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To the Editor
Indiana University Press
10th and Morton Streets
Bloomington, Indiana 74403

Dear Sir:

We are preparing for publication an English translation of a Yiddish writer who was very popular in Europe, but is hitherto unknown in this country. The name of this writer is Joseph Tunkel (Der Tunkeler,) a Yiddish-Polish writer who published over thirty volumes in Poland and Russia in the twenties and thirties.

Joseph Tunkel (literary pseudonym, Der Tunkeler,) deals critically, but humorously with the encounter between tradition and modernity in the twenties and thirties in pre-Nazi Europe, portraying an exuberant and accurate profile of the spirit of the time. In this book the author touches many contemporary issues and problems of modern life and culture through psychological insight, mastery of the monologue as a literary form, and exposing human imperfections in the light of humanistic values. Modern art, technology and secularity are represented vis-a-vis traditional ways of life, religious beliefs and popular culture.

Der Tunkeler's writings are good examples of socio-cultural satire as well. His work is embedded in the culture of East-European Jewry as they were in the interwar period when they were undergoing the continuing transition from traditional to secular life and culture. Der Tunkeler is particularly interested in the life of the small Jewish communities and the effect the big city culture had upon the religious and traditional beliefs of the Jew from the shtetl.

As a humorist, Der Tunkeler continues a long tradition reaching back to the Hebrew of the twelfth century and the Yiddish writers of the sixteenth century. This tradition of satire and literary parody was also present in modern Yiddish literature of the nineteenth and twentieth century and Der Tunkeler helped bring this tradition to its full fruition.

This blend of literary satire, psychology and parody is based on the history of the time and the reader of these monologues will be enlightened concerning

manifold aspects of Jewish cultural history in Eastern Europe just prior to the advent of Hitler.

Prospectus information and materials are enclosed. For your information we are including a short selection (one chapter from the book,) a Table of Contents of the Yiddish edition plus Curriculum Vitae of the translators.

The original Yiddish edition will be published shortly by the Magnes Press of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. Magnes Press is willing to enter a partnership with an academic university press or a commercial Jewish press for the English edition.

The English edition is near to completion and will contain several introductions of a scholarly nature - one essay covering biographical and historical material and the second essay placing Der Tunkeler in the American and European secular literary canon. Finally, a Glossary will be included to explain difficult terms and concepts which may or may not be familiar to the American reader, *and perhaps a closing essay.*

The editors and translators for the English edition are Professor Herbert S. Joseph and Dr. Yechiel Szeintuch. We anticipate especially good prospects for selling this book. The work of Der Tunkeler has never been translated into English.

We would appreciate any comments you might have of a critical nature concerning the prospectus and manuscript.

Would you kindly let us hear from you as soon as convenient.

Thank you for your kind assistance.

Sincerely yours,

Yechiel Szeintuch
Dr. Yechiel Szeintuch

Herbert S. Joseph
Professor Herbert S. Joseph

A BOOK OF HUMORESQUES AND LITERARY PARODIES, BY YOSEF TUNKEL

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GLOSSARY

CLOSING ESSAY: Humor and InterCultural/Intracultural Communication,
by Sam Edelman

A STORY WITH A PICTURE

On the bench for the accused sat a Jew, a filled-out person, breathing heavily. His bald pate was round, as if designed by a compass, and shone like a billiard ball. He had a broad little beard shaped like a shovel, a prominent belly put on two short legs. His name was Lozer Galmud, and he was a dry goods merchant who had a warehouse for manufactured goods on Genshe Street.

The document of accusation read as follows:

"Lozer Galmud, forty years old, merchant, stands accused of trying to set fire to his house after removing from the building all of his properties. At the right moment he was caught, in flagrante delicto (red-handed) and a horrible catastrophe was avoided."

The inquest which was going on before the trial faced a riddle. To what end did the accused try to set fire to his house? The house was not insured—not against fire, not against theft. The matter of counterfeit money did not apply. There was no distillery on the premises. Communist literature was not found either. He was well-known, nevertheless, as a righteous, respected and rich merchant. The question remained: for what purpose did the accused remove all his belongings to commit such an unheard of crime?

At last the accused took the stand and with the voice of one making a confession told his story as follows:

"I myself am a very simple Jew, a dry goods merchant. In regards to my character, I am half a Zionist and a little bit of an activist in public affairs. I give for everything. I am a member of many different societies, old-fashioned ones, and ones of today—Chesed-Shel-Emes (beneficial society), Ezras-Yesoyim (orphans), Bikur-Choylim (hospital), Fraynd Fun Nalevkes (business association), Tsentos (central welfare agency), Frayland (agriculture and settling). Lately they even shlepped me to a theatre society. To pray, I pray in Nozhik's synagogue and I have a wife and children with a mother-in-law.

