

Rimma Rozenberg



This photo of me wearing a new dress was taken in Odessa in 1950. I must have looked lovely since my father's acquaintance, who came by, asked me to sit at the piano and took a picture of me with a bouquet of peonies in the background. I graduated from the music school with honors, though, frankly speaking, I was a weak pianist. I couldn't play note literature confidently. I couldn't rely on my memory and for this reason I preferred to improvise on stage. In 1950 I entered the second year of two faculties of the Conservatory: the piano and theory of music. At the university, the head of the Department of Russian language, Professor Butkevich, convinced me to write a diploma on the ancient Russian language under his guidance and promised to support me with my post graduate studies. This was the period of struggle against cosmopolitanism and it was a chance for me to pursue my scientific career, but I didn't take to it. A language career was boring to me. Besides, this was the beginning of a romance with my husband to be and I couldn't continue studying in three faculties, so I left the Piano Faculty.