

E 33

SC284

Readings from CLASSIC YIDDISH LITERATURE  
translated by A. TROMMER and Joseph Buloff  
performed by Mr. Buloff:

A. A SCRAP of PAPER by A. LUTSKY

B. TEMPTATION by I. L. PERETZ

C. BEREL the TAILOR by I. L. PERETZ

D. Tempest in a Soup Pot by A. LUTSKY

E. Autobiography of a Dime - LUTSKY?

F. BEARDS by J. Buloff ?

Recitations

USE OTHER SCREEN →

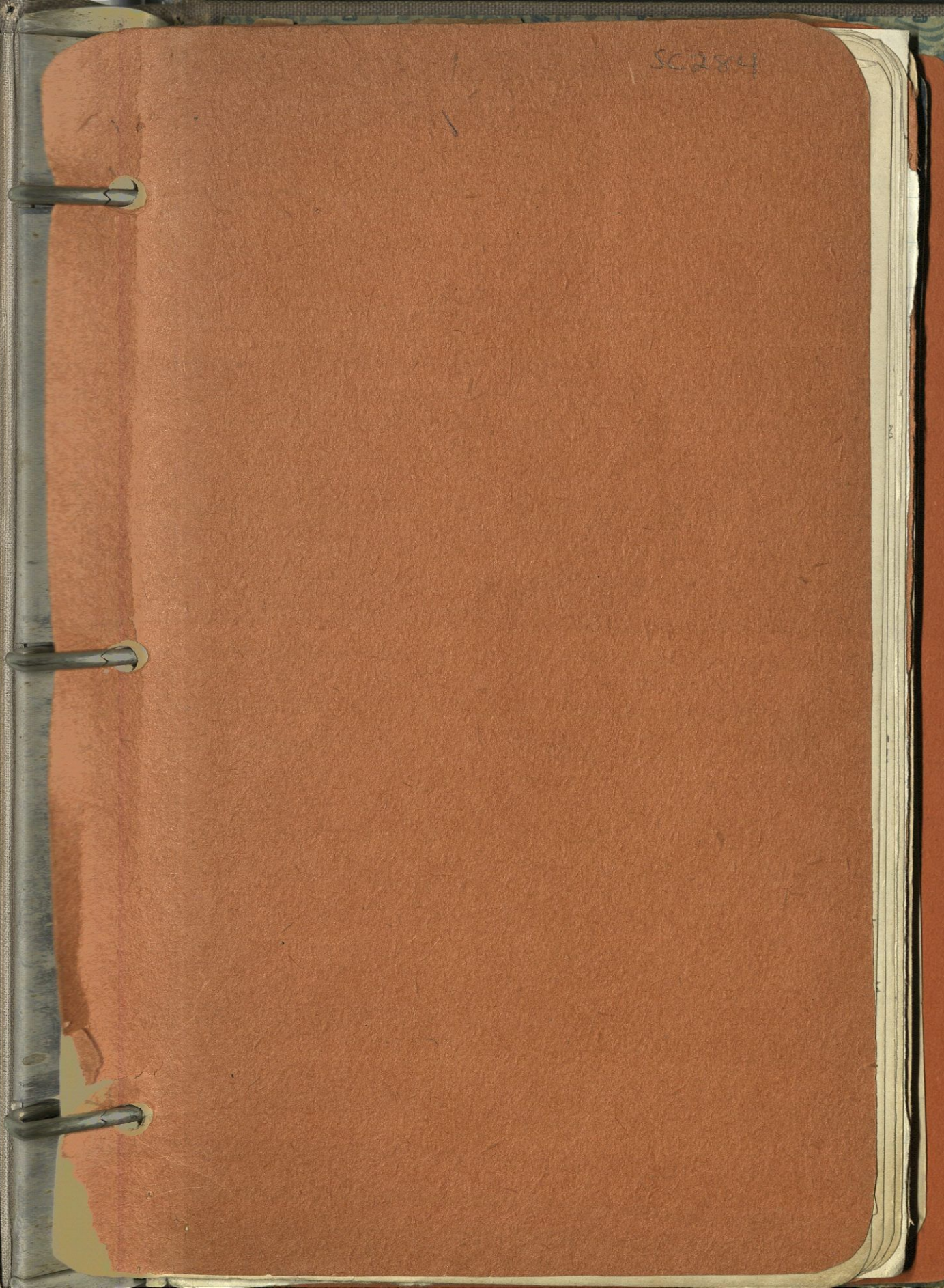
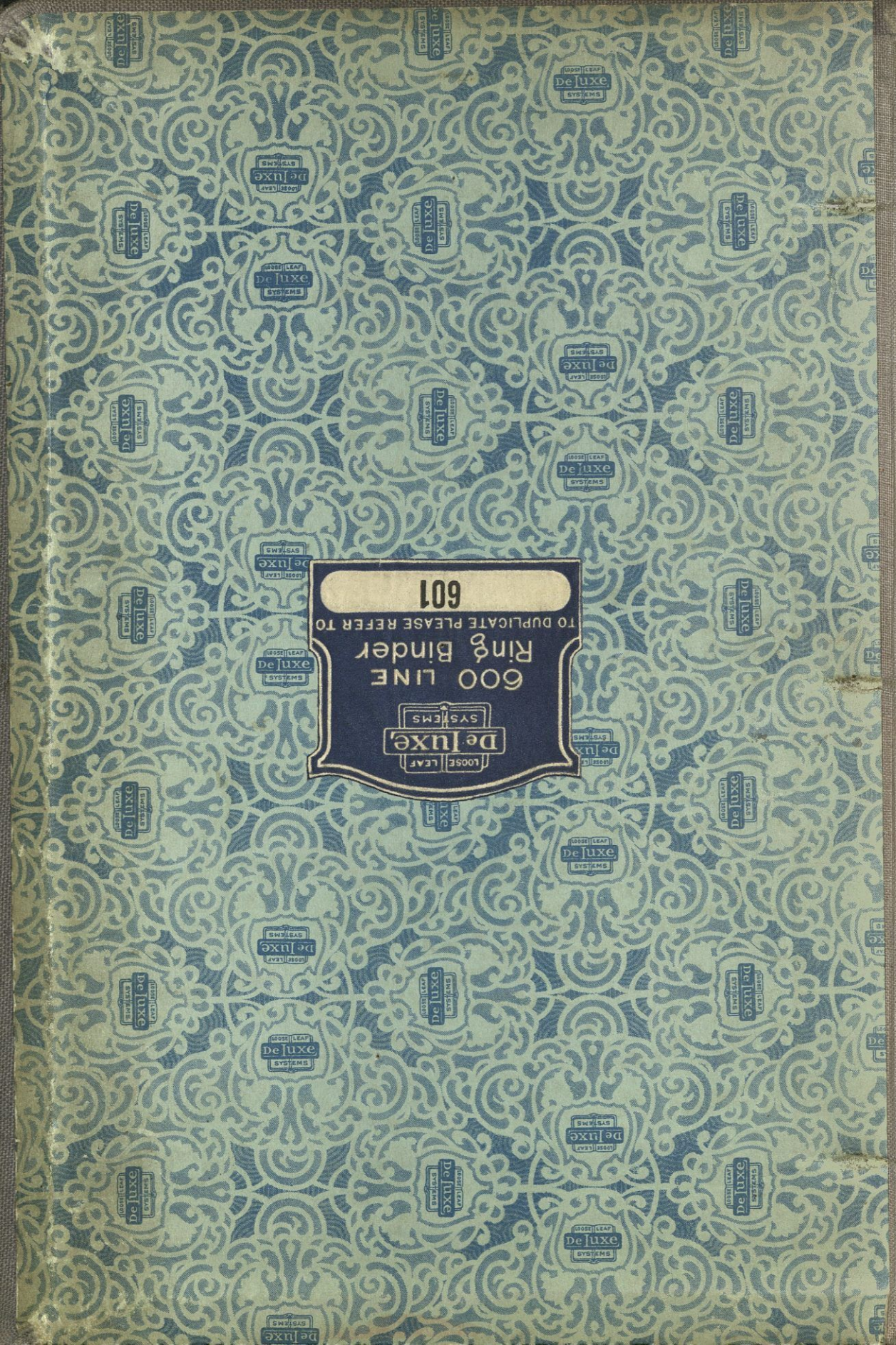
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Power



SC 284

601  
TO DUPLICATE PLEASE REFER TO  
600 LINE  
Ring Binder  
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LOOSE LEAF SYSTEMS



well known critic  
Maurice Samuel

1975

Temptation

March 20

The punishment

March 25. Tuesday

March 31 Monday

April 2 Wednesday

May 12. Monday

1976

February 7.

February 11.

February 28.

March 3. Tuesday.

88-43 74th Ave.

Glendale, Bk. 27, N.Y.

15-17.

TEMPTATION

Adapted from the Yiddish of I.L. PERETZ

By Joseph Buloff and Elbert A. Trommer

\* \* \*

To you who live in different times, under different skies -- to you, Jonah Wittels may be just a name. But years back, in our town, there was not a Jew who did not know that Jonah Wittels was the great cantor of the great synagogue, where the great rabbi himself worshipped.

Nowadays, anyone who can plunge from a high "C" to the lower register without injuring his vocal chords, considers himself a cantor. Not so in those days, for, mind you, when a cantor stood before the pulpit and pleaded with the Almighty, asking Him for this and for that, and not just for himself, but for the entire congregation, for the entire community, for all Israel -- well, a man like that had to amount to something; indeed, to something out of the ordinary. This was even

more so on the High Holidays -- Rosh-Hasha-  
 nah and Yom-Kippur -- when souls are a-flutter  
 with fear of the coming Judgment. For, where  
 will you find one who has not committed at  
 least a few sins during the year? A few sins  
 by one, a few by another and, before you know  
 it, the crowded synagogue is jammed with sins  
 to its very ~~ceiling~~<sup>rafters,</sup> <sup>it</sup> And, is up to the cantor to  
 present things to the Ruler of the World in  
 a better light. And, let me tell you, Jonah  
 Wittels knew how! When he sang or chanted  
 the prayers, every word, every note he uttered  
 was a glittering gem of beauty. And was he  
 pious, into the bargain! In his early thir-  
 ties, quite a young man <sup>but</sup> -- his ablutions and  
 the <sup>A</sup> fasts he kept, would have sufficed for the  
 salvation of a city full of Jews.

Besides, Jonah was a very good-looking  
 man. His slender figure appeared even more  
 graceful in his long caftan with the wide silk  
 belt girding his middle. The <sup>flat</sup> white collar  
 held his head as though it were resting on a  
 gleaming silver platter, and his pale fea-  
 tures were framed in a jet-black beard and  
 long, curly earlocks. And, then, his 2.

eyes . . . Why, whenever he passed by, people gazed at him, and from everyone's lips came the exclamation: "A saint, a real saint!"

