

JERZYK

DIARIES, TEXTS AND TESTIMONIES
OF THE URMAN FAMILY

SAMPLER

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JERZYK

I'm Not Even a Grown-up

THE DIARY AND DIARY FRAGMENTS OF JERZY FELIKS URMAN

May the Blood

THE DIARY OF (AND OTHER TEXTS BY) SOPHIE URMAN

The Aktion Is Over

THE TESTIMONY OF IZYDOR URMAN

SAMPLER

Edited, Introduced and Annotated by Anthony Rudolf

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See also p. 125 for photo credits.

Ghetto map courtesy of the late Joachim Nachbar.

See p. 157 for Rothstein photo credits.

Parts of this book, including the earlier translation of
I'm Not Even a Grown-up: The Diary of Jerzy Feliks Urman,
were first published by King's College London/Menard Press in 1991.

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So we lived
And chose to live

These were our times.
—George Oppen

In memoriam:
the unknown and forgotten children
– of all religions and none –
murdered ‘over there’
by ‘the Nazi beast’.¹

¹ Quotes from David Grossman’s *See Under: Love* (1990).

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS (2016)

I would like to thank my friend and expert on matters Polish, Antonia Lloyd-Jones, for agreeing to serve as Consultant Editor of this revised and greatly expanded book, for translating Sophie Urman's diary and Izydor Urman's testimony (and the biographical note on Emil Urman in that section), for revising the translation of Jerzy Feliks Urman's (Jerzyk's) diary, and for helping me with the preparation and revision of notes. Any departure from her proposed phraseology is my responsibility. Thanks are due to Jerzyk's sister, Irit Smith, for information, photographs and unstinting support, to W. D. Jackson for his comments on a draft of the new introduction as well as his translation of the German passages in Sophie's diary, to Dirk Wilutzky and Mathilde Bonnefoy concerning one German passage, and to Sergey Kravtsov, Sharman Kadish, Miriam Neiger, Mary Krom, Jennie Feldman, Frank Hellner, Howard Cooper, Mick Jaron, and Claude Vigée for discussing with me the Hebrew texts on the gravestone photograph and the Hebrew accompanying it in the Tłumacz memorial book. Thanks also to Andrzej Paczkowski, Nina Karsov, and Michael Pinto-Duschinsky for help with the note about the mysterious 'Syrenka' in Sophie's diary and the one about reprisals in Jerzyk's diary fragments, and to Michael, again, and Antony Polonsky, for thinking about the Polish wording and dates on Hermina Urman's tombstone. Thanks to Antony Gray and Aloma Halter for copying material, and to Mike Fliderbaum, Steven Jaron, Paula Rego, and Tomek Wiśniewski concerning photographs. I thank Dr Wojciech Płosa, head of Archives at the Auschwitz-Birkenau State Museum in Oświęcim, and the International Tracing Service in Bad Arolsen. Many thanks also to Joshua Bernhardt and Emmanuelle Moscovitz and other colleagues at Yad Vashem in Jerusalem for help with research. Special thanks to Beate Schützmann-Krebs for tracking down photographs. Finally, gratitude to Tony Frazer for knowing this book had to be published, and to Ayesha Chari, copy-editor supreme; the manuscript of this book presented exceptional problems and I was fortunate to have her professional support.

FIRST EDITION ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS (1991)

As will be clear from my Introduction, I could not have edited this book without the support and encouragement of my cousin Dr Izidor Urman and his wife Sophie in Tel Aviv. Every parent's worst nightmare is to be predeceased by a child. Sophie and Izidor experienced this, and in the most unbearable way. I know they respect and understand the underlying reasons for my work and why I had to ask so many questions over the years. At last, with the publication of his diary, Jerzyk can echo the proud Latin words of the Warsaw Ghetto doctors who investigated the effects of starvation on their patients and on themselves, and whose manuscript was found after the war: '*Non omnis moriar*' ('I shall not wholly die'). As it happens, those words were written in Warsaw just as Jerzyk was leaving Stanisławów for Drohobycz. Izidor and Sophie – reflecting their respective ways of surviving into the future (and into the past) – shared different kinds of information with me. Sophie's memoir was written in English for a class she was taking; I have edited it where necessary. All conclusions about established (and sometimes un-established) facts have been drawn by myself. Even though this book only exists as a result of their commitment, they bear no responsibility whatsoever for the editorial and authorial presentation.