"One sunny day two young persons came to me. They put before me a sheet of paper for me to sign. What kind of thing is this? This is a new society, a kunts* society, a society of painters.

"What they wanted was that I should become a member of this society and contribute. So, I say to them, I am not a painter. With me it can be painted only in the imagination,** that I should not have enough money and I could pay by promissory note if they wanted to paint my house.

"So then they said one doesn't need to paint himself or have things painted. All one has to do is to support painting.

"Then I think: Let it be! I have become a member of so many societies, now I will be a member of one more society and the Kunts (society) should have out of me its pleasure too.

"But who in the whole world could foresee that this very society will show such a kunts and bring me right up to here in the court and set me back with great honor on the bench of the accused?

"In short, to make an end to this whole matter, I became a member of the society of painters and then I received an invitation to a festivity. The society is making an exhibition of smeared things. There the members should show their kunts and it was supposed that the greatest aristocrats would be there: public men, writers, dentists, and there is a rumor that a great general will be there too, an editor, and perhaps even a whole vice minister.

Well, let it be. Why should I not go? I am going to so many assemblies and meetings, so once upon a time I shall go to a 'Vistave' (Yiddish-Russian: exhibition). Why should I not be looking at paintings with pasted things? Especially when we know it will be made with such a great pompousness.

"I took myself and went there. I came to the exhibition and I saw right away that it is really very festive and the public is honorable too and people speak speeches.

* The speaker misunderstands the word "kunst" (Yiddish) meaning "art". He misinterprets for the word "kunts" (Yiddish) meaning trick. He uses the word "kunts" throughout his confession.

**There is in this passage a series of puns on the word moln (Yiddish) which has three possible meanings: to paint, to imagine or to grind coffee. This series of puns does not translate into English.

Ritzinyak, the doctor (Dr. Castor Oil), speaks and the warden of the synagogue, Muni Lantuch speaks, and every one is telling things about such rare things. They speak about 'still life', 'kunts', 'Landsmanshaftn',* 'express', 'tan^z fun prirode',** and 'fisharmon^y fun farbn'.*** After each speech people applaud and bravo and cry encore. It was very pleasant.

"After the sermons were finished, the whole bunch of people spread themselves over all the rooms in order to inspect the pictures with the portraits. So I too went around to look and inspect all these smeared things. I take a glance through my fist and through my fingers. To say that it took me very hard—that, I cannot say. Things are flashing before my eyes, and in my head I got a whole mess and in my nose is going up the odor of paint as if from a paint shop. One painting, nevertheless, took a hold on me. On one painting there was a herring, a real herring, looking as you could take it with your own hands. You felt like taking it and preparing it with onions in vinegar. I got an appetite, a very strong appetite and the herring had a pair of eyes that looked after you. You go here and the herring is looking here; you go there and the herring is looking there.

"Another painting took a hold on me. I like it. It has such a nice golden frame. On the painting there was a bunch of grapes with blossoms and leaves and tomatoes, and I really wanted to buy this picture and put it in my dining room but the whole thing came out that this is only a hollow frame and through it is looking out only the wallpaper.

"After that I see a bunch of people who were crowding and pushing around one picture, number 17. I took a look at the list that they sold me at the entrance. The name of this picture is "The Green Yearning" painted by the painter Daniel Hintergrunt (background).

"The picture is supposed to be the main hit of the festivity because it was hanging in the front on the most important wall in the exhibition. All the people were standing around and looking with astonishment and quarreling with each other to find here strange novelties, and they comment, 'warm paints', 'cold paints' . . . I touch with one finger but the paints were not cold and not warm and even not in between. At first glance you see on the picture nothing—somewhat of smeared mess with strange wild colors, but when you look better you manage to see different things as for instance: a locomotive with a top hat from which comes smoke, a windmill with wings, a gallows hanging on a man, and a samovar blessing an etrog (a citron fruit over which blessings are said during the Sukkoth festivity) and more such things, you can see—many of them. But in front of the picture is painted a great clumsy green naked female with great heavy brists like a milking cow.

"From this exhibition I went out entirely mixed up. I was tired and unhappy and dull with a great headache. I was already absolutely stripped of an appetite to eat lunch. I took a medicament 'Piramidon' and went home to take a nap.

