

## Vladimir Tarskiy With His Sister Victoria Zaitseva And Mother Yeva Lyulkina



This is a copy of a lost photo. From left to right: my older sister Victoria Zaitseva, nee Tarskaya, my mother Yeva Lyulkina, nee Rabinovich, and I, five years old. The original photo was taken in Moscow in 1930. I don't know where or how my parents met, but I guess that they came together through their revolutionary activities. Of course, Jewish traditions were out of the question. They were atheists. My mother had two children from her first marriage: my sister Victoria, born in 1922, and I, born in 1925. Veniamin Lyulkin was the father of our younger sister Inga, born in 1931. My early childhood was happy and untroubled. My mother, father, my sister and I lived in a big house in the center of Moscow. This building used to house a hotel in the early 20th century. In 1925 our family moved into two rooms of an eight-bedroom communal apartment where the owner of the hotel had lived before the Revolution. My sister and I stayed with our nanny Polia, a young pretty girl from Riazan region. She adored me, as my older members of the family told me later. I was a quiet, agreeable and nice child. I didn't cause anyone any trouble and was everybody's darling. My nanny took me for walks. After my father moved to Voronezh he corresponded with my sister and me sending us cards with short letters written on the back, giving us instructions regarding studies and the list of books he was sending to Moscow. In summer 1932 I started kindergarten. This kindergarten took the children on trips to the seashore. I remember a Black Sea Fleet squadron with a battleship and cruisers in the sea, a boat cruise and a meeting with Red army troopers for who we gave a concert. When in 1929 our stepfather joined the family, we moved to his big three-bedroom apartment on Gorky Street in the center of Moscow. My kind and strong stepfather was quite an agreeable replacement of my father for me. I went to the Russian school near our house. My school life till the 6th grade could be described with my mother's saying: 'Quiet successes and noisy conduct'. I was a naughty and lazy idler.