I am pleased to acknowledge the help of friends, relatives and colleagues. In Israel: Nommi Gerstel, Misha Greenberg, Leah Hahn, Gabriel Moked, Dov Noy and Ora Alkalay (head librarian of Yad Vashem). In the USA: Joachim Nachbar (who allowed me to use the ghetto map from his family book on Stanisławów), Zygmunt Rudolf, and Samuel Norich and colleagues at the Yivo Institute, New York. In Austria: Elisabeth Freundlich and Gitta Deutsch. In Hungary: Ernest Beck. In the Soviet Union: Rabbi Victor Kalesnik, Ludmilla Maltseva, Alfred Schreier, Volodya Tsimberg. In the UK: Merlin James, for his careful and constructive comments. Also, Felix Raphael Scharf, Joanna Voit, John Roberts, Michael May, Mike Popham, Deborah Maccoby, Keith Bosley, Barbara Garvin, Rabbi Edward Jackson, Liz James, Marius Kociejowski, Tom Pickard, Donald Rayfield, Ken Smith, Judy Trotter, and Moris Farhi.

[Some of those named have died or may have died since the above was written.]

EDITOR'S NOTE (2016)

This book contains several accounts of the same events experienced by one family – quite a rare if not unique multiple perspective in the literature of the Second World War. Inevitably, primary information and/or editorial comment is repeated. When in doubt, leave it in, has been my watchword. With material of such potency, I felt it was essential to attempt to come at the truth from as many angles as possible. Naturally, I sought help from written sources as well as from the individual authorities I have named in the acknowledgements.

I decided to present the different documents and statements in their original form together with detailed explanatory footnotes and brief introductions. This approach should enable readers to interpret for themselves the implications of the diaries and the other accounts of the death of one child.

This is why I did not attempt the role of storyteller nor use the patchwork of evidence to provide a chronological account or a linear narrative about the events in eastern Poland before and after and, especially, during the critical years from 1941 to 1944.

Mistakes or illogicalities or doubts or disagreements in respect of points in the notes and introductions should be conveyed to the editor, who will incorporate demonstrable improvements in any reprint or online versions in future. I would be particularly grateful if any reader could explain the word 'syrenka' found in Sophie's diary.

Owing to the vast number of notes relative to the length of texts, I decided to present the notes at the end of each section rather than on the page itself. Any readers this book finds will surely not mind keeping a finger in the relevant notes while reading the text.

The text of the new introduction is revised from a previously unpublished talk given during a conference on 'Holocaust Writing and Translation' at the Institute of Germanic and Romance Studies, School of Advanced Study (SAS), University of London, UK, 24 February 2011.

Note that all editorial interventions and translator's interpretations (new to this edition and/or when in doubt) are included throughout in italicised text within square brackets, differentiated from Emil Urman's additions and/or clarifications in Jerzyk's diary and diary fragments as un-italicised text in square brackets or between '/' marks. As explained where relevant, there is some confusion about the dates/days of some entries in both Sophie's and Jerzyk's diaries. For the reader's ease, editorial liberty has been taken to complete (but not correct) incomplete date entries and maintain consistency in format.

Also for the reader's ease, editorial norms have been followed as far as possible with regard to standardisations, such as the use of italics for foreign words/phrases unfamiliar in the English language; large sections and familiar (foreign) proper nouns have been set in Roman type. Any other standardisations are solely for the reader's clarity, and have been made with great care to maintain – as does the translation – the integrity of the original manuscripts.

