

Carol Marcus At His Uncle's Grave, Carol Marcus



The tomb of my biological father, Carol Marcus, at the Filantropia Jewish cemetery in Bucharest, in 1985. The one in the photo is my first degree cousin, Carol Marcus, who has the same name as my father. My biological father, Carol Marcus, was [probably] born in 1900. He didn't have any education. He was an entrepreneur who made his own workshop of brushes and paintbrushes, although he had no qualification in this trade. He quit both his workshop and my mother who was pregnant and set off to join the Russian revolution. I don't recall ever meeting him. He only saw me once. He died in April 1921 and my mother remarried. I didn't have any relationships with my father's family for a long time. [His brothers,] Simon [Marcus], and Marcu [Marcus] emigrated to Israel. I found out my father had a second brother, Marcu, who was also a shoemaker, and whom I visited [in the 1940's]. He lived with his family on Carol Fleva [St.], in the vicinity of Duesti [Ave], where Vitan [Ave] begins today. Marcu had four children, only one is still living, Carol Marcus, who has the same name as my father. I'm too weak to go to the Filantropia [Jewish cemetery] now - I have to stop and rest three times before I get there, because my legs hurt, my pelvis hurts, my joints hurt. Only my mouth is all right - I say whatever crosses my mind. I used to look at my adoptive father - at 82, he was a wreck, he forgot things, he used a walking stick. I still have a lucid mind, I write poetry, I talk to our 'younger' members at the daytime center. I was born here and I lived here, and, despite all the persecutions, I remained a man of this land.