

## Irena Wygodzka In Warsaw



This is a picture of me, Irena Wygodzka, taken in 2004 in Warsaw.

So I got here, here I am and I'm not doing too bad. Not good, because I don't feel ties to Israel, Poland or France. I'm somewhat suspended, neither here nor there.

I am an Israeli citizen, I don't have a Polish passport. Polish citizenship was taken away from me [in 1968 Jews emigrating from Poland were deprived of Polish citizenship, they only received so-called travel documents, without the right of returning to Poland]. I

could try to regain it, but I'm not sure if it's worth it. I'm also put off by the same things I was put off by in Israel. For example fanatics, who are the same everywhere.

So this is all difficult, especially since I am alone. I know I don't have much time until the end, so I am happy every time my son or daughter come and visit me.

My daughter will visit me soon, in the fall, with her family. Adam has been here twice since I came to Poland.

I also have relatives here. There is my the son of my cousin, the closest one, Natalia [Maskalan]. I don't impose myself on them, because they are young people, the same age as my children, they have their own joys and sorrows, their own families.

There are quite a few people I can talk to from time to time. For example from literary circles. I don't participate in the life of the Jewish religious community in Warsaw.

I never have. I don't see why I should begin now. I have been to the Jewish theater, Grynberg [Grynberg, Henryk (born 1936), writer and poet, the theme of the Holocaust dominates his writing] came, so I went to a meeting with him. I read a lot.

Mostly about the Holocaust. I somehow can't leave the past behind.