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PART I

*Introductions and Notes to the First (1991)
and Second (2016) Edition
of the Diary and Diary Fragments
of Jerzy Feliks Urman*

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New Introduction (2016)

1

Jerzy Feliks Urman (known as Jerzyk) was my second cousin once removed. He was born on 9 April 1932 in Stanisławów (now Ivano-Frankivsk) in East Galicia, Poland (now western Ukraine). During the German occupation of his homeland, he kept a diary (full entries and fragments) from 10 September until 12 November 1943, the day before he died. The boy was in hiding with four other people: his parents Sophie and Izidor Urman, his paternal uncle Emil Urman (some of the time), and his paternal grandmother Hermina Vogel Urman. The tragic events took place in Drohobycz (now Drohobych), a small town with a major oil refinery: another paternal uncle, Artur Urman, had a senior post in the refinery from before 1939. Drohobycz was the home town of that great Polish-language writer Bruno Schulz, who was murdered by a Nazi in November 1942. It is clear from all the literature that East Galicia, Jerzyk's homeland, hosted more enthusiastic collaboration by the local population (against Jews and also Poles) than anywhere else in Europe. It also hosted some of the cruellest *Aktionen* and sadistic killings. However, it is right to mention the head of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic church, Archbishop Sheptytsky of Lwów (now Lviv), who took the audacious step of addressing a letter to Heinrich Himmler protesting what Himmler would have called the exterminations.

Jerzyk's diary is written in Polish. It spans only two months because Jerzyk killed himself with cyanide at the age of eleven and a half, the only child suicide in the entire records of Yad Vashem. Notwithstanding the arguments of Lawrence Langer and other writers who see resistance purely in military terms, I regard the keeping of Jerzyk's diary and the manner of his death as acts of resistance, resistance of the noblest and most tragic kind. Although Jerzyk was precocious, clear-sighted, and sharp-witted, the diary is not a work of literature. Nor is it even the work of a future writer (with the possible exception of the two entries in the 'Pink Notebook'; see p. 101), unlike, for example, the diary of Anne Frank. It is, however, a document of considerable interest beyond the heart-rending fact of its existence. It is an intelligent child's truthful account of experiences and states such as threat and rumour, nervous energy and fear, pain and insight. He kept the diary, he said, because he wanted people afterwards to know what happened.

Sadly but truthfully, the diary was a gift to someone like myself who was already writing what would later become short books and essays about Primo Levi, Piotr Rawicz, and other Holocaust survivors. You could say I

was obsessed with the territory. Most important of all, I was the only person in the world close enough to Jerzyk's parents – yes, they survived the war – to obtain moral and legal permission to translate and edit his diary. In theory his sister Irit, born soon after the war, could have done the research, but in practice she was emotionally too close to the situation. As editor, publisher, and co-translator of the first version of the diary, I, who on the strength of the photographic evidence even looked like Jerzyk when I was young, was able to ensure that his verbal remains survive out in the open, not resting quietly in a folder in Yad Vashem – the Holocaust memorial museum and library in Jerusalem – where I first saw his Uncle Emil's diary transcript and his father's and uncle's testimonies.¹ I like to think the gift was returned to the world with the publication in 1991 of *I'm Not Even a Grown-up: The Diary of Jerzy Feliks Urman*: 'I'm not a writer, I'm not even a grown-up'.²

The document in Yad Vashem was a photocopy of the transcript of the diary typed by Emil, after the war (perhaps in Poland, perhaps in Israel), and which Jerzyk's parents had placed in the museum for posterity, along with Izydor's own testimony, specially prepared to accompany the diary, and the document by Emil. Sophie was sure the original was also in Yad Vashem, but the library told me they had returned it to the family. Yet, it was nowhere to be found. However, it finally turned up in Sophie's apartment on Klonimos Street when she was about to move from Tel Aviv to be near her daughter in Florida, some years after the first edition was published. It was nearly thrown away but fortunately she spotted it and saved it from a zealous cleaning lady. I now own the original, a precious family heirloom, which will end up in Yad Vashem one day.

