We are starting our 25th year of publication and looking forward next January to our 25th anniversary. January 1, 1991 seems like a long time ago, but it is almost like yesterday that we started with a single sheet, 8.5x11 and have expanded to a FREE online edition covering the globe.

This issue of Der Bay is particularly unique in that it includes remarkable people with a wide variety of interests and accomplishments. All editors are constantly on the lookout for the unique, human-interest stories that we all find fascinating. We are particularly blessed in having these and more in the pipeline coming up in the next several issues.

2 Ruth Goodman – Translator, Yiddish Teacher, Author, Lecturer… Consists of:
- Ruth’s First E-mail to Fishl;
- Ruth Goodman, The Former Delaware Contact for Der Bay’s Yiddish Network; and
- Ruth Goodman: Teacher of the Month.

3 Mishpokhe Kheyndlekh zenen ibergezetst fun yidish, funem forverts. These transliterations are written by Ana Berman, of Toronto, a long-time, master Yiddish teacher. This has been a regular column that her husband Sol Berman z”l, a computer maven, is thanked for having sent them to us.

4-5 Saul Berman: My Father – The Eulogy by (his son) Jason Berman. A recounts of his tates career from working as a technician in a Northern Alberta seismic exploration crew; to military service in the Canadian Army stationed in Korea during the hostilities; to working for the Canadian Ministry of Natural Resources; to becoming a college professor teaching computer science. Ana and Saul raised the boys speaking only Yiddish in their home.

6 David and Shira starred in Boca Raton, Florida at the 16th IAYC Conference. This husband and wife team has a trained cantor as well as a professional actress and singer. She has performed for the Folksbiene for six seasons.

7-9 Ellis Island Band by Barry Fisher
Barry Fisher - the Lawyer
Turkey, ISIS: Kurds in the Crosshairs by Barry Fisher
These articles cover the activities of a remarkable and multi-talented person who loves Yiddish along with his klezmer band. He is an internationally acclaimed attorney in the field of human rights. Barry’s contact with Der Bay goes back to 1993.

10-11 Acceptance Speech for IAYC Lifetime Yiddish Service Award by Troim Katz Bliacher Handler. Troim’s acceptance speech appears in transliteration, and it is interspersed with her husband Frank’s translation. Troim is the seventh recipient of this prestigious award and received her award based on her Yiddish writing, Yiddish club leadership, and her many years as an IAYC board member in charge of preparing club materials for the Yiddish clubs.

12 “Mame, hostu a valtog?” by Fishl
“Mame, iz dos dem enes?” by Fishl
“Mame, kh’oveys vi alt ikh bin.” by Fishl
Fishl’s monthly shmues mit mame is a regular column on the last page. There are 90 mame stories on Der Bay’s website. They are in Hrabina of Hunterdon based on the years living on a poultry farm in Hunterdon County, NJ. The last page of all issues has Fishl’s email address and URL for Der Bay’s website. Have friends, club members, or Yiddish students receive these free online editions. You not only receive current editions, but you can search Der Bay articles since the beginning back to January 1991.
Ruth Goodman – Translator, Yiddish Teacher, Author, Lecturer…

Ruth’s first email to Fishl

From: RuthFG@aol.com
Date: Tue, 2 Feb 1999 16:12:56 EST
To: fishl@well.com

It’s been a long while since I last heard from you. Hope all is well. Quite a while ago, I wrote you that I was losing my vision because of my diabetes. I’ve had laser surgery and I’m taking the vitamin ‘ocuvite’ twice a day. I can now see 20/30.

I’m enjoying Der Bay. I do quite a bit of Yiddish translations and find it very interesting. I am teaching two courses at the division of continuing Education- University of Delaware: American Jewish History and the Hebrew Alphabet. Both Jews and non-Jews register for my classes.

Ruth

Former Delaware TYN Contact - Ruth Goodman

Ed: The Yiddish Network (TYN) is a network of Yiddish speakers in every state and 35 countries who are contacts for travelers or people relocating.

I teach Yiddish for Beginners at the Univ. of Del. Division of Professional and Continuing Education. This semester there is a greater interest in learning Yiddish. The text I use is Goldin’s Der Yiddishe Lerer.

Last semester, I taught the Hebrew Aleph Bet using a text/workbook I had written. It is the only book that allows you to learn the aleph bet on your own. It is entitled: Easy Steps to the Hebrew Aleph Bet (Teach Yourself Hebrew). It also has flashcards and its. ISBN 0-9700238-0-4. It also is used in Poland where a generation of children who were raised Catholic learned that they were children of Jews who were murdered in concentration camps.

I am the author of a children's book that won the 1996 best, juvenile, fiction award. I will be unable to attend the IAYC conference in Baltimore this upcoming September since it coincides with the National Press Conference of which I am a member and serve on the planning committee. Delaware is serving as host to the convention. I enjoy reading Der Bay and wish you continued success.

Teacher of the Month

Editor’s note: An email read, “Why not have a column, “Teacher of the Month”. If you have a special Yiddish teacher, send the information to fishl@derbay.org

Ruth Goodman - ruthfg@aol.com

Relocating to a retirement home brings the need to adjust to a new way of life. For Ruth it has been a time of excitement and a new opportunity to encourage others to study Yiddish. When Ruth moved from Delaware to Pennslyvania, she was encouraged to start a Yiddish class even though she was still keeping up teaching her prior classes.

Ruth is a retired reading specialist, and has the patience and knowledge to be a language teacher. Having received a solid background in Yiddish as a youngster in New York, and has the necessary background. As a graduate of an Arbeter Ring Mitlshul and having earned a master’s degree in reading, Ruth is perfect to be the first teacher to be so honored.

For 20 years while living in Wilmington, Delaware, she taught Yiddish and Judaic subjects to adults at the Osher Lifelong Learning Center. Lectures on Judaic subjects including: The History of Jewish Symbols; The History of Yiddish Theater and Film; Jewish Life in the Middle Ages; and Jewish Superstitions.

Ruth has authored four award-winning books. They are $10 each (includes s & h). For autographed copies send a check made out to Ruth F Goodman, 409 Sparrow’s Ridge, Glen Mills, PA 19342.

• Pen Palls (what it means to be Jewish in America and Israel)
• Easy Steps to the Hebrew Aleph Bet (Teach yourself to read Hebrew—sold out)
• The Jewish Pope (a translation of Yudel Mark’s book).
• Yeshiva Boy (a translation of Jacob Dineson’s book, Hershele).
Kumendik aroys fun zayn byuro, heybt a man oyf di hant, kedey tsutsurufn a taksi, un a taksi shtelt zikh op far im. Er zetz zikh arayn, un der taksist zogt: “Ir dermont mikh in Frenk Feldman.”

“Ver?”

“Frenk Feldman. A mentsh, vos alts iz im tomid ongekumen gring, dos mazl hot im tomid tsgeshpilt (accompanied).”

“Yeder eyner hot amol shlekhte teg,” entfert der pasazhir.

“Ober nisht Frenk Feldman. Geven an oysergeveyntlekher (exceptional) atlet (athlete) sheyn gezungen, un geshpilt pyane oykh.”

“S’klingt vi er volt geven oysgetseykhnt (admirable).”

“Yo! Un a zikorn vi a kompyuter. Tomid gedenkt alemens geboyrn -tog. Gevust vi tsu bahandlen a froy, zayne kleyder zenen tomid geven reyn un tsikht (stretchy). Keyner hot zikh nisht gefarglaykhn mit im.”

“Take an oysergeveyntlekher mentsh. Vi azoy kent ir im?”

“Kh’ken im davke nisht,” entfert der taksist. “Kh’hob khasene gehat mit zayn almone.”

*M * *

Berl un Shmerl zenen gegangen oyf a geyeg (run). Plutsling shpringt aroys a bargleyb (mountain lion).

“Vos zoln mir ton?” fregt Berl.

“Ikh vel antloyfn,” entfert Shmerl.

“Vos heyst? Du kenst nisht loyfn gikher fun a bargleyb!”

“Makht nisht oys (it doesn’t matter)” zogt Shmerl. “Abi ikh loyf gikher fun dir!”

*M * *


“Hot der braslet dimentn un rubinen?” --- hot zi koketish gefregt.

“Neyn --- entfert er --- Ober s’kost punkt azoy tayer.”

*M * *

Dos yunge porfolk hot bay tsvey eltere shvester gekoyft an alte gebayde (building) in tsofn-Nyu-york. Der vinter hot zikh tsgerekht un dos yunge vaybl hot zikh gezorgt vegin di shvakh-izolirte (poorly insulated) vent.

“Oyb zey hohn gekent voynen do azoy fil yorn, konen mir oykh!” --- hot ir man derklert.

Eyn nakht, in November, iz di temperatur gefaln biz nul farenhayt (minus 17 grad tselzius), un ven man-un-vayb hohn zikh oyfgevekt, hohn zey bamerkt, az di vent zenen gor badekt mit frost. Hot er teykef ongekliun di shvester, kedey tsu fregn zey vi azoy zey flegn onvarem dos hoyz. Nokh a kurtn shmue hot er oyfgehongen.

“Vos hohn zey gezogt?” --- hot dos vaybl gefregt.

Entfert er: “Di letste 30 yor hohn zey farbrahkht dem vinter in Floride.”

*M * *

A mitl-yoriker man hot bashlosn ontsuheynbn loyfn yedn tog, iz er gegangen koyfn a por loyfshikh.

Shteyendik in shikhgesheft iz er geblibn gepleft, bavunderndik di breyte game (variety) fun loyfshikh. Er hot ongeton a por, un bamerkt a kleyne keshene oyf der zayt fun a shukh. “Tsu vos iz dos?” fregt er dem shukh-hendler.

Entfert der hendler: “Ahin leygt men arayn di matbeyes oyf tsu klingn ayer vayb, az zi zol aykh kumen opnemen, tomer zent ir farlofn tsu vayt.”

*M * *


*M * *
Saul Berman: My Father – The Eulogy
By Jason Berman

Editor’s note: Der Bay readers have lost a dedicated lover of Yiddish, and express our deep sorrow to Ana and their sons, Hal and Jason, and their families. The Toronto Yiddish community has lost a true mensh. Saul was the inspiring and driving force behind Ana’s regular, popular, column—Mishpokhe Kheyndlekh.

Saul Berman was my father and a powerful influence on me throughout the entire course of my life. Like most children, I saw my father through a narrow lens. I feel fortunate that my relationship with him had the opportunity to mature to the point where I came to know more about him as a person beyond his role as my father.

My father was born more than eighty years ago to Aaron and Mary Pevsner in Lamont Alberta; a township 60 KM east of Edmonton and has a population (today) of less than 1700 people. In 1934, the population of Lamont was 515. My father was born in Lamont because that was where the county hospital was located. His parents lived in nearby Star Alberta which, even today, is too small to be included in census documents. His parents were merchants who ran a general store. This was in the midst of the great depression and the harsh economic times finally drove my father’s family to relocate to Calgary where there were more opportunities and a small but close-knit Jewish community for support.

Sadly adversity followed them to Calgary as well. My paternal Grandfather passed away in 1937 mere months before the birth of his second son, my uncle Aaron. Through this rare circumstance, my uncle is named for his own father; something which is almost unheard-of in Jewish tradition.

Through the final years of the depression right through the tumultuous war years which followed, my Grandmother Mary raised two young sons and built a successful business from the store she operated in Calgary. She accomplished all of this long before the invention of the social safety net and generations before single-mothers were fashionable...or even generally accepted.

My father’s upbringing was far from traditional. He learned to make change, run the store, and deliver hundred-pound grocery orders on his bicycle all before he completed primary school. He learned to hold his own against the bullies and anti-Semites (teachers as well as students) who populated the Calgary public school system.

After the war, my Grandmother Mary married Gershon Berman, a Holocaust survivor whom I
knew as a loving Grandfather. Gershon was accepting of Mary’s boys but did not impose himself or his name on them. My father initially chose not to take the Berman name, however, he later discovered that a name at the beginning of the alphabet would allow him to be in the same public school class as one of his cousins. Because of this nearly arbitrary decision, my brother and I carry the Berman name but are each genetically related to only seven other Berman’s in the entire world.

On completing high school, my father enrolled in engineering school at UBC and attended a year of classes; however, he decided not to continue with that course of study. Later in life, when asked why he did not continue with the program my father gave the same answer: “I didn’t like engineers.” It was indicative of one of my father’s qualities of directness that he always gave this answer, even if he knew that there were engineers in the room.

After dropping out of engineering school, my father spent time laying charges, digging holes, and meeting characters one would rarely encounter in the city.

Next my father enlisted in the Canadian army. He was trained, ironically, as an engineer and spent a rotation in Korea during the hostilities there. After returning to Canada, he enrolled in and completed a grueling Officer Training program. Upon receiving his officer’s commission, he promptly resigned from the army because (and you can’t make these things up) he “didn’t like officers.”

Next my father returned to academe and completed Bachelors and Masters Degrees in Geology at the University of Alberta. This led to a job with the Canadian Ministry of Natural Resources where he took part in seismic exploration in Northern Alberta as the scientist collecting and interpreting the measurements and determining what resources were below the surface.

In those days, a ministry geologist spent part of his time in the bush collecting seismic data and the rest of the time in an office with a slide rule interpreting the findings. My father was a problem-solver who could never leave a puzzle untried. He felt there was an easier way to crunch all those numbers.

Instead of methodically processing his seismic data over the course of one summer, he redirected his energies into learning computer programming. Using punched paper cards he designed a program that enabled the Ministry of Defense computer to do his math for him. He accessed processing cycles late at night to test and execute his code. In the end, he succeeded in completing all of his calculations well in advance of the usual schedule by learning to write computer programs.

This success led to him being offered a role in the data processing department and is how my father entered the field of computers and data processing. He progressed through this career and eventually became a college professor teaching Computer Science. This was despite the fact that it was a field in which he had had no formal training.

My father had learned to speak Yiddish as a boy but the language had fallen into disuse with him over the years. After he met my mother, he observed the rich and colorful heritage that the Yiddish language brought to her family; this experience renewed his own interest in the language. He worked hard to rebuild his fluency so that when my brother and I were growing up, Yiddish was the only language spoken in our home and, today, we are each able to (and do) speak Yiddish with our own children.

Another quality that characterized my father was that he seldom did anything in half measures. Having renewed his love of mameloshn, my father did not stop at raising two Yiddish speaking boys. He participated in Yiddish culture and community programs, performed in Yiddish theatre, helped to found organizations to support the Yiddish language, became sought-after as a Yiddish translator, and (together with his brother —in memory of their mother, my Grandmother Mary) endowed a foundation for the promotion of Yiddish education; namely the Mary Berman Fund for Yiddish Education.

He was a tenacious fighter. Eighteen years ago he was diagnosed with colon cancer which he overcame. A decade ago he was diagnosed with prostate cancer and he fought that too.

In June of 2009, my father was diagnosed with his third cancer; this time it was in his lungs and it was inoperable. His doctors advised him that he might live nine to eighteen months; that was nearly five and a half years ago. My father never gave up without a fight. These qualities certainly added years to his life.
There is a new Jewish Vocal Duo – a husband and wife singing team, aptly called, “David and Shira!” These two delightful singers and personalities have filled the hearts of many audiences in South Florida and New York over the past five “seasons” as they call it in Florida – when the snowbirds (shney foyglen who come for months) and snowflakes (shneyelekh who come for weeks) descend to South Florida, near their new hometown—Delray Beach.

“David and Shira” moved to Florida from the New York area in 2010, as David, began to serve as cantor in Temple Emeth in Delray Beach. “David and Shira” had done a few concerts together in the New York area for Holocaust Survivors and a number of synagogues as well in the wine fields of Eastern Long Island with the Opera of the Hamptons.

If that sounds romantic, you might be onto something! David and Shira met through the world of Opera – David was taking classes with Shira’s brother and mother, Steven and Atarah. Soon after, Shira was invited to perform in a cantorial concert with David and their first date was rehearsing for a show. It was beshert that they perform together for many years to come!

David was a part-time Chazzan for many years, and dabbled in opera and loved performing Show Tunes as well as Art Songs, an influence of his studies at the Aaron Copland School of Music at Queens College. Shira, a professional actress and singer, had performed for the Folksbiene for six seasons with many credits as an actress, as you will learn later!

“David and Shira!” started performing in South Florida as the “opera-tunities” to perform for the senior residences were many. They had met Cantor Emil Levy and Ellen Hodges of the Jewish Music Heritage Society, and had filled in for the wonderful Israeli singer, Shalva Berti. This gave them an entrance into the Condo Circuit as they call it, down in South Florida.

David and Shira met a few agents through these first concerts and found out that it just wasn’t that easy. They took high percentages, and they generally only hire once every two or more years in each community, and if you work in one club within one community, God forbid, you should perform for another club in the same condo. The rule of Florida is “that’s the way we’ve always done it”. So “David and Shira!” landed in Florida to make a difference, to share their love, light and diverse talents: David as a cantor, opera singer and now, entertainer in training, and Shira, a professional singer/actress with loads of credits and experience, and because of their diverse repertoire, settled with the name of their act simply as... “David and Shira!”

Have a look at their short demo here...

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AAWh0zyL6l

Now, Shira is developing a one-woman show entitled “Fanny, Molly, Barbra and Me!” It is based on the lives of Fanny Brice, Molly Picon, Barbara Streisand, and Shira Flam. Shira was inspired by the personalities of these great performers, and in her show, she demonstrates the common traits that go into making a star, including both their trials as well as their victories, their challenges, and their ability to keep their dreams alive even amidst great turmoil.

David serves as High Holiday Cantor, promoting his Jewish Jazz CD entitled Time for Mesiakh... and is starting a school online to train cantors and rabbis. If you want to check that out, visit the website at: www.enlightenedjudaism.org.

Please visit www.davidandshira.com for bookings and concert schedule, CD purchases and to join their fan club.
Founded in the 1970’s, the Ellis Island Band (EIB) is Los Angeles’ oldest klezmer band. It has had gigs from Nashville’s Opryland to Poland’s Krakow Jewish Festival (with the Klezmatics and Brave Old World), to a film star’s storybook wedding in a villa in Umbria, Italy. The EIB has been featured in television and films, including Meyer Lansky’s wedding scene in Universal Pictures’ Mobster and an appearance credit in the film Wedding Crashers.

