

Gavril Marcuson With Leibis And Eveline Marcussohn



These are my parents, Leibis and Eveline Marcussohn, and me, Gavril Marccusohn, at my fourth anniversary, on 28th October 1917. The photo was taken during World War I, at the 'Rembrandt' photo cabinet in Iasi. My name is Gavril Marcuson [the initial name, Marcussohn, was shortened to Marcuson in 1968]. I was born in Bucharest, on 28th October 1913, in the house of my maternal grandfather, an old house on Viilor Dr. Back then, the place was at the outskirts of the city. During World War I, my family, like so many other people from Bucharest, sought refuge in Iasi, since the capital had been occupied by the German troops [between November 1916 and November 1918]. I

remember how my paternal grandfather once had me drink tuica [alcoholic beverage obtained by fermenting and distilling plums or other fruit], while my mother was away, and I got drunk and fell under the table. My mother came back, found me sleeping under the table and started a terrible fight with my grandfather because he had let me drink. I was so little that I had hit my head against the table. I was as tall as the table. My father was born in Iasi, in 1888. He studied in Vienna, at the Commerce High School. He looked after us and loved us in a way that was more intelligent than my mother's, because he was more intelligent and more cultivated. He never scolded me and beating was definitely out of the question. He was a literature enthusiast, he could read German, and he had a German library. My father was an accountant and a tradesman. He wasn't a religious man. He had his own business - he sold welding devices and carbide -, but didn't actually own a company. He worked with his brother-in-law, Filip Weisselberg, for a while, and, after he and my mother divorced [before World War II, in the 1930's], he bought a house in another neighborhood and continued his welding devices business. My father died in Bucharest, in the 1960's. My mother was born in Husi, in 1892. Her education consisted of some years of high school. She wasn't a religious person. She was a rather simple woman, and she spoke some French. My grandfather only sent the boys to college. One of them became a chemist, another one became a lawyer, and another one became an accountant; but the girls never got to college. Girls were despised. Men are the ones who lead. Even at the synagogue, women have to stay separated from the men. My mother was a housewife. She loved us as much as she could, looked after us, and fed us - we weren't picky when it came to food. She was a gentle woman. She got upset once in a while, but didn't beat us. Neither my brother nor I ever got beat by our parents. My mother made aliyah in the 1960's. My brother and other relatives were already living in Israel. She stayed in an old age home in Tel Aviv. I visited her there and, when I returned, I got the news of her death. She died after I had visited her. She was 89 when she passed away [in 1981].