2

With the help of Antonia Lloyd-Jones (who revised parts of the original translation), I have prepared this new book which contains the revised version of Jerzyk's diary and other material from the 1991 edition, as well as the previously unpublished material by Izydor and Emil and, above all, the hitherto undiscovered diary of Sophie. In this attempt to come even closer to the truth, I now see problems of motive and action I had not worried about enough at the time, and hope I have found answers to certain questions I raised in my introduction to the first edition, answers that had to await the rediscovery of the original manuscript of Jerzyk's diary. For example, as indicated in the first edition, there are comments in parentheses in the transcript: we now know these were added by Emil to clarify his nephew's words. Other issues include the confused dating of certain entries. My

editorial apparatus in the first edition took up more space than Jerzyk's short diary and his mother's account – an article she wrote for an English language class – combined, but how could it be otherwise, given an editor's responsibilities in this field?

As stated, I am publishing for the first time Izydor's testimony with two additional texts, one of them Sophie's diary and the other an interview Sophie gave in English two years after the book came out,³ in which she shifts her ground and appears to blame her husband for Jerzyk's death by implying that he alone had allowed the boy to have the pill rather than explaining the extraordinary and desperate circumstances in which solo possession of cyanide by each individual had been agreed with Jerzyk, for reasons I shall explain in section '3' below. She shifted her ground because people had criticised her after reading the first edition of Jerzyk's diary. Her precise words can be read in the interview, as printed in this volume (p. 73). As for Sophie's diary, while clearing out her mother's flat in Florida after her death in 2003 (Sophie moved there in 1993 following the death of Izydor in Tel-Aviv in 1991), her daughter Irit found the diary Sophie herself had kept under the occupation, beginning a few weeks after Jerzyk died. No one, not even Irit, had been aware of the existence of this important document, now published for the first time in the translation by Antonia Lloyd-Jones.

Quite clearly, part of the intense drama associated with the diary and the short life of my cousin resides in the fact that his parents and one of his two uncles survived the occupation and the war, as did his grandmother; they all ended up in Israel except for his grandmother, who died in Poland in 1950. On several occasions in the 1970s and 1980s, I met Izydor and Sophie in north Tel Aviv. I have told the back story of our relationship in a small book that accompanied the first edition of the diary, *Wine from Two Glasses* (1991).⁴ There are minor discrepancies between *I'm Not Even a Grown-up* and *Wine from Two Glasses*, because I deliberately excluded the post-war parental drama from the former. I never showed the second book to Izydor and Sophie in order to preserve *shalom bayit*, to use the Hebrew phrase for an old Jewish precept, the peace of the house, domestic harmony, something I disturbed on more than one visit.

My relationship with Jerzyk's parents was complicated, inevitably so. Izydor told me what he could bear to tell me, and gave me a copy of the Yad Vashem testimony and an Israeli Polish newspaper summary of it (clearly his shortened authorised version). He supported my project but understandably – if you have seen *Shoah* (1985) and other films containing survivor interviews – wanted no direct involvement and angrily forbade his wife from further discussion with me. I did my best to persuade him that, if I was to do my job properly, eyewitness accounts such as Jerzyk's were crucial to the

historiography of the war against the Jews and I needed to know *everything* that could be known, but I knew it would mean returning Izydor and Sophie into the pit of memory and sorrow.

Izydor willed the end, but not the means. He wanted his son's diary to survive and was not opposed to the idea of a translation. After all, it was he who informed me about the transcript of the diary offered to Yad Vashem and which was accepted by the museum after the original had been inspected. He told me a few things before he clammed up. It was not easy to be married to Izydor. He was by nature and force of circumstance moody, finally and understandably retreating into depression and silence, whereas Sophie had a sunnier disposition. There came a point when Izydor put his foot down: no more discussions. I did not know how to proceed and feared the project might never be completed. But, a couple of days later, Sophie phoned me at my hotel and we arranged to meet secretly in Kassit, a coffee house (now vanished) on Dizengoff Street, which I already knew well as a rendezvous for poets and intellectuals.

