

SODOM AND GOMORRAH

WHEN I entered medical school in 1920, Vienna was suffering from the aftereffects of the war. The former residential capital of an empire of sixty million people had been reduced to being the capital city of a small country of six and a half million. Deprived of its hinterland—grain-producing Hungary and the coal mines of Silesia—Vienna was a starving and freezing city in that rigorous winter of 1920-21. We students attended lectures in unheated auditoriums, and in anatomy laboratories dissected with freezing fingers. Who among my generation of Viennese doctors does not remember the breakfast that the American Quakers served at the aula of the university—large bowls of hot chocolate and thick slices of bread, given out by those white-haired ladies, always with a smile and kind words for us in their atrocious accents. Without that nourishing breakfast we would hardly have been able to start our day in school.

The ingredients for our other meals also came from America. The Jewish Joint Distribution Committee rented a dilapidated building on the Zimmermannplatz, near the boulevard that separated Vienna proper from its suburbs, and adapted it to a student cafeteria—the Mensa Academica. Hundreds of young men and women sat around unpolished tables in that giant dining room, devouring their meals. Unshaded bulbs hung from the ceiling, and the room was far from comfortable, but it was well heated and served its purpose. We spent our free time there, studying and discussing events. In a corner was a blackboard on which notices were chalked up: meetings, lost-and-found articles, part-time jobs. There one day I discovered an advertisement for a French tutor for two children. My knowledge of French was skimpy, but I was in dire need of money. (My parents lived in Baden bei Wien, a half hour's train ride from Vienna. We were refugees from Fascist Hungary, and I could not expect help from home.) I went to Hietzing, the villa suburb of the wealthy, and introduced myself to Herr and Frau Stieglbauer. Fortunately, they did not speak French at all, and I was accepted. Three times weekly for a year and a half, I taught a ten-year-old boy and his eight-year-old sister the language of Molière, and while teaching it I learned it better myself. In addition to the three schillings' tutoring fee, I received an afternoon *Jause*: coffee with

Schlagobers and buttered rolls. I was more than sorry when in May of 1922, on arriving at the villa, I was told by the weeping Frau Stieglbauer that my services were no longer required. Her husband's business had deteriorated to such a degree that the chauffeur, the gardener, two maids, the *Kinderfräulein*, and I all lost our jobs.

What made this more regrettable was that it occurred just before summer vacation. At the Mensa, I looked in vain for another position. But then one day there was a note on the blackboard: jobs for thirty people; the Sascha Film Company was hiring extras. The only requirement was minimal training in acting, and the fee was tremendous—five schillings (one dollar) per session!

Next morning at six, I travelled by trolley car one hour to the Laaerberg, where the film company had its studios. A long line of applicants was already waiting—mostly students of theatrical schools, I learned from the talk, and I thought my chances were slim indeed. But there I was, and I settled down and read from the anatomy book I had brought with me. I read for two hours. Then we were all called into a room, obviously the office, where behind a desk a man of about thirty with a great crop of hair sat chain-smoking. With a quick wave of the hand, he indicated that we were to walk past him. He rejected one after another. Finally, I arrived at the desk and stood facing him. His squinting eyes rested on me. Five seconds passed, and five more—I was still not rejected. "Any training in acting?" he asked me.

"Yes," I said.

"Tell me more."

"A couple of roles in Shakespeare. I also played Franz Moor in 'Die Räuber.'"

The man's eyes brightened. Franz Moor in the Schiller drama was a

major role. "In what theatre?" he asked.

"In *Gymnasium*."

This was greeted by a roar of laughter. The man smiled. "How exciting!" he said. Then he turned to two men standing with him. "Too bad," he said, amused. "The fellow has a Biblical face. It reminds me of Nebuchadnezzar in a mural I saw recently."

Again there was a salvo of mocking laughter, and I felt myself grow hot with rage. I had noticed that though he spoke good German, like a Hungarian he emphasized the first syllable of each word. "Someday I hope to meet you when we are alone!" I shouted at him in Hungarian.

The man got up and walked around the desk toward me. He raised his right hand, and I was preparing for a fistfight, but he placed his hand gently on my shoulder. "We Hungarians have a terrible temper, haven't we?" he said, and laughed.

