

introduced me to the Chef-Claquer, who hired me at 50 pfennigs to clap wildly at given points. This made a lasting impression on me and won me over to 'light' music. I picked up the latest hits in no time and could soon reproduce them on the piano.

And so a couple of joyful years passed, until they came to an abrupt end one day. I returned from one of my escapades to find a police sergeant waiting for me, who told me that my father, who had not been feeling well, had gone to the doctor. He waited in the waiting room, but by the time the doctor came to get Pavlov, his last patient, my father was already dead, he had died of a sudden haemorrhage. Thus I became an orphan at the age of twelve. Schura and Lisa were unable to leave Berlin to come to the funeral, so it was left to me and our landlady to accompany the coffin to the cemetery.

Not a good time. What is more, I was found to have some disease of the hair follicles, it was ringworm, I think, which meant I had to go to Dresden General Hospital. The children's ward was full, so I was transferred to the men's ward, which had twelve patients. Here I spent six weeks being treated with X-rays to my scalp. To stop my scalp burning, it was covered with silver plates. Of course, I felt very lonely and abandoned during this time. In contrast to the other patients, who frequently received visitors and presents, no one came to see me. I was all alone. The hospital was a huge complex, with a church and a Catholic school attached to it. Every day I had to attend the daily service and the