

Aisic Marcussohn



This is my paternal grandfather, Aisic Marcussohn, around the 1870's. The photo was probably taken in Iasi, where he spent his entire life. I hardly knew my paternal grandfather Aizic Marcussohn, from what my father told me about him. He lived and died in Iasi. I don't know what my paternal grandfather did for a living, and I can barely recall my paternal grandmother. I met them in Iasi during World War I, when 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 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.