He had a terrible temper, Michael Kertész, the director for the Sascha Film Company. He shouted, screamed on all occasions. But I was one of the thirty extras. "Hurry up!" he said impatiently as he conducted us to the dressing room. There we exchanged our street clothes for white gowns. Soon we learned what they signified.

It was a sunny morning but brisk, as it is in late May in Vienna. We marched to the open-air studios (the sun was the only source of light for filmmaking in those days). Kertész, sitting high on a ladder, was yelling at the stagehands, who carried papier-mâché buildings from a warehouse. At one side stood a small group of men and women in white gowns like ours. I recognized them all: well-known actors and actresses of the legitimate theatre. At last, the stage was set, the technicians disappeared, and the cameraman came out from the office building.

"Let's begin!" Kertész shouted from his height. "Ladies and gentlemen of the cast. Our production is the Biblical drama 'Sodom and Gomorrah.'" He took a tattered book from his pocket. "This is the Book of Genesis. Should I read the chapter that deals with our subject?"

"No!" we boomed in unison. We were freezing in our Biblical costumes.

"Very well," Kertész said. "Then we shall begin." I could see that he had prepared himself for a speech.

DURING the next two months, the mass scenes of the movie were filmed; the sinning population of the



doomed towns committed crimes against God and their fellow-men. Hour after hour, day after day, the thirty of us attacked Lot's house, only to be stopped by two corpulent angels. Kertész screamed at us, "Fools! You stroll as if you were on the Kärntner Strasse. Attack, you sons of bitches! Again! Again, you..." until he gave a sign to the cameraman, a middle-aged, dour-faced man with gypsy-black hair, to start shooting the scene. Often when we arrived in the morning, the sun hid behind clouds, and those days, with a grim face, Kertész handed us our five schillings at the gate. It was always he who paid our salaries.

Not everything I had expected when I entered the world of glamour materialized in the hysterical atmosphere, the hustle and bustle, the dreariness of the papier-mâché houses. But the five schillings reconciled me to the shortcomings of the job. My living standard improved. I bought a much needed suit and a pair of shoes. I ate better, and my mother's eyes rested on me with satisfaction. I could even help my parents and my brothers, who were still in the *Gymnasium*. Food was rationed, and low in calories. Mother obviously did not divide it evenly; when I came home for the weekends, I found her face smaller and smaller. But everything could be bought on the black market, and on my visits now I carried in my briefcase bread, meat, short-enings. Father did not know—he would have resented it bitterly.

Father was in his mid-forties. He had been a pioneer in the welfare program of the workers in western Hungary, a high official in the social-security and sick-benefit foundation—and he could not find an equal job as a refugee in Austria. In the small positions he did find here and there, he earned too much to die but not enough to live decently. Still, he was too proud to accept support from anyone—especially from a son. He knew of my job at the Sascha Film Company, of course, but he had no interest in it; it was an emergency solution. Father



"I heard von Schlefin yell 'Eureka,' and then *kerblam!*"

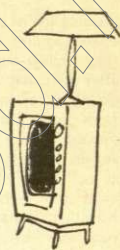
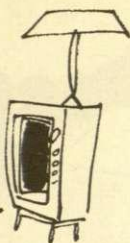
was not a doctor himself, but he came from a family of doctors, and all his life medicine was the essence of his existence.

Mother, on the other hand, was curious about my new career. "Tell me more," she would say, making sure that Father was not around. Her own interests included the arts: theatre, movies, music. She had a warm, pleasant voice. Before I opened my eyes mornings, I would hear her singing as she moved about the apartment preparing breakfast, checking Father's clothes for the day. "*Leise flehen meine Lieder*"—she loved Schubert. She wanted to know everything about the picture-making, but when I had finished telling her she would always say, "Yes, it is interesting. But Richard, do not neglect your studies."

Those I neglected indeed. The hours of my lectures often conflicted with the time I spent on the Laaerberg. In anatomy lab, I was behind the others; the leg that had been assigned to me for dissection was only half done. One afternoon, the anatomy instructor warned me that if I didn't finish in time I would flunk. Next day, I asked for an interview with Kertész

to request time off. As always when a subject didn't interest him, he listened with only one ear. Then he said that he would try to work something out. That was the last I heard of the matter. So I explained my predicament to the instructor and arranged with him to dissect during the evening hours.

