

Das Baltikum in Geschichte und Gegenwart

Herausgegeben im Auftrag der Baltischen Historischen Kommission
von Michael Garleff und Paul Kaegbein

Band 5

Encapsulated Voices: Estonian Sound Recordings
from the German Prisoner-of-War Camps in 1916–1918

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8. Observations on tales of folkloric or literary origin appearing in the Berlin recordings of Estonian speech¹

ARVO KRIKMANN

The recordings of Estonian speech that Professor Jaan Ross has brought to our attention include several literary texts. As for the biblical passages, they have been dealt with in this volume by Kristiina Ross. In the following I propose to discuss the remaining five texts, of which four happen to be included in the classification of folk tales compiled by Aarne and revised and expanded by Thompson and by Uther (ATU)².

The texts are provided with general background information in the form of type reference and type description and other eventual notes according to the ATU system of classification of folktales and with distribution maps generated in respect of the ATU types of tales by the application³ developed by Artyom Kozmin of the Russian National University of the Humanities on the basis of Google Map software.

A further section of local background information is included in order to give the reader information concerning the occurrence of the tale type in Estonian printed texts and archival sources. In relation to this information, the following reservations should be kept in mind:

1. Kozmin's distribution maps show the folk tales referred to in the AT classification to be drastically Eurocentric: most distributions are dominated by European and Near-Eastern tales.
2. The organisation of our archives in respect of Estonian texts leaves a lot to be desired – by far not all documents existing in the archives are reflected in the “visible” genre catalogues and typed-up copies. For want of reliable and systematic information regarding Estonian jokes that have appeared

¹ The research for this chapter was supported from the Estonian Science Foundation grant 8149.

² The classification compiled by Hans-Jörg Uther (Hans-Jörg U^THER, *The types of international folktales: a classification and bibliography*. Based on the system of Antti Aarne and Stith Thompson, FF Communications no. 284–286, Helsinki: Suomalainen Tiedeakatemia 2004, vol. 1–3) on the basis of the 1910 classification of Antti Aarne as subsequently translated and supplemented by Stith Thompson. Uther's classification will be referred to below as “ATU”, while the classification of Aarne as modified by Thompson will be denoted by “AT”.

³ <http://starling.rinet.ru/kozmin/tales/>, accessed 16 February 2011.

in print, it has not been possible to verify the authenticity of handwritten source texts.

3. The distributions of various types of Estonian folk tales (other than non-prose types and types belonging to certain short genres such as runosongs, riddles and adages) show clear localisations to be the exception rather than a rule. No attempts have been made so far to account for this empirically indisputable fact.

8.1. An excerpt from the beginning of the short story Peipsi peal [On Lake Peipus] by the Estonian writer Juhan Liiv (PK 733)

The excerpt was read by Christian Hermann, born 1887 in Puka (Sangaste parish), a schoolteacher by profession, who has also lived in Rannu and St. Petersburg. The story represents a literary adaptation of the folk tale type classified as ATU 778 (earlier AT 1553A*).

8.1.1. Global background

In respect of this tale type, Hans-Jörg Uther gives the following description:

“778. To Sacrifice a Giant Candle. [...] A sailor (farmer, Gypsy) in distress at sea (in a difficult situation) promises to sacrifice a giant candle (as high as a mast, as long as a pole) more expensive than he can afford. When he is asked to produce it, he replies that the candle would become smaller by itself, or he discharges his promise by offering a small light, or does not fulfill the promise at all [...].

The tale has a version that dates from the Middle Ages:

A farmer leading a cow and a calf to St. Michael fears the sea and calls on the saint for help, promising to sacrifice the calf. When free from danger, he says that St. Michael was foolish to expect him to give the calf. Again the sea rises, again the farmer calls for help, and St. Michael appears. Now the farmer promises to sacrifice both the cow and the calf, but again he does not discharge his promise. The third time the sea swallows him up together with the animals.”

Sources⁴ for this type of tale can be traced back to the Antiquity, including fable 34, The sick man and his wife, of the principal collection of Aesop's

⁴ William HANSEN, *Ariadne's thread: a guide to international tales found in classical literature*, Ithaca / London: Cornell University Press 2002, pp. 435–438.

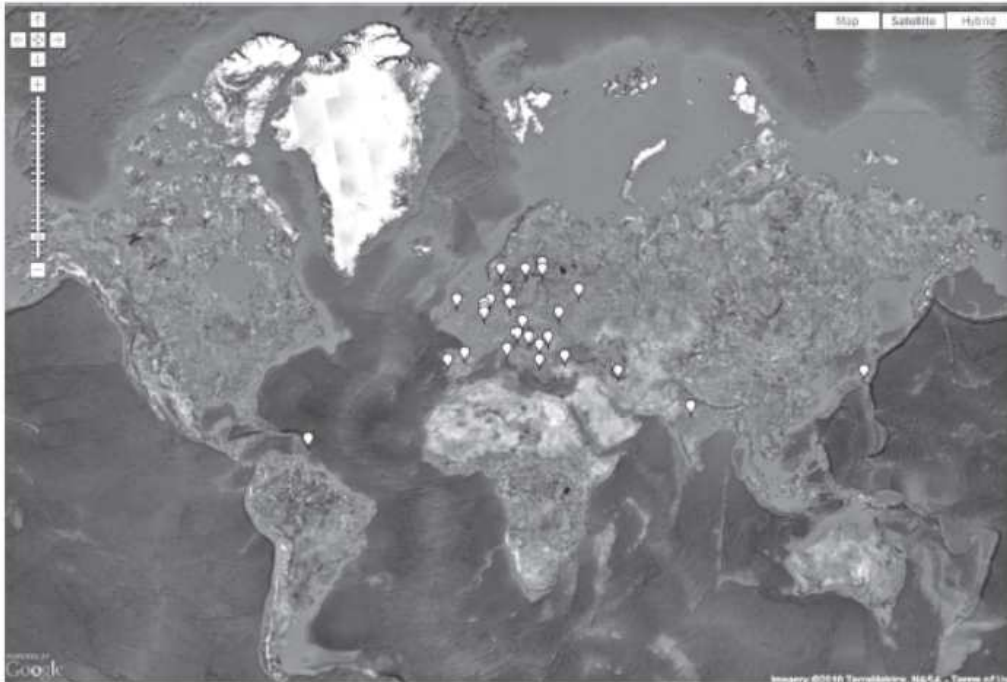


Figure 8.1. A distribution map generated by Kozmin's application in respect of the tale type ATU 778.

fables. Of the various translations⁵ that exist of this fable, we will reproduce a relatively recent English one by Gibbs⁶:

“A poor man had taken ill and was in very bad shape. When the doctors had given up hope, since he didn't have anything he could pay with, the man called upon the gods and vowed “O you great and radiant divinities, if you restore my health, I will bring a hundred oxen to you as a sacrifice.” His wife then asked him, “Where are you going to get a hundred oxen from, if you get well?” The man said to her, “And do you suppose I am going to ever get out of this bed so that the gods will be able to demand payment?” The story shows that people are often quick to make promises, but they do not really expect to have to fulfill them.”

5 For instance, there is a Russian translation made by M. L. Gasparov (Басни Эзопа. Перевод, статья и комментарии М. Л. ГАСПАРОВА [Aesop's fables. Translated, introduced and commented by Mikhail L. GASPAROV], Москва: Наука 1968, p. 73).