"I was laying on the bed as in a stupor and suddenly I felt how the sofa under me began to swing. It went up into the air and began to spit like a windmill. All around different figures were encircling, different faces with colored wheels, automobiles and yarmulkes and windmills and tzitz^z can fesn**** flying in the wind. Suddenly it became very dark and from this darkness a giant female with green brists came out with rolled up eyes and bared teeth. She began to chase me; I ran and she after me she after me! She waved with the brists and wanted to catch me. I fell on the earth and my knees were burning and I could not move from the place and the nekeyve (Yid: ultimate female beast) encircled me with her brists and began to choke me.

"I woke up immersed in a cold sweat. Standing near my bed in awe were my wife and children and (they) woke me.

"Lozer, Lozer! What is it with you, Lozer? A doctor, a doctor! Someone should call a doctor."

"I had a high fever.

"The doctor came. He began to examine me, to ask:

—'How did it happen?

—'In the morning,' says my wife, 'he was yet healthy and fresh. Then he went to an exhibition and he came back and he was no person anymore. He couldn't eat already. He lay in bed. He took a nap. He got up with such horrible cries.'

*The speaker mistakes "landmanshaftn" (Yiddish) meaning organization of people from the same city, for "landshaft," (Yiddish) meaning landscape.

** Yiddish Russian dance of nature

***The speaker mistakes "fisharmon^y" (Yiddish) meaning reed organ, for "Philharmonia," harmony of colors or sounds.

****The ritual garment worn by religious Jews—tassels

—'One of the kunts society, painters! The new painters.'

—'Aha' says the doctor, 'all explained,' and he prescribed a medicine to tranquilize the nerves.

"Do you believe, your honor, in dreams? No! So hear what follows.

"After a couple of days, I get another invitation from the same kunts society to come to the hotel Splendide for a dinner, with black coffee and buffet with dances, music and other things, as they call it, 'attractions,' and it was written plainly on the ticket that we should dress in the 'gallic' (gala) style; that is, as a dandy, the best one can afford.

"So I dressed very nattily as a dandy in my shabes clothes and I went for the sake of curiosity to have a good time at their festivity. And by the way, I am after all, a public person.

"So I get into the hall and I realize that this is certainly very festive, and before I look here and there, two long, thin ladies, dressed as if they had just stepped out of a fashion magazine, come running up to me and they fix a little flower in my lapel. I take two steps ahead and two other ladies came running to me. These were fat ones, broad as barrels, and they sold me a package of colored little papers. Another couple of steps and again a couple of ladies and they sell me a lottery ticket. Today they will raffle a picture. So I stick the ticket into my vest pocket and I begin to have a look around. Members of the society are dancing. Music is playing. People are throwing on each other colored little papers. Very great colored bladders are flying in the air. It's a lively evening.

"So what should I do? To dance, I do not dance. To throw on others with little colored papers and to shoot with little paper rolls, that is for Lozer Galmud, the cloth merchant, not a business at all. So I went over to the buffet and let myself go. I made a little whisky and I ate something sweet and nothing! ✓

On the same table in the front of the room, meanwhile, the raffle is going on. One, a tall person with a white stiff humpy dress shirt and with a hoarse voice is shouting, crying out, calling as a cantor by 'Ato Horey' (Simchas Torah prayer).

Suddenly I hear he is calling out my kosher name.

"Herr Galmud has the privilege of winning the raffle and is the happy winner of the famous picture 'The Green Yearning' from the renowned artist Daniel Hintergrunt.

At first I didn't catch on to the whole thing what is going on here.

"But at once it was clear to me that this is I. I was the one who gained the picture of the green nekeyve with the great brists. A catastrophe right here! A shiver went through and through my bones. The heart in me felt as if it had slipped and fallen to the bottoms of my feet. But thanks to my strong character, I didn't lose myself and I thought of a trick, and right after that I said the following:

—'My cherished brothers,' I began, 'It is for me really a great happiness that I have won such a tremendous gift as this pasted thing, but here I do not wish to use this great happiness and I am giving it away as a gift to raffle it for a second time. Should the income go again for the kunts society.'

"My proposition was accepted with great enthusiasm and with bravo applause and in such a manner that it was unimaginable. The members of the society stood all around me and pressed my hand and thanked me for my good heart and I was thanking God in my heart that I had got rid of this nuisance calamity. This painted pasted nekeyve with the green brists. Nevertheless, my bad luck began to chase me like an angry shadow and didn't let me out of it. They raffled the second time, the thing, and even then it fell into my lot the happiness to win this picture with the green brists.