Out on the Laaerberg, Kertész was pushing those scenes that required a large personnel. The payroll with the extras weighed heavily on his meagre budget. (Often, sombre-looking strangers—the men who financed the venture—watched the shooting, while Kertész smoked more than usual.) Little by little, one extra after another was given notice, until only a few of us remained. Then, one day when I arrived for work, the doorman told me I must report immediately at Kertész's office. Walking through the anteroom, all I could think of was the blackboard at the Mensa, with its chalked-up notices of jobs. But Kertész received me cordially, offered me a seat and a cigarette. He asked me how things were going, and I thought he was even paying attention as I answered. He rose and walked up and down, taking side glances at me. He stopped in front of



me. "D'you want to continue with us?" he asked.

It took a few seconds to collect myself. "I just told you," I said. "I'm behind in anatomy lab—"

"O.K.," he interrupted. "We can talk about that, too. Now, listen." He switched to Hungarian. "I've been watching you, and I want to be fair. You're no Conrad Veidt yet, but maybe something can be made of you—maybe. What I need immediately is someone to take over the part of Lot. Herr Schwendtner complains of chest pains—he's not going to be able to continue."

I protested. "But medical students are forbidden to take part in extracurricular activities. The university—"

"They needn't know. We'll use a pseudonym." Kertész narrowed his eyes. "Your fee will be fifty schillings a session! *Te marha.*" ("You block-head.") He looked at me sternly.

I HAD a hard time. The rehearsals were agony. Kertész interrupted me steadily with abuse. "You are Lot, you stupid son of a bitch! The only one in those goddam towns who was selected by the Almighty! Don't you understand? Why the hell did I ever think you could do it!" Moaning, he tore at his hair. At last, still moaning, he gave the sign to the cameraman. And then we would move to the next scene, and new abuses. I often was close to pulling off my Biblical costume and walking out.

Otherwise, Kertész kept his word; he accepted the demands of medical school and allowed me time for lectures. Still, it often happened that while I was in the midst of lab work I was called out and in the corridor one of Kertész's messengers would be waiting.

In November, the filming was completed, and during the winter months Kertész edited the film. I stood by while he explained to me the technical business of cutting and splicing. In April, 1923, "Sodom and Gomorrah" was shown in the movie theatres of Vienna.

It was a smash hit in the city. But I flunked anatomy lab.

My father was furious. He turned on Mother. "I warned you!" he shouted. "It is your fault!"

Mother tried to appease him.

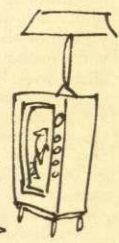
"All right, all right," he said finally. "But now the focus-pocus is over. *Verstanden?*"

I told Kertész and he was furious, too.

"Your petit-bourgeois father! He cannot grasp what his son has achieved! A career! Fame!"

Soon I noticed it myself. At first, I thought it was only accidental. While sitting with Kertész in the Café Arkaden, a student café located near the university, I would see people point at us and whisper. Kertész had a considerable reputation, and I was not surprised at the public attention he was given. But once when I was waiting for him a young lady approached me and asked for an autograph. I must have looked blank as I signed my name, and the girl looked quite disappointed. "I thought you were Lot," she said. Happily, I signed my pseudonym, and other visitors of the café came crowding round. The same thing happened when I was sitting on a bench of the Votivpark, near the university. And if I had needed an additional confirmation of my popularity, I received it soon.

The *Studentenkrawalle*, anti-Semitic student demonstrations, were a biannual occurrence at registration time, when nationalist students attempted to prevent Jewish students from entering the university—a kind of carnival watched by hundreds of Viennese outside the university building. When I went up the outside steps of that building to register for the summer semester, I was immediately stopped by a long-legged



student wearing the fraternity cap of a nationalist student society. He asked me if I was Jewish, and I answered that it was none of his business. A brawl ensued, and the proctor's men who were on duty came over and conducted the two of us to the dean's office.