6 Aesop's fables. A new translation by Laura GIBBS, Oxford: Oxford University Press (World's Classics) 2002, p. 221.

8.1.2. Local background

An early version of the story appears (in the mixture of German and Estonian shown in the upper panel of Figure 8.2) in the 30th sermon of Georg Müller, which he held on 1 November 1605 in the Church of the Holy Spirit in Tallinn:

Promiſſio
seu Votum
nautae
cuiusdam

Wir sollen nicht thuen wie ieñer Schiffman, da er auff dem Meer in großer gefahr war, nick motlis, eth tæma oma Laiwa nick keickede kz, ke Laywa siddes ollit, piddy hucka meñema, fiel (er) nieder auff seine Knie, rieß S. Nicolaum an, nick palwus, Ach sina Iumal Nicolae, Kuÿ sina mind sesinatze Laiwa, Hüide, ninck keick nedtsamat, ke minu kz Laiwa sid: omat, hæsti ninck terwe vlleawitat, Ny pea kudt mina Maa pæle tulle, sÿß taha mina sinu auwux v̄x sesarn suhr Mechewaa Küynla lascke teha, kudt sesinane Mastpuh on. Wie solchs sein Sohn, d' hind' ihm kniete, höret, paiatis tæma halleda Süddame kz: Eÿ lieber Vater, wor wollen wir souiel wachs nemen? Dem antwortet d' Vater: Olle rahwul minu mein Sohn, koñen wir nur zu Lande, wir wollen die Wachskertze klein genug machen. Schimpff vnd ernst.

Me ei tohi teha nii nagu too meremees, kes siis, kui ta mere peal suures ohus oli ning mõtles, et ta saab hukka koos oma laeva ning kõikidega, kes olid laevas. Ta langes põlvili, hüüdis püha Nikolaust ning palus: "Ah, sina Jumal Nikolaus, kui sa mind, seesinase laeva, varanduse ning kõik need, kes on minuga laevas, hästi ning tervena üle aitad, siis nüüpea kui ma maale jõuan, tahan ma sinu auks lasta teha ühe nii suure meevahast küünla, nagu on see mastipuu." Kui tema poeg, kes tema taga põlvitas, seda kuulis, pajatas ta haleda südamega: "Oh armas isa, kust me küll nii palju vaha võtame?" Isa vastab talle: "Ole rahulik, mu poeg, kui me ainult maale jõuame, teeme vaha-küünla küllalt pisikesi." Teotus ja tõsidus.

NB! Kailegi
meremehe
lubadus ohk
tõotus

Figure 8.2. A partial view of Sermon 30 in Georg Müller's *Jutluseraamat*⁷. The upper panel shows the text of the sermon in a mixture of German and Estonian, the lower panel provides an Estonian-only translation.

Müller's knowledge of the story probably stems from German rather than Estonian sources. Tales of the type ATU 778 are also represented in the archive of manuscript folklore material by at least two texts originating from the collection of Matthias Johann Eisen, of which one has been obtained from Mihkel Leppik of Ambla parish and the second from Anton Suurkask⁸

⁷ Georg MÜLLER, *Jutluseraamat* [Book of sermons], Tartu: Ilmamaa 2007, pp. 652–653.

⁸ Suurkask is reported by the collector to be a secondary source (original source is unknown). See next footnote for reference.

of Viljandi parish. These texts are not reflected in the Estonian Folklore Archives' catalogue of fairytales, yet they have been published in Eisen's *Eesti rahvanali*⁹ as items 823 and 824¹⁰.

In his monograph *Juhan Liiv*¹¹, the Estonian writer Friedebert Tuglas refers to a publication by Eisen, and to the occurrence of ATU 778 in a sermon by Müller. He discusses the general international background of the story as well as the possible immediate sources for Liiv's adaptation and finds the latter to involve two principal components: (1) a true event that involved Juhan and Jakob Liiv's father Benjamin together with another local man Juhan Brinkfeldt returning from Russia to Lohusuu over Lake Peipus during the spring break-up of the lake's ice cover and nearly drowning on the way; (2) the motif of a promise of a large hanging candelabra to the church, known from folklore.

Tuglas does not believe Liiv to have modelled his story on the example from Müller, nor on the typologically similar passage from the story *Loigu perenaine* [The matron of Loigu farm] by Lydia Koidula. Instead, he deems the motif to have reached Liiv by way of the tale explaining the origin of the hanging candelabra in the church of Väike-Maarja. The candelabra is said to have been donated to the church by a local farmhand by the name of Palmberg who had been herding cattle together with the 13-year-old cowherd girl Mai Kaber when they were attacked by a rabid wolf. Tuglas writes¹² (English translation¹³ follows the original excerpt):

“Mõne aja pärast jäid puretud loomad ja väike Mai marutõppe. Viimane lämmatati haagikohtuniku käsul ühes saunas karmu abil surnuks, kuna muud pääsemist ei teatud. Mai matustel töötanud Palmberg, et kui ta terveks jääb, siis kingib kirikule kroonlühtri. Ta jäänud terveks, kuid viivanud ometi oma töotusega ja täitnud selle alles oma surma eel. Selle loo jutustanud vana kirikuvöörmünder Pärtli Kaarel Juhan ja Jakob Liivile viimase haigevoodi ees. Ning hiljem meenutanud Jakob seda veelgi Juhanile, soovitades seda siduda isa üle Peipsi käigu looga.”

9 Matthias Johann EISEN, *Eesti rahvanali* [Popular Estonian jokes], Tallinn: G. Pihlakas 1909, pp. 417–418.

10 Published on the Internet respectively at <http://www.folklore.ee/rl/pubtce/cc/vanad/cisen/crnali/823.html> and <http://www.folklore.ee/rl/pubtce/cc/vanad/cisen/crnali/824.html> (in Estonian), accessed 16 February 2011.

11 Friedebert TUGLAS, *Juhan Liiv*, Tallinn: Eesti Riiklik Kirjastus 1958, pp. 247–254.

12 TUGLAS, *Juhan Liiv* (see previous footnote), p. 253.

13 This, as well as other translations whose authors have not been specifically indicated, has been made by the technical editor – techn. ed.

[A while later the bitten animals and the girl Mai became ill with rabies. The local district magistrate ordered Mai to be asphyxiated by smoke in a sauna since there was no way to save her. At her funeral Palmberg is said to have vowed to give the church a large candelabra if he was to miss that fate. He was spared the illness, yet delayed fulfilling his promise and only did it shortly before his death. The story is reported to have been related to Juhan and Jakob Liiv by the local dean's assistant, the old Kaarel of Pärtli, when Jakob was sick in his bed. Later, Jakob is said to have mentioned that to Juhan Liiv, advising him to link that story to the story of their father's close escape from Lake Peipus.]

This theory does not rule out the alternative possibility that the tale ATU 778 may have circulated in the local folklore of Kodavere in another form. A printed source for the texts preserved by the Berlin recordings was Neumann's *Praktisches Lehrbuch der Estnischen Sprache für den Selbstunterricht*¹⁴. The final section of the textbook contains a selection of Estonian literary texts, in particular a number of "local legends" collected by Friedrich Reinhold Kreutzwald, as well as short stories and poems by other authors (Jakob Mändmets, Jüri Rimmelg, Peeter Jakobson, Jakob Liiv). The excerpt recorded by Hermann can be found on pp. 145–146 of the textbook.

8.2. *The tale recorded under the title Der König und sein Feldherr* [*The King and His General*] (PK 1080)

The tale was recorded by Alexander Tatter, aged 33, residence at Asuka (Karja parish) and Tõrise (Kaarma parish) village in Saaremaa, shoemaker by occupation. The tale corresponds to the type AT/ATU 921C. A transcript of the recording is reproduced below, followed by an English translation.