"Wretched person that I am—suddenly a blessed multitude of winnings fell on me. For long years I played all the lotteries. For long years I gathered coupons from the newspapers of all the different chances and never have I won anything at all. Never even a little inheritance fell into my hands, and this night—two times, two times in one night!*

"And again only the same monster with the green brists and what shall I do with this picture? Bring it home? Impossible! Because in my home I have, may they be healthy, a wife and children and a mother-in-law! And people are coming to me, pious Jews, merchants—and now here you have suddenly out of the blue a naked nekeyve with green brists.

"So I tried again to make the same trick and propose the same proposal:

—'My cherished friends,' I said, 'I am giving away this winning as a gift for a third raffle and should it go, the income, for the benefit of our honorable kunts society. And should it be with mazl.'

*An echo of the Passover Seder.

"But at once a great storm went up against my plan and one of the ladies, with a naked meagre back, said boilingly:

—'No! We shall not do this any more! It is forbidden to rob this priceless gift which fate alone has given into the hands of Herr Galmud. He won it and so he should be using it in health.'

"After that a young man with a freckled face stood up and said a whole sermon:

—'The Herr Galmud has been so courageous and philanthropic, inspired to give away as a gift to us, this picture, for a second raffle, but we should not misuse his good heart and his philanthropy. We don't demand any sacrifices! We have decided then not to have any more raffles and this ingenious picture should be transferred to our honorable member, as his property, to him the kunts-friend and kunts lover, philanthropist and metsenat (that seems to be a new name they gave me), Herr Lozer Galmud.'

Then the painter himself, whose name is Daniel Hintergrunt, a meagre young man in narrow pants and sharp knees, with sideburns and drooping front cheeks with long meagre fingers, stood long and tall as he is, on a bench, and he began sermoning in a loud voice (so to say):

—'My friends and colleagues of the kunts, I am happy that my creation, the fruit and sauce of the peeled soul, this picture you see here of mine, *The Green Yearning* has fallen into the possession of a man who is living the fisharmony of colors. I am most happy that this picture will adorn the walls of a connoisseur who will be looking at it with fainting eyes, proper to a lover and a fan in whose heart is beating (Oy, was it beating!) for color-play and brush-smear and I hope that this is not the only picture which will adorn the tent of our metsenat, but many more pictures and creations, we can say a whole collection which will be fertilized by my pallet and my brush. They will become jewelry for his walls and will form one great gallery of my works, for example: *The Narrow Grating Sounds*, *The Tinny Shadow*, *Holes in Zipper*, *Assassination of Nature*, *Fisnog* (physiognomy) and more of such creations... This I congratulate our friend and metsenat (may you know what kind of a thing it is?) and I am proposing that we should bestow on him the title *Member of Honor* of our kunts society. Long live our *Member of Honor*, Herr Lozer Galmud! Long live our metsenat and connoisseur! Long live kunts! Hurrah!

"Again a storm of applause. The people clasped me by the hand and wished me mazel-tov. The painter hurried to embrace me and he began to kiss me and I... am standing almost overcome. One ear is burning and I am one second from fainting.

"To make a long story short, they fixed me with this thing (God sends you and you don't expect it) the same as you fix up a young wife with an old freak. —Done! The battle was lost! Now we have to get rid of this thing and escape as a groom from under the chupe. —Run away from this catastrophe.

"When it all settled down, I sneaked away quietly from the hall, and I went home. Every minute I turned my face to see if she is not chasing me, the green nekeyve with the brists... When I came running into my house, I locked myself in with all the locks, threw myself on the bed and quietly blessed God in my heart for having escaped from this danger.

"The day after in the morning, when I was sitting eating breakfast, a young courier came in and brought a great rectangular wrapped box with a letter. The letter was written as follows:

- To the very cherished metsenat (maybe you know the meaning of it?), The art lover and connoisseur, Herr Lozer Galmud.

In the name of our art society, I have the honor to send you the picture which you won yesterday, thanks to your happy fortune, on the occasion of our lottery.

I also allow myself to inform you that in order to help you hang the picture, and choose for it the most appropriate place, with the right play of light and shadow and half tones, I shall be today at your house for lunch (I found out that you eat lunch at 2).

After lunch we shall festively hang the picture in the right place which must be in accordance with color and shadow play in the afternoon as well as after dawn.

Hoping that you will wait with your respected lunch, for the presence of the artist.

