tried to persuade Toma to go to bed earlier to wake up earlier next morning, she answered, "I do not like to sleep in the evening I like to sleep in the morning!" When she grew up, she protested against our attempts to wake her up early in the morning claiming that this is her private life which we had no right to interfere with. Her mother used to wake her up saying, "Enough with your private life!" Now Toma works far from her home, gets up early and does not get enough sleep. (Lyonya recently decisively switched to the "skylarks" group, and I am doing this, too, but gradually).

In the fifth grade I became a straight "A" student, getting school awards, and stayed this way until graduation, when I received so-called "gold diploma" which conferred the right to be admitted to any college without the entrance exams. Later, such diplomas were replaced by a gold medal.

In education, we had more luck than other generations. Though comprehensive free education for all children and illiterate adults had been introduced in the first years of the Soviet system, in the twenties school education suffered from endless experiments. It was believed that there was no place for the old bourgeois school in the Soviet state. There were attempts to introduce democracy at schools, which was missing in society. Students elected teachers by vote. Grades were abolished; the only record of academic progress was "pass" – "fail." Homework was also cancelled (great!). Instead of subject-based lectures, attempts were made to switch to project-based methods (well known in the West, i.e. quite bourgeois), etc. It turned out that all these innovations resulted only in a significant decrease in the level of education. So at the beginning of the thirties, i.e. right at the time when we started school, the education system was changed back to normal.

Russian schooling was always closer to the European model, especially to the strict German one, than to the liberal American. Failing students were left in the same grade for a second, and sometimes a third year. Teaching millions of students repeating a grade was a heavy burden on the budget of the state, which paid for education. Education regulators started to press school administration and teachers into reducing the percentage of students having to repeat a school year. This started a competition between schools for lowering this percentage. At first this competition was official; later when the poor level of graduates' preparation was revealed in college, it was cancelled, but went on unofficially. I remember how at the usual teachers' conference in August before the beginning of the school year, a local Party functionary reprimanded us, "Our best workers manage to fulfill their production plans at 150, 200%, and more, and you cannot even make 100% students get passing grades!" Such were our managers.

Nevertheless, students who wanted to learn and whose parents made this a priority, had good opportunities. In particular, Jews are known to value education. They were the only population where all the boys even in the Middle Ages had to get educated. Thus, when after the February revolution the education quotas for Jews were abolished (and stayed so in Soviet times for another 30 years before being unofficially restored), Jews literally rushed to get an education. Many of them achieved great success, becoming outstanding scientists, and experts in various fields.

The quest to conceal academic failure also affected the quality of higher education. All education in Russia was free, the schooling not very strict and many young people entered college without serious commitment. As a song ran, "From one exam time to the next the student's life is merry and those exams are only twice a year!"

The exams themselves were usually not very difficult, a sort of a lottery. A student would draw a ticket containing three questions; if all answer were more or less correct, the whole course was passed. Cribs – small pieces of paper with answers to the exam's questions, secretly smuggled into an exam room, were widespread. Colleges, like schools, were trying to minimize the expulsion of failed students, to justify the state's expenses with high graduation rates. I remember Kobzev, our Pedagogical College President, telling the faculty meeting: "I am not suggesting to lower our standards. But remember, we get one instructor for twelve students. If we expel twelve students we must lay off one instructor."

I had a chance to compare the learning attitudes of the medical students present at my doctor visits in the Soviet Union and America. The American students listened attentively to the instructor's explanations, watching closely what was being shown. The Russian students in the same situation were looking out of the window, chatting, etc. This is why it is so difficult for the Soviet doctors to pass the U.S. professional exams which require an answer to all questions on the subject, not just three random ones. In his famous Fulton speech, Churchill named the number of engineers produced by Russia as one of the main dangers posed by it from behind the Iron Curtain over Europe. What he did not mention and maybe did not know, though, was the poor preparation of these engineers.

Especially bad was education by correspondence: students who had to combine work with studying independently at home, without attending classes, only coming twice a year to take the exams. I recall the following occasion. Once after my graduation from university, my former high school friend Kostya asked me for help. He was a philology student by correspondence at a university. He used to pass all exams easily, but he needed help with the Latin language. I showed him how to read all the letters and their combinations. We agreed to meet again but he never returned. Later he told me that this one session with me enabled him to pass the exams covering the whole two year course!

Of course the teaching and learning levels differed from college to college as well as from school to school, and even within the same educational institution. Students who wanted to learn as well, as teachers who treated their work seriously, achieved great results.

Back to my studies – I cannot say I was a studious student. I did my written assignments (they were checked). Upon getting new textbooks I immediately and with great interest read them through (our textbooks, unlike American ones, were not very thick). Then I used to do oral assignment selectively. I liked to learn poems by heart (maybe because of this I still remember many of them). I read all the books from both the mandatory and optional literature lists. My mother used to get the necessary books for me. Only two books she failed to find, V. Scott's "Ivanhoe" and a book on folk art by some Globa. From written assignments, I disliked and tried to avoid anything that did not require creativity. Our teacher of the Ukrainian language, Dora Stepanovna, made us copy a page of a Ukrainian text every day. Because only the dates of such assignments were checked I used to submit the old ones just changing the dates. Fortunately it was not always possible and even though we

had only two classes of Ukrainian a week and everybody in our neighborhood spoke Russian, I managed to master Ukrainian and later even gave lectures in this language.

I liked to write essays. Because a book I was writing an essay on had already been read I usually tried to express my own understanding of that piece of literature. As I later did when writing research articles, I used to think the text through, shaping it in my mind for a long time before putting it on paper. I must add that I tend to procrastinate unlike my smart sister Sofa, who tries to finish any job as soon as possible. As a result I often had to write my essays well into night hours, dousing my head with cold water to stay awake. My essays were usually long and I was late submitting them. Once in the ninth grade I was writing a (two-notebooks-long) essay, for such a long time that I feared to submit it. My mother took it to the teacher. I never got it back. Later, being a teacher myself, I realized that my teacher had had more important things to do than reading an essay of such length. By the way, later in American college we also often got back only the grades, not our papers. I personally liked any kind of teaching at high school or college, except grading the papers.

I never copied others' homeworks nor let others copy mine, never whispered my fellow students how to answer. But I always gladly helped them to learn. All got used to my rules and did not get upset. I used a crib only once in my life, being a fourth year student of Moscow University. We had an exam on the socialist political economy. It was well known that our examiner professor Galperin usually leaves the classroom for a long time after all the exam tickets are distributed. The temptation was too great! But when I was approaching the University holding my notes I met professor Galperin. Just once I wanted to cheat and missed a chance! Of course he had already distributed the tickets and will not leave the exam room again! When he saw me he took out a ticket from his pocket and handed it to me. Happy end!

I would like to talk separately about plagiarizing essays. As soon as the essay topic is announced, students and their parents start searching for books, articles, and previous generations' essays on that subject. This is a big problem. The essays themselves are not the issue: after graduating high school, almost nobody needs to write essays on literature topics. But school essays, if written independently, not copied, teach students to think and express ideas. In any profession, if one does not like and cannot do his job creatively, cannot write several coherent sentences, his teacher is partially at fault for having given him good grades for the obviously borrowed essays (which can usually be detected). Plagiarism, as any other forms of cheating at school also plays a big role in developing a tendency to scam in general. In the Soviet Union many considered it normal to steal anything not well guarded at work. (Of course, using published sources in essays is often necessary. But it is not enough to just mention them in references. Ideas of others, whether quoted or just retold loosely, must be explicitly separated in the text.)

I liked to solve math problems, but loathed doing monotonous exercises. Recently Sofa reminded me how I used to exploit her. I had to solve a lot of exercises on the square root extraction. They were easy, but took a lot of time. I decided to use Sofa. She was writing square root signs into my notebook and I just added numbers (by her recollection it was she who also added numbers, though she did not know anything about the roots yet – there were answers at the end of the textbook).

I remember one episode with math exercises. I was having difficulty trying to solve one problem in geometry. Night came, everybody was asleep and I was still struggling for the answer. The notion that Zhenya Panchenko, my classmate, might come up with the solution and I might not, would not let me rest. By morning I finally succeeded. Panchenko also managed to solve this problem during the night. It turned out that we both unknowingly and independently had proven the theorem about the properties of the triangle exterior angle bisector, which was necessary to find the answer for the problem. Our exercise book on solid geometry was based on the new textbook which we had studied. But we studied plane geometry using the old textbook where this theorem was not included (there was only a theorem about the interior angle bisector).

Speaking of math, I recollect another episode. Our parents subscribed to a newspaper *"Pionerskaya pravda" ("Young Pioneer's Truth")* (all third to seventh grade students, except those rejected for bad behavior, became "Young Pioneers" or "Young Leninists"). I used to read this newspaper through, from the title to the editorial telephones, and always felt sorry when the paper ended. Besides news and the usual propaganda it contained good novels ("The Golden Key or the Adventures of Pinocchio," "The Hyperboloid of Engineer Garin" by A. Tolstoy, and others). The paper also conducted various competitions in which I participated. Once, trying to solve a math problem, I found a way of solving linear equations by addition – I did not know this method, we used only substitution at school. I got a special Certificate of Honor for my efforts.

Other subjects besides literature and math did not captivate me. Later as an adult I read with great interest articles in magazines such as "Science and Life," "Knowledge is Power," "Engineering for Young People" and others on popular science and humanities and liked to discuss them with knowledgeable people. Except for the unpleasant need to wake up early, I liked school. Nevertheless as every normal child, I liked days off and school breaks even more. I especially liked final days of recovery after an illnesses. You are almost well already but can still avoid school! I am sitting in front of our Holland furnace, which heated up the whole apartment well, looking at the dancing fire and reading – not something for homework but whatever I chose myself. I recall one more pleasant story of illness. In the eighth grade I got malaria. I was very sick but how well was I compensated! The 8th and 9th grades' final exams coincided with my attacks. I passed from grade to grade without exams, based on my school year grades, and even got awards! In general, I was pretty calm about exams. There was some worry but it is impossible to review everything, isn't it? The worrying usually stopped once I got my exam assignment – I began working immediately.

During my tenth grade final exams (no more malaria, unfortunately) two events worth mentioning happened. The first one was very unpleasant. One day before the first exam – an essay on Russian literature – I was sleeping peacefully, my mother did not wake me up. A knock at the front door woke me up and suddenly I saw our school custodian come in. I immediately realized – the exam was today, I had miscalculated the date. Probably only soldiers and firefighters dress as quickly as I did then. About a minute later I was already flying along the street. Our teacher Nikolay Vasil'evich said nothing. I wrote the essay without making any preliminary draft.

The second episode happened during the geometry exam. I got a very difficult assignment – a lemma about the volume of a reduced pyramid (or a cone). The solution consisted of

three parts, had taken the whole blackboard during the teacher's explanation in class, and included the concept of limit, even though calculus was not taught in high school then. I remembered well and wrote on the blackboard the first and the third parts of the solution but felt I had made some mistakes in the second part. After I verbally explained the first part the teacher said, "Proceed to the third part." Thank you, Antonina Andreyevna! She knew that I was a good student. Such kindness of teachers at the exams stays in memory.

One incident happened at the university, in the exam on foreign literature of Medieval times and Renaissance. I knew the subject well. I gave a confident answer to the first of the three questions of my assignment and Nikolay Nikolayevich Ardens told me to go to the next question. I wanted to speak more on the first question which was very interesting and asked him, "Should I really go to the second question?" The professor answered, "You can go to the third one," he decided that I did not know the answer to the second question. Though I did not need this help, I remember his kindness with appreciation. Of course, this issue is not so simple. Might it be that school and college students do not study so hard because they expect their teachers' leniency? Here as in anything there need to be some limits.

About our relations with teachers. Once in the second or third grade I saw my teacher ... eating in the cafeteria. I was shocked! The teacher was eating like a regular human being! Such worshiping of teachers which naturally does not last I got to see even in America, in my preschool grandchildren. If they thought their parents were explaining something differently (maybe just in wording) from the way it was done at school, they used to say, "The teacher knows better!"

In middle and high schools our attitude towards teachers already depended on the teacher. We gave them nicknames, usually harmless, just because Russian names were too long (other nations have even longer names – I remember how the king of Nepal visited the USSR. His name was Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev – and this is not a record-length name! At the time we named our cat Mahendra). Sometimes among ourselves we called our teachers by their first names – Antonina, Liza (school principal). But some nicknames were offensive. Teachers, of course, were different. Once I decided to criticize two teachers – sisters – at our students' meeting. When I said, "Now let's talk about the sisters P.", the audience broke into thunderous applause. Being vain, I still recall this episode with pleasure. Soon criticizing teachers at student meetings became forbidden.

Now I will tell about our best (beside Antonina Andreyevna) teacher. In the sixth grade we got a new teacher of the Russian language and literature – Nikolay Vasil'evich Ashevsky. He also became our class advisor. He was an old teacher who still held to his pre-revolution beliefs, which he of course had to keep to himself. Our first impression of him was overwhelming. We had gotten a homework assignment to learn Pushkin's poem "To Chaadayev" by heart. The next day Zhenya Shchotkina, our straight "A" student, was called to recite it and got an F. She started weeping. Several days later I was called to retell the chapter from Pushkin's novel "The Captain's Daughter." I began, "That night I neither slept nor removed my clothes." "Why did not you sleep nor remove your clothes?" asked Nikolay Vasil'evich. "That is what is written in the book!" I answered. "But this is not you. You should say, Grinev did not sleep or remove his clothes," – said my teacher. I got an A. Possibly Nikolay Vasil'evich liked to first scare the students and then let go of the reins a little.

Besides serious matters, I remember amusing episodes. For instance, once we were dictated a sentence: "The hit was weak, the NAIL WAS NOT HAMMERED, hit again." The middle sounded very similar to "GUEST WAS NOT KILLED," which I wrote down. N.V. praised my wit, he did not think I misunderstood.

Nikolay Vasil'evich conducted sessions of our literature club not right after school as is usual, but in the evenings. I did the same later when I became a teacher myself. Such evening sessions had a completely different atmosphere. Instead of staying after class, hungry and tired, children came from home into an empty school specially to attend the club sessions (most students lived nearby – school admissions were location-based in the USSR). After the club meetings we used to accompany N.V. home, discussing various topics with him on the way. I remember him saying about marital life, "It is possible to live without love but not without trust," (he was single, probably divorced). N.V. enjoyed an unmatched respect. When many years later I attended a school reunion I saw the whole audience stand up when he entered the hall – no other teacher there was honored like that. After the war I visited him. He was my instructor when I did a pedagogical internship before graduating the university – it was interesting for me to have this internship at my former school.

As any children in the world, we went to school not only to study but to have fun. We used visual aids for this purpose. Maybe you too used to put a hat on the skull of the school skeleton, insert a cigarette in its teeth and a broom in his hand? I used to wrap myself in a geographic map and conduct a prayer, before the teacher arrived. I composed the text of the prayer myself without the use of any real Judaic, Christian or Muslim prayers which I did not know. Some pranks were helpful in our studies. I still remember the symbols of many chemical elements because we used them in our secret correspondence. For example, "Fe" stood for the letter "E" (not for "F" of course – this could be easy to decode).

Not all our pranks were so harmless. We did not use drugs or carry weapons, and did not drink (and I never smoked) but we committed enough misdemeanors. Once I committed a real offense. I sat next to Zhenya Shchotkina – our school desks were made for two people to sit side by side. When she was called to answer and got up from her chair (as it was appropriate to do), our classmate Sergey Yermolakin (in general a decent and harmless fellow), sitting behind her, whispered to me, "Put your pen sharp end up on her chair" (at that time we used not the automatic pens yet, but ink pens with sharp metallic tips). I did that. When Zhenya was sitting down she felt a sharp tip of the pen and did not sit down all the way, but started crying. Imagine what happened next! The school principal was called. She ordered me to sit at the desk in the very back of the classroom (I always sat at the front desk because of my poor vision). "You do not deserve to sit next to such a girl" the principal said.

My other seemingly more harmless joke nearly ended in a catastrophe for me. We had a teacher of drawing and graphics, Alexey Alexeyevich. In his classes we did what we wanted, walked around the class, chatted. This happened when all around the country the first "equal, universal, and direct elections by secret ballot" were taking place. Amazing democracy (no more "lishentses") if you did not know that each ballot had only one candidate, assigned by the Communist Party! There was a joke: God brought Eve to Adam and said, "Now, Adam, chose yourself a wife!" At the graphics class I told the teacher, "A.A., we have decided to put you forward as a candidate for the Supreme Soviet (parliament)!" A.A., a

little shyly as it seemed to me, answered, "I am not sure, boys." "Why not?" I kept insisting, "You are an honest worker, etc." Everybody was having much fun. A.A., it seemed, took it quite calmly, maybe he was even pleased and thought, "These naive boys do not know that nothing can come of this, they are too young to vote, but I appreciate the thought." Possibly he even told this funny story to other teachers and they explained to him that I had been making fun of him.

Whatever might have happened, after this episode I was never able to get an "A" in his subject and in my high school diploma among all "A's" there is one "B." Usually in such a case this single "B," given for one subject only, was made into an "A" by the vote of all teachers. But in my case it did not happen. A "B" for graphics (in reality for behavior) could have cost me a "gold" diploma (that granted the college entrance exams waiver) and a chance to study in Moscow. But I still got a gold diploma. The school principal Yelisaveta Vladimirovna decided that graphics equaled drawing and the grade for this subject did not affect the gold diploma eligibility. The goal of producing more "gold" diplomas (a competition between schools existing at that time, later abolished) may have played some role. Prior to my graduation year, I had 6 years of straight "A's," but even those who were never straight "A" students got their "gold" diplomas together with me. I visited Yelisaveta Vladimirovna, already retired, after the war and later, sadly, attended her funeral, as well as the funeral of Nikolay Vasil'evich.

My behavior during the so-called difficult or "transitional" period of adolescence caused much more grief (to put it mildly) to my parents (and to myself) than to my teachers. I disobeyed, was rude to my father. He used to send me to that above-mentioned second bathroom and in the summer just put me out of the house. I, knowing that soon after this he would always go out himself to look for me, used to hide somewhere and watch with pleasure how he walked up and down the street probably not daring to return and tell my mother that he could not find me anywhere. Isn't it a fine start for a future teacher and strict mentor of children, of his own and of others'? My friend Boris, in middle school (who later moved somewhere) was even worse, though. For example, he once stole a bottle of vodka from the geography teacher's bag and went around showing it to everybody – I do not know if he returned it later. Once N. V. found a nail in the seat of his chair and suspected Boris – such was his reputation. Boris denied to me his involvement, and I believed him. He was also a poor student. Once, expecting to be called to answer in chemistry class, he came to my house and I explained him the concept of valence. Later he got a "B" for it, and this was a great event for him. He had a Ukrainian musical instrument "bandura" at home, and I learned to play it.

Later I acquired a new friend – Klavdy Nevtrinos (which means: "do not wipe you nose." Ukrainian humor was often reflected in people's last names. Klavdy was an amazing boy. I have never met another such person. Smart, well-read, not just an "A" student – he had never gotten any other grade; modest and good-natured – he never quarreled. We used to share a desk at school, always went home together, in summer went boating on the Dnieper River and discovered an uninhabited island there. Klavdy perished at war along with our other classmates, a Jew, Jusik Eisiel and a Russian, Kolya Sapon.

In the seventh grade a new girl came to our class – Anya, your future mother, grandmother, great-grandma and great-great-... (if our grandchildren decide to preserve these

memoirs for their children and grandchildren). At that time Anya was a plump girl, not very tall with a long braid which she kept all her life.

Anya, Anna Naumovna Erenburg, (Jewish name Hanah bat Nochum, in America – Anna Erenburg, then after naturalization – Anna Levin) was born in Dnepropetrovsk on July 29th, 1922. (4 Av, 5682). In her early childhood she often moved with her family depending on where her father worked (Donetsk, Nikolayev, Mariupol). In 1930 she was admitted to a Ukrainian school in Dnepropetrovsk, in 1937 she was transferred to our school.

Anya was a good student. Once, nobody in the class could solve a difficult homework math problem, and only Anya came to the blackboard, wrote the solution and modestly took her seat, having injured our pride. Often, good students are not popular at school, but it was not so in our class. Anya made friends with several girls. She was elected to chair our pioneer group, which included our whole class. The group was divided into three subgroups, and I, leading of one of them, became Anya's subordinate. Anya being a daughter of a railway employee, in her free time started working at the children's railway, where she achieved the high rank of a dispatcher. The story of Anya's life and our relationship will follow below.

I did not work at the children's railway, but my parents began teaching me music. This was one of the modern Jewish traditions. (In our family Toma, and later all her children, took music lessons). Though most kids stop their music education soon after beginning without achieving any outstanding results, the sheer number of people taking music lessons ensures discovery of many real talents in this field, like in Brazil with soccer, or in Kenya with running. I am among those whose musical education, despite some natural abilities there, was short (two years of playing a violin and several months of piano lessons) and unsuccessful. Only as an adult did I understand the real reason for this. I could hardly see the notes! I was born with a vision 10 times subnormal. At the eye doctor's office I can read only the top line of the table. Eyeglasses do not help much: wearing them I can see two top lines. One can get used to his disabilities. It is difficult for me to imagine what people with the vision 10 times better than mine can see. During my violin practice I used to move my hand holding the violin as far aside as I could to get closer to music sheets. The other hand with the bow I also moved to the left, and this was a real torture. I could not do this at the lessons (by the way my mother had to bring my violin to school). Playing the piano, to move closer to the music sheets, I had to lie with my chest on the keyboard, which interfered very much with the movements of my fingers.

And I found a way out! My mother demanded that I play one hour a day. Because she did not know music I, instead of playing music from the sheets, began to improvise (I still do it sometimes). Of course my music teacher was angry at me for not doing my homework assignments and a short time later my music lessons came to an end. But they were not completely useless. I began playing songs, dances, marches on the piano by ear at physical education classes, family gatherings, and parties with friends. I still play for myself. Once being already a teacher, I played, not the piano but the drums, in a school band. At a graduation party, after a little drinking, I decided to try out as a drummer. I was given the drummer's seat and joined the playing band. Suddenly the conductor (my student) stopped the band and gave me the chance to play solo! For quite a long time I was improvising on the drums, big and small, cymbals and something else.

6 Stalin's terror. I "investigate" and ponder.

When I was in the seventh grade, the USSR entered the period of the Great Terror. As a sole dictator now, Stalin decided to exterminate all who could stand up to him – first of all active Party members, but also people with no Party affiliation. Many millions were persecuted, most of them were killed or died in concentration camps. There were no ranking officials among my relatives, and none were arrested. One uncle of Anya's was executed, another, Sofya Yefimovna's husband, the coal mine director was arrested, lost his health in prison and the camps, and was released just before dying. Anya either did not know about this then or did not tell anybody. Not only us, children, but adults, too, had no idea about the scale of this terror. Papers wrote about court proceedings involving several dozens of "enemies of the people." Local newspapers wrote about several local "traitors." The whole horrible truth was revealed only after Stalin's death.

Still, meeting people from various parts of the country during my summer vacations I used to ask them if there were arrests in their localities, if the first secretary of the regional Party committee was arrested. Some people were afraid even to speak about this, but many told me about what they had read in their local papers. And like other people I began to realize that the arrests were all around the country.

I developed political interest. In the eighth grade I began to read a daily newspaper named *"Komsomol'skaya pravda" ("The Komsomol's Truth")* (strangely, it is still published in Russia under the same name, even though the Komsomol is a long gone now). Since then, for more than 50 years I think I have never spent a day, even during my illnesses, without reading a newspaper until Internet news replaced them.

In the tenth grade, I already believed that the ideology and practice of social democratic parties which were (and still are) in power in many European countries were better than those of the Soviet Communist Party. I shared my beliefs with my friends Misha, Klavdy and one other classmate. The latter, when six month later I learned something compromising about him, threatened to report my political views if I disclose the above information. In those times, such reports were often used for personal revenge.

Besides politics, I became interested in other areas. Because all the books published at that time promoted Marxist views, which I accepted only in part, I had to think every piece of information over, discovering things which most likely were not new. Here is one subject of my thoughts at that time. Those thoughts might have been influenced by the words of Pechorin, the main character of Lermontov's novel "A Hero of Our Time." He wrote in his diary, "There are two persons in me – one lives his life in the fullest sense of this word and the other thinks and judges the first." I not just realized but began to feel that the human mentality had two parts: the subjective one, serving our needs and the objective one that looks at ourselves as if from outside, understands others, compares us to them. These two parts are connected, which causes a strange feeling: I think about something and at the same time I see myself thinking about it. Self-awareness, I realized, is probably not completely "self," even though it may seem that I am subjectively aware of myself. Awareness of self as an individual requires understanding that there are others, and this is a prerogative of objective thinking.

In the tenth grade, N.V. gave us an assignment to write an essay on the topic "We were born to make a fairy tale real," words from a song. I understood this topic as a question about the meaning of life. Here are the main points of my essay. To question life's purpose makes no sense, in my opinion. If someone is pushed into a moving train, does it make sense to ask him what he is riding the train for? The question of goals is legitimate only if asked about our voluntary actions, which our existence is not. Still, since we have been born (even if not by our own will), and can now choose our actions, the question of what choices to make and why, is important. And so forth. In no way do I make claims for the adequacy or novelty of these thoughts: they are here just to show what interested me in the tenth grade.

And now my school years are coming to an end. Before graduation, the time had come to decide what to do after. In my early childhood when asked what I want to be when I grew up I used to answer: I will study, become a doctor, earn a whole bunch of money, buy myself a horse and then become a cabman (what a joy to ride a horse carriage for free all day!).

I had to choose a college – other ways of life besides getting a higher education were never considered (except when my father, angry at my pranks, promised to take me out of school and to make me a barber; but I understood that these threats were just to discipline me). We somehow did not think much about the choice of a profession. Because the only thing we could do well was to study, we wanted to continue doing this after having chosen interesting subjects. We were lucky, the discrimination of Jews at college admissions had not yet begun. The beginning of the country's industrialization created a great demand for experts in various areas and the number of high school graduates at that time was short of the demand for colleges admissions. Higher education was free and also students got a stipend (at the beginning, all of them and later only those with good grades).

Information about colleges was poor and sparse. At school we were visited by representatives from the university and other colleges of Dnepropetrovsk. I remember only two ads in *"Komsomol'skaya Pravda"* posted by the Kharkov College of Journalism and Moscow College of Philosophy, Literature and History (IPhLI). For some time I thought about going to the former, but then decided to apply to the IPhLI philology department (in the USSR, the "major," in American terms, had to be declared at the very application to college). My mother wanted me to become a doctor, but she not only avoided pressuring me, but was too shy to even advice it. Anya, who had also gotten a "gold" diploma in high school, chose her father's occupation; she entered the College of Railway Transportation Engineers in Dnepropetrovsk. Sofa, two years later, already during the war, got her own "gold" diploma and went into medical school.

At the end of June 1940 we had our graduation party. N.V. was dancing with our girls and the dance was, of course, a waltz. According to tradition, we went out to meet the dawn. Our adult life began. Our school years, as well as our early childhood, would be remembered warmly as a joyful and carefree time even though, as I wrote above, it was not always such.

Recently I wanted to recollect the songs which we used to sing with my friends in our youth. I began to play and suddenly I felt such acute sadness about the past, the youth, which is generally not in my character ...

Pictures: (1)[37], (2)[38], (3)[39].

7 Moscow. Institute of Philosophy, Literature, and History (IPhLI), Moscow University.

I did not live long in Moscow – about five years total, but important events of my and Lyonya's lives were connected to this capital city. Applying to IPhLI I did not know that according to Geller and Nekrich and V.Aksenov it was a famous (even "legendary" – "Alef," # 961) educational institution or that it had been formed out of the humanity departments which in 1931 were separated from Moscow State Lomonosov University (they were reunited a year after my admission). I also had no idea that in the year I applied, this college had 25 applicants per admission slot, 9 of them A-students.

There were many lucky occasions in my life. One of them – being admitted to IPhLI. My father, I did not know by chance or on purpose, instead of sending me to become a barber, bought me a sightseeing tour "Moscow – Leningrad." This gave me a chance at IPhLI. First, I submitted my application (personally, not by mail) on the first day allowed. I believe this played some role in my success. Second, during my tour in the city I had a chance to come to IPhLI for an interview which was conducted to select prospective students from the holders of "gold" diplomas who had an entrance exams waiver. I remember crossing the campus (Sokolniki, Rostokinsky Proyezd, 13-A) on my way to the interview watching the students and thinking: they do not understand how lucky they are. My classmate (an "A"-student) who sent his IPhLI application by mail, was rejected. On August 23 I received a postcard: "You have been admitted."

September 1. The first lecture according to the tradition was given by the most respected professor. This was Sergey Ivanovich Radtzig (Antique Literature). Later, seniors warned us that when he reads the Hector and Andromache meeting scene (translated by him from ancient Greek) he would cry. That is exactly how it happened. He had been reading this scene for 30 years and for 30 years he had been crying while reading it. If you did not have a chance to read this episode from Iliad, read it and you will understand the old man.

From the very beginning I studied eagerly, every new subject seemed the most interesting to me. It was difficult not to be carried away when taught by such faculty. Those were the leading scientists, the authors of textbooks used to teach philology students all over the country. Now, 70 years later, when none of them is alive (I visited the graves of many of them in Novodevichy Cemetery), their names have found a place in the new edition of the Russian Encyclopedic Dictionary.

Sokolov, Yury Matveyevich – Russian Folklore. Together with his brother Boris he traveled through whole of Northern Russia and recorded disappearing folk songs, tales, and other linguistic heritage. He wrote a textbook. During lectures I often sent written questions to the professors. One of my questions was, "Will oral folklore die now with our total literacy?" (now I would have added, "besides jokes and ditties"). Y.M. answered, "I

[37] Our family in 1940, before my departure to Moscow.
[38] Anya.
[39] See 6-2.

do not understand this youthful pessimism." Y.M. personified a real explorer, unselfish and deeply devoted to science. Once I sat next to him when his graduate student was giving a lecture. I was amazed – what a noble face, what bright eyes! When he died in spring of 1941 the Northern Russian Folk Choir came to his funeral.

Gudziy, Nikolay Kalinnikovich – Ancient Russian Literature (and the textbook author). He also taught a special course and a special seminar on L.N. Tolstoy. He also was the Chair of our department, and later – my advisor. More about him later. Grossman, Leonid Petrovich – 19th century Russian Literature. A talented lecturer. I had read his book "Pushkin" while still in high school. Pinsky, Leonid Yefimovich – Foreign Literature. In 1951 he was arrested during the antisemitic campaign. Timofeyev, Leonid Ivanovich – the Theory of Literature. A major expert, especially in the theory of verse. It was difficult to make notes at his lectures – his every phrase was a new idea; his textbook helped. Reformatsky, Aleksandr Aleksandrovich – The Russian Language, General Science of Language (a textbook author), and others.

With gratitude I remember other, less famous teachers. A young instructor of French – Leonova (unfortunately I do not remember her first name – we called her by her last name, though we loved her). In high school I studied German, but asked to be placed into the French group to be able, as I wrote in my application, to study Russian literature in the original (many large passages in classical Russian literature were in French, popular among Russian nobility). I was the only beginner in our group, but thanks to Leonova, soon caught up with the others and later, with no additional preparation, got an "A" at the required French pre-dissertation candidacy exam.

I should also mention the Latin instructor – Bogolepov, Vladimir Petrovich. The son of the Tzar's minister of education, who survived the Revolution and had visited many European countries before it (he showed us picture albums), he managed to get us interested in Latin and ancient Roman poetry. We did not have to learn poems by heart, but did it anyway.

I passed my exams successfully. During exams I allowed myself to express my own opinion on this or that question. Some of the professors giving the exams asked if I want to do research on their subjects. During all my years of study I got only one B – in Sverdlovsk during the war, on the Russian literature of the 18th century. My transcript, though, showed all A's, because the above subject was part of the general course of Russian literature. I mention my grades to make clear that the reason for my last year transfer from Moscow to Dnepropetrovsk University was not academic difficulty but another matter I discuss later in this memoir.

Now – about my campus life. My dorm was not the best one. Upon admission I did not think of asking around to find a better one (in Stromynka Street, in the building of the former "Institute for Noble Maidens," there was a good dormitory). I was happy to be admitted to the IPhLI and lived where I had been initially placed until the beginning of the war. Our dorm was in Ostankino, far from the IPhLI. This was a two-story building shaped like a barn. Thin wooden walls let cold winds right through so in winter there was snow on the inner side of the windows. There were 6-8 students per room.

I decided that at the age of 17 one should not depend on the parents financially and wrote to them that I was going to live only on my stipend. My parents, fully capable of

helping me, ignored my letter and sent me the money. I sent it back. This is what I ate. In the morning and in the evening – sweetened tea with white bread, for lunch – the cheapest food: buckwheat soup and buckwheat kasha. That's all, the whole year, every day, with no variation. I was not hungry, ate a lot of bread but no meat, fruits, or vegetables. And all this – after mother's delicious and nourishing meals! My American descendants will probably be amazed – how one can eat like this and maintain good grades. I felt wonderful, though! And did not feel the slightest humiliation having lunch with my fellow students who ordered meat for themselves. It just did not occur to me to compare.

When I was leaving for Moscow my father gave me a letter to his relative, a screenwriter, Michael Vitukhovsky. He and his wife Tanya received me wonderfully, treated me with a nice dinner and asked me to visit them every Sunday and to go to museums together. But I was too shy and never returned to their home. On my small budget I attended concerts of artistic reading – I listened to Yakhontov, Zhuravlev, Aksenov, Kocharyan, Kaminka (tickets were inexpensive). And we frequently had free concerts at IPhLI. Such famous actors as Ruben Simonov, Alla Tarasova, poets Surkov, Bezimensky and others came to us. On stipend payday I still had a couple of rubles left (while many well-to-do students constantly borrowed money).

In our dormitory we lived in peace and had fun. I do not remember any quarrels, only discussions. There was no drinking or "wild" parties – other things occupied our minds. Senior students came to our dorm to read their poetry – future well-known poets Semyon Gudzenko, Sergey Narovchatov, Pavel Kogan whose song "Brigantina" was already famous. He later perished at war. Recently I saw an article about Pavel Kogan with a picture of his IPhLI transcript. I wanted to save this picture (1)[40] (the college changed its name later).

The students in our French group were very close to each other (I was the group's chair). We were 12 ethnically diverse people, which carried no importance to us other than some interesting cultural variety, and even that we stopped noticing soon. There were two wonderful girls from Moscow Nina Lubushkina and Natasha Uspenskaya; two older students, whom I befriended – Asya Genkel and Michael Koryakov; two Bashkirs – Mustafin and Gizatullin; a Ukrainian girl, a Jewish girl and two Jewish boys from Ukraine – Nina Gorbenko, Inna Manzon, Yasha Kostyukovsky – later a well-known satirical writer and playwright ("Operation "Y," "The Caucasian Captive," "The Diamond Arm"), and myself – IPhLI did have many Jews; there was also a Yakutian girl Korkina – highly educated, who already had worked in some publishing house; and Tanya Atabek, a Moscow girl with Caucasian roots. I met many of them later. One such meeting happened in 1971 in Tbilisi during a scientific conference. A good looking woman took her place next to me on the bus. She looked at me and said, "Tolya?" I looked at her – Tanya Atabek! We happened to sit next to each other 30 years after our last meeting! We hugged and kissed. My meeting with Koryakov, though, through no fault of his, played a sad role in my life. I will tell about it further in my narration.

During our studies we had only one party, at Tanya Atabeck's apartment, celebrating the 1st of May. It was the first time I drank liquor and I got drunk a little. I have never been completely drunk so that I would lose the sense of reality; I even regret it (a joke!) I

[40] IPhLI student's record book (not mine – I only have my record book from the Moscow University).

remember my fellow students trying a party joke on me. I was seated and two girls stood next to me. They tied a piece of cloth over my eyes and I was supposed to guess who was kissing me. The kiss felt somewhat rubbery. I said I believed they just had put a piece of rubber sponge against my cheek. As it turned out, it was Yasha Kostyukovsky who had taken off his shoes, came to me noiselessly, and kissed.

Our student life fountained. I will give only one example – our wall newspaper. Usually such newspapers were very official and never attracted students' attention. But there were so many who wanted to write an article there (after all, they all majored in philology) that the size of our wall newspaper was limited only by the length of the corridor.

Finally our freshmen year was ending. The spring exams time. I was preparing for one of them. Our college was located in one of the most picturesque parts of Moscow. Right across the street there was Sokolnichesky Park, with its beautiful natural landscapes, ponds, bridges and gazebos. That is where I usually studied in good weather. But on June 22, 1941 I studied in our library next to an open window. Soon after noon, a guy passing our building spoke one word into my open window, "War!"

8 War. The Holocaust in the USSR.

That Sunday split our lives in two – the before and the after. Many Americans find it difficult to comprehend what the war did to us. America also lost hundreds of thousands of its sons and daughters in WWII (the USSR lost 27 million). America also contributed significantly to the joint victory over Germany and it managed to win the war against Japan almost on its own. In the battles for the Islands of Iwo Jima, during the landing in Normandy, and in many other battles, the American Army showed as much heroism as did the Soviet Army in the battles for Moscow, Stalingrad, Leningrad, and others. America managed, in a minimal amount of time, to restructure the economy for its war needs and was able to supply its armies and the armies of its allies with all that was necessary. And yet, this war was fought far away from America. Possibly reading Mitchell's "Gone With the Wind," and other Civil War novels may give you a sense of war taking place where you live.

The start of war was catastrophic for the USSR. For several reasons (the destruction of the army's chain of command during the Great Terror, Stalin's self-confidence and maniacal paranoia – he did not believe warnings about the attack date and so the war began suddenly, etc.), the German army literally decimated the Soviet ranks and captured a large part of the country in just a few months. The Soviet army lost millions of killed, injured, and captured people, and thousands of tanks and airplanes. Most of the captured perished in the German camps. Those who survived the war Stalin sent to Soviet concentration camps (Gulag) afterwards.

On occupied territory, the German army began its hunt for those Jews who failed to escape. The Holocaust in the USSR differed from that in the rest of Europe. In these countries, Jews were exported to concentration camps for secret annihilation. And later the Nazis began to destroy any evidence of these crimes. Only in the USSR, in light of the traditional pogroms, the Germans openly shot most of the Jews right in the cities or near them. The rest were imprisoned in ghettos. Those who did not die there of hunger or disease

were also eventually killed. The whole world knows about the tragedy of Babi Yar, where approximately thirty four thousand Jews from Kiev were massacred. These mass shootings took place everywhere. In Mariupol, my father's cousin Tanya and her husband Babich were shot.

In Dnepropetrovsk on October 13th and 14th, eleven thousand (more by some accounts) were shot, including my aunt Manya (1)[41], Anya's aunts Esfir with her husband Semyon and Klara with her husband Alexander (2)[42]. Together with those Jews who were taken to be shot (of course, they did not know this, they were told about resettlement), went Bella, the ten year old daughter of Esfir and Semyon. When they came closer to the mass gravesite, Semyon heard the shots and placed his backpack on the ground, saying, "We will not need this." Bella, whose father was holding her by the hand, tore away and ran. She was shot at but managed to reach her home. However, the neighbors were already settling in there.

Let's try to imagine ourselves in place of the 10-years old girl, Anya's cousin. Where will she sleep tonight? How can she get anything to eat? How to find safety (the punishment for harboring Jews is death)? Where to live (winter is coming)? It is terrible to think of the millions of murdered Jews. But for me, it is even worse to think of those, especially children, who are still alive, but know there is no salvation, they will be found and killed, of those slowly dying of hunger – look at the picture of Jewish children from the concentration camp (3)[43].

But Bella survived! As did our nation in the thousands years of never-ending persecutions and pogroms. First Bella went to the principal of her school, who hid her for some time, risking his life. Then, presenting herself as a Ukrainian girl Galya (this name was later given to her granddaughter), Bella ended up in an orphanage. However, this orphanage was constantly visited by Germans in search of Jewish children. Bella tells of the horrible screams of a little boy who was being taken away (children of the war understood everything). Remaining there was impossible and Bella left. The next two years this girl from a good Jewish family slept in cellars of demolished buildings ate refuse and begged for food (unlike Germans, Italian soldiers sometimes gave something from their field kitchens).

After the liberation of Dnepropetrovsk, Anya's father found out that someone had seen Bella in the city streets. Naum L'vovich found her through a newspaper ad and adopted her. With God's and our help, Bella with her daughters, son-in-law and grandchildren arrived in America (I had to fight seven years for her to be granted refugee status because the adoption documents were not accurately completed). Photos: (4)[44], (5)[45].

[41] Our aunt Manya, victim of the Holocaust.

[42] Anya's aunt's Esfir with her husband Semyon and Klara with her husband Alexander, victims of the Holocaust.

[43] Jewish children from the concentration camp.

[44] Bella's parents.

[45] Bella stands by the mass grave of her parents, of 11 thousand Jews from Dnepropetrovsk, and by place of her own escaped death.

9 How God saved me and how I conquered a small rebellion.

To my dismay, I was rejected from the army draft for poor vision. I appealed over and over, but I was let no further than the vision center. One day, after the last eye examination, I was walking to my college and suddenly it became dark. I remembered a recently read novel describing the onset of blindness. The person did not feel any pain and did not understand anything. He asked why the light was turned off (it was in the evening). I concluded that the eye doctor, who placed some drops in my eyes, accidentally blinded me. I stopped, not knowing what to do. I wanted to find the way back to the clinic, but how would I do that? After several minutes, everything became lighter like at sunrise. Soon it all passed. It turned out that the doctor administered a large dose of atropine and did not warn me of the consequences.

Then I attempted to apply to the wartime interpreting school (as one doesn't need to shoot), passed a German language exam (still remember some questions, such as "Does your town have trams?"). However, after seeing my exemption from service papers (how many people wished for those!), they rejected me, saying that at wartime, everyone must be able to shoot. As I was insistent, they tricked me: told to come on a certain date; I came and learned they had evacuated the day before.

At that time in Moscow, the registration began for volunteer corps, which accepted everyone, regardless of age or health. Those of any use at the frontlines were sent there. With little or no military training, they were immediately sent into battle. The Moscow division of the volunteer corps near the city of Vyazma was surrounded and captured. "Those surrounded were gathered from the forests and villages and brought to checkpoints. There, the Jews were selected by appearance and killed." (The Black Book, V 2, V. Grossman and I. Ehrenburg, editors). Thus died Yura Zlatin and my dorm neighbors, a Jew with the last name Nemetz and Sasha Mandryko. (Sasha was in love with Natasha Uspenskaya – a beautiful girl who never married. There were too few men left in our generation. These women can also be counted among the casualties of war).

I was sent to guard the Burevestnick factory, which made army boots. When classes began, I studied during the day and served on duty at night. I slept during the long bus rides across Moscow (once I was relieved of my wallet, sleeping on the trolley).

On July 22, the German Air Force began bombing Moscow, first at night and then during the day as well. During air raids, people descended into the subway (sleeping there on their small mattresses), into their basements and dug-out trenches. In all that time, I managed only once to go down to the subway (metro) and saw how people habitually settled on the tracks in powered down tunnels (during a long ride we all were made to leave the trolley and descend to the subway).

One gets used to anything. When I was sent to guard a faraway warehouse, where some sleep was possible (although prohibited), I enjoyed this rare opportunity, ignoring the continuous shooting by antiaircraft guns and German airplanes which flew right over my head in crisscross light beams. And while on duty at the factory itself, I would occasionally fall asleep standing up and was once reprimanded by the director, "Don't sleep." This was said halfheartedly: perhaps he had a son of approximately my age (18 years).

Now about the two episodes implied in the title of this chapter. The aforementioned deadly dangers threatened everyone. Now I will tell about how God (or fate, choose what you wish) saved me personally, so to speak. Once I was assigned to a heating room. This was a very good assignment – there in the cellar, it was warm and possible to study. I also enjoyed chatting with the workers – many of these Muscovites were smart and interesting to speak with. Well, this time I was turned back upon arrival: an elderly guard was sent there and I was to stand (or rather walk all night) near a gas storage facility. This was the most dangerous post: an explosion could occur anytime from a dropped match, cigarette etc. I started my walking around the facility. That night our district was bombed and one bomb fell on the factory. I saw a bright spark, then heard the howling sound of the falling bomb and its blast. I fell to the ground. The bomb fell directly on the heating room. The workers and the guard who perished were only dug out the next day. In the morning we stayed at our posts and through that day and the next night.

Once I read on the Net: "Saturday, on the 65th anniversary of the repelling of the first massive attack of German Fascist aviation on Moscow, the event 'Let's Remember, Guys' took place .... It included showing video documents, pictures and chronicles." I re-read this chapter and remembered ...

And the front lines had come up right near Moscow. On October 16 the radio broadcast an announcement unlike any we had heard from the start of the war. Until that day, official public announcements by the Informburo tried to hide the difficult situation at the front. But on October sixteenth it was announced (these words are engraved in my memory), "In the past 24 hours, the situation on the Western Front deteriorated. The German troops broke our defenses in several places and are advancing." And that was all! No mention of our troops trying to stop the advance (the main part of the announcement, as always, was followed by minor episodes such as, this or that sergeant incapacitated two German tanks, etc.)

It became clear that Moscow was being prepared for surrender. The government (except for Stalin and some others) and the diplomatic corps left Moscow for Kuibyshev. Banners and slogans were taken down from Party organizations. Lists of communists were burned. Schools and businesses were closing. Panic and looting set in. The inhabitants were leaving the city. Those who could, left with their work groups, others – on their own, however they could. Some waited for the Germans. My new dorm neighbor said he has no plans to leave anywhere.

In the evening I went on duty. At the factory gates I saw a huge crowd. The factory was closing and the workers (several thousand worked there) demanded their wages and were trying to break in. I went to the gate, knocked, stated my name and was let in. We stood before the gates which were continually pounded on.

Suddenly the gates opened and the crowd flooded into the courtyard. Zhavoronkov, the other guard, called out to me, "Levin, this is a revolution! I have seen a revolution!" I answered, "This is shit, not a revolution." And then I took over, so to speak. I told Zhavoronkov and another guard to each grab one side of the gates. They understood and took hold. I ran towards the oncoming crowd and, swinging my raised empty fist, shouted, "Stop, I'll shoot!"

The crowd could easily trample me but hesitated: in a matter of seconds it was hard to tell a swinging fist from a weapon. I shouted, "Close the gates!" They were closed; the crowd resumed banging on them but no more attempted tearing them down – it seems my threat to shoot was taken seriously.

Those who managed to break through initially (not very many) began to demand their wages and a meeting with the director. They were told the director was at the bank and instead the Party secretary came out to them – drunk! – this shame is impossible to forget. They were each given a pair of boots and were let out through the back entrance. In the morning I went home. The factory was closed, our classes were discontinued – there was nothing to do in Moscow.

10 Evacuation. How I extracted peat. Hunger.

On October 17th, I packed my suitcase and went off to the Komsomol Square, the location of three railroad stations. Unpleasant thoughts assailed me – if the Germans enter Moscow, the same will happen here as did in Germany. We did not know at the time about the massacres of Jews in the occupied Soviet territories. However, we did know about the Nazi persecution of Jews described by newspapers before the war, before the pact with Germany. A huge crowd had gathered at the train station. I learned that ten out of eleven railways from Moscow were already cut by the Germans. It was useless to even think of buying a ticket.

I went out to the platform and saw a passenger train on one of the farther tracks. I came closer and saw no conductors. I entered the train car and climbed up on an unoccupied shelf near the bathroom. It turned out that this train was for the employees of the Ministry of Heavy Industry being evacuated to Ural. Some of these were Jewish. I was advised, in case of a spot check, to claim to be the grandson of one elderly woman. The train only left two days later, out of schedule, with long and frequent stops. The way to Sverdlovsk took 10 days instead of the usual 2-3 days.

I had almost no food with me and for the first time in my life, I felt true hunger. At some large stations we, the evacuated, were served a hot meal. In general, I should note that after the initial war onset confusion, huge efforts were taken to evacuate thousands of factories and millions of people from the western regions to Ural, Siberia and Central Asia. These organizations and people, in the toughest circumstances, in new locations, built factories for weapons and other war-related necessities. And for many of the Jews, the evacuation saved their lives.

In Sverdlovsk, I entered the local university as a sophomore. My IPhLI, merged with Moscow University, was evacuated into Central Asia city of Ashkhabad. But this city turned out short of resources to sustain the work of the university and the livelihood of instructors and students. Everyone starved, as in fact, they did everywhere. As an example, I later found out that during this time, my former college classmate, Semyon Gudzenko with his girlfriend went into the desert to find edible turtles. They split up to cover a greater area, but the girl got lost and perished.

The decision was made to move to another city. But which one? After some time, it became known that I was in Sverdlovsk. And Moscow University moved there. And so, my third year in Sverdlovsk I spent at the Moscow University, not at the local one.

My parents and Sofa were evacuated to the city of Orsk in Southern Ural. This happened because my aunt Khasya worked in a store and they were allotted an entire merchandise train car to evacuate the merchandise. Khasya took my parents along as family members. However even before they had left Dnepropetrovsk, this echelon was bombed. The train car and most of the merchandise was destroyed but the people managed to escape in time. They were given another car because some merchandise was saved. My father returned home and gathered all that was left there, including a Persian carpet that will be mentioned later.

That spring Orsk flooded and my parents saved themselves by climbing on the roof. They lived in a tiny room, but relatively well as my father spent his free time after work making hoes for gardeners. My mother worked at an evacuated war factory. Anya and her family also arrived in Orsk evacuated there with the institute at which her father worked. Anya and her mother worked at the same factory and then Anya left to Novosibirsk where her college was evacuated to. After her high school graduation Sofa worked at a factory for some time and then also moved to Sverdlovsk where she began medical studies.

During vacation, students were sent to work and the breaks were much longer than usual. All summer and fall of 1942 I worked at peat fields – peat was used as fuel for Ural's largest tanks factory. At the Northern Ural peat wetlands, special machines called baggers, cut the peat in brick forms. Women would turn these bricks over for the initial drying out period. Our job was moving the peat bricks from all over the field into places where they were stacked in a certain way and dried completely.

The work day lasted 11 hours with an hour lunch break. Once a month we got a day off. Those able to complete their allotted work amount, were given an additional bread ration (since the start of the war, all food was rationed). However, the amount of work necessary for this was difficult even for experienced workers and we were not able to complete it.

In our group of five, like in the other groups, some people filled the baskets with peat and helped the others to lift them onto their shoulders (the baskets were heavy, 20 kilograms, 44 pounds). While these carriers took the peat over to the stacks, the rest filled more baskets. Then they switched because it was harder to carry the baskets than to fill them. When the stacks were further away, the baskets were filled faster than they could be carried and those who filled them stood idly. And when the stacks were closer, those who carried the baskets stood idly because the baskets could not be filled by the time they returned. Of course, resting was pleasant, but it was even more important to improve our pitiful nourishment.

I suggested to vary the ratio of those who fill and those who carry according to the stacks proximity. While the area was far, two would fill and three would carry. Nearer to the stacks, three would fill and two would carry. And we began exceeding the work requirements. Then I was transferred to a more specialized duty, that of peat stacker. The tall pile had to be stacked in such a way that it would not spill, even with strong winds, and with all that the stack had to allow for air – a channel for ventilation. (Maybe to this experience I owe my reputation of a packing expert – from suitcases to food in the refrigerator. Just kidding.)

In my life I did not spend much time on physical labor – aside from the aforementioned and other wartime work, there were only several household projects after we were married.

For example, I replaced the tile roof, repaired the porch, installed shelves in the cellar, etc. In America, I put together a table (it still stands) from scraps of finished wooden planks that someone had thrown out. I repaired what I can, worked on several projects in Toma's yard, etc. And each time, when the project worked out well, my satisfaction was not less than from a well-presented lecture or a well-written article, maybe even more because it was infrequent.

The war changed much in life and people's behavior. With most men in the army, the few left were in high demand. Our lodging had another room, just as big as ours. Several dozens of women and young girls from Udmurtiya (an ethnic republic in the Urals) lived there, all of whom were mobilized for peat collections. There was always some man spending the night there. They also tried to lure one of our students (the oldest of us) but he refused, likely avoiding a venereal disease. We worked through the summer, September and October until the rains came.

Do you know what is hunger not for weight loss? We frequently learn of deadly famine in one or another region of Africa. Those who have lived their lives in the Soviet Union, can imagine this horror all too well. Pre-Revolutionary Russia had years of failed harvest and hunger. However this is incomparable to the famine that repeatedly hit Russia after the Revolution. All the civil war years were years of famine. This is how Mayakovsky recalls his visit to his starving and sick love:

> Не домой, не на суп, а к любимой в гости
> Две морковинки несу за зелёный хвостик.
>
> Я много дарил конфет да букетов,
> Но больше всех дорогих даров
> Я помню морковь драгоценную эту
> И полполена берёзовых дров.
>
> (By their curly green tails – behold!
> – I'm holding two carrots crunchy.
> They're not for my stew:
> I'm taking them to
> My sweetheart, for her to munch them.
>
> Boxes of sweets and flowers freely
> I handed out, but I recall
> Those carrots plus firewood, half a billet,
> As the most precious gift of all.)

In 1921, at the end of the Civil War, a terrible famine spread in the region of Volga. Millions died, incidents of cannibalism were not infrequent. Even more perished from hunger in the 1930s, mostly in the Ukraine, as a result of the forced collectivization of peasantry. Slow death by starvation was the fate of millions of prisoners. Never read Gulag Archipelago

by Solzhenitsyn? Well, read his Nobel-Prize-winning short story "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch."

But our family, which also had great difficulties with food, (of which I wrote before) did not know hunger before the war. Sofa and I learned the meaning of hunger when we studied in Sverdlovsk. We received 400 grams of awful bread daily and a meager dinner. Four hundred grams – is that really so little? In America I eat such amount of bread in 2-3 days. But the difference is because we eat so much other foods. And during the war there was nothing else. A normally nourished individual can easily abstain from eating, even completely, for example as during a fast. However, in a situation of continuous malnutrition, when every night one goes to sleep hungry and in the morning, before the store opens, there is nothing to eat, emaciation sets in and the feeling of hunger becomes constant. Strong willed people would have likely divided the 400 grams of bread into several pieces, but Sofa and I ate it right away, on the porch of the store. And then nothing until tomorrow. This is difficult and even degrading to write, but to not mention it is impossible, too.

So lived millions.

Here is a passage of a wartime childhood a recollection from a newspaper: "I remember that during the evacuation in Tbilisi, we were assigned to a dining room. There we received brown soup with two macaronis and nothing else. I still have not forgotten the taste of that soup – I liked it very much. Once I took my portion and immediately swallowed it. Across from me sat a man in uniform, an officer. And suddenly he said: Little boy, do you want more? Eat mine. I ate and he cried."

But there were even worse famines. When the Germans surrounded Leningrad, but could not conquer it, they decided to wear them down through hunger. As a result of the blockade, approximately one million Leningradians perished from a torturous death by starvation. But the city stood. At an exhibition dedicated to the Leningrad blockade, I saw a painting entitled "The Cards are Lost." In the middle of the store stands a man with an open overcoat and he searches his inner pockets for the lost ration cards. People cannot look at him – loss of the ration cards meant death for the entire family.

A loss of ration cards also happened in our group when, after returning to Moscow, we worked through the summer preparing firewood. One student's bread card went missing. We suspected another student, one who went for bread separately from everyone else. When a general search was announced, she tried to throw the card away but we didn't take our eyes off her and she was caught. I was the brigadier at the time and told her that we would not report the incident, if she applies for discharge from the university the following day. She applied.

We did not let out parents know, from Sverdlovsk, that we were starving because we assumed they were also in a difficult situation. When, during winter break in the beginning of 1943, we visited them in Orsk, we were finally able to eat our fill. And it is with pleasure that I recall that small town on the border between Europe and Asia, between Russia and Kazakhstan (people lived in Europe but their gardens were in Asia; the Kazakhs came to the bazaar on camels). But Sverdlovsk, a big city with theaters, institutes, the capital of Ural, as it was called, is unpleasant to remember. "Hunger is no auntie," goes the saying. Upon finding out about our situation, our parents sold a Persian carpet, the only expensive item they brought with them, and sent us a large box of millet and oven-dried bread. I

would come to Sofa's dorm in the evenings and she would make kasha from the millet. In Stalin's words, "Life became better, life became jollier" ...

