

Isaac, what is this picture?

This is the house where I was born. It was built by a sculptor, a Greek sculptor, in 1867. And the legend is that the two caryatids, the two women, the statues, were in honor of two beautiful sisters who lived a block away from there.

And when was this taken?

This photograph was taken in '79. I was on a visit to Athens. It was Asani, my sister-in-law, came with me. And she took the photograph.

And this the same? Oops!

Oops!

It's the same. But this is taken from a book of photographs by the famous French photographer Cartier-Bresson. It attracted him aesthetically, artistically. And he took quite a few photographs of that house.

And this one?

This is a watercolor by a modern Greek painter by the name of Yannis Tsarouchis. And he calls it simply The House of Caryatids.

Go ahead.

This is the same place restored. For more than 20 years, there were articles in the press decrying the poor shape in which this classic-- or example of classic Greek architecture was left. So there was enough pressure on the authorities to do something. So eventually, with some contribution from the European community, the place was restored. And this is what it looks like now.

And this happened, in fact-- the facade was revealed earlier this year.

And this one?

This is the apartment where I lived when I grew up with my family most of my life. It was in the third floor of an apartment house. The address was [NON-ENGLISH] 11. And the reason that, also, this particular place was restored-- because it is an example, perhaps the first example, of a multi-storied edifice in Athens.

And this?

That's the apartment restored?

Why is there a flag there?

I have no idea. Because I know this much, that it's not inhabited by renters. It's not an apartment house anymore. It's offices, some of them governmental, some of them in association. So perhaps for that reason there's a flag.

And this?

This is the view from the house where I grew up from the roof-- or, really, it was really not a roof. You went up a stairway in the back. It was like a terrace where we would sometimes have picnics there or sleep in the summer months. But if I looked towards the southeast, this is what I would see, the Acropolis.

And who is this?

This is my mother, Sarah, maiden name Kolonomos. It's the only photograph that is left to us that you can see full face. But actually, it was a passport picture, and the only surviving thing. We have other photographs which have her with my brothers. But this is the only full-face photograph.

Is this likeness? Is this how you remember her?

Oh, yes.

Yes?

Yes.

And this one?

This is my father. He was known as Dario. Actually, his name was David. But Dario was a diminutive or a familiar name for David in the parts where he was raised.

And this photo?

This photo was taken when I was one year old, around 1927. It was taken in Loutraki, which is a spa of natural springs of water that's believed to be beneficial for what ails you. Here is my father with a cane, my mother in the foreground. And in the back, it's a nanny. I don't even remember her or know her name, and myself as a baby, possibly a year old or even less.

And this?

This is a studio photograph taken of me when I was about a year old. And it was used as a postcard that my father sent to a number of relatives.

Do you remember that outfit?

No, no.

And what about this one?

This is, I'm around four, ready to go to school. This is also another studio photo. You can see the kind of fake background. Again, that, also, was used as a postcard for mailing to relatives.

And you're wearing-- you're holding--

Yes, and I think that, from the outfit, including an outer coat, I'm positive that it must have been taken during the winter.

It looks like you're wearing a women's purse.

It was my mother's, probably, purse. And I was--

And this?

This is a photograph of my maternal grandmother-- her name was Miriam Kolonomos-- and my two younger brothers, Sam on the left, and Nehama or Mekos in the middle, taken in the little park which was only a few blocks away from our home.

And this?

Studio a photo of myself at the age of five standing and my younger brother Sam standing on the chair.

And this?

My mother and younger brother, Mekos in the park near our house.

And how old do you think Mekos is here?

Five. So this must have been taken '39, the latest, '40.

And this?

This is the youngest brother, Nehama, Mekos, Nehama. And it's so true to the way he looked and the expression on his face. It's very much alive for me right now.

And this handsome shot?

Yes, this handsome shot is of Samuel, my second brother. And this was probably taken in '48 or '49, after I had left the United States. And Sam must have been 17 or 18, that is to say, after he returned from Auschwitz.

This?

This is a photograph of a friend on the left by the name of Sam Amariello and myself. It was one of those so-called instant-- yes-- instantaneous pictures taken by roving photographers in the streets of Athens. They would shoot, give you the ticket. If you were interested, you would call them.

But the significance for that is that it was taken in January of 45. So it's probably the first post-war picture that I think was ever taken of me.

Is that snow on the ground?

Yes, remnants of of a dusting, which is another rarity in Athens. All right.