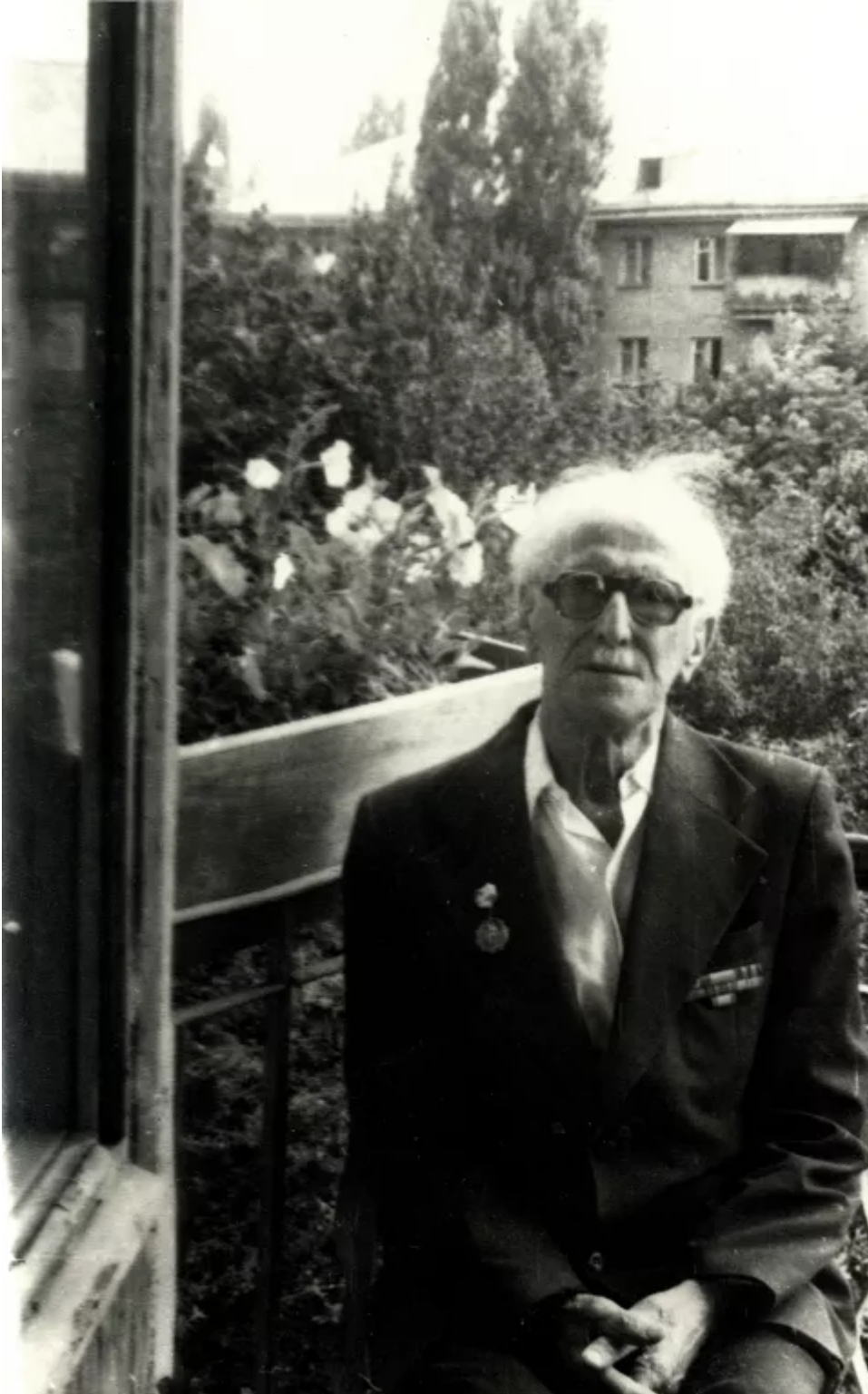


Alexandr Rozin



This is a picture of my father, Alexandr Rozin, taken in Kiev in the 1980s. I know that my father's first visit to my mother's home was on 8th November. The day before, the two of them went to the parade dedicated to the anniversary of the great October Socialist revolution and forcedly stayed beside each other for over five hours. My father realized that he didn't want to let this woman go. They got married in 1930. They didn't have a wedding party - they couldn't afford it. In due time, my father was sent to take a course in accounting. He became an accountant. At first he was working at the same alcohol factory, but then they decided that it wasn't very convenient for a

husband and wife to work at the same place. My father got a job as auditor-accountant for the protection of patent rights and as a part time auditor-accountant at the Red Cross. My father returned from the army in 1945 and went to work at his previous job: auditor-accountant at the patent right supervision committee. When my father was receiving his passport after demobilization from the army, a clerk at the office suggested that he might have his nationality written as Russian, but my father refused. My father joined the Communist party in 1943 during the war. In 1953 my father's office fabricated a case. I don't remember exactly what it was about. Some employees were accused of some criminal actions. My father wasn't in this group, but they said that he wasn't watchful enough when it was his duty as a communist. Papa was expelled from the party and they wanted to open a case against him in court. A famous writer and dissident, Viktor Nekrasov, supported him. He was the only one that supported my father. After Stalin's death, this case was closed. Within about a year or a year and a half my father was called to the party office and his membership was restored. My father told me that the same people that expelled him were shaking his hand saying that they always understood how he felt.