In Kassit, she gave me an unpublished text she had written for the English language class already mentioned: I edited it, and it later served as a second introduction to the diary and is, of course, included in this edition. Henceforth she and I were involved in a conspiracy, a benign conspiracy, serving the interests of history and memory. She phoned me once or twice at the hotel, fearful that her husband suspected she and I had met. But she got away with it, answered my questions in person and in letters and on the phone to London. She understood, I believe, that as a writer – who had been born in ‘the safety’ of unoccupied London in September 1942, after the Blitz and before the V-1 and V-2 attacks (see the appendix to this book as well as remarks in her diary: p. 48) – and as a relative of Jerzyk, I was fascinated by his life and death and, most importantly, was committed to the truth. She drew the line at accompanying me on one of my two trips to Western Ukraine, where indeed, as recounted in my book *Wine from Two Glasses* and in the introduction to the first edition of the diary, I visited the room in which Jerzyk died.

3

I know that the terrible burden of the parents lay not only in the fact that Jerzyk killed himself but also in that they survived, so they believed, because their son died. As I said earlier, people criticised Sophie for permitting Jerzyk to have cyanide on him. So, why did he have it? Together and separately, his parents explained the background (and some of it is described in Izydor's

testimony; see pp. 85-6). Some time between April and August 1942, when they were living in the Stanisławów ghetto – where only the cat enjoyed himself, thanks to ghetto rats and milk supplied by guards – the boy had witnessed an atrocity: a child's eye was gouged out with a red-hot wire because he had been caught smuggling. The boy had also seen members of the *Judenrat* (the Jewish Council) hanging from a pole. Jerzyk, then aged ten and already in some respects a man, refused to go into hiding without promise of his own portion of cyanide: he was afraid that if caught he would give away, under torture, information such as the hiding places of friends. Izidor as a doctor and gynaecologist had access to the product and one writer tells us that it was easily, if expensively, obtainable on the black market: it saved the Germans expenditure on bullets. That the boy, in my opinion rightly or at least understandably, had the cyanide on his person, and that it had been agreed with him they would all take the cyanide if captured, tells us all we need to know about the war against the Jews. In October, the family finally fled to Drohobycz – where a hiding place had been arranged (see p. 31) – having through cunning and luck avoided death in the Stanisławów ghetto and Bełżec, the nearest death camp, which would later have only a handful of survivors.⁵

Jerzyk made the wrong call at a specific moment. This does not derogate from his heroism. During his thirteen months in hiding (eight months in the final room), the only member of the family who could go out was Sophie, as she was able to masquerade as a pious Catholic, attend church because she did not look Jewish, and even be employed. Jerzyk died on 13 November 1943 – a few months after the justified optimism that the victory at Stalingrad engendered in Izidor about the war's outcome – because he misinterpreted a knock on the door. According to his parents, Jerzyk must have assumed it was the Gestapo following a possible tip off about their hiding place and this was preying heavily on his mind (see *Sophie's Diary*: p. 47), but it turned out to be Kripos, local militia, ethnic German or Silesian Polish collaborators to whom they had been betrayed by two of the three or four people they thought they could trust, if only on financial grounds. The Kripos witnessed Jerzyk take the pill and were so shocked that they ran off, saying they would return later. This enabled the parents to bury their son in the garden during the night. The opportunistic collaborators returned a week later, but allowed the four survivors to live perhaps because they knew their war was going to be lost and they feared retribution.⁶

