

Sophia Belotserkovskaya With Her Parents



This is a picture of my mother Rachil Belotserkovskaya [nee Shukhman], my father Lev Belotserkovski and me. The photo was taken in the early 1960s on their wedding anniversary. In 1952 we received a bigger apartment. My father worked at the theater in Kiev until 1960. Then, within two years, he wrote a book, his memoirs about the theater and the atmosphere there, and about nice talented people that he was lucky to work with. This book, entitled *A Prompter's Notes* was published by the Publishing House of Art and Musical Literature in Kiev, with an edition of 3,000 copies. When the book came out in 1962 my father was severely ill. He died in 1966. My mother became mentally ill after he passed away. She had schizophrenia. She couldn't stay alone at home due to her suicidal moods: she tried to jump out of the window several times. I had to put her into a mental hospital. I often visited her there, but her illness was progressing and she didn't even recognize me any more. My mother died in 1972. My parents were buried in the town cemetery in Kiev. I've lived alone since then. I've never been married. There was a man in my life once: he loved me and came to see me from another town, but he didn't dare to leave his wife and children for me. However, I'm grateful to him that he brought many happy hours into my life and made me a fully-fledged woman. I don't know whether I would have been so happy in a marriage. We both cherished our short meetings.