"Kord elas vanal aal üks kuningas, kes ilmast ilma rändas ühest linnast teise ja ühest külast teise. Korraga nägi täma ühe vanamehe, kel mustad... must habe ja valged juuksed olid. Täma kutsus vanamehe enese juurde ja küsis, et "Seleta mulle see ülesanne, mikspärast on sul must habe ja valged juuksed." Vanamees seletas kunigale ja ütles: "Habe on ju kakskümmend aastad nooreb juustest, sellepärast on ta tükkis must." Kuningas ütles vanamehele, et "Seda ülesannet äi tohi sa mitte kellelgile rääkida, enne kui sa viissada korda minu palet oled näind." Kuningas

¹⁴ Mihkel NEUMANN, *Praktisches Lehrbuch der Estnischen Sprache für den Selbstunterricht*, Reval: M. Neumann 1903(?)/1910(?).

pööris hobused ümber ja sõitis kodu. Ja kutsus enese juure keneralli ja andis tāmale see ülesandeks, et “Kui sa seda ülesannet tunned, mitte ära äi seleta, siis teen mina sind ametist lahti.” Kenerall läks koduse ja oli väga kurb selle üle. Ja kodus tuli naine tāmale vastu ja küsis: “Minu armas mees, miks sa nenda mures oled?” Kenerall jutustas oma naisele, mes kunigas tāmale oli ette pannud. Siis naeratas naine ja ütles: seda on ta külas kuskilt kuulud. Ja pani hobused ette ja sõitis ka ühest külast teise, kunni tāmala viimaks selle vanamehe nägi, kel must habe ja valged juuksed olid. Naine kutsub vanameest enese juurde ja küsib vanamehe kääst, et “Seleta minule see ära, mikspärast on sul must habe ja valged juuksed.” Vanamees mõtleb ja ütleb: “Seda ei tohi mina mitte sulle rääkida.” Naine mõtles ja palus vanameest ja lubas tāmale viissada rubla anda. Siis ütles vanamees: “Seda vein ma sulle küll rääkida nii. Loe esiteks mulle viissada rubla põuse, siis ma hakkas sulle seda jutustama.” Vanamees... Naine luges vanamehele viissada rublatükki põuse ja iga rublatüki peal oli kuniga pale. Siis hakkas vanamees seletama tāmale ja ütles, et habe on kakskümmend aastat juustest noorem. Siis läks kunigas jälle ära oma kottu ja andis kinneraalil seda tääda, mismoodi tāmala oli sii üles uurin. Siis läks kinneraal kuniga juure ja rääkis tāmale seda keik ära.”

[Once upon a time there lived a king who was constantly travelling from one town to the other and from one village to the next. One day he met an old man who had a black... beard and white hair. He summoned the old man and asked him, “Explain to me this puzzle, why you have a black beard but white hair.” The old man explained to the king, “My beard, after all, is twenty tears younger than my hair – that’s why it is all black.” The king told the old man – “Do not tell this puzzle to anybody before you have seen my face five hundred times.” The king then turned his horse around and rode home. There he summoned his general and ordered him to solve the puzzle – “If you feel you cannot solve this puzzle, I will dismiss you from your post.” The general went home in a dejected mood. At home, he was met by his wife who asked him, “My beloved husband, what makes you so worried?” The general told his wife about the puzzle that the king had ordered him to solve. The wife smiled and said that she had heard about the puzzle from someone in the village. She harnessed the horses and rode from one village to the next until she at last saw the old man with the black beard and white hair. She told the old man to approach her and asked him, “Explain to me why you have a black beard but white hair?” The old man reflected for a moment and said then: “This I may not tell you.” Having considered the matter for a moment, the wife promised the old man five hundred

roubles. The old man then said, “I can tell you this in the following way. First you have to count five hundred rouble coins into the palm of my hand, then I will tell you what you want to know.” The old man... the wife counted five hundred roubles into the old man’s hand, and on each coin there was the face of the king. The old man then started his explanation and said that his beard was twenty years younger than his hair. Then the king¹⁵ went home again told the general what he had found out. Then the general went to the king and told him what had happened.]

8.2.1. *Global background. Type notes by Uther*

“921C. *Why Hair of Head is Gray before the Beard.*

A man (clergyman, barber) answers the question why the hair of his head is grey (white) and the hair of his beard is black, “The hair of the head is twenty years older than the beard.””

As Uther’s entry further shows, literary adaptations of this motif seem to have appeared in collections of jokes published in Europe since the 16th century.

8.2.2. *Local background*

A search of the Estonian archives did not reveal any materials representing the tale type ATU 921C.

8.3. *The tale recorded under the title Dummheit ist Klugheit [Stupidity is Wisdom] (PK 1079)*

The tale was recorded by Karl Leppik, 35 years of age, born and residing in Tartu, father from Luunja (Tartu-Maarja parish), cabinet-maker by occupation. The tale corresponds to folktale (humorous story) type AT/ATU 1642. A transcript of the recording is reproduced below, followed by an English translation.

“Kord vanal ajal elas üks kehva mees oma naisega üksikus kohas ilma lasteta. Muud varandust neil ei olnud, kui ainult oma kätetöö läbi toitsivad endid. Siis peale selle oli ka neil veel üks lehm ja siga. Kooliharidust ja muud ilmatarkust ei teadnud nad midagi. Oli ilus suvine päev, kui

¹⁵ Apparently, this is a mistake by the informant – the logic of the story dictates that “king” should be replaced by “woman”.

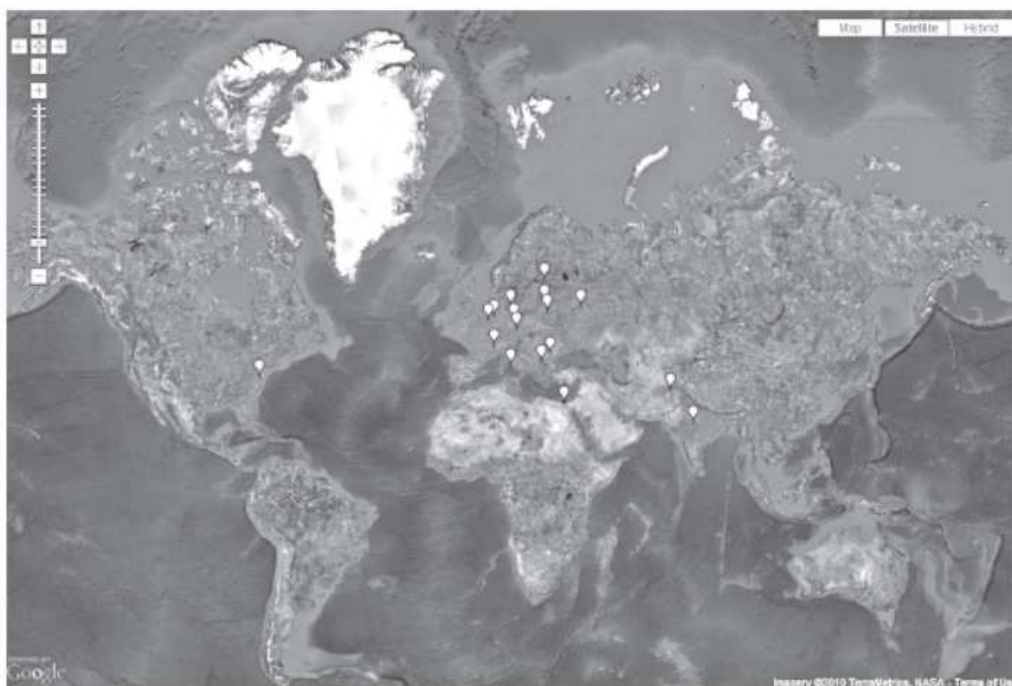


Figure 8.3. A distribution map generated by Kozmin's application in respect of the tale type ATU 921C.

