about my father

— he became a teetotaler out of his socialist convictions; during the war he began to drink again
— he was casual; he kept his tie in his pocket till the last minute before oral exams
— he left me on the street to be picked up by the nuns from the orphanage; he watched me from a distant doorway
— once he refused to hit me; he told my mother his hand was too large
— he wrote to his aunt that he hoped the baby would be a boy
— when he was a student, jews were not permitted to sit in the front rows of lecture halls; he made it a point to stand through the lectures; ultimately, jews were allowed to sit
— he was a discus thrower
— according to some, he got along with everyone: jews, goyim, children
— he was caught a couple of times by the germans; they thought he was a polish smuggler
— once he was put on a train for treblinka; he jumped, was shot at and wounded, but got back to warsaw alive
— he believed in resistance