The EIB’s John Anson Ford Amphitheater concert for Yiddishkayt L.A. of the "Mexican Revolution, Pancho Villa and the Jews," a product of extensive research, in which Ellis Island created the concert of "Klex/Mex" with a large Mariachi Band, was a featured segment of the PBS Jim Lehrer NewsHour.

Cross-over play’s a favorite of the EIB, particularly with Romani, Korean, and Mexican bands. Its concert at L.A.’s Skirball Klez/Rom "Hot Wedding Music" with Romani musicians and singers performing wedding music of both ethnicities, was given an excellent review in the LA Times.

Recently there was a big party for Hershl Hartman and EIB played songs for which Hershl wrote new lyrics or translations. They included translations for traigame quarenta y cinco—bring me my 45, the Mexican revolution Pancho Villa song likely sung by Sam Dreben, a Russia born Yiddish speaker who rose to the rank of colonel in Pancho Villa’s most inner core group Los Dorados.

Sam Dreben: Fighting Jew - Forgotten Hero
www.worldwar1.com/dbc/dreben.htm

Editor’s note: Barry’s first contact with Der Bay was in 1993. His unusual career as an international attorney (co-author of the following article) and bandleader of the Ellis Island Band makes these articles even more exciting.

*************

Partner, Fleishman & Fisher. The firm’s practice emphasizes major trial and appellate litigation. Barry serves as an expert witness on race, ethnicity, and religion in I.N.S. asylum cases. He has participated in hearings and programs at the European Parliament, Korean National Assembly, U.S. Congress, and universities in China. He has been counsel on federal and state cases throughout the country and before the U.S. Supreme Court. Barry has assisted the drafting of constitutions and legislation for Romania, Sierra Leone, Moldova, Albania, Bosnia, and Belarus, and has consulted on legal matters in Russia, Mexico, Spain, Argentina, Canada, Germany, and England.

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Barry served on the negotiation teams as counsel in the German and Austrian Holocaust settlements. He is a signatory to the treaty with Germany and Austria and is counsel on behalf of victims of the sexual slavery and slave labor systems of wartime Japan.

Barry’s background includes the following. UCLA Law School (J.D. 1968);
Law Clerk to the Chief Justice, Alaska Supreme Court (1968-69);
Reginald Heber Smith Fellow, University of Pennsylvania Law School (1969-72);
Staff counsel, Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund, San Francisco (1972-74); Attorney, with his firm (1977-present).

Recipient of the:

- Amicus Poloniae Award (Gov. of Poland 1997);
- Poland Presidential Citizenship Decree (2012);

Listed in the Marquis Who’s Who in America.

Speaker, Roadmap to Statehood, Kurdish National Congress (Washington D.C. Sept. 2014);

Speaker, Turkey EU Membership accession Kurds (Euro Parliament Brussels. June 2012);

Speaker, Turkey / Kurds (Euro Parliament, Brussels May 2011);

Speaker, Kurds-Discrimination (Berlin State Parliament, Germany Nov. 2010);

Speaker, Kurdistan Strategies (Kurdish National Congress No. Amer., Calgary

Speaker, Korean American History Conference (Los Angeles Oct. 2010);

Speaker, International Symposium on Sino-Japan Relations (Beijing, Sept. 2004);

Land Use – Barry was a founding staff counsel of the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund, and in charge of major land use and environmental litigation throughout the U.S.

Barry  served as General Counsel to the FIDOF (International Federation of Festival Organizations). He is a composer member of ASCAP (American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers) with film and television credits.

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Turkey, ISIS:
Kurds in the Crosshairs
By Luqman Barwari, Kurdish Natl. Cong., P.P
Barry A. Fisher, Counsel & Human Rights Lawyer

Turkey, a NATO member, and Russia are ostensibly on opposite sides of the war to unseat Syria’s Bashar al-Assad. The “Islamic State” (ISIS) opposes Assad, but has drawn Western attacks that have the effect of serving Assad and Russian interests by pulling forces away from the fight against him.

Turkey has so far not given material support to the Western alliance against ISIS. The Turkish parliament voted on October 2 to extend an existing mandate permitting the army to operate in Iraq and Syria, but without specifically mentioning ISIS or any other specific target. Turkey could have acted against ISIS previously but has not done so. Meanwhile, despite some air strikes near the strategic Syrian Kurdish town of Kobani, ISIS has reportedly come within sight of the city, and, without urgent intervention, Kobani could fall.

Turkey has blockaded its side of the border with Syrian Kurdistan, while ISIS advances on it from the other side, threatening extermination of Kurds there. Turkey seems to be borrowing a page of history from its ally for the moment, Russia, which, in 1944, sat its forces outside Warsaw while German troops entered from the other side and wiped out the city.

The Kurds, who occupy an ancient, strategic borderland territory, have a unique ethnic, religious, linguistic, and national identity, and a tradition of inclusivity. Kurdistan is a crossroads of civilizations, subject over the millennia to military, linguistic, and cultural invasions from all sides, and indeed to genocide and ethnic cleansing. The Kurds have somehow survived in their mountainous region and preserved their culture and language.

Today’s Kurdistan is about the combined size of Germany and the U.K. The more than 30 million Kurds constitute one of the world’s largest ethnic groups without a country. The maps drawn by the victorious powers in World War I, with little or no regard for ethnicities, religions, geography,
or logic, divvied up the Kurds among four countries: Iran, Iraq, Syria, and Turkey. Kurdistan consists of four regions; North, in northeastern Turkey; South, in northern Iraq (now the semi-autonomous Kurdish Regional Government, or KRG); East, in northwest Iran; and West, in northeast Syria (often called by its Kurdish name, Rojava).

Nationality has been defined by such things as common religion, language, or culture. If, historically, you were Polish, it meant Roman Catholic; if Russian, Russian Orthodox; and so forth. Jews in Poland and Roman Catholics in Russia were considered foreigners or outsiders. The history of the Kurds lent it to a much more accepting, inclusive definition not based on one language or religion. Kurdistan encompasses many languages, including Kurmanji, Zazaki, and Sorani, and many religions, including Shiite and Sunni Islam, Alevism, Yasidism, Chaldean and Assyrian Christianity, and Judaism.

Rojava, a strip along the Turkish-Syrian border, borders South Kurdistan, and runs west to the Aleppo area. In some places, including at crucial points such as the midway town of Kobani and the far western town of Afrin, it is only about twenty miles wide. The Kurds have political organizations in each of Kurdistan’s four parts. The large Turkish area has several parties active in Turkish politics. There also are armed members, aligned with the PKK (Kurdistan Workers’ Party), who have taken military actions.

South Kurdistan, the autonomous Kurdish zone in Iraq, has two main political parties, and is defended by its lightly armed Peshmerga forces. Trade, including in oil, flows freely, and it is pro-Western, largely democratic, secular, and economically prosperous. East Kurdistan, in northwest Iran, has a large population but little political freedom.

West Kurdistan, Rojava, has multiple political parties, of which the PYD (Democratic Union Party) is dominant. The Rojava Kurds have largely been defended by a lightly armed Kurdish group, the PYG (People’s Protection Units), which is mostly connected to the PYD. While there have been no PYG incursions into Turkey, Turkey views the PYD and the PYG as having PKK connection and as possible future troublemakers. Rojava’s towns are small and are close to the Turkish border. For many years the border has been porous and open to Kurds with villages on both sides. No longer.

ISIS has recently, inexplicably, turned its attention from exclusively fighting Assad in Syria and the Shiite Iraq-Iran alliance in Iraq, and has turned its might against Kobani and other small Kurdish towns along the Turkish-Syrian border. Turkey would prefer to be rid of the Kurdish border presence. Though it has allowed in Kurdish refugees fleeing from ISIS attacks, it has refused to let any of the Kurds from Turkey cross the border to assist their brethren, who can actually be seen from the Turkish border located only a few miles away.

ISIS serves the Russian interest of dividing the forces against its protégé, Assad, by drawing Western military assistance to attack the anti-Assad ISIS. Turkey, as if in alliance with Russia, ISIS, and Assad, has given ISIS a free hand in its attempts to wipe out Syrian Kurds.

In so doing, Turkey borrows from Russia’s playbook vis-à-vis Poland. Russia has long had designs on Poland, controlling it from the late 18th century to World War I. Shortly after the Russian Revolution, Russia tried but failed to take Poland by force. On the eve of World War II, both Russia and Germany agreed to divide Poland between them. Just before Russia entered the war, it massacred Polish intelligensia and military leaders in the Katyn Forest (near the small town of Gnezdovo and not far from Smolensk) to weaken Poland.

Late in the war, the Polish underground in Warsaw, fearing the city’s imminent destruction, erupted in the Warsaw Uprising. The Poles fought valiantly for days as the Russian army simply watched from the other side of the Vistula River while the Germans destroyed Warsaw. The Russian army moved to eventually control all of Poland without having any Polish military left to interfere.

So the Turkish military idly stands by at the Syrian border, refusing aid to the men, women, and children trapped in Kobani and other villages, and refusing to let Turkish Kurds cross the previously open border to assist.
Acceptance Speech for IAYC Lifetime Yiddish Service Award
By Troim Katz Bliacher Handler

Editor’s note: Troim with her husband Frank. Troim spoke in Yiddish and Frank Translated.

FH: In 1991 Dr. Mordecai Schechter met with me over a period of 18 months in restaurants, where he read my poems and made grammatical corrections.


FH: My brother, Dr. Dovid Katz invited me to teach Yiddish conversation in Oxford, England, two summers. I was also a student in his Yiddish literature classes there. I am in awe of his many Yiddish book.

th: In 2000 hot Dr. Shimen Prusin gemakht a shidekh tsivishn mir mit Prof. Kazuo Ueda fun Yapan, un mir hohn aroysegebhn tsvei bikher fun Yapan in Yidish mit Yapanish.

FH: In 2000 Dr. Simon Prussin arranged a match for me with Prof. Kazuo Ueda of Fukuoka University, Japan; and we published two books in Japan—in Yiddish and Japanese.

th: Dr. Harold Black, friyerdiker prezident fun di klubn, hot bamerkt az Yidishe tsaytungen un zhurnaln drukn mayne lider, un er hot mir farbetn tsuzamenshteln a bukh fun mayne lider, vos di klubn hohn aroysegebn in 2002. Inem bukh, vos heyst SIMKHE, gefinen zikh 72 lider vos ikh hob oysgeklibn, tsivishn 700.

FH: Dr. Harold Black, former president of the clubs, noticed that my Yiddish poems were being published in magazines and newspapers. He invited me to produce a poetry book which was published in 2002. I selected 72 poems of the 700 poems which I had written and called the book Simkhe.

th: Ben Slater, a fuer in Long Island, hot aranzhirt far mir az ikh zol zayn a lererin fun Yiddish in fir kinder shuln: Valley Stream, Great Neck, Huntington, un Center Island. Ikh hob dortn gelernt finf yor. Mayn man Fayvl iz oykhn gevorn dortn a lererin un undzere kinder zaynen geven talmidim.

FH: Dr. Uriel Weinreich granted me three stipends so that I could take Yiddish courses three semesters at Columbia University tuition free.

th: In 1991 hot Dr. Mordecai Schechter zikh getrofn mit mir 18 khadoshim in restoranen un geleyent mayne Yidishe lider. Er hot koregirt mayn gramatik.

th: Dos iz far mir a groyser kovid.

FH: this is a great honor for me.

th: Madrikhim fayne hob ikh gehat a sakh.

FH: I have had many fine mentors.

th: Ven ikh bin geven’a Yidish sekretarshe bay Itche Goldbergzn 5 yor in zayn biuro, hot er mir gelernt Yidish gramatik un literatur.

FH: When I was Itche Goldberg’s Yiddish secretary five years, he taught me Yiddish grammar and literature.

th: Doktor Uriel Vaynraykh hot mir gegeben dray stipeniyes kedey ikh zol zikh konen lernen Yidish dray zmanim in kolumbi vet universitet umzist.

FH: Dr. Uriel Weinreich granted me three stipends so that I could take Yiddish courses three semesters at Columbia University tuition free.

th: Sholem Aleykhem! Ikh dank avkh zeyer far der premiye vos ir shenkt mir haynt ovnt.

FH: Sholen Aleykhem! Many thanks for the award which you are bestowing upon me this evening.

th: Madrikhim fayne hob ikh gehat a sakh.
FH: Ben Slater, a shule activist in Long Island, arranged I become a shule teacher in four towns: Valley Stream, Great Neck, Huntington and Center Island. I did that five years. My husband.

th: Fishl Kutner hot mir farbetn vern a mitglid funem rat fun di klubn. Mir hobn gearbet tszamen tsyfelf yor un aroysgeshikt a sakh bildung materialn tsu di klubn.

FH: Fishl Kutner invited me to become a member of the IAYC board. We worked together twelve years and sent out many educational materials.


FH: IN 1990 Avrom Kahn invited me to join his New York Yiddish book club. We read many Yiddish books and discussed them in Yiddish. This inspired me to organize two leyenkraayzn of my own, one in Florida and one in New Jersey. I led those groups more than 20 years.

th: Ikh bin gebentsht mit a mishpokhe vos shtitst mayn Yidish arbet. Mayn ate, Menke Katz, iz geven a Yidish dikhter; un mayn mame, Chaske Bliacher, hot geshribn a sakh derts eylungen af Yidish. Zey hobn mir geshafn a raykhe Yidish svive.

FH: I was blessed with a family which supported my Yiddish work. My father, Menke Katz, was a renowned Yiddish poet. My mother, wrote many short stories for the Yiddish press.

th: Bobs-zejde; Moyshe un Shteshye Bliakher, zaynen geboyrn gevorn in 1880 un hobn zikh keynmol nit oyssgelernt reydn kn eynglish. Ikh hob gevoyst mit zey. Zey zaynen geven gute malokhim vos hohn mikh gehit un bashiremt.

FH: My maternal grandparents, Moyshe and Shteshye Bliakher, were born in 1880 and never learned English. They were my angels who protected and nurtured me. I lived with them.


FH: Our daughters, Claudia and Shirley, have produced a Yiddish cassette album, Songs of My Grandfather, which they learned from Menke Katz. We take great pride in them and their children.

th: Mayn man, Fayvl Hendler, un ikh hobe forgeshtelt hunderter programen far organizatsiyes un Elderhostels in beyde leshoynes. Dertsu halt Fayvl a sakh lektsiyes vegn Yidisher geshikhte.

FH: My husband, Frank Handler, and I have presented hundreds of programs for organizations and Elderhostels in Yiddish and English.

th: Nokh bemerkung, Ikh bin oykh geven a lererin fun Eynglish draysik yor in di efntlekhe shuln.

FH: I was also an English teacher in the public schools thirty years.

th: A sheynem dank aykh far der sheyner prymye.

FH: Many thanks for the beautiful award.

th: Halevay af vayter.

FH: May the Yiddish work continue.

Yiddish Telegram of congratulations from [Troim’s brother] Prof. Dovid Katz in Vilnius, Lithuania. Below is Troim’s translation.

Congratulations, dearest Troim! This award, which is being bestowed upon you at the IAYC for your achievements for our beloved field of Yiddish knowledge in the course of devoted decades of loyal, creative, successful golden work, is the most beautiful recognition for all your wonderful accomplishments as a teacher, lecturer, builder of reading circles according to the principles of Yiddish through Yiddish, writer, poet -- a lifelong and tenacious pillar of steadfast, uplifting, substantial achievement for the Yiddish language, literature and culture in America, from New Jersey in the North all the way to far-off Florida in the South. May this award now inspire you and our dear Fayvl to many years of continued creativity, new accomplishments, joy, nakhes from children and children’s children, and, above all, good health! From far-off Vilne, with love, forever your Dovid.
Mame, hostu a valtog?
by Philip “Fishl” Kutner

Nisht lang tsurik hobn mir gehat a valtog (election day). Kh’vel dertseyln vegn undzer valtog, ober vu 
du bist iz es nor vi azoy in a diktatur (dictatorship) 
got der dictator?

In mayn letstn briv, “Mame, vi azoy makht men 
sholem?” hob ikh fargesn tsu fregn tsi hot Got 
mentshn vos helfn Im tsu mahhn bashlusn 
(practical experience) do afn erd un zey zenen.gute 
mentshn.

Ikh freg derfar mir hobn gehat undzer valtog dem 
fertn November. S’iz nisht geven farn president 
obr far ale reprenzantn un a dritl fun di 
senatorn. Do in keliforny a hobn mir oykhet 
geshtimt (voted) af forleygn (propsitions).

Kum ikh itst tsu mayn frage vegn valtogn. Az Got 
hot an eyn man forshtelung (one man show) darf 
men nisht redn derfun?

Mame, iz dos dem emes?
by Philip “Fishl” Kutner

Mame, ikh gedenk fregn dem tatzn vegn frages vegn 
di toyre un alemol hot er gezogt, “freg dem mamen. 
Un ven ikh hob dir gefregt, du host alemol gezogt az 
dayn tatzn, mayn zeyde zelig hot gezogt, ‘ azoy iz es 
geshtibn.’”

Dos iz nisht geven a gutn entfer far a kind vos hot. 
“gekukt fun vanen di fis vaksn.” Az di yorn hohb 
gefligen, hob ikh gefregt mer un mer frages un 
basholsn az dos muz zayn a sakh bohe mayses.

Mame, itst ken ikh krign di rikhtike enfers derfar 
du bist mit Im un du kenst Im fregn:

• Hostu take gemakht ales in zeks teg un gerut afn 
shabes?
• Hostu aroysgeshikt odem un khav fun gan eydn 
nor far esn an epl.
• Hostu gezogt tu noan tsu boyen an ark un 
gemakht a mabl un geflitst di erd?