Later, when imagining a hypothetical Third World War, I thought not about dangers to life, but about hunger, especially if your children are asking for food and you have nothing to give them. In conclusion, a humorous (or maybe serious?) piece of advice. If you are depressed, in a bad mood, sit and close your eyes and imagine yourself starving for a long time. And then open the fridge ...

11 Return to Moscow. Beginning of research work.

In June of 1943, the Moscow University returned to Moscow. In connection with my departure, Sofa transferred to the medical institute of Novosibirsk – aunt Khasya with her family lived there. They lived well, more or less. Khasya took her in and took care of her. And our move to Moscow – what a wonderful, happy trip! It lasted three days. We traveled with our company, in sleeping train cabins, and were well-fed. Professors visited us and told various stories. Seeing no train conductors, we felt free to do as we pleased. Sometimes we rode on footboards and even on the roof! And out the window – summer! Green fields, forests, rivers pass by – the boundless expanses of Russia, Tatarstan, cities spared by the war.

In America I feel nostalgic for sleeping cabins of long distance trains, which are almost never used here. It is pleasant to fall asleep lulled by the rhythm of the wheels, it is interesting to meet various people – long-trip companions, interesting to look out the window at the constantly changing (in contrast to travel by ship) scenery. But here we arrive in Moscow. In the summer we worked at timber cutting sites. I was designated as a scaffolder, with my partner, we bent and compressed the wire removed from arriving rafts, preparing it for transportation.

Then classes began. In contrast to what took place earlier, during the fourth year, I spent most of my time on research work. Even during the third year, I began to study the works of L.N. Tolstoy in a special seminar, led by professor Gudziy, Nikolai Kalinikovitch, our dean. He suggested that I study the creation history of the short story "The Landlord's Morning." This work engrossed me. In the almost 100-tome Tolstoy's Collected Works (N. K. was one of the editors), are printed several drafts of the story, as well as diaries and letters that pertain to the period in which it was written. This enabled me to not only write a typical student paper, but to conduct a thorough investigation and research the topic.

Even during my first year, I got used to studying, not in the dorm, but rather in the reading room where there were no distractions and most importantly, any needed literature was readily available. During the fourth year, the Lenin's library, which at that time could still fit into the lovely Rumyantsevsky Museum building, became my regular place of study. I attended university classes selectively. For example, I attended no pedagogy lectures by Professor Kairov: like most university students, I did not expect to become a pedagogue. That's why, when I did become a pedagogue, I could not call myself a student of The President of the Pedagogical Academy and the Minister of Education. By the way, he made little research contribution to pedagogy and was just an administrator. Regardless, I was passing the exams successfully.

During the last exam, on the French language, something very embarrassing happened. After answering grammar questions, I had to translate, without a dictionary, an excerpt from Emil Zola's article "The Screen," which I had read in Russian in connection with my work in a seminar of N. K Gudziy. I translated the text well and surprised the instructor, Shamardina, because I rarely attended her classes and obviously did not account for completion of homework assignments. These I did, in fact, complete, although I handled the translation assignments in a non-standard way. Instead of using a dictionary, which unpleasantly interrupts reading, I placed the French and Russian texts side by side (we read Stendhal's novel "Red and Black"). I read the original while the meaning was clear and if not, I used the translation.

Shamardina asked whether I had previously read this article. I replied "no," because I had not read it in French. Of course, I should have added that I read it in Russian – after all, this did ease the task of understanding the French text for me, although I had not seen it previously. Shamardina said, "I have already given you an 'excellent', but I want to know whether you had read this article previously." I repeated, "No."

At that moment, the door opened and in walked ... Gudziy. He, as dean, apparently was supposed to visit exams. When he saw Zola's article in front of me (he knew French very well), N.K said, "You are in luck!" Shamardina made only one interjection, "Hm." Neither Shamardina nor Gudziy still live, but this "hm" still echoes in my ears. This is my peculiarity – or maybe psychosis – even less significant errors, maybe simply a bad choice of words, even one instantly forgotten by my collocutor, I remember for decades.

Later I found out something else. Shamardina, a very kind woman, bought a coat for Semyon Gudzenko, who had recently returned from the frontlines. He soon became a famous poet (I mentioned him earlier). When she heard that his friends call him "Sarik" (I saw this), she stopped and asked very seriously: "Excuse me, what is his ethnic origin?" That he was a Jew was unexpected to her – the last name is Ukrainian. It seemed to me that this had some significance to her. If so, the above incident may have given her, as it often happens with Jews, fodder for stereotypes and generalizations.

In all likelihood, she told Gudziy about our conversation, but he did not change his good attitude towards me. It is possible that Nikolay Kalinikovitch considered it normal for students to lie to instructors. A Tolstoy expert, among other things, he remembered how morality is described as relative in "Anna Karenina." For Vronsky, a very decent officer, it was obvious that lying is immoral in general but to women it was all right. Cheating is wrong, but on husbands is all right ...

Soon my turn came to report the results of my research. Instead of the typical 15-20 minutes in seminar, my presentation and discussion lasted three hours – two periods. For the second lecture, N. K invited several outsiders, including his friend Beletsky, like him, a member of the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences. During the discussion, some of my conclusions, including those tied to the unfortunate Zola article, were called into question (Gudziy defended them), but the work was well-received overall. Several days later, a graduate student of Gudziy, Zinovy Paperny (subsequently a prominent scientist and satirical writer, later expelled from the Communist Party in the antisemitic campaign against "cosmopolitans") approached me. Paperny, who was present at my seminar presentation, related that my report will be presented at the Moscow City Scientific Student Conference.

And later Nikolay Kalinikovitch invited me to his office and said that he would prepare me for graduate studies. The war was nearing its end. Good prospects in life began to appear. But it turned out otherwise.

Pictures: (1)[46], (2)[47].

12 Illness and recovery. Medical treatment in the USSR.

In the spring of 1944, I met my friend from freshman year, Michael Koryakov, an officer, who arrived in Moscow either for a furlough or on a mission (later he somehow appeared in America and wrote for the newspaper "Novoye Russkoye Slovo." He also wrote a book about the unpleasant Soviet reality). We decided to attend a concert of Alexander Vertinsky, a very popular pre-revolution singer, recently returned from emigration.

On the way to the theater, my feet in poor footwear, got wet and I caught a cold. The cold lasted long and I was diagnosed with pneumonia. Later it turned out I actually had tuberculosis of the lungs, apparently as a result of the long-term weakening of my system (no one else in our family ever had this illness). I decided to take a break in my studies, go to my parents in Orsk, and return together to the newly liberated Dnepropetrovsk. My illness, of course, greatly upset my parents. During my previous visit, my father told me, "Three times I rose from ruins, at first ruined by the Soviet regime, then by the war. Now," he said, "it is your turn to rise." Parents fed me well, as that is important with this illness and I felt all right.

In the summer we departed to Dnepropetrovsk in a heated train boxcar, bare, with no benches. We sat and slept on our belongings. Our home town did not greet us pleasantly. At this time antisemitism was spreading in the country, especially within the liberated territories. Nazi propaganda blended with old antisemitic traditions. I found in Dnepropetrovsk Hitler's "Main Kampf," and a book "At the Source of the Great Hatred," an encyclopedia of antisemitism. I also read a newspaper published during German rule, full of antisemitic articles (some quite witty).

Our apartment was occupied. The court refused to return it to us since we did not resume rent payments right after the liberation of the city. The court ignored the obvious circumstance, that in the wartime, this peace-time law cannot be followed even if only because the city was severely decimated and it was impossible to know which buildings survived. Judge Babkin, who invented this excuse for denying the re-evacuated (many of whom were Jews) their apartments, was decorated.

Daily antisemitism grew ever more open and I soon experienced it first-hand. I was walking down a street. From a house I passed, a drunk officer approached me. He wore a new uniform, without any medals. He began talking about Jews and hit me. Should I have entered a brawl with him? Regardless of the outcome, I would have been, obviously, declared guilty of attacking an officer of the Soviet Army. He could have even killed me –

[46] I as a student.

[47] Friend of mine Sergey Nikolsky.

the war was still going on and drunkards are brave. I went to the military commandant's office and asked to come with me to this house. They refused.

And recently I read in The Short Jewish Encyclopedia (Jerusalem, 1976-2005): "... in the Summer of 1944 in Kiev and Dnepropetrovsk, Jews, including military personnel, were subjected to beatings, re-evacuated Jewish families not only were denied readmission to their former apartments or return of their belongings left there, but became targets of attacks." Then it is told there that Lt. I.D. Rosenstein, a Jew who shot two servicemen attackers, was sentenced to death. (v. 8, pp. 1254-5.)

My illness continued. There were no medicines for tuberculosis, at least not in the Soviet Union. I was treated with an artificial pneumothorax. Air was blown into the pleural cavity, to limit the mobility of the diseased lung. But this did not help. I did not feel bad but the symptoms continued and this was dangerous. I decided to return to Moscow and received summons for reinstatement in Moscow University – necessary to purchase train tickets to Moscow. The local medical authority of Dnepropetrovsk gave me a reference to the Central Tuberculosis Institute.

I will tell a little about the Soviet health care. It had positive and negative sides. Medical treatment was free, paid by the government, as was education. People were paid little for their work – the rest was taken by the government, a part of which was used for social services.

Aside from that, when a patient wanted, for example, a well-known surgeon to perform an operation, he arranged private payment with him. This was considered illegal, but everyone knew about this practice. It was also an accepted practice to give small monetary gifts to hospital patient care personnel, who were paid pauper's wages for their difficult job.

I will use several examples from our lives to illustrate how important this unofficial additional payment sometimes was.

When my mother was diagnosed with breast cancer and an immediate surgery was advised, we arranged a private consultation with the reputable associate professor Kogan. He examined my mother and suggested to wait 2-3 months. In two months, all symptoms were gone. When I needed an operation, we made arrangements with the same doctor Kogan. When after the operation, I found blood on my sheets, he came from his home at night and eliminated the cause.

Then an amusing incident took place with this wonderful surgeon. A Ukrainian man with an amputated leg was in the bed next to mine. When Kogan with his entourage made the rounds, he said, "What a wonderful stump, who did this for you?" "But it was you (he mentioned his Jewish name) so many years ago!" exclaimed the man. Kogan was embarrassed for having unknowingly praised himself. But he found his bearings and said, "I was younger then, just starting out and tried very hard. I could not do it as well now." Later in Moscow, and perhaps elsewhere, a few private clinics were opened.

But typically, patients did not pay for treatment and this was, of course, a great comfort – not to have to think about whether I could afford treatment in case of illness.

Another feature of our medicine was the physician home-visits. Not only for serious illness, but even in simple cold cases, physicians were called to the patient's home. This was useful, for few patients owned cars, and this minimized the spread of infection. Furthermore, patients, both those treated at home and those hospitalized were compensated for the lost

wages – partially or fully, depending on their job tenure. Maternity leave was paid for four months. Hospitals kept their in-patients for weeks and months, according to the medical conditions.

Comparing this with the United States, one must keep in mind that the upkeep of patients in the USSR was cheap. The wages of medical workers were very low. Hospital rooms were often populated by 4, 10, or more patients, excluding those with severe illness. Food was often unsatisfactory and relatives had to bring foods from home. The equipment was cheap and simple.

Well-equipped, comfortable hospitals with excellent meals existed for the ranked officials and their families. Expensive medicines from the West were supplied there. In regular hospitals, medicine was domestic, rarely from satellite countries: Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, etc. Research and medical institutes of the Academy of Medical Sciences were also well run but it was very difficult to be admitted there.

With scarce, outdated equipment, the physician's experience, preparation, and work attitude were especially important. There were quite a few excellent physicians – well qualified, sometimes selfless. But majority of physicians were not. I wrote earlier how exams in Soviet colleges were often not given seriously and medical schools were no exception. I remember how after I underwent a difficult procedure – a multi-part analysis of stomach secretions. My physician turned over several times the paper I brought and said, "Only lab technicians understand these analyses."

A hospital could not diagnose Toma with her hepatitis until Anya noticed the yellow tint of her eyes. Another time, Toma almost died in Moscow. All cities were divided into regions and these were assigned to specific physicians and clinics. In this case, the region had just been transferred to another clinic and different physicians visited Toma. They could not determine anything and Toma meanwhile was losing strength, hemorrhaging internally, until her mother-in-law visiting Moscow at the time called an ambulance. It turned out to be a ruptured ectopic pregnancy.

I return now to my treatment. I arrived in Moscow and went to the Central Tuberculosis Institute of the Academy of Medical Sciences. In the hallway, I asked an elderly man where patient admission was located. This turned out to be the director of the institute – a Jew. He asked what my business was and I gave him my referral. He said such referrals are usually sent by mail and then one waits for an invitation sent out when a space becomes available. He then looked at me and asked, "Was that about you that the Central Party Committee called?" Taken aback and confused, I replied, "Probably not." He told me to wait and went with my paper to the office. He soon returned and said "Go and register."

With emotion, I remember this person, who apparently saved my life. Later I read that among the medical workers who were fired in the antisemitic campaigns of 1948-1953, was the Director of the Central Tuberculosis Institute, Levin. In all likelihood, this was him.

I don't know how it is in America, but in the Soviet Union, the antisemitic assertion that Jews closely hold to each other and are thus especially dangerous, is a lie. Aside from relatives, who do, in fact, often help each other, Jews rarely let themselves help or protect their clansmen. For example, Avgustevich, the head of the department in the Belgorod Pedagogical College, who was among those I (after completing graduate studies) inquired about

an announced job vacancy, rejected me. He feared accusations of, so to speak, nepotism, an official perception of Jews working in the same establishment.

Incidents of help from Jews, other than relatives, were significantly fewer in my life than help from non-Jews, as I had related previously and intend to explain further later on. Aside from the fateful admission to the Tuberculosis Institute, I remember only a few not-so-significant incidents, undoubtedly forgetting others.

Once, during my freshman semester, an old Jew, in the trolley, asked me where I am studying. I replied: in the IPhLI (Institute of Philosophy, Literature and History). He asked, "Flien?" and made plane-like gestures with his hands because, in Yiddish, flien means to fly. I explained where I am studying and he then suggested that I come to his school where he sold writing implements and he will then give me notebooks – they were in a very short supply. Do you know what "short supply" is or this is for you, fortunately, as comprehensible as the word "IPhLI" was to my trolley companion? I thanked the old man but did not go for the notebooks.

I remember indulgences on the part of exam administrators – Jews. Soon after the start of the war, I was taking an oral history exam. I was not answering well – we were being relocated into another dorm and in general the preparation time for the exam was unsuitable. When I finished answering, the examiner Vishnevsky wished me in Yiddish, "Zai gesunt" (be well) and gave me an "excellent." I replied, "Zait gezunt" – my humble Yiddish came to good use. I was quite touched by this sudden address in Yiddish from an orthodox communist in an official exam environment. We, young people, did not think much about our Jewish identity before the war.

Later, in the hunger year of 1942, Professor Grossman also gave me an "excellent," although I answered one of the questions very poorly. And another incident. When, after graduating the university, I took the French entrance exam for doctoral studies, I was going to have to read an unfamiliar text without a dictionary. The examiner, Fruzsina, gave me a newspaper to take home during the pre-exam consultation and she had marked off the section that I was going to have to translate. It was uncomfortable for me to tell her that I am able to translate unfamiliar text and so, I simply thanked her.

After reading this paragraph Toma recollected how she was looking for an apartment in Novosibirsk and the chairman of trustees of the coop building helped her after getting the answers for two questions: "What is your name?" and "Ir zand a id?" (Are you a Jew?)

Regarding my admission to the tuberculosis institute, I need to explain one phenomenon of Soviet reality – the so-called "telephone directive." Leaders who did not want to be responsible for this or that illegal or doubtful decision, would give an oral directive in person or over the phone, instead of a written order. For example, once when I was in Kobzev's – the president of the Saratov Pedagogical College – office, he learned that he was invited to head a committee to inspect the work of some school. He asked over the phone, (without being embarrassed by my presence – this was so natural to him) what sort of conclusions are expected after the inspection – positive, negative or the so-called, "practical conclusions', meaning dismissal from work. And this was before the beginning of the inspection! Of course, the response, just as illegal as the question and the entire Soviet leadership system, he could only receive in oral form.

This episode illustrates the wide-spread practice of the so-called inspections, reviews often done just to justify an already made decision. Not infrequently, these inspections were done simply to receive a bribe from the inspected group. This was especially common in the last decades, when the more or less idealistic communists were eliminated and replaced with avowed careerists and crooks. In the best cases, these inspections, which significantly interfered with work, were done simply to give the appearance of active involvement.

The illegal "telephone directive" usually served personal interests. But apparently sometimes, rarely in fact, it allowed the leader to do a good deed, to help someone out of pity when it could not be done according to official rules. There is a saying, "It's not a family without a freak" and it can be supplemented with, "In bad company, sometimes a decent person will be found" And so it was my good fortune that the director of the tuberculosis institute used the fact that a supposed "telephone order" from the Central Party Committee would not be questioned.

Soon it became clear why the medical treatment was not helping me. The wonderful radiologist, Professor Prozorov, who himself performed the procedure (typically, in America as well, a technician takes the x-rays for the radiologist), saw that my second lung had some infection as well. Medicines were still unavailable, but I was treated with the pneumothorax on the second lung. They did something else also and after some time, the infection cleared. With gratitude I recall Professor Riabukhin, Doctor Kumak, my treating physician.

The institute was a very good treatment establishment. A division of the Kremlin hospital, where national leaders and their relatives were treated, was located on the floor above ours. Their treatment was conducted by the same physicians in the same offices, they had different rooms and a different cafeteria. Earlier I had related how my mother took a job helping sell candy, so she could send me money for supplemental meals.

The healing process was apparently aided by my general optimistic nature. I, like my other young roommates, complied with the physician's instructions, but thought least of all about illness. We lived happily! I learned to play the card game *preferance,* and we played for hours until lights out. I was so carried away that even when I watched films (we were shown films every evening, there was no television yet) I would still think through various card combinations.

Once, on the occasion of some holiday, my neighbor, a young lieutenant Sasha Yermachenko, offered me some vodka and I offered him a snack. We both finished the bottle. Usually, with the exception of drunkards, it is the accepted practice to split a bottle among three people. It was 250 grams of vodka and I did not drink all at once such amount even of wine, neither before nor after. I wasn't drunk enough to forget myself, (I was never really drunk) but I was noticeably "happy." I was invited to play preferance, everyone assuming I would lose in my condition. Preferance is a money game, but our bets were small. I agreed and won everyone! Later I would recall that I had played wildly, against all logic. And that's why I won – for my partners, my moves were unexpected. And at night I was sick.

Sometimes our fun was not ethical. A middle-aged Jew with last name Wolf was placed with us. How can we resist? And we sang in a chorus, almost exactly as Pushkin wrote:

Встаёт заря во мгле холодной;
На нивах шум работ умолк;
С своей подругою голодной
Выходит на дорогу ... лев (или бегемот).

(The dawns now rise in darkness cold;
Work noise died in fields aloof;
With his she-friend invades the road –
For nightly prowl hungry ... lion (or hippopotamus);)

All knew that Pushkin's last (rhymed) word here was "wolf."

Then I read in Tvardovsky, how shameful it is to "turn a jest into someone's grief." By the way, the initiator of this singing was Minister Skachkov's nephew, who enjoyed telling antisemitic jokes. And we, young Jews, participated, not thinking about the connection between this amusement and Skachkov's jokes.

But here now, six months had passed, I was practically well and it was time to sign out of the hospital. Doctor Kumak insisted that I not risk my health by remaining in Moscow, and instead go to my parents in Dnepropetrovsk, where there is also an university – of course not like the one in Moscow. I agreed with him, albeit reluctantly. As the school year had already been lost, Minna, just in case, arranged for me to spend two months in the sanatorium division of some hospital.

On May 8 1945 I left to Dnepropetrovsk.

13 Great victory over Fascism.

On the morning of May 9th I awoke to hear the news we had been waiting for any day, as Berlin had been captured by the Soviet forces a week before: The WWII in Europe had concluded with a great victory over fascism. Stalin spoke on the radio.

For almost four years we lived by this war, and endured great difficulties stoically. This was not Stalin's war against Hitler. Caused by them, this war became for us a war for survival. Each day I marked the location of the battlefront and did what my meager abilities allowed.

Probably, the joy of victory wouldn't have been as strong if the events of the war did not unfold so dramatically. The Soviet propaganda, in newspapers, radio, songs, movies, etc., incessantly worked to instill faith in the invincibility of the Red Army (renamed the Soviet Army later). They insisted that the war would take place on enemy territory "with little blood, with a powerful blow." And when the German troops, with almost no obstacles, entered the country and occupied considerable amount of territory – this was a great shock for everyone, from the bottom up, including for Stalin who could only speak on the radio 12 days later. The Germans captured Belorussia, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Moldavia, a large portion of the Ukraine, and the western regions of Russia. They surrounded Leningrad and came up all the way to Moscow. It appeared to be all over, especially because everyone knew how quickly the Germans were able to conquer the other countries of Europe.

And suddenly, on the 11th of December 1941, Yury Levitan spoke on the radio. (He was a thin Jew with a wonderful voice. During the entire war, when this voice would be heard on the radio, the entire nation came to a standstill – from him we heard about important tragedies as well as wonderful news.) "The German-Fascist troops have been defeated near Moscow!" For those who did not personally experience this, it is difficult to imagine the effect of this announcement on the listeners. This was the first defeat of the German troops, who in a month and a half conquered the great nation of France and triumphantly stormed through Europe up to the very outskirts of Moscow. And they were defeated by an army that seemed almost decimated.

The victory by Moscow was furthered by the arrival of the winter frosts – the Germans were not prepared for them, as they expected to quickly finish the war. Strange as it seems, a major part in this victory was played by one person, a German who was far from Moscow at that time – Richard Sorge, a Soviet spy, a staunch Communist (the grandson of a well-known German socialist). Sorge informed Moscow about the date of the German attack beforehand but Stalin did not believe him (nor others including Churchill), considering them provocateurs. The information turned out to be correct. So when Sorge, who was in Japan at that time, informed that Japan is not planning the widely expected attack on the Soviet Union for this year, Stalin believed him. Many troop divisions were transferred from the Far East to Moscow.

However, the change in national mood played a decisive role in this victory. Even those who did not like Soviet rule understood that the fate of the country, of the nation, was in question and began to fight in earnest, as Russians and others, including Jews, can fight when they view the war as personally, vitally important. In the occupied territories, especially in Belorussia, hundreds of thousands of guerrillas derailed German troop trains, wrecking war supplies for those who battled near Moscow. And Soviet propaganda adjusted itself accordingly. Instead of the Marxist-Leninist ideas, they began to glorify the patriotic traditions of the old Russian army. They revived its military attributes, including the epaulets. Decorative orders and medals were now named after Russian generals such as Suvorov, Kutuzov, naval commanders Ushakov, Nakhimov. The Russian Orthodox church was revived.

In the spring of 1942, the Germans began a new powerful attack at the south. Stalin issued a draconian decree, whereby "anti-retreat forces" machine-gunned those troops that backed down without permission. Nevertheless, the Germans reached Stalingrad on the Volga river and Caucasus. But then their troops (300,000 people with field marshal Paulus) were surrounded near the outskirts of Stalingrad and destroyed or captured in early 1943. By this time, the Soviet industry and American Lend-Lease deliveries provided the army with a sufficient amount of weapons, battle supplies, and other necessities.

Whereas in 1941-1942, the Germans successfully advanced in the summer and suffered defeats in the winter, the summer of 1943 saw the Soviet army victorious in a massive tank Battle of Kursk. After this, Russian army advances continued almost uninterrupted. Once, on my way from the Lenin Library, I heard a gun-salute which was used in Moscow to mark the capture of big cities. I asked which city was taken and got the answer: Dnepropetrovsk.

America and Great Britain, who, in the face of a common danger signed a war treaty with the USSR, fought with Japan in the Pacific Ocean, with the Germans in Africa and

began the liberation of Italy in 1943. In the summer of 1944, they opened a long-awaited second battle-front in Western Europe. In April of 1945, the Soviet and American troops met in Germany, on the Elba River. On the second of May, the Soviet troops took the German capital of Berlin. On May 8-9, 1945, Germany signed the capitulation act.

Hitler and his closest companions committed suicide; the other top German leaders were tried for war crimes at the International Tribunal and executed.

Now, many years later one cannot watch without emotion old chronicles showing the meetings of mothers, wives, children with their – living! – sons, husbands, fathers who saved the country and the whole world from the deadly enemy.

The memory of the great victory over Fascism is overshadowed by the monstrous price paid for it by all the involved countries, but especially by the Soviet nation (27 million killed and died) and a number of sad consequences (the domination of the countries of Eastern Europe, the rise of chauvinism and anti-Semitism).

Nevertheless, in people's memory, Victory Day has remained a great holiday, as an occasion for the "celebration with teary eyes."

Part II

14 Dnepropetrovsk again. Studies, journalism.

Having come home, I was going to transfer to Dnepropetrovsk University, but I was prevented by a new illness. In order to strengthen the healing from tuberculosis, it was decided that I continue with the pneumothorax treatment for some time. An infection was thus introduced into my lung and I got empyema, a pleural infection. We did not have antibiotics yet and in contrast with tuberculosis, which I endured quite well, this illness was very severe, with a high fever. Once, when my mother and I were headed to the hospital, I lost consciousness for a few minutes for the first time in my life.

The illness lasted almost through the entire winter. But once, aunt Tsilya, with whom I stayed during the illness and who secretly cried all the time, brought a salted watermelon from the bazaar. She cut off a half for me and I ate it. Immediately after, I ate the second half. And got well! (I probably got well not because I ate the watermelon, but rather I ate the watermelon since I got well.) Alas, one more academic year had been lost.

In the fall I registered at Dnepropetrovsk University for the fourth academic year, because I had not completed the spring semester for that year in Moscow. It goes without saying that the academic level here was completely different from the one at MSU. In general, in the USSR, in contrast to the USA, all the best resources, including the best universities, are concentrated in the capital – Moscow, and some in Leningrad. Only more recently, a science center of that level was created in Novosibirsk. In Dnepropetrovsk it was impossible to even imagine the quality of instruction and the freedom of discussion (within certain limits, of course) that we had at IPhLI or MSU.

I remember how in MSU I entered a dispute with the seminar leader Lydiya Mikhailovna Polyak; we had studied her textbook in high school, which she co-authored with Tager who was later arrested. I read her magazine article about wartime poetry. In a footnote, she wrote that she does not consider Tvardovsky's poem "Vasily Tyorkin" because it was merely a *lubok,* that is primitive mass-market literature. I understood that she simply had not read the poem. During the humiliating (for the USSR) war with Finland (1939-40), Tvardovsky did, in fact, publish such poems under that title. So, as I understood, Polyak decided that his later poetry was merely a continuation of what was before and did not bother to read it. I said that the poem "Vasily Tyorkin" is not *lubok* and is in fact, a marvelous masterpiece of significant poetry, an opinion that I still hold. Lydia Mikhailovna did not take offense.

Because I attended classes selectively and spent most of my time on research, as I did even in Moscow, and continued doing in Dnepropetrovsk, the lowered level of instruction at DGU was not so detrimental for me. The situation even had a somewhat positive side. In general, I try to find some good in bad things, which softens the pain (*Gam Zu L'Tova*). This attitude is useful for feelings and probably for health, but not for a career – why bother exerting effort when the status quo is not so bad?

At DGU I was made (I never understood by whom or how) chairman of the scientific student society and I was invited to faculty meetings. My report on the works of Boris Pasternak was presented at the plenary meeting of the citywide scientific student conference – the only presentation from the university. At the scientific conference of faculty I presented a report on Belinsky. For these and other reports, I received an honorary diploma from the Young Communist League (komsomol) and a financial award from the university president.

But it turned out to have no bearing on serious matters. In the USSR, university graduates were obligated to work for three years wherever they were assigned to by the government. When these job assignments were made, right before our final exams, the Komsomol Secretary suggested recommending me for graduate school, but Dean Plakhotishina shook her head, no. Later, the examination committee gave me a recommendation for graduate school because I had graduated with honors, but this was only a formality. It was 1948. The delay (due to my illness) brought my graduation to coincide with a state antisemitism peak. I did not even apply to a graduate school; no Jewish applicants were admitted and one of the two graduate school positions remained unfilled. Only 14 years later, during Khrushchev's "thaw," did I go to graduate school.

When Mark Ilyich Soyfer, the head of the literature department tried to bring me to teach in that department, the same Plahotishina blocked it. I was assigned to be a lecturer in the department of culture in Nikopol. Fortunately, this opening was cancelled (maybe they did not like my Jewish name?) and I was free for an independent job search.

Already in my fourth year in university, I had begun publishing in newspapers. The first articles I was commissioned to write ("trying out the quill") were dedicated to the two anniversaries (birth and death) of the great American inventor Thomas Edison, as if foreshadowing that one day I would become an American citizen. This was surprising since the campaign against "kowtowing to the West" had already begun. This campaign was motivated by the desire to neutralize the favorable impressions of the West (as compared to the USSR) carried by soldiers and officers who had spent time in Europe during the war.

Then I began publishing articles on literature and theater. Seeing my name in print for the first time was a pleasure such as I have never had afterwards, even after publications of many scientific articles.

One of the theater reviews commissioned to me, I was asked to present as a "group opinion." I suggested to Anya that she sign my review. I also included her thought – we watched the play together for free, on the journal's account. The third to sign was Pavel Zagrebelny, a serious student, participant of a literary club that I chaired (in parallel with leading the scientific student society). Upon my graduation, he assumed this authority on my recommendation. Later on, he became a well-known author, the leader of the Ukrainian Writer's Union. Did he remember the circumstances of his name first appearing in print?

The last article (of that period) I published already after graduating the university. A wild antisemitic campaign against "rootless cosmopolitans" spread across the country. The Jewish managers of the literary departments for the local papers ("Dneprovskaya Pravda" and Ukrainian "Zorya"), Iosif Pustynsky and Michael Shtein, who published my articles, were publicly defamed and dismissed. Pustynsky, a wounded and decorated battle officer, soon died of an heart attack. Although my article, commissioned earlier by Pustynsky, was published by his replacement, Demyanenko, I avoided newspaper publishing for thirteen years.

As an undergraduate, I joined the Party. The ideas of social justice, in Western terms, were close to me. I read Marx, Engels, Lenin and although I certainly did not agree with everything they wrote (just like now I do not find everything to be well-grounded in Judaic books I read), many of their ideas seemed reasonable to me.

Communist ideas gained support of millions among the poor (remember the shoemaker, my grandmother's neighbor?) as well as of many intellectuals both in Russia and abroad.

They saw and grieved the imperfection of the world order where the poor masses can barely support themselves in contrast to the rich minority living in luxury, often undeservedly. This negative attitude especially spread after WWI, and later during the 1929-1932 recession. Many saw hope in the Communists' promises to build a new equality based society as envisioned by Campanella, Moor, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Owen and other socialists – the society in which enormously-grown productivity would free people from work for sustenance and allow a full dedication to comprehensive personal development; a society without national borders and wars.

Condemning the vices of the existing world order they could not foresee that the new world will turn out worse. Their sympathy for Soviet experiments died after Stalin's crimes were uncovered in 1956 and the Soviet troops invaded Czechoslovakia in 1968.

As many others, I saw how many things in our life did not go along with the ideas proclaimed by the Communists (even though the scale of Stalin's crimes was still unknown). But I also saw positive achievements: fast industrialization, full employment, universal educational opportunities (in pre-Revolution Russia, unlike Western Europe and America, the majority was illiterate), etc. Many Jews from the Pale of Settlement, as well as rural peasants moved to the capital and other major cities (while it was allowed), gaining opportunities they would never have had before. The victory in the terrible war against fascism was also popularly linked with Party leadership.

In its charter, the Party claimed to unite like-minded people, but this was not so. The time of relative freedom (*Glasnost, Perestroika*) at the end of the 1980s, revealed that the Party included people of most diverse views, as well as careerists with no views. But, with the Party's monopoly in the societal life, people with strong convictions had little choice and joined it, too. They found something acceptable in its program and wanted some active role.

However, when I joined the Party, these opportunities almost disappeared. After the revolution, the party tolerated opposition within itself (not in society), with internal discussions, and voting for this or that platform. Many later paid for this luxury with their lives. In the 20's and early 30's, party members were privileged with responsibility and leadership positions (often despite total incompetence; loyalty to the party and revolution

was more important). These assignments often involved danger, risk, remote relocations. These people were the first to be directed towards higher education. Many of them perished in the Great Terror.

But by my time, all this had changed. The new party members, now numbered in the millions instead of thousands, were not noticeably distinguished from the rest of the population, except that they had to pay membership dues, participate in some form of community service (unpaid, and usually useless) and were also subject to stricter rules of behavior. For example, they could be punished for drunkenness, etc.

As in Orwell's wonderful "1984," the Party split into inner and outer components. The "inner party," composed of Party functionaries and other leaders, ruled the country. They derived tremendous personal gain from this. A modest way of life was required from the communists only during the first few years after the revolution. They were supposed to live for the party, for their particular assignments. There was an income maximum for party members, which could not be exceeded regardless of the position held. Asceticism was glorified. Of course corruption and misuse of funds also existed then and Lenin even wrote about this in his last articles. Still, Communists were punished more severely for these actions than non-members.

Later all this changed. The salary cap was canceled, and after the war managers began receiving a second salary in sealed envelopes. Despite a great housing shortage, they were given marvelous (by Soviet standards) apartments. In secret "restricted" stores and cafeterias, they received generally unavailable food produce and other goods at lowered or even symbolical prices. They were treated in special hospitals and vacationed in luxurious sanatoriums. Their children and grandchildren were admitted into the best universities, bypassing the competition.

And the "outer Party" had only one benefit not shared by non-members. This was the right to participate in closed Party meetings, during which secret Central Committee letters were sometimes read. I'll admit, this probably was my main reason for joining the Party. I was interested in politics and felt a sense of loss at not having access to even such information as my colleagues had. In fact, major news, for instance Khrushchev's secret report on Stalin, quickly became public knowledge: millions of Party members could not keep a secret. I remember how my non-Party member aunt Tsilya, a factory worker, said, "At your Party meeting they read a Central Committee letter, right? What was that about? Oh, it's a secret and you can't tell me – well, let me tell you then!"

Very soon thereafter, my relationship with the party became more complicated, about this I will write below.

15 Marriage. Soviet housing problems. Fifty years together.

On the day following my return to Dnepropetrovsk, on May 9th, 1945, on the Day of Victory, I saw Anya at a victory rally. After this, we dated for three years. We decided to marry after finishing our studies. By the way, out of us six boys who survived the war, four married girls from our class (one pair later divorced). Anya and I registered our union on November

5th 1947, several months prior to the wedding. This was necessary for freeing Anya from her job assignment mandated after graduating college. This is how we looked that day (1)[1].

We were wedded on March 6th, 1948. Of course, there was no religious ceremony because we all, with the exception of my grandmother, were atheists. Many years later, in America, we concluded a Jewish marriage ceremony under a chuppah and exchanged rings for the first time. (Anya wore rings before this, too, but I never did, neither before the chuppah nor after it. Sometimes this made unmarried women, of whom there were many in our wartime generation, think I was single.) And then in Anya's parents' apartment, we had a modest dinner with relatives. For wine, Anya's father brought a strong alcoholic home-brew from a village. This beverage, made in an illegal primitive way, seems rather disgusting to me, but it was widespread in rural Russia and the USSR.

The new family faced a question – where to live. The housing problem in the Soviet Union was, in general, one of the most painful. Whereas, in our health care and education systems I could note both negative and positive aspects, the only positive aspect of the housing situation was the low, almost symbolic rent for public housing apartments. While other costs increased, this one barely ever changed.

The rural and suburban dwellers typically lived in tiny private homes with no plumbing. Toilets, despite harsh Russian winters, were located outside, as were the water wells. Were not these harsh living conditions the source of the Russian hardiness lacking in German soldiers during the Battle of Moscow?

In the cities, the housing situation was much worse. After the revolution, the workers were, with great fanfare, resettled into the homes confiscated from or abandoned by the wealthy. I mentioned how a two-story house, albeit of business use, was confiscated from my father. But there were many more industrial and clerical workers than apartments, so several families shared each. This were so-called "communal apartments;"their kitchen and bathroom were shared by several unrelated families.

If it became known that some family had more space than was the set miserly norm, it was "condensed," meaning that a room (often a walk-through) was taken for another family. My father, out of their six rooms, voluntarily gave up three to two other families, thus turning the apartment into a communal one. His sister Manya, later killed by the Germans, lived in one of the three remaining rooms.

The situation worsened when industrialization and collectivization moved millions of peasants into cities. New construction was slow and most of it went anyway to the officials, whose number grew incessantly. The overcrowded communal apartments were a fertile breeding ground for constant squabbles and occasional real "wars." Intrigue and denouncements (especially during the time of the Great Terror) were used for expanding one's living space at the expense of the neighbors. As Bulgakov wrote in "Master and Margarita," "The housing issue spoiled them."

Naturally, some situations were different. Sometimes communal apartment neighbors became such good friends (like in student dormitories) that in Khrushchev's time after Stalin's death, when relocations into small but single-family apartments started, some neighbors had trouble separating. I note that some ungrateful people called these newer apartments

[1]Before the wedding.

"Khrushchoba," (a hint at "trushchoba," meaning slums), forgetting their earlier living conditions.

One result of the housing crisis had an immediate effect for us and that is why I included this tale in the chapter about starting our family. Due to the impossibility of acquiring their own housing, new young families often remained to live with their parents. Thus grew three-generation families, rare in the West. The problems new families face were often intensified by inter-generational discord.

Such difficulties are more or less typical for many poor countries, even for the poorer neighborhoods of America, not only of the Soviet Union.

My parents were able to keep their apartment in the 1920s, but could not do so after the war. And so, Anya and I settled with her parents.

Soon came the problems. Without going into detail, our family did not escape the well known "in-laws" issues reflected in so many jokes. I will only tell about the last conflict as it led to a break-up in our family. Later we re-united. When Lyonya was born, Anya and I hired a nanny-housekeeper. I explained to her that, according to the famous pediatric scientist Speransky, children should not be rocked to sleep because this results in mild concussions. Basya Efimovna did not agree with me and directed the nanny to rock the baby to sleep: "I was rocked to sleep and so Lyonya should be, too."

In the first 7-8 months, I was able to fight rocking, with some difficulty. If the baby cried at night, I walked around with him, sang something or spoke to him, he calmed down and fell asleep. I did likewise during the day, when I was at home. Everyone could see this worked although rocking the baby to sleep was faster. It seems that for this reason or because of female solidarity, the nanny decided to listen to my mother-in-law instead of me, although Anya and I were paying her salary. (Anya did not participate in this argument.) When this nanny told me that "if you interfere in women's affairs, you will become a woman yourself," I wanted to let her go and find another one, but Basya Efimovna would not allow it. A conflict took place.

It happened that at this time I fell gravely ill with an appendicitis attack. The physicians could not diagnose it for some time and the family thought it was a repeat bout of tuberculosis. As soon as I felt better, I left to stay with my parents in their studio apartment.

New generations learn from the mistakes of their fathers. When Toma was married, she and her husband decisively refused an offer to live with us. They lived in a small, damp studio until Anya and I left them our apartment as we moved to another city, where I was given a new apartment along with my new position. During my and Anya's separation (from August 1949 to June 1951) my mother brought Lyonya to us every week. (Of course, I also sent money.)

The question arose – what to do? Shall I start a new family? But for me it was difficult to imagine that my son would grow up without me. Lyonya, probably, might later see benefits in this: his grandparents, as it often happens, indulged him and I, in contrast, was a rather strict parent :-).

I suggested to Anya that we look for an apartment of our own and she quickly agreed. Was this a good or bad step? This question is best to be answered by Toma, Masha, Anna, Sasha, Vadik, Basya, Aaron, Channale, Kayla, Haeli, Evan, Ivy, and others, who will be

born, partially, as a result of this decision. And as for those who could have been born from another marriage – it is impossible to ask them. Gam Zu L'Tova!

We began to search for an apartment. There was no hope for a cheap, state sponsored one and so, with the help of "brokers," we began looking for apartments in small, private homes. We found a relatively good (compared to the others we have seen) apartment in the "Factory" district, as it was called. It was separate and consisted of three small rooms and a kitchen. For holiday parties we could have up to 30 guests. But it had only electricity, no plumbing. In was centered around a coal and wood stove, used for heating and cooking. The bathroom was in the yard and the water in a well on the street. Garbage had to be taken out at night to the unofficial dump as the landlord would not pay for the removal. The rent for this apartment was five times as high as for a state-provided ones. And we had to pay for four years in advance (10 thousand rubles) and repair the roof. We borrowed the money from our parents and I repaired the roof, but Utkin, the landlord also wanted us to vacate the apartment after four years. I did not agree to that condition.

We were able to handle this matter. After coming to an agreement about the price with the landlord, I left him 3,000 rubles deposit and did not request a receipt. Utkin was shocked! My risk turned out beneficial. When we brought the rest of the money, he signed the agreement without bothering about details. The agreement stated we can extend the rent after the four years were up. In four year's time, Utkin told us to vacate the apartment: he could rent it for a higher price. We replied that we are trying to obtain a state sponsored apartment but, with two small children (Toma was already born), we cannot go anywhere else in the meantime. Utkin consulted with a lawyer (in the USSR legal advice was free), but was told that the agreement he signed does not allow him ti evict us.

He resorted to threats. Once he cut our electric wiring. I knew that he was capable of a crime. I saw once (from a distance) as he, in a neighboring yard, was dragging the owner on the ground. In our case, it appears that my working in a military school and wearing a military uniform held him back somewhat. When Lyonya told me that Utkin lifted him in the air by his cheeks, I had a serious talk with him and he never again tried anything of the sort. In this way, literally on our nerves, we lived in that apartment for another four years.

Our life was not easy. For the first year and a half, we had a nanny-housekeeper, Natasha, who was remarkably hard-working and loved Lyonya. But she left to work at a plant. Later she would come visit us to find out "how my charge is doing." We never had another one like her. When Toma turned two, we let our last nanny go. I arranged for Toma to attend daycare and then preschool. (This was not easy as there were shortages with admissions, but fortunately, it worked out and was even not far from home.) At this time Lyonya was already in the first grade (with a key around his neck). Our work was far from home. At night, we had to pick up Toma, bring in water from the well, gather coal, chop wood, fire up the stove, prepare the meal and so on. Thanks to the parents also – my mother bought us food, Basya Efimovna mended the children's clothing. On the weekends, Anya would take the children to her parents. They played with them, fed and bathed them.

Our relationship with Anya took various turns. In the first year and a half, we did not argue even once. But after two years separation, our relationship was not so idyllic. In our fifty years together we shared many good things. But arguments, serious and not serious conflicts were also plentiful. Usually, as it is said, in every family argument, both spouses

are more or less at fault. But now I cannot find any fault of Anya's, if only because she would no longer have a chance to correct me. However, I see well the role of my character faults in these conflicts. I am often intolerant to what I see as unacceptable. Sometimes I am rude. I am hot-tempered (although I quickly cool down; "Pirkei Avot," says that in this combination, the virtue outweighs the deficiency – a small comfort). The list can be continued. Unfortunately, I cannot say that understanding my faults and errors led to their disappearance. Only, maybe to a softening of sorts.

I would like to end this difficult chapter on a positive note. However it was, we managed to live together, Anya, oleho hasholem, and I, for more than fifty years and raised good children. And how many marriages fall apart because people cannot deal with unavoidable difficulties. Photos: (2)[2], (3)[3], (4)[4].

Even not quite cloudless marriages, such as ours, justify themselves if good children are raised as a result. This is what counts.

16 Our children Lyonya and Toma.

Lyonya (Leonid, Jewish name Leib Leivick) was born on November 2nd, 1948 (30 Tishrey, 5709), same calendar year as the country of Israel. I start the stories of his and Toma's childhoods, with photographs, of which there are many, unlike photos of our childhood. Lyonya's pictures: (1)[5], (2)[6], (3)[7], (4)[8], (5)[9], (6)[10], (7)[11], (8)[12], (9)[13], (10)[14], (12)[15], (13)[16], (14)[17], (15)[18], (16)[19], (17)[20], (20)[21], (21)[22], (18)[23], (23)[24], (19)[25], (27)[26],

[2] Our family in 1951.
[3] At a party.
[4] At the beach.
[5] First 3 years: Leonechka explores the world.
[6] "Oh give me, give me back my freedom!"
[7] A Horseman.
[8] And here is the freedom.
[9] What's inside?
[10] A serious man.
[11] Knows not yet who it is behind him.
[12] See 16-4.
[13] Still on paper media.
[14] See 16-6.
[15] With his mother.
[16] See 16-12.
[17] See 16-12.
[18] See 16-12.
[19] See 16-12.
[20] See 16-12.
[21] With me.
[22] See 16-20.
[23] See 16-20.
[24] I am teaching Leonya to walk.
[25] I am teaching Leonya to speak.
[26] With his grandfather Neonya (Naum L'vovich).

(24)[27], (26)[28], (29)[29], (25)[30], (28)[31], (30)[32], (31)[33], (32)[34], (33)[35], (34)[36], (35)[37], (36)[38], (37)[39], (38)[40], (39)[41], (40)[42], (41)[43], (42)[44], (43)[45], (44)[46], (45)[47], (47)[48], (48)[49], (50)[50].

From my first impression about Lyonya as a newborn, I remember his miserable, offended appearance when he wanted to eat, or more precisely, to drink. Anya, obviously, fed him, but I got to bathe him for the first time – Anya was afraid.

I remember how I would teach him to talk. His first word was not "mama" or "papa," but "give me" (dai). Lyonya was eight months old. I had torn off a leaf from a tree in the park and gave it to him. Then I tore off another one and, without giving it to him, began repeating "dai, dai." The baby understood quite quickly and, to my great pleasure, said "dada." So that he could connect this word with obtaining something in general and not specifically with the leaf, I began repeating it and offering other things to him.

Before the family "re-unification," Lyonya was hospitalized with scarlet fever. He was 2 years and seven months old. Until then he was a "home baby," did not attend daycare. He did not want to remain by himself in the hospital and was tricked. They told him that grandmother Basya will leave for a minute and return soon. When Lyonya understood that he was tricked, they had to call a neuropathologist to his bed. In the end, Anya was permitted to stay with him at the hospital. I told him about this through the window, but he did not believe me. For anything I said, he instantly found a negative, skeptical response. I told him that his mother is already donning the hospital gown and will come into his room momentarily. At the same time I had also found an opening in the net which covered the open window and stuck my finger through it. Lyonya grabbed it with a un-childlike strength and let it go only when Anya walked into his room.

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[27] See 16-27.
[28] See 16-27.
[29] See 16-27.
[30] With his mother and grandfather.
[31] With his grandmother Basya and grandfather Neonya.
[32] With his grandfather Neonya, and his brother Yevsey.
[33] Leonya at a morning performance (back middle).
[34] Leonya's best nanny Natasha.
[35] Leonya with his other nanny.
[36] See 16-33.
[37] Leonya with his mother and her friends.
[38] With his mother's friend Nadya.
[39] On the left is maybe Leonya's first girlfriend.
[40] Leona is pictured as a schoolboy.
[41] See 16-38.
[42] See 16-38.
[43] See 16-38.
[44] Leonya in the first grade - he is in the back row, third from the right.
[45] In the second grade (from behind, third from the left).
[46] In the third grade (he is now in the first row, third from the left).
[47] In the fourth grade. He is firmly secured in the first row, in the middle.
[48] In a young pioneer camp. (front, half-lying in the center).
[49] Leonya with his young uncle and aunt Vladik and Rita.
[50] Leonya and Toma with Anya's cousin Emma and her children Felix and Zhenya.

Soon after recovery, Lyonya almost drowned – apparently no biography is complete without such incidents. We were bathing in the Dnepr River. I was with Lyonya near the shore and Anya was a bit further out. I came out of the water to get something out of our belongings. The place where I left Lyonya was far from the deep areas and Anya was in the water anyway, so leaving him for a minute seemed safe. But I turned back and saw that he was standing in the water on his knees, but his head was underwater. He saw people diving and wanted to try the same. But apparently lost orientation, did not close his mouth, and began chocking. There were many people all around but no one paid any attention – the baby was bathing in a shallow area, not crying. If I hadn't turned around and grabbed him out of the water ...

Children and miracles. The most improbable events children accept as normal occurrences. (That is why, in contrast to many adults, children fully trust miracle stories of the religious books.) For New Year's Day, Lyonya was asked what present he would like to receive from Santa (Grandfather Frost), Lyonya replied he wants a pail and a shovel for playing in the sand (he had recently lost his). During the New Year's morning performance, Lyonya was given a reward for something – a pail! Not surprised at all, he said, "but I still need a shovel." But the miracle remained incomplete – there was no shovel. Before bedtime I would tell him stories of Kuka, the wolf cub – a series of my own invention. Later Lyonya developed his own continuations for Toma.

The time of preschool home education had arrived. With regard to upbringing, Lyonya, when he was almost an adult, said it has some inherent dishonesty. Probably, he meant that adults, in their character forming goals, even if they manage to avoid direct lies, still hide some things and overemphasize others.

Children and teens sometimes want to learn, sometimes not. But nobody wants "upbringing," reforming their personality. Sometimes there is a desire to change something in oneself – but on one's own. To have someone else change me, even with the best of intentions – no. As soon as a child or adolescent understands that the point of discussion is upbringing, he tunes out.

That is why this aspect of education better be hidden within some other activity – academics, work, play, fun, organization of life, and so on. This understanding came to me gradually.

Of such "upbringing activities," I mention here my attempts to develop Lyonya's courage. I would take him up a small hill and having let his hand go, I would descend. He had to run down by himself. The child clearly derived pleasure from being able to conquer his fear and descend successfully. Later the hill was a bit higher and so on.

Later Lyonya, already a schoolboy, complained that his classmate and neighbor, a boy by the last name of Kolesnik, bullied him. I remembered how a long time ago in young pioneer's camp, one boy would not let me pass. The counselor, a wonderful philology student named Yura, said to me, "don't be afraid – you are stronger than he is." Upon meeting this boy, then, I threw myself upon him and he ... ran away! Later a similar incident took place and I became convinced that the victory does not always go to the stronger one (strength, after all, is not usually measured in these situations) but rather the one who acts more decisively. I told Lyonya that he can easily chase away or beat up Kolesnik, if he isn't afraid of him. I suggested that we both go towards his home. Lyonya, reluctantly and with a

very nonmilitant appearance, came with me. Kolesnikov was nowhere to be found and we returned home. After that, we had a new family saying "as if you are going to beat up Kolesnik" (Anya would say that if I was doing something very reluctantly.)

As far as I know, Lyonya did not grow up timid. I remember how he, already a teenager, climbed with me the Zheleznaya (Iron) Mountain in Caucasus near Zheleznovodsk. I descended using the pedestrian path but Lyonya sat on a flat stone, pushed himself off and rode down a steep incline covered with rolling stones. Towards the middle of the mountain, he braked, grabbed a bush of wild raspberries and enjoyed the berries inaccessible to anyone before that. Later Lyonya, with friends, came to me in Makhachkala having traversed the glacier-covered Caucasus ridge.

I taught Lyonya, and later Toma, to read (first in Russian and then in Ukrainian) as follows. Once they mastered the technical aspects of reading just a bit, I would begin to read some sort of interesting book to them – with large print and bright, colorful pictures. If the child was interested book (and this could be checked by pausing from reading), I would offer him or her to read one word, after which I continued reading myself. Soon they had to read two words, then a whole line and so on. It is likely that this led to my later-developed ideas about the correlation between the levels of interest in an activity and of the required effort that is acceptable. This method of captivating interest in something difficult by first reading it out loud myself with the necessary explanations, I also used later, when the children were older. Toma remembers with pleasure how we read the plays of Bernard Shaw together and correctly reproaches me in that this sort of joint reading was rare.

The desire (or lack of it) to do something also depends on the alternatives. In a well-run orderly classroom it is easier to interest students than it is in a class where reading something unrelated is an option. Riding trolleys, with nothing else to do, I sometimes re-read "The Trolley Rules" for the tenth or hundredth time.

Long trolley rides with Lyonya were used for solving arithmetic examples and word problems, the difficulty of which gradually increased. Lyonya even did this willingly since there was nothing else to do. This was especially so when his was not a window seat or he had to stand. After the children grew up a bit, I refused offers of seats to them. And as for myself now – in my 92, I also refuse these offers – I want to be young.

Lyonya was very fortunate with his first teacher. Aleksandra Antonovna (see pictures 42-45) loved her work and did it well. She loved children and they loved her. When Lyonya, after many years, came to Dnepropetrovsk, the first thing he did was to visit her, already in retirement. With happiness she greeted the big guy, who had remained in her mind as Leonyechka, a little boy who being asked why he jumps in the hallway waving his hands, replied "I'm a sparrow!"

In the early school years, Lyonya was often sick, specifically, with liver – related illnesses. I was able to obtain two-month accommodations in the Truskavetz sanatorium for free. For the following year, I took him to a different health resort in Yessentuki. Then his health improved.

An important factor in children's successful development is the presence of necessary books in the house. Although while I worked in the high schools, we lived on a very modest budget, we spared no expense for books for our children. Aside from the regular selection of children's books, we also had a ten-volume Children's Encyclopedia (and a 65-volume

Big Soviet Encyclopedia, a gift from Naum L'vovich). We also had the famous book series by Yakov Perelman, "Arithmetic for Entertainment," "Algebra Can be Fun," "Geometry for Entertainment," "Physics for Entertainment," and others. In his interview for the book "The Lives and Discoveries of 15 Great Computer Scientists," Lyonya noted the influence these books had on his development.

Lyonya became interested in physics, chemistry and mineralogy. He helped Tamara, (Sofya Yefimovna's daughter) collect mineral rocks and called it "our collection." Lyonya set up a chemistry lab in our bathroom and demonstrated spectacular experiments to his visiting buddies. I remember how in Yessentuki we became acquainted with a physics teacher. Upon meeting him in the park, Lyonya would right away attack him with "why" questions and so, I think, the poor guy would then try to keep out of our sight. Later Lyonya began to participate in math, physics and chemistry competitions, I will write below about this.

As all children, but especially teenagers, Lyonya did not escape problems in school and at home. How should parents react? It seems that first of all, it is necessary to learn to understand children, and this is not easy. Initially it is difficult for adults to understand that children are completely different creatures. Let's imagine ourselves in the midst of giants, who are three to four times our size, like two-story houses. How can we not become timid? And children are not only unafraid of them, but easily command these giants. Let us imagine an adult who hops on one leg and yells across the entire street, just for pleasure. Or two adults, even women, who suddenly begin a fight. Isn't this difficult to imagine?

And later, adults have an even harder time understanding that older children, adolescents are people, just like us. How would we react to a person who is constantly ordering us to do something, rebuking us and sometimes even can slap us upside the head? Understanding all this comes to many parents, including myself, unfortunately too late.

Time shortage also plays a role. If one could monitor daily children's attitude to studies and other activities, corrections can be done timely. If time is lost and the teenager accumulates negative experiences, the parents realizing this are shocked and try to correct the situation with useless punishments. Upon encountering problems in Lyonya's attitude to school activities or in his behavior, I did not always react calmly, considerately. This had an effect upon our relationship.

I became a pedagogue (not only by title) later on. In high schools and colleges, as a rule, I could achieve the necessary results while maintaining good relationships with my pupils and students (though there certainly were mistakes, likely connected with excessive adherence to principles, more about this below). And now I am glad at my good, warm relationships with grandchildren, may they be happy and well.

Now about Toma (Tamara, Jewish name Tamar). She was born on the 22nd of May, 1954 (19 Iyar, 5714). In contrast to Lyonya, who out of his love for freedom, appeared in this world earlier than he was supposed to, Toma was delayed – probably gathering strength (four children is no joke!)

Let us look at her childhood photographs. (51)[51], (52)[52], (53)[53], (54)[54], (55)[55],

[51] Tomochka. One of the first photos.

[52] Tomochka with Leonya and their grandparents.

[53] Half-smile.

[54] With her best friend.

[55] Summer rest in Orlovshchina.

(56)[56], (57)[57], (58)[58], (59)[59], (60)[60], (61)[61], (62)[62], (63)[63], (64)[64], (66)[65], (67)[66], (65)[67], (68)[68], (70)[69], (71)[70], (72)[71], (73)[72], (74)[73], (75)[74], (77)[75].

From my recollections of Toma's early childhood. I remember what she would do when decided she walked around enough and wanted to be held. She didn't ask, nor did she whine. Instead she would stand in front of me, blocking my way and silently raise her hands. I remember many of her mangled words. She told us how at breakfast, they would get tomato juice in preschool. "We get it from a spoon and the teachers get from a cup." She had thought the only difference was in the utensil.