The only one who kept his own counsel regarding the cantor was the rabbi. Only once did he pass a remark about him and what he said was: "I don't trust this type of man." No one understood what the rabbi meant, and yet, the great rabbi never uttered anything in vain. Whenever he -- (may his soul rest in Paradise) -- opened his mouth to speak, there was a profound meaning to his words. And, to be sure, before long, the congregation had an opportunity to convince itself of the <sup>ee</sup> deep wisdom of the rabbi's utterance.

Now listen to this

There resided in those days, on her estate nearby, a wealthy countess. The chase was her favorite sport, but if she happened to meet an attractive man on the hunting grounds, she would forget all about the other game, take <sup>the man</sup> him to her palace and make him, whether he would or not, sin with her. ~~As~~ As it turned out, it was the <sup>particular</sup> countess the rabbi had in mind when he spoke about Jonah Wittels.

~~X~~ as I said to you who live in different times under different skies all this may sound quite strange. But <sup>believe or not</sup> that's how Countesses behaved in those days and as it turned out

Now Jonah lived in Holopetic, a goodly forty miles from our town, Mezerich, ~~where his synagogue stood~~. Well, in order to get to Mezerich on time, he would leave his home about a week in advance. You see, there were no trains around there in those days and to get a horse and buggy was no easy matter, either. So, Wittels had to make it on foot, and that's the ~~reason~~ <sup>reason</sup> he would give himself a few days' <sup>ee ee</sup> leeway.

That year only four days remained to Rosh-Hashanah, and Wittels had not come yet. Three days more, two -- and no sign of the cantor. The congregation became alarmed. What could have happened to him? Did he take sick on the road? Was he devoured by wolves in the forest? Well, what was to be done? Finally, a few of the most <sup>prominent</sup> ~~active~~ members of the congregation called on the rabbi. They found him absorbed in a sacred book. In a minute, he raised his head, slid his eyeglasses up on his forehead and inquired:

"What can I do for you?"

"Jonah Wittels hasn't shown up," <sup>yet</sup> they informed him.

I assume I find myself among  
good Jews

~~X~~ Well, I presume I don't have  
to tell you what the Rabbi  
meant exactly by his long  
tirade of <sup>the</sup> so and so and  
so and so's

"He'll be here," said the rabbi.

"But when, Rabbi? Time is short."

"He'll be here."

"But, Rabbi, it's late!"

"It's better that he come late -- that's  
how it should be."

"But, Rabbi . . ."

"He'll come!" repeated the rabbi, raising  
his voice to its highest pitch.

*sure enough, at that very moment*

And, indeed, the door was suddenly flung  
open and Jonah Wittels appeared on the  
threshold <sup>D</sup> more dead than alive, yet with  
eyes sparkling, ~~and~~ he exclaimed:

"Rabbi, here I am! God worked a miracle,  
and I was saved! A miracle, Rabbi, a miracle!"

I hardly know how to put in words what  
happened next. The rabbi jumps out of his  
armchair, throws an angry look at the cantor  
and cries out:

"Adulterer!" You so and so and so  
and so ~~X~~

The parishioners are thunderstruck. Jo-  
nah Wittels collapses on the floor as if hit  
by lightning and mumbles, tears streaming  
from his eyes:



why "Rabbi, I'm not <sup>a sound word so</sup> adulterer . . . . "

But of what good is his denial after the great rabbi has spoken? The rabbi who knows everything by divine intuition, won't accuse one unjustly. But the others, ordinary human beings, want to know, are anxious to hear with their own ears what happened to the cantor.

"Tell them," orders the rabbi, "tell them everything!" And Jonah does. Well, I've never in my life heard anything like it.

"I left home, as usual, a week before the Holidays," he begins. "When I reached the woods, the sun was low in the sky, and I stopped to say my afternoon prayer. Suddenly, I <sup>See</sup> <sup>by</sup> saw a coach-and-six coming along the road. I knew at once it was the countess. She was looking out of the window and before I had time to hide behind a tree, she called out to me:

"Come here, you handsome man!"

"Of course, I paid no attention and made for the thicket <sup>of the woods</sup> as fast as my legs would carry me.

7  
But what do you think she did? <sup>ee</sup>  
She sent two of her footmen  
after me. Well... What do you  
think I did? I leaped into the  
bushes, and began to pray to the  
Almighty to rather have their  
horses trample me to death,  
than face temptation. For as  
I peeped through the foliage  
I saw that the <sup>ou</sup>countess is not  
just a <sup>simple</sup>woman, but a witch,  
a she-devil, a Lilith... Just  
imagine, a face of silver whiteness,  
eyes like sparkling diamonds,  
and a head like a flaming-red  
torch. I felt as though I had  
jumped into a burning bush,  
and I prayed to God to save me  
from her wiles.

But God left my prayer unanswered.  
Don't ask me why? He just didn't  
answer... When the countess saw  
that her footmen had failed  
to find me, she sicked her large  
white dog on me, and what do  
you think this darn dog did?

X at the feet of the  
Countess.

8A

carry me. She sent two of her footmen after  
me. I leaped into the bushes, <sup>and began to pray</sup> praying to the  
<sup>to die almost</sup> ~~greater~~ to rather have their horses trample  
me to death than face temptation. For <sup>as</sup> I <sup>prayed</sup> saw  
through the foliage <sup>I saw</sup> that the countess is ~~not just~~  
<sup>a woman</sup> ~~one beauty~~, <sup>just imagine</sup> indeed, with a face of silver  
whiteness, eyes like sparkling diamonds and  
a head like a flaming-red torch -- <sup>but</sup> a witch,  
a she-devil, a Lillith! I felt as though I  
had jumped into a burning bush, and I prayed  
to God to save me from her wiles.

<sup>god</sup> "But he left my prayer unanswered."

~~She~~ <sup>dog</sup> ~~sicked~~ <sup>on me</sup> ~~her large white hound,~~

he ran into the bushes and found me at once.

then The footmen came, tied my hands and threw me  
into the <sup>of</sup> ~~coach~~ <sup>X</sup> I struggled with all my might.

<sup>Now</sup> I felt I had enough strength in me to resist  
the dog and the footmen, but one look at the  
woman, and I began to tremble like a leaf. I  
was not afraid of death, but I feared sin,  
and to fight off temptation I needed the help  
of God. But <sup>god</sup> he did not come to my aid and <sup>I was</sup> left  
~~me~~ alone with the countess in her <sup>of</sup> ~~coach~~.

8A

X She spoke Oh no she

8B

left

to

"What was there for me to do but close my eyes so as not to see her face? My eyes were closed, but how could I stop my ears, with my hands tied? X She did not speak -- she sang like a sweet flute right over my ears. She sang of her palace and how she would take me there and put me to rest in a bed with silk linen and countless pillows of softest down, and <sup>then</sup> let the palace sail away on an endless sea of blue and gold . . . She began to untie my hands and no sooner had she touched me with her long, fragrant fingers, <sup>ea</sup> <sup>than</sup> I felt as though I were already sinking in the perfumed blue of the sea. And with my last breath, I kept imploring her:

"Countess, most noble Countess, what do you want with me?"

"I want to make you happy. You need but open your eyes." *she said*

"But, most noble Countess, don't you know I am a Jew? . And would you really desire to make a Jew happy?"

"As a Jew, you surely believe in Paradise -- let me take you there."

"Why do you wish to take me there

8B

before my time? And, besides, how can I enter Paradise and leave my wife and children behind?'

"'I'll bring you back to your family.'

"'But I am a Jew, and our holy commandments forbid us this sort of thing.'

"'In addition to being a Jew, you're also a man.' <sup>aren't you?</sup> *as strange as it may sound to you*

*Oh* "'Countess, I'm a Jew first. And, then, <sup>you</sup> why should you, who can choose from among counts and princes and barons -- why should you wish to take up with me, a plain, humble Jew?'

"She moved over closer and, scorching me <sup>S</sup> with her <sup>hot</sup> ~~warm~~, <sup>etc</sup> fragrant breath, whispered:

"'Because I am a woman first <sup>and only then a Countess</sup> . . . Open your eyes.' *please please she pleaded*

"'Meanwhile, from the rattle of the wheels on the cobblestones, I realized that we were <sup>out of the woods</sup> riding through the town. Now I could pull the door open and jump out. I knew she wouldn't dare try to detain me with people around. But, in order to jump out, I had to open my eyes, so as to be able to see the door,

~~X~~ yes that's the honest truth  
but that does not mean  
that I'm a 20 and 20,  
and so and so

~~then~~ And open them I did, and beheld once <sup>more</sup>  
more her face, and her eyes burned me with  
their fire. ~~But, please believe me, Rabbi,~~  
~~I'm no adulterer~~ -- I immediately jumped out  
of the <sup>by</sup> coach and all but broke my neck in  
doing so. What's more, I wouldn't have cared  
had the coach run over and killed me. But  
a great miracle came to pass -- the <sup>by</sup> coach  
turned the corner, and I was left lying on  
the pavement. <sup>yes! yes!</sup> A miracle, a great miracle!"

The parishioners are overjoyed. They  
silently praise God who saved their beloved  
cantor by dint of a miracle, but the rabbi's  
stern voice suddenly breaks the spell:

Johna!

"Forget the miracle, ~~Johna!~~" he says to  
the ~~cantor~~. <sup>you</sup> "Better tell us what happened  
later."

"What do you mean by 'later,' Rabbi?  
Why, nothing happened later. I returned home.  
I ran into my house, wild with excitement.  
No one was home, no one but my wife. She  
asked what was the matter with me, but how  
could I bring myself to tell her? I was <sup>dancing</sup>  
prancing, full of joy. She thought I

had gone mad. But a wife is a wife for all that and she joined me in my dance and we were <sup>Dancing</sup> singing together a song of praise to the Almighty for His miracle."

But <sup>here</sup> Here the rabbi breaks in again: <sup>tell us</sup> Johna "Never mind the miracle! What happened afterward?"

"Afterward?" Wittels repeats, fear lurking in his eyes. "Rabbi, holy Rabbi, I see there is nothing hidden from you . . . Well, being alone with my wife, was it wrong of me <sup>to embrace her</sup> to kiss her?"

"Nothing wrong, to be sure," the rabbi smiles, "but while you were kissing your wife, you closed your eyes, and it was the sweet flute you heard again, and the countless down pillows on the perfumed waves of a blue and golden sea that you conjured up.

Johna! You were in the flesh at your home, but in spirit -- in the <sup>of</sup> coach."