Mame, kh’vel vartn far dayne enfers

Mame, kh’veys vi alt ikh bin.
by Philip “Fishl” Kutner

Debi voynt in florida vu s’iz dray sho frier fun vos 
es iz do in keliforny. Halb nokh zeks (in der fri), 
mayn tsayt, kling ikh ir on un s’iz halb nayn bay ir. 
Mir redn fun farshidn zakhn vegn ir kinder un 
eynkl, mayn ur-eynkl, a dray-yorike meydeles vos 
heyst layla.

Nokh dem fregt debele, “vos hostu gegeen far 
frishtik?”

“Oy, kh’ob fargesn. Freg mir vos ikh hob gegeen 
ven ikh bin gegangen in hay skul, gedenk ikh yeder 
zakh.”

Zogt mayn klugen debele, “tate veystu vi alt du 
bist?”

Zog ikh, “kh’bin an altn man mit a yungen vayb.”

Enfert zi, “du bist azoy alt vi s’iz do klavishn 
(piano keys) afn piyane—88.”

Itst veys ikh vifl klavishn s’iz do afn piyane un vi 
alt ikh bin.

Der Bay is fully online.
All of the back issues are on the website with a special search box.

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Home Phone: 650-349-6946

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• Networking, Networking, Networking, 
is having others help you get what YOU 
want. Der Bay is a great networking tool.

Send articles to: FISHL@derbay.org
have a report of the conference.

2-3 Mishpokhe Kheyndlekh zenen ibergezetst fun yidish, funem forverts. These transliterations are written by Ana Berman of Toronto, a long-time, master Yiddish teacher. This is a regular column that her husband Professor Sol Berman o"h, a computer maven, is thanked for having sent them. These Mishpokhe Kheyndlekh are used by groups as program material—especially where some of the participants are not able to read Yiddish in the original.

4 Translations of Mexican and Gypsy Songs by Hershl Hartman. Hershl’s email is in reference to last Month’s Der Bay article, “Ellis Island Band”, by Barry A. Fisher. The article has der tarakan (La Cucaracha) Traditional Mexican, ikh trog meer mayn fivn un fertsik (Traigo Mi Cuarenta y Cinco) I’m Wearing My 45) – Traditional Mexican. Hershl’s translations, and publications, are at the Sholem Community website: http://sholem.org/hershlhartman.html

5 “X” in Yiddish and English. While there are no single-letter equivalents in Yiddish to the letters j, q, w, and x, the sounds do occur in Yiddish. This article covers the letter “x” which is spelled in Yiddish as ayin, kuf, and samekh. Weinreich’s English-Yiddish, Yiddish-English Dictionary has 52 words ranging from eks (former) to eksklusiv (exclusive). Fifteen examples are given for the use of the letter “x” and finally cities whose name starts with and “x”.

6-7 If Your Game Has Goned Astray — Add Yiddish Movements to Your Play By Harvey Gotliffe – USA TABLE TENNIS MAGAZINE • Nov /Dec 2012. Harvey’s book Oy Way, has 36 expressions that help you engage in a “restorative, meditative, moving exercise experience.”

7 I Don’t Count Sheep Any More — Yiddish is More Exciting by Fishl describes his experience with his CPAP machine and sleep apnea. It is finding two-lettered Yiddish words in transliteration.

8-9 Workmen’s Circle Winter/Spring 2015 Online & In-Person Classes. A star-studied array of Yiddish teachers will be teaching classes from beginners to advanced—both online and at the Workmen’s Circle national headquarters—247 West 37th Street, 5th Flr., New York, NY. They include; Frieda Forman (Canada), Michael Wex (Canada), Avraham Lichtenbaum (Argentina), Sheva Zucker, Kolye Borodulin, Gennady Estraikh, Shane Baker, Paula Teitelbaum, and Eva Jochnowitz.

10-11 Yiddish Words And Expressions In English – Part I By Bennett Muraskin – Excerpted from Jewish Currents. After the excellent introduction, Bennett has lists of words and phrases with their Yiddish equivalents in transliteration. This month’s list in part 1 includes; greetings, types of positive people and the opposite those who are negative, other types, and finally things people do. The article was posted December 10, 2014 on Jewish Currents website. The link is at: http://jewishcurrents.org/author/bennett-muraskin

12 “Mame, nor in amerike I and II” by Fishl.
“Mame, vos zol ikh zogn di kinder” by Fishl. Fishl’s monthly shmues mit name is a regular column on the last page. There are 90 mame stories on Der Bay’s website. They are in Hrabina of Hunterdon based on the years living on a poultry farm in Hunterdon County, NJ. The last page has Fishl’s email address and URL for Der Bay’s website. Have friends, club members, or Yiddish students receive these free online editions. You not only receive current editions, but you can search Der Bay articles since the beginning back in January 1991.
Ven Shmulik iz gevorn akhtsn yor alt, hot er zikh derfreyt, vayl loytn gezets in zayn shtat, muz men zayn 18 yor alt, kedey tsirn an oyto nokh elf bay nakht.

“Ist vel ikh kenen aheymkumen afil dray a zeyger in der fri,” hot er bamerkt.


* * *

A mame mit fir kinder iz gegangen in supermark, ober s’iz ir ongekumen shver ayntsukeyn. Yede minut hot zi derhert: “Mame! Mame!”

Sof-kol-sof, hot zi oysgeshrign: “Kh’zol in di kumedike 10 minut nisht hern keyn eyn mol dos vort ‘Mame’!”

Di kinder zenen shtil gevorn. Mit a minut shpeter hot a kind a shlep geton dim amen farn arbl un gezogt: “Antshuldiket, Madam?”

* * *

Di mame hot gebrakht a 5-yorik yingele tsum oygn-dokter, un glaykh nokh dem zenen zey gegangen koyfn im a por briln.

“Far vos muz ikh trogn briln?” hot dos kind gefregt.

Hot der dokter geentfert: “Vayl zey veln dir helfn leyenen un beser zen dem kompyuter.”


“Vos iz?”

“Kh’ken take zen dem kompyuter beser, ober kh’ken nokh alts nisht leyenen.”

* * *

Etlekhe teg far foters-tog hot di mame genumen ir 3-yorik yingele in kartl-gesheft. Zi hot im gevizin di kartleh lekoved dem tatn un gebetn eyns oysklaybn.

Zi hot bamerkt vi dos kind heybt oyf a kartl, tseeft es un leygt es tsurik oyfn ort, un tut dos zelbe mit a tsveytn, a dritn un a fertn.

“Vos tustu?” --- hot zi gefregt. – “Host nokh alts nisht gefunen keyn sheyn kartl farn tatn?”

“Neyn” --- entfert dos yingle. ---“Ikh zukh eyns mit gelt ineveynik.”

* * *

A galakh iz gezesen baym bet fun a goyses un gepruvt im tsugreytn tsu der meglekhkeyt, az er vet bald shtarbn.


Der galakh hot ibergekhazert zayne verter, ober der man hot vyter gevishn.

“Far vos vilst zikh nisht opzogn funem sotn?” --- hot der galakh gefregt.

Entfert der goyses: “Biz ikh veys vuvin me shikt mikh, vil ikh keynem nisht opfremdn.”

* * *

Shmulikn iz nimes gevorn, vos bay yeder khasene in der mishpokhe hobn di elter m umes im geknipt in bekl un gezogt: “Mirtshem bay dir!”

Zey hobn es ober oysgehert tsu zogn, nokh dem vi er hot ongehoyn zogn di zelbe zakh bes di levayes.

* * *

Di stuardke hot zikh tsugekukt vi a pasazhir pruvt araynvetschn zayn rizike valizke inem eybershnt fun eroapl, on hatslokhe.

“S’iz tsu groys,” hot di stuardke gezogt.

“Ir vet es muzn opgeb in bagazh.”

“Ober ven ikh fli mit andere luft-linyes, hob ikh nisht di problem!” hot der pasazhir, a denervirter, bamerkt.

Amol hot a man gemoldn far a grupe dorfslayt, az er vet opkoyfn ale malpes (monkeys), vos gefinen zikh in derbayikn (nearby) vald, far $10 a malpe.


In gikhn zenen farblibn nokh veyniker malpes vi frier. Hot der man gehekhert dem prayz biz $50! Er hot gemuzt forn in shtot oyf geshetfn, hot er gezogt, az zayn gehilf vet farnemen zay ort.

Der gehilf hit gezovn di dorfslayt di shtag (cage) fun gefangene malpes. “Zet nor vilf malpes mayn belebos hot shoyon gezamlt (collected),” hit er gezogt. “Ikh vel aykh zey farkoyfn, $35 a malpe, un ven der belebos vet zikh umkern, vet ir zey im farkoyfn, tsu $50 a malpe.”

Di dorfslayt hób opgekooyt (purchased) ale malpes. Ober der man mit zayn gehilf zenen nelem gevorn (disappeared); bloyz di malpes zenen geblibn.

Un ist farshteytr ir shoyon vi azoy es funktsyonirt di berze (exchange)...

Tsvey nišht-khasene gehate yunge layt hób geredt vegn di vihiktikste shtrikhn (traits) fun a vayb.

“Me zogt, az ven a man un froy hobn kegnanandike (opposite) shtrikhn, shaft es dos beste tsuzamenlebn,” hit eyner gezogt. “Vi halstu?”


A porfolk hot gebraht zeyer nay-geboyrn kind tsum pedriatiker.

“Ir hot a kheynevdik oyfele,” hot der dokter gezogt.

“Du zogst es mistome tsu aleltern,” hot di mame gezogt mit a shmeykh.

“Neyn, bloyz tsu di vos zenen take sheyn.”

“Un vos zogstu tsu di andere?”

Entfert der dokter: “‘Ze nor, er zet oys punkt vi du!”

Nokhn kontsert fun a khoshevn fiddler, iz a froy arayngekumen tsu im in kleyd-tsimer un tsugeshtanen, az er zol zikh tsuhn en tsu tashme vi ir zun shpilt fidl.

Der fidl-shpiler hit zikh tsugehert un iz nispal gevorn. ‘S’iz geven a komplitsirt verk, ober geshpilt mit groys talant.


“Neyn,” hit zi geentfert. “‘S’iz Yitskhak Perlman. Ober mayn zun klingt punkt azoy.”

Beni: Der kremer hot mikh haynt opgenart. Er hit mir gegebn a falshn kvoder.

Meni: Ken ikh es zen?

Beni: Ikh hob es shoyon genitst in apseyk.

Albert Aynshtayn iz eyn mol gefor in ban, ven der konduktor iz tsugekumen un gevart tsu zen zayn billet (ticket). Der barimter fiziker hot getapt in zayn vestl-keshene -- nishto; getapt in ale hoyzn-keshenes -- oykh nishto. Gezukht in rentsl -- nishto.

“Dr. Aynshtayn, ikh veys ver ir zent,” hot der konduktor gezogt. “Ikh bin zikher, az ir hot gekoyft a billet. Zorgt zikh nisht.”

Aynshtayn hot im badankt, un der konduktor iz avek vater, tsu kontrolim di bilet fun di andere pasazhirn. Mit a mol bamerkt er, vi Aynshtayn krikht untern benkl. Er hot zikh gikh umgekent un gezogt: “Dr. Aynshtayn, zort zikh nisht, mir veysn ver ir zayt. Ir darft nisht dem billet.”

“Yungerman, ikh veys oykh ver ikh bin,” hot Aynshtayn geentfert. “Ikh veys ober nisht vuhin ikh for.”

Der belebos iz nisht geven tsufridn mit der nayer sekretarin. Yedes mol vos der telefon hot geklungen, hot zi es ignorirt.

“Du muzech entfern oyfn telefon,” hot der belebos gezogt.

“Nu, gut,” hot zi geentfert. “Nor s’zet mir oys azoy narish. Kemat yedes mol vil men mit dir redn!”
Translations of Mexican and Gypsy Songs
By Hershl Hartman

Editor’s note: Hershl’s email is in reference to last Month’s Der Bay article, “Ellis Island Band”, by Barry A. Fisher. Hershl’s recent works, translations, and publications, are at the Sholem Community website: http://sholem.org/hershlhartman.html

Dear Fishl,

It is as a (one-time) Yiddish journalist, rather than the subject, that I note for the record that Barry Fisher and an impromptu klezmer band made up of members of the Sholem Community, at the community’s celebration of my 85th birthday, also performed my Yiddish translation of the Mexican revolutionary song, "La Cucuracha" (der tarakan) and of a Korean song about immigration.

der tarakan (La Cucaracha)
Trad. Mexican

tsuzing:
der tarakan, ay, der tarakan, ay,
lozt zikh nit in veg arayn--
derfar vayl s’felt eem,
oy vey, es felt eem,
marikhuana zeyer fayn.
der tarakan, ay, raboysay-ay,
vos’zhe ken ikh aykh nokh zogn?
nokh dertsu a sheyne meydrl
vos pantsho veeya hot getrogn.
an alter zokn, an alte z’keyne,
in a brunem faln aray-ayn.
es zogt dee alte, es zingt dee alte
esn zokn, zeyer fayn.
tsuzing
de nekeyves zenen sheydim,
erger funem sohn mee-es.
tun zikh on-et fun dee keper;
tun zikh oys-et fun dee fees.
tsuzing
de nekeyves fun mayn shtetl
veysn nit a kush tsu ton.

nor deh meksikaner froyen
kushn shoyn fun oybn on.

ikh trog meer mayn finf un fertsik
(Traigo Mi Cuarenta y Cinco)
I’m Wearing My Forty-Five) – Trad. Mexican

ikh trog meer mayn finf un fertsik
mit fuftsik koyln ongelodn.
dee patronen zaynen kreftik
dee fareter tsu ton shodn.
ver redt fun moyre khe-ev-re
az men lebt nor oyf pegeere.
ikh trog meer mayn finf un fertsik
vos sheest glaykher fun a veere.

in dee felder fun sokoro
zogt men az es feln mener.
oyb men vil zen fayne yatn
iz khalisco in dee plener.

Rom Anthem Djelum Romani - Trad. Mexican

gevandert, gevandert af vayte vegn;
kumen meer freylekhe Rom antkegn.
We saw poor Gypsies, they had no bread, no quilts;
We shared our bread and warm quilts with them.

gezen oreme Rom, on koldres, on broyt;
geteylt zikh mit zey tsu shtiln zeyer noyt.
Where d’you come from, Gypsy children?
From some beautiful place, far away.

fun vanen kumt eer, tsigayner kinder?
gor fun vaytn, itst do atsinder.

Editor’s note: Though the translations are copyright-protected, permission to reproduce or perform may be obtained at <hershl@sholem.org>. The use of “ee” for the Yiddish long “i” in the transliterations is meant to assist reciters/singers.

The Rom Anthem translation, also inspired by Barry Fisher, was given to Der Bay as a special gift.
“X” in Yiddish and English
By Philip “Fishl” Kutner

“X” in Yiddish
While there are no single-letter equivalents in Yiddish to the letters j, q, w, and x, the sounds do occur in Yiddish. This article covers the letter “x” which is spelled in Yiddish as ayin, kuf, and samekh. Weinreich’s English-Yiddish, Yiddish-English Dictionary has 52 words ranging from eks (former) to eksklusiv (exclusive).

It is interesting to note how many of them are pronounced the same in both languages. These words include:

eexistence
dexperiment
dexpert
deexport
dexpress
dextract
dextrovert

These words are easy to remember and can be added to the Yiddish vocabulary of beginners as they do for the Yiddish words fish and finger.

X in English
The letter X can have various meanings depending on its usage.

X Axis
X Between 2 values in dimensions
X Choice on a ballot
X Chromosome
X Kisses in a letter
X shows Magnification
X Marks the spot
X Multiplication sign
X-rated
X-ray
X for Signature
X Symbol for Roman number 10
X in Tic-Tac-Toe
X means Unknown
X the Wrong answer

The dictionary shows the words starting with the letter “x”—starts with “x” and ends with xystus (an architecture term)

US Cities starting with the letter “X”
Xanadu, Utah
Xavier, Kansas
Xenia, Colorado
Xenia, Illinois
Xenia, Iowa
Xenia, Kansas
Xenia, Ohio
Xenophon, Tennessee
X-Crossing, Montana
X-Prairie, Mississippi

Foreign Cities

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Xanadu</td>
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Famous people whose name starts with the letter “x”. They include: Xavier Cugat - singer, Xavier Becerra - Congressman, and a number of athletes. For surnames, there is Malcolm X.
If Your Game Has Gone Astray—Add Yiddish Movements to Your Play
By Harvey Gotliffe – USA TABLE TENNIS MAGAZINE • Nov/Dec 2012

Yiddish has become part of our language and you probably have heard, read or used words like nosh (snack), shmues (chat) and kibitz (gossip) among others. Now Yiddish is becoming part of table tennis lingo, helping players better express themselves before, during and after matches.

The Oy Way book offers thirty-six expressions that help readers engage in a “restorative, meditative, moving exercise experience.”

Of these thirty-six meditative movements, many can be readily used during table tennis action, and here are five you can easily incorporate into your verbal game. They will bring a bit more joy into your matches, and help eliminate the oy, or negativity, that sometimes arises during intensely played games.

“Oy Vey!” is the ultimate lament, and its “oh woe!” meaning can be prompted by many unwanted actions on the part of an opponent, or it could even be self-inflicted. In a close game, when you are missing easy shots or an opponent wins numerous points with lucky net balls, instead of screaming profanities, go into the Oy Vey movement.

Respected coach and four times world champion Li Zhen Shi demonstrates the Oy Vey pose. After a disastrous game, take your paddle in your hand and shrug your shoulders to relieve some tension. Then bend your body and head to one side, and gently but firmly hit your head with the paddle three times and moan “Oy Vey!” with each slap. Repeat this action until you have satisfactorily expressed your feelings, or your headache becomes too severe.

The gentle but demonstrative “Hu Ha” movement—I am amazed —can replace the shrill, disturbing sound of an opponent screaming the meaningless word “Cho!” This opponent usually displays an accompanying and challenging clenched fist to let everyone within reach of the “Cho” sound, know that he or she has won a toughly played point.

That cacophonous, abusively loud scream could be replaced when a player gently emits an equally powerful “Hu Ha” which means, “I am amazed.” This means that a player is amazed at his or her performance. These latter words should not be shouted at your opponent for fear of a paddle against paddle battle. This movement is easily accomplished when a player plants his or her right foot forward and left foot back, raises the right hand, extends her or his paddle, smiles and chants “Hu Ha!” three times.

