Imre Kinszki

My father. My father, Imre, was born in 1901.

He wanted to study medicine, but he was not allowed to because he was a Jew. My mother bought him his first camera in 1928 when my brother was born. No sooner than he received his camera than his desire to do everything perfectly took over. He stuided photography, he invented a camera for microbiology, he wrote articles on photography and he entered competions.

He worked at the Association of Textile Manufacturers as an archivist. That's where he met my mother. My father remained at his job until the third Jewish law. By then it was simply impossible for his employers to keep him any more, so they sent him out on pension in 1939. My father came home one day and put a stack of money on the kitchen table in front of us all. He said to my mother, "Well, you have to take this and make it last." She looked at him and asked, "For how long." He sighed. "Until Hitler goes," is all he said.

He was in labor brigades in 1944. When the Soviets got closer he was deported to Germany. He was killed on a death march from Sachsenhausen.