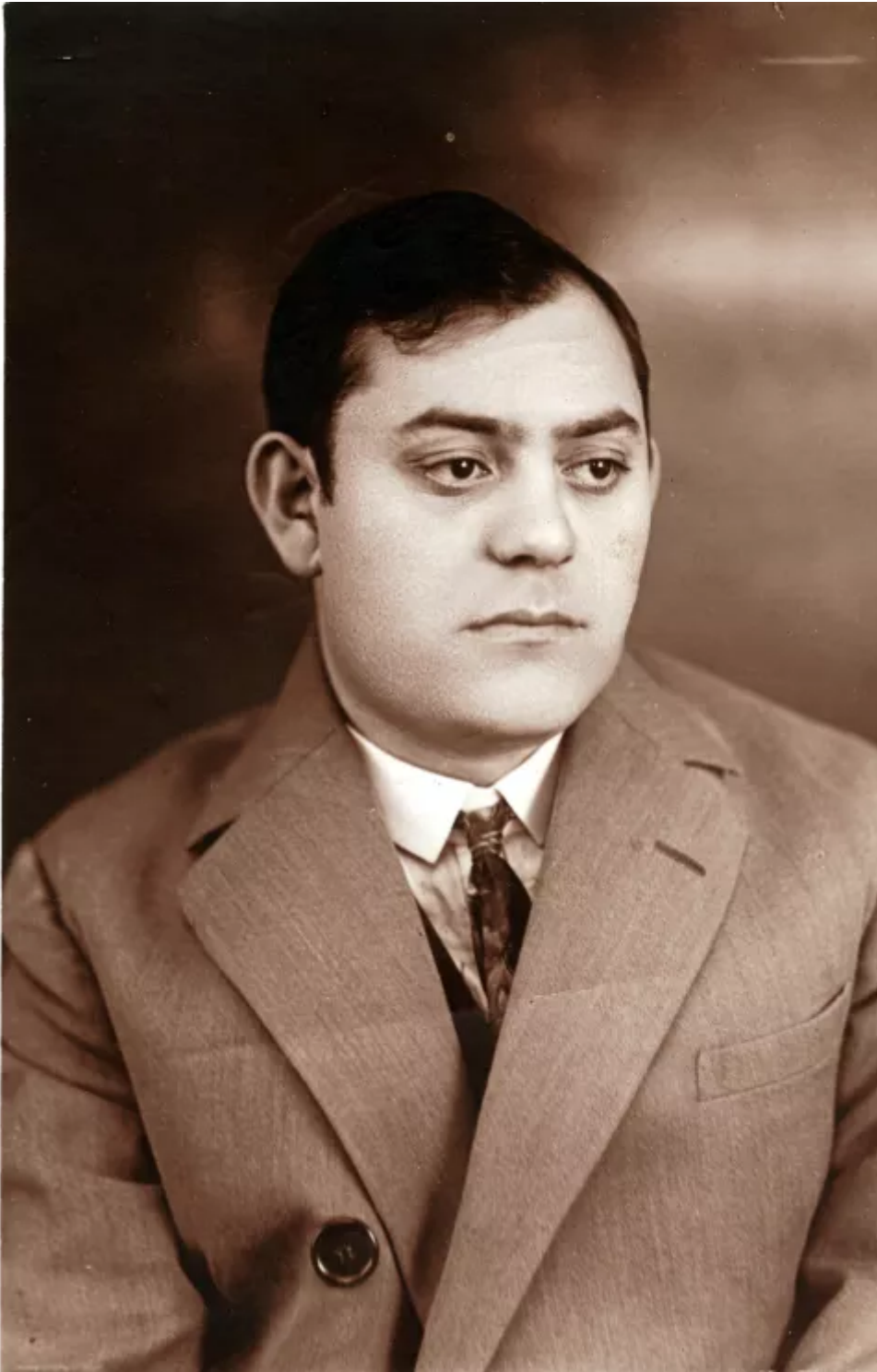


Avram Kalef's Last Photograph



This the picture of my father, Avram Kalef, that I keep in my living room in a frame. It's the last photo taken of my father, taken in the S. Pijade studio in Belgrade in the 1940s. Father followed the local news, everything that was possible, but he was never involved in politics. My father was very funny, very social, despite the fact that he was in a wheelchair. Sometimes he went to the store to work the cash register. He spent a lot of time in the French and German reading rooms. He read newspapers in those languages. Many times he told the man who took care of him to take him near a park bench and pick him up in an hour, two or three, and take him home. During that time all the governesses, French and German girls who took care of kids, would gather around him. He was full

of stories and they adored him because he knew French and German. He entertained them and they loved him.