Srivatsav Tangirala is in the “Hu Ha!” pose in Figure Two. Sri’s amazing play in July, helped elevate his rating from 1515 to 1741.

At times you may be troubled by another player’s seemingly obnoxious actions to distract you from your game. Rather than trying to find an official and plead for some corrective action, the “Gey Avek!” expression and movement may be an easier way for you to resolve the situation. “Gey Avek!” or “get out of here!” is quite useful on the table or in life. Whenever any sort of negative situation arises and you want to dissipate it, use the “Gey Avek” expression and movement.

You can do it with a stern look, or as former 4x world champion Zhang Li shows in Figure Three, you can do with a smile. Place one foot forward and your other foot back. Hold your paddle firmly in one hand, and extend your other hand forward and
strongly utter “Gey Avek.” Your opponent will be influenced by your words and your pose, especially when you hold a paddle in the ready.

It’s difficult to win every time you play a point, a game or a match. If you are bothered by every loss, whether it’s large or small, you will not be deriving pleasure from playing table tennis. By incorporating the Nisht Geferlekh — no big deal — movement into your game, you will be able to deal with the adversities that come on the table and in life.

In 2012, Kunal Chodri (pictured top right) made the US Mini-Cadet, Cadet & Junior National Team, and has a rating of 2418. Like everyone else, he knows that a setback now and then is inevitable. Instead of getting flustered when things go awry, it’s time for the movement shown in Figure Five. Turn your arms forward with one hand open and a paddle in the other. Shrug your shoulders and hold for a count of 5, smile benignly and utter “Nisht Geferlekh.” This releases tension, and confuses your opponent.

While plaudits from others are very gratifying, sometimes you need to congratulate yourself for a fantastic game or great overall effort in a match. It isn’t necessary for others to know what you have accomplished, but it’s important that you recognize your achievements. If you have worked hard to reach whatever goals you have set, self-satisfaction does not necessarily mean you are on an ego trip.

At the end of a difficult game or match that you have won, it’s natural to praise yourself, and you can do so with an “Ot Azoy!” movement — way to go! With a paddle in one hand, extend your other arm waist-high and clench your fist as shown in Figure five by Men’s U.S. National Team Coach Stefan Feth and former U.S. Women’s National Team Member Nan Li. Stand proudly, look forward, smile and raise and lower your arm three times as you respectfully repeat “Ot Azoy!”

You still have ample time to integrate all or some of these movements into your repertoire in time for the Nationals. With diligence, your play could rise from “Oy Vey!” into “Ot Azoy!”

Photography by Carmen Gotliffe. All players and coaches shown in the photographs are associated with the World Champions Table Tennis Academy

The Oy Way is available at www.theoyway.com

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**I Don’t Count Sheep Any More—**

**Yiddish is More Exciting**

by Philip “Fishl” Kutner

My two brothers, Sal and Samuel and I had a conversation about sleep. Neither, nit der nit yener. of my brothers knew that the other had sleep apnea (a condition tsushtand where you stop and start breathing and are unaware of it) were using the CPAP (continuous keseyderik positive airway pressure) machine each night.

It occurred to me that maybe it was in the family, and I should be tested. My test came up with an average of 70 per hour—in the danger zone. It takes a while to get accustomed to wearing the mask and falling asleep. I needed a strategy. Why not combine my love of Yiddish and a “game” to help fall asleep. The idea occurred to me to think of Yiddish words consisting of only two letters. So I started with alef and added the next letter. It went alef with beys, through alef and shin. Then it was beys and alef to beys and shin. Finally I did shin and alef to shin and reysh. Next I’ll do three letters.

**Yiddish Transliterated Words with only 2 Letters**

| An | an |
| Az | if, when, that |
| Di | the |
| Do | here |
| Du | you |
| Ek | end |
| Er | he |
| Es | it |
| Fe | fei |
| Im | him |
| In | in |
| Ir | her |
| Ki | cows |
| Ku | cow |
| Me | someone, you, they |
| Na | here |
| Nu | well? |
| On | without |
| Ot | her, there |
| Oy | oh, ouch |
| Ru | rest |
| Tu | do |
| Vi | how |
| Vu | where |
| Yo | yes |
| Zi | she |
Winter/Spring 2015 Yiddish Class Descriptions

ONLINE CLASSES

Unless otherwise noted, all online classes are $250 for W.C. members; $295 for non-members.

Learn to Read Yiddish in 4 sessions with Kolya Borodulin: Mondays, Feb. 2 – 23, 6:30 – 8:00pm
$100 for W.C. members; $120 for non-members

Elementary I with Paula Teitelbaum: Tuesdays, March 3 – May 12, 3 – 4:30pm

This course integrates listening, speaking, reading, and writing to familiarize students with basic conversational Yiddish, its vocabulary and grammatical structures. Culture will be treated as part of the language learning process, integrated at every step from the alphabet to proverbs and folksongs. Materials includes PowerPoint presentations created by Paula, music and videos available online, and Sheva Zucker’s textbook, Yiddish, An Introduction to the Language, Literature & Culture, Vol. I.

Elementary II with Sheva Zucker: Wednesdays, Feb. 25 – May 13, 1 – 2:30pm

Learn Yiddish with the person who wrote the book on the subject! The text is Yiddish: An Introduction to the Language, Literature & Culture II. This course is designed for students who have completed an elementary course or have some working knowledge of the language. We will learn Yiddish through (a more advanced) conversation, grammar, literary texts and songs. The class will be taught almost entirely in Yiddish.

Elementary I with Sheva Zucker: Thursdays, Feb. 26 – May 7, 7pm – 8:30pm

You will learn to speak, understand, read, and write Yiddish through conversation, elementary texts, grammar, and songs. It is for students who know the Hebrew alphabet and for those who do not. We shall be using Sheva Zucker’s textbook.

Intermediate with Kolya Borodulin: Wednesdays, March 11 – May 20, 6:30 – 8:00 pm

In der velt fun Yidish: amol un haynt This course will introduce Yiddish cultural figures from the past and today by using texts and multimedia. Every session will host a Yidishist and feature his/her work and familiarize you with legendary Yidishists. The course is conducted in Yiddish.

Advanced with Avraham Lichtenbaum: Mondays, March 2 – May 11, 6:30 – 8:00 pm

This course is taught in Yiddish and will focus on Israel and Zionism in Yiddish literature. Designed for advanced students, classes focus on the literary works of Sholem Aleichem, Sholem Asch, Isaac Dov Berkowitz, Yosl Birshteyn, and others.

Yiddish Literary Modernism (taught in English) with Gennady Estraikh: Tuesdays, March 3 – May 12, 2:00 – 3:30 pm

This course covers short prose in English including the work of I. L. Peretz, Lamed Shapiro, David Bergelson, Joseph Opatoshu, Peretz Markish, Der Nister, Chaim Grade, Chava Rosenfarb, Tsvi Eisenman, and Boris Sandler. Class discussions also will cover Yiddish literary life in the 20th century.
Advanced with Avraham Lichtenbaum: Wednesdays, March 11 – May 20, 1:00 – 2:30pm

This course is taught entirely in Yiddish and will focus on women in Yiddish literature. Designed for advanced students, classes focus on the literary works of Sholem Aleichem, I. B. Singer, I. L. Peretz, David Pinski, and others.

Jewish Food and Jewish Peoplehood (in Yiddish) with Eve Jochnowitz: Mondays, Feb. 23 – May 4, 2:00 – 3:30pm

This course introduces the varied and often contested issues of Jewish food and Jewish peoplehood. It is taught entirely in Yiddish.

Don’t Knock Me a Tea Kettle: Yiddish Idioms (taught in English) with Michael Wex: Mondays, Feb. 23 – May 4, 6:30 – 8:00 pm

This course will focus on various aspects of Yiddish language and culture: from birth to Bar Mitzvah, to food, sex, folk beliefs, and more.

IN PERSON CLASSES

All classes take place in the Workmen’s Circle National Office: 247 West 37th Street, 5th Floor, New York, NY 1008

*FREE* New Workshop: Their Stories, Our Stories: Yiddish Women Writers with Frieda Forman Mondays, Feb. 2 & 23, March & 16, 6:30 – 8:30 pm

Discover the rarely explored works and lives of Yiddish women authors of the 20th century. Rescued from oblivion by feminist scholars and translators, these short stories, memoirs and novel extracts will bring to light our foremothers’ experience and history in Eastern Europe, North America, and Israel. Recurring themes include family and gender relations, work, education, political life, migration and the Holocaust. Texts will be in translation and in the original Yiddish.

Frieda Forman has been a teacher, writer and scholar in the fields of Jewish Studies and Women’s Studies for over four decades. She was the founder and coordinator of the Women’s Educational Resources Centre at OISE/ University of Toronto, where she is an associate scholar.

She was the researcher, co-editor, and a translator of Found Treasures: Stories by Yiddish Women Writers, the first collection of Yiddish women’s literature in translation. More recently, she edited The Exile Book of Yiddish Women Writers.

This workshop has a maximum capacity of 25 students. To enroll, contact Barry Newman: bnewman@circle.org, (212) 889-6800.

All in-person classes are $200 for Workmen’s Circle members; $275 for non-members

Advanced with Shane Baker: Mondays, Feb. 23 – May 18, 3:00 – 4:30pm

Advanced Beginners with Eva Jochnowitz: Tuesdays, Feb. 24 – May 19, 1:00 – 2:30pm

Beginners Conversational with Eva Jochnowitz: Tuesdays, Feb. 24 – May 19, 3:00 – 4:30pm

Advanced with Kolya Borodulin: Tuesdays, Feb. 24 – May 19, 6:30 – 8:00pm

Beginners I with Paula Teitelbaum: Tuesdays, Feb. 24 – May 19 6:30 – 8:00pm

Intermediate with Eva Jochnowitz: Wednesdays, Feb. 25 – May 27 1:00 – 2:30pm

Beginners I with Paula Teitelbaum: Wednesdays, Feb. 25 – May 27 6:30 – 8:00pm

Beginners II with Paula Teitelbaum: Wednesdays, Feb. 25 – May 3 3:00 – 4:30pm

Advanced with Eva Jochnowitz: Thursdays, Feb. 26 – May 28 1:00 – 2:30pm

Advanced Intermediate with Kolya Borodulin: Thursdays, Feb. 26 – May 28 6:30 – 8:00pm
Yiddish Words And Expressions In English – Part I
By Bennett Muraskin – Excerpted from Jewish Currents

Yiddish has had a major impact on American English because of the role of Yiddish-speaking Jews in media—radio, TV, movies, plays, books, magazines and newspapers—where they sprinkled their writings, jokes and songs with Yiddish phrases. Words like nu, shlep, nosh, khutspe, kluts, mensh, kibits, maven, ganef, yente, kvetsh, etc. are now everyday words in American English. Some non-Jews can shmooze with the best of them.

Yiddish is so prevalent in English that the winning word in the 2014 National Spelling Bee was knaidel [kneydl] and the child that spelled it correctly is the child of Indian immigrants. There are over 100 Yiddish words in English dictionaries.

Yiddish like English is a fusion language. Yiddish words have been used in American English for at least a century and received a major boost from an unlikely source. H.L. Mencken, the non-Jewish journalist and social critic included dozens of Yiddish loan words in his influential study The American Language, published in 1919 and reissued three times during the 1920s and 30s. Mencken was aided in this endeavor by his friend Abraham Cahan, the editor of the Forverts.

Two great Yiddish writers have helped disseminate the language in America: Sholem Aleichem, the author of the stories that form the basis of the hit musical and movie “Fiddler on the Roof,” and Isaac Bashevis Singer, whose novels have been made into movies including “Yentl.” Barbara Streisand, who directed and starred in that film, has incorporated many Yiddish words in other films. Yet the single literary source that is credited for doing most for popularizing Yiddish for an English-speaking audience is Leo Rosten’s book, “The Joys of Yiddish,” published in 1968, revised in 2001 and still in print.

Credit for keeping Yiddish and its tam alive also goes to novelists Saul Bellow, Philip Roth, Joseph Heller and Bernard Malamud, MAD magazine, Jackie Mason, and comedians/film makers Woody Allen and Mel Brooks.

Here is my contribution, with help from Max Rosenfeld (z”l) Gerald Kane, Dr. Barney Zumoff and my wife, Ellen.

Greetings
Hello / peace be with you—sholem aleykhem (always answered with aleykhem sholem)
How are you?—Vos makhstu?
How’s it going?—Vi geyts?
Long life to you (you should live to 120)!—Biz hundert tsantsik (the age Moses died)
Well done!—yasher koyekh
To life / cheers!—’l’khaim! (used in a toast)

Types of People - Positive
wise person / scholar—khokhem (could also be used sarcastically)
big shot / person in authority—gantser makher
homemaker extraordinaire—baleboste
kind person / good soul —gute neshome
emcee at traditional Jewish wedding—badkhn
merrymaker / social director—tumler

Types of People - Negative
animal / savage—beheyme/vilde khaye
bastard / rascal—manzer/bandit (sometimes used admiringly)
bitchy woman— kholerye
bump on a log—shtik holts
cheapskate—karger
clumsy person—klotz
complainer—kvetsh
crazy person—meshugene(r)
crude youth—*grober yung*

drunkard—*shiker*

loudmouth/braggart/phony—*trombenik*

luckless person/born loser—*shlimazl*

can’t do anything right — *shlimil/shnuk*

moocher/beggar—*shnorer*

non-entity/nobody—*nebish/Chaim Yankl*

oaf/all brawn, no brains—*bulvan*

scoundrel/evil-doer—*paskudnyak*

snob—*faynshmeker*

sourpuss—*farbisener*

thief—*ganef*

ugly person—*mieskayt*

yokel/blockhead—*zhlob*

one who tries to live by his wits without any visible means of support—*luftmentsh*

beaten/bedraggled person—*farshlogen*

big shot (sarcastic)—*groyser knaker*

### Other Types

boss/landlord—*balebos*

countryman (from the same home town)—*landsman* (plural—*landslayt*)

greenhorn (new immigrant)—*griner*

musician—*klezmer*

opinionated person—*kibitzer*

one who likes to snack—*nasher*

matchmaker—*shadkhn*

match—*shidekh*

wedding canopy—*khupe*

your son-in-law or daughter-in-law’s parents—*makhetonom*

your son-in-law or daughter-in-law’s mother—*makheteniste*

your son-in-law or daughter-in-law’s father—*makhutin*

### Things People Do

bargain/haggle—*handl*

beam with pride—*kvel*

bribe—*shmir*

burst/explode—*plats*

butt in/give unwanted advice—*kbits*

burp—*grops*

carouse/celebrate—*hulye*

complain/whine—*kvetsh*

drag/haul—*shlep*

faint—*khalesh*

gorge/stuff your face—*fres*

groan—*krekhts*

(have) sex—*shtup*

spray—*shprits*

scream—*gib a geshray*

sweat—*shvits*

talk through one’s nose—*fonfer*

give a whack—*gib a zets/klop*

take pride in a relative’s accomplishments—*shep nakhes*

homosexual man—*feygele* (lit., little bird, may now be considered insulting)
Mame, nor in amerike I
by Philip “Fishl” Kutner

Haynt iz nitzl (Xmas) un ikh zits do shraybn tsu dir. Mayn vayb, dayn shnur, serke, shpilt mah dzhon mit fir fun ire gute fraynd. Yede donershtik kumen zey tsuzamen un spiln fun mitog biz fir azeyger.

Geveyntlekh gey arroys donershtik mit tsvey fraynd fun undzer blinde grupe far lontsh un shmuesn. Zey zenen Kristen, un zint ikh bin aleyn in der heym ken ikh “redn” mit aykh.

Ikh shrayb izst vegn a blits post vos ikh hob gekrign fun avner veyn zayn bazukh tsu a shtot, Balti, Moldova (Beltsi, Balts). Dos iz nisht Belz fun dem lid, “Mayn shtetele Belz.”

Eyn zakh geyt tsum anadern un ikh bin gegangen tsu Wikipedia un gekukt far BELZ. Az ikh hob geleyent mer un mer hob ikh gelernt a sakh veyn di Belze khasidm. Eyn zakh iz az der greste shul in der velt iz a belzer sinagog vos me ken zitsn mer fun zeks toyzent mentshn.

Dos iz an emese moden tog far mir.

Mame, nor in amerike II
by Philip “Fishl” Kutner

Mama, farvos zog ikh, “nor in amerike.” Af beyde zaytn hobn mir zeyer fayne kristlekhe shkheynem. Mir hobn gekrign nitzl matones un mir hobn zey gegebn matones.

Zint mir hobn tsoymen (fences) af dem ek fun undzere hayze, darfn mir batsoln halb un halb tsu farrikhti di tsoymen. S’iz geven a shturem un di tsoymen hobn aruntergefasn.

Di tsoymen zenen zeks fis hoykh un yeder akht fis hobn mir slupes (posts). Di breter zenen zeks intshes breyt.

Yo mir hobn farzikherung (insurance). Ober di aroprekheneun (deductible) iz azoy groys az s’iz beser nisht tsu geyn durkh dem farzikherung firme. Mir hobn gehat Allstate farzikherung ven serke hot gearbet far zey, obn ven zi hot tsurikgetsoygn a por yor tsurik hobn mir aroysgenumen di farzikherung mit steyt farm.

Dos iz ales.

Mame, vos zol ikh zogn di kinder?
by Philip “Fishl” Kutner

Ikh zits do baym kompyuter un shrayb epes far der bay un denk vos tsu derteyln di ur-eynikeleh veyn dir un dem tatti. Zey zenen a meydele fun dray yor un a boytsikl a yor alt. di meydele voynt in florida un der yingele in nyu dzherzi.


Efsher veystu nisht az er iz geven farviki in dem funanderboy fun iMak, iTunz, iFon, un iPad. Mame az du veyst nisht vu er iz bay dir, kuk in dayn telefon bukh. Nokh amol, zayn nomen iz stiv dzhobs.

Mame, di kinder zenen ale ok, un shik grusn.