She had a feeling for grammar, sometimes using grammatical gender derived from the ending of names instead of the actual named person's gender. Basya Efimovna told us how once Toma complained that her grandfather hurt her (feelings). Asked with what did he hurt her, Toma replied "with his mouth." Another time, her grandfather for some reason ordered her to leave the room saying, "no foot of yours be here!" Toma first run away, then cracked open the door, stuck her foot in, and said, "a foot will be here."

I also remember how we sent Toma, just a bit older, to the store to buy bread. We explained that she needs to ask who the last one in line is and then stand behind him. Since she did nor return for a long while, I went to the store and saw Toma, standing at the counter by herself. It turned out that there were no other customers in the store and so, she could not ask who the last one in line was. Parents take pleasure in remembering how a child was while "still little, still yours" (Rimma Kozakova).

Toma and Lyonya, in their childhood, youth and later, were very close and loved one another. I remember how once Toma and I came to visit my parents, which is where Lyonya was. They were apart for a while before that due to some illness. When they saw each other through the glass door, the children began to jump eagerly!

Toma thinks of writing some day about interesting episodes of her life. She will be successful at this. Toma has published several articles, written in an interesting and life-like

[56] With her nanny Lena.
[57] In day nursery.
[58] With Anya, me, Lyonya, my Aunt Minna, my cousins Lyuba and Rita.
[59] Winter!
[60] Summer!
[61] Snow-maiden.
[62] Snow-maiden.
[63] In kindergarten.
[64] With Leonya, Sofa, her son Marik, Minna's Lyuba and Rita.
[65] With her grandfather, Sofya Yefimovna and her granddaughter Sveta.
[66] Music lesson. Sveta is playing.
[67] Young pioneer.
[68] See 16-65.
[69] Toma with her mother, Minna and Minna's granddaughter Natasha.
[70] Do you like this cheerful and cute girl?
[71] See 16-71.
[72] See 16-71.
[73] See 16-71.
[74] The siblings.
[75] See 16-75.

style. Therefore, having written about her early childhood, which she probably does not recall, I will only briefly describe her school years – she knows them better than I.

Toma's studies went rather smoothly and she received good grades, for the most part. Her first teacher was mediocre, not as amazing as Lyonya's. From the rest of Toma's teachers I will mention Nina Petrovna Arkadakskaya who taught Russian and literature engagingly. She was also the guidance counselor and came to our home. Toma loved reading and read our entire collection of fiction. When there was nothing to read, and Toma "chewed the bookshelves," (by her figurative expression), she began taking out books from libraries.

As with other families where both parents work, we had difficulties in delegating responsibilities. I suggested one option, with an indication of the time spent. Along with my other work, I would take the education of the children upon myself, completely natural in light of my profession. But Anya did not agree, saying this was too easy. She offered to take on Toma's education and I should concern myself with Lyonya's. I could not convince her otherwise. This was my mistake – sometimes one has to make a decision, even without agreement, if one cannot be reached.

As all other children do, Toma had periods of illness. Once, her physicians suspected capillary toxicity, an illness that can cause dangerous internal bleeding. I brought her to Moscow, lacking even a vague referral such as I had once upon a time. Armed with just her medical records, we went to the Central Institute of Pediatrics at the Academy of Medical Science. Upon encountering a woman in a white coat, I asked the way to the admissions waiting room. This woman turned out to be ... the director of the institute! With some minor deviations, my previous story repeated itself. She asked why we are there, looked over the medical records and asked whether we have a referral to the institute. I replied that I had come "on my own initiative." She laughed and admitted Toma, without alluding to a mythical phone call from the Central Committee, as in my earlier story.

There were good people in the Soviet Union (as are everywhere)! And, apparently, the bureaucratic rules were less stringent when it came to children and exceptions could be made. Fortunately, the diagnosis of capillary toxicity turned out to be erroneous.

We began teaching Toma music (piano). I remember how Toma got up and woke us at 6 a.m., in order not to miss try-outs. However, even though the teacher was very good, this interest did not last long. Before exams, Sara Abramovna usually asked me to review a bit with Toma. The exams went well, but Toma did not become a pianist.

There were attempts to become involved in art, ballet, sports, amateur drama. At one point, already in Saratov, Toma took a fancy to working with animals in a small zoo at a children's park.

Recently Toma, reading these memoirs reminded me that I, while reading something to her or talking to her about politics, had taught her to investigate any issue for its real meaning (I was always interested in politics and gave unorthodox public lectures on international affairs). We also used to sing together. Toma credits this interaction with her need to sing, to learn something new, to investigate complex issues. Later this manifested in her deep interest in Judaism.

In Saratov, I moved Toma to a high school of physics and math associated with Saratov University. Among their teachers, some were better, some worse, but one math teacher was excellent – Nina Savvichna Semyonova. A wonderful pedagogue, soon was honored with the

State title of Meritorious Educator, she was loved by all and a friend to all of the students. She even came to Toma's wedding. Sadly, she recently passed away.

And this school also had a summer camp – Little Mosquito ("Komarik"). Toma loved the camp very much, but she especially loved its Independence Day, when camp rule was given over to the campers; the adults formed a sort of a children's bunk and were obligated to obey their charges.

Photos: (78)[76], (79)[77], (80)[78].

17 Antisemitism in the USSR. How Stalin almost took us with him to the grave.

The start of our family life coincided with the sharpest outbreak of Soviet antisemitism. In the first 20 years after the revolution, there was no state-sanctioned antisemitism in the USSR. The Jews felt themselves equal to their peers. In the past, during the Middle Ages and later times, even those Jews who gained wealth and high social status knew that they lived in a foreign land among people of a different, hostile religion and thus, their positions were insecure (have you read "Jew Zuss" by Feuchtwanger?). In the Soviet Union, religion was denounced as "opium for the masses." Internationalism, the equality of all nations (expected to merge at the advent of communism) became a most important political principle.

Of course, the Jewish religion, members of various parties, Jewish businessmen, including my parents, were subjected to cruel persecution – just like people of other ethnicities. But many Jews were able to utilize the available opportunities and achieved considerable success in their education and careers, contributing significantly to the development of the economy, science, and culture. More than a few Jews belonged to the Party apparatus and, unfortunately, to the repressive structures such as NKVD, and ChK. Many, perhaps most, of those, were later annihilated.

Even with all that, antisemitism never left the popular consciousness. I remember how in second grade I read poetry (I still remember it!), composed by my father, in Yiddish, for my performance on the First of May, a holiday marking the international solidarity of workers. The next day, I was approached by several big boys. They wanted to see how I would pronounce the word corn (kukuruza) – this is a test to expose Jews with guttural pronunciations. This test is quite doubtful – Anya, for example, had an authentic Russian "rolling R" and I had a non-guttural R, more like an American version. I willingly said "kukuruza," not understanding what for. Later, during a summer vacation in a Ukrainian village, I was quite surprised when some guy said that we are not the same people as they are. "Why aren't we the same?" I asked. "You just aren't!" was the only thing he said with a smile.

At that time, we adolescents did not think much (and often, did not even know) about our Jewishness and considered ourselves to be just like everyone else. Many adults (even though they knew) wanted very much to be like everyone else, to blend into one single

[76] Mathematics. Toma is at the board. Her beloved teacher Nina Savvichna is standing on the left.

[77] A summer camp counselor.

[78] Toma with her best friend Sveta Sannikova.

humanity, without any ethnic distinctions. This, in general, was characteristic of only some of the Jews, worn out by centuries of persecution. People of other origins as a rule, did not strive to attain dissolution of the Russian, Ukrainian, Georgian, etc. nations among the rest. For example, in the villages, almost each house still had Orthodox icons as the communists alleged that they did not want to offend the old folk. Antisemitism was preserved, hidden, waiting for its time to come.

And this time came. When, even before the war, and especially during and after it, Stalin resorted to Russian nationalism and chauvinism, institutional as well as popular antisemitism was reborn, becoming even more blunt and horrifying.

The war, naturally, caused the increase in patriotic, nationalistic feelings. Tvardovsky, who wasn't a nationalist, wrote:

> Но Россию, мать-старуху, нам терять нельзя никак.
> Наши деды, наши дети, наши внуки не велят.
>
> (Our Russia, the old mother, must we never ever lose –
> Our grandfathers, our children, and grandchildren won't excuse.)

Take notice – not "the Soviet Union" but "our Russia, our old mother." Stalin then used this natural feeling to cultivate Russian chauvinism. Entire nations were exiled because a portion of its male inhabitants sided with the German army. A significant part of those deported perished. Among those were the Chechens, who later organized a rebellion against Russia at the first opportunity.

After the war victory, this chauvinism developed even further, Stalin declared the Russian nation to be the most outstanding one, and a true bacchanalia began. Probably the hidden resentment of other peoples originating from that policy played a role in the disintegration of the Soviet Union many years later.

The Soviet propaganda machine began to insist, without concern for evidence, that Russia was the birthplace for almost all significant discoveries and inventions. Those who doubted this were persecuted as "cosmopolitans."

The antisemitism which arose during the war, grew to monstrous proportions and almost led to a new catastrophe for the Jewish nation.

Earlier, I described my personal experiences with the post-war raging antisemitism in the Ukraine – in court, on the street and at the university. But this was only the beginning. 1948, early 1949, marked a savage nationwide campaign against Jews (especially Jewish intellectuals in literature, arts, the humanities). It ran under the slogan of struggle against the "rootless cosmopolitans" and Jewish nationalists.

It was incomprehensible! The war against Germany and its allies had just ended. The world was shocked at the discovery of death camps, gas chambers, annihilation of millions of Jews. And at this time, the nation that, along with others, conquered Germany, the nation proclaiming dedication to internationalism, the brotherhood of nations, not racial hatred as Germany did – this nation took up savage antisemitism, the banner of its crushed enemy, as if poisoned by its corpse.

Imagine the shock experienced by the Soviet Jews, especially by those who believed in the ideas of communism, fought for them even before the Revolution and in the Civil War (not all were destroyed during the Great Terror), who put their souls into the building of socialism; who fought against fascism and defeated it.

At the party meeting at Dnepropetrovsk University, dedicated to "the struggle against the cosmopolitans" (among others, M.I. Soyfer was denounced and soon fired), even the party secretary Zemlyanoy, could not contain himself and asked the speakers for restraint in expressing themselves. "In the first row sits a student who lost his leg in the war and weeps," he said. I knew this to be Yulik Drabkin. Later he emigrated to Israel.

Thousands of Jews were fired from their jobs, many were arrested. Outstanding Jewish writers were executed. World-famous artists Mikhoels and Zuskin perished. Anya was fired. Soon, her father, an old communist who fought for the Soviet regime during the Civil War, was also dismissed.

At the military school where I worked, directed by the Party District Committee, all Jewish teachers, except for me, were fired under various pretexts (having relatives abroad, etc.). And at party meetings, the representative of the Party District Committee said, alluding to me: "You have not yet fully complied with the party directives on personnel purification." Meaning that the remaining Jew – me – is the litter to be swept out. But the school principal, Ivan Trofimovich Chetverikov did not end up dismissing me. He himself was later let go, I don't know if it was for this or for something else. I was really quite lucky with my first supervisor. He was a very decent person, one of the few remaining idealistic communists (those did exist).

In classes, antisemitic teachers openly expressed their attitudes towards Jews. The literature instructor Udovitsky included the antisemitic story "The Lost Conscience" by Saltykov-Shchedrin on his own initiative. This was a very good writer, who unfortunately, like many other Russian writers, shared anti-Jewish prejudices.

This same Udovitsky tried to accuse me of cosmopolitism (meaning that I am not patriotic), after I had critiqued some patriotic film. This conflict had reached the ears of Fatkin, the deputy principal. But I showed them that I cannot be taken with bare hands, as they say. As the chairman of the methodical association of the literature and Russian language instructors, I called a special meeting of the association at which I demonstrated (I don't remember how) that Udovitsky was the bad patriot and not me. When the principal was told about all this, he ordered us to stop the conflict.

In January of 1953, the newspapers announced the arrest of a group of doctors connected with foreign Jewish organizations. These doctors, outstanding professors, had supposedly planned to murder (by way of malpractice) Soviet leaders and had already partially accomplished their plans. The antisemitic orgy in the newspapers, on the radio and at meetings had reached it's pinnacle. Many refused to be treated by Jewish doctors, including by Sofa. "You want to poison us," said some patients openly to her, patients whose lives she had literally saved prior to all this.

They reached even me. By this time, we had a new principal – an antisemite. Right after the report about "the doctors' plot" I received two reprimands – in the Party and administrative records. I never received reprimands before or after this time. On the contrary, I was honored, received dozens of awards and commendations nearly every year. The Party

reprimand I received was for inadequacies in working with my platoon (each class in our military school was also called a platoon – I was a platoon commander and an instructor). They were not embarrassed by the fact that my platoon was previously commended as the BEST IN SCHOOL – we had a beautiful red banner to that effect. The justification for my administrative reprimand from Moskvich, the new school principal, was no less interesting. During my nighttime duty shift, the roof began to leak because of the melting snow. The reprimand was given for "action not taken" – at night! In this way, they paved the way for the dismissal of the last Jew left in the school.

There are testimonies that Stalin had planned, after the trial and execution of the Jewish doctors, to organize pogroms against the Jews, followed by their deportation to tough remote regions, with most to perish on the way. A nightmarish vision still haunts me – we ride a train in a sealed bare boxcar, Lyonya asks to drink (Toma had not been born yet), but we have no water or food.

But on March 1, 1953, Stalin had a stroke, and died on March 5. After his death, it was announced that the "Doctor's Plot" was fabricated by criminals and the doctors were released (one had died). Upon meeting me, the school principal shook my hand so ceremoniously, as if it was I who was released from prison. All the reprimands were immediately forgotten. And so I survived the Special Air Force School, closed soon thereafter (I remained working in the same building, in a new school), just like the Soviet Jewry survived Stalin and later the Soviet regime.

After Stalin's death, institutional antisemitism would by turns abate somewhat (but not completely), and then rekindle with new strength. A few words on the Soviet attitude toward Israel. In 1947-48 (Stalin was still alive) the USSR supported the formation of the State of Israel and initially even provided military assistance, hoping to establish Israel as its outpost in the Near East. Many Israeli founding fathers were socialists and even some communist ideas were realized in the kibbutzim. But soon it became apparent that the new state had chosen a pro-western orientation, and the USSR, in its "Cold War" with the West, began to actively assist the Arabs. The tiny State of Israel became an evil enemy, both on a political level and in popular perception. Soviet Jews transformed from "rootless cosmopolitans," meaning non-patriots, into "Zionists" and "Zionist Accomplices." This applied not only to those who expressed a wish to emigrate to Israel.

After Israel's great Six-Day War victory, not one day would go by without anti-Israeli propaganda, even more hateful than anti-American. It insisted that the Zionists, with American help, strive for world domination. These ideas, echoing Hitler's "Mein Kampf," spread in thousands of articles, dozens of books, movies, etc. Here are some titles : "Be Careful – Zionism!," "Fascism Under the Blue Star," "Judaism Unadorned," "Enemies of Peace and Progress," "Zionism Serving Anti-Communism," "The Criminal Zionist Politics and International Rights," "Nationalistic Insanity," "The Creeping Counterrevolution," "Invasion Without Weapons."

Of course this propaganda affected the lives of the Soviet Jews. Although the savage persecution of 1948-1953 never repeated, jobs or university admissions became difficult for Jews to obtain. Antisemitic insults became a commonplace in daily life, even among intellectuals.

Here are several examples. In Dnepropetrovsk, along with my main work, I also gave public lectures at factories, workers dorms, clubs, movie theaters. But once a Central Party

Committee instructor arrived from Kiev and expressed surprise that I was accepted among the lecturers. From then on, I was no longer asked to give lectures in that city. After a successful dissertation defense, I waited for nine months for the confirmation of my PhD. When I asked the secretary about the reasons for the delay, she frankly replied, 'Probably because you are an Ajzikovich." One of my institute colleagues told me how in her presence, at a Russian language department meeting at Leningrad University, a nomination for a vacant position was rejected, directly referring to the candidate being Jewish. University presidents constantly received oral directives to limit, even down to zero, the admission of Jews.

Some everyday episodes. Once in Moscow, I asked a cleaning lady in a cafe to wipe my table. "Go back to Israel," she said. "We don't serve your kind here." I received the same answer when in Saratov a barking dog came running up to me and I asked its owners, who sat on a bench near their yard, to take the dog away. "Go back to Israel to cowards like yourself!" (They failed to realize that after the Six Day War, a new stereotype, a merciless aggressor, replaced the previous one of the cowardly Jew.) By the way, at the time it was impossible to act on these suggestions to go to Israel – as the people were trying to drive the Jews out, the government would not let them go. More on this later.

While on a cruise down the Volga river, I wanted to take a picture of the sluice gate our ship was passing through. We were told this is not permitted. An elderly passenger turned to me and said "And it is also not permitted to sell these pictures to anyone." Meaning abroad, for espionage purposes. When on the same ship, I started a conversation with a little girl, all the surrounding women fell silent, not taking their alerted eyes off of me for an instant until I walked away. Apparently they were concerned I may kidnap the girl. One can only guess what they say among themselves about Jews, what sort of notions these simple people have in their heads.

A steamship from Gorky sailed along next to ours from Saratov. At the piers, we docked the ships next to each other and exchanged songs about the others' cities – we sang about Gorky and they about Saratov. And then, I heard, while singing with everyone else for the passengers of that ship, how over there the passengers are spreading sensational news about me: "They have a Kerensky (nickname for Jews) aboard!"

One of my acquaintances constantly attempted to ferret out hidden Jews from among the college instructors. After I had told another acquaintance that my daughter was marrying a Russian, instead of approval (at us not being nationalistic, as Jews are accused of being), he asked how she managed that, meaning this upward marriage – to a Russian by a lowly Jew. In a vacation resort discussion of the Holocaust, the participants showed some "generosity." "Well," they said, turning to me, "never mind the adults, but killing the children, what for?"

This was the environment we lived in. In conclusion, it should be said that this anti-semitism which was the curse of our lives in the Soviet Union also had some positive effect, don't be surprised. It did not let us forget that we are Jews – even for those who wanted to forget. It molded perseverance in achieving our goals despite adversities that others did not have to face. Jewish children were told by their parents, "Don't look at the others who spend all day outside. To be admitted to university, you need the grades well above the admissions cut-off." And somehow many were admitted. Not only Anya, I, and Sofa, in times benign in that aspect, but our children, too, received a higher education, Lyonya even

at the country's top university. And we managed to work our whole lives in our chosen professions. Finally, if not for the persecution of the Jews in the USSR, how would we have come to the blessed America? Gam Zu L'Tova!

With regards to our professional activities, we did not work merely for survival (though even for survival, antisemitism made it necessary to work better than others, preferably be irreplaceable). Many of us were entirely dedicated to our jobs. Under any political system, one needs to feed, clothe, teach, heal people, to build ...

18 Anya's education and work.

I know much less about Anya's education and work than I do about my own. Like everyone, I know myself better than others, but also Anya, unlike me, an extravert, was rather an introvert, shared less.

Anya studied well in high school, loved math and knew it well. She received a gold certificate: all grades were the same – "excellent." Long before graduation, Anya decided to follow footsteps of her father, a railroad worker. As mentioned above, beginning with the seventh grade, she served at the children's railroad and attained the high post of traffic inspector.

Due to her gold certificate, she was admitted without examinations into the Dnepropetrovsk Institute for Engineers of Railroad Transport (DIIT). She was admitted into the construction department, in the division of bridges and tunnels.

During the war, Anya left with her parents to the city of Orsk in the Southern Urals, and worked at a military factory for a year. Then she continued her DIIT studies in Novosibirsk where DIIT was evacuated. She experienced hunger there. At the end of the war, she returned to Dnepropetrovsk together with the institute. She also helped my sister Sofa (who, too, lived then in Novosibirsk) return to Dnepropetrovsk.

In 1947, Anya graduated. Photos: (1)[79], (2)[80], (3)[81], (4)[82], (5)[83]. Anya's class enjoyed great friendship, preserving it for long decades. They met almost annually and sent reunion photos to those who could not make it, including Anya. Anya exchanged visits with her best friend Nadya and Nadya's husband Pavel, both classmates.

After graduation, Anya and Nadya were assigned to the construction (or reconstruction) of the bridge at the Buzovka station. Photo: (6)[84]. Anya did not work long there, freed in 1948 by her marriage. (Unauthorized dropout was forbidden.)

She joined, as a construction engineer, Dnepropetrovsk Railroad Transport Planning Institute, where her father worked. (7)[85]..

[79] Anya's graduation from DEET. She is in the second row from the top, on the right between two young men.

[80] Anya against the background of the large bridge across the Dnepr River. (she had participated in the reconstruction of this bridge).

[81] Anya with her best friend Nadya.

[82] With her classmates.

[83] Anya among the students of the graduating class and their instructors.

[84] Anya (left) and Nadya on the bridge they constructed.

[85] Anya with her father and colleagues.

During one of the antisemitic campaigns, Anya was dismissed for working in the same organization as her father. This was an "anti-nepotism campaign" applied only, with few exceptions, against Jews. The law restricted only direct subordination between relatives; this was not Anya's case, but what difference does that make if there is an order to expel the Jews? And by the way, her father, Naum L'vovich, was soon dismissed, too – retired four years short of retirement age.

By recommendation of my uncle-in-law Abrasha, a prominent engineer, Anya obtained a position at the Steel Construction Design Institute. She was involved in designing a large metallurgic plant in Bhilai, India and in the famous Palace of Culture and Sports in Warsaw, as well as with other less prominent units. (8)[86], (10)[87].

I remember her interesting stories of how the engineers insure against errors. Two groups duplicate each task and accept the results only if in complete agreement. And each calculation is double-checked by another engineer, with the first one making intentional errors, to keep the second one vigilant. Pictures: (8)[88], (10)[89].

At this job, Anya was given an apartment – our first apartment with amenities: central heating, gas stove, bathroom with a bathtub and a shower. Although they each, in turn, (and sometimes all at once) broke down and it was very hard to get them repaired, our daily lives became much easier.

This one bedroom apartment was not large. It was located across the Dnepr River from the city center, and was the last house on the border of a huge city. Getting to work required two types of public transportation and took, along with the waits, about three hours round trip. If lucky to get a seat, we spent the trip reading.

Anya worked at the Construction Design until we moved to Saratov.

19 My work. Special Air Force School. Other schools.

Upon graduation, I was hired as a Russian Language and Literature teacher in Dnepropetrovsk Special Air Force School. It was not easy to obtain a teaching position in the city. Anya's aunt Sonya recommended me to the school principal, her former colleague Ivan Trofimovich Chetverikov. In 1948, with the advent of the antisemitic campaign, hiring a Jew for a military school took courage.

These schools accepted healthy, post-7th grade boys aspiring to become military pilots. During their three year study, the cadets were fully supported by the government. Besides general secondary education, they were prepared for pilot schools (the top cadets – for Military-Engineer Academy). They wore military uniforms, became used to army life, studied military training regulations, and familiarized themselves with aviation.

The instructors also received and wore military uniforms but without epaulets, except for several attached active duty officers. Uniforms were custom-tailored and free of charge. The cadets did not call us by our first and patronymic names, but rather "Comrade Instructor."

[86] With her colleagues.
[87] See 18-8.
[88] With her colleagues.
[89] See 18-8.

All sorts of things happen! Here, in America, right in the home where I live now, I found an alumnus of that school, albeit not one of my students. Sometimes he jokingly called me "Comrade Instructor," especially when I lead Russian poetry classes.

Our work was more difficult than in a regular high school. Anya would wonder why her aunt Sonya was already home by two and I come home so late. Aside from teaching, almost each one of us, including myself, served as platoon commanders. Boys, aged 15-18 and having come from all over, lived without parents and we were completely responsible for them. In contrast to regular high schools students who went home after classes, ours stayed after dinner for "self-preparations" (i.e. homework under our supervision).

My colleagues groaned and moaned about such a long workday, but I liked the work. In general, except for grading homework, I cannot recall ever disliking my work, and always found something interesting in it. This is a great blessing. Someone said, "God save us from earning our bread in disgust."

Specifically, work becomes more appealing if you don't do it merely as expected, but bring something new to it. For instance, I allowed students who did not do their homework to announce this at the start of the class. I would note in my notebook the topic he must later account for. This way, first, the student was spared the stress of waiting – will he be called on or skipped over? And the stress of the D grade if he was called. Second, the missed homework is noted, allowing to check the assignment completion later. Without this, the deficiency would in all likelihood remain, since it is impossible to call on everyone. And third of all, time is not wasted on calling on unprepared students, who try to answer, hoping, for example, for a hint.

Most of the time, this system worked well. But if the lack of preparation was discovered only after being called upon, I would give the student a D, though this was discouraged. Once, the above-mentioned lieutenant-colonel Fatkin, deputy principal for ideology, rumored to have been previously a prison ward, called me into his office. "Do you think students enjoy getting a D?" he asked. "Of course not." – "And can't they extend this displeasure onto the Soviet System and defect to the enemy when piloting a plane?" – "I don't think so," I replied. Luckily, the school's principal had a good opinion of me and was, in general, more intelligent than his deputy, so this conversation had no consequences.

I had another discussion with Fatkin, this time in the area of his direct responsibility – politics. My subjects was in humanities, not math where one can avoid issues of politics or ideology. In literature instruction, especially that of the Soviet period, avoiding that was impossible. As noted above, I did not reject completely the socialist ideas and so, much in the Soviet literature was acceptable for me. And that with which I disagreed, for example with glorifying Stalin (even though the magnitude of his crimes was as yet unknown), I simply ignored.

I will note, by the way, that Stalin's name is not mentioned in any one of my articles, including in those written during his lifetime. In general, I allowed myself liberties with educational programs, both at high school and at college, which specifically indicated how to treat each question. I would take only the list of the authors from the program, for example, but decided on my own what to say and for how long. Of course, there was a risk to this, but somehow it turned out okay in my 36 years of teaching.

This was not just with regards to politics. For example, my favorites *"Woe from Wit"* by Griboyedov and *"Yevgeny Onegin"* by Pushkin, I always read in their entirety (with commentary) in class, increasing (at the expense of other subjects) by several fold the time program allotted to these topics. I felt that students would not be able to understand and appreciate these works just through independent reading. The deputy principal, Fatkin, heard that I do not treat topics as they are supposed to be, and that my colleague, Udovitsky accused me of cosmopolitism. He called me in. "So how do you understand our Soviet reality?" he asked with a frown. What happened next I recounted in the chapter on antisemitism.

For many teachers, discipline is the main headache, sometimes a real nightmare. A significant part of class time is spent on establishing order, not always successfully. The high school where I later worked, instituted a system of journals for teachers' notes on students' behavior. I read in one, "Ivanov howled the entire period." The next day: "The entire class howled." Poor teacher!

I, thank God, could maintain class order rather easily, both in high school and at the institute. How? First of all, I gave great significance to the first lessons. As you set it up, as you establish it at the start, that's how it will be. A well-known Soviet pedagogue Makarenko had many unacceptable ideas, but a number of valuable ones, too. In "The Book for Parents," he wrote that while education and training is easy and pleasant, re-educating and re-training is unpleasant and is not, by far, always successful. This also applies to pedagogues. Pay attention to these words – both those who have or will have children and those who will teach.

And so, the first lessons (lectures). They, first of all, must be interesting and intense. Bored students cannot be convinced (or forced) to sit calmly and quietly. I constantly thought about this challenge of developing an interest in learning and later defended a dissertation on this topic. Next, one needs to reach an agreement about the necessary conditions for successfully working together. It is best to do this in connection with some initial minor infraction (and not to wait until Ivanov starts howling).

For example, someone starts talking. Interrupt your explanations, and ask his name. This is crucial! When the name is known, the student reacts completely differently than with an anonymous or general critique. Then, addressing him and everyone else (that way he is not offended) say something like this (briefly!): Kids, lets agree not to waste the precious class time on rebukes and scolding. And that way, homework will be easier, and everyone will be in a good mood and you will all pass your exams.

But these words will be empty if order is not maintained unwaveringly. The same Makarenko wrote that maintaining discipline is achieved not by pleading, punishments or incentives, but first and foremost by what he termed "order." That is an established order which is continuously maintained and thus becomes habitual. An order must be reasonable. Even details, as they may seem, are important in a sense of order. If the order can be violated sometimes, then it can be violated always and disappears. And, to repeat, the class must be interesting, if not entirely, then for the most part. (On how to achieve this, I write later.) Everyone must be busy with work.

These principles worked well both in military and in regular high schools. As far as I know, the American public high schools are governed by "freedom," meaning lack of disci-

pline. It starts in class and ends with drugs, and sometimes shootings. The congress and Presidents acknowledge poor educational results in these schools.

You might think that maintaining discipline was easy in semi-military school. But this was not so. Our cadets' behavior caused much displeasure to the pedagogues, administration and police. The school had a "hierarchy," meaning that the younger cadets had to be subordinate to the older ones, or else they were beaten. Fights were frequent, sometimes even real bloody battles between our boys and the "civilians," who envied our boys with their attractive uniforms and great success on the dance floors.

One such pre-planned mass battle took place on the main street, Karl Marx Avenue. The cadets fought with belts with heavy and sharp metallic buckles. (The same weapons were often used in duels to "sort out issues.") As a result of this battle, many civilians and some policemen ended up in a hospital and our boys in the police station. The school principal had to go and rescue them, and not for the first time.

The principal had the right to expel a cadet from school (to expel a student from a regular high school was almost impossible). However, the cadets did not fear this severe punishment much, knowing that the principal, whom they all liked and called "Daddy," was probably just scaring them and didn't really mean it.

This is how it usually went. After a short conversation with the guilty party, Ivan Trofimovich would shout loudly, "Vera Lazarevna!" And then he would dictate an expulsion order to the secretary. But the middle-aged, overweight and kind Jewish secretary did not rush to type the order. She knew that on the next day, the expelled cadet would come to the principal, with an apologetic look, ask for forgiveness and, most likely, get it.

I once asked my cadet assistant (each platoon commander had an assistant) why they start these fights, shame the school and risk expulsion. This was a good boy – I remember his last name – Slovachevsky. He replied that the civilian boys attack them. "How come no one attacks me?" I asked. The response was wonderful: "But you are an old man!" I was 25. I remember when a graduate student was placed in our room at the undergraduate dorm. We were terribly disappointed – such an old man! He also was 25.

By the way, even now in my 92, I know, of course that I am old, and yet, despite all sorts of elderly ailments, I do not like to feel old. When my grandchildren call me "grandpa," it is music to my ears (familial feelings). But when a stranger, a boy, called me "grandpa" (due to age), I was uncomfortable.

Each summer, the cadets had a summer camp, attended by instructors of military subjects. The camp operated by military regulations. In the last year of the school's existence, I was offered the chance to attend it with my platoon and teach military manuals which I had never seen until then (the guard, inner service, and disciplinary manuals). I studied those with interest and then instructed the cadets. For example, I learned (if anyone cares) that when a junior commander gives an order contradicting an order of a senior commander, one must obey the junior commander's order. But one must tell the junior commander about the previous order and then he takes responsibility for canceling it.

Also, I had to lead my platoon through daily formations, at parades, and even at a nighttime combat game – a battle between two companies. It was okay, I managed. In regards to the combat game, the commander, knowing that our boys could easily turn a it

into a real battle, announced a retreat as soon as the companies took their positions and lay in waiting, to the great disappointment of the participants.

The camp was situated in a beautiful pine tree forest. I was allowed to bring my family and I rented a room in a nearby village. Aside from me, everyone lived in tents. Toma was one year and two months old. She remembers (!) how she sat in the forest on a hammock while the soldiers (cadets) were walking by and someone pointed out the person who led the troop and said, "There's your father." After the retreat, enthusiasts of the card game *Preferance* gathered at my place.

And I also operated an airplane – I, who is not allowed to drive a car because of my poor vision! And this is not a joke. Because aviation was not taught to our cadets until they were admitted to an air force academy, they were sometimes taken out to the airfields to keep up their dreams of flying. They were not just given an airplane ride there, rather they were made to feel like pilots. Once the technicalities of operating the plane were explained, they were seated in the pilot's cabin of a two-seat training airplane that had an instructor's cabin with a secondary operating system. The instructor would raise the airplane in the air and then give the controls over to the student, giving necessary instructions and safeguarding his actions. Landing was done by the instructor.

I requested permission to fly for a bit and it was given. And so I am airborne! And not as a passenger. The instructor gave me freedom of actions. I directed the plane upward, down, flew straight, turned right, left, then again forward. Such planes have a rectangular frame instead of a steering wheel. When you lift the further corner up, towards yourself, the airplane mimics your movement and goes upwards. If you lower it (not sharply, God forbid, or you'll get into a spin), the plane flies downwards. If you lower the right or left edge of the frame, the plane will incline turning right or left.

And that's all! No stoplights or traffic regulators. Just you, a small plane, obedient like your own hands, the sky, and an ocean of air, under and over you, all around you! (And, thank God, an instructor behind you). It makes an unforgettable impression on anyone, but especially for one who dreamed in vain for a two-wheeler in his childhood. My parents did not buy one because of my poor eyesight. But now we are on the ground. All good (as well as bad) things come to an end.

I will now tell how I became part of the school's history. In accordance with Soviet tradition, the teachers' association decided to go on a country picnic for the 2nd of May. It was announced that the food would be provided by the school (at the cadets' expense, probably), but drinks should be ordered individually. I was not a drinking kind of person, but did enjoy an occasional mug or bottle of beer. Two bottles was a lot for me, but to honor the holiday, I ordered two – for 5 rubles and twenty kopeks. The picnic was canceled for some reason (maybe so as not to take food from the school kitchen). Ivan Trofimovich, a very good man, but like many others – a big drinker, announced the cancellation and said, "And the 5-20 we will spend drinking at home." Everyone knew about my famous order and these words were met with roars of laughter, albeit good-natured.

In 1953 (after Stalin's death) the new school principal gave me the compensated position (along with the main work) of managing the amateur talent groups. I led the drama club, prepared and conducted holidays concerts. One of the participants of these concerts, Yevgeny Kibkalo, later became a soloist in the Bol'shoi Theater. My work was praised,

including by the school principal, but at the end I suffered a severe disappointment through him.

We spent half a year preparing a one-act play to be performed at the May 1st evening gathering. I conducted the concert. And so, when I was supposed to announce this performance, the principal came up on stage, apologized and said that in light of the late hour, the performance needs to be cut short. I and everyone else began telling him that this was impossible. He saw that the actors, even those who were invited for the female roles were already made up and in full costume. I said that the main participants were graduating seniors and showing the play later, as he suggested, would be impossible. How can it be that half a year's work goes to waste? Nothing helped. He and the others were getting ready to go drinking and were unable to delay that.

And so, it is the end of August, 1955. A rumor spreads that all the Special Air Force Schools are closing. The principal neither confirms nor denies it, saying this is unknown (although he probably did already know). The final banquet of summer camp. I am conducting the farewell concert. Oginski's polonaise "Parting With My Homeland" sounds sorrowful in Tatarinov's rendition – a trumpet solo. Everyone can feel it – this is the end.

In general, despite everything, I recall my work at the Special School with fondness. My first job was interesting and I learned a lot. (1)[90].

Anxiety came with the closing of the Special School – I had to look for a new position. But this anxiety did not last long. The principal of Special Air Force School Moskvich (the same one!) was appointed a principal of High School #77 to be located in the former Special School's building. He kept me, out of four literature teachers, to work there. My life did not give me even a single day of unemployment.

The work in a regular high school was different, I had to re-adjust in some ways. But in the first year I was an advisor for the graduating class, consisting of former Special Air Force school cadets. They knew me, I was "one of them," they were nostalgically drawn to me and we had a mutual understanding.

But afterwards, I was assigned to be the class advisor for the most difficult class, 8-A, from which the entire school suffered. What to do? I decided I must immediately break the attitude of these children (still children, not vagabonds or hooligans as they were considered by all, even by themselves.) On August 31st, the evening before the start of the new school year, I assembled my future disciples through chain messages.

This was unusual, as was the atmosphere – at night, in an empty school. The time was special too – it was before the start of a new school year when families are busy preparing – buying new clothes, obtaining textbooks and everything else needed for studying. And the kids probably missed school somewhat, with all unpleasant memories smoothed out a bit. I counted on all of this.

I introduced myself though they already knew me as an advisor of the 10th grade, very respected at school (and noticeable – both I and my students continued to wear military uniforms to school – we simply did not have any other clothes yet). My speech was short, I said approximately the following: I was assigned to be an advisor of your class and was warned that your class is a very difficult one. As I am looking at you now I see that you

[90] In the Special Air Force School (I am third from the left).

are just normal girls and boys with pleasant faces. I think that everybody just got used to badmouth you and you yourselves got used to being treated so. We need to get rid of this reputation, forget it, and not someday, but tomorrow! Then everybody will realize that your class is completely normal and you are nice students who come to school not to fool around, but to study well and graduate with good grades. All issues will be decided together. We elected the class president and council (such body did not exist before, there was only a school committee, but I introduced it so the class had some form of self-regulation).

The students took my suggestions very seriously. I assumed they were tired of endless problems and would respond to a plan for improvement. Several days later I called a parents meeting – not at the end of the semester – to reprimand them for poor academic progress of their children, but at its beginning – to agree on our plans. Not everything went smoothly of course, I had to spend a lot of time with my class (in addition to my main work as a teacher for which I was paid).

But believe it or not – soon after, the class became the best in school. Teachers wanted to get assigned to teach there. It became a source of students elected in various student organizations in our school. (2)[91].

Such a team was a great help when I later had to cope with a problem student. Half a year before graduation the principal called me to his office to inform of a transfer to our school of a student expelled from another school for delinquency. This student, Kasyan, and his mother were there, in the principal's office. The principal handed me the student's file. Kasyan's mother was raising him alone; his father had been killed at war. The latest of her son's "heroic" deeds was putting an open can of paint on the classroom door in the winter camp. The can fell on a teacher who opened the door.

I told the principal that I could not make a decision about accepting the boy to my class alone. I had to discuss it with the class. The principal and I looked at each other – I understood that the order to transfer Kasyan to our school could not be changed. The principal said that our class was his only hope. But he also understood that I would need the class approval. I told Kasyan and his mother to come after classes so that they could meet the class council and we would make a decision. During one of the breaks I talked to my students and we made an agreement. After the lessons the class council announced to Kasyan that he could be accepted tentatively until the first violation, because we are close to graduation and come to school not to waste time but to study.

What did we do to rehabilitate our problem student? Nothing! No rehabilitation was needed. Kasyan turned out to be a normal boy turned unruly because neither his mother, who had a physically hard job fit only for a man, nor his teachers gave him the needed attention. Feeling complete impunity, he did whatever came to his mind. And now he had the close attention of not only his teachers but also his own peers, good boys who wanted to graduate with good grades and wished the same for him. If you create a good team, many things become possible. And imagine me, a vain fool, still remembering with bitterness how the history teacher Valentina Mikhailovna said that my class had always been good, it just had somehow gotten a bad reputation.

[91] Look at these nice boys and girls.

I taught not only in the class where I was the advisor. In other classes I could maintain discipline fairly easily. A picture: (3)[92]. Sometimes, though, problems arose requiring a solution. Once a student was disrupting the class. After several failed attempts to subdue him I asked him to leave the classroom. He refused to do so. I asked the student on duty that day to find an empty classroom (left by students having a class at the gym or at chemistry lab), for us all to move there. That made the unruly student leave the classroom.

I continued to experiment. At that time, schools had a system of assigning one class to be on duty in the whole school. They would maintain discipline in school during breaks in the school day. But all teachers also had to be in the halls during a break helping to maintain order. Thus the students "on duty" felt little responsibility and had to be literally pushed for the task.

At the teachers' meeting I said that teachers need to rest between classes, lest they rest during lessons. Order in the hall, in my opinion, was supposed to be maintained by the class on duty in the presence of only one teacher – the class advisor. Mine was the only class switched to the new system I suggested.

Before the start of our week-long duty assignment I told my students that this time we would have to maintain order in school during the class breaks without the help of the other teachers unlike other classes on duty. It is our responsibility to prevent accidents. If the classrooms are well aired the grades go up – this has been proven! And so forth. The class council assigned students to the posts (each post is one classroom plus the adjacent part of the corridor) and supervisors for each school floor.

I announced to the teachers in the teachers' lounge that everybody could rest during the breaks this week as I take full responsibility for the order on school floors. My students were proud to be so trusted. At the end of the week the results of the existing competition between the classes (for the cleanest, most orderly and best aired classroom) judged by the class on duty were announced. If you, my dear readers will ever have to do something more or less similar, remember that the organization of any event requires attention to details.

After the graduation of my 1958 class, I was made an advisor of the sixth grade (even though I mostly taught in higher grades). Pictures: (4)[93], (5)[94], (6)[95] - my new students and Toma at a May Day rally. I note that we loved that holiday. Two additional days off!! All went to the parade gladly – usually a sunny spring day; you got to meet your friends all dressed up, merry, carefree. Least of all did we think of this holiday's official meaning as the "international day of workers' solidarity." For instance, when on April 30, 1975 right before this holiday the Vietnam War ended with the communists' victory over America, I expected this to be the main topic at the parade. But nobody even mentioned it.

Sometimes I went on weekend trips with my students: (7)[96], (8)[97]. My new sixth grade class gladly continued the tradition of responsibly maintaining order in the school during their weeks on duty. To rule over the whole school! Their (even older) peers obeyed them

[92] Strict teacher.
[93] My new students with Toma.
[94] We and Toma.
[95] At the First of May demonstration.
[96] On a trip around the city.
[97] With colleagues.

even more than they would the teachers who ever repeated the same boring comments. And here are their own fellows, so serious, with a red band (which students on duty wore)!

In 1961 Khrushchev conducted a school reform. The school program was lengthened from 10 to 11 years. High schools were separated from eight-year schools. The high school program added professional training to general education subjects. School # 77 became an 8-year school. I was offered a transfer to school # 36 where students of 9-11 grades had been gathered from the whole district. I agreed.

My 16 years of high school teaching experience made it easy for me to move on to college teaching later. This school was very unusual. Earlier, schools had 2-3 parallel classes: class 10-A, 10-B, sometimes 10-C. And here, imagine: 9,10,11: A,B,C,D,E,F,G,I,J,K,L,M,N, and O! Pictures: (9)[98], (10)[99], (11)[100], (12)[101].

My next chapter is on teaching itself. I always considered this to be the most important. Good lessons are not the only time for learning. A student's upbringing, the shaping of his personality happens first of all in class. Classes and homework take the largest part of a student's day. This is not about some special "personality" discussions. If classes run in a working atmosphere, everybody is busy learning, this alone forms certain values. Being idle corrupts students. I used to be very upset if for some reason my classes were cancelled. For example, before holidays students had to clean the school instead of having regular classes.

I remember a funny episode concerning this. After my departure to Moscow for graduate school, I returned to Dnepropetrovsk right before the October Revolution holiday (to take Lyonya to Moscow – about this later). I went to visit my school. Entering the teachers' lounge, I was met with such a scream as if instead of 10 adult teachers, there were a hundred 10-year old girls attacked by wild animals. It turned out that before the holiday, classes had been cancelled with no warning. Some dissatisfied teachers said about the administration: "They are lucky Levin is not here!" And here the door opens ... and in Levin comes!

20 How to make study interesting.

While teaching, I constantly thought how to make students want to study, to elicit and strengthen their interest in knowledge, science, literature.

Achieving this makes teaching successful and satisfying both for students and teachers. Teacher's work becomes more meaningful, his life – fuller. Gone are problems with discipline, poor academic progress, and the stress they cause. If students acquire an interest for knowledge – for the process of learning itself – one may hope it will extend beyond graduation. And our times require us to constantly increase our knowledge, to keep up with the fast pace of science, and to be ready and able to relearn if needed. Serious interests depress the desire to fill up one's life with something negative.

And yet, teachers often try to teach their subjects (and parents – to introduce their ideas) ignoring the interests of the children. It is also wrong, though, to base teaching solely

[98] My last high school students.
[99] See 19-9.
[100] See 19-9.
[101] See 19-9.

on what interests students. Students need systematic knowledge of a subject, as opposed to just random pieces of information selected on the basis of being interesting to a student.

The solution to this problem, as I used to understand it (and still do now), lies in combining attention to student's interests with developing these interests further. Nobody is born interested in chemistry or history. Interests either develop or not – depending on family and other influences, and most importantly on the character of the education.

Of course, natural abilities affect the development of interests. And vice versa – interests and interesting classes nurture abilities which otherwise may not develop. One of Mark Twain's characters learned only in Heaven that he could have been a great mathematician.

I will tell what I did for arousing and developing the interests of my students, first at high school and later in college. These ideas (not only mine) may be useful to those faced with the task of teaching somebody – at home, at school, etc.

The need to learn, not for a practical purpose (such as to know the name of today's movie or to get a good grade), but for the pure curiosity, which arises when some inconvenient contradiction bothers your mind. You do not know the right answer, and want to find out. Both within a family and at school, though, children are usually presented with final truths, especially in the USSR, where the goal was to purify students' minds of any doubts. Students are usually shielded from controversies and they should not be.

I will show an example from the literature course on how to create a problem situation (the popular American expression "no problem" is suitable anywhere but in teaching). The Russian literature textbook says that both Mayakovsky and Yesenin were patriots as all good poets are. But who would care if all are so similar in this respect? I used to read their poems in class, to make students realize that these poets' views on patriotism were quite opposite. Mayakovsky's dream, in accordance with his Communist ideas, was "in a world without Russias or Latvias – to live as one united human community." Yesenin, on the contrary, wrote that he would always glorify not the whole humanity but only "the sixth part of the Earth with the short name "Russia"." This led to a discussion: who was right?

The need to solve a problem to get the answer is necessary for arousing an interest, but this is not the real interest yet, only widely confused with such. A need comes as a negative emotion, it signifies a lack of something desirable. An interest, though, is colored with a pleasant feeling.

This means that to elicit an interest, something else is required besides the need to find a solution to a problem. The interest appears when fulfilling this need begins or is anticipated or when anticipation is for the appearance and subsequent solution of problems. By analogy – feeling somewhat hungry or thirsty enhances the pleasure from a meal or a drink but this pleasure can be achieved only through actual or anticipated eating or drinking.

To satisfy the need for knowledge it is necessary to receive new and correct information. And yet, teachers and parents often weary children with repetitive well familiar information. The old saying "Repetition is the mother of learning" (Latin "repetizio est mater studiorum") should be applied with care. Of course, repetition is necessary, but to keep teaching interesting, one needs, as the great Russian pedagogue K. D. Ushinsky recommended, to bring something new even in repetition. Thus, presentation of class material should vary from what students read in the textbook at home.

Home assignments, topics of essays, including those written at home, should not call for just mechanical reproduction of the learned material (more about essays – below). If homework requires creativity, reading them aloud would be interesting because the resulting papers will differ.

Despite all this, oral quizzing was usually the most boring part of class. A student called was to report what others knew well already, from previous classes and (at least those students who did their homework) from textbooks. Besides, this selective questioning takes a lot of time and is not effective (only few students can be quizzed in one class and those called know that they will not be called again any time soon). And lastly – the anxiety of not knowing if one will be called this time, causes daily, hourly stress that plagues all school years! I talk of Russian schooling; America has different methods of checking student's knowledge, with their own pluses and minuses.

I came to the conclusion that monitoring students' knowledge should be done in different ways. Students should give oral reports on their creative assignments. This could be interesting and useful for their peers and helps the reporting student to develop speech and oratorical skills. Oral questioning should not be used to check the knowledge of factual material. Written quizzes have their own drawbacks. First, grading them took a lot of time. This was a real professional curse of teachers, extending their work week far beyond the nominal 40 hours. Second, it is difficult to detect and prevent plagiarism. I concluded that one needs technical aids for checking the factual knowledge.

It was the year 1959. In the West, computers of the first generation were already in use. In the Soviet Union, before 1956, anything related to computer science was banned. I designed an electric device which could be used for the quizzing of students by their teacher or themselves based on multiple choice. With the help of removable tables, this device allowed one, for example, to do a full grammatical analysis of a sentence, fill in missing letters in words, check knowledge of math formulas, chemical reactions, chronology of events, correctness of answers in problems solving, etc. Besides all the above, the device showed not only correct answers (which would have allowed students to find the right answer by just going through all of them discreetly), but also incorrect ones. This device saved a lot of time and caused considerable interest.

With expertise in humanities, not in engineering, I still got an Authorship Certificate – the Soviet equivalent of a patent. It meant that according to the patent review experts the device was new (worldwide) and useful. I published an article about this method in the journal "Russian Language at School" – this was my first scientific publication.

The device of course is obsolete now but it was sort of a precursor for computerization of our schools (which at that time was rudimentary even in America). Even though computer science suppression was already lifted at that time, and the first cumbersome computers had appeared, the main Communist Party newspaper "Pravda" ("Truth") in the article "Robots behind the Desks," mocked the first attempts of computer use in American schools. This worried me, and I asked in a letter to the newspaper if this meant they are against using technical aids to monitor academic progress in school. The editor Mr. Kokoshvili answered me that this is not what the article meant. I concluded that "Pravda" was simply using any excuse for for bashing America.

I also noticed that a student's interest in an activity, besides the factors described above, depends on the time and effort it requires. For instance to see if reading a foreign language book would be interesting one must consider not only how absorbing the plot is but also how many unknown words would require dictionary look-up. By experimenting (with the participation of foreign languages teachers) I found that an adapted book with an interesting plot will be appealing for a student to read if it contains up to about 5% unknown words. With 14% unknown words no students wanted to read it however absorbing the plot was (for this experiment we chose the books which in their Russian versions interested the students).

In January of 1966 I published the results of this research in the journal "Public Education" (which every school in the country subscribed to) and later saw many references to the data from this publication cited as "The results of the studies shown ..." without indication of the source. Having read this, my granddaughter Masha (who has an M.A. in psychology) noted that American studies of this subject show similar results. This is good: unlike art which prizes uniqueness, science requires reproducibility.

The amount of required effort also affects the transformation of a passive interest into an active one. To study students' interest, they are usually asked to name, or choose from a list, the subjects that interest them. I added one more question to the one above: have you read or prepared something extracurricular on the selected subject? It turned out that more than half did nothing. The survey was anonymous, so most answers were likely honest – these students liked this or that subject but not enough to spend their free time on it.

This means we should distinguish between passive and active interests. If a teacher makes his classes (or at least part of them) interesting; if parents tell or read something interesting to their children, little by little, the children will develop at least a passive interest towards these lessons or discussions. This is good already: it is impossible to actively pursue all subjects in excess of the school program. It it desirable though, that some academic interests become active, adding meaningful content to teenager's life, spare time, possibly helping with the choice of future occupation.

To achieve this, one needs, after securing a passive interest in one's studies, to change gradually the methods of fulfilling the desire to learn new information. If at first we try to give children ready answers to their questions or read them an absorbing book, later we should try to carefully show them the way to get an answer themselves, to solve a problem on their own (that we still guide them to).

For example, a physics or chemistry teacher gives his students an opportunity to resolve a question by conducting an experiment. A literature teacher hints which place, or chapter of the book can help them to clear a complicated controversial issue aroused by their studies. We recommend and help find sources of information – magazines, encyclopedias (and nowadays, internet sites) and teach students to use a library. I used to give my students such assignments, and went to a reading room with them, worked there myself and consulted students.

In all the above, it is very important to ensure that the effort spent by students at each stage was not excessive. This can be monitored by watching the student's attitude towards an assignment (as I used to do while reading something with Lyonya and Toma). A too difficult or too easy assignment can be boring. Here an individual approach to students is called for. A math teacher, watching his students trying to solve a math problem can make

the job easier for some by helping them while praising others for being ahead of the class and offering them something more challenging.

As for problems, questions, discussions – they just accumulate as the amount of acquired knowledge grows (if learning was interesting, and was not just the result of fear of a bad grade). Reality itself is full of contradictions and the more one learns, the more questions come up. Any teacher can confirm that questions are usually asked not by the student who knows little, but by one who knows more. Thus the first condition for interest in learning – the desire to sort out something unclear – gradually becomes habitual and more or less constant.

And if in addition to this students learn to find the answers independently using various sources of information, the second condition of interest which gives satisfaction will also be within their ability even without the teacher's participation. Students develop an active interest in some subject while still keeping a passive interest in other subjects (when taught in an engaging way, of course).

And it is very important to teach students to think independently to enjoy this process – to believe in their minds while respecting authorities in the field, and not to be afraid to question their opinions. Essays should play an important role in developing such skills. Unfortunately, as I mentioned in the chapter about my school years essays are very often just copied from somewhere. Why? Why do many students forgo the chance to enjoy their creativity? First, – they do not trust their own ability to write an essay "out of the head" (my student Nelya put it exactly like that, "Do you mean I have to write out of my head?!" I answered, "Out of what other place would you write?") Second, they hope to circumvent this difficulty in an easy way used by generations of earlier students.

It was necessary to get rid of those two reasons simultaneously – to turn the "easy" way hard and the difficult one – feasible. After explaining to my students the importance of essays in developing of independent thinking and ability to express thoughts, as well as inadmissibility of plagiarism I unashamedly took merciless measures against cribs at essay writing in class (explaining to the student that some of them otherwise may have a hard time quitting this habit). Nothing but a notebook and a pen were allowed on a desk while writing an essay in my class. All the rest was to be in the student's bag on the floor.

Being strict did not harm my relations with the students – they respected me. Once I discovered a student from a "strange" (not mine) class in the back. He was brought by my students to show that "our teacher knows all the words" (in reality even the people who compile dictionaries do not know all the words). Using my permission to ask at the beginning of a class the meanings of unknown words encountered in home reading, my students sometimes brought a large dictionary and used it under the desk to check my erudition.

The topics for essays written both in class and at home were problem-based. I formulated them so as to preclude finding a ready made answer in any source. Somebody else's thoughts quoted without appropriate attribution assured a failing grade.

All this, though, was just a preparation for the main goal – to teach students, step by step, to write essays, not to fear them, to get to enjoy expressing their thoughts, to respect themselves and their own abilities. We began that by composing one common essay. Out of

several versions of every sentence suggested by students we chose the best one to the joy of its author. Later students wrote essays "out of the head" based on their own impressions.

After that they began to work on a home essay on a literary topic (for example the comedy "Woe from Wit" by Griboyedov), reporting to me on every stage of their work and obtaining my help if needed. At first the students copied parts of the text, made their own notes about them, each on a separate card, and brought them to class. They now realized that essays are written not just "out of the head," but based on some research. Having developed their own understanding of the text, students read recommended articles (usually given in an appendix to the text adapted for school reading), copied parts of an article or rewrote its ideas in their own words, indicating the source, page, as well as their own agreement or disagreement, with arguments to support this judgment.

Then all cards were arranged in a logical order and students compiled plans to their essays and brought them to school (I, too, worked the same way). Later they submitted drafts, and finally completed essays. At each stage I reviewed the submitted materials and made comments. During essays written in class I rendered help if it was necessary.

Usually students care only for a grade and pay little attention to comments a teacher writes in grading an essay. This aggravated my reluctance to start grading papers. But after I introduced the above system students as a rule were very interested to learn how their papers turned out.

Sometimes (not often) I graded papers in the presence of the authors, keeping 3-4 students in class after the lessons. This took more time but was very useful! The paper's author and even his friends followed the movements of my red pencil tensely, listened to praise, comments, or advice. Being merciless to plagiarism I treated every expression of a student's own idea kindly even if in my opinion the student was wrong. Later I read in an article of academician Kolmogorov, who had studied problems of school education for a long time, that every student should be given some individual time by a teacher.

At the end of the school year, students wrote an essay on some literary work from the optional reading list, not studied at school. I do not know how much smarter my students had become – I never measured their intellectual abilities. But they, at least in their majority, got to like writing their work independently. When once, while essays were being written in class, I had to leave urgently, I did not worry. I asked the class president to collect the papers at the end of class and bring them to the teacher's lounge. All the papers were written independently. Even if somebody had wanted to peep into the textbook, he was ashamed to do it in front of his peers – cheating had already become disreputable, "In our class we agreed to get rid of the worst problem with the students – cheating – and we have achieved it," Alla Potemkina, "the conscience" of the class wrote later. (In both Russia and the U.S. much is being written about deception on exams).