The dean, a professor of pharmacology, had a beard enveloping most of his face. He asked who had initiated the fight.

I said it was I.

"Don't you know that disturbances in these halls are prohibited?" he thundered at me.

I told him the circumstances, and added that certainly I had a right to register.

"You should have complained," the dean said.

"To whom?"

"To the proctor's men—don't you know that?"

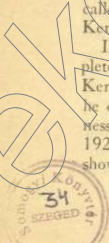
"They arrived only after that brute—"

"Don't use such expressions. I suspend you for the coming semester."

"But Herr Dekan," I protested.

The dean took off his eyeglasses and wiped them with great care. After putting them back on his nose, he studied my face. Then, around his fleshy lips, partly hidden by his beard, a smile appeared. "Are you by any chance Lot?" he said.

More trouble, I thought, for I had





broken university regulations. But I had no other choice than to answer yes.

"Sentence suspended," the dean said.

MY summer vacation was ruined; I had to prepare for the anatomy exam in the fall. The lab remained open during the summer and I had much to make up. I met often with Kertész at the Café Arkaden. "Sodom and Gomorrah," in spite of its critical success, was not doing well at the box office. Vienna, the proverbial capital of music and the arts, had not established a reputation in moviemaking. The Pathé Frères of France, UFA (Universum-Kilm-Aktuengesellschaft) of Berlin, Hollywood, and even little Denmark were more recognized on the world market. I half listened to Kertész explaining why while I read about heart valves, and muscles and their innervations.

One night, Kertész arrived at the café earlier than usual. He moved around on his chair uneasily. "I've an idea. Listen," he said.

I looked up from my book.

"It's raining incessantly, but the payroll goes on. I'm fed up with the Laaerberg. I've decided to shoot a couple of films at Lake Como. Eternal sun..."

"And what has that to do with me?" I asked.

"A couple of Ferenc Molnár comedies. Would you come along?"

"Out of the question!" I pointed at my book.

"You wouldn't have to work all the time. You could study, too."

"I am staying right here!" I pounded the table.

"Hundred schillings!" Kertész narrowed his eyes.

Money was no longer a temptation to me. The fortunes of my family had changed. The peace treaty of Saint-Germain, concluded in 1919 between Austria and the victorious Allied powers, ceded parts of western Hungary to Austria and established a new province, the Burgenland. In 1923, Father had regained his old position, and I was now fully supported from home. I told Kertész so.

"It's not the money," he said apologetically. "I meant it only as a token of appreciation." He smiled. "Aren't you flattered, you blockhead? Well, think it over. Lake Como instead of this terrible Vienna. Look out the window. Brrr."

And he went on talking about his plans. The perfect pied piper, I thought, unmoved. But then, little by little, he pulled me once again into his sphere. After all—couldn't I take part in those movies and at the same time study for my exam?

I travelled to Sauerbrunn, a little watering place, now the temporary capital of Burgenland. It was not hard

to persuade Mother, but how to win over Father? My parents lived in a spacious apartment on the second floor of a building whose first floor was taken up by Father's offices. On the veranda overlooking a garden with apple, pear, cherry, and walnut trees, Mother and I discussed stratagems till late at night, while Father still worked in his office. I looked tired, Mother said, and Father would certainly not object to my taking a vacation in the sunny south. That would be the best line to take. "But will you also study?" she asked anxiously.

THE movie productions at Lake Como proceeded according to plan. I was now an old hand. I played Hungarian cavalry officers and jealous husbands with skill. Even Kertész seemed to be satisfied, although he did not commend me; in business, he kept a proper distance between himself and the staff. During my free time, I swam in the azure-blue lake. Nights, I danced with Lot's younger daughter, again my partner, in spite of Kertész' explicit order that the cast must be in bed at ten. Once, he caught us and created a scandal in the presence of other guests at the bar, who knew us and enjoyed the scene. As a consequence, we were locked at nine in separate rooms. Now, finally, I studied anatomy.

At the end of August, the troupe

travelled home. Father and Mother were both pleased at the way I looked. "You have a good suntan," Father said. "But I hope you're ready for the exam." I assured Mother that everything had gone well—movie acting and also studying. We agreed that Father, who never went to the movies, would not find out about my escapade.