mees oma naesele ütles: “Kuule, naene, mispärast meie puudust kannatame? Mina tapan sea ära ja viin linna ja müin ära, saan viiskümmend rubla.” Naene mõtles ja ütles: “Hea küll, tapa siga ära ja vii linna.” Kuidas üteldud, nõnda tehtud: mees tappis sea ära ja hommiku vara hakkasid linna minema. Umbes poole tee peal oli üle jõe sild. Kui ta juba silla pääle jõudis, karjusivad konnad: “Kuhu sa lähed, miis?” – “Mina lähen linna, tapan sea ära, müin sea ära ja raha on tarvis.” Siis karjusivad konnad kooris: “Kui sea ära müid, siis laina meile see raha, viiskümmend rubla, meie maksame sulle protsenti – poole.” Mees mõtles ja ütles: “Hea küll, kui linnast tagasi tulen, siis lainan selle raha teile: viiskümmend rubla tagasimaksuga sada rubla.” Siis karjusivad konnad kooris kõik: “Sina saad, sina saad!” Kaup oli tehtud ja mees läks linna. Õhtuks enne päeva loojaminekud jõudis ta tagasi. Silla pääle jõudes karjusivad jälle konnad kooris: “Kas raha töid?” – “Töin.” – “Aga kui pal’lu?” – “Viiskümmend rubla.” Siis karjusivad konnad: “See on hea, see on hea, saad sada rubla!” Siis ütles mees: “Aga kahe nädali pääle, maksate mulle ära!” – “Jajah!” karjusid konnad. Mees näidas ühe suure konna peale sõrmega: “Aga sinu vastutuse peale!” Siis vastasivad konnad kooris: “Jah, tema peale!” Siis võttis mees raha taskust ja viskas jökke. Aga kui raha jökke kukkus, kadusivad konnad kõik vee alla ära. Mees naeris ja ütles:

“Küll oli aga neil raha hädaste tarvis, rohkem ei rääkinud minuga!” Ja mees läks kodu. Naene tuleb suure rõemuga vastu ja ütleb: “Raha töid?” – “Laenasin raha kahe nädali pääle suure protsendiga, saame korraga rikkaks inimesteks. Ega inime ei tohi nii palju puuduses kannatada, ommeti päälegi siis nüüd. Oleme rikkad, kui raha kätte saame!”

[Once upon a time there was a poor man who lived with his wife in a lonely place. They did not have any children. They did not possess much and had to earn their living by daily work. Still, they had a cow and a pig. They had not had any schooling and did not have much worldly wisdom. It was on a beautiful summer day that he man said to his wife, “Listen, woman – why is it that we have to suffer such need? I’m going to slaughter the pig and take the meat to town, I’ll get fifty roubles for it.” The wife thought about it for a moment and said, “Well, indeed – slaughter the pig and take the meat to town.” As it was said, so it was done: the man slaughtered the pig and, early in the morning, started out on the way to the town. Half-way to the town, the road came to a river and a bridge across it. When the man was on the bridge, he heard the frogs croaking to him, “Hey, where are you going?” – “I’m going to town, I’ll slaughter the pig, sell the meat and I need the money.” The frogs then croaked all together, “When you sell the meat, lend the money, fifty roubles, to us, we will pay you interest – half as much.” The man thought about it and said, “Well, indeed, frogs, when I’m back from town, I’ll lend you the money: fifty roubles, to be repaid as a hundred.” The frogs then croaked all together, “You’ll get it, you’ll get it.” The deal was made and the man continued on his way to the town. In the evening, before sunset, he was back. When he came to the bridge, the frogs, again, croaked in a single voice, “Did you bring the money?” – “I did.” – “How much?” – “Fifty roubles.” The frogs then croaked, “Well done, well done, you’ll get a hundred!” The man then said, “And you’ll pay it back to me in two weeks’ time!” – “Yeah, yeah!” croaked the frogs. The man pointed his finger at a big frog and said, “I’ll hold you to that!” The frogs replied, all as one, “Yes, he’ll be responsible!” The man then took the money from his pocket and threw it into the river. When the money hit the water, the frogs all dived in and were no longer to be seen. The man laughed and said, “Well, didn’t they need it badly, afterwards they didn’t say another word to me!” And he went home. His wife came out to meet him, overjoyed, asking, “Did you bring the money?” – “I lent it out for two weeks at steep interest, we’ll be rich before we know it. A man shouldn’t suffer so much need, especially now. We’ll be rich when we get the money back.”]

8.3.1. Global background. Type notes by Uther

“1642. *The Good Bargain*. This anecdote is comprised of various motifs and episodes from other humorous tales.

A foolish farmer performs various senseless actions that turn out to be to his advantage:

Because he misunderstands the croaking of frogs, he throws money into the pond for them to count [...]. He sells the meat to a dog, expecting it to carry it to the butcher [...]. Or, he puts goods to be sold to a signpost [...]. When he returns for his money and does not receive it, he complains to the king (takes the dog to court) and thus causes the melancholy princess to laugh [...]. He declines to marry her and is offered a different reward, which he promises to a guard (soldier) and a Jew. The king orders a beating instead of money, and the Jew receives the blows [...]. The Jew takes the farmer to court, loaning him his coat (boots). At the trial, the farmer denies that he has borrowed the coat and thus renders the Jew’s testimony unbelievable (makes the Jew appear to be insane) [...].”

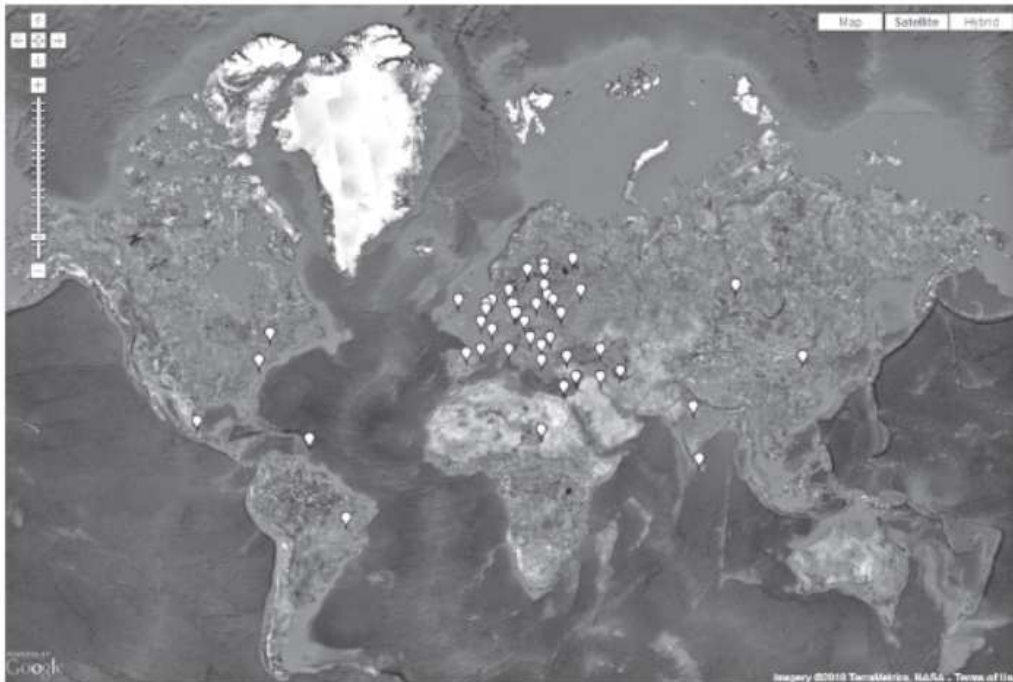


Figure 8.4. A distribution map generated by Kozmin’s application in respect of the tale type ATU 1642.