For the graduating 11th grade, instead of several home essays, I offered the students to write a yearly home project (of more or less research type) chosen from a list of 42 topics that covered not only literature but other humanities as well. Giving students a choice is very important in developing an interest – this is a moment of individualization of a student's work. At the end of the year students had to present their work and defend it in a ceremonial

atmosphere. Pictures: (1)[102], (2)[103], (3)[104], (4)[105].

Very often teachers reduce promoting academic interests to using games and entertaining techniques. As you can see from all written above, I was trying to develop students' interest to the process of learning itself. But there is role for certain additional means of arousing students' interest: grades (good), praise, humor, giving lessons in the form of a game.

Once I had to substitute a teacher who got sick and give a lesson in a class where all the students were taking the program of that grade for the third time and because of that were older than usual ones. They had been gathered from all the district schools to prevent them from disrupting lessons in regular classes (those students were usually very unruly in addition to their poor academic results). But nothing happened – the lesson was given successfully. I decided not to check the homework – it would have been useless, but began to present a new topic instead. I told the students that after my explanations they could demonstrate how well they understood the new material. Whoever gives the right answer to 4 of my questions will get a "B" and answering 5 questions will bring an "A."

These students who had considered a "C" a rare and pleasant grade listened to my explanation very attentively, behaved very well and competed with each other trying to answer my questions to get a good grade "for free" (it was considered that a grade should be earned by doing a homework). I was in such good control of the class that I was able to say, "Do not try to raise your arms higher than your peers – I will ask those who are keeping their raised arms with elbows on the desks in an orderly fashion." My explanation of the new topic was understood; several students got the promised grades.

It is just necessary to remember that children as well as grown-ups will do nothing if this does not satisfy some need. For example, a student attends school to avoid parental reprimands. For him also to study it is necessary to create a different need. The need to get a good grade is not the most valuable but it can be useful as an auxiliary one, especially at the beginning of the work on developing an interest for study.

I would like to dwell on using competition in particular. By a 1944 order of the Minister of Education, based on a resolution of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, the competition at Soviet schools was forbidden. The subject of the resolution was the competition between schools in the number of good and poor grades, which was indeed very harmful. The resolution, though, was understood as a ban on any competition. Competition between schools in grades went on in a discreet form while competition between students in knowledge (not in grades) was suppressed. I made up my mind to use competition in my teaching. Later I published an article proving its usefulness. To protect myself I quoted Marx and Lenin on competition – that was the only article where I mentioned these names.

The idea to organize a competition came from the following funny episode. Once at the beginning of my experimental work, Grigory Vaytsman was called to the blackboard to recite a poem given as a homework. Usually if a student has not learned a poem well he starts forgetting lines and trying to recollect them. Grigory, on the contrary, confidently recited half of the poem plus one line more and stopped. "What's next?" I asked him. "That's all,"

[102]Presentation of the projects.
[103]See 20-1.
[104]See 20-1.
[105]See 20-1.

he answered. "How come?" I asked him again. "That's all. I know more than half, you cannot give me an "F," was the answer.

I realized something needed to be done about this. First, I started offering students a choice of several poems. This got many, but not all, interested. Some began choosing shorter poems. I could understand them – learning by heart is time consuming and they always had many home assignments. But I really wanted my graduates to keep some works of great Russian poetry in memory.

Then I turned to a competition. The jury to determine the winners was elected and there were several 1st, 2nd and 3rd places, so nobody was "crossing anybody's path." And everything changed, Earlier, 2-3 students were called to check how well they learned a poem, the rest paid no attention caring only if they themselves will be called next. Instructions to recite expressively were usually in vain. But now all recited the same poems and all listened tensely to evaluate the performance. At first only volunteers were called, later everybody was. We started in class, then stayed after school which all did gladly. The result exceeded expectations. Many, totally indifferent to poetry before, got excited, some started writing their own poems.

Later my students took part in the city-wide poetry recital competition and Larissa Shkileva, Alla Potemkina and Victor Martynenko took all three winning places – all from the same class in a city with more than 100 schools, tens of thousands students! Every class has gifted, talented children but usually candidates for such competitions are selected by teachers and go reluctantly. My students earned this right by winning an honest class competition.

Larissa Shkileva read "The Traitor's Mother" from "The Tales of Italy" by Gorky (prose learned by heart!) at the school party for 45 minutes. She read in such a way that you could hear a fly flying, so quiet was the audience. I advised her to go to a theater college. She talked to her mother and told me – my mother will give me hell if I do (there is a certain opinion among the public about the morals of theater actors).

Later I successfully conducted poetry reading competitions at philology departments of two pedagogical colleges where I worked. A literature teacher should be able to and like to read poetry and prose.

I used competition even more to organize extracurricular learning activities of my students. Many students find a way to satisfy their academic interests themselves in their spare time. Others need help. I will describe what I did. The idea of using competition made me interested in so-called "Olympiads" which became popular despite the ban on competition in school education. Olympiads were conducted on sciences – math, physics and chemistry. The goal was to find talent (U.S. has similar competitions with the same purpose). This is of course a good goal.

I, however, first of all decided to organize olympiads in humanities – something which had almost never been done before in Russia. Secondly, I thought of using olympiads to spread interest in a subject broadly, not just further engage already interested students. To achieve this I began to organize olympiads as team, or rather, team-individual, competitions. Mediocre or even weak students who could not count on personal success, now gladly prepared and participated in hopes of contributing to the victory of their team (class) for which they of course cheered, if they could answer some questions (of varying difficulty). To

liven it up I used the game format of the students' competition of the popular Club of the Jolly and the Quick-witted.

In 1965, "Soviet Pedagogy," the main journal of the Academy of Pedagogical Science, published my article about olympiads. Olympiads in the humanities began to be conducted. My article might have contributed to this decision.

I also published about stimulating gifted students interested in science. This was in connection with the decision to give honor certificates for academic success in specific subjects besides the usual gold and silver medals for overall success at high school. In my article "A Medal or an Honor Certificate" in the "Teachers' Newspaper," I argued that under certain conditions, such Honor Certificates should carry no less benefits in college admission than medals.

Indeed, why a student interested, say, in chemistry should spend his spare time on trying to "pull up" his "B" in geography or history to an "A," instead of spending it on his favorite subject? Such student, though, first needs good grades in all subject, and second, his outstanding success in one particular subject has to be confirmed outside his school, at a well organized, respected olympiad. Nowadays in Russia, winners of national high school olympiads are exempt from college entrance exams.

Now, having secured the Ministry of Education's permission to continue my pedagogical experiments, I organized study groups on "elective subjects;" found teachers who agreed to teach those groups (for free). In January 1966 I reported my experience in the above-mentioned article in the Ministry of Education's journal "Public Education." Soon, such groups (and salaried positions for their teachers) were introduced in all the schools by the order of the Ministry (of course not only because of my experiment).

As for the traditional extracurricular clubs, I advised my students to visit each of them to choose the most interesting one. Following my former teacher Nikolay Vasilyevich I held my literary club not as the seventh lesson, but in the evening in an empty and quiet school. Later we began to conduct our meetings over tea like on the popular at that time TV show "Blue Light" – pictures (5)[106], (7)[107].

Some of my innovations of that time are similar to those used now in American education, but there are differences. For example an elective subject in my practice (and later in all other Russian high schools) complemented, but did not replace the main subjects of the program. Students were to study all the required subjects, and additionally to choose either a more advanced course on one of the main subjects or a subject outside the main program (in my case, the History of Fine Art).

America has many competitions in various areas of science and art, but as far as I know, only a minority of school students participates. Team competitions are rare except in sports. School students do many projects, but I do not know if they present and defend these in class (Lyonya's son Andrei did, but it was a special case, about that below).

I started my pedagogical experiments with a purely practical purpose – to make learning more interesting, and to develop the interests of my students. Having achieved some success, though, I decided to share some of my methods in pedagogical journals. Then I remembered

[106]Poetry meeting at tea.
[107]See 20-5.

my past intentions to do research. I got so absorbed in teaching, I almost stopped thinking about it. Research publication, though, requires proofs that suggested methods are effective, and comparisons between how experimental and regular classes work. I developed a system of criteria which, together, give an idea of how students' interests are developing. More about it in the next chapter.

In 1962 I entered graduate school, first as a corresponding student, two years later as a resident one. The time came to say good-bye to the high school, my students, and Dnepropetrovsk. In the picture (see 19-12) – my last graduating class (only part of the picture is visible). When I was leaving the city, this whole former class of mine came to the train station to see me off (my aunt Tsilya reprimanded me for spending all my farewell time with my students and not paying enough attention to my parents and other relatives who were there).

21 "The thaw." I am a graduate student. Research.

As I have mentioned above, when I was a 4th year student, my advisor N.K. Gudziy offered to prepare me for graduate school. But I had to leave Moscow due to illness. Upon graduation, as a straight "A" student, I was recommended for graduate school. This, however, was just a formality – the year was 1948, the beginning of the antisemitic campaign against "rootless cosmopolitans." I did not even apply, and all Jewish applicants were rejected, leaving one of the two graduate student positions unfilled.

After Stalin's death, the new leader, Khrushchev, revealed at the 20th Party congress some of Stalin's crimes. This signaled a period of relative liberalization, "the thaw" (this title of Ilya Ehrenburg's novel about that period became its popular name).

I decided to apply for graduate school in pedagogy, not literature. Having worked for 14 years (and 2 more years later) in various types of high schools I got to love high school and students. An acquaintance of ours, a teacher Zina A. told me she hated school, dreamed of leaving it and for that reason decided to go to a graduate school in ... pedagogy! I had a completely different motive to do the same. What could be more important than education and upbringing of children – for their lives and for humanity? I had seen how many painful problems teachers, parents and students themselves face. My experiments, and some success, showed that many flaws in teaching and upbringing can be overcome or reduced.

Getting into a graduate school, though, was very difficult. Many aspired to, because PhDs were paid well, not because of love for the subject. To succeed they used connections, sometimes very specific. Here are some examples I known of.

Students graduating the university were assigned to jobs. When one student from the Ukrainian department came out of the assigning committee room and her peers asked her where she had been assigned, she answered, hiding her eyes, "Girls, I am being sent to graduate school." There were no good wishes, only silence – rumor was she had been having an affair with the 60-year old director of the Ukrainian language department. Later in the summer I went to Crimea and saw them together in a seaside park in Yalta. Once in Moscow, I met a young woman on my way home from the library. She told me that she graduated a

pedagogical college in the town of Nezhin, in Ukraine. She wanted to go to graduate school. The professor whom she asked about openings suggested her to come to his garage with a bottle of cognac.

One more example from my personal experience. In 1978, being already an associate professor, I was in Moscow for the 4-month course in the Academy of Pedagogical Sciences. A young teacher from the Far East asked me to edit her dissertation synopsis. After I did this she came to my room and asked to edit her whole dissertation (hundreds of pages). I told her I was too busy for that. She said, "It is so hot here!" and started to unbutton her blouse. I wanted to open the window, but she said it was not needed and left (should I regret my response or be proud of it?). Interestigly, the next day a few women looked at me with apparent sympathy. I realized that my guest has described this epizode, considering such way of moving up in science completely normal.

- Интересно, что на следующий день несколько женщин смотрели на меня с явной симпатией. Я понял; что моя гостья рассказала об этом эпизоде, считая такой способ продвижения в науке вполне нормальным.

In physics, chemistry, and engineering, so vital to the military and the economy, scientists had to be capable of achieving results. But in the humanities their competence was of lowest priority to the government. Thus, the corruption that spread everywhere in the Soviet Union, was especially rampant in this area. It was easy to accept one's "favorite" to a graduate school by just giving him the highest grades at the exams. I was 38, and had no advisor, so my chances were few.

Nevertheless I managed to get admitted to the graduate school of the Academy of Pedagogical Sciences. I took advantage of the system of Candidacy Exams. They were also for those outside academia who aspire to a PhD. These exams allowed writing and defending a dissertation without being a graduate student. But, if having passed candidacy exams, one applied to a graduate school they counted as entrance exams, and even had a somewhat greater value.

I passed my candidacy exams in Dnepropetrovsk and Kiev universities (preparing mostly during my three-hour commute to and from work). The examiners gave me high grades – after all I was not trying to enter their graduate schools. As a synopsis I presented my article about using technical aids to check students' knowledge at school. L.N. Landa, to whom this article was given for review (he specialized in computerized education), gave it a very favorable review.

I also went to see the Director of the Institute of Theory and History of Pedagogy, Fedor Filippovitch Korolev. He was a very good man, but skeptical about my chances to succeed in my age. I told him that in contrast with math, pedagogy does benefit from larger teaching experience. He agreed but added that correspondence students (the only type of admission allowed for my age) who continue working can rarely cope with school deadlines. He was right, I did later miss some deadlines. I agreed that it is difficult to combine graduate studies with working at high school, but said this arrangement would allow me to finish my experiments. I also described them to Korolev. To make a long story short, I was admitted.

Two years later I became a resident graduate student for my last year of studying. This allowed me to work a lot in Moscow libraries, feel the atmosphere of pedagogical science,

learn about its achievements and flaws, take part in scientific discussions, attend dissertation defenses.

I met prominent figures of pedagogical science, including the academician Leonid Vladimirovich Zankov. I had read his books before and shared his views. Zankov was very critical of the scientists who made recommendations on education and upbringing to teachers and parents only on the basis of their own opinions. He wrote that all ideas and suggestions must be verified by experiments as it was done in medicine, technical and other applied practical sciences.

Zankov and his staff had developed and experimentally verified a new system of enhancing primary education. After having followed this system for three years, students of the experimental classes learned more and, more importantly, demonstrated a much higher level of mental development than their peers who had spent 4 years in a regular high school. After a broad verification, his system was implemented in schools nationwide – an outstanding success! Zankov told me, though, that bureaucrats had spoiled a lot in his system.

Leonid Vladimirovitch suggested that I make a presentation in front of his team. He invited me home. After my presentation he told me that after graduation I can work in his laboratory. Unfortunately this was not possible – there was almost no chance for me to get a Moscow residency permit. An old professor E.O. Perovsky was appointed as my advisor. His help consisted of meeting with me once a year, shaking my hand and saying, "I'm counting on you!" I was glad that nobody was preventing me from writing my dissertation the way I wanted.

In the 8 pages of the previous chapter I described the main ideas of my dissertation. Its title was "The Process of Developing Learning Interests in High School Students (Based on the Humanities)." It has 322 pages: a dissertation must explain what is new in its ideas and recommendations and how it has been proven true. There is a joke about a dissertation review: "This dissertation contains many new and correct ideas albeit in different places" (i.e. the new ideas are incorrect and the correct ones are not new).

To determine which of my ideas and suggestions were new, it was necessary to examine what has been done on this issue before, describe the background as well as the literature on the psychology of interest (the prior understanding of which I found incomplete and extended it with my own – the concept of interest, its relation with need, dependence on the required effort, active versus passive interests, etc.)

I had read, looked over, and wrote a review of all that could be found in Russian on the topic of my dissertation in Moscow, from Quintilian, a pedagogue of ancient Rome, and up to the latest publications (Lenin's Library received a copy of everything published in the USSR). Literature in foreign languages on my topic in Moscow was sparse, and I reviewed all written in languages I knew. Having reviewed 268 books and articles I found out unresolved or not completely resolved important issues which I could contribute to. In the process I encountered, as does everybody, disappointing discoveries that some of my ideas were not original.

Further, it was necessary to prove my conclusions. If in these memoirs I simply mentioned the experiments I conducted, the dissertation had to detail the methods and the results of the experiments. I had to complement my own experience, the experiments conducted in my class with the observation of other teachers' work; study the developmental history

of students with high level of interests. It was necessary to attract other teachers to my experiments.

Having secured the permission of the Ministry of Education of Ukraine and Moscow Department of Public Education, I visited classes, successful and less so, of many teachers. I conducted in-depth interviews with students that won district and republican olympiads.

In my experimental work I engaged teachers interested in improving the teaching process (many are, even though many are indifferent, too). First, I invited several teachers from my high school (for the programs "Subject by Choice," olympiads, etc.). I mention their names with gratitude: L.E. Kapustyan, S.G. Kiporenko, A.M. Perchanova, E.L. Rudo, N.T. Tkachenko, F.A. Shmotina. Later I found enthusiastic volunteers in Moscow high schools: #59 (E.L. Shimanovich), #118 (B.V. Sedov), # 330 (N.Y. Kerler), #401 (Z.A. Rakhova) as well as in one rural high school (N.A. Karlova). For verifying my recommendations, while working at Saratov Pedagogical College, I engaged teachers taking its correspondence courses. Many of them did this carelessly, but some treated my assignment with great interest.

The most important results, though, were of course achieved in my own experimental classes which I worked with and observed for three years. Besides students' own reports on their interests and their development during those years, I looked into their reading of books and periodicals, free time activities, attitude towards methods we used (such as technical aids for testing knowledge), competitions, olympiads, electives, year-long research projects and their defense. I note that when, for saving time, students were offered to submit such projects for evaluation without public presentation and defense, 24 out of 32 students still wanted to present their projects even if only after classes.

I also included the teachers' reports on how the learning attitude of students of that class were changing. I analyzed the graduation papers for indications of interest in literature: extracurricular information usage, analysis of book episodes not discussed in class; original ideas; personal opinions, unusual stylistic forms. Students were given special written assignments to assess some of their extracurricular knowledge indicating their interest in international events, literature, arts.

The results of those review and tests were compared to those received in other control classes, but I will not go here into that much detail.

I would rather tell some "live" observations which complemented the statistical data in my dissertation. Here, for example, was the reaction of the students to class cancellations. We all remember from our own childhoods that that reaction was usually – to put it mildly – positive. Even six months into the experiment the class cheered when the chemistry lesson cancellation was announced, even though the students had given positive reviews of the lessons of that particular teacher. Four days before that occasion the students, having learned that due to the preparation for the coming elections (usually housed in schools) the other district schools had cancelled classes while their school had not, considered themselves treated unjustly and decided to skip classes and go to the movies. They were intercepted and returned to school.

The next year, though, revealed a very different and unusual attitude towards a "legitimate" time off. When the male students were allowed to skip the whole day of classes to be examined by a medical commission (for a future draft) they, after having finished with the

exam earlier then expected, returned to class immediately. Can you believe this? I myself was surprised. I observed how negatively the students reacted to the sound of the school bell at the end of a class.

Not long before the end of the graduation year I visited two review lessons covering the same topic which a geography teacher gave in two classes – an experimental one and a regular one. In the regular class the lessons were constantly interrupted by the teacher's comments like, "Girls, stop talking!" "Students, I ask you again, if a person at the blackboard makes a mistake, please raise you hand!." "What do you have maps on your desks for? You have to use them!." "You just refuse to think!', etc. In the experimental class during the whole lesson only one disciplinary comment was made, "Not all together!" 74 times (as compared to 5 times in the regular class) the students raised their hands.

Typical was the situation when four students argued with the fifth who was answering the question about the ocean's influence on the Baltic climate. It was obvious that they wanted the correct answer not only for a good grade but also for its own value. Hints also took an unusual form. Those were not secret whispers meant to cheat the teacher any more, but an open help to one's peer. Both in their answers and in additional comments students used information from newspapers, magazines and other extracurricular sources.

Out of 32 students of my "main" class, only two showed no noticeable progress. Yury Y. – a bright student with poor grades was a passionate soccer player, often missed classes. At some point he seemed to begin taking more interest in studying. He started reading a little, took part in some extracurricular activities. But no major change ever occurred. Two months before the final exams and graduation he left school without permission to go to the Crimea and Donbass for soccer training. Attempts to put his sports training in order did not bring any results.

The problem was not the sport training itself – there were many athletes in the class, one of whom, Leonid Oxman, even entered the College of Physical Education later, but in the early professionalization of the sport, in the misguided policy of the sports club demanding daily practice of prospective athletes. An additional complication came from Yury's father being a veteran soccer player. When, two weeks before the last school lesson, I visited Yury's family and Yury started asking me to let him leave town to go to the training camp again, his father condemned his carelessness, but later in Yury's absence asked me to let his son go. Yury graduated high school but showed no signs of intellectual interests.

Another example – Nina (I changed the name). In the eighth grade Nina got mostly B's. In the first survey Nina noted her interest for biology, albeit passive – had done no reading or work on the subject. Nina was the only student who expressed skepticism about the projects. She took no part in class discussions, did not attend any study groups. Her answers in the special written assignment were very poor. She read little and only on one specific topic. During summer vacations she read "Judge Us, People," "One Girl and a Thousand Admirers," "When Two People Meet" (she did not remember the authors).

Later in a private and honest conversation Nina revealed the reason for narrowing and lowering intellectual level of her interests ("I used to read a lot, but now do not care much"). Nina was diagnosed with a chronic condition resulting in calcification of the feet joints. She was a pretty girl. Influenced by her mother she decided to find a husband immediately after graduation. All her thoughts were oriented towards that goal.

These two very different examples share a similarity. Achieving both goals – becoming a professional soccer player and getting married was believed to require more physical than mental perfection. If Yury's intentions were clear, Nina was discreet about hers.

In general, research showed that it is possible to develop and widen academic interests in the majority of students even at the last stage of high school education.

Because I spent only one year in a resident graduate school and after that immediately began teaching in college and not literature but pedagogy, a new subject for me to teach, my work on the dissertation got delayed. I always write slowly (these memoirs, as well, which is not bad because I am constantly making changes). Besides, my self-esteem would have suffered if my dissertation was returned for revision, which I managed to avoid. I worked on it mostly during my two-month summer vacation.

In the summer of 1969 I submitted my dissertation, received good reviews from the official opponents, published its synopsis, and in January of 1970 had the defense. By a unanimous vote I was awarded a degree of Candidate of Pedagogical Science. The board also decided to recommend my dissertation for publication. I became the first PhD in my extended family, and my relatives had a festive celebration to honor this event.

As to the publication – there was a long way from the recommendation of the scientific board to its actual realization. After the Six-Day War in Israel, "Zionism" in the "broad" sense of this word, again became enemy No 1. I did not pursue the publication of my dissertation being unsure in the success of my efforts. I published a number of articles. I am a little proud that not a single of my articles including those submitted to major pedagogical journals has been returned – not many authors can boast of this. The Ministry of Education journal "Public Education" wrote in its editorial that my article "Developing an Interest," written when I was a graduate student, managed to highlight the issue better than the article of the corresponding member of the Academy of Pedagogical Science M.N. Skatkin, the director of its didactic (theory of teaching) section. I participated and made presentations at scientific conferences and conventions of teachers and psychologists in Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Tbilisi, Vologda, Vladimir, Krasnoyarsk. I also gave lectures at the teachers' conferences on science and methodology.

While teaching in college I continued my research, which I got to love. For many years I theoretically and experimentally studied students' interests and methods for their development. Simultaneously, and with the same passion, I went into teaching, so crucial for better training of future teachers. All this left little time to write the second dissertation. This did not worry me. The Candidate degree improved our financial situation significantly, enough for our modest needs. I had no intentions to pursue my career further to the detriment of my teaching or sleep, especially in the abusive atmosphere of "anti-Zionism" prominent at that time. When later I was offered to head the Pedagogy Department in Omsk University I declined. Incidentally, the U.S. has no further degrees after PhD (considered equivalent to Russian Candidate degree).

In conclusion, I would tell how I literally saved my dissertation and synopsis in Lenin's Library. Before leaving for America I decided to make sure that my "scientific legacy" is safe. I found my dissertation, several copies of my synopsis and published articles in their places in Ushinsky Library. In Lenin's Library, though, my dissertation and synopsis had been misplaced in the catalogs, making it impossible to find. I was very short of time but

spent two days and managed to get the error corrected. And now I can repeat after Horace, "Non omnis moriar!" meaning "I shall not wholly die!" (This humorous note does reflect a grain of reality: everyone hopes to leave something behind.) Dissertations certainly aren't the most important contributions to the future. (Good children are!) And yet ... before I emigrated two doctoral and several candidate dissertations cited mine.

22 How Lyonya became a mathematician.

In the chapter about Lyonya's childhood I described his interest in math, physics, chemistry and other subjects. In the seventh and eighth grades Lyonya took part in many olympiads on these subjects. This was interesting, useful, and could help with future college admissions. Even with no official rule on this, admission boards usually took into consideration olympiad award certificates.

Lyonya did well there. For example in the chemistry olympiad he defeated even high school seniors. Later, already in Kiev, he took the third place at the all-Ukrainian math olympiad. But exactly because olympiad victories could help with college admissions, it could not go without corruption.

Having, during my graduate studies, received the permission of the Ukraine Ministry of Education to research the organization of olympiads, I had access to archives. I decided to use it to learn why Lyonya had not been successful in a district math olympiad. When I found his paper, I saw that he had gotten an "A" for every math problem but the last one. This last one also had been graded with an "A," subsequently crossed out and replaced by a "F." I copied Lyonya's solution of this problem and showed it to several math teachers. They all said the solution was absolutely correct. I did not make this fact of corruption public since my own son was involved. Probably antisemitism was not the only reason for this incident, though it surely could have played a role. Only one winner of district olympiads could enter the next, regional, level. Evidently somebody needed a victory for his protegee. I came to the conclusion (which I later wrote about) that all students with the same best result should be considered winners.

Back to Lyonya. Participation in one of the olympiads played an important role in his life. Anya's cousin Tamara who lived in Moscow informed us (by an expensive telegram!) that the magazine "Science and Life" had published math problems for a math olympiad conducted by correspondence. The winners will be able to take examinations for admission to the physics and math boarding school affiliated with the leading Siberian University, in Novosibirsk. We received Tamara's telegram a short time before the deadline. Lyonya solved all problems rather quickly but procrastinated with the neat rewriting from the drafts until the last night before the deadline. All post offices were already closed, except the central one which was open 24 hours.

We arrived there five minutes before the midnight which was the deadline, but the postman had stepped out somewhere. He returned when the new date was already on his stamping machine but we managed to persuade him to reverse the stamping date back for a minute (disproving the common belief that time cannot be reversed). Having received no answer from Novosibirsk, I enrolled Lyonya in a math-oriented high school in Dnepropetrovsk.

In the summer when we were on vacation in Lithuania, Lyonya's grandfather Naum L'vovich, whom we had asked to collect our mail, informed us by a detailed telegram that Lyonya had been invited to a summer math camp where candidates for enrollment into the new physics and math boarding school in Kiev will be selected. When the train taking Lyonya away started I realized that Lyonya is leaving home forever. I was right. This is how it happened. By the decision of the Government of the USSR, boarding schools of physics and math were opened in Moscow, Leningrad, Novosibirsk and Kiev, affiliated with universities and institutes of the national Academy of Sciences. The organizers of the Novosibirsk olympiad in which Lenya had participated decided to grade only the entries from Siberia residents. The letters from Ukraine were sent to Kiev.

Lyonya passed the selection process in the summer camp successfully and in 1963 was admitted to the physics and math boarding school in Kiev. That is how Lyonya's interests and abilities in math worked out in combination with lucky circumstances.

Lyonya spent August at home and I used this occasion to expand the circle of his interests. Together we read a great work of Russian poetry – Pushkin's poetic novel "Yevgeny Onegin." On this little book which I gave him I wrote, "The best gift I can give you." The gift proved useful. Even now, 50 years later, Lyonya can recite a considerable, maybe even a larger, part of this book.

I was asked to accompany the Dnepropetrovsk students admitted to Kiev's boarding school; this gave me a chance to see this school. Tuition was a serious problem: it was more than half of my teacher's paycheck. One boy from Dnepropetrovsk had to leave the school because his parents could not afford the tuition. Our family would have never taken Lyonya from school, of course, but I still managed to negotiate a payment reduction.

Soon, Kiev boarding school cancelled (by redoing the admissions exam) the admission of most Jews, but a few were able to stay, mostly those who, like Lyonya, had subsequently won for the school the all-Ukrainian olympiad.

Next year I was transferred to the resident graduate school in Moscow. I decided to try to transfer Lyonya to the math and physics boarding school in Moscow to have a better chance for Moscow University admission after graduation. I studied in Moscow University and took my candidacy exams in Kiev University, so I could compare them. I remembered as at the exam on the theory of pedagogy in Kiev University I, answering the question about the didactic principles started to tell that such and such author lists this many principles, another, a third one, – this many, etc. Professor Grishchenko interrupted me with a question," but what does the science say about it?" I began again, "Kazantsev believes such and such, Ivanov thinks such and such ..." "What is written in the textbook?," the professor specified his question. I realized that the science for him was represented by the textbook (quite poorly written) they used for teaching. The exam on the history of pedagogy was given on the same level. Thankfully they at least gave me good grades.

These limited personal glimpses just confirmed a well-known fact: in the Soviet Union, unlike in America, the level of education in provincial colleges is incomparable with the one provided by major colleges in the capital. Having been transferred to Moscow I wrote a letter, addressed to the academician A. N. Kolmogorov who supervised the Moscow boarding school, asking permission to transfer Lyonya there from Kiev. I went to Moscow university and handed my letter to Rosov, who assisted Kolmogorov in these matters. Rosov was

skeptical, but promised to deliver the letter. Several days later a lab assistant passed me a verbal refusal.

Some time passed. Once I was studying in my dorm room (usually I studied in libraries). There was one more graduate student there – a mathematician, Sasha Terentyev. Suddenly he said, "Anatoly, tomorrow Kolmogorov speaks in our department about specialized boarding schools. He was in Kiev." (Sasha knew that Lyonya studied there). I went to the meeting. Kolmogorov spoke about these schools. During the break I decided to approach him. I thought, "maybe he never received my letter?"

Kolmogorov was sitting alone. I asked, "Andrei Nikolayevich, may I ask you a personal question?" He got up, offered me to sit down then sat down himself (he was an old Russian intellectual from an aristocratic family!) "What is your question?" he asked. "May a student be transferred from one such boarding school to another?" "From which to which?" he asked tensely as it seemed (maybe I was going to take my son from the Moscow school – his "child"?) "From the Kiev school to Moscow," I answered. "Well, if there are special circumstances, such as if the parents are moving." "These are exactly our circumstances: we used to live in Ukraine but now I am finishing a graduate school of the Academy of Pedagogical Sciences of the Russian Federation and will work in Russia after graduation." "Well, bring your boy, we will look at him," Kolmogorov answered.

So, it seemed, my letter did not reach Kolmogorov; the argument in it was exactly this one: my move. It later turned out that Andrei Nikolayevich had remembered Lyonya from his Kiev visit: he met with students, posed math problems to them, and Lyonya solved many. But in my meeting with Kolmogorov I did not mention my name so he probably did not know what student we talked about: Lyonya and I do not look alike. During the fall break I brought Lyonya to Moscow. After an interview with a teacher in the school, Lyonya was transferred there.

I read an article about the anniversary of this school once. Here are some quotes. "This coming Saturday, December 6 will be 40 years since the opening of one of the best schools in Russia – Kolmogorov boarding school #18. The initiators of opening such schools were outstanding Soviet scientists such as the president of the Academy of Science of the USSR Mstislav Keldysh, the president of Moscow University, Ivan Petrovsky, the president of the Siberian Department of AS of the USSR Mikhail Lavrentyev, academicians Isaak Kikoin and Andrei Kolmogorov. They were created to serve as points of selection and education of talented students residing throughout Russia, not just in its major centers.

The schools have served their purpose to a large degree. More than 10 graduates of these schools became members or corresponding members of the national Academy of Science, more than 100 have successfully defended their Doctoral dissertations and about 500 former students received Candidate degrees. Several hundred graduates live and work abroad, mostly in the USA, Great Britain, Germany and Australia. In 1988 our School became the A. N. Kolmogorov School of the Moscow University Specialized Science-Education Center, the school students became students of MU, and the school teachers, most of whom had scientific degrees, became MU instructors ..."

In 1966 Lyonya graduated that school and was admitted to Moscow University. As an undergraduate Lyonya published his first articles in the Proceedings of the Academy of

Science and in math journals. They were translated to English. In 1970 Lenya graduated the University, the best in the USSR.

Pictures: (1)[108], (2)[109], (3)[110], (4)[111], (5)[112], (6)[113], (7)[114], (8)[115]. Soon after, Lyonya met Larissa Lastovetskaya, a graduate student of MSU biology department (9)[116]. In August 1977 they visited us in Makhachkala and announced their engagement. Here is how they were on their wedding day September 3, 1977: (10)[117].

[108]Leonya in Moscow.
[109]Leonya in Moscow.
[110]See 22-1.
[111]See 22-1.
[112]Moscow School of physics and mathematics.
[113]Academician A. N. Kolmogorov with students of the school.
[114]Leonya (lying) with his friend Zvonkin.
[115]On a hike. Leonia and Toma at the left.
[116]Leonya and Larissa.
[117]The wedding day.

Part III

23 How we spent our free time.

Work, children and everyday problems made up the greater part of our adult life. Now – about the way we relaxed. If we had a little free time in the evenings or on weekends we used to read, and later when TV appeared, watch that. There were always a lot of errands planned for weekends. We also visited our parents. Sometimes we managed to get out with the children to a park or to the Dnepr River in summer. Pictures: (1)[1], (2)[2].

Our holidays. We celebrated birthdays at the table with a lot of tasty dishes and moderate amount of alcohol (unlike many people around, for whom not only a holiday, but a paycheck, a purchase, etc. were reasons to get drunk). We celebrated the calendar New Year; Int'l Women's Day on March 8; May 1st; and November 7th (Revolution Day). The first two holidays did add some meaning to the celebration, the last two were just extra days off, an opportunity to get together with relatives. Each of our families hosted our celebrations in turn so no one was offended. At our parties we talked, sang songs, including Jewish ones. My modest skills in piano playing by ear were popular. As in America, young people, including our grown up children, had their separate, merrier gatherings.

Our summer vacations differed from those of Americans. Very few people owned cars then, so traveling far outside the city was not routine. Most urbanites, though, had a month long vacation (and school and college teachers had a two-month one as in other countries). It was a tradition, regardless of one's income, to leave the city during a vacation.

The ways to spend this vacation, though, did depend on the family's social status and budget. There were many sanatoriums, resorts, and tourist lodges, which compensated for the acute shortage of hotels to a certain degree. Sanatoriums were considered, and indeed served, as health institutions. They were attractive, though, even for fit, healthy people, offering a good rest (including rest from a spouse – sanatorium romance was widespread, a topic of many jokes). Still, healthy people took some treatments, too, – perhaps to treat a little problem, no one was averse to some health improvement.

Sanatoriums differed. There were luxurious ones for the high ranking elite. Even ordinary sanatoriums, though, were typically not so bad. They were usually located in picturesque places, many in the Caucasus or at the Crimea, at the seaside, or near springs with some

[1] We and Leonya at the bank of Dnepr.

[2] Leonya – very nice picture.

therapeutic qualities. They were comfortable; the food was good, with some meal choice. The larger part of the cost was covered by the trade-union. To get a time slot there, though, was difficult.

Besides sanatoriums, there were more modest 2-week "rest homes" (sometimes one could get 2 consecutive terms). There also were so-called "treatment passes" which granted treatment and sometimes meals at a sanatorium but no help with housing. "Pensions" offered no treatment, only accommodations and meals. In my lifetime I enjoyed many such stays: eight in sanatoriums, three in rest homes, three with treatment passes, one in a pension. Anya also went to sanatoriums and rest homes several times. Pictures: (3)[3], (4)[4]. Tourists packages used to be a very cheap and accessible vacation option (until they became fashionable). I will write separately about our travels.

There were free sanatoriums for sick children but those passes were very difficult to obtain. When I was nine years old my father got me a pass for the sanatorium in Feodosia in the Crimea, at the Black Sea. On my way there I had a shocking experience. At a station Jankoy our car was disconnected to be put into a different train. As we waited at the platform, I went to the station's bathroom (bathrooms in cars are closed when the train is at the station). I returned and – where was our carriage? Gone! Can you imagine this? I am 9, the first time out of home without parents. It was evening and getting dark. I saw a man, ran up to him: "There was a carriage with children from Dnepropetrovsk here!" He took me by hand and led to our carriage which had been moved to a distant spare track. Was I ever again as happy as when I lay down on my bed in the car?

Children of school age, though, spent their vacations mostly in summer pioneer camps.

I went there only once, after the eighth grade. It was a good camp located in the Crimea in Belbeck. We were taken on interesting sight seeing tours to Sevastopol, to the former capital of Tatar Khans – Bakhchisaray, and to the preserved cave cities of Cherkez-Kermen and Eski-Kermen. We had a very good councilor, Yura (I have mentioned him earlier).

In the camp I experienced one of my biggest crushes. I was unable to forget this girl, Nadya Petrina, for a long time. She still remains in my memory looking the way I saw her then. It is scary to imagine that now she must be over 80 years old (at best). I do not pity myself or my friends – other boys of my age. All is normal, such are the rules of the game. But to imagine Nadya Petrina and our other girls, whom I never saw again, as old women is difficult and very sad. It is probably good that we are not destined to see each other again.

Once during my winter break I went to a one-day-stay rest home for school students. It was only one day but the impression remained for the rest of my life – so well was everything organized (not that we had been very spoiled). There was a winter garden with artificial snow but with real singing birds. There were games for any taste, a concert of popular music. I especially liked the performance of a string quartet. The meals were delicious.

After high school graduation, my father bought me a sightseeing tour "Moscow-Leningrad." In Moscow I did not go anywhere, I was preparing for the college admission interview. I fell in love with Leningrad for the rest of my life. Later I got to see Vienna, Rome, Paris and Versailles but nowhere did I see more beautiful palaces and parks than in Leningrad's

[3]Anya in the cardiac sanatorium Peredelkino near Moscow.

[4]I was there, too.

suburbs of Peterhof, Tsarskoye Selo (Pushkin town). They are looking all over the world for the Amber Room – one of dozens of resplendent rooms of Yekaterininsky Palace in Tsarskoye Selo stolen by the Germans during the war. And I was there before the war when all was still in place.

The parks of Versailles with their famous fountains, in my opinion, bear no comparison to the park and the fountains of Peterhof. How much beauty and creativity! (6)[5] – one of them. The gazebo has a bench inside. You sit down and a solid wall of water starts running down from above, separating you from the world around. How to turn it off? How to come out? There is no tap anywhere. How to figure out that all you need to do is to get up and the fountain turns off by itself. Maybe adults remember other things, but I was not 17 yet. I liked Leningrad residents of that time – many of them later perished in the siege or were scattered around the country.

Besides separate vacations for children and adults, family trips were also widespread. Sanatoriums and pensions accommodating a whole family were very few and unavailable for ordinary folk. So, families took "unorganized" trips, i.e. vacations where they had to find both accommodations and meals themselves. The needed funds were accumulated during the year, vacation plans were thoroughly discussed. For many city residents who had moved there recently from the country this problem was easy to solve – they went to stay with grandparents still living in villages. We had no such options. Nevertheless from 1935 on our mother began taking me and Sofa to the country in summer (our father was working).

By that time Ukrainian villages had recovered from the horrible shock and famine of the early 30's. Harvests were good (I remember one year when there were so many apricots that they were not collected any more). Both at markets and right at the yards you could buy fresh groceries much cheaper than in the city. Villagers preferred to sell their produce close to home, avoiding long deliveries to the city during precious summer time. We rented a room in a peasant's house and enjoyed rural life, new to us.

For the first time we got to see not in a picture, but alive – cows, funny calves, chicks which bravely took food right from our hands, and other farm animals. We watched field and garden plants grow. We saw agricultural labor (sometimes I gladly helped, for example, to manually thresh corn or to pound seeds out of sunflowers). In Tsarychanka we swam in a shallow river Orel with clear water and clean sand on the bottom and banks; in Mogilevka (Mogilev) – in a deeper lake, in Orlik – the Dnepr River. In Kotovka and Mogilevka we used to hang a hammock in a pine forest and breathe the healing aroma of the sap.

Peasant's cabins in Ukraine at that time still looked exactly as described in 19th century by classical 19th century Ukrainian writers Shevchenko, Nechuy-Levitsky, Panas Mirny. They had cane or hay roofs, freshly whitewashed walls, a cool soil floor, no plumbing; there was a big stove serving both for cooking and as a place to sleep on. Our mother, of course, had to cook, wash, etc. She took me to the market with her at 5 am – at 6 am the market closed: people started working. Our mother, though, was glad that she could improve our health. I also have warm memories of those vacations and Ukrainian villages. Anya was taken to the village of Kitaygorod by her parents. Picture: (7)[6].

[5] One of the Petergoff's fountains.

[6] A copy from the painting by M. N. Dubrovsky "An Evening in Ukraine".

Now – about our children. As I mentioned above, Lenya had liver and gallbladder inflammation in his childhood. I managed to get him a free two-month stay in Truskavets, the best balneological resort of such specialization. A year later I bought a "treatment pass" and took him to another resort of the same kind to Yessentuki. Several times our children spent vacation in pioneers' camps. These camps were different. Toma was sometimes lucky with her camps. One of them had a live bear cub living in a special enclosure – "a corner of live nature." Some smart, kind, and energetic person (it was not a small feat) managed to bring this joy to the children. I wrote above about Toma's camp "Little Mosquito" which she (as did all of them) loved so much.

Anya and I, following the example of our own parents, began to take first Lyonya, and later Toma (even at the age of 2 months!) to the same villages and also to others – Soloshino, Orlovshchina (where I worked at the camp of the Special School of Military Aviation). (8)[7]. Later our "unorganized" vacation moved to the Black Sea, in the Crimea (Alushta, Yalta, Frunzenskoye), to Skadovsk, Guenichesk at the Azov sea side, to the Caucasus (Yessentuki), and to Lithuania (Palanga).

These vacations involved big difficulties and inconveniences. With millions of city residents heading south for their summer vacations, to buy (it was called "to get") train tickets was very difficult. People used to form a line at night waiting for the ticket office to open in the morning. Booking hotel rooms was impossible. Residents of the vacation destinations rented rooms in their apartments to vacationers. These places were usually very overcrowded. A lunch in an medium priced cafe required standing in line for a long time.

Most beaches were for sanatoriums residents only with small public beaches left for "unorganized" vacationers. These beaches were so overcrowded that one had to go there early in the morning to secure a place by putting a small rug on the sand. Along with this in Alushta, for example, next to the public beach with people packed up like sardines in a can, there was a beach belonging to the summer house of some big Party boss where the only resident was ... a big dog which the staff took daily to swim in the sea. That is the kind of socialism we had in our country.

In Palanga and on the Baltic seaside in general the conditions were better. Large beaches (sand dunes), better organized food facilities, good dairy products. The sea and air were cooler, though. To buy a ticket for a train back home you had to stand in a line again beginning from the night before. Americans would probably never agree to such vacations. We, however, were not spoiled by comfort and were used to difficulties. These difficulties were mostly for parents to deal with while children for the sake of whom these trips were taken could enjoy swimming in the sea, new experiences, freedom from school, etc.

Even we were not miserable, as all the above may suggest, but just lived. We were glad for our children, enjoyed our time with them (which was short at home, especially time free of school worries). We did not think about work or household problems, but swam, strolled, read, went seeing sights, such as the tsar's palace in Livadiya (the 1945 meeting place of Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin).

Lyonya and I used to go on short trips (Toma was still too young). From Frunzenskoye (Partenit) we hiked across Ayudag (Bear Mountain, 572 meters high). The feeling of walking

[7] Toma in Orlovshchina.

through the clouds is unforgettable. Here they are above you, and below is the splendid blue Black Sea. We walk a little through a humid air – clouds, not solid as they seemed from the ground, but just water-saturated air. And here the clouds are below us and the sea has disappeared! After the Ayudag we passed the famous pioneer camp Artek in Gurzuf – a town glorified in Pushkin's poems. Artek is a wonderful camp but unavailable for children from ordinary families. It hosted even children from royal families invited to the Soviet Union. There was a theater play about this, "Be Ready, Your Highness!" ("Be Ready!" – is a slogan of the Russian Pioneers).

On our other trip Lyonya and I went quite far to the East from Alushta, to the waterfalls. On our way a memorable (for me) meeting took place. We asked a passer-by about the way to the waterfalls. He told that he was going there himself. This was a Tatar who had returned (probably illegally) from the place where Stalin exiled his people together with others during the war. You should have seen how this person drank water from the river at his native place! I was watching him, disturbed, and thinking of how many people besides the Jews suffered from the Soviet system. The road along the fast but shallow river was unusual. The banks were steep, our path frequently led from one bank to the other, so we had to cross the road either walking on stones or trading water. The waterfalls were magnificent.

We took a boat trip on the sea, saw dolphins swimming around us very close. We sailed into the cave under the Ayudag, moving slowly past the cave walls in semidarkness – very romantic. In general our "unorganized" vacations can be described in Maupassant's words: this is life – not too good and not too bad. Pictures: (9)[8], (10)[9], (11)[10], (12)[11], (13)[12].

24 Literature and art in our life.

Soviet people were largely a reading people. I remember how once at a beach a Polish tourist asked, pointing to the crowd around her, almost all of whom were reading: "What is this – a beach or a library hall?" (In truth, many Americans in the subway do read, too.) Reading distracted from our daily problems and brought joy, sparse in real life. Reading was not only a recreational activity, though. Marx, Engels, and Lenin claimed their teachings to be based on all the achievements of the world's culture. That is why in the Soviet Union classical literature, Russian and foreign, was published in a great number of copies (which was still not enough). And even though these literary works had prefaces "illuminating" them from the Marxist-Leninist viewpoint, the books spoke for themselves. These books breached the monopoly of the Party ideology, showed another world, and affected the views of the people more than boring compulsory political indoctrination courses.

As for Soviet literature – most writers did not dare to deviate from the official ideology. Many of them had no talent, but there were talented ones as well, for example Mayakovsky,

[8] Us together with children at the Southern coast of the Crimea.
[9] Ayudag.
[10] Anya and Toma in Guenichesk.
[11] Us in Palanga (Lithuania).
[12] In Palanga with the family of Anya's cousin Emma.

Alexey Tolstoy, Fadeyev, Prishvin, Sholokhov, Marshak, Panova, Shukshin, Rasputin and others. And yet, a number of writers crossed the line to various degrees, for instance, Bulgakov, Babel, Zoshchenko, Platonov, Ilf and Petrov, Vasily Grossman, Iskander, Trifonov, Aksenov, Dudintsev, Gelman. In poetry – Yesenin, Pasternak, Mandelstam, Akhmatova, Tvardovsky, Yevtushenko. Also, the so-called "bards" – Okudzhava, Vysotsky, Galich, and others wrote songs of various degree of disloyalty and sung them themselves with a guitar.

From time to time Party leaders conducted a "pogrom" against disfavored writers (as well as composers, artists, figures of theater and cinema). Some of them paid for their courage with their lives, some were exiled, others blacklisted, blocked from publishing, denied the right to work. All of them, though, have played their part in awakening the public consciousness.

We read a lot since childhood (there was no TV at that time). I am convinced that children and teenagers who read Marshak and then such books as "Robinson Crusoe" by Defoe, "Mysterious Island" by Jules Verne, and others will be as a rule better people than those who never read such books. I want to liven a little my "dry" narration about literature with some of my favorite poems:

М. Ю. Лермонтов. Утёс.

Ночевала тучка золотая
На груди утёса – великана;
Утром в путь она пустилась рано,
По лазури весело играя;

Но остался влажный след в морщине
Старого утёса. Одиноко
Он стоит, задумался глубоко
И тихонько плачет он в пустыне.

(The Cliff.
By M. Lermontov.)

I wrote above how Lyonya and I went through a cloud during our ascend to Ayudag. We saw a damp trace on the rock, this was interesting. The poet saw more: the rock abandoned by the light cloud is crying quietly and soundlessly like a lonely old person whose last love left him easily and carelessly.

Ф. И. Тютчев.
Накануне годовщины 4 августа 1964 г.

Вот бреду я вдоль большой дороги
В тихом свете гаснущего дня ...
Тяжело мне, замирают ноги ...
Друг мой милый, видишь ли меня?

Всё темней, темнее над землёю –
Улетел последний отблеск дня ...
Вот тот мир, где жили мы с тобою,
Ангел мой, ты видишь ли меня?

Завтра день молитвы и печали,
Завтра память рокового дня ...
Ангел мой, где б души ни витали,
Ангел мой, ты видишь ли меня?

(On the eve of the anniversary of August 4, 1864.
By F. Tyutchev.)

Several poems by A.S. Pushkin, the great and deeply loved Russian poet, sadly not well-enough known outside of Russia.

Зимний вечер [в сокращении].

Буря мглою небо кроет,
Вихри снежные крутя;
То, как зверь, она завоет,
То заплачет, как дитя.

То по кровле обветшалой
Вдруг соломой зашуршит,
То, как путник запоздалый,
К нам в окошко постучит.

Наша ветхая лачужка
И печальна, и темна.
Что же ты, моя старушка,
Приумолкла у окна?

Или бури завываньем
Ты, мой друг, утомлена,
Или дремлешь под жужжаньем
Своего веретена?

Выпьем, добрая подружка
Бедной юности моей,
Выпьем с горя; где же кружка?
Сердцу будет веселей ...

(Winter evening [abridged].)

Зимнее утро.

Мороз и солнце; день чудесный!
Ещё ты дремлешь, друг прелестный –
Пора, красавица, проснись:
Открой сомкнуты негой взоры,
Навстречу северной Авроры
Звездою севера явись!

Вечор, ты помнишь, вьюга злилась,
На мутном небе мгла носилась;
Луна, как бледное пятно,
Сквозь тучи мрачные желтела,
И ты печальная сидела -
А нынче ... погляди в окно:

Под голубыми небесами
Великолепными коврами,
Блестя на солнце, снег лежит;
Прозрачный лес один чернеет,
И ель сквозь иней зеленеет,
И речка подо льдом блестит.

Вся комната янтарным блеском
Озарена. Весёлым треском
Трещит затопленная печь.
Приятно думать у лежанки.
Но знаешь: не велеть ли в санки
Кобылку бурую запречь?

Скользя по утреннему снегу,
Друг милый, предадимся бегу
Нетерпеливого коня
И навестим поля пустые,
Леса, недавно столь густые,
И берег, милый для меня.

(Winter morning.)

(Без названия.)

Я вас любил; любовь ещё, быть может,
В душе моей угасла не совсем;
Но пусть она вас больше не тревожит;
Я не хочу печалить вас ничем.

Я вас любил безмолвно, безнадежно,
То робостью, то ревностью томим;
Я вас любил так искренно, так нежно,
Как дай вам бог любимой быть другим.

(I loved you ...)

I also love drama, which is close to literature. I cannot remain unaffected watching shows or movies. Either I enjoy them or – if a show or a movie is bad – I get upset. I had a chance to see shows of the best theaters of our time. Among them was Moscow Art Theatre, when it was still artistic (later it degenerated).

I was lucky to see seven shows staged by the great director Tovstonogov in Leningrad's Bol'shoi Drama Theater. We saw shows in new theaters: "Sovremennik," "Na Taganke," "Na Maloy Bronnoy." No less do I like the old traditional Moscow Maly Theatre, and saw many of its shows. In Saratov, we saw the shows of the amazing "Theater of the Young Viewer." Its director, Y.P. Kiselev, was the vice president of the International Association of Theaters for Children and Adolescent Viewers.

Many good theater productions were shown on TV – full length or adapted for the screen. Some theater directors, playwrights, and actors boldly used the stage as a tribune for their criticism of the Soviet reality – especially in the sixties (during the "thaw") and later. After Stalin's death the authorities sometimes tolerated this "to let of some steam," but frequently banned the shows and persecuted their creators. Talented and bold stand-up comedians Arkady Raykin, Mikhail Zhwanetsky, Gennady Khasanov were universally loved.

At musical theaters I liked the ballet most of all, glorified by Pushkin as the "soul flight of the Russian Terpsichore." A non-expert, I still intuitively noticed future leading dancers of the Bol'shoi Theater – Yekaterina Maximova and later Nina Ananiashvili – when they had no titles yet.

Before the war, very few movies were produced and every new one, produced or imported, was a big event. Songs from movies were sung around the whole country. Later, more movies appeared, some bad, some very good.

As many other kids, I had been taught to play musical instruments a little but not to understand music or art, which was probably more important.

Composer D. B. Kabalevsky later developed a musical education system for regular (non-music) schools. I got to visit one of his "open" classes. This was like a miracle! In the 4th grade where, as at all schools, Kabalevsky had only one music and singing lesson a week, the students not only gladly listened to music, sang harmoniously two-part classical choral pieces, but also showed understanding of peculiarities of music composed by various authors. Kabalevsky played something and asked the students: "Who could be the author of this music?" Some of them named Beethoven, others Mozart. D. B. said: "I like your

answers. This music was written by a young Beethoven when he was under the influence of Mozart."

This is the potential of real pedagogy! When an acquaintance asked D.B. to test her son's abilities to determine if it was worth to teach him music, D. B. answered: "Would you go to a math teacher with the same request?" I unfortunately was not taught by the Kabalevsky system and cannot boast a good knowledge of music and art, though both interested me and still do. The culture of musical performance in the country was very high (there are many Jews among the famous musicians. I am sorry to emphasize this sometimes but other ethic groups are also proud of their achievements!)

Anya and I used to go to the concerts of "serious," and, more rarely, popular music. Once at a concert of Romanian jazz a funny episode occurred. When we took our seats in one of the last rows (at that time, in the 70's my hearing was normal) a young couple came up to us and offered to change places. They were sitting in one of the front rows, but having to leave soon, wished to avoid bothering others. We gladly agreed. During the show two actors came down from the stage, walking along the two aisles. One of them stopped at our row, looked at Anya sitting at the aisle, turned around and went back. The other actor stopped in the opposite aisle of our row and invited the young woman sitting there to dance. She went. Everything became clear. Young couples were given free front row tickets on the condition that the girl would go out to dance on stage. "Our" couple cheated.

I always liked to listen to, sing and play (mostly by ear, but sometimes from score) good songs and romances. One of the drawbacks of progress – people almost stopped singing when they gather for parties (except when very drunk). Why sing yourself when you can turn on a TV or player and hear the same song sung beautifully? I like many folk songs – Russian, touching Jewish ones, beautiful Ukrainian as well as Neapolitan. Among the Soviet songs many had good music but mendacious propaganda words such as "I know no other country where a person could breathe so freely" in the famous "Song about Motherland." This was at the time when thousands of innocent people were arrested and killed daily!

There were also very good songs, though, about love, children, youth and old age, about ordinary joys and griefs – life was not made of tragedies only. Even such a tragic event as the war inspired many touching songs. Here are some songs (abbreviations are marked by three dotes). How do you like them?

Та весна, казалось, будет вечной -
И глядят из рамочек со стен
Наши мамы в платьях подвенечных,
Наши мамы юные совсем.
Брови разлетаются крылато,
Ни одной морщинки возле глаз.
Кто бы мог подумать, что когда-то
Наши мамы были младше нас ...
(И. Шаферан, "Наши мамы").

Спят усталые игрушки, книжки спят,
Одеяла и подушки ждут ребят.
Даже сказка спать ложится,
Чтобы ночью нам присниться.
Ты ей пожелай – баю-бай ...

Баю-бай, должны все люди ночью спать.
Баю-баю, завтра будет день опять.
За день мы устали очень,
Скажем всем – спокойной ночи.
Глазки закрывай, баю-бай.
(З. Петрова)

Бьётся в тесной печурке огонь,
На поленьях смола, как слеза.
И поёт мне в землянке гармонь
Про улыбку твою и глаза.

Про тебя мне шептали кусты
В белоснежных полях под Москвой.
Я хочу, чтобы слышала ты,
Как тоскует мой голос живой.

Ты теперь далеко, далеко,
Между нами снега и снега ...
До тебя мне дойти не легко,
А до смерти – четыре шага.

Пой, гармоника, вьюге назло,
Заплутавшее счастье зови.
Мне в холодной землянке тепло
От моей негасимой любви.
(А. Сурков, “В землянке”)

Two more small pieces.

Когда мы были молодые
И чушь прекрасную несли ...
(Юнна Мориц).

Надо только выучиться ждать,
Надо быть спокойным и упрямым,
Чтоб порой от жизни получать
Радости скупые телеграммы ...
(Н. Добронравов, “Надежда”).

In art I am also a conservator. We were brought up on the traditional style in art. I like sculptures by Michelangelo (I saw them in Italy), portraits by van Dyck (I visited his gallery in Vienna), landscapes by Levitan, Ayvazovsky (I visited a beautiful museum in Feodosiya), French impressionists, some genre paintings of Russian realist artist, and many others. Traditional art is well represented in museums of Leningrad (Hermitage, Russian Museum), Moscow (Tretiakov Gallery, Pushkin Museum of Western Art, Museum of Eastern Art), and others.