I remain, with artistic regards,

The art painter

Daniel Hintergrunt

"At lunch time we had for sure the welcome guest at our table. The whole time he was eating without an end. He was drinking one glass of wine after the other and he was talking incessantly about kunts and he was using such very strange words as 'the

flatness of the colors', 'the warm glance', 'express lines'. About everything on the table he had a separate comment and he was examining it from the standpoint of art. When he was served a piece of goose with a cucumber he said:

—'What a beautiful still life.'

Do you hear such a language? When he pours himself a glass of wine, he looks through it and says, 'What a wonderful kolorit.' So I say to him, 'This is not at all a kolorit, it is carmel Cognac,' and he is pouring into himself one kolorit after the other and smacking his lips. My wife served fruit layer cake and he became ecstatic. 'What a rainbow of half tones and colors,' but my wife says to him that it is not painted, God forbid, but it is a simple browning and cooking naturally of the whole thing. And in the meantime he is swallowing two whole pieces of this rainbow in such a fashion that my wife and children were sitting, poor creatures, in awe. Even I, who am a man, was getting dizzy from his words . . . But I quieted already my family saying that these words are very important. These words are about kunts and that these people only speak such a kind of language.

"After lunch we began to work, my boy ~~and~~ the painter prepared himself and made a pose as if he was going to conquer in battle. The artist blew himself up like a turkey and said:

—'A hammer with nails.'

"My whole family was ready to serve. Afterwards he began to search for the right place to hang up the picture. He crawled in all the rooms as if he was looking for chomets before pesach. He tapped the walls. He closed and opened the curtains. More than once he asked where is the east, where is the west, where is the north, where is the south? —as in the same fashion as if he were about to begin to pray. When the sun is shining in and when the moon? And if the morning star is sometimes looking in or not?

—'Maybe,' I say, 'his honor the painter wants to know when there is a full moon?'

"At last he decided for the right place for a picture. Where for instance do you think? Right at my desk over my head in front of me in order that I should sit and look at this shmarovidle* with the green breasts.

After he put the first nail into the wall, he began with great pompousness to open up the package. He took off a great bunch of wrapping papers, and hanged up in front of the eyes of the sons of Israel, the picture with all its beauty and finished with the following sermon:

—'I am happy that my picture should hang here in the house of my bosom friend and art protector, the great kuntslover, Lozer Galmud, because here I could come every day and perhaps at times twice a day in order to see close up the fruit of my spirit which is like my child. Because your own work is after all like your own child and when you sell it your heart is in pain and you yearn . . . Oh! I don't want to be estranged from my child. I don't want my child to be estranged from me. Here, every day I could come to see my child. Hours long I will be able to dream and yearn in front of my creation and live again the emotions of joy from a father to his child . . .'

"After this he said goodbye and went.

"I took a look at my wife—a beautifuler one you put in the grave.

"Out of terror and uncertainty, the poor one couldn't talk. Only her hands testifying to a broken heart, she bit her lips out of suffering. The mother-in-law certainly didn't lose her tongue.

"She smashed her hands (together) and shouted:

—'Lozer! You should have God in your heart! What happened here?'

"And I am telling them the whole story: How all this happened. The story about the party, about the lottery...with the unhappy fortune.

"My wife, meanwhile, had come to herself, and with the voice of someone who had just come out of a typhus, she asked at last:

—'But how should we keep such trash in our house? You don't realize that children are popping in and out and grown up daughters who are about to marry. Strangers come into our house. We could put ourselves in the grave out of shame! What will people say about us? They will laugh after us into their hands.'

—'Sha! I have a solution,' I tried to explain. 'We shall hang up this picture in our bedroom.'

—'In the bedroom,' my wife reacted with rage. 'What do you want? That I should die out of fear and the children will be afraid to come to us in our room where this deathly monster is hanging. Don't forget, Lozer, that I am pregnant, at every minute . . . What do you want . . . A catastrophe shall happen?'

*A combined word—shmir—(Yiddish) meaning smear plus malovidle (Polish-Yiddish) meaning painting.

—'I say,' interrupted the mother-in-law, 'that we must this very minute throw out this trash. Throw it out and burn it and that's the end.'

—'What are you saying?' I interceded. 'To throw out this? Do you know what this is? What would the painter say and what would all the artists say? Whole bunches of people were standing around the picture. You should have heard the sermons they spoke about this picture. People with understanding in art—people with heads! A general and a vice minister. What would they say about us. That we are donkeys? Uncultured people. That we don't understand anything about beautiful things? They will laugh at us already.'

