

Wedding Photograph Of Viktor Frey And Marketa Freyova



This is the wedding picture of my parents, Viktor and Marketa Frey, from May 1929. My mother and father lived from childhood in the same arcade, or better on the same side of the arcade which in Litomysl they call an 'underchamber.' My mother and my father met when my mother was five and my father 13. My mother used to go play in the store next door with a little girl who had a brother, who was friends with my father. She was Anicka Jezkova, he Frantisek. The Jezeks had a bakery and my mother played with Anicka, who was hunchbacked, on the rolling-boards. Well, and those young guys, young men, right, already 13 years old, came by, and wanted to play at being soldiers on the rolling-boards. No one dared to be nasty to Anicka, the poor hunchbacked thing, and so my father got to know my mother with the words: 'Get down from that rolling-board, you little fucker.' My mother probably wasn't far from replying, because she was always very offhand. But I've never heard from anyone what her answer was. By the way, my father grew up to be a very refined man. In 1928, I think, my grandpa and father went to Vienna to celebrate seder with that uncle Josef. And because both families had for a long time, for whole generations, been close, they also invited my mother and her father. Well, and in the middle of the celebration, or maybe at its end, I don't know exactly, my father ceremoniously stood up and asked my mother's father for my mother's hand. I think that my mother was taken aback, but that she had absolutely no objections to it. What I, however, can't understand, is that their wedding was at the district government office in Litomysl, so only a civil one, which likely didn't so much bother my mother, because she wasn't as religiously inclined as my father. Why they were married like this, that's something I always wanted to ask, but never got around to, which I regret to this day. They were married in May 1929, and my mother didn't even have a white dress. They had a big betrothal, but an utterly small wedding. And after the wedding my father's mother apparently said, 'And now you're ours, and you're going to come over for lunch.' So, even the wedding banquet was at my father's parents'. Maybe because the betrothal was so 'festive,' the wedding was supposed to be only an official confirmation. But that I really don't know.