Ushinsky library of pedagogical science where I often used to study is next to the Tretiakov Gallery. In the evening on my way from the library I often visited the gallery. The tickets were cheap, few visitors in the evenings, no lines. To see a museum daily is completely different from walking it through in one visit (as tourists have to do, as I did, say, in Louvre). You come to see one hall, the pictures of one artist, even one picture!

I do not know modern art, so cannot judge it, but much in it I like. In our country the abstractionist artists were persecuted for a long time. It is unclear why it was forbidden to just enjoy the play of colors, lines and shapes even if a painting had no subject. We enjoy rugs and other kinds of decorative art even with no subject in it. As for music – it is almost always abstract – the sounds of real life are very rare in it. I still do not understand a lot in modern art, though, unlike Soviet "leaders" who considered themselves experts in everything including art.

Once Khrushchev was informed that Moscow artists had organized an exhibition of their "wrong" art in Manezh. Khrushchev visited the exhibition and of course condemned it. For instance he was angered by the sculptures by Ernst Neizvestny, especially "Hiroshima." I went to this exhibition, saw Neizvestny himself next to "Hiroshima," and liked many pieces, including this sculpture. By the way, after Khrushchev's death his family chose Neizvestny to make his tombstone. I saw it. The base of the monument is made from black and white stone – such was a conflicting memory Khrushchev left about himself.

To conclude – great and merely good creations of literature and art were an important part of our life. They supported us, did not let us drown in everyday's petty problems.

25 My sister Sofa, her studies, work, family. Mother's heroic deed.

I wrote about Sofa in the chapter about our childhood, on her studies in the hungry war years – in the chapter about the War. Having returned to Dnepropetrovsk in 1945 Sofa continued her studies in medical school. She studied with passion, told me many interesting stories. For example, of a professor she had who would include his own poems in his lectures. Isn't it strange – a poem as a part of a lecture on obstetrics? It turned out to be a very effective technique if not only Sofa, but even I, having has no use for this poem, remember it decades later:

Четверокурсники-студенты!
Я вам твержу из года в год:
При предлежании плаценты
На ножку делай поворот!

(Remember juniors, no kidding,
As year to year I must you beg:
If the placenta is preceding
Rotate the child upon its leg!)

In 1947 Sofa graduated and was sent to the town of Krasny Luch to work as a health inspector. This work considered to be a bonanza. Many inspectors took bribes and presents for ignoring the violations of health codes. Sofa, though, like our father, was honest in her job. Sofa had graduated as an internist, not as a sanitary doctor and wanted to treat patients. She started to volunteer in a dangerous place – the local infectious disease clinic. Its infectious disease expert Anna Osipovna, seeing Sofa's dedication and interest, came to like Sofa and taught her a lot. She let Sofa, an inexperienced doctor, perform a spinal tap, assist in autopsy and even called her at night to show her something unusual.

Writing this chapter, I asked Sofa to tell me about her job, and realized once again what an amazing and devoted physician she had been. I think few doctors can recollect in smallest details so many complex medical cases encountered 50 years ago. Sofa told me about many cases when as a young doctor, her diagnosis contradicted that of more experienced doctors and her supervisors, and turned out to be correct.

Right after her arrival to Krasny Luch, Sofa met a neurologist Fanya Samoylovna Lokshina and her son Musya (Samuel), a highly decorated former officer. Sofa and Musya fell in love and in 1949 got married. In 1950 they moved to Nikolayev where Musya, having graduated Rostov Engineering College, was sent to work as an engineer. In the same year, their daughter Lyuba was born and 5 years later they had a son, Marik. Sofa lived in Nikolayev for 44 years until her emigration. Musya, who all his life suffered from illnesses acquired in warfare, died in 1993.

Besides her medical practice, Sofa taught internal medicine at a nursing school for 25 years. Sofa treated that job the same way – with great responsibility and dedication. She read a lot, which undoubtedly helped her to improve her skills as an internist. Sofa recalls with regret The Big Medical Encyclopedia (36 volumes), which she was not allowed to take with her when she went to America. In her last years in Russia, Sofa worked in a draft medical board which determined which draftees were medically fit. Military service in Russia was compulsory and very hard. Many young men and their parents were trying to dodge the draft by means of corruption. Needless to repeat that Sofa would not be bribed.

She recalls one episode. A young man brought a paper certifying his illness, a ground to be exempt from the draft. Sofa noted this in his file. Later this young man, though, wanted to enter a military school. He brought another document where his fake medical condition was not mentioned. It turned out, his file had disappeared so a new one had to be created. Sofa diagnosed him with another medical condition which would make him ineligible for military school. The head of the medical board then asked her to help that applicant. Since he failed to persuade Sofa, this case was transferred to another physician. In the chapter on antisemitism I wrote about what Sofa had to go through during the notorious "trial of the physicians-traitors."

Sofa and Musya had to suffer an even greater blow. As a result of incorrect medical treatment, their children lost their hearing: Lyuba – completely, Marik – partially. How can one come to terms with his children becoming deaf and mute?

Our mother who took this tragedy very close to heart, helped Sofa a lot, found a book "The History of One Mother" and sent it to Sofa. The author described how her son had lost hearing after a serious illness and everybody advised her to enroll him in a school for the deaf. She did not want to do it. She went to Moscow, to the teacher of such a school, Natalia Rau and with her help taught the child to read lips so he could attend a regular school. Later her son became a famous sculptor.

The book made a great impression on Sofa. After some hesitation she took Lyuba to Moscow and reluctantly left her at the special preschool of Yelena Rau, the daughter of N. Rau. Again, the rescue came through our mother; she learned of a special training course for teachers of deaf children planned in Moscow. Sofa took an unpaid leave from work and went to Moscow. The course never took place and Sofa decided to study on her own. She studied for four months in Lenin's library, staying there every day from opening until closing time. She studied the works of F. Rau and N. Rau. Then she visited the preschool of Yelena Rau. She was shown a boy who recited a poem, but his speech was unnatural. Then Sofa went to a school for deaf children. She saw children communicating with each other by gestures. The teacher told her that was their language.

Sofa decided to take Lyuba out of preschool and teach her herself. Y. Rau was against letting Lyuba go because Sofa had no experience in teaching. Sofa said if she failed she would bring Lyuba back. While in Moscow Sofa bought a domino game, toys she had seen in the preschool. Rau gave her an ABC book for deaf children. She also advised her not to send Lyuba to a kindergarten for the deaf lest she develops the habit of communicating by gestures. Sofa began to work part time and thus could spend almost all day teaching Lyuba. She kept inventing more and more games and techniques to stimulate Lyuba's speech. Neighborhood children were invited to play with Lyuba to make learning more interesting. It was necessary not only to teach her to pronounce sounds and words but also make her understand notions. For example teaching her the notions of "to come," "to find," "to go" involved coming, finding, and going.

At the age of four Lyuba already read all street signs. When Lyuba developed a sizable vocabulary Sofa decided to take the risk of enrolling her in a regular kindergarten. At the beginning Lyuba kept silent but after the children realized that she could speak they started asking her to name various objects. For them it was a game. Lyuba used to dance with other children feeling the rhythm well. The first grade teacher taught Lyuba to write. The teacher used to come to Lyuba's house in the evening after Lyuba returned from the kindergarten. She advised Sofa to take Lyuba from the kindergarten and to send her to school to the teacher's class.

Sofa did so with the permission of the school principal. Lyuba, then 6, went to the first grade starting in the third quarter of the school year. She sat in the front row and wrote dictations together with other children. But the school principal of studies called Sofa and told her that deaf children should attend a special school. Sofa argued that Lyuba was not interfering with teaching the others, her presence was not affecting their academic progress, and thus we could try to keep her in a regular school. The principal answered that their school is not a research facility. Lyuba had to be taken from school.

In Dnepropetrovsk where our parents lived besides the school for the deaf there was another one – for the children with some hearing loss. Our mother met a teacher from that

school, an amazing person – Lyudmila Vladimirovna Proshko, who polished Lyuba's speech and submitted her to the school board. Lyuba made a very good impression. The board's concluded Lyuba was literate, possessed all needed cultural skills, had perfect lip reading, and was recommended for regular school. With the board's evaluation, Sofa and Lyuba went home to Nikolayev where Lyuba got a referral to a regular school. Vera Klimovna Maksimova, a strict teacher and a wonderful person, used to stay after school to give dictations to Lyuba so she could better read her lips.

Lyuba was the best reader in her class. Her notebooks were always in the display of the best students' work. She was among 4 straight "A" students in class. She studied a lot and developed a very good memory. She liked reading so much, it was impossible to separate her from her books. She was a virtuoso lip reader, could watch the reflection of moving lips in the mirror and answer questions. She often brought kids home for her parents to confirm that she was deaf – her friends would not believe her. Not only children but her teachers doubted her deafness. They tried to verify it by talking behind her back. They were amazed by her absolute literacy.

When Lyuba was in the fifth grade, the principal called Sofa to school and told her that the Russian language teacher said that Lyuba, being deaf, should be transferred to a school for the deaf. The decision was made at the teachers' meeting to change ... the teacher of the Russian language in Lyuba's class! Lyuba's new teacher was Bella Izrailevna – an excellent pedagogue! Lyuba learned a lot from her and later got an "A" for her essay at college entrance exams. It was more difficult for Lyuba to master math. Sofa and Musya decided to send Lyuba to a specialized math school after the 8th grade. Studying there was not easy for Lyuba. The math teacher Tomov gave such difficult assignments that even Musya, being an engineer, could not do them. Lyuba stayed until midnight doing her homework, but in the morning went to school with the ready solution. Teachers read her essays to each other in the teachers' lounge.

After high school Lyuba passed the entrance exams and was admitted to the College of Engineering and Economy in Kharkov. She was a good student. Lyuba is comfortable among people with normal hearing. Sofa even used to forget about Lyuba's deafness. Once Lyuba did not answer Sofa's question and Sofa asked her: "Did you hear me?" Lyuba answered with a smile: "No, I did not."

Lyuba is very proud, and has a high self-esteem. She could not bear the thought of being inferior in anything to her future husband. She started to attend a club for deaf people, learned the sign language and met her future husband Kolya there. After graduating college Lyuba went to work at a computer center. For her good performance, her picture was put on the honor board. But engineers in the Soviet Union were poorly paid. To earn a higher disability pension for her deafness, Lyuba went to do hard work in a foundry shop. She and her husband acquired a lot of deaf friends. At home, sign language dominated. Sofa consoled herself with the fact that Lyuba could not lose her speech already. Lyuba had a son Mitya, then another – Vitalik. Both of them were born deaf. Sofa used to teach them to speak for some time and achieved results though not so great as with Lyuba, because the children had learned sign language at home and spent more time in Kharkov than with Sofa in Nikolayev.

At that time one more big misfortune happened – Lyuba got into a car accident, received a serious head trauma, fractures of the pelvis and the clavicle. By a miracle she survived, but became disabled and suffers from severe headaches. There was no chance to continue Mitya's education. Mitya left school and began working. He got married early.

Sofa's making her daughter such an educated person with well-developed speech is nothing short of heroic.

Marik has some limited hearing. Sofa spent time teaching him and Marik also can speak. He married, then divorced. His son Tolik is also deaf. Mitya and his wife Vita have two children – Denis and Karina. Both of them have normal hearing and speech so, thank God, Sofa's knowledge of teaching deaf children to speak is not needed anymore.

Pictures: (1)[13], (2)[14], (3)[15], (4)[16], (5)[17], (6)[18], (7)[19], (8)[20], (9)[21], (10)[22], (11)[23], (12)[24], (13)[25], (14)[26], (15)[27].

26 Saratov. Anya's work. Pedagogical college.

Upon finishing graduate school, I needed to look for a job. I was offered one at the Academy of Pedagogical Sciences, but could not use it. For those who do not know – in the USSR people could not move to another city without getting a residence permit, "propiska" from the police. In Moscow, besides top Party and State officials, such permits were granted (to a limited degree) only to unskilled laborers who were in short supply. Some people managed to get such a permit through marriage (often a fictitious one) or for a very large bribe. Moscow housed a large number of leading colleges and research institutes. They as a rule could hire only Moscow residents which decreased their quality.

I had to look for a job at a pedagogical college outside Moscow. APS graduates were free to look for a job, it was formalized as the official designation after the fact. There were openings in Siberia, but anywhere closer it was very difficult, especially with my last name.

I conducted a wide search: sent fifty letters (informal resumes) – to all pedagogical colleges one night train ride away from Moscow. I got a job offer in Saratov.

With the same thoroughness Anya and I searched for opportunities to exchange our apartment for one in Saratov. The state owned all the apartments, so they could only be

[13] Sofa.
[14] Musya.
[15] Lyubochka.
[16] See 25-1.
[17] See 25-1.
[18] Sofa with children.
[19] Our mother and Lyuba.
[20] Lyuba and Marik.
[21] Marik.
[22] Lyuba.
[23] Lyuba and Kolya at their wedding.
[24] Musya and Mitya.
[25] Lyuba, Kolya and Vitalik.
[26] Vitalik.
[27] Marik with his son Tolik.

exchanged, not bought or sold. Finding a direct exchange was difficult, so we looked for a 3-way exchange. I went to the apartment exchange office in Saratov and got the list of all local apartments offered for exchange to another city. Anya listed all apartments offered for exchange to Dnepropetrovsk.

Having gathered these data I marked the intersections and started the correspondence. This was a very big project, took a whole year. Meanwhile Anya and Toma stayed in Dnepropetrovsk and I lived in a dorm in Saratov. I looked at many apartments there and got to know the city well. Our efforts succeeded. A family from Saratov moved to Vladimir, a Vladimir family – to Dnepropetrovsk and we exchanged our first floor apartment in the outskirts of the city for one on the third floor in the central part of Saratov.

Saratov is a regional center on Volga, the largest European river, glorified in many Russian songs (1)[28]. The embankment is very beautiful (2)[29]. Part of the low rising Zhigulevsky Mountains chain covered with forest, approaches the city limits. V. Aksenov names Zhigulevsky mountains among the three most beautiful reserves in all of Europe. By that time, our children had grown up, my work at the college was less time consuming than at the high school, and Anya and I began climbing so-called Bald Mountain on Sundays. I think it was thus named by people who never climbed it. From the city below it does seem bare. Climbing it you do pass a small plateau looking like a moonscape. But farther on, you find yourself in a forest kingdom. Once we even saw a large moose very close to us.

This forest is cared for and thinned out, unlike those overgrown forests around American cities (probably left like this for ecological or economical reasons). Wide ravines covered with forest were especially beautiful. Some of them housed sanatoriums (3)[30] and pioneers' camps in which Toma served as a counselor. Once Toma went with us on a trip and laughed later: "Dad says 'hi' to every leaf." I love nature. I greet the first blade of grass, the first sticky leaves.

> Это поистине новое чудо,
> Это, как прежде, снова весна.
> (Борис Пастернак)

> (This is a truly new miracle coming,
> This is again, the spring as before.
> (Boris Pasternak)

We tried to preserve nature: never left a single can or piece of paper in the forest, absolutely nothing. By the way, we did not leave trash in the streets either. I saw a good poster in Saratov – "a place is kept clean not by cleaning, but by not littering it." The Moscow subway was always very clean because ... it was clean. Not seeing a single piece of paper anywhere, one would not usually throw any trash either. But if there is something on the floor, the pile will surely grow. In the summer we went to the Volga – to the beach

[28]Saratov.
[29]Volga. The embankment.
[30]Sanatorium in a wide ravine, covered with forest.

or rented a boat and a tent and sailed through the Volga tributaries laying along the green banks. In winter we liked to cross the wide Volga on ice.

Belatedly, we engaged in sports a little. In my childhood, as in many Jewish families at that time, sports were not considered important. The physical education teacher at our school used to ask me to accompany their exercises by playing marches and waltzes on the piano, and passed me in the subject for this (I had no problems with it). As a college freshman, I gained some skills in physical education classes, and was glad to learn rotation on a horizontal bar. Yet, I was interested in studies, not in sports. I used to slack whenever possible. (Now I claim the low-calorie diet of my college years as an excuse, but the more likely reason was laziness). For example, we had some physical education classes in Sokolniki park, running a circular 3 kilometer ski track with no check-points. I found a shortcut to the finish and used to take it. Later came war, work, children – with no time for sports.

In Saratov we lived next to a stadium and joined a so-called "health group" (4)[31], (5)[32], (6)[33], (7)[34]. We began going on skiing trips (8)[35], (9)[36], (10)[37], (11)[38], (12)[39], (13)[40]. In this activity, company is very important. Exercising alone, one tends to find many excuses to postpone a session, even while fully understanding its health value. But having to explain the reason for missing a session to your group, you drop everything and go. And feel happy. 10 years later, living in Makhachkala, I began jogging together with my young psychologist colleague Grachev. We used to cover 4 kilometers every morning. But eventually he left and soon after my jogging sessions stopped.

Now about work. In Saratov Anya headed an engineering group in her area of specialization – design of bridges and tunnels. She frequently went on business trips, earning extra pay. Sometimes they traveled in a specially equipped train-car-lab. In the fall, this allowed her to bring many famous Astrakhan watermelons. They were organic, and could be kept fresh under our beds for several months.

Sometimes Anya also took extra work on the side, designing for some construction or repair projects for railway or auto roads, usually small bridges, but not only that. Sometimes orders were unusual. Some organization had already built something minor without any design plan, and later ordered such a plan, required for registering the new construction. When Anya retired, she was very glad to receive the maximal pension.

In the fall of 1965 I started teaching pedagogy in the Saratov Pedagogical College. Prior to defending my dissertation, I had a modest position of assistant professor in Saratov, but having come from the Academy of Pedagogical Science, I was allowed to lecture – a senior faculty task. As at the high school, I felt free in my lectures, seminars, practicums to deviate from official programs (taking only the titles from them and not even all, at that). Besides

[31] At the stadium. Anya is in the middle.
[32] Anya is on the right, I am in the middle.
[33] Anya is on the right, I am second from the left.
[34] Anya is on the left, I am from behind.
[35] Sport runner.
[36] Before the skiing trip. Anya is the second from the left.
[37] I am on the left.
[38] Skiing.
[39] See 26-11.
[40] See 26-11.

the ideas of great pedagogues, I used my own experience and conclusions on teaching and upbringing, partially described in previous chapters.

Unlike many faculty whose beliefs differed from those expressed in their lectures, I never taught anything contrary to my beliefs. And students, tired of propaganda lies, felt the difference, and listened with attention. I had no problems with attendance or discipline. I used to prepare not only for the coming lecture, but for all of them. I had files for various topics and while reading something or just pondering, made notes and put them in the appropriate file. Before a lecture or a seminar I used to look through my notes and arrange them to serve a coming topic. I have been working on these memoirs in the same way.

I will recount a funny episode that occurred after one of my evening lectures (lectures were given in two shifts). I answered all the students' questions, collected my papers and headed for the door. I was about to turn the light off, but noticed somebody still in the room. I asked him to turn the light off before he leaves. He did not respond. I said: "Comrade, I am speaking to you!" No reaction. Maybe he is not feeling well? I approached him. It was ... a bust of Lenin.

I continued my research, and published several articles. I conducted an extensive sociological study of students' interests in all departments and classes. Although not a programmer, I created a program for computerized processing of this research data which was approved by professional programmers. Our college had no computers at that time (in the 60-es they were very scarce nationwide). I wanted to buy computer time in the Geological Institute which had a computer (occupying a whole room) – it turned out to be impossible. I decided not to do this enormous work manually (processing thousands of questionnaires, tens thousands of connections) because at that time I became interested in creating a Young Pedagogue School – see further in the text.

Colleges were required to annually report the number of students involved in research. The quest for increasing this number led to typical Soviet cheating. Students were suggested to copy some scientific article and read it at a "scientific" students' conference. My own students always described their research methods in their reports; this rather embarrassed my colleagues whose advisees copied the works of others (without indication of the source).

In pedagogical colleges, senior students had a choice to either write a thesis or take a state exam. The exam was much easier, but a college had to report the number of theses written per year. For that reason the administration insisted that faculty produce at least one thesis in two years. My students defended six theses in one year. I devoted much time to students theses and this work was interesting both to me and to my students.

I defended my dissertation, got a the Candidate of Science degree, and was promoted to an associate professor, both in position (which is temporary) and in title (which is for life). This helped me later in finding another job. Besides teaching, I volunteered to be a student group curator (usually faculty tried to avoid this busy and unpaid duty). I spent much time with my group and made friends with them. I managed to ensure that the academic results of all the students in my group were good enough for stipend eligibility – the only time it happened in the college!

Pictures: (14)[41] – my students (mostly female – in the USSR the teaching profession

[41] My students.

attracted mostly women, men preferred better paid occupations). (15)[42], (16)[43] – my students and I during pedagogical practice. In picture 16 I am speaking to my best student Lyuba Reshetnikova. I got to know her 2 years before her entering the college – she had studied at the Young Pedagogue School. (17)[44], (18)[45], (19)[46], (20)[47], (21)[48].

One fall, I went with some students (not mine) to the village Yekaterinovka to help collect the harvest (more about this work – below). The situation there was very dangerous. During Khrushchev's time, besides the rehabilitated political prisoners, a lot of real criminals had been freed from prisons and camps. In Yekaterinovka a whole gang of them had gathered and terrorized the residents. They started to break into the dorm of our female students. Once in a broad daylight the bandits tried to drag one young woman into the bushes, but her friends managed to fight them off. The police was afraid of the gangsters. In the evening the girls barricaded the door with the wardrobe and the next morning told me they were leaving. "How would you react if your daughter was raped?" they asked me. I answered that I would come to their dorm and guard the door.

My colleague advised me not to risk my life, but I still went. I was sitting on the bench outside the dormitory. Around 2 a.m. some young men appeared. They passed the bench several times looking at me and then disappeared. I sat for another hour, nobody else showed up (they too probably wanted to sleep). I left. Later I learned that they took me for a police detective. It became quieter.

Despite my good relations with students I was still intolerant of cribs. On the exams I used to turn the desks for the drawers to face away from students. Their bags were collected on a special table. I conducted the state graduation exam the same way, which often resembled a comedy – a student got on the podium with papers and read the answer to a question. The board members chatted among themselves, paying little attention to the student.

I gave this exam in an informal way. Besides theoretical questions on pedagogy, I asked questions aimed to learn more about the general knowledge and cultural level of a future pedagogue. For example in connection with the question about aesthetic education I asked what was the difference between the Bol'shoi and Maly theaters in Moscow, I remember a student answering: "Bol'shoi theater is Bol'shoi (big in Russian) and Maly is maly (small in Russian)" and that was it. This might stretch the rules, but I could not give such a student (a philologist) an excellent grade no matter how well she answered the exam card questions. The exam board chairman (an outsider, appointed by the Ministry of Education) said (as I was told later): "This is the first time I have seen a real pedagogue at the state exam."

My group, though, got offended by my mistrust – turning their desks drawers facing out before the state exams. Later, though, when as teachers they encountered the problem of cribs, their offense disappeared. I received many letters from them. The same thing

[42] My students and I during the pedagogical practice.
[43] See 26-15.
[44] Near the college.
[45] At the demonstration.
[46] See 26-18.
[47] "The last bell" celebration.
[48] See 26-20.

happened again in Makhachkala. After five years of work and friendship – students' offense at my mistrust at the state exams. I still wonder sometimes whether I was right. Maybe principles, as all good qualities, should be limited by the opposing good qualities. Maybe I should have risked one or two students cheating. But then I think: would this not teach junior students that one can use cribs at the state exams? And will pedagogues who passed the exams this way be intolerant to cheating in their own classroom? I do not know.

In 1969, having finished working on my dissertation, I created the first Young Pedagogue School in the country. It was supposed to help high school students who wanted to become teachers, test out their choice of profession and to prepare for entering a Pedagogical College (I will write about this school in another chapter).

How should such an employee be treated? Should he be praised, encouraged? I got all this: Honor Certificates, Letters of Gratitude, was promoted to associate professor. But at the same time a cloud of suspicion towards me started to spread among the faculty. Why is he trying so hard? He not only planned to write a doctoral dissertation, but is doing extensive research of students' interests. His colleagues also submit research plans as they are supposed to do, but leave them on paper after defending their Candidate dissertations. His students presented six graduation projects and serious reports at students' conferences. He volunteered to be a student's group curator. Now – this Young Pedagogue School. It is clear – he is aiming at chairing the department.

My colleagues saw their job as a gift from God. It was easy, prestigious, highly paid by Soviet standards, and carried little responsibility. How can you measure whether somebody has prepared future pedagogues well? Just enjoy your life! They could'nt even imagine that somebody could just love his work.

At that time the college President was replaced. The former one – N. M. Andreyev who had hired me and treated me well, was caught, like the American president Bill Clinton, in an extramarital affair with a student (her father made a scandal after she failed to receive a desired job upon graduation). The new President, M.C. Kobzev decided to also chair our department (and succeeded after my departure). His wife was among our faculty. This started a plot. I still wonder – should I have gotten so carried away by my work (in America such people are called "workaholics") with no consideration to the reaction of my colleagues? And I answer: yes, I should have, I acted correctly. One should not betray one's principles in conforming to those around him. I always treated my work seriously, the same way my father and my children did. Otherwise, with what can I fill my life to keep it meaningful? Others manage to fill it with something else, but everyone has to decide this for himself.

The situation was aggravated by politics. In August, 1968 the Soviet bloc invaded Czechoslovakia to suppress the so-called "Prague Spring" – in an attempt to build "socialism with a human face." In our college, as everywhere in the country, a Party meeting was called, to present a classified letter of the Party's Central Committee explaining what had happened, and why. Afterwards members had to express their approval. Among others, I was given the floor without my request.

I got up on the podium and said: "I was asked to speak. I will say only two things. First – it is good that we have been informed in detail about what happened. Second – it is bad that our students are not interested in politics." With that I left the podium. Since then, I acquired the reputation of a dissident. Once, a new Dean of the Philology department was

being elected. I was nominated (I was working at that department and was well-respected) but the Party Committee rejected my nomination.

A short time later, I realized that I attracted the interest of the KGB. I suspected three people to be set to spy on me. One of them, L., a former student whom I advised on his graduation project (!), tried to recruit me. He said that the KGB did not require giving out the names of the people participating in anti-Soviet conversations. The country leaders just need to know what upsets people in order to fix it. (Naive people were caught in this way. Later, they were made to give out names.) Though L. failed to recruit me, he continued to watch me (simultaneously trying to court Toma).

There was nothing to be done about this – the KGB wanted a whole lot of informants, so it had to risk that many were easily to expose, or exposed themselves. In Makhachkala, a student of mine, a wonderful young man from Dagestan, told me that he had been ordered to watch and report to KGB on his professors. He would not do it, though. Usually informants were paid for spying not with money but with promotions and various privileges at the expense of others, more in need or more worthy. L. got a wonderful four room apartment, extremely rare then (he told me about this when trying to recruit me).

Back to our life. We had a future bride in our family – Toma, and I joined a condo association to provide an apartment for her when she would get married. But in 1975, when Toma got married, the building had not been built yet. We offered the newlyweds to live with us, but they preferred to live separately. I saw the room they settled in – damp, with literally wet walls; this became one more reason for me to look for another job, one which would offer an apartment as one of the benefits. Then we could move out, leaving our apartment to Toma and her husband. Saratov University, from which I had gotten an offer, was no good – they had no apartments to give.

I was offered to head a department in the Omsk Pedagogical College with the prospect of receiving an apartment in the future. I also applied to the Dagestan Pedagogical College that ran a search for an associate professor with an apartment as one of the benefits. I got the job, took it, and never regretted that decision – Toma and her husband settled in our apartment and we moved to Makhachkala, the capital of Dagestan where we lived better than anywhere before. Gam zu l'tova!

27 How people worked in the USSR. What we ate and wore.

The work attitude of my departmental colleagues was typical nationwide. Of course this was not so simple. Somebody did build gigantic plants and power stations, developed oil and gas fields, etc., transforming the Soviet Union into one of the world largest industrial countries. These, of course, were not prison inmates alone. Besides people who worked only for a paycheck there were plenty of those who loved their work, and in the early years of the Soviet Union – also many enthusiastic believers in socialism and communism. During the war, despite a near-starving existence, there were even more enthusiasts.

Since the 30's the Soviet leaders were proud to have no unemployment in the USSR to the envy of many other countries. This universal employment was achieved by fast-paced

industrialization and low effectiveness of labor. The quality of manufactured products was usually poor because the quantity was by far a more important requirement.

In the industrial plants, the work was being done more or less (my father, who worked at a factory, used to say: "When a machine is on, not working is impossible)." But in countless offices the situation was different. The employees read newspapers, solved crossword puzzles, told jokes, took long tea breaks, gossiped, etc. Of course they did some work too. One's status depended not on performance but on relations with the superiors. Obedience was preferred to being "too smart" (American bosses probably also like obedient employees, but good work, and the success of a business, is still more important.)

In Soviet educational and research institutions, those who wanted to work well did. There were many good pedagogues in schools and colleges; Soviet scientists made important discoveries. Still, many slacked due to poor supervision and vague performance criteria. They usually disliked the serious workers who were a living reproach to the slackers. With no interest for work, intrigues begin.

Here is an entertaining example of the work attitude even of Marxism-Leninism instructors, who were supposedly under the constant supervision. Almost all Soviet schools displayed a slogan "To Study, Study and Study! (V.I. Lenin)." I asked many instructors of the History of the Communist Party about the source of this ubiquitous quotation. EVERY ONE OF THEM claimed those words were from Lenin's speech "The Goals of the Youth Unions."

But no such phrase is there! (Only the word "to study," but no repetitions). This particular speech of Lenin at the Komsomol Congress was supposed to be learned by all high school and college students. I decided to take the time, inquired at the Institute of Marxism-Leninism, and received the answer that Lenin's 19th century article "Goals of Russian Social-Democrats" has the words: "The goal is to study, study, and study and to cast ourselves into conscious social-democrats."

The worst situation was in agriculture. After forced collectivization, the peasants lost any interest in work – except on the tiny lots left for them as their main source of sustenance. The country, which before the Revolution was a major exporter of grain and other agricultural products, began importing these and still falling short. A considerable part of the harvest got wasted.

I remember my surprise in Yekaterinovka at the sight of grain collected and left lying on the threshing floor in the open air, already starting to rot and sprout under the rain. When I asked the threshing floor manager why the grain could not at least be covered by tarpaulin she said they did not have any. To save at least a part of the harvest, city residents were sent to the country every fall. These were students (at the expense of their study), industrial and office workers, and scientists (!). And this was in the USSR, which had a much higher proportion of rural population than in other industrial countries.

The whole world knows about the slave labor of millions of inmates which combined with starvation, drove many of them into the grave. But even "free" citizens were not really free. There was no right to change jobs. Absence at work, even being 20 minutes late, was a criminal offense (later that was abrogated).

There was one more type of free (and often senseless) labor in the USSR – at the expense of one's free time. Almost everybody had some "public assignments." Unlike volunteering,

widespread in America (in our residence many inhabitants, including Sofa and me, gladly participate in it), in the Soviet Union it was voluntary only on paper. To refuse meant to undermine your relations with the supervisors. People usually agreed, but did their best to do nothing (unless wishing to use such an assignments for a career boost which was sometimes possible).

Among my many public assignments was being a public assistant to the district attorney on the affairs of juvenile delinquents. Probably somebody decided that those affairs would benefit from a pedagogue's participation. I was given a nice looking I.D., but no assignments followed. I had a chance to use the I.D. once, though. I was standing in line to buy movie tickets and some guys decided to cut in front of the line. I showed my I.D. and suggested them to respect the line. They left.

During the Civil War, Communist "Subbotniks" were born. To somehow revive the paralyzed infrastructure and industry, the Communists and sympathizers began working at railways and other places for free in their spare time. Later that work performed on Saturdays or Sundays (Subbota, Voskresenie in Russian, hence the names "subbotnik," "voskresnik") lost their former economic role. They were observed more as an obedience ritual, even though they still carried some benefit to the state. Every year before Lenin's birthday and the 1st of May holiday, millions of office workers and students spent their weekend cleaning streets, etc. (we used to go to work with our students or wash the windows in our building). Industrial workers performed their usual duties for free on those days. (1)[49].

The sad state of agriculture and the production of consumer goods (the state priority were heavy machinery and military industries) depressed the living standard.

What did we eat? After 1933, famine happened only during the war and immediately after it. In the USSR, at least bread was cheap (and by the way, tasty) so there were no hungry people. As I wrote above, I lived only on my stipend during my freshman year. I had sweet tea with white bread for breakfast and supper, millet soup and millet porridge for lunch. I was not hungry, though.

There was no hunger, but even so, food took most of the salary, people ate not what they wanted to, but what they could find. When meat, dairy, or other scarce products appeared in stores, people stood in long lines for them. (By the way I like the way Americans behave in lines – politely and patiently. Also, people are often given numbers so they do not stand but sit waiting for their turn).

Party and state officials did not stand in lines. They had special stores, closed to outsiders, where they could buy scarce merchandise at discount prices. Special workshops at factories manufactured high quality goods for those stores. There was food at the peasant markets but at prices affordable only to few. People went shopping to Moscow, which was better supplied. This created a rotation. First the food products from all over the country were shipped to Moscow (with embassies and many foreigners there, the leadership tried to keep up appearances!). Then people rode trains to bring those groceries back to the provinces. To put an end to that, the scarce products in Moscow began to be sold at places of work (by so-called "orders").

The merchandise shortage enriched sales clerks. So-called "blat" flourished. This meant connections used to get something scarce in shady ways: out of turn, for a returned in-

[49] I am participating in the "subbotnik" at the Moscow Carburetor plant.

kind favor, bribe, present, additional payment which the salesman would share with the store director (and the latter with somebody still higher, etc.). A related word is also used to denote the criminal world: "blatnye" songs, words, people, etc.; but using *blat* was not considered criminal by the general public.

By the way, I myself never accepted "presents" offered to me when I was conducting entrance exams to the Special School of Military Air Forces, where the applications rate per position was very high, or later, when I was giving college admission references to the graduates for Young Pedagogues School. Students also knew that it was useless to recruit high-ranking relatives to influence me to, as it was coyly called, "pay additional attention" to a student during an exam. Once in Makhachkala, where as in all national republics of the USSR, the level of corruption was especially high, the director of the organization where I gave paid lectures in my free time told me that his daughter would be taking my exam. After I gave her the grade she deserved, my lectures were stopped.

Back to the food problem. Before holidays, stores "gave out" or "threw out" some quantity of the scarce food products. The meaning of these words in the Soviet language differed from the dictionary. They meant sold, not given for free or put in the garbage. On such pre-holiday days we did our best to postpone all our other errands and to stock up on food by standing in lines for many hours, or "staking" our places in several lines. (In America it's not customary to leave a line after asking a person behind you to hold your place and then come back to claim it).

During the short harvesting period, prices for fruits and vegetables were low because neither peasants nor trading organizations could preserve them for long. That is why in the fall we used to stock up on potatoes, onions, carrots, and cabbage; to marinate cucumbers, tomatoes, watermelon, make jams (very tasty). We learned to make fruit and vegetable preserves. My father used to make grape wine and cherry liqueurs and taught me how to do it. I bottled several bottles of wine in the year Toma was born, which were preserved for 23-26 years (not in oak barrels, though) and opened at Lyonya and Toma's departures to America.

For holidays we accumulated as much good quality groceries as we could and our women knew how to turn them into delicious dishes, including Jewish ones – their mothers had taught to cook. Nobody thought about cholesterol back then. From childhood, I remember the taste of Jewish lard, called "koda" and made from a very fatty sheep's tail. (I also can cook some dishes – I spent a year alone in Saratov and two years in Makhachkala, and even made steaks. But of course I cannot compete with my women who are excellent cooks (my mother, Toma, Larissa, Sofa and their children).

Restaurants were beyond the reach of ordinary people – only elites and of course criminals could afford to eat there. Ordinary folk went there to celebrate rare important family events. Our family would indulge itself in such a visit on our summer vacation trips (Toma may remember the seaside restaurant "Float" in Alushta). We ate in city cafeterias most of the time during our vacations. The food there was not bad, unlike the very bad cafeterias at workplaces and colleges. By the way, in America, the name "restaurant" is used not only for expensive places with singers and bands, but also for simple popular fast-food places.

Of course we were very unhappy with the life problems I described and tried to overcome them as we could. From literature and foreign movies we had some notion of a different life,

but it seemed to be on a different planet.

Our way of life (and eating) shaped my habits. One bad habit is an aversion for leaving unfinished food on the plate to be thrown out. Toma rightfully says that children taught to always "clean-up" their plate grow up fat. One good habit is not being a picky eater. Of course I have favorite foods and others less so, but can eat almost anything not harmful to my health.

Now – about clothes. Before the war clothes and footwear were hard to come by. I remember going to the store with my mother to order a pair of boots for me. The numbers of orders they could take was very limited and after joining the line in the evening and standing there all night we literally fought our way into the store in the morning (many people were trying to just cut in front of the line). We managed to order the boots! We were so happy! (This is a good case for pondering on what is happiness). Footwear was repaired by shoemakers for as long as was possible (I wrote above how I caught a cold from wearing shoes with holes and nearly died). Clothes were also altered. Because everybody around lived about the same way, there was no feeling of inferiority.

After Stalin's death, the situation changed a little. So-called light industry took off and a lot of clothes, footwear and other consumer products appeared in stores. The quality of those products, though, was poor, the colors of fabric – dull, and the styles – monotonous. People (especially women) began chasing fashionable imported merchandise which sometimes appeared in stores, making the store workers rich. Privileged elites who could go abroad brought back foreign goods not only for their families but also for sale at high prices.

Ordinary people could not dream of foreign trips before; later those became possible but with extreme difficulties. Impeccable references from the administration, Party and Union organizations from one's workplace were required. I did not even try as I knew KGB had a file in my name. Anya managed to go on a tour to Yugoslavia once. Like other Soviet tourists, Anya used all the hard currency permitted to exchange from rubles. She brought back toll boots for Toma, a coffee set for Lenya.

I am not a fussy dresser. I still wear with pleasure the suit made in Russia at the factory "Bolshevichka" (though, of course, I have others). The suit looks fine and luckily men's fashion is conservative. The jacket with free hanging sides to hide a big belly, invented so long ago, is still worn today, only the details get updated (people who do not have such a belly wear sweaters). I was proud to read that "my" clothes factory merged with some foreign company. Maybe this happened after foreigners saw my suit?

28 Toma – a student. Marriage. Work. Our first grandchild.

In 1971, Toma graduated a specialized math high school. We assumed she would apply to the Saratov University, department of physics and math. But Toma became afraid of the pressure and announced seeing no need for college, preferring to "make things." This brought condemnation from the whole family (Sofya Yefimovna was visiting us at that time). They thought Toma was in a "crazy" phase – how could a Jewish girl from a decent family, a graduate of a prestigious high school, to just go to work with no college degree? I calmed

everybody down saying this decision is for Toma to make. Some time later, Toma applied to the university.

My college colleagues offered to "safeguard" Toma i.e., to ask university colleagues to assure admission. This was a usual routine. Despite many precautions (coded names on papers, etc.) examiners managed to accept the desired (by themselves or their superiors) applicants. Party and state officials gave College presidents whole lists of applicants to be admitted, and woe to a president who failed in this. To ensure their obedience, the examiners were also allowed to accept somebody they themselves chose. College professors liked being included in exam boards – in the summer, when all others vacationed on a beach or resorts! (They were given time off in the fall or winter). This was a mutual cover-up and corruption. I refused the offer. I did not mention moral aspects, to avoid insulting those who wanted to help me. I just said I hoped Toma was good enough at math to pass on her own, and if not, there was no point for her to get there.

We still decided to "safeguard" Toma, but in a different way. We hired a private tutor and Toma studied in his small group of students for several months. She stopped being afraid. Actually the number of physics and math applicants was not large and the examiners were interested to admit not only candidates from "special" lists but also those with whom faculty could work in the future. Among those, Jewish young men and women were admitted, too. Humanities departments were openly antisemitic in their admissions.

Toma took her application to the admission office herself, passed the exams, and was admitted. At the beginning, the classes were so easy, she was even disappointed. "Is this a university?" – she used to say. Indeed, the first-year programs were designed for graduates of regular high schools not special math schools. Later the program became more difficult.

Just as I did in my time (of which she did not know), Toma decided that at this age (17 !) one should not be fully supported by one's parents (even though, with my dissertation defended, we, as my parents long before, had no financial difficulties and told Toma about this). Toma began working and attending classes, which was not easy. She got a job as a night guard at a tobacco factory and later guarded one of the University buildings (it was O.K. to sleep during shifts, but of course the sleep was poor). Later she became a councilor in a workers' dorm, being younger than many of her "charges."

Toma sometimes made unexpected decisions. When studies became more difficult, she suddenly decided to become an architect. She interrupted her studies, found a job in a Novosibirsk architect shop (a far away city, safe from family reprimands). She applied to the Moscow Architecture Institute. Toma liked to draw and had even taken classes but this did not prove to be sufficient for admission. The level of drawing of the successful applicants (Toma brought samples home) seemed to us so high they could be taken for those by Leonardo da Vinci. (I think, for a future architect, creativity is more important than the ability to draw at an expert level. But I am no expert, they know better.) Toma returned to Saratov and in 1977 graduated the math department.

But even before that, important events happened in her life. In 1975 Toma celebrated her wedding – she married Alexander (Sanya) Tatarinov, her fellow student from the physics department of Saratov University.

Sanya was not the only candidate for Toma's heart. Once when she was in the 8th grade she came home and when I opened the door to let her in she asked me to bring her passport.

A young man was standing next to her. Toma showed him her age indicated in the passport. He left. Another suitor came from as far as Novosibirsk. That was a medical student from Armenia. He promised Toma that she would not have to milk a cow but Toma still rejected him. There were other suitors whom Toma knows better about.

Sanya is an ethnic Russian (even with some Mongolian blood) which did not matter to Toma at the time. On October 13, 1975 (8 Heshvan, 5736) their daughter Mashen'ka was born. They lived together for almost 25 years, raised four great children and recently got divorced. About this sad event – below.

Toma started her real professional life by teaching math at school. She could have become a good pedagogue. The daughter of the landlord of the apartment which Toma and Sanya rented after they got married used to tell her mother: "I wish they explained the material so well at school!" (Toma used to help her in math). Her pedagogical practice, though, did not last long (less than two years).

They decided to move to Moscow. Lyonya helped Sanya register a fake marriage to a Moscow resident. For this purpose Toma and Sanya had not registered their marriage initially, having had just a modest two day celebration – first with the parents and then with friends. Having moved to Moscow (Toma, illegally) in 1978, they rented an apartment. In 1979 Sanya divorced and they registered their marriage. Later in America they took double last name Tatarinov-Levin.

In Moscow Sanya worked and, for some time, took evening classes (for engineers) in the Moscow University math department. Later he had a political conflict with the administration at work. He refused to support the decision of a work meeting to condemn his and Lyonya's mutual friend Leonid Medvedovsky who had applied for emigration. Sanya left his job.

Pictures: (1)[50], (2)[51], (3)[52], (4)[53], (5)[54].

Now – about Mashen'ka. On October 13, 1975 when the future Mashen'ka knocked on her mother's belly asking to let her out into our and more importantly – into her own life, Anya and Sanya were not home and I was already living in Makhachkala. Toma, as a Soviet citizen, not overindulged, walked to a maternity ward, thankfully not far away.

There was no place for her in the rooms so she was put under the stairs next to the mops and brooms. But everything ended well, thank God. Mashen'ka was two weeks old when I flew back from Makhachkala and I was the one who took her outside for the first time. Getting drunk from fresh autumn air she immediately fell asleep. She also immediately fell asleep when later I came to Saratov for the January break and took her out on a sled (again for the first time in her life – a naive grandfather's pride!).

After Anya retired in 1977 she took Mashen'ka to Makhachkala (Toma was finishing her studies). Masha lived with us for several months, and went to kindergarten. Later she was brought to us again and attended the same kindergarten. She also came with her parents for summer vacations at the sea side in Samursky Forest. I remember how Mashen'ka used

[50]Toma – a student.
[51]See 28-1.
[52]See 28-1.
[53]See 28-1.
[54]The wedding.

to listen to fairy tales, believing every word of their plots. When I reached the place in a fairy tale when the wolf was going to eat the Little Red Riding Hood, Masha used to back away and lament: "Granny!!" As in my story about Toma's and Lyonya's childhood, here the pictures which we managed to preserve are especially precious.

"Could it possibly be me?" – Miriam Pearlmutter, Juris Doctor, and mother of four will probably think. Pictures: (6)[55], (7)[56], (8)[57], (12)[58], (13)[59], (14)[60], (15)[61], (16)[62], (17)[63], (18)[64], (19)[65].

29 Caucasus. Makhachkala. Pedagogical college of Dagestan.

What only did not happen in my seemingly peaceful life! Moving from Saratov to Makhachkala I had to storm the plane. You do not believe me? I was accompanied to the airport by Lyonya, who was visiting us. After I registered my arrival and checked in my luggage, a 3-hour delay of my flight was announced. We went home (very close to the Saratov airport), had lunch, and returned two hours later. When we entered the waiting area we heard the announcement that the boarding for my flight was ending (an hour before the time announced earlier). We rushed to the boarding area but were told that the plane had already left. "How could it be" – I asked – "if it was just announced that the boarding is ending?" At that moment, one of the people seeing off passengers showed the plane still standing on the field near the airport building to Lyonya, who showed it to me.

Paying no attention to the boarding official screaming: "Where, where are you going?" I rushed to the plane (now, in the time of terrorism I would probably have been shot). The door to the plane was open, there was no attendant in sight. I got on board and took my place. Soon after, some people – military and civilian got in and demanded that I leave the plane. I refused. The noise made the chief pilot come out of the cockpit. They started talking to him. I heard the word "overloaded." The pilot looked at my ticket and said that it had been registered and the place I took was legitimately mine. They left.

I understood that the cheating by announcing a three hour delay, shortened later, was needed for loading some urgent, probably military cargo instead of the passengers who were late trusting the announcement (there was a classified military plant near Makhachkala in Kaspiysk). For the Soviet authorities there was no notion of "not possible, illegal." If it was needed – it was done. The plane stayed on the ground for a while – probably the cargo was

[55] Hello, it's me, Mashen'ka!
[56] See 28-6.
[57] With her grandmother Anya.
[58] With us.
[59] Patty cakes.
[60] On the beach. I love my mother!
[61] In the kindergarten.
[62] My friend.
[63] With us.
[64] With Leonya.
[65] With Larissa.

being unloaded. I successfully flew to my destination, but on my way from the airport I threw up.

I will tell a little about the area where we ended up – the Caucasus, Dagestan, its capital Makhachkala, and the people among whom we lived. The Caucasus are majestic mountains located between the Black and Caspian Seas, lush valleys covered with gardens and vineyards, and Southern cities, including resorts. From ancient times dozens of peoples, mostly of white race, desired, fought for, and settled this land. By the way, the white race is called Caucasian, thus you and I are Caucasian.

Northern Caucasus comprises several autonomous republics (mostly Muslim) within the Russian Federation and two predominantly Russian populated regions (the national republics, too, have many Russian residents). The Southern part of the Caucasus, called "Zakavkazye," is home to Georgia, Armenia and Azerbaijan which were a part of the USSR before 1991.

On the East of the Northern Caucasus between the long-suffering Chechnya and the Caspian Sea, the mountains and valleys of Dagestan stand. This is an autonomous republic which houses 32 (!) indigenous nations, not counting the newcomers. Besides relatively large nations (Tats, the mountain Jews among them), there are those which consist of just one aul (village). For example the village of Ginukh has only 25 houses. But the residents speak a language which nobody else understands.

With Anya and on my own, on foot and by car, I traveled extensively around the Northern Caucasus and Dagestan. We traveled alone or with my college colleagues, with our "students" – schools principals who took classes at our department of professional advancement, or in tourists groups. Here are some pictures and comments about them.

(1)[66], (2)[67] – Anya and I with my colleagues near the famous Chegem waterfalls. (3)[68], (4)[69] – Anya and Mashen'ka on a chairlift in Kabardino-Balkariya. Unlike in a funicular railway where passengers are locked in a metal cage, in a chairlift you are in an open seat and feel almost like a bird soaring in the air. You are slowly passing very close above the forest and river. One just needs to manage to get into the chair in time at the station and then get off. In America, such chairlifts are used mostly for winter mountain skiing but summer rides in them are more interesting. (5)[70], (6)[71], (7)[72], (8)[73]. (9)[74] – the City of the Dead in the Northern Ossetia. There was a time when Ossetians did not bury their dead in the ground but built such small houses for them. By the way the names of such rivers as Don, Dnepr, Dniester, Danube were given by their ancestors Alans who populated vast territories of the South-Eastern Europe ("don" is Ossetian for "river").

[66] Near the Chegem waterfalls.
[67] See 1.
[68] On the air ropeway in Kabardino – Balkariya.
[69] See 3.
[70] The famous Dombay.
[71]
[72] On the fast mountain river.
[73] Descent from the mountain.
[74] The City of the Dead in the Northern Ossetia.

And this is already Dagestan (means "Land of Mountains"). (10)[75]. Due to the shortage of arable land, people in the mountains have long been engaged in various crafts. Here is the village of Kubachi (11)[76] – in mountain villages the roof of one house serves as a yard for another located above. In the past the weapon-making skills of the Kubachins were famous far beyond the Caucasus, now they are known for their jewelers – metal embossers and goldsmiths. The secrets of the craft are passed from parents to children. Anya and I visited the village of Kubachi, spending a night at a hospitable house.

Among the trades there are very peculiar ones. For example – the village of Tsovkra is the motherland of rope-walkers. Having learned this courageous skill in their childhood many villagers become professional circus performers (13)[77]. We visited ancient Derbent (14)[78]. In the past, this castle used to block the narrow passage between the mountains and the Caspian Sea where peoples with their cattle, wave after wave, moved from the South to the North. (15)[79].

This is Makhachkala. (16)[80], (17)[81], (18)[82], (19)[83], (20)[84], (21)[85], (22)[86], (23)[87].

For several years in a row we went to the South of Dagestan, to the subtropic Samursky forest at the Caspian Sea. Lyonya and Larissa, Toma with her family, and their friends Medvedovsky and Yatsenko also came there from Moscow. Pictures: (24)[88], (25)[89], (26)[90], (27)[91], (28)[92], (29)[93], (30)[94], (31)[95], (32)[96], (33)[97], (34)[98], (35)[99].

Now – about local people. Anya and I lived for 10 years among Dagestanians (most of whom are Muslims). Many Russian writers – Pushkin, Lermontov, Lev Tolstoy, and others wrote about the Caucasus peoples with great warmth. I am not writing here about Muslim terrorism. There are periodic rises in fanaticism when people turn into beasts.

[75] Dagestan. In the harsh mountain conditions courageous and resilient children grow up.
[76] The village of Kubachi. In the past the Kubachins were famous for their weapon-making skills, now they are known for their jewelry.
[77] The village of Tsovkra is the motherland of rope-walkers.
[78] Ancient Derbent (I am in the center between two female principals).
[79] Anya with Mashen'ka at the mountain lake.
[80] Anya and I.
[81] Mashen'ka with her grandmother near our house.
[82] See 17.
[83] See 17,18.
[84] With me.
[85] See 20.
[86] We are heading for the Tarki-Tau mountains.
[87] On the Tarki-Tau.
[88] A forest deli.
[89] A forest deli.
[90] Us.
[91] In the Samur forest at the Caspian Sea.
[92] With Leonya and Larissa.
[93] Mashen'ka.
[94] See 29.
[95] See 29.
[96] See 29.
[97] See 29.
[98] See 29.
[99] See 29.

This happened in Hitler's Germany, during the Civil War in Russia when many people – non-Muslims – stopped being human. Brother went against brother, son killed his father. "Reds" and "Whites" and anarchists – all of them (read Russian writer Babel) organized Jewish pogroms with thousands of victims. We were lucky to live in Dagestan in the time of peace, and as it turned out, managed to leave in time – now the conditions there are bad. (As the acting Mayor of Makhachkala said, the culture that was there in the 80's is no more, as is that city herself). Gazeta.ru. January 3, 2014.

Upon our arrival in Makhachkala one of my Russian colleagues gave me a short assessment of all the main nations of Dagestan. Avars, she said, are very proud people, Dargins – have an explosive violent temper, Kumyks – are good businessmen, etc. The most negative words were said about the Lezgians. If a Lezgian can do something nasty to you, she said, he will not hesitate even if he gets no benefit from it himself. Maybe these opinions were based on some experience but ... Anya and I got a chance to meet Lezgians when we came to spend summer vacation in their area several years in a row. Here are my impressions.

After getting off the train for the first time at the station we had been advised to go to, we began to look for a car which could take us to the village of Primorskoye not far from were we planned to put our tent in the forest at the seaside. By the way, people in Dagestan understand Russian well – this is the only language which these nations can use to communicate with each other. Nobody was driving our way, but one person agreed to take us to our destination. We did not ask him about the price at the beginning of the trip, and prepared to give him as much as he would ask because it was already very late. He took us to our destination and absolutely refused to take money. The next day he came to visit us with an enormous watermelon. When we were leaving, another stranger took us to the station, refused the money, and helped us buy tickets. I gave our address in Makhachkala to both of them and invited them to visit us but they did not.

Some time later I had to go to Makhachkala for groceries. I returned late at night. There was not a single car at the station. I started walking along the road through the forest. Somewhere very close, jackals were howling, my backpack was pretty heavy, I did not know the way well, just the general direction. But the moon was up, and I even liked this romantic adventure – here I was at night alone in the woods in a strange place. I was not afraid. Suddenly I heard the sound of a motorcycle behind me. I raised my hand to stop him and asked to give me a ride if he was going my way. I sat behind the biker and we went. We reached his village, he drove to his house, showed me that his gas tank was empty. He refused to take my money. I thanked him and continued walking though the forest. Soon I again heard the engine sound. I raised my hand to stop the vehicle and asked to give me a ride if he was going my way. "It's me!" – exclaimed "my" biker. It turned out he woke up his friend and borrowed his motorcycle. He took me to my tent. Here are Lezgians for you.

Without spending a lot of time on ethnographic observations (in ten years I accumulated a lot of them) I will mention only one more episode. Our neighbor, a Dargin, treated us to a watermelon. But how he did this! He cut the watermelon in half, cut the sweetest middle part out of each half and put on our plates. Try to treat your guests like that and you will become famous! One can learn something good from every culture. Of course at first some things were unusual. For example try to pronounce correctly the names of my colleagues:

Zaynuladdin Tukhtarkhanovich, Khasay Dzhamalutdinovich, Shihabbutddin Dzhafarovich. Yet, I mastered that.

In many ways our everyday life in Makhachkala was better than in other cities we had lived before (except Moscow). Food was more available and in the summer and fall fruits and vegetables were cheap – so cheap, in fact, that we felt sorry for people who grew them. I was given a very good (by Soviet standards) apartment – for the first time in my life with rooms separated by a corridor, and – for the first time since childhood – with two large balconies.

Again, for the first time in my life I tried to grow flowers on the balconies. I consulted experts in biology (in universities and pedagogical colleges you can find all kinds of experts). I hung the boxes, brought soil, sand and fertilizers, planted the seeds and bulbs, watered them and started waiting. The time had come when my plants were supposed to give sprouts but nothing happened. How ashamed I was to face my neighbors! Almost all of them were rural born, knew agriculture, and surely had been waiting with curiosity for what I, an urban Jew, would achieve.

Two more days later everything, as if by command, started to sprout and turn green. How happy I was! What a plethora of various flowers and smells! (In America flowers, even roses, usually have no scent – probably such kinds were cultivated to not attract insects. But for me flowers without scent are not flowers). A year later by the suggestion of the practical Anya I replaced part of the flowers with "useful" plants – dill, parsley, coriander.

But mainly, for the first time my home was located a 5-minute walk from my work. My whole adult life – in Dnepropetrovsk, Moscow, Saratov – I used to spend 2-3 hours daily commuting. Trolleys and buses ran irregularly with no schedule, and I almost always needed two kinds of transportation, so my trips involved much stress and fear of being late. And here my workplace was so close! During the long break I could come home to have a snack or if I had a longer break in my teaching schedule, I could even rest or study at home. And no worrying!