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**Der Bay is fully online.**

All of the back issues are on the website with a special search box.

**Founder and Editor:**

Philip “Fishl” Kutner

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**Home Phone:** 650-349-6946

**Published Since January 1991**

- Networking, Networking, Networking, is having others help you get what YOU want. *Der Bay* is a great networking tool.

- Send articles to: FISHL@derbay.org
Mishpokhe Kheyndlekh zenen ibergezetst fun yidish, funem forverts. These transliterations are written by Ana Berman of Toronto, a long-time, master Yiddish teacher. This is a regular column that her husband Professor Sol Berman o"h, a computer maven, is thanked for having sent them. Yiddish groups use them as program materials—especially where some of the participants are not able to read Yiddish in the original.

Professor Kathryn Hellerstein Wins National Jewish Book Award. The award was for her book, A Question of Tradition: Women Poets in Yiddish, 1586-1987 (Stanford University Press, 2014). She is the Ruth Meltzer Senior Lecturer in Yiddish and Jewish Studies and the Undergraduate Director of the Jewish Studies Program at the University of Penn.

I Don’t Count Sheep Any More—Yiddish is Much More Exciting by Fishl. He learned that he has sleep apnea and needed to sleep with a CPAP machine with which it takes time to be able to fall asleep.

List of Yiddish Transliterated Words with only Two Letters (26)

List of Election Words in Yiddish (50)

KOLOT – Birthright Germany: A Return to Dresden by Van Wallach. While Birthright Israel brings young Jews to Israel to build Jewish identity, connections among Jewish communities, and bonds with the people and land of Israel. Van and his girlfriend Naomi undertook what he calls “Birthright Germany.” This trip exposed them, as Jews, to the country where their families originated. They designed a two-week vacation around Dresden, starting in Prague, Czech Republic, going to Dresden and finishing in Berlin.

Yiddish Words And Expressions In English – Part II By Bennett Muraskin – Excerpted from Jewish Currents. This article includes a bio of Bennett and the three books he has authored. Most notable is The Association of Jewish Libraries Guide to Yiddish Short Stories. (130 Yiddish stories in translation). This month’s lists include:

- feelings,
- everyday terms,
- concepts,
- expressions, and
- miscellaneous.


Music On My Mind The Power of Auditory Memory Combined with Cochlear Implants by Barbara Liss Chertok. Sonia Pressman Fuentes, who also has had articles published in Der Bay, sent in this article. It is particularly of interest to those of us who are physically impaired—especially hard of hearing. Barbara is very active in the HLAA (Hearing Loss Association of America).

Jewish Music Festival: JCC East Bay Sharabi Featuring Frank London and Deep Singh March 1, 2, and 3 “Di Megileh Of Itzik Manger” March 7 and 8 Hazonos: Cantor Jack Mendelson, Frank London and Friends March 17-19 Steve Weintraub – Dance Workshops March 22 Finale Veretski Pass and Steve Weintraub The last page has Fishl’s email address and URL for Der Bay’s website. Have friends, club members, or Yiddish students receive these free online editions. You not only receive current editions, but you can search Der Bay articles since the beginning back to January 1991. By placing any word in the search box, you will go to every location where that word has been used in Der Bay since its founding in 1991.
An almone hot bashlosn tsu koyfn a hunt, kedey zi tsu bashitsn. Zi iz gegangen in a gevelb fun shhtub-khayes, un ongevizn oyf a Daytshn shof-hunt.

“Er hot nisht lib keyn mener,” hot der farkoyfer gezogt.
Zeyer gut, hot di almone getrakht, un gekoyft dem hunt.


* * *

Bes an English-klas, hot di lererin dertseylt di oyslendishe studentn vegn a khinezisher immigrantke, vos hot shtark gevolt trogn an Englishn nomen lekoved ir nayer heym.

“Zi hot oysgeklibn dem nomen ‘geduldik’ --- hot di lererin derklert --- kedey tomid tsu gedenken tsu zayn geduldik mit andere mentshn.

“Vil ikh aykh fregn: Oyb ir volt gekent bakumen a nayem Englishn nomen, vos volt ir oysgeklibn?
Entfert a yunger-man: "Raykhman."

* * *

Hagam Yentl iz shoyn geven iber 70 yor alt, hot zi lib gehat tsu forn oyfn velosiped, befrat mit ir 8-yorik eynikl, Dine.

Eyn mol, forndik zaltbetsveyt durkhn park, hot Yentl zikh a bisl fartrakht. “In tsen yor vestu mistome (probably)gikher veln farbrengen mit dayne fraynd, eyder tsu geyn mit mir shpatsirn, shvimen oder forn mitn velosiped, azoy vi itst,” hot zi bamerkt.

“S’makht nisht oys,” hot Dine zi getreyst.
“In 10 yor vestu mistome say-vi zayn tsu alt tsu ton azoyne zakhn.”

* * *

Berl: Far vos zenen hint azoyne nisht-gerotene tentser?
Shmerl: Vayl zey hobn tsvey linke fis.

* * *


“Aaa, dos iz nisht keyn umbakante zakh; s’heyst a hunt-kompleks,” hot der dokter gezogt.

“Zorgt zikh nisht (don’t worry), ikh ken aykh helfn. Kumt aber un leygt zikh anider oyf der sofe.”

“Kholile --- hot der man geentfert a nerwezer --- m’hot mir geheysn nisht krikhn oyf di mebl!”

* * *

In mitn der nakht hot geklungen der telefon bay a biblioteker in der heym.

“Vifl a zeyger efnt zikh di bibliotek?” --- hot gefregt der man oyfn telefon.

“Nayn a zeyger in der fri --- hot der biblioteker geentfert --- ober far vos klingt ir mir in der heym in mitn der nakht tsu shteln aza frage?”

“Ir zogt, es vet nisht zayn ofn biz nayn a zeyger?” --- khazert iber der man.

“Neyn, nisht biz nayn a zeyger!” --- entfert der biblioteker. “Far vos vilt ir geyn in bibliotek azoy fri?”

“Ver zogt, az ikh vil arayngeyn?” --- entfert der man. “Ikh vil aroys!

* * *

A yung sheyn meydl iz arayn in a shnitkrom un gevizn oyf a geviser vare. “Kh’volt gevolt koyfn di vare far a nay kleyd. Vifl kost es?”

Der yungerman hintern tombank hot gevunken tsu ir un gezogt: “Bloyz eyn kush far yedn meter.”

“Gut, oyb azoy vel ikh koyfn tsen meter.”

Der yungerman hot zikh tseshmeykt, gikh oysgemostn di skhoyre, (merchandise) es ayngeviklt un tsugerukt zayn ponim noent tsu irs.

Dos meydl hot tsugenum dos pekl, gevizn oyfn altn man hinter ir un gezogt: “Der zeyde vet batsofn.”

* * *
Moyshe iz gegangen tsum rov fregn a shayle (question). “Rabay, di fargangene vokh hob ikh nisht gebentsht nokhn esn,” hot er gezogt.

“Far vos?” – hot der rov gefregt.

“Vayl kh’hob fargesn farn esn zikh tsu vashn.”

“Heyst es, az ir hot tsvey mol gezindikt (sinned)” – “Ober ir hot mir nokh alts nisht derkler taf vos.”

“Vayl dos esn iz nisht geven kosher.”

“Ir hot gegeen nisht-koshere shpayz?”

“Avade, der restoran iz dokh nisht geven keyn kosherer.”

“Vos!? – hot der rov gefregt, shoy a denervirter – “Hot ir nisht gekont khotsh esn in a koshern plats?”

Entfert Moyshe: “Vu ken men den gefinen a koshern restoran Yom-Kiper?”

*   *   *

Goldshteyn un zayn froy hobn gehat shverikeyn baym shlofn. Eyn mol hot froy Goldshteyn forgeleygt a mitl zikh tsu baruikn, kedey gikher antshlofn tsu vern.

Ligndik oyfn bet mit di oygn farmakht, hot zi bashribn aza stsene (scene): Mir zitsn in a sheyner gebayde oyf a tropishn indzl. A tsart vintl shvebt durkh di glezerne tirn, vos firn tsu undzer privatzer stezhke tsum breg…

“Eyn minut!” – hot Goldshteyn ibergrisn di ruikeyt. – “Vifl cost undz aza vakatsye?”

*   *   *

A hoykhpunkt fun professor Vasermans biology-klas iz geven dos hodeven, eyn mol a khoydesh, di klapershlang in a shtayg (bird cage) fun der laboratorye. Eyn mol hot der gantszer klas zikh farzamt arum der shtayg un shvayngndik zikh tsugekukt vi di shlang est ir moltsayt.

“Alevay voltn mayne studentn zikh tsugehert tsu mayne lekstys mit aza bagaysterung, (enthusiasm)” hot profesor Vaserman geziftst (sighed).

Entfert a student: “Me volt es zikher geton ven ir volt oykh farshlungen a mayzl.”

*   *   *

In Tel-Aviv hot men derhert dem sharfn klang fun der sirene, un yeder iz arayngelofn in zayn baheltenish. Froy Goldshteyn hot ongehoybn aroptsugeyn di trep in keler ober zeendik, az ir man kumt nisht, hot zi aroyfgerufn: “Nu, Moyshe, du kumst?”

“Rega, Khane!” hot er tsurikgerufn. “Ikh zukh di tseyn.”

“Farges vegn di tseyn!” shrayt zi tsurik.

“Mit vos meynstu vet der soyne undz shisn – beygl mit loks?”

*   *   *


Ven ir man iz aheymgekumen fun der arbet hot zi, a tsufridene, im dertseyt vegin ir nayem plan tsu shporn gelt.

“Zest, Dovid, durkh mayn vashn dos kleyd zenen mir raykher gevorn mit dray doler.”


*   *   *

A vokh far zeyer khasene-yoyvl hobn Shmulik un zayn froy, Reyzl, zikh dervust, az zey hobn beyde gekoyft di zelbe matone eyner farn tsveytn: a compactl mit di greshe shlagers fun “Di Bitls”.

“Efshe zolstu dayn kompaktl tsurikgebhn,” hot Reyzl forgeleygt.

“Ikh hob a besern gedank,” hot Shmulik geantfert. “Der velkher hot batsolt mer, zol es umkern!”

Der gedank iz ir gefeln gevorn, hot er zi gefregt vifl zi hot batsolt derfar.

“$18.99,” hot zi geentfert.

“Ikh hob batsolt bloy $16.99, zolstu dayns umkern.”

“Vos?!” hot zi zikh gebeyzert. “Aza bilike matone koyfstu mir?”

*   *   *

Hellerstein was delightfully “honored and surprised,” she said, to be named winner for a book she has been devoted to for the past 25 years. As for the sales effect the imprimatur will have, “we can only hope,” she added.

Most importantly, the award gives “a stamp of approval” to a tome of topics which encompass so much of her career interests: “I really care about Yiddish literature, Jewish women writers, especially about women who wrote in Yiddish,” said Hellerstein, a former director of the Jewish Studies Program at Penn.

Dr. Kathryn Hellerstein is the Ruth Meltzer Senior Lecturer in Yiddish and Jewish Studies and the Undergraduate Director of the Jewish Studies Program at the University of Pennsylvania. A member of a distinguished Cleveland medical family and educated at Wellesley and Brandeis (BA), and Stanford (PhD), Hellerstein is a poet and a translator, as well as a scholar of Yiddish poetry.

Hellerstein’s books include her translation and study of Moyshe-Leyb Halpern’s poems, In New York: A Selection, (Jewish Publication Society, 1982), Paper Bridges: Selected Poems of Kadya Molodowsky (Wayne State University Press, 1999), and Jewish American Literature: A Norton Anthology, of which she is co-editor (W. W. Norton, 2001).

She is also a major contributor to American Yiddish Poetry: A Bilingual Anthology (University of California Press, 1986). Her own poems have appeared in journals—Poetry, Tikkun, Bridges, Kerem, Gastronomica, The Drunken Boat, Prairie Schooner—and anthologies—Without a Single Answer, Four Centuries of Jewish Women’s Spirituality, Reading Ruth, and Common Wealth: Poets on Pennsylvania. Her many scholarly articles on Yiddish literature, and most recently, on women poets in Yiddish, are found in journals, anthologies, and encyclopedias. Her work has also appeared in The New York Times Book Review and The New York Review of Books.

Professor Hellerstein’s current projects include Anthology of Women Yiddish Poets and a critical book, A Question of Tradition: Women Poets in Yiddish. She has received fellowships from the Center for Advanced Judaic Studies at Penn, the National Endowment for the Arts, the National Endowment for the Humanities, and the Guggenheim Foundation.

Named as finalists in the same category were Rabbis Sue Levi Elwell and Nancy Fuchs Kreimer for their Chapters of the Heart: Jewish Women Sharing the Torah of Our Lives. Elwell, a contributing writer for the Jewish Exponent’s Torah commentary, is spiritual director, scholar-in-residence, at Washington Hebrew Congregation in Washington, D.C. Fuchs Kreimer is chair of multicultural studies at the Reconstructionist Rabbinical College in Wyncote.

Another finalist in the same “Women’s Studies” category was Elisheva Baumgarten, whose Practicing Poetry in Medieval Ashkenazi Men, Women, and Everyday Religious Observation, was published by the University of Pennsylvania Press.

The prestigious awards will be presented on March 11, 2015 at the Center for Jewish History in New York.

The XI International Association of Yiddish Clubs Conference was held in Cleveland, Ohio, at the Marriott Cleveland East Hotel. Harold Ticktin was the chair and co-chairs were Annabelle Weiss and Pauline Leber.

Professor Hellerstein was the keynote speaker. The exciting topic of her plenary lecture was the Poetry of Kadya Molodowsky.

She is a member of a distinguished Cleveland medical family. So it was a wonderful homecoming day for her, because her mother was able to attend the event and hear the presentation.
I Don’t Count Sheep Any More—Yiddish is Much More Exciting

My brothers and I had a *shmues*, and the topic of sleep came up. Neither was aware that the other had sleep apnea (a condition of sleep disruption. This requires the use of a CPAP machine (continuous positive airway pressure).

I was in disbelief—while I did not know of their condition, it was a shock that they did not know of the other having sleep apnea. It dawned on me that maybe it was in the family and I should be tested. I had 70 disruptions per hour and 30 is borderline.

It takes a while to get used to wearing the mask and fall asleep. I needed a plan. Why not use my love of Yiddish and a game to help fall asleep. The idea was to think of Yiddish words of 2 letters. I started with *alef* and added the next letter. It went *alef un beys*, through *alef un shin*. Then Finally *shin un alef* ...

Next I’ll do 3 letters.

### List of Yiddish Transliterated Words with only Two Letters (26)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>An</th>
<th>- an</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Az</td>
<td>- if, when, that</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Di</td>
<td>- the</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Do</td>
<td>- here</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Du</td>
<td>- you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ek</td>
<td>- end</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Er</td>
<td>- he</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Es</td>
<td>- it</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fe</td>
<td>- fie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Im</td>
<td>- him</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In</td>
<td>- in</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ir</td>
<td>- her</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ki</td>
<td>- cows</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ku</td>
<td>- cow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Me</td>
<td>- someone, you, they</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Na</td>
<td>- here</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nu</td>
<td>- well?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On</td>
<td>- without</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ot</td>
<td>- here, there, just</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oy</td>
<td>- oh, ouch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ru</td>
<td>- rest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tu</td>
<td>- do</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vi</td>
<td>- how</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vu</td>
<td>- where</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yo</td>
<td>- yes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zi</td>
<td>- she</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### List of Election Words in Yiddish (50)

| Absent | - felndik |
| Absentee | - farfeler |
| Ballot | - shtim |
| Booth | - baydl, budke |
| Campaign | - aktsiye |
| Candidate | - kandidat |
| Chairman | - forzitser |
| Committee | - komitet |
| Congress | - kongres |
| Constitution | - konstitutsiye |
| Convention | - tsuzamenfor |
| Council | - rot |
| Debate | - vikuekh |
| Delegate | - delegat |
| Elect | - oysveyln |
| Election | - valn |
| Election Day | - valtog |
| Govern | - regirn |
| Government | - regirung |
| Governor | - gubernator |
| Incumbent | - itstiker |
| Independent | - umophengik |
| Lobbyist | - shtadlen |
| Lose | - farlirn |
| Loser | - farlier |
| Majority | - merheyt |
| Mayor | - birger-mayster |
| Minority | - miet |
| Party | - partey |
| Political | - politish |
| Politician | - politikant |
| Politics | - politik |
| President | - prezident |
| Primary | - primar |
| Propose | - forleygn |
| Proposition | - forleyg |
| Re-elect | - vider derveyln |
| Represent | - forshteln |
| Representative | - forshteyer |
| Select | - oysklaybn |
| Senate | - senat |
| Senator | - senator |
| Speech | - rede |
| Tally | - shtimen |
| Term | - kadents |
| To Vote | - shtimen |
| Vote out | - aroysbalotirn |
| Voter | - veyler |
| Win | - gevinen |
| Winner | - gevinner |
Birthright Israel brings young Jews to Israel to build Jewish identity, connections among Jewish communities, and bonds with the people and land of Israel. I’m too old to do Birthright, but this fall my girlfriend and I undertook what I called “Birthright Germany.” This trip exposed us, as Jews, to the country where our families originated. Naomi and I had been intensely curious about Germany, but had never visited. That changed last year when the Dresden city government contacted Naomi’s father, White Plains resident Eric Leiseroff, and invited him to visit as a guest of the city. For 20 years, the city has hosted groups of former residents and their families for tours of rebuilt Dresden, visits to Jewish sites, and shared stories of flight and survival.

Born Erich Leiserowitsch in Dresden, he immigrated to the U.S. with his mother Valeska in June 1941, on one of the last trains out of Germany. He politely told the city liaison that, at 88, he had never flown before and didn’t want to return to Germany. He had already returned once, as a 19-year-old soldier with the 89th Infantry Division in 1945. He helped liberate the concentration camp Ohrdruf (a subcamp of Buchenwald) and used his native German-language skills to interrogate German POWs. One trip back was enough. Eric once told me, “I came home from the war and I just wanted a boring life.” And he succeeded, with a marriage that’s still going strong after 64 years, and a 58-year career as a salesman for a paper-manufacturing firm.

