

Pavel Potocky



This is my brother Ruben [he changed his name to Pavel Potocky in 1946]. Ruben was born on 31st December 1924, in Palestine. When he was three or four years old, before I'd been born yet, our mother took him with her on a visit to Prague. Actually for this vacation, to show Grandma and Grandpa their grandchild, back then still their only one. My grandparents must have paid for her trip. This photo was most likely taken during that visit to Czechoslovakia. My mother took her time, she was here only once, then later we returned. When we left Palestine, he was six years old. Despite this he never told me anything about what it had been like there. Perhaps he didn't remember it? I'd say that the relationship between my brother and me could be described as typical sibling rivalry. We quarreled, which is more or less normal, and so on. It was only later, in England that it was different, because there my brother felt that parental responsibility for me. And also there were lots of us in that home, so mutual rivalry, envy, the things that usually exist among siblings, spread out among ten children. There was no longer any reason to compete as to who would gain more of our parents' favor. My brother liked sports. But he didn't compete, he just did it for fun. Otherwise, whether he had some particular pastimes, I don't remember. Actually, he played

the accordion, which he got from our uncle for his bar mitzvah. It was a beautiful instrument, a Hohner, one of those big ones with a keyboard, something absolutely extraordinary, it could have been worth our father's monthly salary. My brother was terribly proud of it. Our parents then sent it to him in England, while it was still possible. He took lessons, and in that year or how long it was, he learned to play quite well. He practiced a lot at home. Already as a child he had taken everything he did very thoroughly and very seriously.