

Reyna Lidgi With Viska Lazarova



Here I am (on the left) with my friend from the first to the fourth grade at primary school. Her name was Viska Lazarova. She was a Jew. On the back of the photo there is an inscription in pencil: '11th September 1938, Sunday.' The photo was taken by my father - an amateur photographer. Again we are in the open and the accent is on nature as always in my dad's photos.

My first good friend was a Jew - Viska Lazarova. We were inseparable from the first grade until the internment. She lived on 32 'Serdika' street. She used to come to my place on 'Makriopolska' street, collected me and we would go to 'Fotinov' school together. I had another friend - Eti Rahamimova, she was my neighbor as well. Our parents were friends, too. I also had Bulgarian friends. We are still close with a classmate from the primary school and we call each other on our birthdays. Her name is Magdalena Stefanova. Her brother, Kolyo, was my bodyguard. And as I was faint-hearted and some of the boys were teasing me, he didn't let them touch me.

On holidays we sometimes convened with the family of my good friend, Viska Lazarova, and the mother of another friend and neighbor of mine who lived in the apartment house next door, Eti Rahamimova, used to make wonderful pastel - pasty with beef - and she would invite us.

Every Saturday or Sunday our family made outings three or four kilometers from Sofia, in Knyazhevo, for example. If my mother had some house chores to complete, she remained at home and I went out only with my father. He was an amateur photographer and during those outings he was taking a lot of photos. He was an admirer of nature and that is why the focus in them is on nature, not on man.

On Saturday evening we went to eat kebapcheta [grilled oblong rissoles]. On Sunday my father would take me to the children's day performances at the National Theater but I can't remember any titles. The three of us used to go to the cinema in 'Moderen Teatar' [Modern Theater] and in 'Odeon', but I can't remember any movie titles.

In 1948 my friend Viska Lazarova, whom I haven't seen since 1944, left for Israel. I know that she had been interned to Pleven and after 1944 we went to different schools. I was probably sad but the events were tempestuous and the vortex big to leave us any room for such feelings. My other friend, Eti Rahamimova, also left for Israel with the first wave [Mass Aliyah]. She became a doctor there.