However, he suggested that Naomi and I could represent him. The city agreed, and we built a two-week vacation around Dresden, starting in Prague, going to Dresden and finishing in Berlin. Naomi contacted a volunteer researcher for the Dresden Jewish community, Gabi, who would take us to Stenz, the town north of Dresden where Eric and Valeska lived before they left for Lisbon, Portugal and continued to New York on the S.S. Excalibur.

My own family connections to Germany are more distant than Naomi’s. My mother’s maternal grandparents were born in Posen, Germany in the 1860s and then moved to Texas. Her paternal great-grandfather was Rabbi Heinrich “Hayyim” Schwarz, born in Kempen near the Dutch border in 1824. He moved to Hempstead, Texas in 1873, becoming the first ordained rabbi in the state. Based on these relatives, I felt a historical connection to Germany, curiosity mixed with anxiety about over there.

Anya, a representative of Mayor Helma Orosz, met us at the train station and took us to the hotel where the city’s 15 guests stayed. Anya became a constant, informed companion, shepherding our group from the hotel to historical and social events. The first full day in Dresden brought the reality and remembrance of the Holocaust to us. We saw the laying of several “stumbling stones,” or stolpersteine, created by artist Gunter Demnig. The size of cobblestones, the memorials have a metallic plate bearing the name of an individual, date of birth and last date living at a particular address before the person was sent to a transit or extermination camp. Demnig installs the stones personally throughout Europe, with over 48,000 now laid. That day, he installed stones at four Dresden sites.

Some deportees must have worshipped at the Dresden synagogue, which was destroyed during Kristallnacht. The old synagogue had great personal significance, as Eric had the last bar mitzvah there before it burned in November 1938. Gabi had unearthed a notice in the Jewish community newspaper that congratulated Eric on his passage, and had sent Naomi a copy. We visited the new synagogue and attended Friday night services there. I felt an intense sense of Jewish continuity, as we joined other Jews, many of whom came from the former USSR, who tenaciously embodied Jewish tradition there.
The next day Naomi and I visited Stenz, the town north of Dresden where her father and grandmother lived until 1941. Gabi and her husband Alex, who did most of the translating, were our tour guides. We first stopped at a church in Koenigsbruck, next to Stenz, where we met with Werner, the nephew of Franz Osang, who had hired Eric as a carpenter’s apprentice when most people avoided any contact with Jews. Werner, a church sexton, took us to a meeting room off the church’s main sanctuary, where Naomi spread documents about her family—photos of relatives, birth certificates, Eric’s Bronze Star medal commendation, a copy of a telegram confirming Valeska and Eric’s passage on the Excalibur out of Lisbon.

Werner shared a story from his father, who remembered the day in 1941 when Eric and Valeska left to get the train to Dresden—Eric, he recalled, carried a violin case, a detail that Eric confirmed for us. We visited the cemetery where Franz Osang was buried when he died in 1940. Naomi placed a stone on the grave in memory of this brave and honorable man who showed kindness to the Jewish teen.

Gabi and Alex drove us to nearby Weisenweg, the street where Valeska and Eric rented rooms in a house. Nobody was home, but we saw the next-door neighbors were outside, so Gabi and Alex introduced us and explained the purpose of our visit to an elderly woman with her two sons and a woman, perhaps her granddaughter.

The woman, Regina, was 80 and had lived in the house all her life. The sweep of history that flowed past her front door astounded me: the Weimar Republic, Nazi Germany, the war, the Russians, the communist decades, the abrupt transition to a united Germany, all observed from the house on Weisenweg.

She recalled Eric giving her brother a toy fire truck, and that Valeska gave sweets to her family. Regina mentioned a man of Eric’s age, Hans, who still lived nearby and provided his address. With thanks and exchanges of names, we parted.

An elderly woman answered Alex’s knock on the door there. We asked if Hans was in; yes, that was her husband and he joined us. A dapper man at 90, Hans eagerly shared his memories. He had attended school with Eric and remembered him from classes. He told us about the time Eric brought a world atlas to class and the students pored over it, fascinated.

Hans’ memories of Eric stopped at a certain point. When he and others had to join the Hitler Youth, Eric, well, was left out of the “inner circle.” Hans related a story told by a local man who swore he saw Eric as a U.S. Army soldier guarding German POWs. He called out “Erich, Erich!” but got no response. Eric later told us that, yes, he did remember somebody shouting his name, but at the time he thought it must be somebody else and, anyway, you can’t ignore a column of POWs to chat with a childhood acquaintance.

After we returned to the U.S., Hans emailed a class photo from the early 1930s to Eric, with the two of them sitting side by side—boys instantly recognizable as old men 80 years later.

From Dresden we reached Berlin, finding places where Eric’s father and two uncles lived before the war. We learned about their fates: his father, a star on the Tennis Borussia soccer team, moved to Palestine in the 1930s, one uncle was killed by the Germans and the other survived hidden in Berlin. The Jewish Museum, the New Synagogue and memorials connected us with remembrances of all that vanished.

Birthright Germany continues to echo for us. We stay in touch with Gabi and other Dresden guests. We investigate the past. Naomi deepens her knowledge from a widening web of relatives. My older family members said my great-grandfather returned to Posen from Texas several times before World War I. Why? Who did he see? Uncle Max, the Czech-born husband of a great-aunt, helped refugees settle in San Antonio. Who? When?

Old soldier Eric Leiseroff is using a memoir class to record his years in Nazi Germany and his return as a liberator. He joins other veterans in school presentations in Westchester County, where he amazes children with photos of his soccer-playing father, taken over 100 years ago, in Germany.

Van Wallach is a writer in Westport and the author of A Kosher Dating Odyssey: One Former Texas Baptist’s Quest for a Naughty and Nice Jewish Girl. He is a native of Mission, Tex., a graduate of Princeton University, and a member of Beit Chaverim Synagogue of Westport/Norwalk.
Bennett Muraskin is the author of three books:
• Humanist Readings in Jewish Folklore (2001) (A compilation of 120 Jewish Folktales that stress social justice Jewish culture and morals.)
• The Association of Jewish Libraries Guide to Yiddish Short Stories (2012). (130 Yiddish stories available in translation. Has summaries arranged by subject and authors’ biographies.)

He is a columnist/contributor to Jewish Currents, Outlook, and Humanistic Judaism and contributed articles and reviews to Israel Horizons (defunct).

He is also the adult education director for the Jewish Cultural School and Society in New Jersey

Bennett has been a speaker on Jewish topics throughout the United States.

For over 8 years Bennett was a field representative for the National Labor Relations Board in Newark, NJ. Since 1988, he has been a union representative for college professors in New Jersey.

Feelings

carefree—nisht gedayget
cheerful—freylakh
choked up—farklemt
compassion/pity—rakhmones
confused—farmisht/tsedreyt
distracted—fartshadet
exhausted/played out—oysgeshpilt
lost—farblondzhet
nauseating—khaloshes
nervous—tsiterik
pleasure/delight—(what a) mekhaye
restless—(to have) shpilkes
suffering/trouble—tsores
worse suffering—gehakte tsores

Concepts

ancestry/good family roots—yikhes
charity—tsedoke
common sense—seykhl
doomed/hopeless/ruined—farfaln
fated (to be married)—bashert
disgrace—shande
flavor/taste/feeling—tam
foolishness—narishkayt
free associating (comedy)—shpritsen
fuss—tsimes

good deed—mitsve

honor—koved

human decency—mentshlekhhayt

idle chi chat—shmantses

lunacy—mishegas

nerve/gall—khutspe

overdone/over-decorated—ongepatshket

patience to sit still—zitsfleysh

practical matters—takhlis

strength—koyekh

truth—emes

**Everyday Terms**

bargain—metsie

belly button—pupik

charity box—pushke

cheap merchandise—shlak

crap/junk—drek/khazeray

dirt—shmuts

guts—kishkes

long, drawn out story—megile

money wasted—aroyshgovorfene gelt

nothing—gornisht

occupation/livelihood—parnose

rag—shmate

steam bath—shvits

something worthless—bopkis

**Expressions**

As long as you are healthy—Abi gezunt

beyond help—s’vet gornisht helfn

Could never happen—In a nekhtiker tog

Enough already!—genug shoyn

Go do whatever you like (and leave me alone)—gey gezunterheyt

Go talk to the wall!—gey redt tsum vant!

Go figure!—Gey veys!

Help!—Gevald!

a hole in the head—a lokh in kop

It’s about time—Shoyn tsayt

It should only happen—halivay

just for spite—af tselokhes

neither here nor there—nisht ahin un nisht aher

not so bad—nisht gerferlekh

Oh, no!/Woe is me!—Oy vey!/Vey is mir!

an ordeal—farshlepte krenk

Put up or shut up!—Tokhes afn tish!

So?/Well?—Nu?

tough luck—okh un vey

Who knows?—Ver veyst?

**Miscellaneous**

bungalow colony—kokhaleyn

mutual aid society made up of people from the same town in Europe—landsmenshaft

Frankenstein–type monster—goylem

golden land, America—goldene medine
Fishl:

I have a friend in my congregation, Barbara Chertok, who is a writer and a person with a hearing loss. She just wrote the following article and since it mentions Yiddish, I thought you might like to read it. It follows along with a note from her.

Best,

Sonia [Pressman Fuentes]

I recently interviewed a classical pianist for Hearing Loss Magazine. She asked me to write a guest post for her online magazine. Here it is….

http://www.grandpianopassion.com/2014/11/03/music-mind-hearing-loss/

Music On My Mind
Victrola_Music_On_My_Mind

How was I to know the music I loved passionately would be taken from me—so abruptly and completely—to return decades later by the miracle of technology? Music, especially opera, was my father’s passion, and it became mine as well. My parents were Russian born and spoke primarily Yiddish in the home. My father taught himself to play a few Yiddish songs by ear on the old upright piano he somehow got for free. I can still picture him playing “Bei Mir Bistu Shein” (To Me You Are Beautiful) and “Die Greeneh Cousineh” (The Greenhorn Cousin) every day.

Another musical gem that sat in the living room of our tenement apartment was a Victrola we activated by cranking the handle on it. My father had received as a gift two record albums of Lily Pons, one singing Delibes’ Lakmé and the other Donizetti’s Lucia di Lammermoor. They were played daily on our Victrola and still remain my favorites.

In my early teens, I took piano lessons for two years. The lessons cost 50 cents, and, as poor as we were, my mother always gave the teacher a home-cooked meal after each lesson.

It was around this time that I began to study operatic voice with a local teacher, using my babysitting money to pay the two dollars for each lesson. I went on to study voice at the Boston Conservatory but soon switched to the New England Conservatory for a better teacher.

At my first recital, I sang Bencini’s “Tanto Sospirero.” I had always been shy about singing for others and surprised myself that I had performed well, so I was told. Whether it was the difficulty getting downtown via public transportation from Dorchester, a neighborhood of Boston where I lived, or the cost of the lessons, but after five years, I decided to stop.

Soon afterwards at age 21, my life changed dramatically when I suddenly and without warning lost my hearing in both ears.

Despite the silence, I never lost my passion! Music had left my ears, but not my heart or my mind.

It took 35 years to learn the cause was Cogan’s syndrome, an autoimmune disorder. A minute amount of hearing remained in my right ear, and I used a hearing aid in that ear for 40 years, but all I could hear was a little bit of my own voice, no background sounds.

Despite the silence, I never lost my passion! Music had left my ears, but not my heart or my mind. I kept on singing, mostly while driving my car where no one could hear me sing off key. I remember driving four hours to Duke University one time to visit my son. I could never listen to or hear the car radio, and when I arrived, for some unknown reason, I had laryngitis. I came to realize that I had been singing for four hours straight to pass the time away.

All of my music is pre-1957, the year my ears stopped working. Much of this music has remained strongly etched in my memory. I remember often sitting in front of the silent TV watching a symphony orchestra perform a great musical composition, paying close attention to each instrument as I tried to remember how it used to sound.
Two years after losing my hearing, now 23, I met my husband-to-be on a blind date, or was it a deaf date? Benson was a scientist and a classical music lover. He was studying the cello when we met. I accompanied him to many musical performances. One that stands out in my mind was a concert given by the Russian-born American cellist Gregor Piatigorsky at the Kennedy Center. Benson had purchased expensive box seats for us even though I would not hear a single note. He knew I would enjoy the performance my own way, and he was right.

Our marriage produced a daughter, Victoria, who plays the harp, and a son, Maxwell, who plays the piano. It pleases me greatly that all four of my grandchildren play two instruments each and sing beautifully as well.

Going to vocal competitions was a favorite pastime because I loved to pick the winners with my eyes. And I was right most of the time! At one competition, I befriended a lovely young soprano who sang beautifully but who I felt did not connect with the audience. I became her coach and helped her achieve this goal. To this day, I receive holiday cards and family photos from her.

Forty-one years later, music came alive again when I received my first Advanced Bionics cochlear implant in 1997 and my second one 11 years later.

Today, with my strong music background together with my auditory memory, my visual acuity and, most importantly, my cochlear implants, I can enjoy many different kinds of music. I subscribe to the Sarasota Opera, the Jazz Club of Sarasota, Florida Studio Theatre Cabaret, and Westcoast Black Theatre Troupe, all of which offer a wonderful variety of musical performances.

I am reminded of my hearing days and how our family sat around the radio and listened to the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts every Saturday morning. We had to be very quiet so my father would not miss a note. Sometimes, he would try to sing like the coloratura soprano we were listening to, which always gave us a chuckle.

A final vignette: While taking voice lessons, my niece brought her 12-year-old daughter Rhonda to audition for me. Even though this was over 50 years ago, I remember she sang “Happy Talk,” and when she finished, I told her mother, “She has talent, give her lessons.” She went on to Oberlin College, later moved overseas, and became the soloist with the Holland Opera Company. Now a cabaret singer in New York, she winters in Sarasota, where I live. I enjoy arranging gigs for her and other musicians I know. Rhonda’s maiden name is the same as mine, and I often feel she is singing for me.

Perhaps I’ll study the piano again. It’s on my bucket list.

Guest Writer Barbara Liss Chertok lost her hearing suddenly in 1957 at age 21 from what was diagnosed 35 years later as Cogan’s syndrome, an autoimmune disorder. She hears with bilateral cochlear implants. She joined SHHH/HLAA (Hearing Loss Association of America) in 1979 and is an active member of the HLAA Sarasota–Manatee Chapter. A former lipreading/speechreading teacher, she is a freelance writer/interviewer for Hearing Loss Magazine. She serves on the National Advisory Board of the Am

**Editor’s note:** Der Bay has a special section for the sensory disabled—namely the visually impaired (VI) and hard of hearing (HoH) at, http://www.ted.com/speakers/andrea_ghez Remember that the sensory disabled of this group does not include mobility. Fishl is active in both of the disabled groups.
Sharabi Featuring Frank London and Deep Singh
8-11 pm Thursday, Mar 5, 2015
New Parish, 1743 San Pablo, Oakland

The Bay Area premiere of a Yiddish – Punjabi bhangra – funk – klezmer party band, fronted by trumpeter Frank London, a founding member of the Grammy-winning group, the Klezmatics, and New York’s top call Indian percussionist, Deep Singh. Lineup also features Jeremiah Lockwood of Sway Machinery.

Two great party musical dance traditions collide in Sharabi, the Punjabi word for ‘intoxicated’, as by love or by spirits. Sharabi is also the encounter between klezmer & bhangra, Yiddish & Punjabi musical traditions. Trumpet/composer Frank London, Grammy award winner, and master percussionist/composer Deep Singh.

Sharabi features two charismatic singers who are at home in the theater as well as the concert stage: Tony-award nominee Eleanor Reissa, diva of the Yiddish song world, and Manu Narayan, lead in Broadway’s Bombay Dreams, actor in Mike Myer’s The Love Guru.

The music is danceable and includes famous bhangra and Yiddish hits. The band is fun and funky, and has been featured in festivals from the alternative anarchic brass band festival, HONK, to the Krakow Festival of Jewish Culture.

Frank London has performed with John Zorn, LL Cool J, Mel Torme, Lester Bowie’s Brass Fantasy, LaMonte Young, They Might Be Giants, Jane Siberry, Ben Folds Five, Maurice El Medioni and Gal Costa. His recordings include Hazonos, Frank London’s Klezmer Brass Allstars’s Brotherhood of Brass, Nigunim, and The Zmiros Project, and four releases with the Hasidic New Wave.

Deep Singh is a renowned Indian percussionist. With his years of experience as an Indian classical musician and playing with Western bands, Singh is a master in blending music from the East and West. He began to play the tabla at the of age three and professionally at the age of nine. He has since performed at prestigious venues such as London’s Royal Albert Hall and Royal Festival Hall and New York’s Carnegie Hall.

The Featured Highlight Events
March 1, 2, and 3 “Di Megileh Of Itzik Manger” - set to Israeli composer Dov Seltzer’s score, with new choral arrangements by Josh Horowitz.

March 7 and 8 Hazonos: Cantor Jack Mendelson, Frank London and Friends

March 17, 18, and 19 Steve Weintraub – Jewish Dance Workshops

March 22 Festival Finale with Veretski Pass, Steve Weintraub and more!
Sing, dance and be inspired to make your own music. With the Instant Klezmer Mandolin Orchestra a pop-up community chorus of Leonard Cohen’s Hallelujah led by Conspiracy of Beards artistic director Daryl Henline, and dance party with international Jewish dance expert Steven Weintraub and music by Veretski Pass.

Tickets and information: www.jewishmusicfestival.org or 800-838-3006.
Ellie Shapiro, Director - leanors@jcceastbay.org
1414 Walnut St. Berkeley, CA | 510-848-0237 xt 126

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Published Since January 1991

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מי ידיעך א فإن
לעמען ארצות
לעמען ארץ ישראל
לעמען ארץ ישראל
לעמען ארץ ישראל

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יידיעך שפרנסך תפארת עולם (ס Yaşיון) נצחיים ומית זדנים
אף לא ידיעך א
אף לא ידיעך א
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(源于1967年《דนมן וילד. 2(98)}, כרך 33, פֶּסְמָה צְפָנָית)
כיש ירשים وأنיהת

גאנה-פנימית, זמופה. זריז-מצל. בירור-יתק.
נשלט פנימה זו ש UIAlertActionה.
מילייה הווים בניי המכנה
דרישתבם צ' נSeen.