Poor Jonah all but faints away with fear and pain, and says pleadingly:

Oh "Rabbi, it's true, all too true, but

~~X~~ So you were a so and so  
even though for a  
brief moment

~~We depended upon you  
if you wanted it was happy  
it was hope it was smiles~~

12

it was only for a fleeting instant, for one  
brief moment."

And the rabbi smiles benignly: ~~X~~

"~~So~~," you sinned for an instant with your  
imagination, with your spirit. And what is  
spirit if not part and parcel of one's being,  
of one's soul? And with what does man sin if  
~~not~~ immortal with his soul? Not with his flesh, to  
be sure, not with his dust that to dust re-  
turneth."

Jonah kneels reverently, touches the  
rabbi's slipper with his lips and cries out  
in despair:

Oh "Rabbi, what shall I do? Is there no  
pennance, no <sup>oh</sup> <sup>oh</sup> salvation for me!?"

The rabbi helps him to his feet and  
says:

~~tonight~~  
"Tomorrow you are going to pray to God,  
before the Holy Ark, that He grant our commu-  
nity a happy and prosperous New Year. Until  
now you thought ~~that~~ you were pleading with  
God in behalf of ~~the poor and the destitute~~  
our community

12.



X  
You were standing way up there  
in the front of us - and we  
poor souls behind you  
trembling waiting to see  
what you can do for us.  
You made a perfect job. but a  
job it was after all - you  
knew how much you are  
getting paid - and for the  
money you got, you did  
the best you could -

Alright.

13

That'll be enough, my friend.  
We have some more important things to  
discuss. As for the  
controversial matters, matters  
between man and god I  
may not be of great help  
to you, nevertheless we  
must admit that whatever  
it may have happened, you  
certainly received some of  
the punishment in the couch  
couch already. But in  
the controversy between man  
and men, I mean between  
you and <sup>the</sup> people in the  
synagogue, who will, no doubt,  
claim that your traveling expenses  
should not be paid since  
you got a free ride by  
counters in couch and six.  
Don't worry. Leave it to me  
you'll get your regular pay.  
But <sup>including transportation</sup> one thing you must  
bear in mind.

turn back /

With one long thunderous shriek  
he pierced through the ceiling of the  
old Synagogue, wiped <sup>the clouds</sup> of the sky  
and don't ask, please don't ask  
I told you words fail me  
for years and year that  
year was remembered  
because

14

At tonight

~~worshippers at our synagogue.~~ Tomorrow,  
however, it will be different -- ~~tomorrow~~ <sup>tonight</sup>

you will pray to God to save your own sinful  
soul. And if the Almighty forgives you, you  
who are so handsome and gifted, then He will  
surely forgive those less fortunate, then your-  
self, who have neither your voice of golden  
beauty, nor your appearance, and who couldn't  
even hope to be tempted by a countess."

and given a free ride in a coach and six.

At my dear friends Shall I attempt to relate with what ar-  
dor Jonah Wittels prayed those High Holidays,  
that Rosh-Hashanah and Yom-Kippur? No, words  
fail me! ~~All I can and need say is that the~~

the New year that <sup>followed</sup> was a  
truly wonderful, peaceful,  
prosperous and happy  
New year, not ~~about~~ <sup>only</sup> for  
Holopetic and Mezritz but  
for all Jews, all Israel  
and for the entire world.

Yes, yes, for years and years  
~~that year was remembered~~

With one long thunderous shiver  
he pierced through the ceiling of the  
old Synagogue, wiped <sup>the clouds</sup> of the sky  
and don't ask, please don't ask  
I told you words fail me  
for years and year that  
year was remembered  
because

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and given a free ride in a coach and six  
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dor Jonah Wittels prayed those High Holidays,  
that Rosh-Hashanah and Yom-Kippur? No, words  
fail me! ~~All I can and need say is that the~~  
~~New Year that followed was a truly happy one~~  
~~not alone for Holopetik and Mezerich, but for~~  
~~Israel and entire~~ for the whole world! ~~and for all Israel!~~ END

for all Jews all

You surely heard of it - you heard  
you that's strange  
\*\*\*\*\*

he began like a sick child  
crying in his crib to his blind  
and deaf mother or father to his  
father who is far and far away  
and when no answer came  
a mighty bell began to ring in the  
darkness of night - sweet death in earth 13.

I understand that  
most of you would  
prefer to listen to me  
in yiddish. But I also  
know that there are quite  
a few people here tonight  
who do not understand  
yiddish - I will therefore  
divide my short program  
in two parts into English  
and yiddish -

and pray for us - and flung  
the doors of heaven <sup>open</sup> and flung  
the holy of holies

that the New Year that followed  
was a truly wonderful,  
peaceful, prosperous and  
happy year, not alone for  
fortiopic and Mezritsh but for  
→ all Jews, all Israel and for the  
entire world

A Scrap  
of  
Paper

88-43 74th Avenue  
Glendale, Bk.27,N.Y.

BEARDS

Adapted from the Yiddish of  
Joseph Buloff  
by Elbert Aidline-Trommer

\* \* \* \*

I must admit I'm ~~in a predicament.~~ *in a predicament.*

I have just been introduced to you as  
a Yiddish-English actor. The trouble  
with me, however, is this -- when I  
recite in Yiddish I doubt if you under-  
stand me; when I say my bit in English  
*you doubt whether I understand.*  
~~It is you who wonder if I know~~ what I am  
talking about.

This being the case, I must ~~adapt~~ *suit*  
my program to my audience. I've got to  
know who is listening to me in order to  
know what to say, and that's no easy  
matter.

Since the happy day <sup>on which</sup> ~~was~~ I was  
made an honorary citizen of "Oklahoma",  
they have usually been referring to me,  
almost like to a congressman, as  
"Mr. Buloff, the Gentleman from  
Oklahoma." But, alack and alas,  
<sup>you that, not</sup> ~~only~~ <sup>am I not from Oklahoma, but</sup>  
I must assure ~~you that actually~~  
~~am~~ not even <sup>from</sup> ~~a native of~~ New York.

You see, overseas where I come  
from, I had no trouble at all in  
sizing up my audiences. One look --  
and I knew I was among fellow-Jews,  
and not only that, I could even tell  
at once <sup>where they came from,</sup> ~~from what part of the country~~  
~~and from what town they hailed.~~ And  
do you know why? Because each and  
every Jew there had a face of his own,  
~~his own physiognomy,~~ so to say, and  
there was no mistaking them if you  
tried.

To begin with, every mother's  
son of them wore a beard -- a long  
beard, a short beard, a suggestion

of a beard, but a beard there was. And, then, naturally, the beards were of all different colors -- black beards, red beards, strawberry-blond and dirty-blond beards -- name your color beard, and there it was. Besides, those beards grew in every direction -- some like this and some like that . . . When I came, let us say, to Minsk, it was not necessary for me to try and find out where I was -- it was enough for me to catch a glimpse of the first best Jew I came across to know where I landed, because, you may as well know it, all the Jews in Minsk had their beards growing like this . . . In Pinsk, on the other hand, the beards *grew* ~~sprouted forth~~ like this . . .

One glance at my audience, and I knew whether I was in Minsk, Pinsk, or Dwinsk. But here, in America, how can I tell who's who, being that the Jews in this New World have shaven off their beards and look all the same, like so many billiard balls or *the inmates of a prison.*

~~as a bunch of convicts on a ship.~~

~~But~~ I don't know whether this is good or bad, but this much I do know -- it gives me *a lot* ~~no end~~ of trouble. And do you know why? Because I recall, when I was a *young boy* ~~little shaver~~, I once heard a preacher in our synagogue *speaking about beards.* And do you know what his sermon was that particular Saturday afternoon? ~~It was -- yes, you've guessed it -- it was on beards.~~

"If a Jew has a beard grow on his face," he said, "there's a reason for it. It grows because it must grow. ~~But~~, Does a beard ~~ever~~ grow on a horse's face?"



A beard on a Jew's face, is his passport," he said. "If you want to find out who this or that Jew is, you need not ask for his passport or any other identification -- just give a good look at his beard and you will know at once who he is. More than that, you will also find out what he had for breakfast today and for supper last night . . . But if you are interested in his character, one look at his beard will tell you all you want to know about him," and the preacher gave this example:

*but speaks in serious*

"If you lent your money to a fellow and you would ~~kind of~~ like to find out what will happen to it -- take a close look at his beard, And here is what is going to happen. If you lent your money to a fellow with a long, black beard, what is going to take place, is this. You come in to his house and say:

"Sholom Aleichem, Reb Berel, how about my money? I lent it to you on

condition that you repay me on the first of the month and it's already the twenty-sixth. Please let me have my money.'

"And Reb Berel answers ~~that~~ . . . .:

"'What money?'

"'The money that I lent you.'

"'Oh! . . . . When was that? When did you lend me money?'

"'Why, a month ago.'

"'Oh! And what date is today?'

"'The twenty-sixth.'

"'Oh! . . . . What money are you talking about?' and he scratches his beard.

"To make a long story short, all you'll ever get out of him for your money is a ~~chance to see him scratch~~ his beard.

"If, on the other hand, you lent your money to a Galician, with two little side-burns on his face, ~~emerging from each cheek~~, this is what happens:

"You come in and say:

"'Reb Itcheh-Mayer, how about my money? I'm no Rothchild, I'm a *myself* poor man, ~~too~~. I lent it to you to the first of the month, and today is the *thirty* ~~thirty~~-sixth. Please, give me back my money!'

"And do you know what the Galician says? He says:

"'Shush! Don't shout at me! If I get money, I'll give it to you; if I don't -- I won't!

"But," continued the preacher, "if you lent your money, God forbid, to a Litvak, with a *little* ~~bit of~~ goatee *on* ~~dangling from~~ his chin, then you're

out of luck altogether. Because,  
as soon as you enter his house and  
are about to open your mouth to ask  
for ~~the~~ <sup>YOUR</sup> money, he owes you, he strides  
over to the door, ~~meets you more than~~  
halfway and ~~forestalls~~ <sup>stops</sup> you by saying:

"Sorry, I have no money."

And yet, although I find myself  
among people without beards, I am  
certain that I am in the company of  
~~I am~~ <sup>I am</sup> good Jews, and ~~I~~ therefore  
going to...

\* # \* # \* # \* # \* # \*

out of luck, after that, because  
an actor as you enter his house and  
are about to open your mouth to ask  
for the money he owes you, he strides  
over to the door, unlocks your door, and  
rather than answering you by saying:

"Sorry, I have no money."

And yet, although I find myself  
among people without regard, I am  
certain that I am in the company of  
I am going to...  
...and I will therefore  
...going to...