Although the family had agreed in principle that they would survive together or die together, when it came to the crunch, in Sophie's words, they 'did not have enough strength to die by poison'. Ever since, how could they not believe that they survived because Jerzyk died, even if other factors

played a role? In any case, nothing could bring him back. Still, there was one way to live forwards: make a new life, exemplifying the theologian Emil Fackenheim's famous imperative, the six hundred and fourteenth commandment, namely no posthumous victories for Hitler.⁷ In August 1944, Izydor and Sophie endured the pain of digging up their son and reburying him in the Jewish cemetery in Drohobycz.⁸ Their daughter Irit was born on 29 October 1945. Soon after, they moved to Bytom in Poland, where Izydor worked as a gynaecologist. In 1947, they left for Paris before, finally, in 1949 settling in Israel, where Sophie's parents had gone before the war. Izydor's mother died in Bytom in 1950, at which point Emil left Poland for Israel. By now, many journals and diaries of Holocaust survivors and victims have been published, and Jerzyk's belongs on the same shelf as other youthful testimonies⁹ as well as *The Diary of Adam's Father*.¹⁰

Now we come to the original translation of Jerzyk's diary. A friend of mine, the poet Tom Pickard, was married to a Polish lady, Joanna Voit: she worked with me on the transcript. (I have done a lot of translation, from languages I know well and, with help, from languages I do not know well or at all.) Anything not clear could be glossed in a factual note. The problems were the inconsistencies and complications already alluded to, but many of these, along with some mistakes, have at last been resolved with the help of Antonia Lloyd-Jones, now that she has been able to revise the translation directly from the original manuscript which no one had access to in 1990. I reflect sombrely that Jerzyk was only ten years older than me – at the time of publication he would be nearly eighty-four – and could have survived the war, with or without a longer diary, but with his life, and what conversations we would have had.

Let me describe one entry in Jerzyk's diary, the only one that coincides with a date in Anne Frank's diary, namely 10 September 1943, when they both report the news of the capitulation of Italy and with the same optimism. Anne had been listening to the Dutch Service of the BBC. Jerzyk had almost certainly been listening to the Polish Service. Jerzyk's diary entry tells us that the local newspaper did not give much prominence to 'the betrayal of Marshal Badoglio'. Badoglio had earlier been appointed prime minister of Italy after the king dismissed Benito Mussolini; Jerzyk's entry refers to the armistice Badoglio signed. Under the occupation, the newspaper, as one would expect, clearly had no choice but to portray the armistice as a betrayal.

The Urman name, according to Izydor, was originally Artman. Jews came from the westernmost part of the Hapsburg lands to the easternmost part of what would become the Austro-Hungarian Empire, to work the land as peasants and farmers. Some, including Artmans, came to a small town called Chekalufka around 1775, under Maria Theresa, Holy Roman Empress and Archduchess of Austria, after the region passed to Austria. (Rudolf had already arrived in Kalush, some fifty years earlier). Jerzyk's grandfather, Fabian Urman, was the headmaster of the Baron de Hirsch¹¹ school in Tłumacz (now Tlumach), about seventy miles from Drohobycz, and close to Stanisławów. My own grandfather was briefly a Baron de Hirsch forester. Izydor gave me his copy of the *Memorial Book of Tlumacz*,¹² in English and Hebrew. The memorial book contains the photograph of the tombstone and Izydor's accompanying text (see photo section of the present publication and my comments – details in note 8). It is one of many such books commemorating murdered communities, whose remnants live in Israel and other countries. None of these communities were or could be reconstituted after the war. The town's name derives from the Turkish *tilmaç* – *tłumacz* in Polish, *tolmach* in Ukrainian and Hungarian – meaning 'translator', one of my own incarnations; apparently the town has this name either because many translators lived there or because the locals felt gratitude towards a military interpreter who dissuaded Tatars from pillaging it.

The story (perhaps apocryphal) is told of a pious, some would say too pious, rabbi in Tłumacz who, when praying, always wore white and put on two pairs of *tefilin* (phylacteries). I remember Tłumacz, a sad broken place. A typical episode from the Nazi occupation of the town: the Gestapo declared that three hundred Jews would be put to death if three men – in hiding because brave or foolhardy leaders had warned them they were on a list of wanted men – were not delivered to the SS: 'When this became known, the three at once turned themselves over to the Ukrainian militia.' That was the last that was heard of them. It is the kind of situation two poets, René Char and George Oppen, discuss in famous texts about the occupation of France.¹³

