

Ferenc Deutsch's Nephew Peter's Wedding



Peter, my sister Jolan's son, was a very clever child. We wanted him to be an actor.

As we wanted to send him to the Academy, he had an audition with the famous actor Zoltan Varkonyi. Varkonyi said that Peter had no talent whatsoever.

At this, the child said: "Mother, I want to leave this country". In 1956 the family crossed the border into Austria. There the Jewish community asked them where would they like to go.

My sister said that they wanted to go somewhere her son could learn to be an actor. They were sent to Syracuse, where the largest academy was.

As they told it, a three room flat was waiting for them there, with a big refrigerator full of food, and a piano for the child to be able to practice.

My sister's liver ruptured in 1960 and she died. Peter met an American girl at the university who also wanted to become an actress.

I managed to get to their wedding in New York and I gave them our grandmother's candelabra, which is 150 years old now, and has been passed from family to family.

It was a beautiful Jewish wedding. His wife lights candles in it on Fridays. He and his wife are very, very religious, but they are already living according to the modern religion.

Peter started directing on Broadway, but could not make a career for himself there. His father-in-law had a medical-instruments factory and said to him:

"Come to the factory and learn this trade." He learned it so well that from 50 employees the factory expanded to 200.

Later they sold the factory and bought a smaller one. He now has two daughters and they are very well-off.