As before, I taught the way I deemed appropriate. I took only names of the topics from the programs (and not always that). I tried not only to give students some information but to influence these young men and women, future pedagogues (unlike in Saratov, in Makhachkala I had as many male students as female ones). Take for example the topic of "developing a sense of internationalism." The program and the textbook offered only false Soviet propaganda about the "proletarian internationalism," "brotherly friendship" between the nations in the USSR" – about how these ideas and feelings should be passed to the young generation. In reality – and students knew this very well – Russian chauvinism, antisemitism and all kinds of nationalism had been developing for a long time. In the multinational Dagestan this was an especially important, critical issue. There was ethnic distaste, there were conflicts. I also encountered antisemitism on multiple occasions.

How could I pass up the chance to help future pedagogues get some understanding of this complex and important issue? In the course of my lecture on this topic I ask a student what is her nationality. For example she answers that she is a Dargin. Then I ask: "Do you believe that all the nations are good but the Dargins are a little better than the rest?" With a smile she agrees (my students trusted me, and in general I had very good relations with them). The same question to another student, say, a Kumyk. He thinks that even though

all nations deserve respect, Kumyks are still better. "Which of them is right?" – I ask the audience.

And in continuation I say that this question, causing not only arguments but conflicts, in reality is not so difficult. Not a single reasonable mother will say that her child is the best in the world. But *to her* he is the best. One's own people, their language, special qualities, traditions, absorbed from childhood, will be the dearest, clearest, most intimate, and thus the best. But just for that person. And reasonable people will understand each other's affection.

Judging by the way my students listened and reacted to my teaching I hope that something from my lectures, seminars, and practical sessions remained in their young minds even after the exams. A young colleague of mine, a fresh PhD, used to visit many of my lectures. At my retirement party she spoke so highly about them that I was embarrassed and had to say that when such a beautiful young woman is present any lecturer will be full of inspiration.

I strived to eliminate cribs and plagiarism. I recall a funny episode. I have already mentioned that beside the college philological department I had been teaching in a special professional advancement program for school principals of the Northern Caucasus. If I would lose my way somewhere in Dagestan, Ingushetia, Chechnya, Northern Ossetia, I could just ask the location of the nearest school and would be received with the full scale Caucasian hospitality. The students in that program changed every two months so over the years I got to teach almost all the school principals of the region, some of them twice. At the end of the course, students had to defend their graduation papers. Many of them tried to copy some magazine articles and I tried to fight this. The school principals had a lot of teaching experience which could become the basis for interesting graduation papers.

I remember one particular defense. The paper was called "Using Tests for Monitoring Students' Knowledge." The participant presented his paper. I noticed that he was constantly saying "text" instead of "test." After his presentation which contained a lot of terminology I asked him: "You have used the term "correlation" several times. Not everybody here is a mathematician, so please explain the meaning of this word." At that moment the bell calling for a break sounded. "Should I explain now or after the break?" – He asked – "Better now." He thought a little and said: "To tell you the truth – I do not know." Everybody roared with laughter.

Right after my arrival in Makhachkala I created a Young Pedagogue School of the Dagestanian Republic. I improved it considerably compared to the one in Saratov. Unlike there, here the School was fully supported by the college President Akhmed Magomedovich Magomedov, a graduate of the Moscow University, professor who in the time I worked in the college was elected a corresponding member of the Academy of Pedagogical Sciences. I had access to him at any time. He tried to build a good reputation for the Young Pedagogue School in any way he could.

For some time I performed the duties of the head of our department. I had good relations with my colleagues (until the day when it became known that I intend to emigrate). Pictures:

(36)[100], (37)[101], (38)[102], (39)[103], (40)[104], (41)[105], (42)[106], (43)[107], (44)[108].

30 How to choose a profession. Young Pedagogue School.

Having more or less figured out how to develop academic interests in students I turned to the issue of choosing professions, especially pedagogical ones, but not only those. The Turkish poet Nazym Khikmet said: "Happiness is when you want to go to work in the morning and want to return home in the evening." This means one should make two crucial choices correctly – one's profession and one's spouse. As for the teaching profession – all of us having studied at school ourselves and watching our own or others' children – know how much luck with teachers can affect one's childhood or even a whole life. Meanwhile research in this area showed that only one in three people entering pedagogical colleges shows interest in this profession, has a desire to teach and educate children, and loves them.

This is a problem with the choice of a profession in general. Out of our seven grandchildren, may all of them be healthy and happy, only two managed to choose their future professions in some way before graduating high school. To help young people choose professions, various questionnaires and tests are used. Why aren't they effective?

Let us take a look at the profession of a teacher and recollect our own teachers – those who left good memories about themselves. All of them were very different, weren't they? Good, favorite teachers can sometimes possess completely opposite qualities. One can be strict, the other – kind and forgiving; one – very organized, the other – absentminded; one – a remarkable erudite, the other a good methodist who can explain the most difficult concepts well, etc. And it is good to have such different teachers in a school. They complement each other and working in tandem have a diverse educational influence on students, preparing them for adult life where people they will encounter will have different personalities, not some ideal identical ones.

The existence of many different, sometimes opposite, and yet effective teaching styles requiring different types of teacher's personality, as well as the ability of the human mind to compensate its flaws which allows highly motivated individuals to successfully perform activities which "mismatch" them, explains why tests are ineffective for choosing future teachers.

The same can be said about many other professions. A high school student's own interest towards one or another profession is important but not sufficient. Sometimes it is based on some unimportant details of this profession (for example the beautiful uniform of a flight

[100] With my colleagues.
[101] With my students.
[102] I am making a speech at the "Last Bell" celebration.
[103] At the state exam.
[104] With school principals and the famous poet Rasul Gamzatov.
[105] Saying good-bye to the principals.
[106] The Honor Certificate of the Ministry of Education.
[107] The Award of the Ministry of Higher Education – a pin "For the Excellent Work Results".
[108] The medal "Veteran of Work".

attendant). Very often school students choose this or that profession because it was an interesting subject for them to study at school and they want to continue to study it at college without thinking about the kind of job they would have to perform with a degree in, say, literature, or geography.

In creating the Young Pedagogue School I acted based on my belief that interest in a profession should be tested in a prolonged activity under conditions similar to those in that future profession. School students themselves are not always aware of this and even if they are, it is difficult for them to find such opportunity. This is why colleges, in our case pedagogical ones, should help high school students who want to become teachers test the seriousness of their intentions, abilities, and interests. This also allows colleges to get to know their future applicants not only from their entrance exam grades (which tell nothing about their pedagogical abilities and interests), but from prolonged and focused communication.

By that time many universities were sponsoring schools of young mathematicians, physicists, chemists and others. But our day/correspondence Young Pedagogue School was the first in the country as it was announced in the "Teacher's Gazette," the paper of the Ministry of Education in the editorial written on the responses to my article published there earlier. The paper recommended pedagogical colleges to study and use our initiative. My articles about YPS were published in major pedagogical journals: "Soviet Pedagogy," "People's Education" and others. I made reports at national conferences.

The Ministry of Education approved our work and such schools started all around the country. At first the Ministry of Education named and praised those pedagogical colleges which had already created YPS, but several years later it switched to criticizing those few of them where such schools had not yet been opened.

Such a result – the widespread use of our idea and experience of YPS all over the country was unexpected to me. Later I wrote a book "The Operation of Young Pedagogue School" which was added to the publishing plan for 1986. But..., in 1985 we emigrated. At that time the books of "traitors of the motherland" were not published.

I will describe how our work in Makhachkala went. Before the start of a school year, the Ministry of Education of Dagestan sent out information to all the high schools about the School of Young Pedagogues affiliated with Dagestan Pedagogical College, including its objectives, curriculum, admission requirements, together with the order to conduct explanatory work. Simultaneously we placed our ad in newspapers. This ad was addressed not to high school seniors usually targeted by such college ads but to students in grades 8-9. Their thoughts were not yet really future-oriented, but the ad motivated many of them to start thinking about their choice of future profession, and gave them a chance to put their plans to a serious test. To be admitted to our YPS students had to do well academically (though not necessarily to be straight "A" students) and have a referral from their teachers. Some 8th graders were rejected for poor academic results, improved them and could enter YPS the following year (this was one more motivation).

I had to do a lot of preparatory work. I needed to develop the Charter of the Young Pedagogue School, its annual plan, instructions, and other documents; find volunteers – teachers and students. The YPS staff was only one lab assistant who registered documents, students reports, and their reviews (alas, not always carefully: in ten years we had to replace this person twice). I also had to develop and print the assignments. It was very difficult

to get the paper, to make arrangements with the printing shop, to see them completed by September 1 (this sometimes required me, the YPS director, to carry materials between printing shop departments during summer vacations).

The students of YPS were mailed three types of assignments (with instructions): one – on their chosen teaching specialty, one – pedagogical, and one to raise their general cultural level. They were advised to take an attempt to attain leadership position in their elementary schools; to help their peers in their studies; to help teachers as lab assistants; to prepare the presentation of new material with a teacher's guidance; to study with their siblings (if any); read newspapers, available pedagogical (from the included list) and scientific literature, as well as fiction. These activities had to be entered in a "Pedagogical Diary" together with observations of children's attitude towards the activities as well as analysis of successes and failures. Six times per school year the students sent the college their reports on their specialized assignments as well as on their pedagogical activity.

College students (mentors) reviewed those works which was quite useful for the mentors themselves (who were proud of their mentoring role). YPS had some dropouts. Students were not expelled (reviews were favorable even for weaker work). Simply a student, having realized that extracurricular study of, say, biology or math or work with children is difficult and not interesting to him, stopped sending reports to YPS. Such self-elimination, which did not traumatize a student at all, was a necessary part of our work. This was nothing like dropping out of college or from one's profession after graduation. A high school student still had time to explore other career paths.

The seniors who performed their assignments successfully were invited to a pedagogical olympiad over the spring break. The Ministry of Education sponsored it. Students from all districts of Dagestan, accompanied by their teachers, came to Makhachkala and were settled in one of the city high schools where some student "mentors" received and assisted them. During that time the whole college was swept up by the olympiad. After its official opening, the mentors met their charges and showed them the college. Leading professors gave them lectures and analyzed their reports at practical seminars.

The participants wrote 2 papers: one on their teaching specialty and the other – on pedagogy. Later they had individual interviews, sightseeing tours around the city and a concert. The assignments for the pedagogic olympiads (as well as the assignments on specialties) were changed every year. Here is one of the assignments. It consisted of 2 parts. The first part, which was the same for all participants, contained 2 questions: 1. If you want to become a teacher – why? What subject do you want to teach? 2. Describe how you completed the "Pedagogical Assignments."

The second part contained a list of questions from which participants could choose: 1. Write about your favorite teacher, and about a lesson that was memorable for you. 2. Describe some event you organized with children. Try to give the following information: why did you decide to organize it, how did you prepare, how did it go, what was the children's attitude towards it and behavior during it; how did they participate in preparing and staging it? Did it have a useful effect on them and why do you think so? What were the drawbacks, what should have been done differently, and what did you learn from this work? 3. What do you think should be done to make school classes and after-school life of students more interesting? 4. Family upbringing: What, in your opinion is being done well and what is

not? What could you suggest? 5. Write about the most interesting books, TV, radio shows, or movies that you read or saw.

Even the first general question allows separating those who have little to say besides the generics of "a noble profession," "dreamed about it since childhood" from those who are serious in their choice of the future profession. Details, interest, or lack of both in the story about work with children and even more importantly, about the children themselves, played a major role. In their answers participants showed (or did not show) their drive for observation, analysis, sincerity, criticism, self-criticism, as well as how well-read they were, their interests, their ability to express their thoughts on paper, and their knowledge of grammar. The "Pedagogical Diaries" that the participants brought with them were an important addition to their olympiad papers.

Unlike other olympiads, we did not award the participants 1st, 2nd or 3rd places. Our olympiad was an important, but not final, stage of YPS's work. The seniors who showed good results at the olympiad were invited to a free summer preparatory course. This was especially important for the rural students who had no chance to use tutors. The results of the olympiad were not announced there, but were mailed to the participants later.

To save space, I will not quote the papers and diaries submitted for the olympiads, many of which were exceptionally interesting. I will give only several excerpts from the reviews written by the college student-mentors who checked the papers under professorial supervision. They had received detailed instructions on how to write a review.

"All questions were answered very well using simple language without rhetoric, clearly and with good grammar. The information in the paper submitted for the olympiad matches that described in the Pedagogical Diary. The diary contains all the information about work with pioneers, as well as articles from magazines and newspapers. It is evident that A. indeed loves children. The opinions on Makarenko and Sukhomlinsky books are very informative and deep. The grade for the paper is 'excellent'."

"He wants to become a teacher. Answered the questions in detail. The diary was pleasant to read as it contained a lot of interesting information, very few general phrases, many personal observations and thoughts. It is obvious that this student is a serious person. The student showed knowledge of art and interest in the history of his region. The student will be a strict teacher who loves children. The student knows how to work with children. Literacy level – very high. Conclusion: the student should be invited to take the summer course and contact should be maintained."

"The student's grades at school are mostly "A"s and "B"s. She wants to be a teacher but my impression is that it will be difficult for the student to study at college and later to work. She answered the questions poorly, with many mistakes, could not construct sentences correctly. There was nothing but a plan of work in her pedagogical diary. My impression is that she will not be able to become a teacher"

"The student lacks sensitivity. All he wants is to criticize a child. Every time he scolds a student he does it without hesitation. If he wanted to be a teacher he could at least have written a diary, and read at least one book of fiction."

"She evidently has motivation to work and she is trying. But according to her, everything she does goes too smoothly, there is no self-criticism, and no obstacles in her work. They always exist in real life, though. I think that she is not quite honest and she will make a

rather unpassionate teacher. There are a lot of generic phrases in her paper. Conclusion: the applicant can be invited to take the summer courses; she is trying hard, but lacks passion. Potentially – a pedagogue of mediocre abilities."

"The student gave detailed answers to the olympiad questions. The diary is very informative. The student writes about his work with children with great interest, trying not to miss anything, and gives an account of what and in what way affected every child. It is evident that the student loves children, takes interest in their life and will be a good pedagogue. There are quotes from Makarenko's 'Pedagogical Poem'. There are some grammar mistakes, but in general the paper is graded 'excellent'."

"I was reading these papers with pleasure and imagined myself in these applicants' place, and remembered how three years ago I myself was a student in YPS. It would be good if applicants were admitted to pedagogical colleges only through YPS. Those who used to study in YPS are good students and active participants in college life now."

Of course opinions of the student-mentors did not always coincide with the final decisions, but the board always took them into consideration. Even short excerpts from the reviews given above show how work in the YPS motivates students to think about the qualities needed for being a good teacher and, indirectly, if the reviewer himself has enough of them.

The summer preparatory course contained subjects from the college entrance exams (these exams, not school grades, determined college admission). During the summer course, twice – at the beginning and at the end of the month – the students' academic success was graded. This allowed for the assessment of not only knowledge but also academic progress, which could be called the learning ability. Candidates with good results received a document signed by the college President certifying that the student, based on her/his YPS study results, is recommended for college admission in such and such department.

Simultaneously, we sent the list of students who had received such recommendations to the Ministry of Education. The Ministry sent these lists to those rural regions which, due of the acute shortage of teachers there, had the right to refer their high school graduates for admission to college without competition. In its letter, the Ministry instructed to give high school graduates with the YPS recommendations a priority during the selection of the candidates for a non-competitive college admission. Nevertheless the college admission rate of YPS graduates suffered from widespread corruption: admissions based on connections – "blat," against which we were helpless.

The data analysis on academic success and extracurricular activities of college students who had studied in YPS clearly shows that the majority of those students stood out among others in all their college years. Here are some of these results (in brackets – the results of whole college group). The percentage of YPS graduates who got "A" and "B" in college: 1st year – 60 (with non-YPS students – 29); 2nd year – 59 (27); 3rd year – 60 (30); 4th year – 65 (37); 5th year – 74 (45). The % of college students former YPS graduates with poor academic success: 1st – 0 (10); 2nd year – 1 (8); 3rd year – 2 (8); 4th year – 1 (5); 5th year – 0 (2).

To conclude, several words: The creation of two YPSs (despite the fact that neither in Saratov, nor in Makhachkala did anybody believe it would be possible) and 16 years of their successful work give me reason to assume that under different conditions I would have possibly been able to achieve more in my life.

31 Our travels in the world's largest country.

Поднялся рассвет над крышей,
Человек из дома вышел -
Поглядеть на мир поближе
Вздумал с утра ...
(А. Ольгин)

(*Upon the roofs the dawn has climbed*
A man at dawn left home behind
To take a closer look inclined
At the morning world ...
(A. Olgin))

In telling about the various periods of our life I touched upon our travels and small hiking expeditions – in the Crimea, Caucasus, near Leningrad, and Saratov. Now I will describe our travels. Our youth – the usual time to travel fell during wartime (there was a song: "O, Girls, the war, it spread its gloom all over to the Urals. O, girls, it's spring, the spring in bloom, but joys of youth won't lure us!"). Later we spent summers with our children. When our children grew up we discovered the pleasures of traveling.

In the first years, this was mostly physically active tourism – hiking, rowing, and rafting, rather than traveling by bus, plane, or ship.

When the utilities at home malfunctioned (which happened constantly in the USSR and sometimes in America) I remember that the best days of my life were spent with no utilities at all. Need water? The nearest tap is several kilometers away. Take the boat, move away from the bank to the place where the water is cleaner and take it. Need to go to the bathroom – here is the forest – boys go to the left, girls – to the right. Sometimes the tent is so crowded that people have to turn simultaneously in their sleep (I am exaggerating). And the mosquitoes! In the evening we always applied anti-mosquito lotions, but this did not help much.

Later, when the limitations of age demanded less adventurous types of travel we stayed in comfortable hotels with good restaurants and saw a lot of interesting places. Yet our best memories are from these first, quite difficult, hiking expeditions.

Even now, Russia remains the largest country in the world, and the territory of the USSR was larger than those of the USA, Mexico and Canada put together and with the same diversity of nature – from the northern tundra to the southern subtropics. We got to see the country from the northern Karelia to Central Asia, from the western borders to Siberia – with no visas or customs check (now this is the territory of 8 separate countries).

We used to take 20-day trips and hikes with tourist groups led by instructors. These tours were much more available and cheaper than the sanatorium packages, and our workplace unions usually paid two thirds of the cost. Our grown children preferred "unorganized," self-sufficient travel. This had advantages – you choose your route and travel companions, need not obey somebody else's rules, etc. In the Soviet conditions, though, such travel had serious drawbacks. Stocking up on food was difficult. We used to share our food with

unorganized travelers if we met them during our "organized" trips – we were supplied quite well (we even used to exchange some food for vodka, but drank very little). Their freedom, though, was more important for them.

I commenced my tourism at 41 on Seliger Lake. To be precise, this is a whole system of lakes connected by channels. It is a very picturesque area at the source of the great Russian river, the Volga. We started with a nine-day boat trip which taught us to row like pros. There is a difference between lazily dipping the oars during a Sunday boat trip and running on a schedule to arrive at the resting place, make a fire, and cook dinner – all before dark. At the start we rubbed our palms raw and got calluses. Picture: (1)[109].

During breaks we rested, ate, and picked forest berries. When I see the price of the same berries sold in America now I always remember how we could at a forest clearing, eat as much of them as we wanted, and gather some for compote even without shifting from where we sat. Sometimes accidents happened. Once somebody nearly stepped on a poisonous snake – an adder. Also once we nearly caused a fire. This happened at the midday break camp. A barely noticeable trace of fire started to crawl on the dry grass from our campfire (it was a dry summer). If we did not manage to surround the fire with a ditch there would have been a big problem.

After a one-day rest, we started a nine-day trip on a two-sailed dinghy. This was an unforgettable experience. What can be more romantic than traveling by sailboat in our era of motors? We all then sung the song of Pavel Kogan (my senior fellow IPhLI student, perished at war): "Far away blue sea of filibusters: a brigantine is mounting its sails." And now we ourselves learned to raise sails (2)[110], (3)[111]. And in the evenings we enjoyed campfires and songs accompanied by guitar.

> Перепеты все песни, и затих разговор.
> Не спешите, ребята, бросьте ветку в костёр
> Чтобы ты не спешила уходить от огня,
> Чтобы ты полюбила за песни меня.

Not all songs were romantic. This was the time of the so-called "thaw," when, after Khrushchev revealed Stalin's crimes, people began expressing their thoughts about the government more freely. Many tourists were young and educated. And now the suppressed songs of Galich, Okudzhava and other dissidents were heard above the night lake. Often other tourists came to our campfire and shared their songs. In the fall, in Moscow (where I was a graduate student at the time) a reunion of these trip companions took place.

Later my work on the dissertation and my move to Saratov interrupted my tourist trips. But from 1973 on we resumed our trips and did them every year for 12 years until we left for America. In 1973 Anya and I went on a trip on the lakes of Karelia. On our way we made a stop in Leningrad and spent a week in that city, one of the most amazing cities in the world. For me every trip to Leningrad was a celebration.

[109] Seliger. Sometimes we had to carry our boat on land between lakes.
[110] We learned to raise sails.
[111] See 31-2.

Pictures: (4)[112], (5)[113].

Finally we are in Karelia. This autonomous republic on the north-west of Russia borders Finland. We were very lucky with the weather – that summer was unusually warm for that northern area. The lakes of Karelia we were traveling on are among the few places on Earth where you can travel without stocking up on fresh water. Just scoop some from the lake near the boat and drink it right away – no industry or human habitat around. We were the oldest in our tourist group, sharing the boat with two students engaged to each other – very nice young people.

We tried hard for our boat not to arrive late. Often we were the first at the rest places – pictures (6)[114], (7)[115], (8)[116]. We went to a real Finnish sauna for the first time. After the hot sauna – into the cold lake. We also visited a marvelous reserve of Russian wooden architecture in the island of Kizhi. Pictures: (9)[117], (10)[118], (11)[119], (12)[120], (13)[121].

Долго будет Карелия сниться,
Будут сниться с этих пор
Остроконечных елей ресницы
Над голубыми глазами озёр ...
(К. Рыжов.)

(Long will haunt the North our dreaming,
Nightly gleaming till one wakes
Fir tree eyelashes so darkly rimming
Sky-like blue eyes of Karelian lakes ...
(K.Ryzhov))

I also participated in another boating trip – on Meshchera (without Anya – she had a resort reservation for the same time). Meshchera is an area of woods and lakes in central Russia. Before the trip we visited the ancient town of Suzdal', and after the trip – the village of Konstantinovo, the birthplace of the famous Russian poet Yesenin. As with many tourist programs, we were tricked a little. We were promised to see the house of Yesenin's parents. How could one miss seeing the family home so extolled in his poems? It turned out that this house had been built ... after the poet died.

Once, unaware, I put my tent on an anthill. Ants are not mosquitoes and are seemingly harmless, nice creatures. But they showed me that they were the masters of their forest. They started bothering me, first biting a little, later more and more until they made me

[112] Anya in the Hermitage museum, the former residence of Russian tsars.
[113] Hotel "Oktyabrskaya" where we managed to get a room by pure chance.
[114] On the lakes of Karelia.
[115] See 31-6.
[116] Anya and me.
[117] If you enjoy boating you should enjoy carrying your boat.
[118] A field deli. Anya is in a white blouse in these pictures.
[119] We are giving a farewell concert.
[120] After Karelia. We are met at the Moscow train station by Toma and Leonya.
[121] and by my cousin Lyuba with her daughter Natasha.

move my tent in the middle of the night. Unfortunately I have no pictures because the film got spoiled.

Our last active (not on a motor ship) water trips we did on rafts in Bashkiria, on the Southern Ural, and on the Belaya River (Agidel in Bashkirian) – pictures (14)[122], (15)[123], (16)[124], (17)[125]. The banks held sparse villages among mountains and forests for dozens of kilometers. They joked that the density of the human population in Burzyansky region is lower than that of bear population. The warning given to us to not go deep into the forest was not a joke, though. The trees around looked identical – if you walk in the wrong direction and lose your way – nobody will find you.

The river current changed often. Wide shallows, requiring us to go into the water and drag our rafts across, alternated with narrow channels squeezed between mountains. Those carry a very strong current, with whirlpools, and could be dangerous especially at sharp turns of the river and before rapids. We managed to avoid accidents, though.

In more populated areas a certain pedagogical problem occurred. It was the summer school vacation and we were told that local boys had found an entertainment throwing stones from the bridges at the tourists boating below. Local administration ordered the teachers to address this matter. So here we are on the river in our boat and hear the children shouting from the shore: "Hello, where are you coming from?" – and right after, without waiting for our answer: "Have a good trip!" We sail a little farther and hear the same greeting again. We noticed, though, the greeters were all girls – they are usually more obedient. Boys were just sitting silently farther on the shore. I shouted to them: "What are you supposed to say?" And we heard (in a sad voice): "Hello, where are you coming from?"

Once we bought a live lamb. We had enough food but somebody wanted to grill a shashlyk for a change. I felt sad. I am not a vegetarian. I know that wild animals suffer more than domestic ones at the end of their lives. But the thought that this lamb which was alive crying in our boat will soon be killed ... (Rural born people probably have no such complexes).

Our tour guide, at her own risk, suggested a climb (not included in the tour itinerary) to a cave located halfway up the pretty steep slope of a low mountain. We did the climb using ropes – pictures (18)[126], (19)[127], (20)[128], (21)[129]. It was even more difficult to move inside the cave itself. One of the narrow passages between the sections of the cave was located above the abyss. We moved pushing our knees into one wall and our backs into the opposite one. For safety, we tied ropes around our bodies. Later we climbed to the mountaintop – pictures (22)[130], (24)[131]. Pictures: (25)[132], (26)[133].

[122] On rafts on the Belaya River (which is called Aguidel in Bashkirian).
[123] See 31-14.
[124] See 31-14.
[125] See 31-14.
[126] The climb.
[127] See 31-19.
[128] See 31-19.
[129] See 31-19.
[130] See 31-19.
[131] See 31-19.
[132] Our city of tents.
[133] See 31-25.

Now – about our trips on motor ships. I went on a cruise on the Volga (with other rivers at the end) from Astrakhan to Leningrad. Pictures: (27)[134], (28)[135], (29)[136].

On this trip I got to see many towns on the banks of the Volga – Astrakhan, Volgograd (Stalingrad), Kuybyshev (Samara), Gorky (Nizhny Novgorod), Kazan, Ulyanovsk, Yaroslavl, Cheboksary, and others, as well as Leningrad again.

Also during my Sochi vacation I took a short cruise on the Black Sea on board the luxurious personal yacht of ... Hitler! It had been taken from Germany as a war trophy. Sofa took part in cruises on the Dnepr, the Volga, and the Black Sea.

Among my land trips one proved to be very interesting and difficult. In Karachayevo-Cherkesskaya autonomous republic in the Western Caucasus we climbed the Arkhiz ravine, from the tourist camp at 2000 meters to the 3000-meter mark. This was not mountain climbing but real mountain tourism. The group physician did not want to let me climb but the group managed to persuade her to give permission. After the climb, our guide tried hard to persuade me to take a shower, but I was already on my bed and no force could raise me (like most other tourists).

Pictures: (30)[137], (31)[138], (32)[139], (33)[140], (34)[141].

Later I took part in one more climb near Kislovodsk. It was much shorter and easier, but during the descent, I hurried down and fell. I got up and continued to walk. Later it turned out that I had broken two ribs, which healed after a couple of months. This was my only trauma in all my trips.

As participants of tourist trips of the 2nd degree of complexity, Anya and I earned several pins "Tourist of the USSR." I earned the rank of the 3rd athletic class in tourism.

Next – about our "calm" tours and trips. We took part in an interesting tour in the Western Ukraine and Byelorussia. We visited the largest Western Ukrainian city of L'vov which despite its troubled history had very well-preserved architectural and cultural memorials, including a pharmacy considered to be the oldest in Europe. We visited the village of Kolodezhno and its memorial museum at the birthplace of the wonderful Ukrainian poet Lesya Ukrainka. (By the way even though Western Ukraine is rightfully considered the center of nationalism neither Lesya Ukrainka nor another famous writer of the Western Ukraine – Ivan Franko were nationalists.)

In Byelorussia we visited Kobrin, my mother's birthplace. (35)[142]. I did not find any traces of the Jews who had constituted half of the entire population here at the beginning of the 20th century. Brest is located right on the border of the country. Behind the narrow river lies Poland. We were allowed to closely approach the border line itself which is usually forbidden – probably the authorities wanted to attract tourists to this area. Germans took the city of Brest on the first day of the war, but for the whole month after, while their troops

[134] On a cruise on the Volga from Astrakhan to Leningrad.
[135] I, a poor photographer, managed to take a picture of seagulls in flight.
[136] The celebration of Neptune Day.
[137] Before the difficult climb.
[138] Who is this "abrek" (Caucasian robber)?
[139] Mountains.
[140] Eternal snow (the picture was taken in July).
[141] I lost my head over these girls – they took picture of me headless.
[142] This is how my mother's house in Kobrin might have looked.

had already advanced for hundreds of kilometers into Russia, they still could not make the castle defendants surrender.

We visited the famous Belovezhsky forest, one of the world oldest reserves. Now it is well known not only because of its rich flora and fauna including such rare animals as these European bisons shown in the picture but also because somewhere here the heads of Russia, Ukraine and Byelorussia signed the agreement on the dissolution of the Soviet Union. (36)[143], (37)[144] – tourist entertainment.

Anya sometimes got tour packages at work and we took part in various tourist trips. Pictures: (38)[145]. She visited the ancient capital of the Crimean Khans Bakhchisaray, Sevastopol, Nikitsky Botanical Garden, "The Valley of Ghosts." (39)[146]. I also went to Georgia for a congress of psychologists. We visited an ancient castle, went to the town of Gori, Stalin's birthplace, where his compatriots had preserved his monument and museum. (40)[147], (41)[148]. Anya also went on a tourist trip to Murmansk (in the North) and Byelorussia.

I, like Anya, too, traveled in Russia a lot. (42)[149]: Novgorod was famous for having a republican government in medieval times. Rocks which took complex shapes as a result of wind erosion: (43)[150]. I also visited, of course, many other places. For example I remember my encounter with the famous Odessa humor, while passing Odessa where I had never been before. I asked directions to the beach, went there, took a swim in the sea, and once out of the water, asked a young woman what beach it was (Odessa has several). Are you from the opposite shore? (i.e. from Turkey), she asked and laughed merrily.

In 1984 Anya and I took a trip to Central Asia. Pictures: (44)[151], (45)[152], (46)[153], (47)[154], (48)[155], (49)[156], (50)[157]. This trip was several months before our departure to America.

[143] I was a Khan, Anya, naturally, was my First Wife.
[144] Our whole tribe.
[145] Anya in the Crimean tourist camp "Sosnovka".
[146] Anya in Georgia. The view on the mountains near Bakuriany.
[147] Anya (on the front in profile) in the Pushkin reserve in Mikhaylovskoye.
[148] In Tashkent.
[149] Sir Great Novgorod.
[150] Siberia. Taiga near Krasnoyarsk and the "Stolby" natural reserve.
[151] They are not Muslim terrorists at all.
[152] See 31-44.
[153] Modern Central Asia. A high rise hotel in Tashkent where we lived.
[154] In the mountains near Samarkand.
[155] See 31-47.
[156] In Bukhara.
[157] In Bukhara.

Part IV

32 Farewell to the motherland.

Горе, горе безумной родине,
Не любившей детей своих!
(Нина Королёва. Москва, 1994)

(*Woe to you, insane motherland*
Your own children you did not love!
(Nina Koroleva. Moscow, 1994))

Most Jews in America, the country of immigrants, descended from Russian, and Soviet immigrants. You, our dear descendants, belong to this majority, without which the modern American Jewish community would not exist.

A mass emigration of Russian Jews to America was initiated by the pogroms of the 1880s. Soon after the October Revolution, emigration from the Soviet Union was banned. Having survived a post-war explosion of antisemitism, after the creation of the state of Israel and Stalin's death, Soviet Jews (at first only a few of them) started to seek permission to emigrate. As a rule they were denied and persecuted in various ways. Some got arrested, almost all lost their jobs. As there were no private companies, and the state was the only employer, these "otkazniks" (in Russian "those denied," "refuseniks") as they were called could not find other professional jobs.

Being unemployed was punished, too (for being "parasites," public burden). Thus highly qualified professionals, such as college professors, sometimes worked as janitors or stokers (this was also forbidden, but they hid their college diplomas).

The world community came to the aid of the otkazniks. The most powerful campaign, under the Biblical slogan "Let My People Go!," came from American Jews. And in 1974-75 the U.S. Congress adopted two amendments to the U.S. trade laws, making freedom of emigration a condition for the most privileged status in the trade with the USA. Let us gratefully name the authors of these amendments: Senators Jacob K. Javits, Henry M. Jackson, and Congressman Charles A. Vanik. Later, U.S. Congress adopted the important Morrison-Lautenberg Amendment making refugee status for Soviet Jews in America much easier to obtain.

The Pharaoh had to yield. Thousands of Jews were allowed to emigrate – formally only to Israel but, once out, they could go to any accepting country. Many were denied, though, under various pretexts.

Lyonya and Larissa were our first Columbuses. Lyonya hated the Soviet system and the feeling was mutual. As I wrote above, Lyonya's scientific articles were published in the Reports of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR as well as in America when he was still an undergraduate. His scientific advisor, the Academician Kolmogorov wrote that Lyonya was one of the most talented mathematicians of his generation, with outstanding research achievements. But Lyonya was barred from graduate school and when he still wrote a dissertation, he was denied the diploma of Candidate of Science.

Antisemitism was not the only problem. Some Jews, including Lyonya's fellow students, did not have such difficulties. But Lyonya not only did not hide his negative attitude towards the Communist system, but expressed it freely. I remember how Lyonya and I met a group of young Jewish men in Derbent. These nice young men warmly welcomed us but after hearing Lyonya's opinions, particularly about Lenin, they hurriedly dispersed.

The KGB opened a file on Lyonya. At that time there was no such mass terror as in Stalin's time. There were enough arrests but often, especially with youth (if they did not form some organization) the actions were limited to "educational work" – warnings, threats. Lyonya was also called to such a meeting. Three years later, he and Larissa applied for emigration.

One of the required documents was a paper from parents that they had no financial claims to the emigration applicant. Lyonya recollects that his mother advised him not to wait long with his decision (her parents had relatives in America and maintained some contact). I had doubts – unlike Lyonya, who had communicated with some Americans in Moscow, I knew little about the life of Soviet refugees in America.

But I did not want to interfere with Lyonya's plans (even though they could easily get me fired). We signed the paper. I kept my job – maybe because we notarized it in Grozny and Moscow, not in Makhachkala. My college President learned about the departure of my children only many years later when I and Anya applied to join them. A big scandal broke at the college but I cared no more.

Lyonya and Larissa received their exit visas, signed on April 21, 1978, right on the eve of Passover, the Day of the liberation of Jews from Egypt. Pictures: (1)[1], (2)[2], (3)[3], (4)[4]. At that time in May of 1978, I was not sure if we would ever meet again and said good-bye to them with Byron's words:

> Fare thee well, and if for ever –
> Still for ever fare thee well.

At that time, emigration to America went through a short stay in Vienna and a rather long one in Italy. This provided the chance to see Rome and other cities. But Soviet

[1]Saying good-bye to Leonya and Larissa.
[2]See 32-1.
[3]See 32-1.
[4]See 32-1.

emigrants, including Lyonya and Larissa, were extremely poor. I still remember the presents they sent us from Italy. Later in America they gave us much more expensive presents but these modest presents were especially dear to us. Later, Toma also sent us two parcels with things bought on her first meager American earnings.

Moving to Toma's story. Lyonya, by giving her and Sanya some literature, helped them understand Soviet and American realities, and the reasons for emigration. He helped them to move to Moscow before his departure, and with many other things (and later in America, too, though he was still poor).

Lyonya and Larissa emigrated at a time when, due to the politics of detente between the USSR the Western world, the number of Jews allowed to leave peaked at 50,000 a year. For Toma and her husband, getting exit visas was much more difficult. After the Soviet invasion in Afghanistan relations with the West deteriorated rapidly and in 1981, this number was 5 times lower.

To be among the lucky few Toma and Sanya had to overcome big obstacles. The easiest pretext for visa denial – exposure to classified information, did not apply in their case (in fact, both were unemployed). So the authorities tried to use the fact that they were officially registered as residents of two different cities. Toma recalls that the official who was supposed to make a decision on their case simply used to hide from her, ending his reception time when her turn would come up.

This time, we signed the necessary paper for Toma in Makhachkala but used a little trick. We typed the part of the document saying that we had no financial claims towards our daughter and left some empty space above the signatures. An inexperienced official certified our signatures and we added the rest of the text: "in connection with her intention to emigrate to Israel."

Finally all this is in the past. Pictures: (5)[5], (6)[6], (8)[7], (9)[8]. On May 22nd, 1981 (Toma's birthday) we went to Sheremetyevo airport. In the taxi Mashen'ka learned from me for the first time where she was moving. I tried to give her some idea about the geography but this news did not impress her – in the 5 years of her life she had already moved so many times! At Lyonya's departure many of his friends came to the station, including a Canadian. We knew that KGB agents were also present and I expected trouble.

But since nothing happened (KGB had more important business), when the time came to see Toma off we became bold enough to throw a farewell party at the airport restaurant. The airport design allows the people on the ground to see the plane getting off right in front of them behind the glass wall of the building. I made toasts: first for Toma's safe takeoff, then for her crossing the border (at that moment emigrants lose their Soviet citizenship). I was sure the waiters were secret KGB agents but I did not care! We were seeing our daughter off across the ocean!

Though exit visas were given for three people, one more person got to use them. Exactly a month later on June 22, 1981 (20 Sivan, 5741) Toma gave birth to Anechka in Rome. Other women who shared the maternity ward with Toma in Rome were very kind to the

[5]Saying good-bye again.
[6]See 32-5.
[7]See 32-5.
[8]See 32-5.

Soviet refugee and gave her clothing for the baby. So besides our five grandchildren born in the USA we have also one granddaughter born in Russia and one in Italy.

Our children were young, and they were going to America to make a new life for themselves and their children. For us the question of "to go, or not to go" was much more difficult. Unlike our children, we had a good life. I lived a full life, loved my work, and was respected. Emigration meant an untimely end to all this. Both my salary and Anya's pension were quite enough to cover our modest needs (Lyonya sent us money from America, but we did not spend it and brought it back). We lived on the shores of a warm sea; could swim and travel.

There was one more equally important reason – future nostalgia. You might think – what could attract us, Jews, in the antisemitic USSR, a totalitarian state with low living standards – all the things which I described in the previous chapters without exaggeration, but without hiding anything? Jews lived in Russia for only 200 of their three-thousand-year history. They have left many countries before (usually against their will), now they are leaving Russia.

Besides general history, though, there is a personal one. We were born and, more importantly, raised here, having become the people we are and not different ones, having absorbed the Russian culture through our native Russian language. This culture, as well as Russian history, became ours. They cohabit with Jewish mentality in our hearts. We are Russian Jews. How can we go away from ourselves?

In our lives, as in Russian culture and history, besides antisemites and scoundrels in power, there were many wonderful people – Russians, Russian Jews, Ukrainians, Dagestanians and others. I have named above my high school and university friends, teachers, professors, colleagues, my high school and college students, doctors, etc. Lyonya named his son Andrei later in honor of the two outstanding Russian people he was fortunate to meet – Academicians Kolmogorov and Sakharov.

Having thought and worried over all this we finally decided to join our children and grandchildren. We received an official invitation from Tamara Levin in ... Israel. The woman with such a name was found in the city of Givataim – this was the way to get an official invitation at that time. As for our Russian culture, it did not disappear. We took it with us – in ourselves, in books. It turned out that in America, finding a needed Russian book was much easier than in Russia. It was the same with Russian theater shows or individual performers – they are constantly coming to America.

We also had much concern about our future financial condition. At our age we were not very employable. We knew nothing about the American system of social protection. (Sofa knew even less – she tried to give me her gold ring to sell it if we begin to starve in America.) Toma provided us with all necessary information. Her lively, very well-written letters – up to 60 pages long (!) were copied and passed on in Moscow and other cities.

Besides our own wish, though, we needed government permission to leave the country. In 1984 the number of Jews permitted to emigrate was down 57 times compared to 1979 (from 51,300 to 896)! I did not want to join the unlucky "refuseniks." We took certain measures which helped. I retired. The college President did not want me to go. At the farewell party, everybody was praising me, unaware that soon they will have to condemn me as a traitor.

Then Anya and I went to Moscow for an appointment at the Ministry of Internal Affairs exit visas department. We were met by a colonel, who politely introduced himself and asked us to register in the book of visitors. I told him that our children had emigrated long ago, our son lives in America and our daughter is in Israel. They had invited us many times to join them, but while I could work we refused. Now I retired, cannot be of much use to the country and we think we would be better off spending our old age with the children and grandchildren. We said we had come to inquire if we could hope for a favorable decision before we submit our applications. The colonel said that in his opinion, we could count on an approval.

We thanked him and returned home. Having collected the necessary papers we went to our local exit visas department. A woman looked through our papers, called somebody and asked, as of something expected: "The retired people are here, may I accept their papers?" Two weeks later, we got permission to leave – it may have been a record time. We were given two months to prepare – a very long time. (Local authorities had probably decided we had some powerful benefactor in Moscow.)

We went on a farewell trip. We visited Sofa and her family as well as my father's grave in Nikolayev. In Dnepropetrovsk we went to see the graves of our mothers, visited relatives, the house of my childhood, our school, went to Dnepr, and for the last time walked in the streets of the city where we had been born. Having returned home we still had time to sell some of our belongings. In Moscow I arranged for permission to take my books out of the country (not all my books were allowed to be taken). Many things were sent as baggage – they all proved useful in America. In Moscow we managed to get permission to ship the baggage by sea – this was much cheaper. All the preparations took much effort and nerves – emigration is not a simple affair.

To avoid telling everybody in advance about our emigration I told people we were going to live with our children without specifying the place. Registering termination of our local residency, I wrote in the paper we were going to the city of Givataim. For the question: "What region" I wrote "Jewish." The clerk took this to mean the Jewish autonomous district in the Siberia and asked no questions (these papers, once accepted, are never reviewed again without special need).

Right before our departure there was a meeting in the college where I used to work dedicated to expelling me from the Communist Party. This was redundant – as required by emigration rules I had long before written an application to be expelled and surrendered my party ID. The meeting still took place by the order of the Party leaders to "educate students." The authorities were sure I will not attend – we already had visas and train tickets. But after learning that my students will attend, I decided to come to this "inquisition" to counter the slander about the reasons for my departure.

I was given the floor and was not even interrupted as usually happens on such occasions. I told everything I wanted to tell. I spoke about the antisemitism which was the reason of Lyonya's emigration. I said that while I was working I did not want to emigrate but now, retired, I am no use for the country anyway. There, abroad, we have children and grandchildren, including four whom we have never seen. Of course I could not and did not want to tell everything. I did not tell that I could have postponed my retirement for a

long time and that I retired to be able to emigrate. As I expected, some prepared speakers condemned my decision to emigrate.

Most spoke with reserve. Some were sorry for me and told how people who had emigrated before had written letters complaining about their hard life in Israel – maybe such letters did exist (everybody thought we were going to Israel). The Dean of the philological department spoke in such a way that it was unclear whether he was trying to scold or praise me. "Who could have thought? What was he missing?" – he said listing my awards. "Students worshipped Anatoly Aleksandrovich so much!"

There were speeches of other sorts. One lady asked me if I knew what a motherland is. Somebody informed the audience that I had a dollar account – in a Swiss bank of course! The professor of Communist Party history tried to refute my words about antisemitism. I decided not to wait for the end of this. Leaving the room I said: "The time will come when some of the today's speakers will feel ashamed of themselves."

I did not regret attending this meeting. Afterwards a colleague called me saying not everybody shared the speakers' views. (In photo 31-36 she is in the center, in a light-colored cloak, in photo 31-39, at the left.) I myself saw kind, sympathetic looks from the audience during my speech, the looks of the "silent majority" that soon after spoke up and overturned the Soviet system.

The day after the meeting a male and a female student came to my house and informed me that all my students had intended to come to my apartment to say good-bye (this was an unexpected effect of the meeting intended to "educate students"!). The students, though, were warned that if they do so they will lose their stipend (the Soviet lawfulness!). The two students who came to my house felt like heroes.

Then came our departure, several days in Moscow, the railway station Chop on the state border, crossing which we lost Soviet citizenship, and finally on November 7, 1985 on the day of the October revolution, we arrived in the West – at Vienna, the capital of Austria. Pictures: (10)[9], (11)[10], (12)[11], (13)[12]. Checking our luggage, the customs officer found a small bag of sand and asked what was it. I answered it was sand from the banks of the Dnepr. Soil samples are forbidden to take abroad, he said. Then throw it out, I said. His Ukrainian heart softened and he allowed us to take the sand in violation of the law.

In conclusion I want to say that I have never regretted going to America. Yet I did not erase my motherland, such as it was, from my memory and my heart. There are three flags on display in my apartment – an American, Israeli, and a Soviet one. At the store I was offered the three-colored flag of the modern Russia instead of the Soviet one. But I refused because I have never lived under the modern flag. Then they found a red Soviet flag with the sickle and hammer. I covered the larger part of this flag by gluing the portrait of Pushkin as a symbol of the Russian culture and a picture of my city of Dnepropetrovsk (picture in the chapter 38). I care about past and current events that have happened in Russia since our departure. Through the internet I follow Russian news together with American, Israeli, and others.

[9] Saying farewell to Moscow.

[10] Our departure from the railway station in Dnepropetrovsk.

[11] See 32-11.

[12] The last picture of the Dnepr where we spent so many nice summer days.

33 How jokes and "samizdat" defeated the Soviet regime.

In 1991 when our family lived already in America, the Soviet Union and its totalitarian communist (or pseudo-communist) regime ceased to exist. The country split into 15 independent republics. This historic event affecting the whole world happened completely unexpectedly for everybody including the experts – "Sovietologists."

How and why did it happen? Some political leaders, even American ex-presidents explained this as a bloodless victory of the West over communism. They refer to the Soviet inability to keep up with the arms race, especially with anti-missile systems which could protect America from nuclear attacks while leaving the USSR vulnerable. Of course the arms race put a big strain on the Soviet Union. But already in the 70's the West admitted the impossibility of winning this race despite their economic superiority. The totalitarian Soviet state controlled the whole economy and the military industry got everything necessary at the expense of other industries.

America, the West signed with the Soviet Union a number of agreements on the reduction of nuclear and regular arms, and on the ban of space weapons ("star wars"). In the 80's the rocket arms race increased again but soon afterward the search for compromises began. And anti-rocket systems (which were banned with minor exceptions) remain undeveloped even now, decades later. But even had they been created, how could America count on them for protection from a Soviet nuclear attack by thousands of available nuclear bombs and delivery rockets? Even if almost all of them were destroyed and only 2-3 H-bombs, God forbid, fell on America ....

Severe economic difficulties of the Soviet Union also do not alone explain its collapse. The growing oil and gas export, despite fluctuating global prices, compensated these difficulties somewhat. The Soviet Union had existed for 74 years in a hostile environment, endured a horrific war with Germany (which had conquered the whole of Europe), and could continue to exist but for the mentality changes of the people of the Soviet Union and its satellites. The deteriorating economy, acute shortage of bare necessities, endured patiently so far, now began to cause protest even in upper layers of population.

Many Western experts and media, if not the leaders, admit this now when the initial euphoria has passed. "Putin remembers well how the people expressed their will and overthrew the communist regime," – wrote "*The New York Times*" in 2004 (as quoted in "*Jewish World*" of 12/9/04).

Of course the West played an important role in this by pressure, by radio transmissions (even if jammed) and more importantly – by example. During the war Soviet soldiers and officers saw that the West was not what they had been made to believe all their life. Later, economic necessity made the Soviet authorities send thousands of experts to the West as well as receive foreign delegations in Russia.

After the war, in enslaved Eastern Europe – in East Berlin, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Poland active protests against Soviet domination flared up. All of them were crushed. In Berlin, a wall was built to block the escapes from the Soviet occupation zone to the Western part of the city. These were sensitive blows to the communist systems but their fate was decided by the colonial power – the Soviet Union.

For decades many Soviet people believed in the utopia of the happy communist future soon to arrive. Those who did not had to be silent under the totalitarian regime. People got used to their living conditions and tried to survive as well as they could with no hope for radical changes.

The mood and behavior began to change after Stalin's death, the exposure of his crimes, the release of many political prisoners, and even more so – after the crushed 1968 Czechoslovakian attempt at liberal reforms. Faith in the Communist party and its ideology began to fade. At the same time fear of the system was decreasing.

The totalitarian regime met resistance from various angles. Some began an open struggle against the Soviet system. Those heroes – dissidents – were very different people: Sakharov, Solzhenitsyn, Sharansky, Bukovsky, Grigorenko, Ginzburg, Orlov, Chalidze, Zinovyev, and others. There were few of them, most were thrown in prisons, camps, or exiled, but they have played a big role in the fight against the regime.

Others – many more – while keeping a loyal appearance and continuing their professional work, which they considered their main goal in life, took any chance to spread oppositional ideas. For example the poet Aleksandr Tvardovsky, being the chief editor of "Novy Mir" magazine turned it into a media outlet for liberal intellectuals, publishing works of critical writers. Such writers (I mentioned some in the chapter on literature and art) were very popular. Poets, including those who performed their own songs with a guitar (Okudzhava, Galich, Vysotsky, others) gathered not only full concert halls but even full stadiums with many thousands listeners. Here is the beginning of one of the songs by Alexander Galich:

Сердце моё заштопано,
В серой пыли виски,
Но я выбираю Свободу,
И – свистите во все свистки!

(My heart is all in patches,
My temples – in gray dust,
But what I choose is Freedom,
So do your whistle blasts!)

Many school and college teachers, ignoring the risk, deviated from official programs and tried to develop critical perception of reality in their students.

One of the examples of the change in people's behavior: To listen to (or "catch" as we called it) foreign broadcasting, our handy people had learned to rebuild radios to receive radio frequencies that the KGB did not jam because radios sold in the USSR could not receive it. I was given the address of one such radio shop. I thought my order would be fulfilled in strict secrecy (the repairman did not ask why I needed my radio rebuilt – for caution as I assumed). How surprised I was when, having finished the job, he turned on the BBC Russian service at full volume, heard throughout the whole shop, and asked me: "Good enough?"

At that time "samizdat" became extremely widespread throughout the country. This was a nickname for the underground copying of uncensored books. Forbidden literature

was distributed in tens of thousands copies made by typewriters, tape recorders, cameras ("*Archipelago Gulag*" by Solzhenitsyn, articles by Sakharov, and other texts including books smuggled from abroad). Not only copying but even possessing such literature was risky. But people were gradually learning not to fear though they took precautions.

At famous Moscow kitchens sharp issues were discussed with little sympathy for the Soviet system. People openly exchanged jokes about the Party and its leaders, singing "chastushkas" (sung limericks) of the same content. Such jokes used to be exchanged only between close friends: in Stalin's times they could earn Gulag or execution. Now the authorities could not stop them. Here are a few political jokes (there were many wonderful jokes about everyday life - I have several collections).

A lunatic asylum holds a lecture on how wonderful life is in the Soviet Union. All applaud except one man. The speaker asks why he does not. I am not a lunatic, just a staff member, he answers.

Vovochka (a stereotypical, often precocious, boy of jokes) is trying to memorize a Krylov fable from his homework assignment: "God sent a piece of cheese to a crow" – Daddy, but does God really exist? – What!? Do you think cheese really exists, you silly boy? This is a fable!

"Life couldn't be any worse," complains a pessimist. "Not at all," disagrees an optimist, "it could, you will see!"

A kindergarten teacher tells the children: "In the Soviet Union all people eat tasty food, wear fine clothing, live in good apartments, children have beautiful toys. Why are you crying, Peter?" – "I want ... I want to go to the Soviet Union!"

"In a Communist society we will have everything we wish," – a Party boss says to the audience at a meeting. – "What about us?" – they ask from the audience.

Some examples of Jewish jokes: The draft for a new, stricter traffic law: first offense – a fine; second offense – triple fine; third offense – the violator's passport ethnicity is changed to "Jewish."

KGB is trying to discourage Rabinovich from emigrating to Israel: – You think you will be better off there? You know the saying: "A good place is where we are not." – So, I am going where you are not!

A very expensive Russian restaurant "Nostalgia" opened in Tel-Aviv. The food there is horrible, the staff is rude and cheats customers, when they leave the doorman says: "Go to your Israel, you damn Jew!"

Many jokes mock the Soviet leader Brezhnev. Here he visits Central Asia, having been instructed on its traditional greeting and response. The local people shout "Salam Aleikum!" – Brezhnev answers: "Aleikum Salam!" – "Archipelago Gulag!" – they shout – "Gulag Archipelago!" – Brezhnev responds.

Brezhnev receives the highest literary award for his memoirs and thinks to himself: "All praise my book. I should read it some day ..."

Soviet leaders knew the condition of the economy, and knew of being openly ridiculed along with the whole Soviet propaganda. They also read samizdat. Those who were a little smarter began to think about some reforms. In addition old and ill Soviet leaders started to die one after another. One of the jokes on this topic: there is a phone call to the Kremlin

after the funeral of Chernenko. – Hello, do you need a new General Secretary? – Are you stupid? – Yes, stupid, old, ill!

Finally on March 11, 1985 a younger and better educated M.S. Gorbachev was elected the General Secretary, meant to somehow improve the existing system while preserving its core. A year later on April 26, 1986 the Chernobyl disaster happened – an explosion of the nuclear reactor with large casualties and radioactive contamination of vast territories. It made the need for reforms even more evident. "Perestroika" (restructuring) began. "Glasnost" – limited freedom of speech and press was announced. Some elements of free market economy were introduced, small private business was allowed, etc.

It proved impossible, though, to limit the reforms to half measures. People who were psychologically ready, first of all the most active group of Russian society – its intellectuals, including many party members even from its top leadership, began to strive for radical changes. Recently I reviewed issues of the magazine "Ogonyok" from 1988 – the peak of "*perestroika*." In this, liberal by that time's standards, magazine (V. Korotich – the editor) you can observe a real fight to be done with the past and lead the country to real democracy. This fight poured out into the streets. Protests in Moscow, Leningrad and other cities were attended by many thousands who demanded a multi-party system and other radical changes. Labor strikes, unheard of before, began.

Making use of the uncertainty of the USSR's central leadership, and the lessening of pressure from the repressive apparatus, Soviet-dominated Eastern Europe went in 1989 out of Moscow's control, and in 1990 the republics of the Soviet Union began announcing their independence.

On August 19, 1991 the country's leaders, scared by the course of events, attempted a coup. Having announced the illness of Gorbachev, they put him under house arrest and declared a state of emergency. But the people of Russia, who in Stalin's time tolerated anything, had changed. The coup failed. There were 3 fatalities. B.N. Yeltsin, the first President of the Russian Federation, played an active part in resisting the plotters. By coincidence, Toma and her family, who by that time had already moved to America, were visiting Saratov during the coup. I can only imagine their feelings.

On December 8, 1991 the leaders of Russia, Ukraine and Byelorussia signed an agreement about their exit from the USSR and creation of the Association of Independent States, AIS (SNG in Russian). Soon they were joined by all the former Soviet republics except Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia which had been forced into the Soviet Union by 1940 occupation. Yet, AIS did not become a full fledged association. On December 25, 1991 Gorbachev, President of the USSR, announced his resignation and the dissolution of that state. Thus ended the history of this pseudo-socialist Soviet Union.

The bloodless, "velvet" way of this great revolution was possible because it had taken place first in the minds of a large part of the population.

34 On our way to America. Vienna, Italy.

Half a year after Gorbachev came to power we left the Soviet Union. At that time the way to America led through Vienna and Italy. In Vienna, the capital of Austria, we spent one week.

Besides attending to paperwork we saw this beautiful city: Shönbrunn palace, Saint Stephen's Cathedral, the Museum of Art History where I especially enjoyed the collection of subtle psychological portraits by Van Dyck. We got to see the "Blue Danube" as immortalized by Strauss.

This was my first look at the West. I liked the people on the street very much – calm, friendly, ready not only to answer questions asked in my poor German, but often even to accompany me to my destination, if not far away. Our traveling companion had a daughter visiting from America and she invited us all to celebrate her mother's birthday at the restaurant where the star dish was, in Pushkin's words, "the blue fire of punch". Departing for Italy we saw soldiers with machine guns standing along our train. They turned out to be for our protection. We were given a separate train car though there were only 13 of us who had arrived to Vienna that week.