8.3.2. *Local background*

The tale type ATU 1642 has been recorded in Estonian sources on at least four occasions (from Väike-Maarja, Pärnu-Jaagupi, Halliste, Palamuse), showing a scattered and haphazard geographical distribution.

8.4. *The excerpt recorded under the title Estnisches Märchen [Estonian fairytale] (PK 733)*

The excerpt was recorded by Oskar Laane (born in 1892 in Tartu(?); father and/or mother possibly from Pala (Kodavere parish), stonecutter by occupation). The tale (humorous story) matches the type AT/ATU 1643 in the classification of folk tales. A transcript of the recording is reproduced below, followed by an English translation.

“Ühel isal oli kaks poega. Vanem oli tark, noorem oli lollagas. Pärast isa surma pärandas vanem poeg kõik isa päranduse. Oma noorema vennale jättis ta ainult ühe lehma. Nooremal vennal ei jäänud muud üle kui lehma turule viia, sial ära müüa. Mööda teed minnes tuli tal ühest lepasalgust läbi minna, kus mõned üksigud kännud olivad. Lollagas vend jäi sinna piatama, et vaadada, kas mõnda ostjad ei ole, kes sinu kaupa ära ostaks. Äkki kõigudas tuul ühte puud. Lollagas vend kuulis puu kõikumist ja arvas, et mõni tahab tema kaupa ära osta, ja hakkas kauplema. Jälle kõigudas tuul puud. Lollagas vend arvas, et juba lepiti hinnaga kokku, ja sidus lehma ühe kännu külge, ise läks kodu. Kodus ei rääkind ta kellegile, kuidas ta oma kaupa ära müüs. Teisel päival tuli ta jälle sinna paika, kuhu ta lehma jättis. Kuid lehma enam [...]”

[Once upon a time, a father had two sons. The older son was smart, the younger stupid. After the father died, the older son inherited everything. He only gave a cow to his younger brother. There was nothing else for the younger brother to do but to go and sell the cow in the market. On the way to the market he had to go through a copse of alders that had a few stumps as well. The stupid brother stopped to see whether there was a buyer there who could take the cow off him. Suddenly the wind moved one of the trees. The stupid brother heard the movement of the tree and thought that there was somebody there interested in what he had to sell and started to bargain. The wind moved the tree again. The stupid brother thought that the price was already agreed, tied the cow to a stump and went home. At home he did not tell anyone how he had sold his cow. On the next day, he went to the same place where he had left the cow. But the cow was no longer [...].]

8.4.1. *Global background*

The title of the type of tale in the Russian classification of folktales by N. P. Andreyev¹⁶ is *Дурак и берёза* [The stupid man and the birch-tree]. In classifications predating that of Andreyev (such as the classification of Estonian fairytale plots FFC 25¹⁷) all instances of the type ATU 1643 are classified under type 1642, because type 1643 had not been created yet as a separate entry.

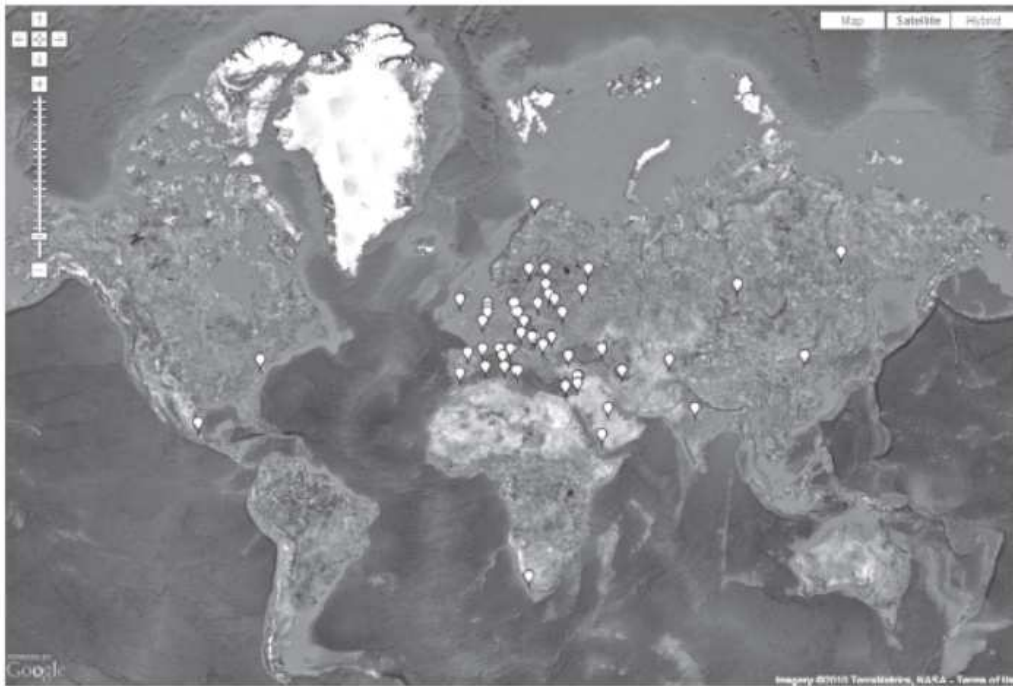


Figure 8.5. A distribution map generated by Kozmin's application in respect of the tale type ATU 1643.

8.4.2. *Type notes by Uther*

"1643. *Money Inside the Statue* (previously *The Broken Image*). A woman sends her foolish son to sell some linen (cow, other wares), telling him

¹⁶ Николай Петрович АНДРЕЕВ, Указатель сказочных сюжетов по системе Аарне [A classification of fairytale plots according to Aarne], Ленинград: Государственное русское географическое общество 1929.

¹⁷ *Estnische Märchen- und Sagenvarianten. Verzeichnis der zu den Hurt'schen Handschriftsammlungen gehörenden Aufzeichnungen, mit der Unterstützung der Finnisch-ugrischen Gesellschaft, ausgearbeitet von Antti AARNE*, Hamina: Suomalainen Tiedekatemia 1918, 160 pp.

not to deal with people who talk too much. The son takes this literally and and refuses to sell to anyone who asks the price of the cloth. He sells the cloth (cow, other goods) to a statue (crucifix) because it does not speak, and says he will come back the next day for the money. His mother is dismayed when being told at her son's stupid bargain. When he goes back to get the money, the cloth has been stolen and the statue will not speak. Angry, the son throws a stone at the statue. It breaks and inside is a pot of money (treasure) which he mistakes for beans [...].”

8.4.3. *Local background*

Printed instances of ATU 1643 can be found in collections of folktales by F. R. Kreutzwald¹⁸ and M. J. Eisen¹⁹. Most Estonian manuscript sources containing the tale are amalgamations of the types ATU 1643 and ATU 1600 (*The Fool as Murderer*). The distribution map shown in Figure 8.6 does not include the manuscript by Ernst Tetsmann (Vändra parish) and Gustav Anniko (Tõstamaa parish), which are considered to be inauthentic. There are certain doubts regarding the popular provenance of certain other sources as well. Most of the manuscripts originate from the areas east of the Kuusalu-Halliste line. No research has so far been undertaken on the possibility of the printed collections of Kreutzwald and Eisen (or of various Russian, Latvian and Finnish works) having exercised an influence on the material found in the archives.