The first week of October, I passed anatomy and was through with the basic sciences. I was ready for the Allgemeines Krankenhaus—the teaching hospital. It was built at the order of Josef II, the enlightened Hapsburg emperor, in the seventeen-seventies. A few buildings had been added, but in my time it did not look very different from the day it had been erected: small buildings separated by seven courtyards, patches of green. The air always carried the smell of iodine and carbolic acid. In spring, when the acacia trees bloomed, their scent mingled with the smell of the medications.

My heart bumped when I first placed my stethoscope on the chest of a patient, when I watched the first operation, when I heard for the first time the cry of a newborn baby. I was proud to be a student of the venerable Vienna Medical School. During the day, I was fully occupied with attending lectures and work in the hospital, but when evening came I found myself in a trolley car travelling to the Laaerberg.

I was determined to stick to my medical studies and not to be swayed by any temptation. Even Kertész seemed reconciled to my decision. While he edited the rolls of film, swearing steadily about omissions either by the actors or by himself, he seemed to listen to my accounts of my day's work. Then, in the projection room, we watched the films, and, with a side glance at me, Kertész would often murmur that I had done a fine job. Later, settling down in the office, we drank Turkish coffee, often long after midnight. Next morning, I would wake up sleepy and dazed. Once, in a lecture on gynecology (Professor Kermayner, a great scholar, was an unstimulating lecturer), I was awakened by the Professor himself. Shamed before my laughing colleagues, I apologized and swore to myself that from here on I would be in bed early. I kept my promise for a few days. Then I travelled again to the Laaerberg.

In April, arriving at the dormitory from a lecture, I was called to the telephone. It was Mother. She sounded despondent. Father had found out about my summer excursion. How?

MEMORIES OF LOWER FIFTH

1
I loved them once, those towering hotels
On lower Fifth, where I imagined lives
Far richer than those lives turned out to be:
Snow linen and the corollary warmth
Of fires screened away from rare, old rugs,
The ping of knives, the smell of morning coffee,
Crystal, silk, polished mahogany—
The world cut off by plush and drapery.

2
I saw façades become the ruins they hid,
The usual drift of class, of style to none,
A genteel century of fireplaces
Teeter in the air, the wrecker's ball
Swing back in space to slam in once again
Against the dangling painting of a wall
To bring another room down to its floor,
Another floor down to another floor.

3
One snowy winter night, the traffic lights
Shed small circles every block or two
And made of bell-resounding streets a town
Blind faith constructed in a magic mirror.
Such were the slopes, the signs, the gradients
I rode into countries of the zodiac
Past the north scarps of French-speaking mountains
Onto stopped carpets of an English square.

—HOWARD MOSS

He had been congratulated about his "great actor son." Father was so angry he would not even speak to her. I should think what to say, she warned me; she had run out of all possible explanations.

I thought of not going home for the weekend, but then I decided I might as well face the inevitable. I arrived on the afternoon train, after lunch (lunch is the main meal in Central Europe), to have time to talk with Mother alone. Father had not changed, she said. He still refused to speak to her. But, in spite of her desperate mood, Mother could not repress her feelings: she had seen the movies and she thought I was very good. We did not have long to talk; the telephone rang and I was summoned to Father's office.