The  
Autobiography  
of a  
Dime

40 West 67th St.  
New York, N.Y.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DIME

■ JOSEPH BULOFF

I may as well say at the very start that my autobiography is the <sup>sincerest, and</sup> most truthful ~~and~~ ~~ever~~ ever told. For, should I -- as some others do -- try to boast, to brag, to bulldoze, to claim that I am what I'm not, that I was born, let us say, in China or in Mexico; that I'm not a dime, but a quarter -- who'd believe me? Just imagine yourself carrying all your life the date of your birth on your forehead, your nationality on your nose and your value in your eyes. Picture yourself, I say, carrying your passport on your face. Could a fellow like that help telling the truth? But, as a passport never tells one's complete life-story, I feel that I have something to add to what you already know about me.

Yes, I know only too well that the race to which I belong enjoys a very poor reputation among you, people. Whenever there's treason,

murder, theft -- it is money that is blamed. In spite of all <sup>the</sup> good things -- pleasures, comforts, security we give the world -- the world couldn't think up a better name for us than filthy lucre. True, some of you people profess great love and admiration for us, but with all this love and admiration, I don't give a continental for the best of you. I know how much I can depend on your loyalty and, believe me, I pay you in the same coin. At the very first opportunity, I would run away from you as fast as I could. You'll pardon <sup>me</sup> for saying it, but I have a very low opinion of you, folks.

It was my disgust with you that made me run from hand to hand, from poor to rich, from pocket to purse -- here today, there tomorrow, an eternal wanderer, a bohemian without a home, without friends, with only ten cents between me and starvation. For even among my own kind, the silver dimes, I could not find much loyalty, friendship or attachment. It was just rubbing shoulders for a while -- Hello-hello, Good-by, good-by, and that was all.

I had no greater use for quarters or

half-dollars. Their condescending look upon the little dime made me always feel like saying to them -- Now, you big bullies you, mind your own business, and I'll attend to mine. As for the small fry -- the pennies -- I ignored them completely. For, these coppers are an ignorant <sup>Lot</sup> ~~mob~~ who raise a big racket as if they owned the world, and little do they seem to realize that you can't even use them to make a telephone call with. And the nickels -- why, they even think themselves more important than dimes. They forget that it takes two large, heavy nickels to make up one silver dime. Fools, disgusting fools!

But my pet hate was reserved for the paper bills, our so-called blue-bloods, our intelligentia, our educated snobs who are -- you'll excuse me -- full of print on both sides. *The lightest* ~~lightest~~ breeze blows them away, a little fire burns them to ashes. Wrinkled hearts and patched up lungs; always nervous, always shaking -- our self-styled aristocracy, but in reality a bunch of degenerates.

From all this you may think me a bad fellow

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which, I assure you, I am not. On the contrary, I'm as kind-hearted as they come. Take, for instance, the time when a little boy put me in his mouth. Anyone else in my place would have bitten his tongue off, but I pretended I was a lollypop and let him suck the life out of me -- just to humor the kid. So, even if I do say so myself, I'm a rather good-natured fellow. And it was this very good-nature of mine that got me into the greatest trouble of my life.

Blackout

It happened soon after I landed in an old bachelor's pocket. I disliked the bach from the very start. It did not take me long to find out that he was poor, mean and a big miser, into the bargain. I felt I was in his dark, gloomy pocket to stay. For days at a stretch he would keep his hand in his pocket, patting me, rubbing me and squeezing me. It annoyed me to death. It seemed the man never ate, never had a drink or bought anything. His only passion was poker. Not that he ever played himself -- he just stood around watching the game, kibitzing and, as usual, kept his hand in his pocket, squeezing the life out of me. I felt like a prisoner in jail. But it was in this prison, in the bachelor's

pocket, that fate brought me together with the greatest love of my life -- a key.

The key was not exactly what you might call a beauty -- she had an enormous head, a lean, bony body, a mouth the size of her face and teeth like a saw's. In fine, she was ~~■~~ homely as homely could be and, on top of it all, an old maid! She had spent her youth in the bachelor's dark pocket, with no hope of ever getting out, for the miser had lived in the same dollar-a-night room for years.

At first, I ignored her but, after a few nights in our forced seclusion, my bitterness melted away and, out of sheer boredom, I began to tell her about the carefree life I had led, about the many trips I had taken, about the hundreds of places I had been to, about my countless adventures. The poor soul got so excited that she suggested that we two elope at once. I agreed, and the key, with her great sharp teeth, began to bore a hole in the pocket.

It did not take long, and a small opening was made. I went through it first. I slipped down the bachelor's leg like a fireman down a

shaft and paused at his sock, waiting for the key to join me. But here something unforeseen, something ~~horrible~~ <sup>something awful</sup> terrible happened. As I looked up I saw the long, lank body of my beloved key dangling from the hole because her large head could not get through the narrow opening. I saw we were in a jam and ran for dear life. I slid ~~down~~ all the way down to the floor and landed under the leg of the table. From my hideout I could see the anger in the bachelor's eyes while he was looking for me and, failing to find me, he furiously grabbed my poor sweetheart and tied a chain around her neck like a leash to a dog's collar and, as a punishment, incarcerated her in the small, dark pocket of his vest. Tears welled up in my eyes as I watched the tragic fate that befell my beloved key, for, after all, it was I who was responsible for the fix she found herself in. It was I who with my unbridled bragging filled her heart with a wild unrest and desire for love and freedom. But what could I do? There was no ~~way~~ <sup>road</sup> back for me. And so, I closed my eyes and dozed off under the table.

Suddenly, I felt a soft touch on my shoulder. I looked out of the corner of my eye and, to my great surprize, saw a pair of burning eyes of a cat. For an instant, it looked as if I were a goner. I would be taken for a juicy (white little) mouse, torn to pieces and swallowed. I realized that my only salvation lay in playing dead. I shut my eyes and held my breath. For a moment the cat stared at me suspiciously, smelled me, made a wry face, sneezed and jumped away. She watched me from a distance, ran over to me again and began to tickle me with her paw. I almost fainted. I tried with all my might not to burst out laughing. She kept pawing me all over and, finally convinced that I was as dead as one could possibly be, she meowed in disgust and let me alone.

In the morning, when the bachelor got up, he got hold of a broom and began to sweep the floor. I gripped the straws of the broom and soon my head hit the leg of the table. He <sup>the</sup> heard the <sup>spit</sup> sound and <sup>he</sup> bent down <sup>slowly</sup> and picked me up. He patted me tenderly, wiped my soiled face and put me back in his pocket. And so, I found myself once more in the disgusting pocket -- this

bachelor

spit he bent down slowly

time alone, without hope and without my love. But great as was my misery, my beloved's plight troubled me even more and in my despair I resolved to leave nothing undone to set her free, may it cost what it will. There was only one way to accomplish it -- to make the bachelor move from his dollar-a-day room to a decent apartment and leave the key behind.

To make him do it I had to provide him with some cash, and luck was with me. That very evening, as the old bach was standing, as usual, watching a game of poker, with his hand in his pocket <sup>patting</sup> ~~finger~~ me, I gave him a gentle bite on the finger. Impulsively, he jerked his hand out of his pocket and threw me on the table. They handed him a card. On the table I met a number of old friends and whispered to them at once:

"Boys, I'm in trouble, you've got to help me!"

It didn't take a minute and I got a whole bunch of dimes and <sup>coins</sup> nickels into the bachelor's pocket. Now I wasn't alone any longer. Now my friends were helping me. Running to and fro

along the table while the cards were being dealt, they spread word everywhere that their friend was in trouble and that they all must rush to my aid. The campaign went on under the slogan, "Straight Flush, Boys, hop into the bachelor's pocket!"

Soon his pocket was full of noise and clangor. But as I looked the coins over, I realized that we needed a few bills to make it a sizeable amount. I quickly jumped over to the corner of the table where a pile of bills were lying, engaged in a philosophical discussion. I've already mentioned what I thought of these paper bills, but this time I decided to forego my pride and ask their assistance. I approached one of them that kept aloof from the rest and seemed less of a snob. His face was sort of pale and he shielded it as though afraid of being recognized. Somehow, it looked suspicious to me, but I couldn't stop to worry about it. I needed his help. So I winked to him:

"Say, Fellow, straight flush, come on!"

And I pulled him over into the bachelor's

pocket. I was ~~ready~~<sup>all set</sup> for another trip to the table, for one more grab, when a loud rapping on the door was heard. Someone shouted, "The cops!" A panic broke out and the moneys immediately disappeared from the table. From the bang we felt in the bachelor's pocket, we understood that he was thrown down to the floor by the police and right after that, a brutal, hairy hand pushed its way into the pocket and threw all my friends and myself on the table and began to examine each and every one of us. Suddenly, something strange happened. The cop pounced on the dollar bill and cried out:

"That's the guy!"

In my wildest dreams I could not have imagined that this pale-faced aristocrat would prove one of the greatest fakers -- a cheat, a scoundrel, an ordinary counterfeit bill! While the cop was <sup>man</sup> handling it, the bill whispered into his ear:

"Say, Officer, how about laying off me? I tried to fool you; so you take me and try to fool someone else. Don't tear me up, let me be!"

Meanwhile, another cop turned the bachelor's remaining pockets <sup>inside</sup> out and threw all his belongings on the table and, among the other things, I beheld my dear friend, the key, with the chain around its neck. My heart leaped for joy, but before I had a chance to embrace her, the same nasty, hairy <sup>cop's</sup> hand shoved all the bills, coins and other belongings, including the key and myself, ~~right~~ into a box and locked it tight. I realized that we were under arrest and kept consoling my beloved that, ~~should~~ should we be taken to court, the judge would set us free at once.

But we never got to court. <sup>the benefit of</sup> Without judge or jury, we were sentenced to death and the next day we were all thrown into a heap with all the bums and fakers -- the counterfeit coins. I never imagined that there could be so many swindlers, cheats and rascals among my fellow-coins. We were all thrown into a melting pot and cremated.

1 min.

It was only <sup>after</sup> this untimely end of ours that my soul merged with that of my beloved. And not alone our souls, but our remains,



too, are entwined in an eternal embrace.

In a Fifth Avenue show window stands a statuette cast of silver and nickel. If you ever pass by, stop and look at it, and you will see us re-incarnated in an undying memorial to the great love of a poor dime for an unfortunate key.

\*\*\*\*\*

6/17/45

Berel  
the  
Tailor

as I said

this story<sup>18</sup> by

D. H. Perebyz

and is brilliantly

translated by

Mi Lazarus

Fromer

*His  
own manner  
of behavior*

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BEREL THE TAILOR  
\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

Adapted from the Yiddish of  
JUDAH-LEIB PERETZ  
by Elbert A. Trommer

In "Berel the Tailor," Peretz, the great Jewish classic, delves into the very heart and soul of Chassidism. Rabbi Levi-Itzchok, one of the two principal characters of the story, is cherished by the Jewish masses the world over as a mediator between their God and themselves. In his dealings with his devotees, no matter how humble their station in life, he always injected that touch of truly human understanding which has endeared his memory to generations upon generations of Orthodox Jews.