—'What should we do? What should we do?' the women cried as if in the house, God forbid, a dying person is lying.

—'I have it,' I interrupted the cries of the women with a great joy, 'I have a solution. We shall hang the picture up in the kitchen. The best place is in the kitchen.'

My plan was accepted. The picture was hung up in the kitchen in front of the stove and I and my family became tranquilized a little bit. That is it! We got rid of a problem. We are saved . . . !

One day after this, as I was sitting in my office at home and working, the cook Mariana came in with a pair of weeping eyes. She was fully dressed with her overcoat and shawl on and with a pekl in her hand. With an unhappy voice she says:

—'Baleboss,* I am going away.'

—'What? What all of a sudden happened? Why are you going away? Perhaps someone offended you? God forbid.'

—'O, no, but that malovidle** there,' she pointed in the direction of the kitchen with a dark face.

—'The picture?'

—'Well, yes. The picture that you hung up yesterday. The whole night I couldn't sleep. I cannot eat! I cannot drink! It took away my appetite. One more day and I am dying. I am consuming myself like a candle. No, I am going away.'

"I took a look at Mariana and my heart was wrenched with sorrow for her. In these twenty-four hours she had changed so much. She had become twenty years older. The light in her eyes had gone out. I tried to calm her and spoke to her soothingly:

—'What are you speaking about Mariana? Don't you know what a picture it is? You can be happy that such a picture is hanging with you in the kitchen. You don't realize that this is a fisharmony of color? Such a picture hangs in museums. Don't you realize that it is a splitted up soul? A revolting of feelings?'

—'This witch with the three brists?'

—'Yes, yes, Mariana. It seems like brists, but do you know what it is? Every brist has a different idea: *The secret of life, The Dance of Nature, The Consuming of Longing!*'

—'Yes, but I don't want to die, baleboss. I cannot be here any more. Either I or the malovidle, one of us must go! . . . And besides, if this picture is such an important thing, why is it not hanging with you and why did you hang it with me in the kitchen?'

"I saw that she was right. I lowered my eyes. What should I do? Should I because of this picture lose a cook? Twenty years she has been with us, faithful to us, a righteous person and such a good cook. Should I let her go? Well, I tranquilized her and said she should not be so sad for nothing. We will look for something of a solution. Meanwhile, she should take the picture down and put it with its face (if this picture had a face at all) to the wall and then we'll see to think about something what to do from here on.

A whole day we searched for new plans what to do with this picture. Today, without delay, today, we must find a solution because tomorrow the painter will come again for lunch to be delighted with his child, and to have the right feelings. A solution . . . A solution . . .

"We made a consultation, I, my wife, the mother-in-law and the maid and the whole four of us thought it over and with common forces, we found out a new and, what seemed to us, a very brilliant plan, as follows:

"We should take away all our things which are with us in the house and give them over to the watchman; the better things we should take to our friends. And in the house nothing shall remain except only this picture with the green brists. We, for ourselves,

*Yiddish meaning master of the house
**Yiddish meaning picture. The maid is Polish, but speaks Yiddish as well from long association with the family. = Polish = Hebrew

will go live in a hotel for a couple of nights. The doors of our house should be left wide open. In such times when there are thieves crawling (out from under rocks) in all directions, with doubt one thief should be in the world that would take with him this antique from our house and consequently, we will be rid, in a kosher straight way, of this calamity.

"And so we did.

"For three days we rolled around from here to there in exile, in the hotel as if we were refugees from a pogrom. On a certain day, I approached my home quietly to see what happened. Right as I came in, a great darkness filled up my eyes. The picture is hanging in the same place, but the spitting receptacle standing near the door is gone, the only thing which the thieves took away.

"Here I decided to commit a delinquency: To set fire to the house. It would be better the whole house, the whole street should go with a fire and smoke in order to be rid of this shmarovide. But I am not a professional arsonist. I am a merchant, a dry goods merchant and this work did not succeed with me. What kind of an arsonist am I, excuse me, when I can't even at times light a stove? They caught me in flagrante, and I failed.

"That is all I have to say.

"Now, my honorable judges, give the right decision. For me, I have finished."

The judges spoke among themselves with low voices. And after that the court official ordered "Let the picture be brought here into the court." In a few minutes, the picture *The Green Yearning* stood before the eyes of the judges; the judges took one glance at this work of art and immediately and unanimously passed sentence.

"The accused is *not guilty*."

without

lie

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