

Jeno And Imre Fischer



My brothers Jeno and Imre are in this picture. It was taken in the Central Studio of the Photographic Co-operative of Nyiregyhaza in the 1950s. After World War II they had a workshop in the center of the town, until the nationalization. It was a thriving tailor's shop, but then they had to leave the shop because after the nationalization there couldn't be any self-employed craftsmen. Then they worked at home, without apprentices. When my brother Jeno visited me in the Soviet Union we took a trip with him on the plateau of a truck, and we went up to the mountains, to the surroundings of Korosmezo. It was a beautiful place at that time, too, but they didn't let foreigners go there. Once they told me that a poor man came home from prison - from the 'tyurma,' as they said. And the poor thing jumped into the lake to swim, and he died. My brother said that an ex-convict who spent 15 years in prison must have committed a capital crime, and he was surprised

that people still felt sorry for him. He didn't understand the compassion. Then I told him again about 'those who were and those who will be,' which he could not comprehend, he simply didn't believe it. At home they thought that only I lived among such difficult circumstances, but when Jenó was at my place he saw that others were also struggling. My brothers helped me very much, they gave forints to someone whose son studied in Budapest, and his family helped us there. That's why I think that Russian people have a soul. In my difficult situation I got more help from the simple Russian people, than from my own kind. This is my experience.