\* \* \* \*

Yom-Kippur Eve at the synagogue. Night has fallen. The worshippers -- a mass of swaying white praying robes and shawls -- are agog with eager anticipation.

Levi-Itzchok, their rabbi, is facing the Holy Ark. He is to open the services with the Kol-Nidrei prayer. Everyone's eyes are fixed on his white-clad figure. Not a sound is heard from the women's section. Silence reigns, like

X It is always good to  
soften up the judge before  
the case is presented

unto the calm of the sea before a storm. They are waiting for the rabbi to begin. They watch him with bated breath. But he is standing, motionless and silent. Why?

■ This is the Day of Atonement, when the fate of every living being is decided and sealed for the coming year. Tonight, the Heavens are still open to receive last minute prayers. After Yom-Kippur, they will be closed for another twelve months. No prayer, no supplication will be of any avail then -- the Heavens will be closed. *locked, finished.*

And yet, no word from Levi-Itzhok. Perhaps -- <sup>ancient</sup> they hope -- he will preface the prayer with a plea of his own to God, to invoke His mercy before the final judgment is pronounced. X Or, are the Gates of Prayer still under lock and key? Doesn't their rabbi <sup>or</sup> wield sufficient power to demand that they be opened at once? What is he waiting for? What's happened? His head is slightly inclined to one side. Is he listening to something wafted from on high? Is it the unlocking of the Gates he is waiting to hear?

X

Who is Berel the tailor  
Which Berel the tailor  
What Berel the tailor

Suddenly, Levi-Itzchok turns to the congregation and calls out:

"Beadle!"

In an instant, the beadle appears before the rabbi.

"Is Berel the Tailor here tonight?" inquires Levi-Itzchok.

The worshippers are astounded. ~~X~~ They don't know what to make of it. The beadle is at a loss. Forlorn, he looks around *and*

"No, Rabbi," <sup>no,</sup> he finally stammers out, "he isn't here. *seems the only one who didn't come* ~~He's at home, I believe . . .~~"

Once more Levi-Itzchok addresses the beadle:

"Go to Berel's home and bring him here! Tell him that I, his rabbi, command him to come!"

*In the flicker of a eyelash*  
The beadle is off to do the rabbi's bidding.

Berel the Tailor lives in a narrow lane, <sup>crooked</sup> right near the synagogue. After a short wait, he enters the House of worship. He's in his everyday, shabby clothes, without praying robe or shawl, <sup>with</sup> anger and fear in his eyes. <sup>he</sup> Defiantly, he approaches Levi-Itzchok:

"You've sent for me, Rabbi, and I'm responding

X as I was standing here  
waiting till they open  
the heavenly gates a  
strange murmur hit  
the tip of my ear, but  
all I could make out  
was

strange murmur  
my ear - but all  
the tailor

X to come at the very gates  
of heaven

to your call! To your call!" he repeats. "If you  
hadn't sent for me, I wouldn't have come!"

Levi-Itzchok is all smiles:

"Now, now, please tell me, Berel dear, why is  
there such a great commotion about you in heaven? X  
~~They are talking of none but you on high just now.~~  
~~All one hears up there is 'Berel the Tailor' and~~  
~~'Berel the Tailor,' over and over again."~~

Ah Ah Ah - Berel bursts out with a triumphant laugh  
"Good for them!" exclaims Berel with triumph  
in his voice.

"Have you a grievance?"

"I'll say I have!"

"Against whom?"

"Against the Almighty Himself!"

heads - hands spring like trees in the woods  
The people are ready to tear the insolent fellow  
to pieces: "How do you like that?! The nerve of  
a tailor! X And in an hour like this, when souls are  
trembling, when human lives are in the balance!"  
But Levi-Itzchok calms them down, and an indulgent  
smile lights up his face:

"why not tell us what <sup>A</sup> it's all about, Berel?"

"Indeed, I shall!" challenges the tailor.  
"What's more, I'm only too willing to have you arbitrate between Him and me. Shall I state my grievance?"

"Go ahead!"

And Berel begins:

"Rabbi, I'm a tailor -- here's my needle. You're welcome to it! Not a stitch of work did I have all ~~summer~~<sup>YEAR</sup> -- neither from Jew nor Gentile. What was there left for me to do but to lie down and wait for the Angel of Death to come for me?"

"No, no!" Levi-Itzchok is shocked. "We, of the seed of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, are charitable men and sons of charitable men. Why didn't you try to borrow?"

"Oh, no, Rabbi! I never complain to anyone, I want no alms, and I hate borrowing. ~~X~~ I'm entitled to the same share of God's bounty as the next fellow. ~~X~~ <sup>Oh no I wouldn't move</sup> And so, I stay~~at~~<sup>is</sup> home, waiting to see what He of the Holy Name ~~is~~ going to do about it. And, sure enough, as I'm sitting and brooding, a few days before Passover, wondering where I'm going

X why should I borrow from my neighbor, why shouldn't my neighbor borrow from me



X Strange isn't it? after  
all it is his holy day.  
It is according to his  
Command that I should  
eat matzos on Passover  
and say a prayer over  
wine on that holy day,  
but as I said, sure  
enough, there is a  
knock on my door  
I open the door  
and who do you think  
it was? a messenger  
from the governor

to get matzohs <sup>for Passover</sup> and wine for the holiday, ~~there's~~  
~~a knock on my door~~. I'm summoned to none other  
than the governor himself -- to line a coat with  
fur. <sup>well-well</sup> A miracle has been wrought! Now I see I'm  
all wrong. Now I see the Almighty won't let me  
<sup>now I see that He is a father to His children after all</sup>  
down! And so, I hurry to the governor's palace.  
I come there. They place me in a special room  
and hand me a beautiful, expensive coat and a  <sup>bunch</sup> few  
sable skins. You should have seen those skins,  
Rabbi! The finest sable skins I've ever laid my  
eyes on!"

"Of course," <sup>tries to cut him short</sup> ~~remains~~ Levi-Itzchok, "you made  
a perfect job of it. And what happened next?"  
<sup>after having lined the coat</sup>  
"Nothing much, except that three skins were  
left over."

"And you took them home with you?"

"Easier said than done, Rabbi! There's a sentry  
posted outside the palace. If his suspicion is  
aroused, he searches one. And, had he found the  
skins on me, God help me! The governor has a po-  
lice dog twice the size of me. Besides, what could  
have stopped him from having me flogged, into the  
bargain?"

"So what did you do?"

"Leave it to Berel the Tailor! ~~to~~, I go to the kitchen. I say, I'm hungry and I ask for a loaf of bread. <sup>starved-weary</sup> The kitchen shelves are stacked with all kinds of bread -- and with what not? Sure enough, they give me a loaf -- as big as they come! I return to the workroom with it. I slit the loaf open and scoop out the soft part. I knead it between my palms until it's <sup>sweet</sup> wet with perspiration, and throw it to the dog that's sprawling near the door, watching me. <sup>you know</sup> Dogs like the odor of man's sweat. So, I first bribe the dog. Then I stuff the three skins into the hollowed out loaf, and leave. Outside, I hear the sentry:

"Hey, there, Jew, what are you carrying under your arm?"

"Oh, just a loaf of bread," and I show it to him.

"I walk away unhurriedly, but after rounding the corner, I put on speed. I keep off the highway. I betake myself through bypaths, and <sup>u</sup> fields, and <sup>as I walk</sup> meadows. And I <sup>jump</sup> don't walk -- I dance! Now I'll have matzo<sup>s</sup> and wine for Passover! <sup>the kolyda</sup> And no charity <sup>g</sup>

-- all my own! Good little sable skins! Suddenly,  
the ground begins to quake under my feet . . . I  
turn around and see at a distance a man on horseback  
following me. I'm being pursued. They must have  
counted the skins . . . To run would be foolish . . .  
Run from whom? From the governor's orderly, astride  
a fast horse? What am I to do? I'm lost for good!  
So, I take the loaf and hide it under one of the  
bushes and put <sup>a stone as</sup> a marker on the spot. A good marker!  
*whatever happens I shouldn't forget the spot.*  
And then I hear him calling me:

"Berko! Hey, Berko!"

"I <sup>e</sup>tr<sup>e</sup>mble all over. My soul has all but fled my  
body. But leave it to Berel the Tailor -- I turn  
around to meet him, with the face of an innocent  
child.

"Yes, Sir, what is it?" I ask.

"Miracle of miracles! <sup>xa-xa-</sup> It turns out my fears  
have been in vain. I forgot to sew a hanger on  
the coat, so they've sent the orderly after me.  
That's all. He pulls me up on the saddle with  
him, and we ride back to the palace. As we ride,  
I keep praising His Blessed Name. My heart is

chanting Hallelujah. I'm back in the palace. I  
sew on the hanger, and start for home once more.  
I come back to the spot. The marker is where I  
put it, the bush is where it was, but the loaf is  
gone! ~~I look for it high and low, but can't find~~  
~~it.~~ It's long after harvest time -- not a soul  
would stray there now; no bird could possibly  
carry away such a heavy load . . . Well, then --  
I know who did it . . . "

"Who?" asks Levi-Itzchok.

"He!" cries out Berel, pointing upward. "He,  
the Almighty. It's His handiwork! Yes, Rabbi, and  
I know why, too . . . He, the All-Powerful Ruler  
of the Universe, does not want me, Berel the Tailor,  
the humblest of His servants, to get away with a  
a few sable skins . . . It seems, it doesn't fit  
in with His plans."

"Of course," Levi-Itzchok remarks gently, "you  
know what the Law says . . . "

"Law -- nothing!" interrupts Berel. "He knows  
only too well that many a custom is mightier than  
the Law. It wasn't I who originated this

no more than a speck  
of dust can heed.

custom among us, tailors. My father, also a tailor always took the remnants home with him, and his father before him . . . <sup>and then again</sup> But, if the Great, Exalted Master of the Heavens and of the Earth does not wish me, Berel the Tailor, His humble and faithful servant, whose prayers to Him were more frequent than his meals, to bring home a few sable skins -- well, let Him help me make a living! Let Him, like the governor, give me work! What does He expect me to do? Very well, since I'm no more than a speck of dust to Him, I shall not heed Him, either! We'll part company for good! And I vow not to serve Him any longer!"

A threatening murmur rises among the congregation, a murmur that grows into a lion's roar. They are about to lay hands on the blaspheming tailor, but Levi-Itzchok holds them back. They quiet down, and Levi-Itzchok asks with caressing friendliness in his voice:

"And after the vow -- what?"