8.5. *Reinhold Wellner's short story Leinadi Leenu, performed by the author (PK 408)*

The story is read by Reinhold Wellner, born in 1888 in Antsla, residence in Valga, Võru and St. Petersburg. His father was from Sangaste, his mother from Paistu. Wellner's occupation has been recorded in his information sheet as “writer”. A transcript of the recording is reproduced below, followed by an English translation.

“Leinadi Leenu tuli, vana küürus haigete silmadega eit vaestemajast, kes meile villu ketras ja hanesulgesi kitkus. “Tere lõunat, talurahvas!” ütles Leenu ja istus. “Tere, tere! sinnu olõ-õi pal'lu aiga näta ollu. Mi mõtli

¹⁸ Friedrich Reinhold KREUTZWALD, *Eestirahva ennemuistsed jutud* [Early tales of Estonians], Helsinki: SKS 1866, pp. 290–294.

¹⁹ Matthias Johann EISEN, *Rahva-raamat. Uus kogu vanu jutte* [The Estonian popular book. A new collection of old stories], 2nd edition, Tartu / Riia: Schnakenburg 1893, pp. 213–216 (no. 17).

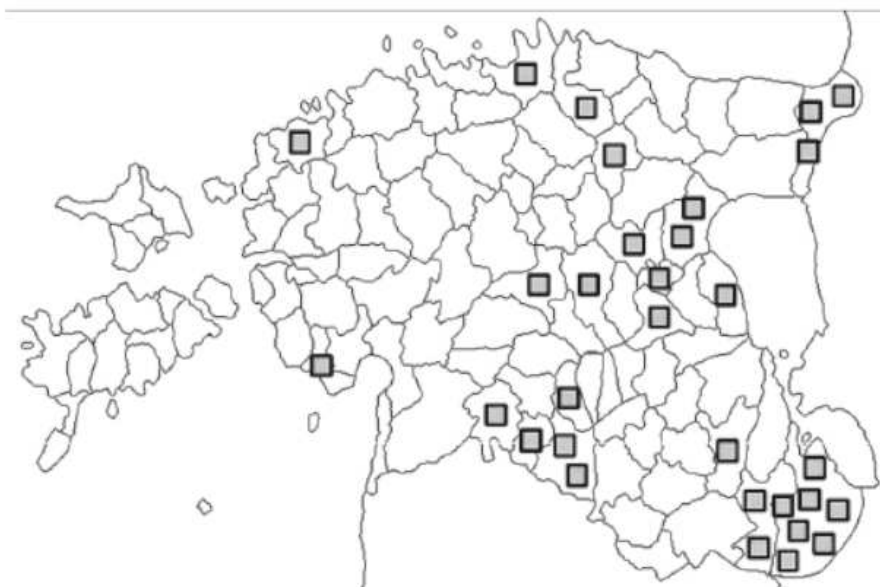


Figure 8.6. A distribution map of known Estonian instances of ATU 1643 (compiled by the author).

joba, et oleki-ei sinno inam elus,” vastas ema Leenu tervituse pääle. “Uju või siis ti mul är koolda tahade, ma ei oleki viil nii vana. Kes sul siis sulgi kitk, ku ma är koole! Kas tiiate ka, et Alasi Miil läts mehele, tuu Otsa Jaanile. Noil om küll vana lagunu talu ja Jaan om vinne usku, aga Miili om joba kah vana tütruk ja tõse pereme poja ei taha teda. Jaan olle küll säält Lutsigu külast üte kängsebä tütärd tahtnu, aga ima ole-i Jaani tahtnu. Jaan ei ole suur asi poiss. Va Lehma-Liisu kõnel’ mulle, et Jaanil olla juba mitme tütruguga laits ollu. Tiä-i, kas tu jutt om õige, aga kes ilma suud jõud kinni panda!” vadistas Leenu. “Leenu, istus ka nü süümä? Hapu piim küll om, a kes no tiidse, et külaline tule,” kutsus ema Leenu. Leenu istus söögilauale lähemale, kohendas oma punast päärätti ja ütles: “Uu, mis sinnu küll innäst vaivass, ma koton õkva panni luidsa käest.” Siiski istus Leenu söömä. “Küll om hää hapu piim teil! Ma ei olõ-i säärást piimä inäb mitu aiga söönu. Tiidu-Juuli an’d mulle ketruse iist mineva nädali kah karratäve piima, aga sisiaig, ku ma kodo sai, sös es ole karra seen muud midägi, sinine vesi õnne. Tiä tu Tiidu-Juuli om üts kidsu inemine küll,” vadistas Leenu süües. Oli suvine päälelõunat, Leenu sõi õhinaga(?) ja oli vähe aega vait. “Pernane, mul ei ole pörral tüüd midagina, jo annat mulle viil midägi üten, paklit või puru villu kerdata? Taha-i niisama ka istu, parem iks, kui sõrme liiguse,” lõpetas Leenu söömist ja pani lusika lauale. Ema tõi siis uut tööd ja Leenu säadis äraminemist. “Oh sa taivas küll, kui hää inimene pernane om – niipa!u suurmid ja rasva toonu, et ma ei jõvva tad kodu viia! Küll iks

om häid inimesi ka ilman! Minevä kõrra, kui ma ketrust tõi, sis pernane an'd mulle vastse ammõ. Suur tänu no teile, pernaasõkõnõ, küll kõige selle hää iist! Jumalaga, jumalaga, küll ma tule jälki, ku tüü valmis om." Leenu läks oma tiid vaestemaja poole."

[Leenu of Leinadi came, an old bent-over woman with sickly eyes from the poorhouse, who used to spin yarn and pluck geese for us. "Good day to the folks of this farm!" she said and sat down. "Good day to you too! Haven't seen you for ages – I had already thought you were no longer with us," mother responded to her greeting. "You don't really want me to die, do you – I'm not that old yet. And who's gonna pluck your geese when I go? Have you heard that Miili of Alasi farm is now a married woman – she accepted that Jaan from Otsa farm. The farm is run down and Jaan himself is a Russian Orthodox believer, but then again Miili is no longer in her prime and the sons of other farmers frown upon her. They say Jaan was keen on a shoemaker's daughter from Lutsigu village, but she turned him down. Jaan is not what you'd say is your ideal match. That Lehma-Liisu told me that Jaan has already given a child to several girls. Who knows if that's true or not but you can't shut up them'all, can you," Leenu blathered on. "Leenu, won't you sit down to eat? We've only got curdled milk, but then we didn't know we'd have a visitor," mother told her. Leenu inched nearer to the table, straightened her red headscarf and said, "Oh, you really shouldn't bother, I've just laid down the spoon at my place." Still, she sat down to eat. "Well, this curdled milk is really good! It's a long time since I've had it like that. Last week, Juuli of Tiidu also gave me a bucketful of milk for yarn-spinning, but by the time I got home, there was only bluish water in the bucket. Y'know, that Juuli is really a tight-fisted lass," Leenu carried on while eating. It was a summer afternoon, Leenu was relishing her food and fell silent for a while. "Matron dear, I've got nothing work-wise going, could you give me some more, some hemp wool or lamb's wool to spin? I hate sitting around doing nothing, it's better to keep your fingers moving, isn't it," Leenu was finished eating and laid her spoon on the table. Mother brought out some new work for her and Leenu started to make herself on her way. "Heavens, you're a kind woman, you are – so much grits and lard that I can't carry it all home! Well, who said there's no more good people left! Last time when I brought back the yarn, the matron gave me a new shirt. Thank you so much, matron dear, for all these good things! Good-bye, good-bye, I'll be back when the work is ready." Leenu went her way to the poorhouse.]