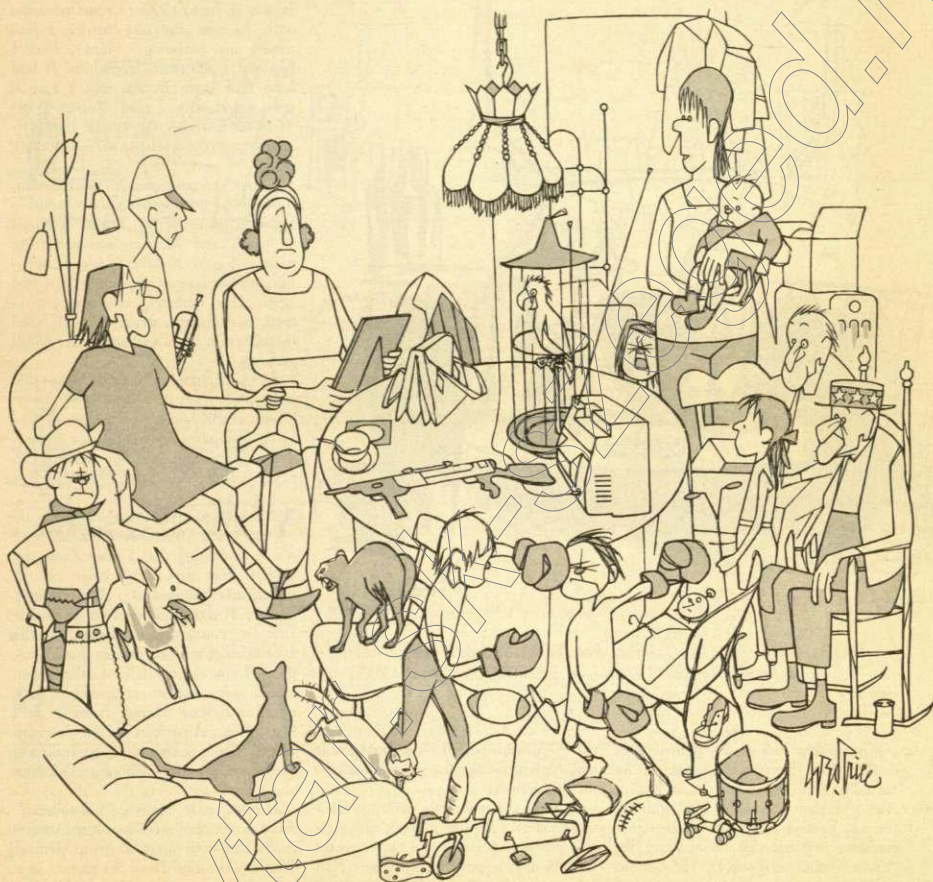
When I went in, he only nodded, sitting behind his desk, on which papers,

letters, files were arranged in impeccable order. Unperturbed by my presence, he signed one paper after another. I waited for his wrath to fall on me. It never did. After a few minutes, he placed his pen on the desk and fixed me with his gray-green eyes. "If you go on as you are," he said without raising his voice, "you will be regarded as a fool. No one will ever take you seriously—neither medical school nor your movie people. No one can serve two masters (*Niemand kann zwei Herren dienen*). You must make up your mind. You are already twenty-two."

SO I made up my mind: medicine. And the more I progressed in my studies, the more engrossed I became. My contact with Kertész did not cease—the contrary. We met more often than ever in the Café Arkaden, where we spoke about many things, including moviemaking. I even signed autographs—but my past achievements belonged to a closed past. Once, he said casually that he contemplated making a picture about a doctor's life, and I thought he was watching me from the corner of his eye.

One day, I was called out from a surgery lecture. A messenger was wait-





"About four months ago, he had a room added to the house, and I haven't laid eyes on him since."

ing in the hall with a note. I should come immediately to the Laaerberg. I thought there was something physically wrong with Kertész and left at once.

He was waiting for me in his office, looking perfectly healthy and dressed in his gray checked holiday suit (ordinarily, at all seasons, he wore a short-sleeved black sweater). Without saying a word, he handed me a telegram. I read it. UFA had invited him to Berlin for a conference.

"Congratulations," I said. I was really happy for him.

"Come on," he said impatiently. "My

car is waiting to take us to the station."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't ask questions." He pushed me ahead of him to the door.

"But I don't have even an extra shirt," I protested.

"You'll get it in Berlin."

The train ride lasted fourteen hours. We rode in a sleeper, Kertész in the upper berth. I scarcely closed my eyes the whole night. Kertész talked incessantly, climbing up and down the ladder—now for a glass of water, another time for a bottle of cognac; he never stopped smoking. I was glad when the first daylight filtered through

the window curtains and I could get up. I was hungry—I realized that I hadn't eaten since lunch the previous day.