"After the vow? Nothing. I eat my meals without washing my hands first. ~~My wife is won-~~

My wife is wondering

dering what it's all about, but I waive her aside. It's not a woman's place to butt in when her husband is having an argument with God. ~~X~~ I say no prayers. True, my lips move from force of habit, but I bite ~~them~~ <sup>them</sup> till they bleed. Mornings, I don't say my benedictions, don't wash, don't pray, don't put on the praying shawl and philacteries. My wife leaves me and goes back to her folks. Well, I get along without her. ~~Let her better~~ <sup>Passover</sup> ~~keep out of it all.~~ No matzohs and no ~~wine~~ <sup>wine</sup> for

me. I do take a drink every now and then, but without any benediction -- anything to spite Him!

"The High Holidays come. The beadle summons the Jews to the synagogue. My heart <sup>u</sup> beats fast . . . Something irresistible draws me to the House of Worship . . . But leave it to Berel the Tailor . . . I'm as good as my word! I lie down in bed, bury my head under a blanket, and hold out. When I hear the ram's horn blown, I stuff my ears with <sup>an</sup> wads of cotton . . . My heart bleeds within me . . . I'm miserable, Rabbi . . . I despise myself! I walk around unwashed, unclean. I have a bit of a mirror in the house -- so I turn it around. I hate

Just because I am  
created in the  
image of God

to see myself in it. And now, on Yom-Kippur Eve,  
I hear the footsteps of the people passing my  
house on the way to the synagogue to unburden their  
sorrow-laden hearts. And I say to myself, 'No,  
I've been doing this for the last fifty years.  
I've wasted fifty years of my life! No, never  
again!'"

He pauses, and resumes with a start:

"And now, Rabbi, you're telling me there's a  
commotion in Heaven about me and that they want  
me back!"

"To be sure, my son, to be sure," says Levi-  
-Itzhok, and is lost in thought. After a while,  
he asks:

"And what are your conditions?"

"Only one, Rabbi."

"And what is it? Help in making a living?"

Berel is offended:

"Nonsense! He should have thought of it before!  
Besides, everyone is entitled to making a living  
-- the bird on the wing, the worm ~~digging~~ <sup>burrowing</sup> under-  
ground, the fish in water, and Man above all!

Making a living means having our daily bread. Did He ask me whether I wanted to be created? Well, once He did create me, He owes me a living -- that goes without saying! No, now Berel the Tailor demands much more than a mere living for himself!"

"What is your demand, Berel?"

Berel straightens out his bent back and proclaims for all to hear:

"Rabbi, today is Yom-Kippur, the Day of Judgment and Forgiveness. It is today that He decides who is to live and who is to die -- who by fire and who by water, who from hunger and who from thirst and who's to be torn by savage beasts. And yet, why should He on this day forgive some and condemn others? ~~Well, then, I'd like to ask Him this~~ -- we're all His creatures, all His servants. If He hasn't enough worldly goods to go around for every one, what does He want with us? ~~why does He look for excuses? Does it behoove Him to act like that?~~ Who, pray, of all these poverty stricken, broken souls here tonight, in this synagogue, who, pray,



condemned and punished by hunger  
by fire or savage beasts

is to blame for his own troubles and sufferings?  
So, if He really wants me back in the fold, here's  
my demand to Him:

"God Almighty, before we start on our last  
prayer this Yom-Kippur, <sup>he must</sup> close <sup>his</sup> ~~your~~ books for the  
year and sentence none of us, not a single man here  
not one soul in Israel, to the ~~eruel~~ fate of Your  
decrees. Forgive not my sins alone, but everyone's  
Am I right, Rabbi?"

"You are, my son, you are!" solemnly exclaims  
Levi-Itzchok. "Don't yield, stay right here with  
me. For over sixty years I've been standing before  
the Holy Ark, pleading to Him for mercy. I've grown  
grown old and weary in my endeavors, <sup>and</sup> but I could  
not think of anything new to say to Him <sup>tonight</sup> . . . And  
now, that you've come to me <sup>with your simple words,</sup> ~~with words emanating~~  
~~from your heart,~~ I feel imbued with new strength,  
with new powers, and I join you in saying to Him  
on high:

"O God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, close  
Your Book of Judgment <sup>for</sup> this year. We are now about  
to recite the Kol-Nidrei prayer, not in expectation

You You've won Berel, We've won  
good for them! So now

of mercy, but of justice. And You must comply  
with our demand! Will you?"

Levi-Itzchok raises his head, gazes heavenward,  
seems to be listening to Someone. Finally, he  
turns to Berel and announces with a benign smile:

"You've won, Berel! Go home and come back here  
at once with your praying robe and shawl!" Its late  
we got to start, and there is  
nothing to worry <sup>about</sup> for we won the  
case before we started.

\*\*\*\*\*

~~Berel we got it.~~

~~you've won. The book  
is closed. So lets start  
right the way,~~

~~"וְאָמַרְתָּ מִן הַבַּיִת"~~

~~What a song it was what  
a prayer, all I can say is  
that I am sorry you weren't <sup>there</sup> 15.~~

of mercy, not of justice. And yet must comply  
with our demands! Will you?  
Levi-Jacob raises his hand, gaze heavenward,  
seems to be listening to someone. Finally, he  
turns to Bavel and announces with a decisive voice:  
"You've won, Bavel! Go home and come back here  
at once with your praying robe and shawl!"

Temptation

presumably

Tempest  
in a  
Soup Pot

88-43 - 74th Ave.,  
Glendale, L.I., Bk. 27, N.Y.

TEMPEST IN A SOUP POT

A FANTASY

Adapted from the Yiddish of A. LUTZKY

by JOSEPH BULOFF and ELBERT A. TROMMER

*Pause*  
Water in the pot. Suddenly, it feels a fire  
underneath, a caressing breeze -- bubbling, huddling,  
gurgling, purling. A murmur -- "Fire underneath."

Warmth and comfort. Life is so sweet. It's good  
to be alive.

*Slow* Bubble - hubble,

Hubble - hubble.

And now that life is so sweet, each drop in the pot  
wants all the warmth, all the comforts of life for itself.  
But there are so many drops -- and so, they argue, they clash,  
and they fight --

Bubble - bubble,

Fray and trouble.

*New* The thick of the fight is on the bottom --

There the swelling wavelets race

Up and down, from place to place --

Bubble - bubble,

Fray and trouble.

88-48 - 74th Ave.  
Glendale, L.I.C., N.Y.

THE POT

A FANTASY

Adapted from the Yiddish of A. LUKY  
by JOSEPH BURKE and NISBET A. FROMAN

Water in the pot. Suddenly, it feels a fire  
underneath, a ceaseless pressure -- bubbling, boiling,  
gurgling, gurgling. A murmur -- "Five underneath."  
Warmth and comfort. Life is so sweet. It's good  
to be alive.

Bubble - bubble

Bubble - bubble

And now that life is so sweet, each drop in the pot  
wants all the warmth, all the comforts of life for itself.  
But there are so many drops -- and so they argue, they clash,  
and they fight --

Bubble - bubble

They and trouble

The thick of the light is on the bottom --

There the swelling wavelets race

Up and down, from place to place --

Bubble - bubble

They and trouble

Panic has broken out among the beans in the pot.  
Bewildered, they run for their lives, but there is no heat-  
proof shelter in the pot.

A frantic bean, its shirt in tatters, leaps upward,  
trying to jump out of the pot, but a wave stops it dead in  
its tracks with a blow square on the chin --

With a blow:

"Down you go!

You bubble - hubble,

Double - double crosser!"

*Pause*

A tricky bean plays possum, pretends to be dead,  
sinks to the bottom and starts digging!

"Gee, if I could only burrow a little hole for  
myself to get out of here! My own skin comes first; to hell  
with the rest!"

A pot-bellied lima bean, hiding behind two others,  
urges them on:

"Go ahead, go ahead! What are you afraid of?"

But a wavelet smacks him right on the paunch:

"Flop - plop,

Shut up!

"Who do you think you are?! No favorites now! You  
beans were all born equal and must take pot-luck equally!"

Dribbling - dribbling,

*call*

Stop your quibbling.

...the beans in the pot...  
...they run for their lives, but there is no help...

They Rubbed me

...Kinned, me Washed

...Seven times

With a blow;

"Down you go!

You bubble - bubble,

Double - double crossover!"

A tricky bean plays possum, pretends to be dead,

stinks to the bottom and starts digging;

"Gee, if I could only burrow a little hole for

myself to get out of here! My own skin comes first, to hell

with the rest!"

A pot-bellied lima bean, hiding behind two others,

urges them on:

"Go ahead, go ahead! What are you afraid of?"

But a wavelet makes him right on the launch:

"Pop - pop,

Spit up!

"Who do you think you are? No favorite now! You

beans were all born equal and must take pot-luck equally!"

Dribbling - dribbling,

Stop your dribbling.

An old, wrinkled potato, with boils and pimples,  
and warts, runs around in circles and squeaks!

"Stop fighting, stop knocking me down -- I  
demand respect for my age! Ouch, get off my corns!"

A group of pious beans <sup>is</sup> ~~are~~ praying in a corner.  
Somewhere, inside the pot, around the pot, over the pot --

somewhere, <sup>he</sup> they feel, there must be a God... *Let's pray.*

A colored bean is swaying and chanting:

"Break your necks, you-all, for all I care! *you white trash!* I - I

is gwine to Heab'n anyway, I is. De preacher, he say, dere's  
peace eberlastin' and eb'ry day a holiday in Heab'n. Yes, Sir!  
Hallelujah!"

A blue-blooded bean, in evening gown and pumps, is  
wobbly on her feet. She is back from a party, is still in her  
cups and mumbles coquettishly:

"You c-can't do-do th-this to me! I d-don't w-want to  
d-drink any more ... I'm g-getting d-drowned! I'll c-call  
the ~~police!~~"

Two beans **got** the jumping fever. They keep  
colliding with each other, and scream:

*She* "Let me **alone!** Let me go! I don't know you and  
you don't know me?" And clash again.

*Pluse* A bean is gone nuts --

It is dancing, prancing in the pot,  
Up and down, from spot to spot.



A slim, emaciated bean, a pessimist by nature, weary of life, is hitting its head against the pot, to hasten the end. Bang, bang! It regrets having lived even until now.

A Jewish bean, has lost his pants for fright. He's running and crying:

"It's a racial frame-up! Why blame me? I'm not I! It's he who says that you are me and I am he. Let me be!"

A teeny - weeny soy bean, whose father and mother have already perished, is running to and fro, calling "Ma, Ma!" But who is there to heed the plaint of a child, while the world is about to crash? And so, the poor little helpless orphan goes on whining until it bursts into pieces.

A kidney bean has lost its head:

"To hell with my head! I can do without it. All I want is to live -- [head or no head]. I want to live!"