We had double luck with our emigration. As I have already mentioned our permissions came easily and quickly when very few people (1,140 in 1985 compared to 51,000 in 1979) were let out. Later, "perestroika" greatly expanded the emigration, to 71,238 in 1989, and 204,700 in 1990. Italy accumulated tens of thousands of Soviet emigrants. Its U.S. embassy had problems coping with such numbers. Big issues with accommodations, financing, etc. arose. There were even cases of suicide. But all this happened after our emigration.

At night we crossed the snow-covered Alps. We were not woken up for the document check at the border – I had the travel papers for the whole group but nobody asked for them. Morning found us in sunny Italy. We spent a week in Rome in a very bad hotel with rude staff. Then we were transferred to the small town of Ladispoli. It turned out that because Lyonya was an American citizen by that time, we could enter the U.S. only as immigrants not as refugees.

The visa arrangements took three months, during which we lived frugally. Leaving the USSR we were allowed to exchange rubles only for a few hundred dollars; in Italy the U.S. organization JDC ("The Joint") provided us an allowance. We were not starving but counted pennies. We rented an apartment together with another family, counted heating time we could afford, etc. Lyonya sent us money from America though we told him not to, but we did not use it and brought it back to America. (I tried many times to return it to Lyonya but he refused; later this and other of our and Lyonya's money was lost when Sanya went bankrupt.)

Unspoiled by life, we took our three months in Italy as Heaven-sent, despite all the difficulties. We walked around Rome a lot, went to Florence, Venice, and Pisa, using savings allowed by our strict budgeting. Pictures: (1)[13], (2)[14], (3)[15], (4)[16], (5)[17], (6)[18]. I got to see two great Michelangelo sculptures – Moses near the Coliseum and, in Vatican (forgive me, Toma), Pieta, as well as the Sistine Chapel painted by him. There I saw the paintings

[13]The Tower of Pisa.
[14]I managed to straighten it.
[15]Rome.
[16]Coliseum.
[17]The Arch of Titus.
[18]Florence, David, the famous sculpture by Michelangelo.

of Rafael and many other things. (7)[19], (8)[20] – "Rome – the city of contrasts." Following the Soviet propaganda cliche for all Western cities, I took pictures of laundry drying in the streets – this was considered the sign of poverty – and well-dressed children at one of the famous carnivals in Rome. (9)[21], (10)[22], (11)[23], (12)[24], (13)[25], (14)[26], (15)[27].

In the Vatican window, we saw Pope Jean-Paul II, now deceased, the first Pope to visit a synagogue in Rome; go to Israel; officially denounce the accusation of Jews for the crucifixion of Jesus. He called them the elder brothers of Christians, and asked their forgiveness for persecution by the Catholic Church. Why not honor him as a "righteous person of the world" ? By his actions and statements he has probably saved as many Jews from future persecution as other righteous people of the world did during the war. Any step towards peace, against universal animosity, gives hope for better a future. I digress because to me this topic seems important.

Returning to art. In Italy we saw a lot of beautiful architecture and paintings but the Michelangelo sculptures (as well as the Venice Capitoline) impressed me the most. Their copies do not do them justice. Take David for example. It is not only a stature of a handsome young man. In his eyes you can see a calm resolve to carry out his duty. I kept returning to this statue many times reluctant to leave it to continue my museum tour.

The face of Michelangelo's Moses seemed to express different feelings. Its lower part expresses anger towards the people who had heard God, accepted his commandments, and then forgotten so quickly, returning to heathen ways and complaining to Moses for taking them out of Egypt. The upper part of the face – the eyes, the eyebrows express horror. The prophet foresees the tragic future of the Jewish people. I will not comment on the statue of the Pieta – Maria with dead Jesus, fearing that Toma may put a herem on me (even though they were both Jewish, and a Jew is always a Jew even in transgression).

On February 26, 1986 we flew from Italy to America.

35 America, Framingham. Maine: Summers with grandchildren.

The United States. I am extremely grateful to this beautiful country for receiving our family, for giving our children the chance to build their life the way they wanted and could, and enabling us to live with dignity in our old age.

I got to love Americans, most of them so hard-working and friendly – quick to apologize even if not at fault, ready to help – they will hold a door for anybody behind them. Once

[19] "Rome – the city of contrasts".
[20] See 34-7.
[21] In Italy too there can be snow in winter.
[22] See 34-9.
[23] But the sea never freezes.
[24] Venice, pigeons at the Saint Mark Square.
[25] See 34-12.
[26] Canals, gondolas.
[27] See 34-14.

Anya and I were trying to free our car frozen into the pavement ice. A stranger ran out of the nearby building, with tools, and helped us.

They are calm – I never witnessed a conflict in a public place, even in overcrowded trains; seeing somebody exiting they give way not waiting for a request. Avoiding unnecessary small conflicts saves strength for work (and serious conflicts?).

They are optimistic. They look at you openly and welcome you with a smile. (Some of us say these smiles are just a formality. But is the gloomy suspicious look, that we all remember from our past, better?) Of course, having lived decades in America I saw many negative things. Still, my initial, generally positive, impression of America and Americans has only been reinforced.

It is not the American custom for three generations (and even two adult generations) of a family to live together. Toma and Sanya, though, offered us to live with them. This was useful both for us (we did not speak English) and for them. Pictures – reunion with children and grandchildren: (1)[28], (2)[29], (3)[30].

We lived with them in Framingham for three and a half years, helping with household chores and baby-sitting. Their children were: Sasha – 2 years old, Anechka – 5 years and Masha – 10. I call Anechka by this tender name not only because I love her – I love all my grandchildren and meeting them was an important reason of our emigration to the USA – but because there was one more Anya (my wife). We frequently saw Rebecca, Naomi and Andrei too. Anya was the one who did most of the household work and I also pitched in. (10)[31], (11)[32], (12)[33], (13)[34].

I gave Masha and Anechka daily Russian and math lessons. We went through several school textbooks. We did all the math exercises and Russian textbook assignments, not selectively as it would have been at school. In spring, in a festive way in the presence of the parents, the children had to pass their exams. I also gave lessons to Sasha.

For several years I tried to find a job, to avoid being a public charge. I knew that in my age chances were little but sent out many resumes anyway. I was interviewed for a Harvard faculty position in Russian. The interviewer liked me, and was impressed by my experience but they still hired a younger applicant.

We took a several tourist trips in the U.S. and Canada – more on this later. We went to concerts and shows of visiting Russian theaters. We managed to see famous performers, very difficult to get to see on stage in the Soviet Union – we saw a Bol'shoi ballet with Maya Plisetskaya and Anna Ananiashvili, the Taganka Theater, the Theater of Satire (Shirvindt, Derzhavin), the play "Chayka" directed by Viktyuk.

We attended shows and performances with the actors Sergey Yursky, Strzhelchik, Neyelova, Sergey and Tatiana Nikitin, the movie director Ryazanov, stand-up comedians Khazanov, Kartsev and Ilchenko, poets and writers Bulat Okudzhava, Voynovich, Korzhavin, Zhvanetsky, Veronika Dolina, Gorodnitsky, Guberman, Alexander Ivanov, and others. These

[28] First shots.
[29] First shots.
[30] First shots.
[31] Weekday chores.
[32] Weekday chores.
[33] Weekday chores.
[34] Weekday chores.

names may be unfamiliar to our grandchildren, but Lyonya, Toma, and their spouses joined us for many of these shows. Larissa took us and the children to see "The Nutcracker" – American children know this charming Tchaikovsky ballet that no Christmas goes without. (4)-(8), (14)-(24). (4), (5) (6), (7), (8) (14), (15), (16) (17), (18), (19) (20), (21), (22) (23), (24)

For several years, before the grandchildren grew up, we vacationed with them in Maine, sometimes with their parents and Sofa. We rented a cabin in a lakeside camp suggested by Larissa. The children were very happy there, enjoyed the water, learned how to swim (those who could not before), and went boating. They easily tolerated the temperature changes (hot days and cold nights) and mosquitoes – the unavoidable companions of vacationing next to water. Recently grown up Masha and Anya wanted to go there with children but so far did not get a chance. (25)-(37). (25), (26), (27) (28), (29), (30) (31), (32), (33) (34), (35) (36), (37)

36 Religion and us.

As I have already written, my father's father and grandfather were rabbis and my mother's parents were very religious Hassids, my father studied in yeshiva and was a gabbai in his synagogue. My early childhood was spent in a religious atmosphere; I believed in God, went to synagogue with my father, loved Saturday very much. Later, the synagogue was closed and we became distanced from religion. Not completely, though. Prior to the war, we celebrated the Seder for my grandmother's sake. My mother fasted on Yom Kippur. From my parents I learned some Hebrew expressions and some wise sayings. I learned to understand everyday Yiddish (and to speak it a little).

Jewish national awareness grew with the war, the Holocaust, the post-war explosion of antisemitism in the USSR, and the magical revival of the Jewish state. This led to a revival of interest in religion among Jews. In 1982 in Moscow on Simchat Tora, an especially popular holiday, I went to the Arkhipov Street Synagogue. I was shocked. Thousands or tens of thousands of Muscovites and visitors filled the streets, dancing, singing in Yiddish, in Russian, in Hebrew. It turned out that there were Jewish schools in Moscow – groups of children sang in Hebrew.

Large police (KGB) vehicles were parked in the side streets but nobody cared. People got tired of being afraid! I was excited not so much by the religious aspect of the event, as by the resurrection of national awareness after a long humiliating tradition of Russian Jews hiding their ethnicity. But Jewish national and religious traditions are hard to separate. Lyonya, too, in his rejection of the Soviet ideology became interested in Judaism. Before his departure to America he hand-copied for us the Ten Commandments, in Russian.

We got closer to religious traditions in Italy. The leader of Lubavitcher Hassids Menachem Mendel Shneyerson sent a rabbi to Ladispoli where the Soviet emigrants, including us, lived, awaiting American visas. We began to visit the synagogue daily; thankfully, it was located in the same building where we lived. If I was late and was needed for the minyan, the rabbi, Girsh Birk, would come for me. There was Russian literature in the synagogue, both religious and fiction.

Later Mashen'ka and Toma took our religious education upon themselves. Toma keeps a kosher house. In one of the first evenings, when I went to bed, Mashen'ka came up to me and taught me to say the beginning of Shma.

Now I will mention my problems with religion. Some people have decided the question of religion for themselves once and for all. I am not among them. For me, who grew up in a materialism dominated country, the main difficulties are not so much religious ideas as more general concepts of idealism.

As for religion – I remember my father. Having been religiously educated and then leaving religion, he said near the end of his life: "Believing is impossible, and so is not believing." America sees a constant struggle between supporters of Darwinism and Creationism (the faith in the Biblical description of the creation of all that exists in all its diversity). I cannot consider myself wiser than all the outstanding modern scientists, some of whom hold some form of such faith and some do not.

I will explain my attitude towards the Jewish religious traditions with the following example. On Hanukkah we celebrate 2 events. The first one – the Maccabee-led victory of the Jews over Greek invaders is a historical fact. The second – the lamp oil miracle – can hardly be considered proven. Nevertheless I have been lighting Hanukkah candles for 28 years. Why?

Many attach no certainty as to whether this or that event happened exactly as tradition describes. Descriptions of real events are often distorted in chains of transmission as in the "broken telephone" game. But people believed in them for millennia and this faith greatly affected the national life, and the formation of the national character. This in itself is a historic reality, which warrants a greater appreciation than many certain, but long-forgotten, facts. I agree with this view.

I am trying to find rational explanations for some religious laws besides the accepted reference to their God-given status. For example, the laws which forbid us to mix linen and wool threads, or to sow one field with different kinds of seeds, or to interbreed animals were in my understanding meant to preserve the Jewish people, who always lived among other nations, from assimilation and disappearance. If you are taught from childhood that things of different nature should not be mixed even on seemingly lesser occasions, then how can you consider an intermarriage?

Kashrut reminds us of our Jewish identity (in a similar way that some puzzling rules of etiquette probably mark off one's social circle). The laws of Kashrut, and Jewish religion in general, despite Jews being spread around the whole world and subject to unbelievable ordeals, managed to preserve our nation. This nation gave the world its Bible (not only Torah) and later having left the ghetto excelled in modern education and produced outstanding scientists and artists.

Of course religious laws and national traditions cannot remain unchanged. They underwent changes even in the strict Middle Ages (for example the codified prohibition of polygamy and slavery for European Jews). Changes within reason are even more unavoidable in our time.

Toma still continues my religious education. Sometimes I am grateful, sometimes I resist. Some books and recordings with which she abundantly supplies me (and others) are interesting even if the author fails to convince me on some points. For example I liked

Pinchas Polonsky, an Israeli with an original way of thinking and a skillful speaker, even though not everything he writes and speaks of convinces me, in particular about Israeli policies. Toma gave me his recordings and organized a lecture from him for the residents of our house.

He asked the audience for questions before the lecture – not after it as is usually done, so the lecture could target issues of interest for the audience. The most complex question was whether it is possible to prove the truth of idealism or materialism, and of religious tenets. He answered (I am not quoting exactly) that at some point of his life he had just chosen what he had an affinity with, what felt better to him – idealism, Judaism.

In my understanding, either in childhood (as for my grandmother), or later, based on life experiences, one accepts a system of views – a foundation for judging the surrounding world. This is why disputes between religious people and skeptical atheists, as well as between the followers of different religions, are so unproductive.

Now about our practice. We kept a kosher house, celebrated Shabbat and religious holidays (of course I do all this now too). Living in Framingham and then in Boston I regularly went to a synagogue. Now I do not go there so regularly because there is only a conservative synagogue in our neighborhood which Toma and Rabbi Lasaros do not advise me to go to (even though I respect Jews whether they are conservative or orthodox). I must admit that I do not follow all the requirements of my religion. I pray in a synagogue (in Russian, and some parts in Hebrew). At home I say Shma, and blessings on Shabbat and holidays.

I attach great importance to informal actions. I often feel the need to express my gratitude to God. I do not make plans without saying Be ezrat haShem (God willing). Lighting the candles, besides saying the blessings, I always sincerely thank God for all of us and plead for all of us (I begin in Hebrew – Boruch Atoh and so on and then continue in Russian following the example of those who wrote such important texts as the Kaddish, Talmud, and others in Aramaic). I am used to kissing the mezuzahs which Toma has put all over my apartment many times a day.

I cannot explain the need to do it even to myself if I am not really sure who sees and hears me. Actually, somebody is definitely hearing me: myself. I have a mental need to express my gratitude, worry, hope. Thus movie audiences applaud to express their gratitude to the film creators without hope to be heard by them.

Pictures: (1)[35], (2)[36], (3)[37], (4)[38], (5)[39], (6)[40], (7)[41], (8)[42].

[35] Initiation into traditions.
[36] See 36-1.
[37] Our first Pesach after a 46-year break.
[38] A holiday. Toma is sitting next to rabbi Lazaros, a great friend of Toma.
[39] He married Anya and me according to the Jewish religious tradition.
[40] See 36-5.
[41] Chuppah. Even reported in media.
[42] Chuppah. Even reported in media.

37 Our children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren in America.

Be fruitful and multiply and fill the earth...
(Genesis 1:28.)

Lyonya and Toma know and can write much more and better than I about their own adult life and the life of their children and grandchildren. In this account of our family history I will just mention the main facts and give the pictures.

Having arrived in America in September 1978, Lyonya in 1979 received his PhD from MIT – in the USSR he could not get a diploma. Since 1980, he has been teaching computer science at Boston University. During the year-long sabbaticals which university professors can take every 7 years (called so by analogy with the Torah law to give the land rest from farming every 7 years) Lyonya worked in the best schools of California, Israel, France, and living there with his family so his children mastered Hebrew and French, and in Germany (without the children).

Lyonya does a lot of research in his field. (Sometimes even outside it – for example he writes articles about taxes, democracy, etc.) He often talks at international scientific meetings. In Moscow and Leningrad he spoke at conferences dedicated to the memory of his teacher A. N. Kolmogorov. Lyonya gets awards, medals, was elected to the US National Academy of Sciences. He and his colleagues were the subjects of a book "Life and Discoveries of 15 Outstanding Computer Scientists".

Larissa, after coming to America, also went into research work. Talking to her I felt how interested she is in her profession – biochemistry. Larissa took a giyur (her Jewish name is Sara), learned Hebrew in a Jewish college, they have a dedicated Jewish family. Their children are: Rebecca (Jewish name Rivka) – born on December 5, 1980 (27 Kislev, 5741); her second name is Alice, probably for being born in wonderland; Naomi Tanya – born on January 16, 1983 (21 Tevet, 5742); Andrei Joseph – born on November 4, 1986 (2 Heshvan, 5747).

All three graduated Maimonides school. Rebecca graduated Boston University with a double major in computer science and art. She works as a programmer, and speaks about her work with great interest. She also has a serious interest in painting.

On May 6, 2007 Rebecca married Alexey Makarov. He is Russian, a Muscovite. He graduated a specialized biological high school at Moscow University, and then (with honors) this university itself, connected with so many events in our family history. He was immediately admitted into a graduate school majoring in microbiology. In 1998 Alexey came to America on an exchange program for scientists. He worked in University of California. Soon after he went to graduate school and earned first a Master's in chemistry, then a PhD.

Alexey took a giyur (his Jewish name is Michael). He and Rebecca had a very beautiful Jewish wedding in a cozy restaurant, in a picturesque park. On March 20, 2008 (14 Adar, 5768) their son Simon Alexander (Semyon, Shimon) was born, and on January 25, 2012 (1 Shvat 5772) – their daughter Rosanna Ellie.

Naomi graduated Boston University with a double major – in computer science and biology. This amounts to two higher educations. She works successfully. Naomi has a serious

interest in Zionism, went to Israel and traveled across America as a member of Jewish student delegations. She dances beautifully (was shown on TV). Travels, even climbed Everest! Lives in New York. Works for a prestigious company in which even New York's mayor Bloomberg became interested. In 2018 Naomi ran on Republican ticket for US Congress, though lost to a Democrat Nadler. On 12/24/2018 she married Avraham Cohn, esquire. Had a wonderful Jewish wedding. Now Cohn is their family name.

Andrei was among the award winners of the all-American competition of young scientists. President Bush received them in his Oval Office and their names were given to asteroids. So now our name is immortalized – a minor planet named Andreilevin is circling the sun. Andrei also took the 4th place in all-American competition in French and French culture. He competed on the highest 5th level where most of the competitors were native speakers of French.

In 2008 Andrei received Physics and Math Bachelor Degrees from MIT, where he had done research as a high school student, then biochemistry and biophysics Master Degree form Johns Hopkins University. Published his first research papers. Andrei was invited to physics doctorate programs in several best universities. Enrolled in Harvard where received a PhD in 2019.

All three of them are very industrious – and not only in their studies. All of them are good in cooking and sports. Naomi hiked recently on Everest to the height above 5,000 km (without oxygen mask). Though born in America they speak fluent Russian. They are very close with each other. Here are the pictures: (1)-(35),(115)-(118). (1), (2) (3), (4) (5), (6) (7), (8) (9), (10) (11), (12) (13), (15) (14) (16), (17) (18), (19) (20), (21) (22), (23) (24), (25) (26), (27) (28), (29) (30), (31) (32), (33) (34), (101) (35), (115) (116), (117) (118)

Toma, Sanya, Mashen'ka and newborn Anechka came to America in 1981. When the children grew up Toma began working as a programmer in the city council of Framingham and later switched to the city council of Cambridge where she works now (in a higher position). I joke that she has under her command the most famous universities located in Cambridge – Harvard University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1984 she gave birth to Sasha, in 1989 – to David (Vadik) was born.

Religion and Zionism began to play a very important role in Toma's life in America. For many years she has participated in a religious seminar. She visited Lubavitcher rabbi Menachem Mendel Shneyerson in New York and now visits his and his predecessor's graves. Toma participates actively in various campaigns to support Israel, distributes information, went to Israel with a delegation. Toma tries not only to observe all Judaic traditions and to help Israel and her synagogue as much as she can, but also tirelessly disseminates her beliefs. She actively participates in the movements against abortion and for the right of religious schools to be included in state school subsidies. She published articles on these and other topics related to religion and Israel.

Her life is very busy, She does not get enough sleep. When she picks me up to take to Framingham (now Natick) for Shabbat and has to wait for me in the car for 5-10 min I often find her asleep. All Toma's days off are spent on Jewish holidays. She considers such life normal. I will quote here several of her articles published in "*Novoye Russkoye Slovo*."

"In real life refusal to give birth to a child is often based on financial reasons. But where is the end of the race for the imaginary level of financial well-being? This level, imposed on our minds by the media, is like a horizon line endlessly moving away as we are trying to reach it ..."

"The system of automatic aid (with residence, abortions) to troubled high school girls popularizes their way of life spreading the irresponsibility. ... Is it possible to make some behavior unattractive while mitigating all its consequences? ..."

"Are the abortion rights really among 'woman's most personal rights?' ... Lawful society does not mean anarchy when everyone claims all his wishes sacred. It is first everyone's responsible for violation of rights of others. Abortion supporters call for the massacre of the most helpless ..."

"Where is the line between nonexistence and life? Which moment do we consider sacred? Allow the comparison between an abortion and murder – and you will receive the same spectrum of reactions – from mercy to lynching. If a month-old child is a burden to parents, can one get rid of him? ... What about a six-month old fetus? (I leave alone cases when giving birth puts mother's life at risk or some other questionable situations)."

"I am addressing you, future parents ... How to describe what it means to hold your own child in your hands? How much joy every new infant brings into a home!"

"One should stop looking with condescension on communities with an orderly and structured way of life ... For example a religious young woman who is not allowed to be in the same room with a strange man when the door is locked is less likely to encounter the problem of unwanted pregnancy. And yet the state is obviously discriminating and eroding religious communities, taking the money of religious taxpayers for the benefit of secular schools.." ("Unity?," "*Novoye Russkoye Slovo*" from 10.29.1993).

"It would also be a mistake to think that the attitude of a pregnant woman towards her fetus will determine her future feelings towards the child. How many people in general are capable of loving a fetus? Love for a child appears after his birth. This creates situations when a surrogate mother cannot part with her newborn."

"What if parents think they have enough children already and a child is still born? Let's move away from general thinking to a concrete situation for a moment. Introducing: Masha 18, Anya 12, Sasha 9, Vadik 4 – our children. Every one of them was born in a 'wrong time' which the readers of NRS can probably relate to. Masha was born when we were students. Anya was conceived when we applied for emigration (she was born on Rome). Sasha was born when I was looking for a job in a new country. Vadik – when our age was already not 'ideal.' All these could have been considered legitimate reasons for denying life to any of them. So any of them could have not existed. Think about what part of your life would have been lost if one or another of your children did not exist ...." ("Chose Life!," "*Novoye Russkoye Slovo*," February 4, 1994).

Now I move to the events that drastically changed Toma's and her family's life. Upon arrival to America Sanya found a job, worked his way up to a good position. But then he decided to start a business. It was unsuccessful, Sanya made debts. He began to borrow money from his relatives and friends. All the money was lost. They sold their second house and gave the money to Lyonya in partial compensation of the large sum which Sanya had borrowed from him. They went into bankruptcy. The relations between Toma and Lyonya

became strained. Anya and I were very upset about it; we cancelled the celebration of the gold anniversary of our wedding. Later Sanya left Toma for another woman.

Through the internet, Toma began to look for a new husband, as religious as she was, (Sanya was not Jewish) and found him – on the other side of the globe! To be more exact, they found each other. As I said at their wedding if, as it is said, marriages are made in heaven, this can definitely be said about theirs. Iosif Grigoryevich Derkach lived in Russia in Kazan. He had graduated the University of Kazan'. He is a mathematician. He came to religion as an adult and it had become the most important part of his life. He was widowed. Toma and Iosif met in Moscow and liked each other very much. On June 16, 2005 they celebrated a real Jewish wedding.

Our grandchildren. Masha (Maria, Miriam) was born in Russia. Even though Mashen'ka arrived to America at the age of five she is fluent in Russian. She translated part of these memoirs into English. Masha graduated the Maimonides Jewish school, Beys Rivka women's school, and then women's Barnard College in the famous Columbia University.

Masha married an American, Lubavitcher Hassid Chaim Charles Pearlmutter. Being already a mother, she continued her education and got a Master's Degree in pedagogic psychology. Masha worked with school students with special needs, and as a consultant to teachers. Later, she decided to become a lawyer and enrolled into a Law school. In May 2011, she became a Juris Doctor, the first in our family. Chaim graduated with a Doctor of Pharmacy degree. Chaim works as a pharmacist. The Pearlmutters moved to Ohio. This is far away, but they visit family every year. On one such visit Masha helped me a lot when I was hospitalized after being hit by a car.

Their first child, our grandchild Basya Sheindl was born on July 15, 1998 (21 Tammuz 5758). She was named after Anya's mother. She is a very independent and gifted girl. She was very willing to help me gathering branches. She has good self-control and a sense of order. Here is an example. Sometimes I picked her up after school (with the same pleasure as I did this with my grandchildren before). When I arrived at school I would give her a couple of candies. She saw I had more but did not ask, just said: "Later." (I used to give her the rest when she was picked up from my house to go home).

There was a funny episode which showed her ability to figure out the way out of a situation. Toma tried to teach her Russian (in the Pearlmutters family they speak English). Once Basya was offered to take a walk. She did not want to. "Will you go with daddy?," she was asked. "No!" – "With mommy?" – "No!." "With granny?" – she was asked in English – "Nyet!" (No! in Russian). Basya studied well, In 2019 graduated from Boston University - the first of our great grandchildren earning a college degree..

Pesach Aaron was born on April 29, 2001 (6 Iyar 5761). As soon as he started to walk he showed an amazing passion towards rhythmic sound. He was always pounding some rhythm with spoons or other objects. He studies music. (At my suggestion expence for two years).

Channah Ester was born on September 18, 2003 (20 Tishrey 5764). She was named after her great-grandmother Anya. Kayla Rochel was born on July 29, 2005 (14 Ava 5767).

Our granddaughter Anya was named like this when her parents did not know yet that you should not name a child after a living relative. Since childhood Anechka was everybody's favorite. When you look at her childhood pictures it looks like she feels it and is flirting slightly. I remember how Anechka was learning to ride a two-wheel bicycle. I went outside

with her to help and safeguard her. But she just mounted the bike and started riding! This showed her personality.

In her childhood she already chose medicine as her future profession. And this was not just a dream. Anya read the whole multi-volume medical encyclopedia for high school students. This profession, I think, attracted her not only by doctor's high salaries, though one should consider economic aspects early on, too. Her kindness, a distinctive feature of Anya's personality, played a role. Earlier in my narration I wrote how Anya had insisted on interrupting our Maine vacation to mark Yahrzeit for her beloved cat who had died – gotten run over by a car.

After graduating Maimonides Anya entered McGill University in Montreal, Canada. During her studies, she co-authored 3 articles in scientific journals. After graduation, Anya enrolled in a U.S. medical school (3 years in Israel, then in USA). Doctor of Medicine. Anya persistently pursued and achieved the realization of her dream.

At McGill Anya met a student Alain James Serels. They fell in love and got married. The wedding was big and according to the Sephardic traditions (Alain's father is a Sephardi rabbi in New York, PhD., who by the way received the title of an earl from the king of Spain). On October 18, 2006 (25 Elul, 5766) Anya and her husband had a daughter, Haeli Ruth. This is Alain's mother's name: Sephardic traditions allow naming children after living relatives. On August 6, 2010 (26 Av) their son Evan Mitchell was born. On February 16 2014 (Alef Adar 16, 5774) their daughter Tamara Ivy was born. She was named after our Toma, her grandmother. 27 October 2016 (25 Tishrey 5777 they had a son whom they named in honor of my father Gabriel Alexander, in Hebrew Gavriel Itzchak. Alain earned his B.A. in Math, Chemistry, and Economics, with honors, then an M.A. in Economics. Now they living in Cleveland, like Masha.

Sasha (Alexander, Yonasan) was born on April 11, 1984 (9 Nisan, 5744). In his childhood he showed great musical talent. I was present at the concert which usually ended a study year in the course given by his music teacher Tamara Aizikova. My acquaintance, a music expert, said about Sasha: "Among all these students he is the only real musician" (the granddaughter of this man was also among the performers). Later Sasha stopped taking music lessons, but he still loves music. He plays the piano, guitar, loves percussion instruments.

Sasha does well in everything he loves. He had successfully passed an SAT. He also helped other students to prepare for those exams. He writes well, is interested in cooking, has many friends. After graduating a Jewish school, Sasha entered Yeshiva University in New York. Later he got involved in an interesting and well-paid job.

David (Vadik) was born on August 9, 1989 (9 Av, 5749). He graduated a Jewish school and entered a Yeshiva in Israel. There he decided to enlist in the army. Here is an excerpt from Vadik's interview that "The Boston Globe" took a few days before his flight to Israel.

> Most people David Tatarinov-Levin's age have spent the past few weeks getting settled on a college campus, preparing for four years of study, and socializing. But the 19-year-old from Framingham felt a call to do something else.
>
> Tatarinov-Levin plans to join the Israeli army, and could face hazardous duty in a region constantly battling terrorist attacks and hostilities with its neighbors.

> His choice to serve in the military and postpone college education, is based on a hard-to-describe sense of vital necessity, he said.
>
> "I feel like this is my path. It's not that I love army life or shooting guns," Tatarinov-Levin said in an interview at his Framingham home during a break from packing his bags, a few days before his flight to Tel Aviv. "But I am physically and mentally prepared to serve the country, and I want to do it now."

Vadik, thank God, completed his active service safely. But recently, in a battle with terrorists, his friend was killed. In a sad picture in the New York Times we see Vadik at the funeral. After completing military service Vadik entered Jerusalem College of Engineering. Having finished the first course returned to his homeland, and successfully completed his studies at the UMass Amherst. Lives and works in Chicago. On 9/1/2018 Vadik (David) has married Aida Yershigeilowa (Hill), a Russian-speaking native of Kazakhstan.

All our grandchildren are very different and each of them is interesting in his own way. May they all be healthy and happy! I have a great friendship with my grandchildren. They live in different cities now but when they come to Boston we always meet. Once on a Rosh Hashanah which I was celebrating at home Sasha came to visit me from Framingham – he walked for four hours in the rain! This is impossible to forget.

Here are the pictures (36)-(114):

(36), (37) (38), (39) (40), (41) (42), (43) (44), (45) (46), (47) (48), (49) (50), (51) (52), (53) (54), (55) (56), (57) (58), (59) (60), (61) (62), (63) (64), (65) (66), (67) (68), (69) (70), (71) (72), (73) (74), (75) (76), (77) (78), (79) (80), (81) (82), (83) (84), (85) (86), (87) (88), (89) (90), (91) (92), (93) (94) (95), (96) (97), (98) (99), (100) (102), (103) (104), (105) (106), (107) (108), (109) (110), (111) (112) (113), (114)

38 Boston. We are students again.

In September of 1989 after being approved for the so-called Section 8 program which subsidizes rent Anya and I moved to Boston and began our independent life in America. We found a very good apartment with an unusually large eat-in kitchen (1)[43], (2)[44], (3)[45], (4)[46], (5)[47]. There were some problems but Toma went with me to negotiate. This was not long before Vadik was born and the property manager, probably seeing Toma's condition, became very agreeable out of women's solidarity. We remembered having always been residents of big cities, which have their benefits, as do cozy small towns with clean air like Framingham.

I made friends with the father of Toma's friend Ira. Toma and Ira emigrated together and gave birth to daughters together in Rome. Yefim Solomonovich Frid was one of the most educated and cultured people I knew. Being a Candidate in Technical Sciences he

[43] In Boston.
[44] In Boston.
[45] In Boston.
[46] In Boston.
[47] In Boston.

knew deeply not only his specialty but also literature, history, philosophy. For ten years until his death at the age of over 90 we met weekly at our place or his, had tea, played chess, discussed topics which interested us. Our views often differed but our discussions even on the most controversial issues were always respectful, never interfering with our good relationship (6)[48].

We invited Sofa, who could not make a decision about emigration until she saw America, and my cousin Rita, to visit us from Ukraine (7)[49]. Before that, in Framingham, we were visited by my niece Natasha from Moscow, Anya's cousins Emma from Israel, and Anya with her husband from Florida.

Anya and I decided to become students again – to study English in Bunker Hill Community college. I started to learn this language back in Russia before we decided to emigrate – I needed it for my scientific research. I took a course at the Foreign Literature library, listened to English lessons given on TV. We found very good audio tapes. In the summer, Anya's cousin Emma, who was born and raised in America and worked as a college professor of English used to come to visit us in Makhachkala (her doctors recommended her to take sea baths) and so we studied English every day.

In Italy, we studied English with a very good American teacher. I still remember how interesting was his utilization of mimics and gestures in his lessons (given entirely in English). For example, he signified the past and the future tenses by the movements of his hand to the front or to the back. In general he liked to act. He impersonated Brezhnev puckering up his lips (Brezhnev used to kiss his official guests including the American president Carter).

In Framingham we took evening English courses for three years. Once I was sent to make a speech at the business lunch of the Framingham business club which sponsored these courses (despite my poor English, evidently the English of others in our group was even worse). It was very interesting for me to watch the club's rituals – carrying the flag out, playing of the anthem – adult people were playing like children. The library assigned us special volunteers for individual lessons and oral practice of English. With gratitude I remember my mentor Lucy. A successful businesswoman, she got to like tutoring so much that she decided to enter a pedagogical college.

All those studies were not sufficient to master English but they helped us to pass the quite difficult college entrance exam. Our age exempted us from paying tuition and even made us eligible for a stipend of several thousand dollars (almost entirely lost in Sanya's bankruptcy).

In college, Anya took all the courses required for graduation, did all the assignments thoroughly, and graduated in 1996 (8)[50]. I did not care about graduation so focused on courses needed to master English. Besides language, I also took literature, history, geography.

I wrote essays, copies of which I still have, with interest. Among the topics were: "Michelangelo as a sculptor (written using literary sources and personal impressions)", "The Analysis of 'Georgian Song' by Bulat Okudzhava (in English translation)," "Peter the Great and the West (comparison of the views of western authors to those of Russian writer

[48]With my friend Yefim Solomonovich Frid.

[49]Our guests from the former USSR Sofa and Rita.

[50]In age of 74 Anya successfully graduated from the college.

Pushkin)", "Ethnic Separation after the Collapse of the USSR (on the example of Moldavia)", "My View on the Issue of Euthanasia of Patients in a Terminal Vegetative State."

Anya and I were put on the Dean's List of good students; later my biography (shorter than these memoirs) was published in the national Dean's List. I passed on an invitation to Alpha Kappa Mu, which was part of Phi Theta Kappa – the fraternity of students with excellent grades. (I wonder if America, in keeping with its democratic traditions, has a fraternity of failing students? I would name it Omega Omega Omega.) I accepted, though, an offer to take honors courses. Someone of our children rightfully noticed that competing with other students – recent graduates of American high schools – could not have been difficult for us. On the other hand, all lectures, textbooks, quizzes, and exams were in their native English.

My success in oral communication was very modest even though I took a course on it. This course offered little chance for communication, discussions. Every student was to make two presentations. My first one I did on perestroika and Gorbachev. The professor and students were surprised by my knowledge of this topic (starting from so-called Socialist-Utopians etc.) I said that Soviet people, whose lives were greatly affected by revolutions and wars, were very politicized. In my second presentation, I argued (I think convincingly) for the necessity to develop public transportation in cities, even a free one, in order to limit use of personal vehicles. I warned from the start that I was not expecting agreement because Americans love their cars almost as much as their children. No discussion followed. (I read recently that since 2000, Europe celebrates a "World Car-free Day.") I can communicate in English but have difficulty understanding rapid speech: I never worked in America and we speak Russian at home.

Besides lectures there were as many other activities at Bunker Hill as in all higher-rated colleges. There were weekly free concerts by musicians. There was an art gallery. Famous public figures were invited to give lectures free to the public (Senator John Kerry, the "father of American hydrogen bomb" Edward Teller, and others). Students were involved in various extracurricular activities.

We also took part in some of them (rarely). For example at the suggestion of a professor, a collective letter on the issue of widely spread violence in movies and on TV was sent to The First Lady at the time, Barbara Bush. Each of us received a warm answer from her expressing gratitude for our support of her efforts (which seemed fruitless to me) in solving this problem. By the way, I like Barbara Bush more than other First Ladies. She looks down-to-earth, a real "mother (or grandmother) of the nation," more like a kind Russian or Jewish woman than an energetic American helping her husband in his career.

We also have letters from three American presidents in our archives. Bill Clinton sent a letter to Sofa congratulating her on becoming an American citizen and we also received a letter from him with best wishes for the golden anniversary of our marriage. Bush Junior sent me greetings for my 80th birthday, Barack Obama with his wife Michelle – for my 90th one. It is a small thing, but a pleasant one.

Despite Bunker Hill being a junior college, the educational process and students' life there were based on the general standards of American colleges and universities. This helped us better understand the education and college life of our grandchildren.

39 All our parents' descendants are now in America.

Abraham sired Yitzhak, Yitzhak sired Yaakov, and Yaakov sired 12 sons. Lyonya brought Toma with her family to America. Toma and Lyonya brought us here. We brought 19 people, all the descendants of our parents with their families (including adopted children). Then Toma invited 8 relatives of Anya and her own fiancee. Sanya invited his mother. By now, 15 children who thank God have been born in America, have joined our family clan, filling the void left by irreplaceable losses of the Jewish population.

It was difficult to get refugee status for those we invited. For that, an immigrant has to belong to a persecuted minority, for instance be Jewish or a member of a Jewish family, has to prove having been persecuted, and has to have close relatives in America. Every one of the people we sent invitations to had serious problems with eligibility according to some of these criteria.

For seven years I fought for Bella, Anya's adopted sister. As we did for all the other relatives, I wrote letters about her persecution and other papers, conducted correspondence and negotiations with the authorities. Lyonya, Larissa, and later Toma edited my letters to improve English and gave good advice on their content. The problem with Bella was that her adoption, which was the basis for her kinship with Anya, had never been properly registered. There was only an excerpt from the district council's protocol certifying N.L. Erenburg's adoption of the orphaned niece of his wife. There was a dash in the place where the name of the adoptive mother was supposed to be in that document – Basya Yefimovna returned to Dnepropetrovsk from the evacuation only several months after this document was issued, and there was no written application from her on file. Possibly because of this, there was no official court decision about the adoption and no new certificate of birth issued. (Bella's original birth certificate had been lost when Bella, along with her parents, were being led to execution.) Bella managed to live without this document (the absence of which usually prevented a child from being admitted to a school, hospital, etc.), until the age of 16. Then she was given a passport with her age determined based on her appearance.

I had to write senator Kennedy twice explaining that Bella, a Holocaust survivor, who escaped from the Germans on her way to the place of execution where her parents were actually killed; who between the ages of 10 and 12 had to live hiding in the basements of bombed houses of a city invaded by Nazis, had absolute grounds to enter the U.S. as a refugee. The letter from the senator's office advised us to apply to the Ukrainian court. Finally we managed to get approval and Bella, with her daughter Ira, moved to America.

The story of bringing Rita, Bella's second daughter to America was shorter, but not less dramatic. In her application for refugee status Rita listed her ethnicity as "Ukrainian." She kept being rejected, because by U.S. immigration regulations, only those Ukrainians from persecuted religious (Christian) groups were eligible for refugee status. The case was hopeless and Bella already wanted to return to Russia. But we made one more effort: called the Washington immigration center and persuaded them to take a chance and allow Rita to be interviewed in the American embassy in Moscow so the officials there could make a decision. The explanation prepared for Rita's interview turned out convincing enough.

In the case of Sofa and her children, there were no problems with kinship or ethnicity, but at that time, after the collapse of the Soviet Union it was difficult to prove, as it was

with Bella and Rita, that Sofa was being persecuted. There is no state antisemitism in Russia and Ukraine (and this was the only kind of antisemitism accepted for immigration – popular antisemitism exists in any country).

I insisted on Sofa collecting facts and sending me the information. I used those facts in my letters where I put them in a context of the historical memory of the Jews in Russia and Ukraine, showing the connection between present events and past traditions, pointing out the lenience of authorities towards antisemites and antisemitic publications.

After the arrival of our immigrant refugees, we had to help them with paperwork and visiting various organizations (they did not know English). The most important and difficult issue was housing. I managed to get all of them approved for the Section 8 program, which subsidizes rent. Sometimes we had to go to other towns where the enrollment for this program would open up – later, section 8 eligibility could be transferred to another location. Then, we had to find good apartments fit for the Section 8 program. Thank God, they were soon arranged. Young working, the Rita's family bought a house. The old and the infirm ones have everything necessary, thanks to America. I calculated that in our family now for every person on the government subsidy due to age or disability there are four present or future taxpaying workers.

Now – about Sofa and her descendants. My sister for many years led a very active life. Having completed an English program in Fisher College, she continued to study this language every day seven days a week, until her vision deteriorated. She has read 67 (!) novels of her favorite authors and wrote a short essay on every book she read. She attended an English study group and was the best student there (probably the only one who read all the books assigned for summer breaks).

Sofa learned to use a computer, became an expert on making personalized greeting cards with photos on them. She did extensive work with the pictures for these memoirs. At the same time, she also volunteered in our cafeteria – delivered lunches to her sick neighbors. Now Sofa listens to audio tapes. Unfortunately, Sofa is sick now, treated in a rehabilitation center. Her children take very good care about her, visit her almost every day.

Sofa's children and grandchildren are industrious. Lyuba, despite her disability, works hard and very well – she is in great demand. Unfortunately, Lyuba and Kolya divorced. He moved to the Ukraine. Marik is an expert in sophisticated technical machinery. He can find problems and fix them. Sofa's grandson Vitaly has received two diplomas in America – a high school diploma and a diploma of a professional construction school – this was very difficult for a deaf person who also did not speak English. (Mitya graduated a high school back in the Soviet Union.) All of them work, and are financially secure. The children of Mitya and Vita, Sofa's great-grandchildren Denis and Karina have full command of English, Russian, and sign language even though their hearing, thank God, is normal. Let's hope that their children will be born with normal hearing, too. Vitalik's children, Sofa's great-grandchildren are Slavik and Anna-Maria. Vitalik's wife is Denise Hilton.

Pictures: (1)[51], (2)[52], (3)[53], (4)[54], (5)[55], (6)[56], (7)[57], (8)[58], (9)[59].

40 Anya's death. The first grave – we take root in America.

Our peaceful life in America was interrupted by a horrible tragedy. Before this event Anya's peripheral vision had greatly worsened after the cataract surgery. On November 20, 2000 (23 Heshvan 5761) Anya was hit by a passing car while crossing the street near our house. There was a knock at our door, a policeman entered; he started telling something. I did not understand anything, the policeman called Lyonya. Lyonya told me that mother had been hit by a car and was in the hospital. I assumed that she went to the hospital on her own. Soon after that Lyonya called me and said that mother had died.

We all know that all are mortal, that we all will die. This knowledge, though, is usually kept in the back of our mind – otherwise living would be difficult. Any death comes unexpectedly, even after a severe terminal illness, because there is always a hope if not for a full recovery but at least for some continuation of life. How is it possible to comprehend that Anya was just buying bread in the store and now she does not exist?

They tried to do something in the hospital but in vain. Some say (and others think) that such quick death is better for an old person than very possible hard dying from an illness. But then all elderly people with serious illnesses would need to be euthanized, painlessly put to sleep (such a delicate expression they use, even for animals). This is of course, wrong. Anya in particular had of course many illnesses. She was able to keep them under control, although, with medical help, she led a full life, helped the children and grandchildren, was enjoying her new great-granddaughter who had been named after Anya's mother. This life could have lasted many more years. She could have still many more good days. "Boruch haShem yeim-yeim" – thank you God for every day" – my mother often used to say.

This tragedy has happened, though, and no arguments are of any use now. According to a religious rule, Toma spent the night next to her mother (I am releasing my children from this duty beforehand). Lyonya said Kaddish in synagogue for 11 months. He suffered a long depression. I sought the help of a psychotherapist for the first time in my life and he helped me. For me in my age, Goethe's words: "Just wait – soon you will rest as well." play the same role.

We all kept remembering (and are still doing it now – each of us in private) our guilt towards Anya. At the funeral service rabbi Lasaros spoke about Anya's life, work, such as

[51]Sofa's family. Left to right - Vitaly, Mitya's wife Vita with their daughter Karina, their son Denis, Lyuba, her former husband Kolya (recently, they unfortunately got divorced), Mitya, Marik, Sofa.
[52]At Leonya's place.
[53]Sofa with Vitalik's children.
[54]Sofa with her children Lyuba and Marik.
[55]Sofa.
[56]See 39-5.
[57]Mitya.
[58]Vita.
[59]Vitalik.

her participation in designing the largest metallurgical plant in Bhilai (India), the Palace of Culture and Sports in Warsaw and other famous construction projects. And I (later at home) spoke about Anya's most important role in life – that of a mother and grandmother. She was very good mother and grandmother. Nothing else, task or illness, could interfere with what she considered her duty towards children and grandchildren – not only when the children were little and Anya was young but also in her old age. Just before the day of her death on Sunday, Anya had finished cleaning Toma's yard from leaves. On the same day, she mended children's clothes and helped Masha grade the math assignments of her students.

Toma remembered mother telling her how she usually planned her day: "While I can stand, I am planning to do this and this; if I am not able to stand I will be doing this and this, and if I can only stay in bed I will be doing this and this." In America, despite her age and illnesses (asthma and others), Anya learned to drive, got a college diploma, attended the pool regularly, readily helped people, for example, in settling relatives recently arrived to America.

We spent the week of Shiva at Lyonya's place. I have to confess that I sometimes do some mitzvahs to please Toma (Lyonya does not try to control me so much) and to keep the Jewish nation alive. But at that time I realized that Jewish people were keeping a religious tradition for me! People we knew and strangers from three synagogues – mine in Boston, Lyonya's in Newton and Toma's in Framingham, headed by the rabbis, visited and supported us. In this hour of grief I realized something which earlier I understood only theoretically – how important it is to be together with your people both in joy and in grief.

Later the time came to put a memorial stone on Anya's grave. We ordered a double one leaving a space for the second name. We also paid for the place for the second grave. That is how I, still living, got to see my grave. This is its location: Boston West Roxbury, Baker Street Jewish Cemeteries, Chevra Shaas cemetery, Numbers: left #s 37, 38.

"A man has no ties to a land until he buries his dead in it" (Gabriel Garcia Marquez, "*One Hundred Years of Solitude*").

Pictures: (1)[60], (2)[61], (3)[62], (4)[63], (5)[64], (6)[65], (7)[66], (8)[67], (9)[68], (10)[69], (11)[70], (12)[71], (13)[72], (14)[73], (15)[74], (16)[75].

[60]The place where Anya was fatally hit by a car.
[61]The map of the cemetery.
[62]The memorial stone.
[63]The unveiling of the stone.
[64]See 40-4.
[65]See 40-4.
[66]See 40-4.
[67]See 40-4.
[68]This is how we remember our beloved mother, wife and grandmother.
[69]See 40-9.
[70]See 40-9.
[71]See 40-9.
[72]See 40-9.
[73]See 40-9.
[74]See 40-9.
[75]See 40-9.

41 Newton. Poetry club and these memoirs.

Anya and I lived in an apartment building in Boston for 10 years without getting acquainted with any of the neighbors or feeling a need to do so. But we decided, when one of us, in Torah words, "joins his people," the other would have a difficult time living alone. So we applied for an apartment in several subsidized multi-apartment Jewish housings for the elderly.

In February 2001 I got an apartment in the Golda Meir House (GMH). This is not a nursing home. Every single resident or couple lives independently. All of them, though, feel that they belong to a community and according to their interests, they take part in common events and programs. Sometimes so many activities are posted, that the advertising boards run out of space. I was reminded of my student years, my life in the dormitory. The only difference is we do not share rooms, we live in separate apartments, with all the amenities.

Though our housing is located in a big city, it stands among three vast green golf courses which has a positive effect on the micro-climate. The building has two flower gardens with a walking path going between them and around the building. The T station is nearby, which is very important for me and other residents. When Anya was alive we had a car (first it was Lyonya's gift, then we bought one). But due to my poor vision, I cannot drive (I can only pilot a plane – see chapter 19).

There is a kosher cafeteria, a small store, a hair salon, a laundry. If you need to fix something around the apartment it is usually done the same day (for free). The electricity is also free. There are: a gym with a lot of training machines, health gymnastics classes, a library (with a section of Russian literature), and a computer room with Internet access.

For the first time since my childhood, in this house named after Golda Meir, I am living in a Jewish environment. Jewish holidays are celebrated. Approximately three quarters of the residents are American Jews, the rest are mostly Russian Jews (there are also Chinese and others, in compliance with racial desegregation laws). Among American residents, many are rich and pay full rent – they sold their houses when they got old and moved into GMH. Pictures: (1)[76], (2)[77], (3)[78], (4)[79], (5)[80].

In America in general, and in our housing in particular, volunteering is very popular (and actually voluntary unlike Soviet so-called "social assignments"). I already wrote about Sofa's volunteer work in one of the previous chapters. Soon after moving into GMH I organized a club of Russian Poetry. Despite skeptics who said that nothing will come of this because the interest in poetry which peaked in the sixties had long since faded away (true!), our club was active for over nine years.

At our meetings I spoke about Russian poets from Derzhavin to our contemporaries, about those well-known from high school programs and those less known to the general public. How many people, for example, have read Pushkin's "Yevgeny Onegin" as adults, when this masterpiece can be understood and appreciated so much better than in the 8th or 9th grade? In our club we read it all, chapter after chapter with appropriate discussions,

[76] Near our Golda Meir House.
[77] See 41-1.
[78] See 41-1.
[79] See 41-1.
[80] Le Chaim!

and listened to Tchaikovsky's opera. We dedicated a whole year to the Silver Age of Russian poetry. Because many classic Russian poets also did translation, we included in our program masterpieces of world poetry – from ancient to modern.

About half of the meeting time was spent on reading poems aloud. The sound of poetical words produces a completely different effect than poetical text just being visualized. A person reciting poetry expresses his own understanding of and feelings towards the text and thus becomes a coauthor of the poet to some degree. We all know how the same play can sound differently from the stages of different theaters. The idea to organize the poetry club materialized because I had gotten a very good sea shipment deal for my luggage when I emigrated; this allowed me to bring "Pages of Russian poetry of XVIII-XX centuries," a collection of recordings of poem recitals by well-known masters of artistic reading.

I enjoy reciting poetry. While teaching at high school and in college I, unlike many other teachers, who only discussed literature, used to recite poetry in my classes and my students listened attentively. We had and have other members who actively work in the club – Lazar Kaganov and Fira Kokoshvili.

We twice played my favorite poetic comedy "Woe from Wit" by Griboyedov: first with all club members participating, then, several years later, I played all characters alone, including female ones. At our meeting we also used to play bouts-rimes ("rhyming ends" in French). Ready-made rhymes are given, from which players are supposed to compose poems.

In our GMH's magazine there are favorable reviews and words of gratitude about our club written both in prose and verse. Pictures: (6)[81], (7)[82].

After moving into GMH, I also began writing my memoirs. I set a goal to tell the story of our family, of my life, and in connection with those, to tell, without simplifying, about the dramatic (and hopefully not recurring) epoch we lived in. The whole world knows about the KGB, the Gulag, about millions of their victims. All real and imaginary achievements of the country under the Soviet system mean nothing next to this. But those not directly affected by Stalin's terror (they probably were still in the majority) lived their lives with their problems and joys. Before Stalin's death, the scale of the terror was not known.

History textbooks usually dedicate a large amount of space to the activities of leaders. Policies of kings, presidents or dictators are considered to be the main determining factor in lives of common people. Even through undoubtedly the totalitarian Soviet regime not only killed millions but brought numerous calamities to others; life itself is stronger and richer than any power, with all its possibilities. People, overcoming great obstacles, studied, worked, fell in love, got married, raised children, read, went to the movies and theater, and were more interested in their family life or even in their favorite football team than in what was happening at the Party conference.

I do not know how objective my narration could have been had anybody from my family been a victim of terror. But thank God, none of my family was, even though we had enough grief from the Soviet regime.

I worked at these memoirs for 12 years. I write slowly in general, constantly making changes. Now my work has come to an end. My children and Sofa were reading it as I was

[81] In the Russian Poetry Club.

[82] See 41-6.

writing it and gave me good advice. When I reread this text, something similar happens to what the chronicler Pimen from Pushkin's drama "Boris Godunov" said:

На старости я сызнова живу.
Минувшее проходит предо мною ...

(In my old age I live my life again.
The past drifts slowly by my mental eye ...)

42 Tourism again: USA, Canada, Paris, Israel.

Soon after we came to America, we started taking trips as tourists. We visited New York and Washington with tourist groups led by Russian speaking guides. We went to Niagara Falls and other places in Canada and America with our children and grandchildren (mostly with Toma's family). I already wrote about our summer vacations in Maine. Later, probably due to our advancing age, we stopped traveling (when my father lived with us in Makhachkala and I asked him to go to the sea with us, he refused: "Haven't I already seen the sea?").

But relatively recently, already after Anya's death, Lyonya persuaded me to go to Paris where he was working and living with his family for a year, and then to conduct a "hajj" to Israel (this is how Muslims call a trip to sacred places). Lyonya also wanted to finance those trips but we were not used to accepting financial help from our children. It is enough that the subsidies and benefits given to us by the U.S. government are ultimately paid by our children's taxes.

In my GMH apartment I created a "Museum of Geography and Biography." On all the walls of my bedroom I arranged the pictures taken during our trips around the Soviet Union and other countries (Marik said that I still have some unused space – the ceiling). If besides Austria, Italy, Canada, USA, France and Israel we include the former Soviet republics which became independent states, then I traveled to 14 countries, Anya – even more – she also visited Yugoslavia, Latvia, Estonia, and Armenia.

As in other respectable museums, besides pictures, my museum has real exhibits: sand from the Dnepr, a piece of stalactite from a cave in the Urals (I did not break it off, just picked it up from the floor), a cedar cone from the Siberian taiga, souvenirs from the Caucasus (a drinking horn, a press-stamped picture, my portrait printed on a stone), a shell from the Mediterranean, a pebble from the Red Sea (Eilat), menthol candy from the oldest European pharmacy (in L'vov), coins from various countries, and pins from 31 cities. I invited my neighbors to see my museum and told them about our travels.

Pictures: (1)[83], (2)[84], (3)[85], (4)[86], (5)[87], (6)[88], (8)[89], (9)[90], (10)[91], (11)[92], (12)[93], (13)[94], (14)[95], (15)[96], (16)[97], (17)[98].

(18)[99] – in an amazing zoo. Toma from her car is saying something to a monkey which like the rest of the animals here runs free while tourists are locked in their cars, almost as in Zakhoder's words:

> Our forefathers, your forefathers
> Used to swing from one tree branch.
> So you see why it so bothers
> Us to be behind this latch."

(19)[100], (20)[101], (21)[102], (22)[103], (23)[104], (24)[105].

I will write in more detail about the trip to Paris and Israel (you already know America well yourself). (25)[106], (26)[107] (27)[108], (29)[109] (30)[110], (31)[111].

Near the Trianon Palace stands a stature which bows to you if you drop a coin for it. But our grandchildren found out that this was not a machine, there was a man inside (in the evenings it did not bow – the work day was over).

I was especially impressed by Venus. Copies do not do it enough justice to understand why it is so famous. Copies show the body of the statue, but do not really show its face.

[83] Miss Liberty is greeting Mrs. Levin.
[84] A captain with the face like a rock swept by the wind.
[85] Anya near the White House.
[86] This was how Lenin was pointing the way to the bright future.
[87] At the Capitol.
[88] See 42-5.
[89] Anya, a bridge construction engineer, near the Brooklyn Bridge.
[90] A tragic picture. Anya with the New York Twin Towers in the background. Anya died on November 20, 2000. September 11, 2001 is the day when these towers were destroyed.
[91] Anya and Toma's family in Disney World in Florida.
[92] A wonderful place not far from Boston, the Water Country.
[93] Ascending woman is Anya.
[94] At Niagara Falls.
[95] See 42-13.
[96] See 42-13.
[97] See 42-13.
[98] Canada, Thousand Islands.
[99] In an amazing zoo.
[100] In the museum of architecture.
[101] See 42-19.
[102] Anechka and Sasha, the last of the Mohicans.
[103] See 42-21.
[104] This pre-historical train took us with Leonya and Larissa uphill.
[105] The "golden autumn" in New England.
[106] Our Andrei in the Versailles Park.
[107] Larissa, Rebecca, Andrei and I near the Big Versailles Palace.
[108] I wanted to lie next to the bed where the king of France used to sleep.
[109] Naomi in Paris.
[110] Rebecca, Andrei and I in front of the pyramid – the entrance to Louvre.
[111] Venus de Milo. In the picture – Rebecca is next to it.