We arrived at the Potsdamer Bahnhof at five in the afternoon. There I sent a telegram to my parents to say where I was and that I would explain in a letter the circumstances of my trip. At the film company we were greeted by the *Regisseur*—the director—a tall, stout man. UFA was always searching for new talent, he said, and they had been watching Kertész' work in the Sascha Company with interest. However, the Sascha Company was small,



"You mustn't say things like that. Why, I'll bet you're even more fascinating now than you were in your prime."

comparatively unknown. Before UFA could offer Kertész a contract, he would have to prove himself in Berlin. As a test, they would like him to direct the first part of a film with a Hungarian theme (it was called something like "Sunset on the Puszta"). He was to start immediately; in a neighboring room, half a dozen cameramen and technicians were waiting for him. Then the *Regisseur* turned to me and asked who I was. Kertész said that I was the pillar of the Sascha Company. He had thought they would want to meet me.

Without even taking time to wash up, Kertész went to work. At first he was jittery, but within a day or two he found himself authoritative, abusive, ingenious. Only at night, when we had a highback together, did he have doubts. Would he get the contract? I wrote home assuring my parents that my Berlin excursion was no relapse into the movie world.

One night three weeks after our arrival in Berlin, Kertész stumbled into my room. His face was deadly pale and he was perspiring profusely. With trembling fingers, he took a sheet of

paper from his pocket—his contract. It was high time for me to get back to medical school.

During the train ride back to Vienna, Kertész slept like a child, although as a precaution I took the upper berth. I could not sleep this time, either. Had I been honest with myself? The weeks in Berlin had awakened my dormant feelings for the world of the screen. Revolutionary changes were taking place—indoor ateliers, the first experiments with sound. The UFA people had been kind to me; I had been given a film test. Now I was going back to the dreary world of everyday—another year in medical school. And then? A doctor, one among thousands.

Kertész' contract with the Sascha Film Company had just expired, and he was winding up his affairs on the Laaerberg. We met daily until his departure. I went with him to the railway station to see him off for Berlin.

For several months after that, I had no news from Kertész. I knew that he did not believe in letter writing ("a petit-bourgeois habit," he would say).

It was in June, 1925 (I remember the date, because the day before I had passed my pathology exam), that I received a telegram from him. It had been sent from Berlin, and I tore it open impatiently. I read: "YOUR CONTRACT READY STOP COME IMMEDIATELY STOP MICHAEL KERTESZ UFA."

I took the next train to Sauerbrunn. There was no question in my mind—I would go to Berlin. Father was not at home, and Mother was preparing dinner. I gave her the telegram, scrutinizing her face as she read it. She had aged. Her diabetes, recently discovered, had taken a great toll. She read the telegram again and again, her hands shaking.

"I understand, Richard," she said at last in her gentle voice. "It is a great honor. But"—she sighed deeply—"finish your studies first. A doctor can always become an actor, but an actor can never become a doctor."

YEARS passed, and decades. I did not hear from Kertész after I wrote explaining that I must finish my studies. But my early experience in the theatre haunted me. As a country doctor, I arranged amateur performances at country fairs. Later, on the Ivory Coast, where I was a colonial surgeon, I amazed my fellow-colons once when, with natives as actors, I produced a Ferenc Molnár comedy. Still later, in an American children's camp where I was camp doctor, I directed the children in a Sholom Aleichem play.

In the early forties, "Casablanca" was a much celebrated movie in America. It had been directed by a Michael Curtiz. One day, I saw his picture in a magazine—a late-middle-aged man, with a quizzical smile around the lips. Wasn't he my old director, Kertész? I wrote to him in Hollywood. No answer. I must have been mistaken, I thought. But years later, returning from a summer vacation, I found among the letters that had accumulated during my absence a note in Hungarian:

Sorry I couldn't answer earlier. Always busy, Now, while visiting a playwright in New York, I called your number. No luck. You were away. I would have liked to meet you, talk about the old times, the Laaerberg, "Sodom and Gomorrah." Wasn't it good to be young? I was happy to hear that you have a family and a good practice. But I must say that you had talent—blockhead.

I was sorry to have missed him. Soon, I read in the papers that Michael Curtiz had died.

—RICHARD BERCZELLER

+ 1962 Apr. 11, Hollywood
74 éves

CURTIZ (Kertész)

Mihály

1974

4 db lap