

Martin Glas With His Parents And Brother



This photo of our family was taken in Prague in 1931. From left to right: my father, Julian Glas, I, my mother, Gertruda Glasova, and my brother Jan Glas. A thing that's perhaps interesting about this photo is that Honza [Jan] still has an eye defect. He had an eye defect since birth, it's hereditary in our family, but then he had an operation and his eyesight got better. I was born on 16th June 1931. The doctors didn't want to allow my mother to give birth. They had serious concerns about her, my mother had tuberculosis, and they argued that the child that had already been born had to be protected. My mother made the rounds of various doctors for so long until the last one told her something interesting: There exists a certain chance that thanks to giving birth she'll get well. And that's really what happened. In Terezin she then worked in the fields, spent a lot of time out in the fresh air, and when at the end of the war Dr. Provizor looked at her, he said that her lungs had once again begun to function. My childhood is divided into a German and a Czech period. During my early days I was raised in German, and didn't learn Czech until I started Grade 1. Then I on the other hand almost forgot German. This change, the switch to another language, was a major dividing line for me. This is why I've got the German and Czech periods sharply separated in my memory. I don't know German fairy tales, or more likely don't remember them. Once I was at a fairy tale at a German theater. Compared to my brother, who was exceptionally talented, I was considered to be the dumber one. I guess I thought more slowly, mainly I thought differently, in a different manner. I was very sensitive, perceptive, and pondered a lot. I wasn't into just any type of humor.