Another section of the memorial book refers to people from the town being taken to nearby Stanisławów and 'being put to death, along with hundreds of Jews, in Rudolf's Mill', which was owned by my great-uncle Samuel Rudolf before he left for Haifa around 1930; after the war it became known as Devil's Mill. However tragic and distressing the death of Jerzyk was for all concerned, he was, in the direst of situations, in command of his own destiny, unlike the poor child whose eye was gouged out, and unlike the

hundreds of thousands of East Galician Jews herded into ghettos and shipped off to Belzec and other death camps to be murdered. Such command, briefly real, is nonetheless no reward for the theft of your life.

When I finally presented Izydor with a copy of *I'm Not Even a Grown-up*, I could tell he was moved and pleased that it was out there in the world, a living component in the endless work of telling what happened to the children murdered 'over there' by 'the Nazi beast', the latter a phrase used by Jerzyk, and both phrases found in David Grossman's novel *See Under: Love* (1989).¹⁴ I don't think Izydor read *I'm Not Even a Grown-up* – he was the last person who needed to – and I don't know how he would have reacted to what he would have understood was a betrayal of his wishes on the part of his wife. Or maybe he would have come round. This was a man who had delivered his own son and buried his own son: a rare and tragic symmetry in the life of a father. Sophie was delivered of Jerzyk and helped her husband bury him. Their life after the war, including the birth of their daughter Irit, is another story.

2011 (revised 2013 and 2016)
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Notes to New Introduction (2016)

1. Emil Urman's testimony has not been translated. However, appended to it is a lengthy biographical essay and summary of his journal by Dr Raba of Yad Vashem which is included in Part III of this book, Izydor Urman's testimony. Partly written in the camp in Drohobycz where he was held before he escaped and went into hiding, and partly after the war, the testimony is more discursive and deals for the most part with topics not directly relevant to the concerns of the present book.
2. Jerzy Feliks Urman, *I'm Not Even a Grown-up: The Diary of Jerzy Feliks Urman*, edited by Anthony Rudolf. London: Menard Press/King's College, 1991.
3. Elli Wohlgelernter, 'To Smell the Jasmine: An Interview with Sophie Urman', *Jerusalem Post*, 5 November 1993. The interview marked the fiftieth anniversary of Jerzyk's death.
4. Anthony Rudolf, *Wine from Two Glasses*. 'Poetry and Politics: Trust and Mistrust in Language', lecture delivered to an invited audience at King's College, London, 17 October 1990. London: Adam Archive Publications/King's College, 1991.
5. For more details and other accounts, see www.jewishgen.org.
6. On the collaborators, see Sophie's account, pp. 66–8, and Izydor's account (pp. 85–6).
7. Jewish religious tradition counts 613 commandments in the Torah. Rabbi Emil Fackenheim (1916–2003) was a distinguished theologian.
8. I looked for the grave when I was in Drohobycz in 1991, but could not find it. The cemetery, opposite the large ruin of the great synagogue, was uncared for and probably the grave was covered over with leaves and brambles. See Plate 3 (p. 128) for a photo taken at the time. Jerzyk and other members of the family are commemorated on the tombstone of his grandmother in Bytom (see pp. 124–5 for my notes and p. 127 for the photograph). Bruno Schulz was also buried in the Drohobycz cemetery (see the eyewitness account in the long note on pp. 248–9 of *Letters and Drawings of Bruno Schulz*, edited by Jerzy Ficowski, 1988).
9. David Rubinowicz, *The Diary of David Rubinowicz*, translated by Derek Bowman. Edinburgh: William Blackwood, 1981; Éva Heyman, *The Diary of Éva Heyman*, translated by Moshe Kohn. New York: Shapolsky Publishers, 1988; Moshe Flinker, *Young Moshe's Diary*, translated by Shaul Esh. Jerusalem: Yad Vashem, 1965. As this book was going to press, I read *The Diary of Dawid Sierakowiak*, edited by Alan Adelson and translated by Kamil Turowski, New York: Oxford University Press, 1996. The last entry, from the Łódź ghetto, is 5 April 1943. Dawid, who was fifteen when the diary begins in 1939, died on 8 August 1943, about a month before

Jerzyk begins his diary. As with so many of the young people caught up in this whirlwind, Dawid's precocity and maturity – which, like the younger Jerzyk's, were forged in desperate circumstances – are evident.