A spinster bean is trying to escape the insolent waves that keep lifting her skirt and lashing her from behind. Red in the face, she screams hysterically:

"Stop it, stop it, or I'll tell my father!"

An onion approaches a bean and asks:

"Sir, will you kindly tell me what's going on here?"

[But the bean turns up its nose and cuts the onion dead.]

"Serve you right!" says the onion. "My smell is still too much for you, you silly snobs, you! Serve you right!"

A Boston bean -- a tramp, a hobo -- takes it easy:

An old, wrinkled potato, with bolts and pinches, and warts runs around in circles and squeaks:

"Stop fighting, stop knocking me down -- I

demanded respect for my age! Quit, get off my corns!"

A group of pious beans are praying in a corner. Somewhere, inside the pot, around the pot, over the pot --

...somewhere, they feel, there must be a God...

A colored bean is weeping and chanting:

"Treat your necks, you-all, for all I care! I -- I -- I --

is wine to lead'n away, I is. De preacher, he say, dere's peace eberlastin' and ebery day a holiday in Hebb'n. Yea, s'ist!

He'll be there!"

A blue-blooded bean, in evening gown and pumps, is wobbling on her feet. She is back from a party, is still in her

coquetry and wamples coquetry:

"You can't do do this to me! I don't want to

drink any more ... I'm getting d-drowned! I'll call

the police!"

Two beans get the jumping lever. They keep

colliding with each other, and scream:

"Let me alone! Let me go! I don't know you and

you don't know me!" And clash again.

A bean is gone into --

It is dancing, prancing in the pot,

Up and down, from spot to spot.

"What, the hell?" he sneers. "What is it all about?  
 Don't they know that the world is a transcendental rocking  
 chair? Complete inactivity -- that's the essence of life!  
 Bestride the crest of a billow and relax. Swing up, swing  
 down -- like a rocking chair.

"Keep calm, keep quiet  
 -- let the others make all the noise."

A twining, twisting celery stalk, a crafty politician  
 seizes the opportunity:

"Fellow-beans, friends and citizens! Get together, move  
 closer -- follow me. I'll climb up on your shoulders to  
 find a way out of here... Ouch, it's worse there than down  
 here! So let's stay where we are!"

But a red carrot appears from behind, kicks him in the  
 pants and shouts:

"Comrades, don't listen to a demagogue! He's a mouth-  
 piece of the interests, a stooge of the rich! Down with  
 everything!"

A scrap of horse-radish is standing alone in a corner,  
 wailing and protesting to Heaven:

"Please, please, let me out of here! I'm a stranger,  
 I don't belong here at all. You made a mistake -- you threw  
 me in by accident. Let me out -- I don't belong here!"

A cloud, a stream  
Of sizzling steam  
Comes from the pot,  
So hot, so hot.

*Soup*

Up and down  
Wavelets fly,  
Bubbles bursting  
Low and high,  
Sizzling,  
Flashing,  
Fizzling,  
Splashing --

"I'm squirting  
I'm spurting,  
I can't any more --  
I'm bursting,  
Oh - S, Oh - O, Oh - U, Oh - P  
Oh - SOUP!"

*Oh god, Oh life  
Oh god damn Soup.*

"What the hell?" he sneers. "What is it all about?  
Don't they know that the world is a transcendental rocking  
chair? Complete inactivity -- that's the essence of life!  
Beside the crest of a pillow and relax. Swing up, swing  
down -- like a rocking chair.  
"Keep calm, keep quiet  
-- let the others make all the noise."  
A twining, twisting celery stalk, a crafty politician  
seizes the opportunity:  
"Fellow-beans, friends and citizens! Get together, move  
closer -- follow me. I'll climb up on your shoulders to  
find a way out of here... Oh, it's worse there than down  
here! So let's stay where we are!"  
But a red carrot appears from behind, kicks him in the  
pants and shouts:  
"Comrades, don't listen to a demagogue! He's a mouth-  
piece of the interests, a stooge of the riot! Down with  
everything!"  
A scrap of horse-radish is standing alone in a corner,  
writing and protesting to Heaven:  
"Please, please, let me out of here! I'm a stranger,  
I don't belong here at all. I've made a mistake -- you throw  
me in by accident. Let me out -- I don't belong here!"

A cloud, a stream  
Of sizzling steam  
Comes from the pot,  
So hot, so hot.

Up and down  
Wavelsa fly,  
Bubbles bursting  
Low and high,

Sizzling,  
Fizzling,  
Fizzling,

Splashing --  
Splashing --

"I'm splashing"  
I'm splashing,  
I can't say more --  
I'm bursting,  
I'm bursting,

Oh - s, Oh - o, Oh - u, Oh - p  
Oh - soup!



A SCRAP OF PAPER  
WANTS TO  
COMMIT SUICIDE.

Adapted from the Yiddish of A.LUTZKY  
By JOSEPH BULOFF and ELBERT A.TROMMER

\* \* \*

Early dawn. A scrap of paper flutters  
along a wall. It flutters, drops to the  
ground, gets up, pauses, tumbles over from  
the sidewalk to the pavement; slides along, stands up again  
and is back at the wall, ambling and aim-  
lessly groping.

Is it sick? Is it starved? Or is it  
just a plain drunken sot?

Who knows and, what's more, who cares?  
It is just a scrap of paper alone in the de-  
serted street.

It follows the wind --

This way or . . . that way --

What difference does it make?

Finally, it strikes a lamp-post and, trembling all over, bursts out crying --

Oh, how deep have I sunk!

Oh, how low have I fallen!

Last night, in the rain,

I saw my image in the gutter.

Woe to my face -- what I look like!

Wrinkled and dirty; my <sup>cloths</sup> trousers in tatters. *and soaked in mud*

O Lord, why have You done this to me?!

It trembles once more and bursts into hysterical weeping --

Oh, life is like a dream, like a dream...

It is as if it were but yesterday. She *that beautiful lady* took me out of my cozy, perfumed drawer where I lay, happy and contented, in my silk wrapper. She stretched me out on the shiny surface of her dainty desk. Putting her <sup>on</sup> tapering, fragrant fingers on my delicate, glossy skin and looking me straight in the eye, she entrusted me with her innermost, holiest secret.

*Cellophane Wrappers with  
pink or green ribbon tied  
around me*

she pieced together her broken heart and poured out her Consuming love... not for me but for that dear, sweet, handsome and beloved scoundrel.

Oh, how deep have I sunk!  
Oh, how low have I fallen!

\* To pierce her lovers heart and draw pity from it like Moses drew water from ~~striking~~ <sup>the</sup> rock in the desert

Why dont you use a club, <sup>or a stick</sup> or an iron bar to <sup>knock</sup> some sense into <sup>my</sup> head.

Oh, life is like a dream, like a dream... She...  
In my lap her <sup>aching</sup> <sup>hoping</sup> heart under which <sup>dreaming</sup> <sup>the</sup> beat of a new life...  
she felt <sup>how</sup> <sup>could</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>refuse</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>live</sup> <sup>gentle</sup> <sup>when</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>tears</sup> <sup>live</sup> <sup>gentle</sup> <sup>help</sup> <sup>dropped</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>head</sup> <sup>voice</sup> <sup>smudged</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>face</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>voice</sup> <sup>pleaded</sup> <sup>softly</sup> <sup>save</sup> <sup>me</sup> <sup>save</sup> <sup>me</sup> <sup>or</sup> <sup>else</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>shall</sup> <sup>die</sup> <sup>by</sup> <sup>your</sup>

Stroking and caressing me with her golden pen, she poured out her heart's desire on my rosy flesh and vowed her love -- not for me, but for him . . . <sup>by</sup> Scoundrel

And I -- not a word did I say.

For, when I looked up and ~~glanced~~ <sup>glanced</sup> into her eyes, I saw in them tears glittering like diamonds, reflecting all the hues of the rainbow.

My tongue became tied with the wonder of it all, and I kept silent.

But deep down in my heart I understood and knew what she expected me to do for her.

I knew she was sending me to work a miracle -- like striking a rock in the wilderness <sup>\*</sup> with a magic wand, to make a spray of healing water gush forth. <sup>X</sup>

I looked up to her, wondering -- Why have you chosen me for this errand?

I am too delicate, too puny, too indolent for the task.

But how could I have said No to her, to her who placed <sup>X</sup> her heart in my keeping?

this way and that

way. . . not for me, but for him --

hearing such talk what else  
could I do but to keep my  
mouth shut and let her  
do with me what she wanted  
like quietly on the table

a little square green flower  
on the upper right hand  
corner of my shirt

and padding me <sup>aroundly</sup> ~~and padding~~ on  
the my ~~back~~ <sup>to encourage</sup> ~~to~~  
me on my errand - she  
sent off <sup>like</sup>

and lay on the floor  
a ribbon

Well Finally - after she wiped the tears  
from her eyes

She enveloped me in a spick-and-span,  
beautifully starched shirt, attached a rect-  
angular flower to my breast, kissed me on  
the head with her moist lips <sup>from side to side</sup> and sent me  
off on my mission.

On my way, I met thousands of fellow-  
~~papers~~ <sup>MESSENGERS</sup> They each had a thrilling story  
to tell, but I made no friends with them,  
and would not talk to anyone. For, I knew  
I was bearing a <sup>wonderful</sup> secret within me,  
a secret known only to her and to him and  
to God in heaven.

So, when I arrived, I quietly crawled  
in through a crack under the door of his  
<sup>room</sup> home and waited for him to pick me up ten-  
derly, embrace me joyfully and kiss me with  
ecstasy. But no -- something else happened,  
instead. Something I <sup>which took my breath away</sup> can't make out as yet.

He grabbed me roughly, and with one  
stroke tore off my perfumed shirt and, gla-  
ring with a mocking, vicious smile at my  
naked body, he nervously lit a cigarette  
and began to blow the smoke right into my



He bent over, grabbed me  
 roughly thrust a course  
 finger under my collar and  
 with one stroke ripped off  
 my perfumed shirt

*clung to his fingers and*

face. I <sup>peered</sup> gazed into his eyes and stealthily  
 rustled the words of love she had inscribed  
<sup>up</sup> on me. I waited, as she had instructed me,  
 for his heart to begin beating faster and  
 for drops of silver dew to glisten in his  
 eyes. But -- I waited in vain . . .

Suddenly, he was seized with <sup>by a</sup> wild rage.

He began to crumple, crush and tear me.

I tried to cry out, but my voice ~~would~~  
~~failed~~ me, and I fainted away.

When I came to, I found myself lying  
 in a dark hole, with all kinds of garbage  
 and refuse around me.

My clothes were torn,  
 My bones -- shattered,  
 My heart -- a wreck.

O God, I prayed, take me out of here!  
 Don't let me be buried alive! I want to  
 live, to live!

