

coloured cutouts, which my father brought for me. I would cut them all out, glue the separate parts together then build whole cities on the table in the kitchen. From this table I could see out into the huge courtyard. Every so often travelling Chassidic theatre troupes would come westwards and set up their travelling stage and rows of benches in the courtyard. They sang and danced and performed superbly. At the end, people would throw money out of the windows and those on the benches would hand over their coins.

One evening my father took me to the Prater, Vienna's popular and famous amusement park, to which all sections of society came. At the entrance were beggars, street musicians and buskers. Inside there was stall after stall, each offering different wares. Past the iron gates at the entrance was a row of restaurants each with their own salon musicians, the different musical sounds melting into one another. Crowds of people pushed around the carousels, whose blaring organs competed with each other for more merry passengers. And towering over the whole park, the giant wheel, each carriage filled with many coloured lanterns that could be seen from all sections of the city.

However, I could not help but notice that my father was unable to get over the loss of his wife, my mother. Sometimes he simply threw himself on his bed and hid his face in the pillows. These were very dark times and even now I feel a terrible sorrow when I think back. What was worse, he was tormented increasingly with problems with his throat. In search of a