

Rozalia Akselrod's Parents With Their Favorite Grandson Sasha



My parents with their favorite grandson. My son Sasha is 10 here. The photo was taken in Kharkov in 1952.

In 1949, my son Sasha went to the Ukrainian school where I was working. But he found it boring to study there because he was ahead of his peers in development. In 1951, I was transferred to work at the Institute of Doctors' Advanced Training. After his fourth grade I transferred Sasha to another school, a school for gifted children, which he finished successfully. He was never the best student in every subject. He liked physics and mathematics and paid absolutely no attention to humanities. However, he loved poetry very much. While in school, Sasha also studied at the theatrical studio at the Pioneers' House. Its leader tried to persuade him to enter the Theatrical Institute. Sasha also liked painting. He was very good at painting and as strange as it may sound, this skill helped him a lot in his studies in the Aviation Institute. I tried to support Sasha in everything and let him choose his way independently.

In 1959, Sasha finished school and entered the Kharkov Aviation Institute. There was a very good physics teacher there, and Sasha got fond of theoretical physics. After his third year of studies at the Aviation Institute, he passed exams to University, the theoretical physics department, and was accepted to the third year there. For one year Sasha studied in both universities, and then he decided he would like to study at the Moscow Institute of Theoretic Physics, whose diplomas are highly regarded worldwide. Sasha entered that institute too.

In 1961, we received a two-room apartment. But Sasha soon moved to Moscow, so only the four of us lived there. I worked as a lecturer at the 'Knowledge' society and as a consultant in universities and research institutes. Soon, my parents began to get ill with different diseases. My husband and I were working, so we hired a woman who cooked for us and took care of my parents. My father died in 1969. My mother died in 1972. Both of them died in full consciousness, without any sclerotic phenomena.