10. Aryeh and Malwina Klonicki (Klonymus), *The Diary of Adam's Father, the Diary of Aryeh Klonicki (Klonymus) and His Wife Malwina, with Letters Concerning the Fate of Their Child Adam*. Tel Aviv: Ghetto Fighters House and Hakkibutz Hameuehad Publishing House, 1973.
11. See the 'Introduction to the First Edition' (p. 28) for a gloss concerning Baron de Hirsch, a remarkable individual.

As for Jerzyk's paternal grandfather, his names, Fabian (Feivel-Shraga) Urman *hacohen*, are interesting. Grandfather Urman's given name when he was born (1873 in Austria-Hungary) was Fabian. (Latin names, e.g. Julius, were popular among Jews, including our family). Fabian's 'Hebrew' name, which all Jews have for religious purposes, was Shraga, of which a Yiddish or secular or vernacular version (*kinnui*), a 'pet' or nickname if you like, is Feivel (as so often the given name has the same first letter as the pet name, and sometimes as the Hebrew name). These names mean 'bright', 'shining', 'light'.

I have revised a couple of Internet accounts and discussed the matter with Rabbis Howard Cooper and Frank Hellner (the latter himself a Feivel-Shraga, hence Frank) and have come up with the following: Feivish is an ancient Jewish name whose origin is the Latin *vivus* (living, alive), a loan translation or calque from the Hebrew *chaim* (life). Later, the name Feivish was considered – some say erroneously – to be a derivation from Phoebus, Greek god of the sun; consequently, Feivish (Feivel) became the *kinnui* not only for the biblical Hebrew name Uri (light) but also for the Aramaic name Shraga (candle) in the rabbinic period, presumably because a candle flame is a kind of miniature sun. So, Fabian's 'Hebrew' name was unusually an Aramaic name (paradoxically Aramaic itself was the vernacular of the day). The word '*shraga*' is often found in the Talmud. Most often, a Hebrew name really is a Hebrew name.

In addition, we know from the photograph of the family grave with the accompanying commentary by Izydor that Fabian was *hacohen* (the *cohen* or priest). Since the family name was not Cohen there must have been an ancient family tradition passed from father to son across the centuries that they were Cohens, descendants of the older brother of Moses: Aaron, the first High Priest. Since Fabian was a Cohen, so were Izydor and Jerzyk. Recent research has shown that even now Ashkenazi and Sephardi Cohens have a similar DNA profile, which therefore antedates the Diaspora. In the wrong hands, this could create problems on the Temple Mount one day but I am straying from our theme.

12. Shlomo Bond et al. (eds), *Memorial Book of Tlumacz*, translated by Yocheved Klausner. Tel Aviv: Tlumacz Society, 1976. Available at <http://www.jewishgen.org/yizkor/tlumacz/tlumacz.html>.

The original photograph of the tombstone can be found on p. 494 of the memorial book and is reproduced here as Plate 1).

13. René Char, *Feuillets d'Hypnos* (1973), translated by Mark Hutchinson and entitled *Hypnos*. London/New York/Calcutta: Seagull Books, 2014; George Oppen, 'Route', in Michael Davidson (ed.), *New Collected Poems*. New York: New Directions, 2008, pp. 192–202.
14. David Grossman, *See Under: Love*, translated by Betsy Rosenberg. London: Jonathan Cape, 1990. 'I can most highly recommend the Gestapo to everyone,' wrote Sigmund Freud in 1938 on being permitted finally to leave Vienna, at which point he was ordered by the Germans to say he had been treated correctly. Sarcasm as defiance, and, in such circumstances, risky defiance.

SAMPLER