פרימו-מרמלץ

(odore)
פורים נחל条 עד מועדת איי אפיי
- קרית ומס נב הדנלריק.
- פורים איי נג בי מיו-סבול
- אווד קדחת איי נג בי קרבך.
- על הנחל נבטועים נהס מלצל.
- איי ג nouסיו ישיבר. אווד פורים - יבם.
- איי סMeasureSpec פורים. יבנס ה.setColumns איי ועל יבימ.

אורי החול עלי הים הכנרבע
(בכפואית)
הפש ב觸צבם די החכמה
- אווי נתח צמ יطعم הנאומ נערארסמ קירן אי בי.
- ער햇 ב觸צבם איי אימטוע.
- נאם טאמ יגורוניבגארף איי בירמער אווד הנאומ הבא די נעסצוב:
- יקר פיק איי די ישראל(stderr.
- איי ג nouסיו איי תכטבע.

דער מיצגניבים הנאומ נעסצוב: אווי מר יטל קר הכנרבע
(בכפואית)
- אווי גוגג מנס פורוכז ב觸צבם יידר-יבימר.
- מיצגניבים הנאומ נעסצוב: אווי מיר יטל קר הכנרבע.
- אווי גוגג מנס פורוכז ב觸צבם יידר-יבימר.
- מיצגניבים הנאומ נעסצוב: אווי מיר יטל קר הכנרבע.

איני דער דאגרניבים זאוכם אווד הנאומ נעסצוב
- אווי גוגג מנס פורוכז ב觸צבם איי דאגרניבים.
- אווי גוגג מנס פורוכז ב觸צבם איי דאגרניבים.
- אווי גוגג מנס פורוכז ב觖צבר איי דאגרניבים.
- אווי גוגג מנס פורוכז ב觖צבר איי דאגרניבים.
- אווי גוגג מנס פורוכז ב觖צבר איי דאגרניבים.
- אווי גוגג מנס פורוכז ב觖צבר איי דאגרניבים.

בג''א
March 1993
מאשא (ﱰMBProgressHUD) - איך כדי כדי פרגון דיכ 4 קשיות.

- דיכ מדרש קשיות איז

-

- דיכ צדיב_sun קשיות איז

-

- דיכ דרימג קשיות איז

-

- דיכ פנסמט קשיות איז

- אייז מקשא (ﱰHandled) - האב איך בורז钆גום די 4 קושיות.

גינב שמש מיר איז פירגוצרי איז חונן 4 קשיות.
כ״ז ניסיון צים איור מרהיב שחבר דם 177 במאי ווינגייט דם 1869
אפריל 1993. דם אייר דער מיטע הימן איי פארקניאציאר מעדעדר און ברייטנעדן-
העתק או אופי מצאצאים (כדפים) איזובוקגנב בולד (קארדיס)
- דם אנדינגר פאי אונטפרס צדוק מיליאן קודוש
המארפרר און גול - פאי דטר אנדינגרן צקי-מקס (פָּקֵפֶּקֶפ).-
- דער גוּרְשְׁק און בלה - 50 זיאר נאנָן המאָריס.

זרפשנאָנצן פון אָנדךנשער נײַמ.

היט אָּט היה דעם מיאן פון יוּךְ הייֵהה מיזהָרשע.
היט אָּט היה דעם מיאן פון איַוֶּם און נֵוּרְה.

זרפשנאָנט מימ אָּטער מאָפֶּה.

ניֵס יאָּכָּב אָּט אָּנדנאנָךער אָּניַנשע (האָדָךָהְךָן)
אָּכָּפ יאָּכָּב ביצָּרְכָּן (קםֶפֶּשׁ ברָּפֶּשׁ)
נכָּל אָּניַנשערי 6 מילֶּיִיאן קודוש.
- צדָּק פּוּס אָּטער מַשָּהוּ.

לעָּנָנש לייב
נכָּל אָּניַנשערי 6 מילֶּיִיאן קודוש.
- צודָּק פּוּס אָּטער מַשָּהוּ.

לעָּנָנש - יאָּכָּב אָּט אָּניַנשער
פּוּס דער נאנָן יאָּכָּבְרָךאָּ לחָידָךָן
- צדָּק נאנָן אָּניַנשערי 6 מילֶּיִיאן קודוש.

(ברָּפֶּשׁ נָוַט)
(קםֶפֶּשׁ איַלְיִיאוּךְ אָּנָנָךְעָן)
(סָדָרָך)
(פָּקֵפֶּכֶפ)
(סָדָרָך)
(אָדָךָהְךָן-לֶאָּמָּהְךָן)
(לֶאָּמָּהְךָן)
(סָדָרָך)
(סָדָרָך)}
May 1993

מצ ידיש אהת

 căngטרים, אפשנטויב. איז יימונדוזה אונגשריבור
 פוך געלן גאוי שיקל פישמא

שיברעה. שיברעה. שיברעה. איי דא.
שיברעה. עמקEnumerable מיט שינע בוולמא
שיברעה. שיברעה. שיברעה. איי דא.

איי מורה-האיריצע פעלגמ מוק שיברעה-יצמ איריסקרר פוך פאפר
リアסיפריא אופר שיברואהפ
יאי דו איריסקרר איי דו
פונטרפר. מוי רפרארדיגדר דו איי פענע פונגו פרמש נומכר
ינדרש פאלאבך. יאנואר 1954. צומד דער יית גיטאמ פירוספטנברב.

איי איניפארמאנס פוך סטרבמן. בוקארווינ.
עטריאלמ וי בק די איי סטמכ פעלגמ
קומק לא רנד איצי מאנ אל איי ייר פ [[[זיז]]]
אפרער מאנב נקט פראריזרגגק איי שיל.
עמע ייד פרנוג פירمسألة פוך פאפר
פארסידנט יירגוס סימבולן. ויר די
12 שבוסים. איי שיברנ צי איי שיברנ.
האוב ליב נקפאס זיר דירוגוקות ויר פיר アルツ
איי זי מאל ביי אימ נקפיירס איזא ריא-na קילנא.

גניגונמעך האוב דו איי בראצ ccp ממ כנעפכר. דער אייגאפארמאנס
עטריאלמ ויי הום איזי מאלנה סטמכ פמש ויי קיימ זוזיביז איז.
ליא פעל פאפרפעריא דו כנעפכר פוכי אנסמס מלייבס (מעליבס).

1. קוב (טיריו) אריז דו בסמט סמוריה (סמוריה).
2. קוב (טיריו) אריז דו בסמט סמוריה (סמוריה).
3. קוב (טיריו) אריז דו בסמט סמוריה (סמוריה).
4. קוב (טיריו) אריז דו בסמט סמוריה (סמוריה).
5. קוב (טיריו) אריז דו בסמטה סמוריה (סמוריה).
6. קוב (טיריו) אריז דו בסמטה סמוריה (סמוריה).

אינו ידועש אוטות

院副院长. אספן קולנוע. מנ自動 תכנית גג

בכל ה caut נורה בוטות. בצים ארוכות כיון דרכו שייך. חמשות יד צד

כט_demand איזו. איז נגון ודמער.

זומבר איז מכגן על שינה. גרגעות יציבות פון יצור - נימ בקלי

פנס זיינברג. הנס פיריסך Так וuvo זי זיאארן זי רנסגו זי.

שומ צא זי דרכ שיבת. אסקל פיריסך פגוען איז גרינברג.

יד שומ זי דרכ זי ירח קלאר. צא ישיא איז מצר.

צים, נזר דרכ יאברך, צי ליבמע. ציו פיריסך פגוען. צא ישיא איז

roof 형וזר.

זומבר איז ביה יוזה איז מינג (מידגן) זי ליבמע. ברזר

(פרידן - סקניק - פיריסך-קורטס). סמאק ליבמע שבט איי שיל

וזירמונט. צי אשל איז דרכ מוקן יריזה (קורטס). זי

פארק ליבמע אוזדה צי דרכ הום צי מנטש, צי ליבמע יאברך.

ידיבגצ נברג איז נברג צי פיל פיריסך פגוען איי שידוש (קורטס).

וזי איי קולנס-יו (קורטס-קורטס).

זומבר איז גום צי ליבמע נברג (צי אשל אום lakam) יידישט

בככר עט ברוצכר עטם עט ברוצכר עטם Aires. הככר

דריפור צי נברג פיריסך (קורטס). איז נברג זומבר צי ליבמע.

וזי ליבמע. עט ברוצכר צי. פיריסך הקיק (קורטס-קורטס)

דר זומר.Becker פיריסך (קורטס) פון דער מוהו (קורטס). ברוצכר

מיד ברוצכר איז צי.me ליבמע. מביר פָּרָק. מאולפ פָּרָק

תחום צי. נברג. דאמ קולנס שְׁבֶּנֶדְפָּרָק. צי דער סְלִיֶּפֶר לא דאמ.

זא דאמ.

מא קאמיר או או ליבמע. או או ליבמע.

איזו ידיעש האם מאר איז האם אפקפאנר.

איז האם אגרנגי זוזער !
זוהי הירח.

זוהי הירח! זוהי הירח!
שיך אדם. שיך אדם ליבמר את זה.
ליבמר אדם בזורה. אדם ליבמר את זה.
ליבמר אדם שמו. אדם את זה.

זוהי הירח! שיך אדם ליבמר את זה.
ڤאם דעם פֶּרֶּן אָדוֹד גָּרוֹן. ֶּאֶדֶּד. ֶאֶדֶּד.
פעַּר דעם הינדנעל עַיִּוּר שֶּׁמַּבֶּר.
פעַּר דעם הינדנעל עַיִּי שֶּׁמַּבֶּר.

שיך דעם ליבמר פַּרְרָם אוֹלֶּבֶּטֶּב סִיסָּמָּטֶר.
יאל רָכָּר שֶּׁבֶּסֶמֶנֶר אוֹלֶּבֶּטֶּר פַּרְרָם.
פעַּר די מַנְּכְּסָּנֶר אוֹלֶּבֶּר פִּיטָר נַרְאָה.
פעַּר די מַנְּכְּסָּנֶר. נַרְאָה פִּיטָר נַרְאָה.
מימ ידיעת אורתוד
מצנעה. בכט_embedding woes מי- GDK לאפרים
فقد נשלטו._PID מככשפס

בהרשה בחינה ואבונים צומ חיפר יתדות
(בכט_embedding woes מי- GDK לאפרים
רav- חנה המר ורש"ר
rido- קובר מהר פארה-טנום
(שאר.shadowי)

היפל כה גאול אֲחָפַצָה פְּרָנֵךְ חלֵךְ ואו מֵי פְּרָנֵךְ עַד וְלֹא בָּאָשְׁפָה

הָעֲפַר כָּל שָׁעָה קָוֹזֶר עַד שָׁעָה כָּל שָׁעָה
הָעֲפַר כָּל שָׁעָה בְּכִיף שָׁעָה קָוֹזֶר שָׁעָּה כָּל שָׁעָה
הָעֲפַר כָּל שָׁעָה בְּכִיף שָׁעָה קָוֹזֶר שָׁעָּה כָּל שָׁעָה
הָעֲפַר כָּל שָׁעָה בְּכִיף שָׁעָה קָוֹזֶר שָׁעָּה כָּל שָׁעָה
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משהה (שומעה) או יָכִיף boycott (שומעה) או רָדָק (שומעה)
עֲנִינָתוֹ (שומעה) או בֵּית בְּעָדֶה (שומעה).
כותרת:
ראשה-השנה-סקלטמות-מלצון

סטטוס:
September 1993

פסוקים:
1. בגודמך נוח פרנסת (سفرנופק). עיר דר בכספת בקשת (בכטקטש).)
2. אף כי פור דרכן אוסר אינד בём: אתי ג ונרמו מלק (מיליך).
3. אתי על ודכר ח IPAddress אוסור א נגוי יאיר עמק ואר א קוס (뇌יתור).
4. יעלנה רפועה אמי פוטו תועמגנה עז עובד דרכון עט מוש.

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יומ motherboard אונלעער

ט"ז-יריסים מ"י א"לולב (ל"וחמה).  *

ט"ז-יאו א"ל יקראנסקיאימי מ"י א"ייו (ואב)י מ"אנれ.  *

ט"ז-יאו ש"י מ"י א"ל א"לארב (ס"ארכן).  *

ט"ז-יאו ז"י מ"י א"ל א"לבר.  *

ט"ז מ"יוו א"יוו א"פוח (ד"אאריעס).  *

א ש"חא א ק"יסנס

א ט"ארב (סרקט)א ק"יסנס פ"ו ברפססן מ"אמעינע.

ויב אר ז"י מ"י צראות (ס"אארטס) מ"אמעינע.

פי"אר וד"אפאר ט"ארב (סרקט) מ"אמעינע.

פ"ו ט"ארב ט"ס ק"יאפמא.

מ"א ק"אות ט"אודר מ"י ס"אראמא.

מ"ו א"מעיסר מ"י ג"אאר (ק"דינום).

של א"אר פ"א בס"דינום מ"י ז"אודר (ק"דינום).

מ"ו א"מעיסר ב"ט"ס ק"יאפמא.
דף לולב או כור אתרוג.

פואר סומך האות כור מאמצ נתקף אולף (פורח) מספר אתרוג (כפרנס).
אוזן אורותDialogContent דיו אוסר מיץ. חוט כרוכר איז נימה נפוחן איז מים
האובז מי אנרגיהبح זי קירוב כור אתרוג מים לולב.

.. צו וגדלגיך ישראל אבר בורו! אווכ ואום מפיו רח. "אף 감זעגמירDoug אתרוג.

אוזן זה אבר בור לנגיק שאלאתק - אוזן כריאו. "אף גבעזגמירDoug לולב.

אוזן זה אבר בור לנגיק שאלאתק - אוזן כריאו. "אף גבעזגמירDoug אתרוג.


جريمة אוזן[][Echo] השולב (כפייה).iverse

gement. האשם דקר בכנמש אורת לולב.

.ניור. מיי מיסטר קינד. האם גבעזגמירDoug מאם.
.מעץ עמק נים בכנמשש אואר אורת לולב.
.אאורף נואר אוסר אתרוג.
.א IDictionary אזור ריביצי זי בכנמשש.

האובז מי אנרגיהبح זי קירוב כור אתרוג
.אוזן די האובז מי אנרגיהبح זי קירוב כור אתרוג.

"פור שלזט-ברoldt. ביאורה トラックバックשכשת פור טיסא דה ראנהנה.
aniem irishem ahatot

ירוחב-גרациוס. ישעטנדבע. און דר-אשנה יאמינשה
מק נעל יואל סייקל פיסמאת

נ' נפרפער פראפרוק פוצר לייב.Scan1

פול דער ייזיסף ליפשיץ

מר ברענגגי אער א קפייט פונקנא פולקביצטול האט די
ירוחב-גראנטי-בריל פון פאריאס און ונאסטעמאס
אין קארלפראניצט האט נאער האט ג данномטי און פאריאסמאס.

ער דרייךער פאריאס来不及 טעמ העלפינ

די צהמ פארספיט זיידיש (אסבר טענגע נער נים ליעפנגו). די זאלן
טענגע הערן און הנשה האב פוך די איזוצער פוך דער יידישער ליפשיץ.

די צהמ פארספיט און ליינמע ייזיסף. די זאלן טענגע פארביאסער
דער ליינמע און איירפשאראר און הנשה האב פוך די איזוצער פוך
דער יידישער ליפשיץ.

די צהמ טענגע שoir נום ליינמע ייזיסף. די זאלן טענגע איירפשמאף דעמ
לעבשיקט קלאנד און ריינמע פוך דער יידישער שפאראר און נאער מעער הנשה
האbrate פוך די איזוצער פוך דער יידישער ליפשיץ.

די אצל צהמ הנקב ליב ייזיסף (אפילאן אובי די ליינמע נון נון, אפיקין
איזער די פארספיט דאוןשלט נאער אין ביסטעל. אפילי אואיר די רעדן נאער
נים). די זאלן טענגע איירקנטונגינ ייזיסף ביבער און קאמפן צו זיכ
אין די איינמעפocese און בראוסקנר Premiere ליבקן (אויל די ליבקן פוך
יזייטער מישפונט) מיי טבר יאחי פוך דער יידישער ליפשיץ.

או ביספלער גוט יאחרער איינער קעמען ייוורמש מער און במעמר.
או ביולפלער גוט יאחרער איינער שפען מערער און בטכע.

מיי הא Enums או דער דרייךער פאריאס
�名 רערמורקסט אנדערט הילל-פורדארעס
ידישקלאב יואל יידישקרייד
לאךראזטן 56 רעמס משל פון פאריאסמאס
לאה שפיצערש יידיש הארט.
נענו עלบาคาร. חכם יאיר צי נטחן וצוה שחלשו.
האם תורידים זר א שטיחק: זא עט חן זוז מדר.
וא גורם דר ר SHORT. עב שראאף איז דר שיאנד.
שסיים אוח צאל ידר פאר פאלק או פאר קאנד.

יא. סחאש זיד גארפוניפ צי מוסקר חודה.
מחותניה בהקן. רהאמ ציר קטגונפלסמל.
גירש גארפוניפ צי פארקפוליפ זיז פאלק או פאר לאמד.
יאו גארפוניפ זיד שזא מז שינדער איז דר שאמ.

נענו זיא יאר. זזד רשק. ניא אברטליון זלאימ.
פיגיך חלדיש ויז האם מחרייז נינה.
ניאו זער חלד צויויש היכאז איז יודה גהופ.
יאו רוז פאר א גאמפפי זוז פאלק האם גהופ.
סטקלעו האם יודה זזד שארקפלספ פ OMIT.
יאו ראמ לייבפלפי זוז מוז פייבלבואר בוי הינ.