The face, though, is something you cannot take your eyes off. This is not a face of a beauty showing off – this is the face of a goddess (may Toma forgive me) – beautiful, wise, confident.

One comment – not on the Louvre, but on museums in general. To see miles-long expositions you need months (this is what Rebecca used to do – spent a whole year day after day in the Louvre and other museums sketching). Most visitors, though, have only one or two days. They walk through several halls more or less quickly and leave without any idea of what is exhibited in the rest of them. Would it not be better to abandon chronological order and to put the main masterpieces together in several halls? Then they can be seen by everybody and those with more time can see the whole exposition.

Now modern art: (32)[112]. (33)[113]: at the beginning of the 20th century Kazimir Malevich with his "Black Square" founded a new movement in art – suprematism. At the beginning of the 21st century I founded two (I used film spoiled by light exposure – not just anywhere but in the cathedral of Notre-Dame de Paris. (34)[114].)

We visited the Marais neighborhood where orthodox Jews reside. Even though there is antisemitism in France (is there a place where there is none?), we saw many Hassidic Jews calmly walking around in their traditional clothes. (35)[115], (36)[116].

(37)[117]: this city is built very compactly compared to other world capitals. In the recent past Montmartre was a center of art. Less famous artists still work there even now.

Montmartre also was and is now a center of crime. I got a chance to witness it myself. On my first day in Paris, our guide advised us to wear our belted wallets at the front, but I did not pay attention. On our last day, on Montmartre, while entering the funicular in a crowd of tourists I suddenly felt a slight pressure on my flank where my wallet was attached to the belt. I managed to grab the thief, trying to undo the belt, by his hand. Naomi who was next to me said later she was surprised how strongly I held him. She advised me to let him go which I did. This tall, handsome and well dressed man (possibly an Arab) calmly and confidently mounted the funicular – in search of another victim, I think.

Larissa who was standing near told me there were three perpetrators. One was probably supposed only to undo the belt without taking anything – no evidence! His partner, standing next to me on the opposite side was supposed to take the belt with the wallet and pass it to the third man who would have immediately disappeared in the crowd. The wallet held my money, passport and plane ticket. And this happened right before the flight! What if I did not let him go? In the best case this would have meant going to the police, spoiling our last day in Paris. But they also could have had knives. So "To See Paris and Die" could have become for me more than a movie title.

My last minutes in Paris had one more ordeal in store for me. Together with Lyonya we arrived at the airport and checked my luggage. I registered my ticket, said goodbye to Lyonya, and went through the security control. When boarding was announced I could not find my passport and ticket. The boarding has commenced and I could not get on a

[112] A sculpture, the meaning of which it is difficult for me to decipher.
[113] Black rectangle and colored square.
[114] In a park.
[115] In this cafe we ate Israeli falafel.
[116] Rebecca took us to this restaurant – their hot chocolate is delicious.
[117] Montmartre, from which you can see a panoramic view of Paris.

plane and return to America! I also could not return to the French territory without proper papers. Lyonya had left, his address and telephone was in my luggage. Imagine my feelings! I came up to one of the officers, there were many of them and I did not remember which one had checked my hand luggage earlier. I reported my loss (they all speak English, my French pronunciation is better, but my English vocabulary was already larger). It turned out I had passed control right there at this officer's station. He told me calmly and somewhat indifferently – you can pick up your papers at such and such a window. Couldn't they have announced finding my papers on the radio?

It happened this way. I put my handbag into the detector and held my passport and ticket in hand. The officer ordered me to undo my belt with the wallet on it and put it into the detector too. To undo the belt you need both hands – one to unbuckle it and the other to hold it (remember the thieves?) I put my papers on a table, removed the belt, put it into the detector, passed the control, took my luggage on the other side, and left. My passport and ticket were left in plain sight of the officer who did not even bother to call me! Boruch haShem! How many such tough situations with happy ends have been in my life!

These dramatic events had no effect on my impressions from visiting this great city and on my gratitude to Lyonya, Larissa, Rebecca, Naomi, and Andrei who gave me a lot of attention during these memorable days.

Our trip to Israel with Sofa was not quite an ordinary tourist trip. Due to terrorism the number of foreign tourists coming to Israel had decreased abruptly, delivering a blow to the economy which experienced difficulties already (in 2002 the number of tourists in Israel reached an all-time low). So in 2003 a group of Jewish organizations appealed through the media: "Dear friends! Today Israel needs your support like never before and we call on you, Russian-speaking Jews of America and Canada to join a wide scale Mission of Solidarity with the people of Israel."

I decided to go. One must visit Israel. Anya went there in 1994 at the invitation of Lyonya who worked and lived there with his family for a year (39)[118], (41)[119]. Toma went there in November 2001. And my trip was also my participation in a good deed. Larissa helped with the papers. It was difficult to persuade Sofa to go. This was the time when intifada was in full swing with daily scary reports in mass media. We argued that many more Americans are killed by cars than Israelis by terrorists. Anya had gone to Israel, come back safely, and died next to her house. But Sofa was hard to convince.

Finally she decided to take a chance – and did not regret it. Seeing how people in Israel fill the streets, beaches, restaurants as if they have never heard of terrorists, we all somehow forgot our fears. And we were lucky – the terrorists must have hidden somewhere – there were no terror acts during our trip.

"The success of the first mission inspired many, people stopped being afraid to go to Israel," – the *"Jewish World"* newspaper wrote. There have been eleven such solidarity missions already, with thousands of participants. Pictures: (42)[120] – the Certificate of Gratitude from the Minister of Tourism and the Chairman of Jewish agency. We were received in the Knesset by the Minister of Tourism, the vice-speaker of the Knesset, and the

[118] Anya in Israel.

[119] See 42-39.

[120] This Certificate names us as Goodwill Ambassadors to Israel.

leader of the Russian Party, Yury Shtern. (43)[121]. (44)[122], (45)[123] – the solidarity march and its security. Thousands from all over the world marched all the way across Jerusalem. From our group mostly younger people took part in the march – it lasted 4 hours, Jerusalem is a city of hills, and it was cold in November. but I still love to walk.)

Politics aside – we came to see our dear Israel. And we got the chance. General impression – amazing, even though we seemed to know everything. I have a large guide to Israel and other books including the 10-volume Jewish Encyclopedia, but this miracle needs to be seen with one's own eyes. "Israel today is the only utopia which has withstood the winds of history," (Alexander Bovin, the former Russian ambassador in Israel). They created such a country almost out of nothing, and (not out of nothing) such people – themselves. Israel has everything now – as any highly developed country of the world.

As for the nature – what makes Israel special is that in this small land many different landscapes alternate quickly. Here our bus is in the mountains – in a blink of an eye we are down in the valley. Desert – and right next to it a park. Besides Tel-Aviv and Jerusalem we visited Haifa, Caesarea, Akko and the Bahai Gardens, the Dead Sea, Masada, the Galilee, Tveria, Tzfat, the Golans, Katzrin, and the wine-making plant Carmel Mizrach, in Eilat.

Of course we got tired. Waking up at 6 or 6:30 am. No rest during the day which I had gotten used to after retiring. We returned to the hotel late in the evenings. And a 7-hour jet lag. And two nights on the plane. But if you do not want to get tired – stay home. We lived in very good hotels. Our meals were excellent, even excessively good in view of extra weight problems. People who stayed with relatives or rented apartments had no idea about the meals at Israeli hotels. In the morning – buffet breakfast ("Swedish table" as we call it in Russia) with enormous variety of delicious dishes for all tastes. No limitations, no need to think about the size of the bill like in a regular restaurant. Supper served in the same way. During the day we were given time for lunch but after such a breakfast we could eat nothing but fruit until the evening meal.

We got lucky with our tour guide, a very intelligent and highly educated person from Leningrad. Lena did not recite a text written by somebody – everything she was talking about reflected her own personal interest, her own knowledge of the subject.

Picture (46)[124]. When we ascended there we were given wine and pages with a prayer. Boruch Atoh ... Lizman Haze – thank God that we have lived to see this day, which has been dreamed about by the persecuted Jewish people for thousands years, as they kept saying: "Next year – in Jerusalem!" Even though this phrase means not just visiting the city but returning to it from exile, I emotionally remember even now that moment, that prayer. Even though it was not us, but still our people had returned and made our visit possible.

(47)[125] Now we became real Zionists. In the Yad Vashem memorial we visited historical hall and the hall of murdered children. There, thousands of small lights shine reflected in the mirrors multiple times – as the souls of dead children. (48)[126]: We found the name

[121] We are welcomed by the staff at the hotel in Tel-Aviv.
[122] We took part in an evening march of solidarity with Israel.
[123] See 42-44.
[124] Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives.
[125] Near the main Jewish sacred place – the Wailing Wall.
[126] Our Dnepropetrovsk. In the memorial of destroyed Jewish communities.

of our city of Dnepropetrovsk where 11,000 Jews had been executed. I filled out a special form for my aunt Manya who had been killed there (Bella had filled such forms earlier). Our delegation laid a wreath at the memorial.

They say a man should in his life raise children, build a house and plant a tree. We have raised our children, have not built a house but planted many trees. (49)[127], (50)[128]: in honor of the perished Israeli astronaut Ilan Ramon. Planting trees is an important tradition in Israel. Eretz Israel had forests in the past but later they were cut down. The Prime Minister once said: "Either the desert will defeat us or we will defeat it." The country is covered by orchards and parks – all irrigated. By the way, in Israel our trees, I hope, have grown long ago – Lyonya planted them in honor of his mother and me; I have the certificates. Solidarity Missions which followed ours (the first one, "historical" as they call it in the papers) continue planting trees in the forest we started.

(51)[129]: The founding fathers of Israel were socialists. Many of the agrarian communes created in their time still function in a capitalist Israel, though their rules became more liberal. (52)[130]: this is the city of industry, especially high technology and science. There is a saying in Israel: "They pray in Jerusalem; have fun in Tel-Aviv, and work in Haifa." On our way to Haifa we visited places with names that had become common nouns. The world "favorite" came from the name of the place Favor where according to the Gospel the resurrection of Jesus took place. Armageddon – the fight between the good and evil forces at the end of the world – is a small stony ravine.

During the tour our guide Lena told us a lot from the Torah, from the books of Prophets – all those events took place there! (53)[131]: it is worth to go there only for treatment or to buy cosmetics manufactured there, or as we did just not to regret later about missing the Dead Sea. To swim there is impossible – the water pushes you to the surface. They also do not advise to dip your face in it.

In Eilat, though, where we spent three days, we got to swim to our heart's content (in Tel-Aviv only Russians swim in November). We visited an amazing sea museum, or rather museum complex. Besides an aquarium like the one in Boston there are two more museums in Eilat. We came down an underwater tunnel and through the windows could see an open underwater kingdom. All these fish, stingrays and turtles were probably lured by food from the open sea. Another museum or attraction is a panoramic theater. They show a trip on a submarine. The chairs and the floor are shaking – hold on!

The Aqaba Bay in the Red Sea is divided in two. On the West – Eilat, a first rate Israeli resort well-known all over the world. In the East, right next to it – Aqaba, Jordanian resort. Let's hope that the gloomy prophecy about the future Armageddon will not come true. The guarantee of this is growing power of Israel and its alliance with America and the world's Jewish community.

[127] Our tour itinerary included starting a forest and planting trees.
[128] See 42-49.
[129] In a kibbutz.
[130] The seaport in Haifa.
[131] The Dead Sea.

My story is coming to the end. Here are 2012-2014 pictures: look, remember ... (54)[132], (55)[133], (56)[134], (57)[135], (58)[136], (59)[137], (60)[138], (61)[139], (62)[140], (63)[141], (64)[142], (65)[143], (66)[144], (67)[145], (68)[146], (69)[147], (70)[148], (71)[149], (72)[150], (73)[151], (74)[152], (75)[153], (76)[154], (77)[155], (78)[156], (79)[157], (80)[158], (81)[159], (82)[160], (83)[161], (84)[162], (85)[163], (86)[164], (87)[165], (88)[166], (89)[167], (90)[168], (91)[169], (92)[170].

And all, all ... recognize! (93)[171], (94)[172], (95)[173], (96)[174], (97)[175], (98)[176], (99)[177],

[132] Our little son Leonya grew up!
[133] Our little daughter Toma has grown too!
[134] And we with my little sister Sofa have grown, too!
[135] My daughter in law Larissa.
[136] Masha and Chaim.
[137] Basya.
[138] Aron improvises.
[139] Basya, Kayla, Channale, and we with Toma.
[140] Rebecca and Aleksey wits their children.
[141] Simon and Rosanna.
[142] The prodigy, his main teacher – mom, his grandmother and sister.
[143] Cooking. Another teacher - Naomi.
[144] Anya and Alain.
[145] The family.
[146] Haeli and Evan.
[147] Anya with me.
[148] Naomi. Everest Ascent.
[149] Kayaking.
[150] Naomi with Rosanna.
[151] A beauty.
[152] Andrei and Rebekka with children on Cape Cod.
[153] Andrei studies graphene at Harvard.
[154] In the mountains.
[155] A skier.
[156] Sasha.
[157] With Anya.
[158] With me.
[159] With Aron.
[160] Vadya in Israel after military service.
[161] He flew to America for my anniversary.
[162] With Evan.
[163] With Andrei.
[164] With God' help we created a girl!
[165] We are happy!
[166] I was so comfortable...
[167] Enjoy, Ivy Tamara, your name and U.S. citizenship!
[168] Namesake, a grandmother and her grandddaughter.
[169] Multiply and fill the earth.
[170] World opens up. It'interesting.
[171]
[172]
[173]
[174]
[175]
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[177]

(100)[178], (101)[179], (102)[180], (103)[181], (104)[182].

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Conclusion.

About myself. When working on one's memoirs, one wants to sum up the years past. I know my drawbacks. They resulted in many little and big mistakes in my life. I remember them with a heavy heart. I spoke at length about them here, though it is impossible to bare one's soul completely, and unnecessary.

With all that, reading these memoirs one can see that I have managed to achieve something professionally as well as solve problems of our family. I always took my work seriously. My efforts may have helped my students to learn something useful for their lives, and my college students – for their pedagogical work. They showed their appreciation. Many of my students stayed in contact with me after graduating. As I wrote above, my entire former class came to the train station to see me off to Moscow. At emigration, I had to dispose of a thick pile of letters from my former students (it was forbidden to take handwritten texts across the border). The last of those letters, from Andrei Timoshchenko, arrived a week before my departure, 22 years after his graduation.

Some of my pedagogical ideas spread. I can credit myself with the creation, in two colleges, of Young Pedagogue Schools, the first in the country. It was a very difficult task. In 16 years, thousands of students went through these schools. Many of them obtained a pass into the pedagogical profession which they had consciously chosen in their school years, and probably became not the worst of teachers. Our experience gained recognition and such schools were replicated throughout the whole country.

As is evidenced in the memoirs, not only in my work but also in my personal life, I sometimes managed to overcome difficulties to solve complex problems in our family. At times I managed to do something good for other people.

About our family. In the dramatic, often tragic, conditions of life, our family had a fair amount of what Jews call Mazel (luck). 27 million people died in Russia during the war. Millions died from the Stalin's Terror and from starvation. Our family was spared that, Boruch haShem. These memoirs described many cases of amazing luck. Of course not everything was good in our life (in whose was it?). There were illnesses, poverty (until, at 47, I defended my dissertation), persecution, and the graduate school I could enter only 14 years after being recommended for it, and Lyonya, a talented mathematician, could make his career only in emigration, and so on.

In total, though, my assessment of our MAZEL could have been positive – before Anya's tragic death. We have managed not only to survive – in such a time! We raised very good children and grandchildren. We have lived to see our great-grandchildren. We all received a good education. I have not been unemployed a single day, and I worked in my profession,

which I loved. Together with all the descendants of our parents, we ended up in the blessed America and settled successfully here.

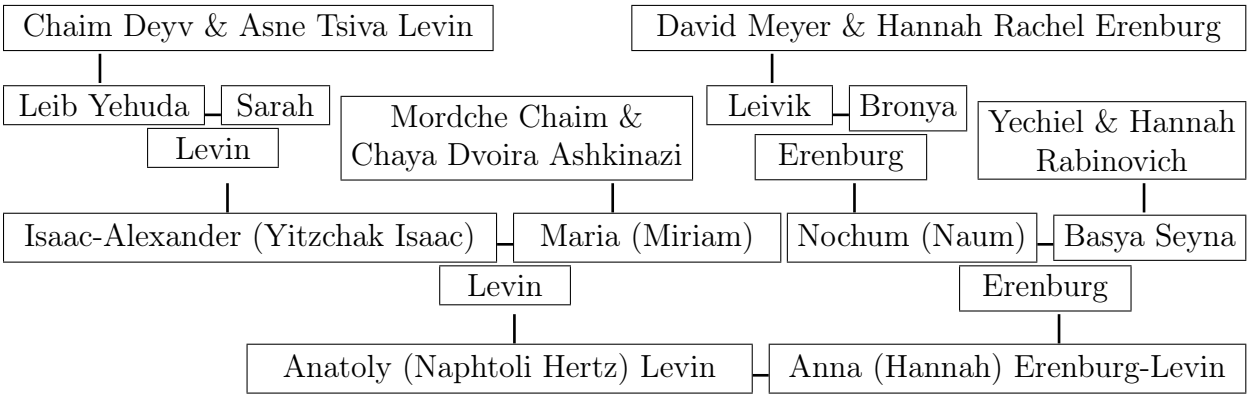
And there were also many events in my, our lives not as important, but pleasant to remember. Such as our travels – by water, on foot, in the mountains – any kind. When I read of something that happens in Moscow, the Caucasus, the Crimea, Ukraine, Leningrad, in many other Russian cities, in the Central Asia, Karelia, Italy, Israel, New York, Washington, Vienna, Paris – often, the names of streets, squares and other places where I have been sound like the names of my old acquaintances.

(0)[183]

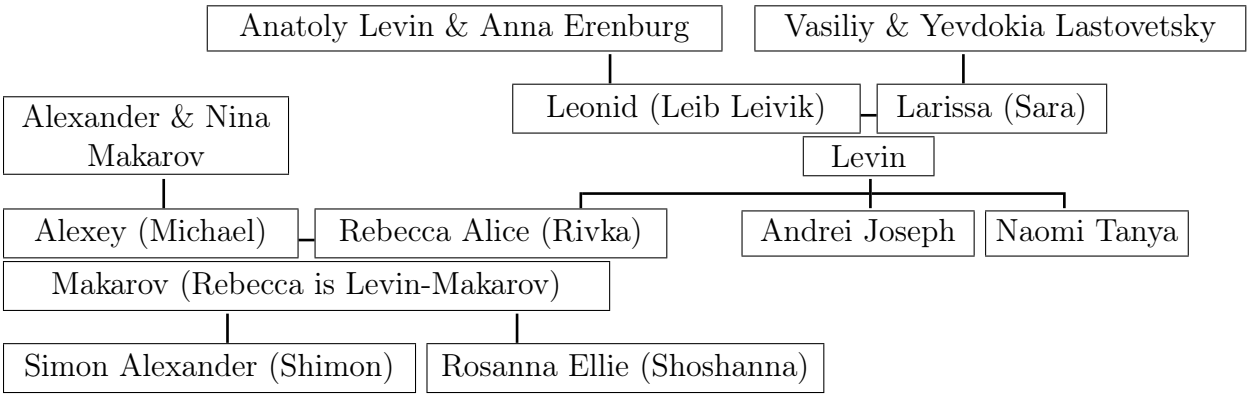
[183]Our great family at my 90-th anniversary party arranged by my dear grandchildren.

Appendix A
Our Family Tree.

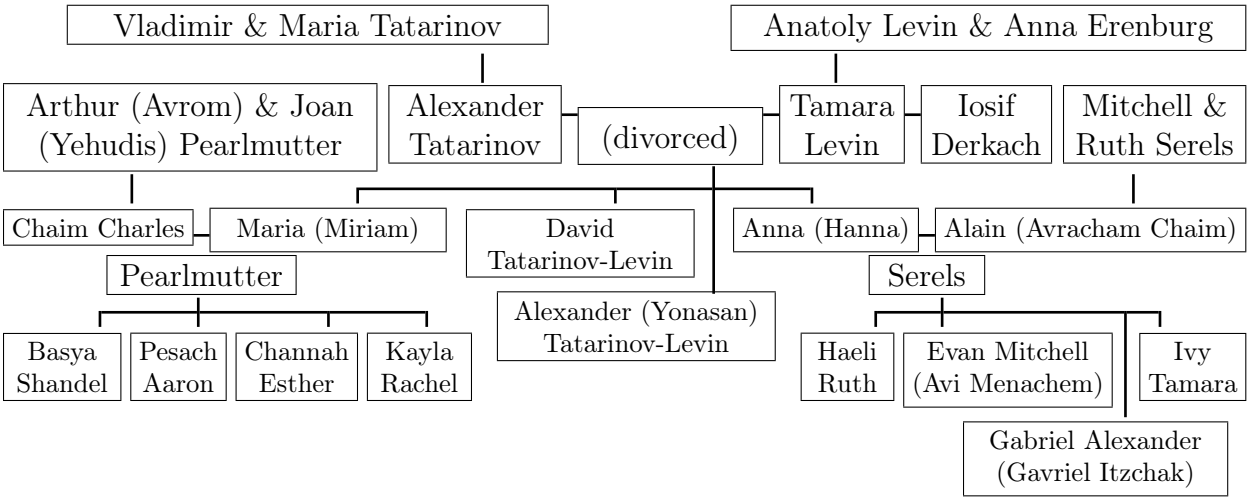
Your ancestors. (Appendix B tells about other relatives.)



The family of Leonid Levin



The family of Tamara Levin



Appendix B

Relatives on three continents.

As I promised, I will tell now about the most important positive and negative health factors of our ancestors and relatives. Some of us lived rather long despite unfavorable conditions. My father, my mother's mother, my mother's sister Tsilya, and Anya's aunt Sonya lived more than 90 years; Anya's cousin Emma – about 90. My father's cousin Aneta lived 101 years, even though she was ill all her life. My mother's sisters – twins Lena and Inna, Anya's aunt Clara lived more than 80 years. I am, thanks to God, 93 now, my sister Sofa is 91, thank God. Anya was killed in an accident when she was 78.

I will name serious illnesses which more than one person from my and Anya's families suffered. These are: stomach cancer, leukemia, lung TB, bronchial asthma, and in old age – some loss of memory and hearing, a stroke. Scientists write that, for example, cancer is only 5-10% hereditary and mostly depends on lifestyle. Besides I hope that in your time these illnesses will already disappear or be easy to cure. Still just in case I'm giving this information so you can give it to your doctor if needed.

I wrote about my and Anya's ancestors and parents in the first chapters. Two chapters are dedicated to my sister Sofa, her children and grandchildren. Now – about our other close and distant relatives and in-laws.

1 My maternal relatives.

I'm beginning with them because from this side of my family my cousins and their children and grandchildren, thank God, live. Nobody is alive anymore, unfortunately, among my close paternal relatives (and their in-laws included even Sverdlov, the President of the Soviet Russia).

My mother had 5 sisters who survived early childhood. Chasya (Asya) was the eldest. Thanks to her, my father could escape Dnepropetrovsk at the beginning of the war, thus avoiding death. Later Sofa came to her and was cared for by Chasya as her own daughter. Chasya worked as a cashier. Her husband Moisey Minkevich worked as an accountant. He had a psychiatric condition. During one of its spikes he committed suicide. Their pictures are in chapter 1.

My next aunt is Tsilya (1)[1], also see pictures in chapter 1. Tsilya never married. She

[1] Our aunt Tsilya.

lived with Inna and her family and was like a second mother to Inna's children. All her life Tsilya was a helper for her sisters, nieces, and nephews even when they already had families of their own. She thought nothing of dropping everything and rushing to Moscow at the slightest necessity. She took my application to a graduate school to Moscow. During my mother's long (18 year) illness she kept visiting her and came to see her in the hospital every day doing everything necessary. At the time of exacerbation of my mother's illness Tsilya took her in to live with her (Sofa and I lived in different cities). Tsilya, no doubt, prolonged my mother's life by several years.

But besides all this Tsilya worked and did it very well! Having started working at a major Petrovsky factory as a copying expert after the death of their father, she soon headed the copy division and held this job till retirement. Thanks to her, Inna could graduate college. Tsilya was much respected at the factory. The chiefs of the construction department which included Tsilya's division used to casually visit Tsilya at home (I remember their Jewish names – Vulakh and Verner – because Tsilya often mentioned them – she was as absorbed in her work as in the lives of her kin).

Now about Minna (2)[2], (3)[3] – with her granddaughter Natasha, see also pictures in chapters 1, 16. In the 30's Minna got married and went to Kharkov. Her husband Iosif Levin, a mining engineer (4)[4] – he with Minna and their daughter Lyuba, worked at a design institute. Iosif was religious all his life. After the evacuation the family moved to Moscow. Minna worked in a hospital as a dietary nurse. She kept constant contact with her sisters, helped them and their children. Minna and her daughter Lyuba took care of me, during my illness, and of Lyonya. Minna helped my mother be admitted into a Moscow clinic and later did the same for Sofa when she needed surgery. Minna's sisters and their children stayed with her during their Moscow visits.

The younger sisters – twins Lena and Inna: (6)[5], (5)[6] – Lena with granddaughter Natasha and with Minna, see also pictures in chapters 1, 32. Lena attended a professional school but after marriage devoted herself to her family. She was a very good homemaker. Her husband Abram Labkovsky was a talented engineer: (7)[7], (8)[8] – with Lena and Minna's daughter Lyuba, (9)[9] – with granddaughter Natasha, see also pictures in chapters 1, 32. He took part in the creation of the famous rocket launchers "Katyusha." After the war he designed blast furnaces. Two of the furnaces he took part in designing, were the world largest at the time. He received several patents and many state decorations (orders and medals, including a gold medal of the Exhibition of the Achievements of People's Economy). When Anya was fired during the antisemitic campaign, Abrasha helped her to find a job. He was a very good family man.

His brother Yasha was a military pilot, fought in WWII. After the war he obtained a PhD and was a dean in Dnepropetrovsk University. Among Abrasha's relatives there were famous

[2]Our aunt Minna.
[3]With her granddaughter Natasha.
[4]Her husband Iosif Levin with Minna and their daughter Lyuba.
[5]Lena with her granddaughter Natasha.
[6]Our aunt Lena with Minna.
[7]Lena with her husband Abram Labkovsky.
[8]Lena, Abrasha and Minna's daughter Lyuba.
[9]Abrasha with his granddaughter Natasha.

people. His aunt Rita's husband Nikolay Nikolayevich Ginsburg was the chief microbiologist of an army group during the war. Ginsburg's father, the President of Kazan University was married to the sister of Sofia Andreyevna Bers, the wife of Lev Tolstoy (the condition of this marriage was his baptism but he kept his last name). I met N.N. Ginsburg at Minna's home, and I also visited his summer estate which included a large part of forest.

And this is Inna (10)[10], (11)[11] – with her niece Lyuba, see also pictures in chapters 1, 32. Inna had a very difficult youth. She wanted to get an education but as the daughter of "lishenets" could not be admitted to college without having work experience. She went to work at the Petrovsky factory and later at a construction site. She then graduated Metallurgy College, became an engineer at the same Petrovsky factory, and worked there until retirement. Inna had a good voice. Her favorite was a Neapolitan song "O Sole Mio." Inna married Zyama Chain: (12)[12] – with their children. Zyama was also an engineer. He was an exceptionally kind, helpful person. Being very handy, he appeared everywhere where his help was needed without being asked twice. For example he actively helped with our move to Saratov. The relationship between Inna and Zyama was ideal. I have never seen a more loving couple.

Unfortunately, all my dear aunts and their husbands have already completed their existence on Earth. I will write about my cousins and their families next.

Chasya and Moisey's daughter Lilya (see picture in the chapter 1) was a dentist. Her husband Arkady Manilov (13)[13], (14)[14] – with Lilya and Minna, with the daughter Lyuda, see also in the chapter 1, was a good engineer, highly placed at his job. Lilya and Arkady were ill for a long time. After they died their daughter Luda and granddaughter Galya went to Israel.

This doll-like child is Lyuba, the daughter of Minna and Iosif (15)[15]. Later Lyuba of course grew up (16)[16], (17)[17], (18)[18], see also in chapters 1, 16, 31. Lyuba was born in Kharkov but spent almost all her life in Moscow and speaks Russian with a pure Moscow pronunciation. She graduated 1st Moscow Medical School, the best in the country. All her life she worked in the same outpatient clinic. Lyuba married her (and my) cousin Marik.

Mark Labkovsky – the elder son of Lena and Abrasha (19)[19], (20)[20], (21)[21], (22)[22], (23)[23] – with Lyuba. Marik served in the army. He is an engineer. He headed a department of the metallurgic engineering scientific-research institute in Moscow. He has 16 certificates of authorship as well as patents for his inventions in the USA, Great Britain, France and

[10] Our aunt Inna.
[11] With her niece Lyuba.
[12] With her husband Zyama Chain and their children Tolya and Rita.
[13] Our cousin Lilya with her husband Arkady Manilov and Minna.
[14] Arkady with their daughter Lyuda.
[15] Lyuba.
[16] See a1-15.
[17] See a1-15.
[18] See a1-15.
[19] Mark Labkovsky.
[20] See a1-19.
[21] See a1-19.
[22] With his future wife Lyuba.
[23] See a1-22.

Germany. In the new Russia he was the director of the company "Elerom." He is a book collector, and has a very good library. He and Lyuba work in their garden very effectively (24)[24], (25)[25]. As you can see in the merry picture (26)[26], not only them. Marik and Lyuba put a lot of effort into their two-story summer house and equipped it wonderfully.

Continuing the tradition of the Ashkinazi sisters who were very close to each other, Marik and Lyuba keep close contact with their cousins' families and of course with Marik's brother Vladik. They helped me and Anya buy sanatorium stays. When working on this appendix I had to verify some information about relatives, especially from the younger generation (now we live in different countries) and I enlisted the help of Marik and Lyuba.

Here is their daughter Natasha (27)[27], (28)[28], see also in the chapter 31. (29)[29] – on the day of her wedding with Yevgeny Todrin (Lyuba and Marik are on the right). Natasha graduated university majoring in biology, and worked in that field. She visited us in the U.S. In the new Russia Natasha started a business. She opened a travel agency which she now heads. Yevgeny is an engineer. Now he works at Natasha's company. Pictures: (30)[30], (31)[31], (32)[32], (33)[33], (34)[34], (35)[35] – Lyuba, Marik, Natasha, Yevgeny, their children Ella and Sasha.

Please look attentively at this last picture, at this wonderful child. During the night from August 30 to August 31, 2005 a horrible tragedy happened to the family – and caused pain in our hearts. Sasha Todrin died from myocarditis caused by a viral infection. The boy died in a hospital literally in the course of days. For Lyuba and Marik Sasha was not just a grandchild, though this alone means a lot. Sasha was practically brought up by them because his parents worked day and night. What words can you find in such situation?

I must continue my story. Lena and Abrasha's younger son, Marik's brother Vladimir (Vladik) is an engineer like his father and brother. He is very talented. He used to head the laboratory at a large factory. After Ukraine became an independent state, like many others, he tried to start a business, but it was not successful. Vladik is a kind person, always ready to help others. He is very handy and never refused any requests for help. He is very trusting. Evidently these are the wrong qualities for business success in the times of "wild capitalism." He is married. His wife Rimma is an economist.

Their daughter Marina, her husband Sasha and their children live in Israel. Marina works as a preschool teacher. Sasha is an auto mechanic. Recently Vladik and Marina also moved to Israel. Pictures: (36)[36] – Vladik with Sofa's Lyubochka. (37)[37] – Vladik with Marina.

[24] He and Lyuba work in their garden very effectively.
[25] See a1-24.
[26] They involved Anya and me in the labor (look at this merry picture).
[27] Their daughter Natasha.
[28] See a1-27.
[29] On the day of her wedding with Yevgeny Todrin.
[30] See a1-29.
[31] Marik and Lyuba with children and grandchildren.
[32] See a1-31.
[33] See a1-31.
[34] Yevgeny with children.
[35] Sasha.
[36] Lena and Abrasha's younger son Vladik with Sofa's Lyubochka.
[37] Vladik with his daughter Marina (she is in the crib, beyond the picture).

(38)[38] – Vladik and Rimma. (39)[39] – Marina. (40)[40], (41)[41] – the wedding of Marina and Sasha. Picture 41 is one of the most impressive in this whole book – a marriage like an elopement on a fast horse. Pictures: (42)[42], (43)[43], (44)[44] – Vladik and his grandchildren Yulya, Maxim, and Shon (66)[45].

The son of Inna and Zyama Tolya was born in 1941, their daughter Rita (Margarita) – in 1945. They lived in Dnepropetrovsk. Here is "little Tolya" (I was "big Tolya").

(45)[46], (46)[47], (47)[48] – with Rita and their cousin Lyuba. Tolya was an engineer; (48)[49] – the wedding; Tolya's wife Irina was an epidemiologist. (49)[50] – Irina, Tolya, Inna and Tsylya. Tolya died recently. His and Irina's son Kostya graduated high school with a medal for academic success. He is an engineer. He later became a businessman; he lives in Dnepropetrovsk. Pictures: (50)[51] – Kostya with his cousin Alina. (51)[52] – with his wife Nelya, Rita's husband Igor, Lyuba and Marik. (52)[53] – Kostya with his wife and Alina.

Rita received a PhD in biology, was an associate professor in Dnepropetrovsk University. She married Igor Serebryany. He, too, received a PhD (in economics), and worked in a scientific research institute. Recently died. Their daughter Alina graduated high school with a gold medal, then like her mother graduated the university biology department. She married a Muscovite, Aleksandr Melamed, an economist. At one time he worked for the well-known billionaire, entrepreneur, owner of the English Chelsea football club, Roman Abramovich. Alina and Alexander have children Dmitry and Maria. Pictures: (53)[54],

[38] With his wife Rimma.
[39] Marina.
[40] The nice wedding of Marina and Sasha.
[41] See a1-40.
[42] Vladik and his grandchildren Yulya, Maxim and Shon.
[43] See a1-42.
[44] See a1-42.
[45] Our Israelis. Vladik Labkovsky's family.
[46] Our cousin Tolya.
[47] See a1-45.
[48] With Rita and their cousin Lyuba.
[49] Wedding.
[50] Tolya, his wife Irina, Inna and Tsylya.
[51] Tolya and Irina's son Kostya with his cousin Alina.
[52] Kostya with his wife Nelya, Rita's husband Igor, Lyuba and Marik.
[53] Kostya with his wife and Alina.
[54] Our cousin Rita (Serebryanaya in marriage).

(54)[55], (55)[56], (56)[57], (57)[58], (58)[59], (59)[60], (60)[61], (61)[62], (62)[63].

Here are new (2011) pictures: (63)[64], (64)[65], (65)[66].

2 My paternal relatives.

My father had two sisters who had names with similar Russian pronunciation – Masha and Manya. Masha (1)[67] was beautiful, smart, graduated gymnasium with a gold medal (in tsarist times!), and later graduated a medical school. She married Gurevich, an engineer, they had no children. Masha died young from pneumonia. Manya (2)[68] lived in Kostroma, in her youth took part in amateur theater shows (I saw a lot of pictures of this), and later lived with us. She never married. She worked in a shop. In 1941 she did not leave Dnepropetrovsk in time and together with 11,000 Jew of the city was shot by the Germans.

My father's paternal aunt Sima, by marriage also a Levin, lived in Rudnya. She had 6 sons. One of them, Boruch worked at my father's office before the Revolution. Sima often visited Yekaterinoslav. They communicated until WWII, after which my father's letters went unanswered.

My father's uncle Mikhail Obdirkin was married to a sister of Mikhail (Moisey) Sverdlov, an engraver; my father used to order stamps from him, and visited him at home. Moisey's son, Yakov Sverdlov became a revolutionary, and later shared an exile with Stalin. After the revolution he was Russia's nominal head of state (the Chairman of the Soviet Central Executive Committee). In 1919 he died. The city of Yekaterinburg was renamed Sverdlovsk until the old name was restored in 1991. Lenin recorded on a phonograph his speech in Sverdlov's memory.

Sverdlov's brother and two sisters were executed in 1937; he would probably be, too, had he not died by then. His other brother Zinovy Alekseyevich Peshkov (the family name

[55] See a1-53.

[56] With her daughter Alina, Lyuba and Tsilya.

[57] Rita, her husband Igor, Lyuba, Marik.

[58] On the Alina and Aleksandr Melamed's wedding day: Alina, Aleksandr, Rita, Igor, Marik, Natasha, Ellochka and Aleksandr's mother.

[59] Alina and Aleksandr's son Mitya.

[60] Here are several group pictures from different times. 1951 year. From the left to right sitting Zyama's mother Chaya, Rita, Lyuba, our grandmother, Vladik, Lilya, Chasya; standing: Tsilya, Moisey, Tolik, Minna, Marik, Lena, Abrasha.

[61] 1958 year. From the left to right sitting Arkady, Lilya, Toma, Vladik, Abrasha, Lena, our grandmother (her last picture, in her more then 90), Tsilya; standing Minna, Inna, Lyuba, Rita, the future author of these memoirs, Anya and Leonya.

[62] In conclusion – the pictures of later times: Toma with her family visiting their relatives from Dnepropetrovsk and Moscow in 1991 - the last year of the Soviet Union. In front young Sasha and old Tsilya and Inna. Standing from the right to left Tolya, Rita, Sanya, Anya, Masha, Alina, Kostya, Lyuda with her daughter, Toma.

[63] Masha, Sasha, Anya with Rita, Tolya, Inna, Kostya, Alina.

[64] Golden Wedding Anniversary of Lyuba and Marik. Ella reads her greetings poem.

[65] Natasha with husband.

[66] Rita and Alina with husbands.

[67] Our father's oldest sister Masha.

[68] His another sister Manya. In 1941 she was shot by the Germans.

of Maxim Gorky, who adopted him) managed to escape by emigration; he later became a French general, decorated with Legion of Honour, WWII friend and comrade-in-arms of General Charles de Gaulle.

Mikhail Obdirkin had three daughters Berta, Tatiana, and Aneta, and a son, Mikhail – my father's cousins. Mikhail was an engineer in Kiev. Berta graduated law school; my father said she was the first female lawyer in Russia. For a long time she was denied a membership in the Association of Lawyers but later was finally accepted. She married a doctor. I knew Aneta and Tatiana. Beautiful Tatiana married a rich factory owner Babich (my father worked for him as a traveling salesman and later as a trading representative). Babich fought in the Russo-Japanese war and in WWI, and was decorated. He survived the Revolution and later became the commercial director of a large factory in Mariupol. He came to visit us to Dnepropetrovsk. He made the impression of an aristocrat on me (he used perfumed soap which we had never seen, and other such things). They had a son. In WWII the whole family was killed by the Germans.

Aneta (3)[69] graduated gymnasium. She spoke German fluently, wrote letters in English. She lived 101 years despite being ill and going to doctors all her life. Her husband Semyon Vitukhnovsky had a dentist diploma but was a rich businessman, a partner of Babich ("The Trade House of Vitukhnovsky and Babich"). He was a Zionist. My father told me that the wine glasses at their wedding had 1-ruble Zionist stamps glued to them. He and Aneta had three children. I knew two of them – Sonya and Mikhail. Sonya and her husband Sandler were both graphic artists (4)[70]. Their son Sasha (5)[71], was deaf, and went to a special school.

Mikhail Vitukhnovsky was a screenwriter. He wrote the scripts for well-known movies "The Last Tabor," "Komsomolsk," "Twins," and many documentaries. He took part in many international congresses of cinema workers. In the chapter about my studies in Moscow I described the warm reception given to me by him and his wife Tatiana. In the picture (6)[72] – their charming daughter Galya.

3 Anya's paternal relatives.

Anya's paternal grandparents, Leivik (1)[73] and Bronya Erenburg had nine children. One son who, according to American relatives, was his father's namesake – Leivik, died as an infant. Their daughter Sorka (Sarah) also died as a child. Bluma died from typhus. The daughter Klara and sons Yevsey (Ishie), Samuil (Mulya), Naum (Anya's father), Izya (Izzi) and Shaul (Sol) survived. Klara was the eldest and all the responsibilities of running the household were hers. In 1911 Klara married Lev Alperin and went with him to America, first to Chicago, and a year later to Los Angeles. They had children – Abrasha, then Emma. Their life was difficult. Abrasha went to live in the USSR. During the Depression Lev

[69] Our father's cousin Anneta. She lived 101 years.
[70] Her daughter Sonya was a graphic artist.
[71] Sonya's son Sasha.
[72] Her charming niece Galya.
[73] Anya's paternal grandfather Leivik.

Alperin, a book binder, was unemployed. So the whole family returned to the USSR to join Abrasha.

Abrasha (2)[74] – on the right), (3)[75], (4)[76] graduated Kharkov Conservatory as a violinist. A war veteran. He married a Muscovite, Tsiva Gorelic. They had a son Victor. Tsiva's sister Lelya (5)[77], (their mother Rosa is there, too, and in (6)[78]) was married to a historian Mikhail Gefter – also in the picture 5. He defended his dissertation, and worked in the History Institute of the National Academy of Sciences. He was one of the editors of the multivolume World History.

Gefter became a well-known dissident and was fired from the Institute. He was unemployed for a long time, and was ill. Later he became one of Yeltsin's advisers. They have sons: Valentin, a mathematician by education, (picture 5) and Vladimir. Now Valentin is the director of the Institute of Human Rights, continuing his father's efforts in modern times.

Tsiva's brother Semyon Gorelik went to the Soviet Far East to build a new city, Komsomolsk, along with thousands of other young enthusiasts. Later he went into science, and became a professor, a dean in Moscow College of Steel and Alloys. His wife Bella was also a scientist: (7)[79], (8)[80].

After Tsiva's death Abrasha remarried. In picture 4 – his second wife, Eva.

Abrasha and Tsiva's son Victor is a philologist. He emigrated to America and lives in New York. His wife Lena is a psychotherapist. They have an adopted son, Sam.

Abrasha's sister Emma (9)[81], also in chapters 16 and 23, has a university degree in foreign languages, taught English in a college. She married a lawyer Naum Khazanovich (a picture is in chapter 23). After his death Emma, together with children Felix and Zhenya, and their grandchildren, emigrated to Israel (10)[82], (11)[83] – with Anya. Felix (in picture 10, also in chapters 16, 23), is an engineer. His wife Larissa – in picture 10. They have four children – Yuliy, Vika, Leah, and Naomi – pictures 10 and (12)[84].

Zhenya's (pictures 9, 10, 11, also in chapters 16 and 23) life was tragic. She was divorced from her husband. In Israel, her daughter Nika (13)[85] was hit by a car and killed in front of her brother Edik. (14)[86] – Nika and Edik. Zhenya herself died young. Recently Emma died.

[74] His sons Abrasha (on the right) and Izya.
[75] Abrasha.
[76] With his second wife Eva.
[77] His sister-in-law Lelya, her mother Rosa, husband Mikhail Gefter and their son Valya.
[78] Rosa.
[79] Abrasha's brother-in-law Semyon Gorelik's wife Bella with their son.
[80] Their children.
[81] Abrasha's sister Emma with her daughter Zhenya.
[82] Emma, her son Felix (the second from the left), his wife Larissa (the last on the right), their children – Yulik, Vika, Leah, Naomi.
[83] Anya visited Emma's family in Israel.
[84] Our grandchildren Anya and Vadik with Felix's family.
[85] Zhenya's daughter Nika.
[86] Nika and her brother Edik.

After the revolution Clara managed to bring her younger brothers Izya and Shaul to America. Izya – in pictures 2, (15)[87] – got carried away by Communist ideas and returned to the Soviet Union. He graduated the university department of journalism, worked in Kharkov, and invited Abrasha to live there. In 1937 together with his young wife Anya – in picture 15 (my future wife Anya is on her left) – he went to Krasnoyarsk (Siberia). He worked there as the assistant editor of the district newspaper. Half a year later he and his wife were arrested and either executed or died in the Gulag. They were rehabilitated posthumously.

In the States, Shaul changed his last name, to "Sherman," – for reasons, they say, of joining the American Communist Party. Naum L'vovich was persecuted for not revealing that he had a brother abroad. After the war Shaul visited the USSR. By that time he had no Communist views.

After their Bar Mitzvahs, Mulya and Yevsey were sent to work to Yekaterinoslav as sales apprentices for a distant relative whose business was floating timber to Kherson. The boss was strict, the boys learned discipline. Their salary he sent directly to their mother. Mulya (picture 15) fought in WWI. He married a teacher, Lesya (Yelena) – (picture 15) – whose ancestors are buried in Jerusalem on the Mount of Olives.

They had two daughters. Bronya (picture 15) died during the evacuation. Zhenya (same picture) became an English teacher. Her husband Seva (Yevsey) Greyfer was a pilot, then graduated university and worked as an engineer. They emigrated to Israel to Ma'alot. Zhenya died recently from leukemia. Their son Alexander graduated university and works as an engineer. He and his wife Zhenya have two children, Misha and Tanya. Misha is a talented chess player. The Greyfers' daughter Ira graduated university math department. She works with computers and has a son, Alexander.

I know more about Yevsey Erenburg (mostly from his daughter though I knew him myself) Yevsey (pictures 15, (16)[88], also in chapter 16), successfully studied in yeshiva, and also fought in WWI, and was wounded. He married Chaya Sherman (on picture 15, next to my future in-laws). Later he completed, by correspondence, the Kharkov Industrial Academy; and was considered the best student there. He held managerial positions in the local industry in Dnepropetrovsk (in Orsk during WWII). At the beginning of the war he was wounded by shrapnel.

In 1948 Yevsey was expelled from the Party for foreign contacts – his wife was in correspondence with her American brothers and sisters and received parcels from them. After Stalin's death, several days before Yevsey died, his Party membership was reinstalled. His daughter Anya told me about his kindness, his readiness to help others, his love of children (who loved him back). He used to read a lot, had an encyclopedic memory and spoke several languages. "When he died, – Anya wrote, – I was lost: who will I go to with my questions now?" – even though she herself was already 29 and a university graduate.

[87] In front are Izya and his wife Anya, our Anya between them. In the middle row are Leyvik's children Yevsey (on the left) and Mulya with their daughters Anya and Bronya next to them and Mulya's daughter Zhenya on her father's laps. In the back on the left Yevsey's wife Chaya, then my future parents-in-law and Mulya's wife Lesya.

[88] Yevsey with his wife Chaya and their daughter Anya.

Anya -in picture 15 (with her parents), 16, 11, and (17)[89] – was an English teacher. Her husband Mikhail Shunis was a dentist. Their son Gena has been suffering from a mental dysfunction since his childhood; he is a good, kind man, but cannot speak or study. The parents managed to get the permission to emigrate to America at a time when nobody was allowed to do so yet, but even American doctors could not help. Gena lives in a special facility. Anya often took him home.

Mikhail, with great perseverance, succeeded in getting an American diploma and to provide financial security for his family before he died. In the U.S. Anya worked at the newspaper "Novoye Russkoye Slovo;" later she worked with her husband, living in Miami, Florida. I was in constant contact with Anya. Their daughter Sofa graduated the famous Julliard music school. She also made a career in Information Technology, including seven years as a Vice President at Merrill Lynch. After retiring there, she returned to music – teaching and performing. She lives in New Jersey. Her daughter Larissa – pictures 17 and (18)[90] – recently got married. Sofa herself got married for a second time. Her husband John teaches math. Anya Shunis recently died.

4 Anya's maternal relatives.

The parents of Anya's mother, Yechiel and Hanah Rabinovich had seven children – Anya's mother Basya Seyna, Clara, Esfir, David, Semyon, Benya and Sonya. Clara and Esfir with their husbands were shot by the Germans in Dnepropetrovsk. Clara and her husband Aleksandr died childless. Esfir's daughter, Bella who was with her mother and father Semyon in the column marching to be executed, managed to escape – I wrote about it in the chapter about the war (their pictures – in the same chapter 8).

Now Bella with her daughters Ira and Rita, Rita's husband Gena and their children Kostya and Galya live in Boston. Ira is an invalid. Rita and Gena – biotechnologists, bought their own house. Kostya graduated university, works in biotechnology, too, and continues his studies. Galya is studying in a university. The pictures – in chapter 40.

All the sons of Yechiel and Hanah began working at an early age. David and his wife Sosya had no children. Semyon and his wife Rosa had three sons – Abrasha, Shura and Zhenya. None of them is alive now. Abrasha was killed at war. Shura lived in the Baltic region. Zhenya fought in the war, then worked as a housing manager in Moscow. Anya visited both of them. Zhenya's children are Semyon and Ira. From all the sons of Yechiel and Hanah, only Benya received some education. After the revolution he was a school principal for some time.

His and his wife Nechama's daughter Nika was a history teacher. Her husband Tolya was a military representative at a factory in Riga. Anya visited them. They emigrated to Israel. Tolya died in a car accident. Nika lives near Tel-Aviv. Their daughter Sveta died. The second daughter of Benya and Nekhama, Zina (1)[91], graduated university, and worked as a chemical engineer. Her husband Aleksandr fought in the war, then became a teacher,

[89] Yevsey's daughter Anya Shunis with her granddaughter Larissa.

[90] Larissa.

[91] Anya's cousin Zina with her husband Aleksandr.

and was a school assistant principal. Died. Zina lives in Dneprodzerzhinsk (Ukraine). Their son Sasha graduated metallurgical college, and has a business now.

Only the Rabinoviches' daughter Sonya went to gymnasium but her studies were constantly threatened by problems with paying tuition. She was given a cucumber and a piece of bread for school lunch. She was the poorest student in her class and suffered from humiliation. After the revolution Sofya Yefimovna (as I used to call her) graduated pedagogical college and taught chemistry. She was considered a good teacher. As I wrote above she had helped me to find my first job. The pictures – in chapters 3, 16.

Her husband Yakov (picture 5 in chapter 3) had a high position at a mine. In the time of the Great Terror, he was arrested, lost his health there, and was released shortly before he died. Sofya Yefimovna raised her daughter Tamara alone. They lived with Anya's parents. After Anya's mother's death S.Y. married Anya's father.

Tamara ((2)[92], also in chapters 3 and 40) graduated a musical school and then a metallurgical college, but her interest in music prevailed and she graduated Gnessin musical-pedagogical college in Moscow. She taught music. She married Gregory Aizikov (picture 2, also in chapter 40). He was a doctor, defended candidate and doctoral dissertations, became a professor of medicine, worked in the academic Institute of Medical and Biological Problems (of space research).

They emigrated to America with their son Kostya (3)[93], daughter Sveta ((4)[94], (5)[95], also in chapter 16) and her husband Sasha Novak – (6)[96]. In the picture 2 – Sasha's father Vadim Novak and his wife, living in America. After settling in Framingham, Tamara taught music (Toma's children were among her students, at low rates). Now she lives in Natick. Kostya graduated university and works. He has a wife Nino and a daughter, Masha Gabriela. Sveta is a dentist. Her husband is a businessman, doing business with Ukraine. They have two children. Ilusha (7)[97] graduated Boston College. Works. Their daughter Natasha is a high school student.

5 In-laws of our children, grandchildren, and Sofa.

I wrote about the spouses themselves in the main body of this book. Here is the information about their relatives. Pictures: (1)[98], (2)[99], (3)[100] – Lyonya's wife Larissa's parents, the grandparents of our grandchildren. These pictures were taken during their visit to our home in Makhachkala. We liked them very much. Vasily Naumovich was an agronomist, a war veteran. Yevdokia Fedorovna Sayenko had university degrees in agronomy and pedagogy,

[92] Anya's cousin Tamara Aizikov (the second on the left), her husband Grigory (next to the right), then their son-in-law's father Vadim Novak and his wife.

[93] Tamara and Grigory's son Kostya.

[94] Sveta.

[95] Sveta.

[96] Sveta with husband.

[97] Their son Ilyusha.

[98] Vasily Naumovich and Yevdokia Fedorovna.

[99] They visited us in Makhachkala.

[100] See a5-2.

worked as an agronomist, taught biology and chemistry, was an assistant principal of a school. Both of them have passed away. Besides Larissa, Rebecca, Naomi, and Andrei they are survived by their daughter Valentina, grandchildren Taras and Lesya and their children.

Sanya's father Vladimir Tatarinov died long ago. Sanya's mother Maria Petrovna was a gynecologist in Russia. She came to America and lives in Natick; loves her grandchildren. In Saratov she has a younger son, Alexey. He has a daughter. In chapter 12 I wrote how Maria Petrovna who happened to be in Moscow during Toma's illness called the ambulance saving Toma's life. The pictures of Maria Petrovna are in chapters 35, 37.

Pictures: (4)[101], (6)[102], (7)[103], (5)[104], (8)[105], (9)[106] – Toma's second husband Iosif, his deceased wife Mira, their children and grandchildren. Iosif's father Grigory (Girsh) has a college degree in history. He worked in archives, then as a teacher. Iosif's mother Zelda was an economist. Mira was a teacher. Their son Boruch (Boris) studied at a university then became an Orthodox Hassid, graduated yeshiva and now teaches in a Jewish school, as does his wife Ora. In the general picture in the end of chapter 37 he is next to me. They have five children Ruven-Mordechay, Chana-Ethel and Levi-Itschak, Mira Rochel, and Khaya Vittel.

Iosif's son Roma was a very good student in a specialized math school. In 1995, several days after his graduation, he was killed in a car accident.

Iosif's brother Gennady graduated Aviation College. In 1996 he emigrated to America. He lives in New York, where he works as an engineer. He and his wife Ludmila have two children – Sasha and Vera. Vera is married, and has a daughter Julia.

Our granddaughter Masha's husband Chaim is from an American Jewish family. His father Arthur (Avrom) is a programmer. His mother's name is Joan (Iehudi). His sister Renee is a social worker. Her husband Benyamin is from a rich family, and works as a teacher. They have two daughters – Leah and Sarah. They live not far from Framingham (see the pictures in chapter 37).

Our granddaughter Anya's husband Alain is from a family of a Sephardic rabbi. His father, Rabbi Mitchell Serels, is a doctor of psychology, an associate professor at Berkeley College. At various times he headed several Sephardic communities in the USA and Canada, and was the director of the Institute of the Sephardic communities at Yeshiva University. He is the author of five books on Sephardic culture. In 1996 the King of Spain, Juan Carlos I, awarded him title of an Earl – this was the first time it happened since Jews were driven out of Spain 500 years ago. Alain's mother Ruth is an Assistant Principal for New York City Board of Education. His brother Stephen has a Masters degree, teaches at McGill University in Montreal (which Anechka and Alain graduated). Alain's other brother Shalty had his Bar Mitzvah recently. Alain's sister Diana studies psychology at McGill University, and is married. Picture: (10)[107], also in chapter 37.

Rebecca's husband Alexey is from a family of Moscow intelligentsia. His father Aleksandr Pavlovich Makarov divorced his mother when Alexey was 7. Alexey's mother Nina

[101] Iosif and Mira.
[102] Iosif and his brother Gennadiy as children.
[103] Roma.
[104] Boruch.
[105] Iosif's grandchildren Ruven, Khana, Levi, Brocha, Chaya.
[106] Iosif's grandchildren Ruven, Khana, Levi, Brocha, Chaya.
[107] Visiting grandfather and father in law.

Mikhaylovna Makarova graduated Gubkin Oil and Gas University. She worked in the State Committee of Oil Products, then in the well-known company Rosneft'. Now she is retired. Alexey's stepfather Valery Pavlovich Filipov is an engineer.

The father of Sofa's husband Musya, Abram Markovich was a Candidate of Technical Sciences, an assistant professor, and taught in Kharkov institute of geology (see picture in chapter 2). Musya's mother Fanya Samoilovna was a neurologist. Among their relatives there were scientists and well-known engineers.

I have written about our close and more distant relatives. "Some of them are no longer, others are far away" ... Life has scattered us across countries and continents – America, Israel, Russia, and Ukraine.

May peace be with you, the living and the dead.

Afterword.

I have concluded my work of many years on these memoirs. It is time: I am nearly 96, thank God. Once again I thank all those who helped me in this work (they are named in the Introduction) and all those who have read this book. I hope that there will be those among our descendants who will continue our family's chronicle. I hope that in their accounts there will be many good and very good things to tell, and that only optimistic predictions will come to pass. Be happy!
— Anatoly Levin.