

Viktor Hahn's House



This is a photo of Uncle Viktor Hahn's house. The photo was taken in 1992 in Teplice. My parents were divorced in 1929. My mother then married Dr. Viktor Hahn, who had divorced a year earlier. First, right after my mother's divorce, they had a Jewish wedding, and then, after the couple of months required, they also had a civil wedding. My mother knew Doctor Hahn from about 1920, and about a year later he brought me into the world. Doctor Hahn worked as a gynecologist, he spent seven years at a gynecological clinic in Vienna, where he lived with his first wife Greta, and where in 1818 his son, Jindrich Hahn, was born. After World War I times were tough in Vienna, there wasn't even any food, so they moved back to Teplice, where in 1891 he had been born. He had a very good reputation as a doctor there, so my mother also began going to him. Uncle Viktor was a very merry and sociable person, my father's opposite. During the divorce my parents came to an agreement, that my almost six years older sister would stay with our mother, and that I'd go live with my father. So I remained with my father in Dubi, and my sister lived with our mother in Teplice with 'Uncle' Viktor. In 1991 as part of the restitutions I requested the return of the Hahn house in Teplice and of our house in Dubi. The house in Teplice was returned to me, but the Hahns had two more houses, which to this day haven't been returned. It always depends on whether the person that is using the property is willing to return it or not. Over 500 people found work in my father's factory, which was a condition that led to nationalization after the war, according to the Benes Decrees. Lawyers told me straight out to try have the factory returned. I tried only to get our house in Dubi, which my parents had originally bought together, and which the Communists then proclaimed to be part of the factory and also nationalized it. Unfortunately in the meantime the North Bohemia Forests company moved into it, and didn't want to leave it. I'd have to take it all the way to the Supreme Court, and I certainly didn't want to spend the rest of my life going to court and paying lawyers. That was also one of the reasons why I didn't try to get the porcelain factory, either. I basically said to myself that life is too short for things like that. I got the house in Teplice back, because the director of the Regional Museum, which was located there, was very decent and admitted that the house didn't belong to them. We came to an agreement, and the museum remained on the ground floor for a token rent. In return they allocated one room where our Dubi

porcelain was exhibited. The house needed a new facade and other investments that I didn't have the money for, so later I sold it. .