

a smile. "You are a Kutner! He will be so happy to see a neighbor."

Carrying baskets and packages, the good-natured Chaim entered a little phlegmatically. "We will both live," he said. – "Your name is Chaim and so is mine."

He did not, however. We kissed and tears poured down from his eyes. He did not let me speak. He wanted to know everything at once, been told about everything. The home, the father, the mother, who else came? Why don't people come to rejoice with me?

"Look, Chaim, who I am. See the articles that people write about me! Here I can show what I know! It is an open world. I won the first prize in Minsk, at the exhibition of Belarusian young painters. I was told that I was going to make an exhibition in Moscow "...

Everything was told by him in one breath.



The musician – Chaim Tyber

## FROM KUTNO TO MOSCOW

### On the young painter Chaim Tyber

I grew up together with the young painter-artist Chaim Tyber, one might say – in one house, playing in the same yard, tidying up the sukkah...

Chaim inherited his passion for painting from his father, Zelik Tyber, who possessed a little talent but did not spend time for it. He forbade his son to paint. But the strong will of Chaim Tyber prevailed. He secretly painted in his grandmother's house, later renting a room to priests and turning it into a studio – until his father had to come to terms with the fact that Chaim Nisen could not be broken (that's how he was called).

He would come to my room, where he took interest and pleasure in reviewing my books. And at the same time, he wondered why I was reading more sociology than fiction. For many evenings he enjoyed discussing with me, even though he was several years younger. He showed great interest in my album, which was embellished with a sea of pictures.

\*

In Bialystok, in an attic room... Clean, beautiful, tidy – his wife received me in 1939, told me to wait. "He'll come up right away," said the sympathetic Lithuanian with

When me and my family had already been sent to the woods in the Komi Republic in USSR, he told me about a rare career. Settling in Moscow, he was awarded a large cash prize.

I received from him some groceries and some money. On one condition: my wife's parents had to help his parents in the Kutno ghetto, because Aharon Fuks, my father-in-law owned a restaurant and moved to the ghetto earlier. His last wish was fulfilled. We received a letter from the ghetto stating that the agreement had been upheld.

Contact with him was lost in July 1941.

Honor his memory!

Chaim GRINBAUM, Holon.