

year was 1905.

My father decided to make a fresh start away from painful memories, so the following year we left Poland and moved to Vienna.

My very first language had been Russian, then I had learnt a little Polish and now I had to learn German in Vienna. I was now nearly eight years old. Over the next three years, I learnt to speak the language like a native Viennese. My father and I rented a furnished room on the banks of the Danube. By this time, my sister Lisa was studying the piano with the famous teacher and virtuoso, Theodor Leschetizky, who also counted Paderewski and Schnabel amongst his pupils. My brother Schura, who at 18 had joined the Warsaw Symphony Orchestra, also earned a living in Vienna. However, after one year both my brother and sister moved to Berlin, where they felt there were greater opportunities for them. Therefore, I lived modestly with my father, who was feeding us both by giving singing lessons. He also cooked for us in the small apartment, unless we were eating out.

I would often walk on my own along the side of the river, past different-sized cargo boats. At other times I would wander through the streets of Vienna, which had much to offer my eye. One day I came round the corner and into the square in front of St Stephen's Cathedral, as I was studying the cathedral I suddenly saw the old Kaiser Franz Joseph in his famous hunting uniform coming out through the portal with his adjutants. If the weather was bad, I would occupy myself indoors with