

Story #128 (Tape #2, Summer 1964)

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The Devil and the Kurd

One day a Kurd was walking along the road toward Trabzon when he was joined by the Devil. The Devil soon suggested this: "To save our shoes from being worn out, let me ride on your back for a while, and then when you are tired, you ride on my back." The Kurd agreed to this, and so the Devil climbed on the Kurd's back. The Kurd walked and walked and walked, and finally they reached Trabzon.

"You must be tired now," said the Devil. Now you ride on my back."

So the Kurd climbed on the Devil's back and he started singing. He sang, "Du, du, du, du, du, du," for hours. They got all the way to Erzurum and the Kurd was still singing away.

The Devil said to the Kurd, "I'm tired! Can't you see that?"

"Don't be impatient," said the Kurd. "I haven't finished singing my song yet." So, the Devil walked all the way to Bagdad, carrying the Kurd, who was still singing, "Du, du, du, du, du. I saw them later as they were going through the Caucasus, and the Kurd was still riding the Devil. The Devil had a very hard time of it.

This is an ethnic joke and requires a Turkish orientation to be appreciated. The one-note, single-notion Kurd, with his fluting pronunciation of Turkish, is one of the common butts of the humor of mimicry.]