

Gyorgy's Younger Son



This was our old flat. It was above the Metropol cafe on the first floor. The cafe was right near the big bridge over the Szamos river at the beginning of Horea Street. Before the war it was frequented mostly by Jews. After the war the cafe was closed down and it became the store for a fabric company. The house above had an inner yard with a balcony that ran all around the building. The photo was taken on that balcony. We asked someone, maybe it was actually my wife, to take the picture. Gabi, the little one, must have been five years old, Andris, eleven. We had a very good relationship with the children. They were complete opposites of each other. All they had in common were skills in mathematics and a feeling for music. The elder was a fighter; the youngest one was the opposite, he never ever fought with anybody. Gabi had in himself a very serious Jewish feeling, I thought. This was not about religious things, but the fact that he had to accept his Jewishness. He graduated from the polytechnic institute in Bucharest and he never complained that he suffered any disadvantage due to being a Jew. Then my son repatriated to Israel, he worked in Haifa. After finishing the language course he was called for a four-month army training, then a one-month sanitary training and after that he went back to his job, he worked in a factory. There, every man is mobilised for six weeks a year until the age of forty five. When he had this six weeks mobilisation, each evening he went home outraged, very upset, even though he was of a very, very calm nature. He was very depressed during those six weeks. He did not stay in Israel, he moved to Canada, he is living in Toronto now.