

Merle Molofsky has written a lovely review of the book ***Butterfly Words: Relationships: A Psychiatrist's Narrative***. Her close reading is heartwarming. Molofsky asks: "Shall we weep? When, and where, shall we weep?" I was wondering how would answer William S. Cohen who so kindly wrote the Introduction and the Afterword in the book. His comment came to mind: "As in ***New in town*** and its fear of the exterminator, even the most unspeakable text, ***Just a brunch***, has this sense of gentle irony, with its Holocaust story literally sandwiched within a brunch story." I tried to understand what Cohen meant by "gentle irony", and then it hit me: The Holocaust story within the book is not told at the first person story, like in a *Yizkor* book (a remembrance book). It is a second generation story, a story about how to tell and pass on a story from a previous generation, an imperfect story, a story with gaping holes and silence, and how does this transmission may affect us now and in the next generation. Yes, there is weeping in the story, but it is not clear where exactly the weeping ends and the smile begins – maybe they are scrambled together during the brunch? As Cohen concludes: "This uneasy attitude combining detachment and involvement does not detract from the gravity of the event or of life in general. There is still space to find meaning in relationships, even within this conflicted approach."