As a writer, Reinhold Wellner appears to exist in a literary limbo. His name is not to be found in any of Estonian writers' lexicons. His printed work appears to be limited to sketches published in the collection *Moment: esimene*²⁰: *Ühele naisele* [To a woman], *Rannal* [On a beach], *Mis ma mõtlen* [What I think] and *Melanhooliline skizze* [A melancholy sketch]. The contemporary Estonian writer and literary scholar Jaan Undusk²¹ remembers that Wellner was briefly mentioned by Henrik Visnapuu in his memoirs²². Wellner's name came up in the context of the story of making *Moment: esimene* and as part of the section giving brief details of its authors. The information Visnapuu provides on Wellner can only be described as basic. We will below reproduce two excerpts, the first from p. 232 and the second from p. 247, each followed by an English translation.

"[P. 232] Marie Heiberg oli "Murelapse laulude" tunnustatud autor, Richard Rohust ei teadnud ma midagi. Veel vähem aimu oli mul nende ühisest tuttavast Reinhold Wellnerist, kes hiljem esines "Moment esimeses" ja keda ma üldsegi ei ole näinud. [P. 247] Aga siis saabus sõda, mida nimetatakse Esimeseks maailmasõjaks, ja kirjanduslik tegevus jäi soiku. Isegi "Noor-Eesti" kirjastusel ei ilmunud enam midagi tähelepanuväärilist. Sõda pani punkti ka "Momendi" rühma tegevusele. Reinhold Wellner tuli varsti poolsurnuna Masuuri järvede vahelt ja suri varsti. Varsti kutsuti ka Richard Roht sõjaväkke. Meie daamid saatsid ta lilledega teele."

[[P. 232] Marie Heiberg was well known as the author of *Murelapse laulud* [Songs of the problem child]. I did not know anything about Richard Roht. As for Reinhold Wellner, with whom they both were acquainted, and who later appeared as one of the authors of *Moment one*, I did not even know he existed. [P. 247] But then the war started – the one known as World War One, and literary activities ground to a halt. Even the *Noor-Eesti* [Young Estonia] publishers were no longer publishing anything noteworthy. The war also put an end to the work of the Moment group of writers. Reinhold Wellner soon returned, half dead, from the lakes of Masuria and died soon afterwards. Not much later, Richard Roht was conscripted as well. Our ladies came out with flowers to see him off.]

²⁰ Marie HEIBERG / Richard ROHT / Reinhold WELLNER / Henrik VISNAPUU, *Moment: esimene* [Moment: one], Tartu: E. Bergmann 1913, pp. 51–60.

²¹ Private communication to the author, 2010.

²² Henrik VISNAPUU, *Päike ja jõgi: mälestusi noorusmaalt* [The sun and the river: recollections from the land of my youth], Lund: Eesti Kirjanike Kooperatiiv 1951.

I am not an expert and would find it hard to provide an assessment of the literary quality of Wellner's pieces. As for their genre, they all appear to be "melancholy sketches" – diligently sentimental descriptions of yearnings and vicissitudes whose reasons remain unclear. Be that as it may, the style and tenor of these sketches is markedly different from the uneducated-style "Leenu of Leinadi" performed in a dialect – so different that one might wonder if they are really the work of the same author.

The Leenu story gives the impression of having been part of a longer piece, such as a memoir (on the basis of the deixis used by the author – *we, mother*, etc.). I am not in a position to advance an educated guess as to whether Wellner had the piece on him or made it up on the spot, or used the text of another author (and then, whom?), or whether he was simply using the stock character of *Pläralära Leenu* [Blabbermouth Leenu] from Estonian literature. Neither can I find in my unaided recollection many instances of the use of such a character in the work of Estonian authors of the 19th and 20th centuries, nor evaluate the productivity of this character type, or the components that it consisted of. Apparently, during the 20th century the character of a gossiping pauper on community relief or an old woman allowed to live in a farm's sauna was employed chiefly in cheap plays and vaudevilles. As a boy, in the 1940s and 1950s, I heard many similar monologues performed in speed-talk (and often, in dialect) by one or another member of the local theatre clubs of Väike-Maarja or of Simuna school. Whether these originated from written material or represented instances of improvisation by the performer, I do not know. If *Leinadi Leenu* was indeed an original piece by Wellner, it could have been inspired by the following chapter from *Nõia tütar*²³ by Juhan Liiv, which he surely knew.

"2. Kuhu ta läks?

Weel suuremas hädas kui Mihkel minnes, oliwad naabrid, kes küsisiwad, kuhu ta läks. Jah, kuhu ta läks? Üks oli kurinaid kuulnud, teine õuest waljasõitu näinud, kolmas kuulnud, et Hansu Andres Aiale läinud ja pühapäewa riided selga pannud – see ikka midagi tähendas. Kui üks noor perepoeg kosja kingi kannab, on naabritel teraw aimamine; on aga naisewõtja rikas on kihin kahin seda suurem. Üks loodab õnne oma tütrele, teine sugulasele, kolmas, kellel kumbagi ei ole, tahaks vähemalt teada, kuhu seesugune häa suutäis kaldub.

Ja weel need naised, need naised!

²³ Juhan Liiv, *Nõia tütar* [Witch's daughter], Jurjew / Riia: Schnakenburg 1895, pp. 13–17.

Wõibla Annusse pererahwas istusiwad tares peretule ümber. Peremees punus lehma lõõga, sulane parandas hobuseriistu, naised kedrasiwad. Wõibla peres elas ka Pläralära Leenu, oma rohke lora pärast nõnda nimeetatud wanatüdruk. Leenu istus ahju pääl ja sõi lusikaga kausist suppi, mida perenaine talle praegu oli annud.

Karjapoiss tuli õuest ja ütles, et Aia õuest kaks meest pühapäewa riides täkuga, saaniga ja kurinatega wälja sõitnud.

“Ehk Mihkel läks kosja,” ütles Leenu ja peatas süies.

“Wõi, wist sinna!” arwasiwad naised. “Ta käis minew nädal linnas – ehk wist kosjawiina toomas.”

“Selle säääl täkku turgutati,” arwas peremees.

“Küll siis läks kosja,” üteldi mitmelt poolt.

Leenu pani lusika käest.

“Kuhu, kuhu? Wõi ikka kosja! Jajah, näe, läks kosja. Ei tea kas Mäe Mihkli Maiele? Wõi Puskari Anule? No kuhu ta ometi pidi minema? Wist Kirsi Wiiule, kuhu siis mujale. Wiiul suur kirst riideid täis: kolm kasukat, wiisteistkümmend seelikut, kakskümmend paari kindaid – näe tuli tahab nuusata – kolmkümmend meeste särki – riitsika raiped oma kisaga – wõi läks koguni Raismiku Leenule. Seda öeldakse ei kuulwat madalast – wõi, no kuhu ta ometi läks?”

Ja Leenul tuli meelde, et tal homme Kõgedi külasse Jalaka perenaise lõnga tarwis ära minna wiima. Kui ta nüüd ei tea ütelda, kuhu Mihkel kosja läks, siis ei ole tal pääle Ohela Peetri otsasaamise mitte ühte uudist enam kõnelda.

Leenul ei maitsenud enam toit ega ahjupäälne, Ta kobis enesele wana kasuka selga ja läks Aia peresse puhtele.

