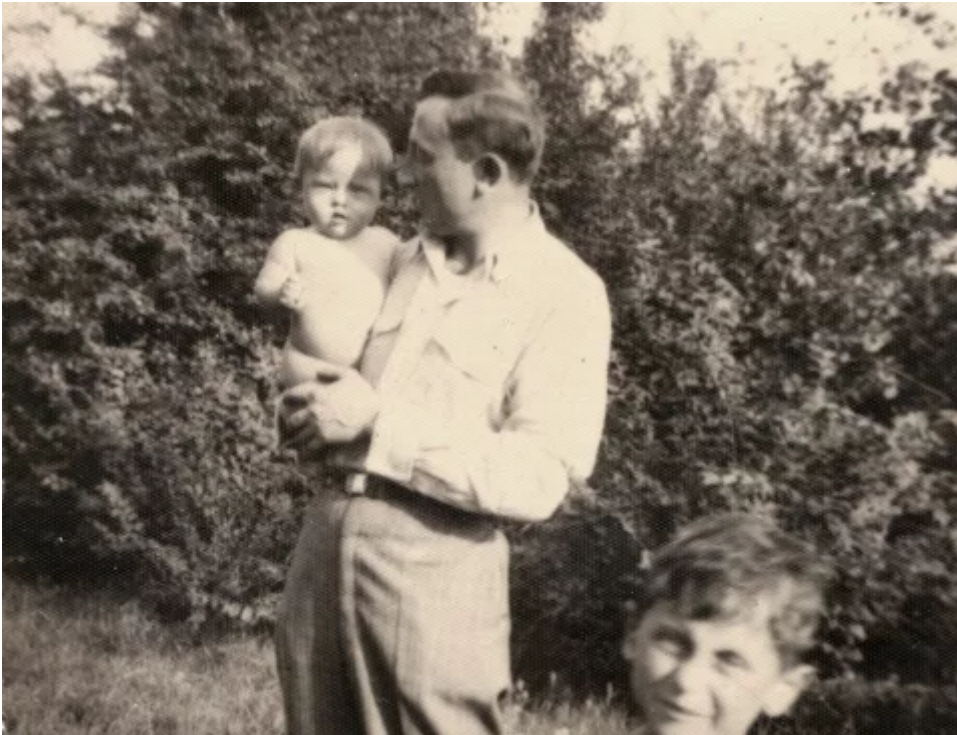


Rudolf Auerbach With His Sons



I have no idea where this photograph was taken. I'm the one being held by our father, and I'm still quite small, so it's possible that it's still in Palestine. The other boy is my brother Ruben. I actually don't remember anything from the entire period of my life that I spent at the kibbutz in Palestine. We left when I was two years old. Why, that I don't know. It's possible that my parents had health problems due to the climate there, and so they decided to return to Czechoslovakia. It's almost certain, though, that at the time I was born they weren't considering returning yet - otherwise they'd scarcely have given me the name that they did - Asaf. Actually, my only memory that is somehow connected to Palestine is my impression of a boat trip. I don't know whether I made it up, and somehow created it in my memory after the fact, but it's fairly likely that after such an endless wasteland that existed there, a child would be captivated by water, the sea. So I've got this impression that in my head I've got a memory of how we're standing on a ship and we're going somewhere.