And just then a breeze, flying by,  
 overheard my prayer. With one breath, it  
 lifted me out of the hole and carried me  
 away. And it has been carrying me ever since,  
 night and day.

I gazed into his eyes and ecstatically  
tried the words of love she had inscribed  
on me. I waited, as she had instructed me,

But his little friend the  
Wind catches up with him  
and tries to hold him back

out of my way - the paper screams  
Don't be a fool however the wind  
the lack in a bitter fight -

They warble The wind is on  
top of the paper - The paper  
is on top of the wind.

The wind knocks him down  
with a straight blow - and  
the paper flaps, <sup>down</sup> summerly  
and kicks the wind in the  
death belly - a break away

Wonderful death breathlessly  
the final end toward the  
tracks and  
Eternal peace puts his head  
on a shining  
rail.

and reeling like in a  
suicide daze

O dear Brother Breeze, I know how tired  
you are of me, how you would like to be rid  
of me.

Yesterday, you threw me into a cellar  
and when I began to cry bitterly, you picked  
me up again. Next, you pushed me into a  
puddle and when I all but drowned, you res-  
cued me once more.

But enough of this, enough! I am tired  
of myself and can no longer drag my weary  
bones along with you.

Help me <sup>a</sup> end it all! Put me out of my  
misery! Kill me, kill me!

Carry me, ~~to the top of the world~~ as a last  
favor, out of town, put me down on the rail-  
road tracks and <sup>let</sup> the first oncoming train  
crush me to death! X

Suddenly, the paper tears itself loose  
from the lamp-post and, staggering, drags  
itself out of the city, falls on the tracks  
and waits for a train.

But no sooner does the rumbling, whistling  
rattling train begin to shake the rails than

the wretched, miserable scrap of paper  
cries out --

Ah-ah-ah! Stop the train! Take me  
off the tracks! Save me, save me! Better  
any kind of life than death!

And the breeze, that has been standing  
by, smiles kindly, picks up the scrap of  
paper, raises it high, high in the air and,  
once more together, they fly joyfully away,  
dancing and prancing over fields and meadows.

#####

But no sooner does the raveling, whistling  
rattling train begin to shake the rails than  
and waits for a train.  
itself out of the city, falls on the tracks  
from the lamp-post and, staggering, drags  
Suddenly, the paper tears itself loose  
crush me to death!  
road tracks and the first oncoming train  
favor, out of town, but me down on the rail-  
Garry me, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ as a last  
misery! Kill me, kill me!  
Help me end it all! Put me out of my  
bones along with you.  
of myself and can no longer drag my weary  
But enough of this, enough! I am tired  
owed me once more.  
guggle and when I all but drowned, you res-  
me up again. Next, you pushed me into a  
and when I began to cry bitterly, you picked  
Yesterday, you threw me into a cellar  
of me.  
you are of me, how you would like to be rid  
O dear Brother Breeze, I know how tired

- 7 -

the wretched, miserable scrap of paper  
cries out --

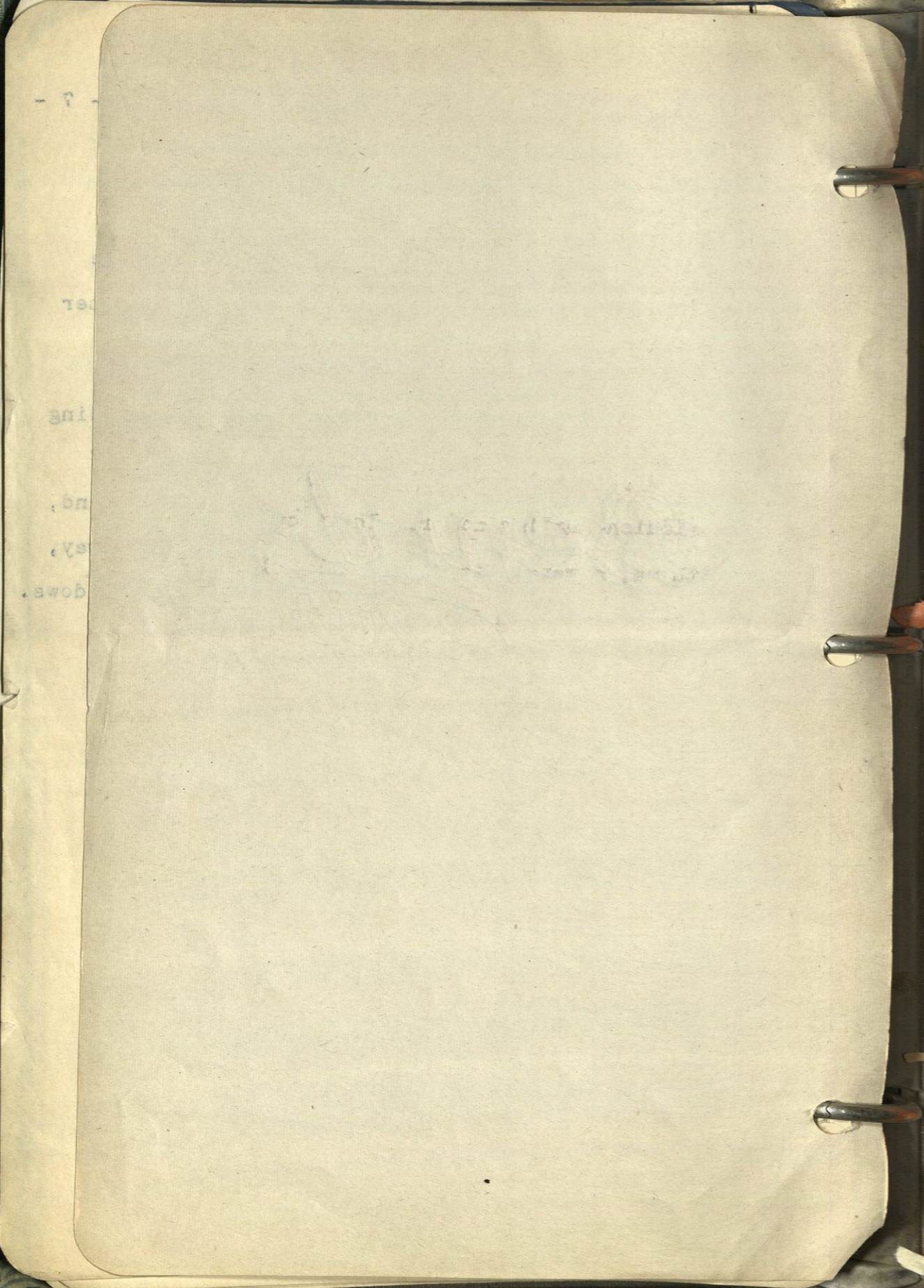
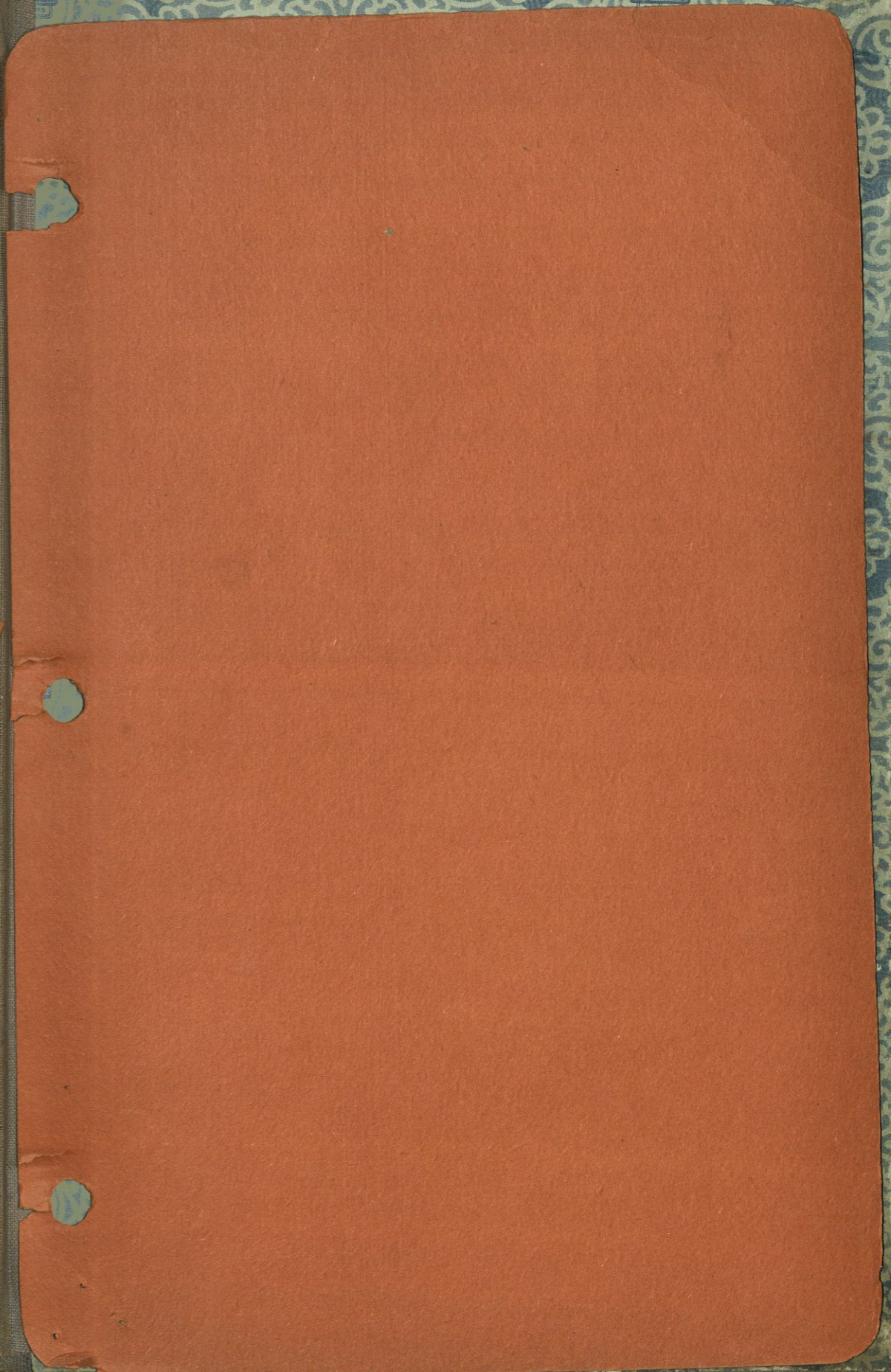
ah-sh-sh! Stop the train! Take me  
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And the breeze, that has been standing  
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once more together, they fly joyfully away,  
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\*\*\*\*\*

# Beards

De Luxe



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