Tükk aega pärast Mihkli ära sõitu lipsaski Leenu Aia omade kambri. Ta jäi ukse kõrwale seisma ja pistis käed kasuka siilu alla.

“Tere ka, siittalu rahwas.”

“Tere, Jumalime. Eks aja taga poole.”

“Wai ei saa.”

“No mis siis kuulub?” küsis peremees.

“Keda, nõndasama.”

“Toeta ikka ka puu pääle,” käskis peremees.

“Wai ei saa alati istuda,” wastas Leenu, istus aga nüüd pakutud istmele.

“Tulin waatama, kas teie naistel ju kedrus otsas on,” algas Leenu toas ringi waadates. Kui selle pääle keegi wastust ei annud, küsis ta nagu kogemata:

“Teie Mihklit ei olegi kodus?”

“Sõitis natukeseks wälja.”

“Eks ta ole. Noortemeeste asi, kes teab kuhu läks.”

“Mis teie naised teewad?” tegi perenaine teist juttu.

“Nõndasama. Perenaine kedrab willu, tüdruk wantsib takku. Laisk tüdruk. Magab rohkem kui näppusi liigutab. Kuhu Mihkel läks?”

“Läks natukeseks wälja.”

“Wai wälja. Ei tea kui kaugele. Kus Leena on?”

Peremees, kes juba tüdinenud oli, läks heitis sängi pikali.

“Leena ütles pää walutawat, läks magama,” wastas perenaine, kes tülikast wõerast mitte ka nõnda kergeste lahti ei pääsenud.

“Tütarlapse asi, eks waluta ka wahest päägi. Pällu Miina olla Kaabu Peetri kihlad tagasi wiinud, kas olete kuulnud? Wõi, mis ilusad teki lõngad teil! Obela Peetri hobune olla minewal öösel otsa saanud. Kas linnikud juba walmis? Wõi olemata. Juudi Juhanile tahetawat kewadel oksjoni teha, ei jõudwat wõlga jäänud renti ära maksta. Perenaine, kas annad mulle matikese tangu, ma teen suil lõikuse päewa.”

Sel kombel podras Leenu weel tükk aega edasi, aga nähes, et ta Mihkli sõidust ometigi otsa kätte ei saanud, läks ta wiimaks minema.

Kodus rääkis ta, et Mihkel Kirsi Wiiule kosja läinud ja Leena selle südame waluga, et teda ei wõetawat, silmad pääst wälja tahtnud nutta ja ei tea kuhu ära jooksnud. Kirsi Wiiu muidugi aga Mihklile ei tulewat, tal olla ju rikkamaid.

Teine päew rääkisiwad küla naised: Kirsi Jaak wisanud Mihkli kätt-pidi kambrist wälja. Leena olla ennast pimedaks nutnud.

“Kes kõneles?”

“Pläralära Leenu.”

[2. Where did she go?

Difficult as Mihkel may have found it to set off as he did from Aia, this was even harder for the neighbours who were consumed with the question of his destination. Indeed, where had he gone? Someone had heard harness bells, someone else had seen him leave the farm yard, and yet someone else had heard that Andres of Hansu had donned his Sunday outfit and had gone to visit the Aia farm – this must have meant something. When a young master puts on his wooing shoes, the neighbours know that something big is afoot; when the wooing scion is a wealthy one, this makes talking about it all the more exciting. Someone hopes the good fortune to befall his or her daughter, another to a relative and a third, who has neither, is simply curious to know who the lucky one is to have attracted such a juicy mouthful.

And then those women, those women!

The folk of the Wõibla Annusse household were gathered around the hearth in their farm cabin. The master of the house was weaving a cow leash, the farmhand was mending harnesses and the womenfolk were spinning yarn. Wõibla farm was also home to Blabbermouth Leenu, a spinster so nicknamed because of her incessant chatter. Leenu was sitting on the stove and spooning up soup from the bowl that the matron had just handed her.

The cowherd boy came in and said that he'd seen two men dressed in Sunday outfits ride out of the yard at Aia on a sled decorated with harness bells and drawn by a stallion.

"It must be Mihkel goin' out to pop the question," Leenu said, stopping the spoon in its tracks.

"Well, surely that's what this is!" the women agreed. "He was to town last week – probably, to get a bottle of vodka for the suit."

"That's why they were pampering that stallion so," the master mused.

"He must've gone to suit a girl," several voices said.

Leenu laid down her spoon.

"Where to, where to? Did he go indeed! Yea', would you have thought that, he's gone out to suit a girl. Do you think it's Maie of Mihkli? Or Anu of Puskari? Where on earth would he go? Probably to Wiiu of Kirsi, where else? Wiiu's got a huge trunk full of clothes: three fur coats, fifteen skirts, twenty pairs of mittens – look, the wick needs trimmin' – thirty men's shirts – oh those crickets and their chirpin' – or maybe he even went for Leenu of Raismiku? They say she can't hear since she was a little – or, well, where could'e have gone?"

And Leenu suddenly remembered that the next day she needed to go to Kõgedi village to deliver some yarn to the matron of Jalaka. If now she doesn't know it either where Mihkel has taken his suit, then she hasn't a single news to tell after Peeter of Ohela came to his end.

All of a sudden, Leenu could no longer enjoy her food, or her cosy place on the warm stove. She got into her old winter coat and made her way to Aia for a chat.

A while after Mihkel had ridden off, Leenu slid into the cabin of Aia farm. She stood by the door and put her hands into her coat.

"Greetings to you, good folks of this farm."

"Greetings to you, too! Well, come in, don't just stand there!"

"Well, I can't."

"Why's that then?" the master of the house asked.

"Oh, just that."

"Do take a seat," the master told her.

"Just can't sit all the time," Leenu said, yet took the seat that was offered.

"I've come to see if your womenfolk still've wool to spin," Leenu started, looking around the room. When nobody responded to that, she asked, as if accidentally:

"Your Mihkel, he's not home, is he?"

"He's out for a bit."

"That's the way it is. Young fellers, who knows where he's gone."

"What are your womenfolk up to?" the matron steered the conversation in a different direction.

"Just like that. The matron is spinning yarn, the girl is spinning dow. She's a lazy one. Sleeps more than she uses her fingers. Where's Mihkel gone?"

"Out for a bit."

"Oh, out. How far out? And where's Leena?"

The master, who was getting fed up with this, went and stretched himself out on the bed.

"Leena said she had a headache, she's gone to sleep," the matron said, at a loss for how to ward off the bothering visitor.

"That's how girls are, they sometimes get headaches. They say Miina of Pällu has returned the suit of Peeter of Kaabu, have you heard that? Look at that – what beautiful blanket yarn you've got! They also say the horse of Peeter of Ohela croaked last night. Are the tablecloths ready? Or maybe they're not. They say the place of Juhan of Juudi is gonna be auctioned off in the spring, he not bein' able to pay off the back rent. Kind matron, will you give me a measure of groats, I'll come and help you a day during harvest."

Like that, Leenu went on and on for a while. Seeing that she was not going to be any the wiser regarding where Mihkel went, she finally left.

Back home, she told everybody that Mihkel had gone to suit Wiiu of Kirsi and that Leena, heartbroken over her lack of suitors, had wanted to cry her eyes out and had ran off without telling anyone where she was going. Wiiu, however, would not take Mihkel because she had wealthier admirers.

The next day, village women were saying that Jaak of Kirsi had literally thrown Mihkel out of the house and that Leena had cried herself blind.

"Who told you that?"

"Blabbermouth Leenu."]

