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Upon returning to Warsaw, Josef felt as if he was starting a new life - he was turning a brand-new page in his book of life. The feeling of yearning for his little daughter was unrelenting. His last conversation with Rywka had left him in a fog, with feelings of uncertainty. What had she meant by saying that Yiddish writer, about whom she had told him before he travelled away from Paris, to the effect that he - a friend of Josef - was not indifferent to her? Could it be that, while he had still been in Paris, she, Rywka, had met with that Yiddish writer? Anything was possible.

And what about himself? Was he such a great *tzaddik*<sup>1</sup>? Was he whole in his life? Had there been no mistake, from the very beginning, when he got married? Indeed, he was not the only one. The family life of more than one member of the party was broken, and happiness was so distant and came so rarely. They were free and were allowed to do anything - but did they not often pay a huge price for this freedom?

These thoughts did not let up. It was actually fortunate that work in the party swallowed him up in such a manner, that there was no time for too much thinking.

Josef's arrival was a great festive occasion for Miriam. She was living with a female friend in a finely furnished room, and Josef was her frequent guest. Miriam knew of Josef's experiences in Paris and his anguish there living near his wealthy sister-in-law. And Miriam strove to make him happy, to bring him into the same festive atmosphere in which she always was, when only Josef remained alone with her. Both of them lived happy days. The romantic life of feelings, which had been dormant in Paris, were awoken in Josef.

They now saw each other every evening and, during the daytime, when both were free from work. Weeks and months went by. Josef was as if in a trance, and was intoxicated with the joy and affection Miriam showed him. Miriam also did not overthink things<sup>2</sup>. In her heart, she knew that these days and nights of love would not last long. Once Rywka arrived in Warsaw, she would lose Josef - and rightly so. As his legal wife, Rywka had a stronger claim on him than did she. But, in the meantime, the days were filled with happiness and rejoicing.

Just as before, in the years when he was living in Warta, here, too, in Warsaw, Josef thought little about tomorrow. Each day had its demands and its desires. He was in a conflict with himself, but had not the strength to master his own self and emerge victorious from all the tests to which life subjected him. He was always living in the moment, in the life of the hour. He took from life both joy and pain. Josef often thought, that a person is ultimately like a splinter which the wind carries over the waters of life - and who knew where it would carry him?

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<sup>1</sup> [TN: Heb., righteous man.]

<sup>2</sup> [TN: The expression employed in the original Yiddish is "Miriam also did not render an account to herself."]

In the end, his duties as a father and his obligations towards the mother of the child prevailed. He wrote to Rywka to come to Warsaw with their little daughter. Josef was preparing a dwelling for them. He now already had the capacity to maintain the family. This was no life, and what was the point of being separated?

Rywka came, but alone. She left their daughter with her sister. She just came to have a look at Josef, to see how things stood with him. She first wanted to learn what he really thought - was he prepared to be a faithful husband to her and a loyal father to their child? Josef was left in dismay upon seeing Rywka without Sure'le, but he said nothing. He only asked her constantly how Sure'le was, what was she doing, how were her studies and what she looked like. Tears came to his eyes. Rywka saw how his heart yearned for the child. While this made her happy, she was upset at the not overly joyous welcome Josef had given her. Rywka thought Josef received her coldly - not like a husband welcoming the wife, whom he had not already seen for more than nine months.

She was aware of Josef's very close friendship with Miriam, and was pained when Josef travelled once to the [children's summer] camps in Zakopane<sup>3</sup>, where Miriam was working. Immediately upon Rywka's arrival in Warsaw, Miriam had decided that the best thing would be for her to find employment somewhere in a different city – and, when such an opportunity arose and Miriam was offered a job in the camps in Zakopane, she accepted the position very gladly.

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Meanwhile, with great enthusiasm, Josef now threw himself into the work of his party in all its divisions. His main job, however, was as one of the secretaries of the Commercial Employees Union. The work was intense. Under Josef's leadership, a few successful strikes were carried out. Josef also frequently travelled to Łódź and there, too, helped organise the Commercial Employees Union, which later grew into a very large organisation.

Back in his hometown Warta, Josef had had frequent clashes with one of the secretaries of the Commercial Employees Union there. This was Markus Herszlikowicz, who was the representative of the leftist faction [viz. Communist Party]. Like most leftist "comrades", Markus Herszlikowicz also wished to rule over the union by foul means, in order to subordinate it to the leftist Communist Movement. This same comrade, Markus, would issue pamphlets that were literally an open provocation against the union.

[Now,] Josef also found him here in Warsaw. Josef learned that Comrade Markus was working in the leftist Commercial Employees Union [on ul Leszno], which was the rival of the [Bund's] Union of Commercial Employees at ul Zamenhofa 5. The main leadership [of the union on ul. Leszno] lay, at the time, in the hands of the now famous Jewish Communist leader [Michał] Mirski, who occupies such an exalted position in today's small Jewish community in Poland.

Josef avoided meeting Comrade Markus as far as he could. He still remembered him only too well from his "good deeds" in Warta.

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<sup>3</sup> [TN: Resort town in southern Poland, at the base of the Tatras Mountains.]

And then, [a couple of months later], several comrades were arrested, including Comrade Mirski, who was deported to Kartuz-Bereza. In those days, that notorious leftist Comrade Markus was shot by his own comrades, after they discovered that he, their “trusted comrade”, was actually in the service of the Polish secret police.

This “Act of Markus” made a horrible impression on Josef. He was engulfed in pity for the type of person capable of sinking to such depths of baseness - and all for what? Money? Honours? Who knows? Who can fathom the depths of the human soul? For days and weeks, Josef went about thinking of the leftist provocateur Markus Herszlikowicz, with whom he had often fought, while the latter would always defend precisely the Red Wraith – the Soviet “Garden of Eden”.

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Summer arrived and, as Sure’le was free from school, Rywka, instead of journeying to the child in Paris, asked her sister Terca to arrange for the child to come to her in Warsaw. The joy of the parents was very great when Sure’le arrived safely in Warsaw. She spent an entire summer with her parents at Grandfather Szmul’s home in Siedlce.

After Miriam returned from her summer job in Zakopane, she came to see Josef and Rywka. After all, she was still one of their circle, and was Rywka’s close friend. Everyone was happy but, in her heart, Rywka felt a pain. She saw how Josef changed and became so cheerful as soon as Miriam returned. He was now talkative, frolicsome and mirthful and, after each time Miriam left their home, a gloominess fell upon him.

In those last days of summer, Sure’le travelled back to Paris. Josef, in fact, strongly desired her to stay and start attending a Yiddish school, but Rywka firmly insisted that she should complete the French school in Paris, because there, in Paris, Sure’le was standing before a great career, and was doing very well there in general. Her sister Terca was bound to the child as her own mother, and she lacked nothing there.