

Marie Abravanel



This is my husband's sister Marie Modiano, nee Abravanel. The photo was taken in Salonica, but I don't know when.

Marie was a real fashion victim: coats, furs, hats, shoes. Everything had to be unique and well designed. When I met her she was doing nothing apart from playing the piano and singing. She was a good singer. She never followed the religion by word but she was very proud to be a Jewess. Oh, you could not tease her about her Jewish identity.

At first she seemed like she did not approve of my relationship with her brother, Leo Abravanel. She never said a good word to me. She was distant. Then when she met my brother and mother suddenly everything changed. Marie came often to visit us, especially in winter. She used to put on her face creams, she had nice, fresh skin.

Marie adored my brother Kleanthis. I remember once, when I invited them for dinner, I had cooked fish. My brother found it very tasty even though I had used frozen fish. Marie had a soft spot for fish, but only fresh fish. So, just because Kleanthis liked it, she pretended to be thrilled herself.