יא זיא סבר פוז פאריתיפה פאר פאלק או פאר לאמד.
יא זיא חנובה זיא מובר זיא מסע נאמעיגני.

자נסמ צא ליבפלסו.
לאנסמ צא ליבפלסו.
ליבפלסו. ליבפלסו.
ליבפלסו ניא זא סר.
לבזד דמס יתמ-זופ.
דמס ימצ-מרז חנובה.
לבזד דמס יתמ-זופ.
דמס ימצ-מרז חנובה.

* א ברילפלס חנובה איסר אלפימפי *
May 1994

נמטבעת בעלא-פה פראיאצק: דו-יידיש-תנ億ของผู้עס שולץ איי אַמסטרדם

ORAL HISTORY PROJECT: THE YIDDISH SECULAR SCHOOLS IN AMERICA

געלט שטייבע וינשטיין, אָנדאָיס גהיטש-רייסקער

Golda Schweid Fishman, Project Director

345 Sheridan Avenue
Palo Alto, CA 94306
(summer and winter)

3340 Bainbridge Avenue
Bronx, NY 10467
(autumn and spring)

אַ דריילַנדערער רוֹק אַ פּארּוּרָהמעטשע פּאָפּוּרִי
דָּאָקֶמֶּנַטש, פּאָסַקְּרָיִטְס, אוֹ זָאֶנְדוּרט
מאָסְטַרְיָלְלט הָעָנְג רֵוּר יידיש-תנילעם
שָוואַל-בּאָךְטְנוגְנֶן

מיי בּעֵ듭ָּר אַרְקֶן ניִוָּרָידאָתאָטַרבּאָקַּר די מָסְטַרְיָלְלט והָט איי אָּשִׁי
דינָן די פּיָּרָךְ אַרְקֶן ניִוָּרָידאָתאָטַרבּאָקַּר דָּי מָסְטַרְיָלְלט
וֹדַּוּדְס

אָפּאַר דָּאָרְקֶן ניִוָּרָידאָתאָטַרְבּאָקַּר דָּי מָסְטַרְיָלְלט

הָטָּלָבּאֶן שָוואַל-בּאָךְטְנוגְנֶן וואָה שְׁאָלְגָּוַּה

מעַ מָטָה שֵווֵי אָ רוּפַּל אַרְוּסְטַרְוַאָרְפָּט

אָאָרְגָּטָאָט קָאָטָלָבּוֹאְט פּוֹקְדָּר דָּאָרְקֶן יידיש-טַאָ bootloader
ואָרְגָּטָו הָטָּלָבּאֶן צוֹוְגיָטְנִינָשְׁטְלָט פּוֹקְדָּר צוֹוְגיָטְנִינָשְׁטְלָט

רוּרְיָד פּוֹקְדָּר גְּוַוְהָנֵיסְט-בֵּולְּפָּ-פּוֹרְאָטְקִיסְט-בֵּולְּפָּ פּוֹרְאָטְקִיסְט-בֵּולְּפָּ

הָטָּלָבּאֶן שָוואַל-בּאָךְטְנוגְנֶן וואָה שְׁאָלְגָּוַּה

אָלַל אַרְבָּכְסְטָאָט קאָטָלָבּוֹאְט פּוֹקְדָּר יידיש-טַאָ bootloader
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Special Collections קאָגָל נִיקְוָר דָּאָרְקֶן קאָטָלָבּוֹאְט שָוואַל-בּאָךְטְנוגְנֶן

בְּּדָיָד דָּי スペルナード-זָאָגַּאְט-טַאָ bootloader

בְּדָיָד דָּי スペルナード-זָאָגַּאְט-טַאָ bootloader

כָּגָל נִיקְוָר.
STANDARD TRANSLITERATION OF YIDDISH
By Dr. Barnett Zumoff
Excerpt from the presentation at the 15th IAYC Conference - Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Introduction

Transliteration is a system of representing the sounds of Yiddish by letters of the Roman alphabet. It has become the lingua franca that connects Yiddish-lovers at various levels of skill in Yiddish: those who are expert in reading, writing, and speaking Yiddish use transliteration (for example, on the blog Mendele and in our own Der Bay) to speed up and simplify communication among themselves without having to write cursive Yiddish or type Yiddish with letters of the Hebrew alphabet, which is still a slow, complicated process even with modern computers; those whose ability to read Yiddish in its original alphabet is poor but who understand the language reasonably well become, through the use of transliteration, able to read Yiddish as freely as their more learned colleagues can. They are also able to transmit Yiddish messages of their own quickly and easily. The only basic requirement for using transliteration is knowledge of what the Yiddish words sound like (some words are derived from Hebrew and the sound cannot be readily figured out from the spelling.)

Learning the rules of transliteration is simple and quick—anyone can become an expert in half an hour. However, to facilitate mutual understanding we must use a standard transliteration rather than an everyone-for-himself (or herself) transliteration, by analogy to the written standard Yiddish (klal-yidish) that is now used in magazines, newspapers, and books by all educated Yiddish-speakers regardless of their individual spoken dialects. This presentation will teach the listeners the standard rules so that they too can become experts in this useful technique.

Letters of the Transliteration Alphabet

1. Simple Vowels

   a  Always like “o” in “not” (as pronounced in American English).
   Example: tate (father).

   e  Always like “e” in “extra”; Example: elf (eleven).

(Note: never silent. When it is written at the end of a word (such as “tate”, the “e” is always sounded—it is not necessary and not correct to follow it with an “h” to show that it is sounded.

Example: “hagode,” not “hagodeh.”

   i  Two possible sounds:
      long, like “ee” in “feet”;
      Example: “gliid” (limb).
      short, like “i” in “hit”;
      Example: “mishn” (to mix).

At the end of a word or before a vowel (even another “i”), always pronounced hard:

   Examples: “mi” (effort)
      “fri” (early)
      “tsion” (Zion)
      “gliik” (glowing)

Before a consonant, may be pronounced either hard or soft,
Examples: (hard first, then soft):

   before “b”  “fiber” (fever)
      “tsibele” (dark)

   before “d”  “mid” (weary)
      “niderik” (onion)

   before “f”  “tif” (deep)
      “shif” (ship)

   before “g”  “tsigl” (brick)
      “lign” (lie)

   before “k”  “sikkh” (Sikh)
      “shikn” (to send)

   before “l”  “tsil” (goal)
      “mild” (gentle)

   before “m”  “bime” (platform)
      “tsimer” (room)

   before “n”  “diner” (servant)
      “diner” (thinner)
(two words spelled the same but pronounced differently)

before “p” “kipa” (yarmulke)
“lipn” (lips)

before “r” “firn” (to lead)
“lirish” (lyrical)

before “s” “mister” (ugliest)
“flister” (whisper)

before “t” “geglit” (glowed)
“tsiter” (tremble)

before “v” “bekivn” (deliberately)
“farglivert” (frozen)

before “z” “shpiz” (spear)
“iz” (is)

4. Compound Consonants

j Not used in transliteration; in foreign words with that sound, use “dzh”;
Example: “dzhim” (Jimmy)

q Not used in transliteration; in foreign words with that sound, use “kv” instead;
Example: “kvin elizabet”

w Not used in transliteration; in foreign words with that sound, use “v” instead;
Example: “kvalitet” (quality)

x Not used in transliteration; in words with that sound, use “ks” instead;
Example: “oks” (ox)

2. Compound vowels:

ay Like “ay” in “aye, aye”;
Example: “fayer” (fire)

ey Like “ey” in “hey”;
Example: “eyder” (before)

oy Like “oy” in “Oy, vey!”
Example: “froy” (woman)

3. Simple Consonants:

b, d, f, h, k, l, m, n, p, r, s, t, v, z As in English

c Not used in transliteration; its “soft” sound is represented by “s” and its hard sound by “k”

g Always hard, as in “gone”; the sound of “soft g”, usually in foreign words, is represented either by “dzh” or “zh” (see pages 6 and 7)

erich not used in transliteration; its “soft” sound is represented by “s” and its hard sound by “k”

zh Like the “g’s” in the French name “Georges”
Examples: “zhabe” (frog); “zhest” (gesture)
**Introduction**

Welcome to the world premiere of Gazlen un der Volf af yidish, with an orchestra of one. Judith Eisner arranged all of the orchestral parts for her performance on violin while Lev Mailer did the narration and Doug Cole presented images of the original story via a slide show.

Our translation was done by group process during Tuesday Shmuesday, which is part of the Minneapolis Jewish Community Center Yiddish Vinkl.

The workers on the job were:

Roz Fletcher, Shifre Teener, Ruth Kaiser, Dorothy Marden, Gitele Eisner, Lev Mailer, Markl Karlen, Beryl Miller, and Walter Littman. The enthusiasm during the process was evident by the many words, phrases, and idioms tossed around -- usually all expressed at the same time! What emerged is a translation that captures deep memories of our mameloshn, a beloved tale from our childhood, and a story with new twist -- the addition of yidishe tam.

Peter and the Wolf, both the music and the text, was written by Sergei Prokoviev in 1936 for the Moscow Children’s Musical Theater, shortly after taking his children there. He was so inspired, that he completed the work in only one week!

(It took us two months to translate!)

The story: A boy wanders through nature, observing animals -- especially a duck, a bird, and a cat. The cat tries to catch the bird. Der gazlen’s grandfather scolds him for wandering in a dangerous place -- where he might be attacked by a wolf. He takes “der gazlen” home by the hand and locks him in. But from that safe place, sure enough, “der gazlen” sneaks back outside and manages to catch the wolf with the help of the bird and a rope. When hunters arrive on the scene, anxious to kill the wolf, “der gazlen” urges them to let the animal be taken to the zoo instead. As they all march off in a happy procession, the duck can be heard quacking inside the wolf’s stomach, because the wolf, in his hurry, had swallowed her whole.

**DER GAZLEN UN DER VOLF**

1. in der fri hot der gazlen geefent dem toyer un iz gegangen in dem groysn grinem feld.

2. af der tsvayg fun a groysn boym iz gezesn a feygele, a kleynem, a fraynd fun der gazlen. "s'iz gants shtil" getsirlt di feygele in freydn.

3. bald iz gevakeven a katshke. zi iz geven take tsufridn az der gazlen hot nisht farmakh dem toyer, un zi hot bashlosn bay zikh tsu shvimen in dem tifer taykh in feld.

4. az di feygele hot gezeno di katshke, iz zi aropgefolgn afn groz, hot zikh bazestl lebn ir. zi hot gehoybn di fliqlen.

5. "vos far a min foygl bistu az du kenst nisht flien?" hot geentfert di katshke, " vos far a min foygl bistu az du kenst nisht shvimen", un zi iz araynshprungn in vasar.

6. zey hobb zikh gekrikht un gekrikht, di katshke shvimendik in taykh un di feygele shpringendik afn breg.

7. plutsling hot der gazlen erpes bamerkt.

8. er hot bamerkt az a kats krikht in dem groz.

9. der kats hot getrakht. di feygele iz farnumen mit dem krigeray, vel ikh im khapn.

10. er iz ganeyvish gekrokhn tsu ir af samete fisele.


12. di katshke iz in kas af dem kats un hot gevakt fun mitn taykh.


14. der zeyde iz aroyfgekommen. er iz geven in kas af der gazlen vayl der gazlen iz gegangen in feld arayn. "s'iz a geferlekh ort. az a volf zol aroyos fun vald, vos volstu ton?"
15. der gazlen hot ignorirt zayn zeydns verter. yingelekhi vi er hobn isht keyn moyre far volfn.
16. ober zeyde hot der gazlen gefirt bay der hant aheyym, un farmakht dem toyer.
17. glaykh vi der gazlen iz avek gegangen, iz a groyser groyser volf aroys fun vald.
18. in an oygnblik iz der kats aroyfgekrokhn af dem boym.
19. di katshke hot gekvakt un gekvakt un iz aroysgeshprungen fun taykh.
20. vi shver es iz geven tsu antloyfn fun volf, hot di katshke nisht gekent.
21. der volf iz gekumen noenter ---- noenter ------
22. er hot zi shier gekhapt.
23. mit a mol hot der volf di katshke gekhapt un hot zi aropgeshlungen.
24. nu, itst ....
25. der kats zitst af eyn tsvayg ...
26. di feygele af an andere ...
27. nisht vayt fun kats ...
29. dervayl der gazlen, on keyn moyre, iz gestanen hinter dem farshlossenem gortn toyer - tsukukndik alts vos pasirt.
30. er iz aheyym gelofn, hot genuemen a grubn shtrik, un iz aroyfgekrokhen af dem hoykhen moyen. eyne fun di tsvaygen fun boym aribergehangt iher dem moyen.
31. der gazlen hot ongekhapt di tsvayg un iz glaykh aroyfgekrokhn afn boym.
32. der gazlen hot gezogt tsum feygele --"flig arop un ringlet arum dem volfs kop. nor zayt forzikhtik az er zol dir nisht khapn."
33. di feygele hot kimat ongerirt dem volfs kop mit ire fliglen yayl der volf, a beyzer, hot ir geknaklt fun ale zaytn.
34. di feygele hot zikh ongetshepet tsum volf. oy -- hot er ir gevelt khanp. ober di feygele iz geven kliger, un der volf hot gornisht gekent ton.
35. der gazlen hot gemakht a lasso un hot langsam un forzikhtik es aropgelozt ...
36. er hot gekhapt dem volf baym ek, un hot getsoygen mit ale koyekh.
37. vilderhayt hot der volf ongehoynb shpringen un hot zikh gevelt bafrayen.
38. ober der gazlen hot tsugebunden di andern ek fun shtrik tsum boym ...
39. un dem volfs shpringen hot nor gemakht dem shtrik enger.
40. grod dan ...
41. zaynen di yegers aroys fun vald ...
42. shisendik zaynen zey nokhgegangen dem volf.
43. ober gazlen, zitsindik afn boym, hot gezogt: "shist nisht!" di feygele un ikh hobn shoyn gekhapt dem volf. itst - helft undz im brengen tsum zoo.
44. un dortn ...
45. shtelt zikh for di triumfale protsesie.
46. gazlen b’rosh ...
47. nokh im di yegers firendik dem volf ...
48. un tsum end fun di protsesie zaynen gegangen der zeyde un der kats. der zeyde hot geshoklt zayn kop umtsufridik. "nu" -- hot er gezogt, "oyb der gazlen volf nisht gekhapt dem volf -- vos volt pasirt?"
49. iber zey iz gefloygn di feygele, zingendik in freyd. "vi vunderlikh mir zaynen, der gazlen un ikh. zet vos mir hobn gekhapt!"
50. un az men hert zikh tsu, ken men hern vi di katshke kvakt in dem volfs boykh. vayl der volf in zayn aylenish hot aropgeshlungen di gantse katshke lebedik.

dem sof
Shmulik un yentl, hovn zikh arunygekvetsh in a gepaktn lift (elevator). Nokh dem vi di tilm hovn zikh farmakht, hot Yentl bamerkt mit fardros, az ir man shteyt gor noent tso a sheyer yer ger froy, un zet oys tsufridn derfun.

Ven den lift hot zikh opshelt un di tilm hovn zikh gefnt, hot di yunge froy plutsning (suddenly) derlanget Shmulikn a patsh in ponim, shrayendik: “Vi dervegstu zikh mikh ontsutapn azoy!”

Shmulik un Yentl hovn nisht gezogt keyn vort un aroys fun lift, ober ven zey hovn zikh arunygezetst in oyt, hot Shmulik gezogt: “Ikh kon zikh shvern, tayere, kh’hob zi bekhlal nisht ongerirt.”


Az me ganvet di gedanken bay a mentshn, heyst es plagiat. Ven me ganvet bay a sakh mentshn --- heyst es a forsh-arbet.

Di Isroeldike ekonomye iz in gehakte vundn. Di Kneset ruft a spetsyele sesye tsu bashlisn vos tsu ton.

Nokh etlekhe sho, shteyt oyn a deputat, Yitskhok, un derklert: “Sha, ikh hob a plan. Lomir derklern milkhome mit Amerike.”

“Vos?! Bistu meshuge gevorn?” varft men zikh oyn im aroyf.


“Nu, gut,” enfert a tsveyter deputat. “Vos vet ober zayn, oyn mire velt in milkhome, kholile, gevinen?”

A gevir iz geshtorn. Der durkhpirer fun der tsavoe hot farzamlt di mishpokhe un forgeleyent di tsavoe:


Di naye krankn-shvester hot gepruvt farshteyn dem altln patsyent, nor zayn aktzent iz geven a shverer.

Mit der tsayt hot zi farshtanen, az er hot nisht keyn gezunt-farzikherung, un az er iz a veteran fun der tsveyter velt-milkhome. Hot zi im ibergheshikt inem shpitol fun der veteranen-administratsye, vu er volt geven barekhtikt tsu di benefin.

Dem tsveytn tog hot men umgekert dem patsyent mit a brivl: “Gedint hot er take in der tsveyter velt-milkhome—ober nisht oyn undzer tsad!”

A psikhologue-profesor hot opgehaltn a lektsye vegen der hamoyn-psikhologue. Vi a bayshpil fun masn-historye hot er gevlin yanes-opshnun fun di masn meydlek, vos hovn bagrist di “bitlz” in flifeld in di 1060er yorn.

Mit a mol hot eyn student oysgeshosn in a gelekker. Der professor hot opgeshosn dem video un gefregt: “Vos iz do azoy komish?”

Entfert der student: Kh’ob dort derkent mamen!”

A froy iz gezesn oyn der sof in balibtshe kokh-program oyn televizye.


Kukt zi or man un zogt: “Nu, oyn azoy, far vos zhe kukstu futbol?”
An almone hot bashlosn tsu koyfn a hunt, kedey zi tsu bashitsn (protect). Zi iz gegangen in a gevelb (store) fun sbtukhays, un ongevizn oyfn a Daytshn shof-hunt.


Eyn ovnt, shpatsirndik mitn hunt, zenen tsvey mener tsu gekekumen tsu ir, un zi hot gevart tsu zen, vi azoy ir “vekhter” vet reagirn. Zi hot bald bamerkt, az der farkoyfer iz take gevun gerekht. Ven di mener hobn zikh dermenter, iz der hunt antlofn.

Bes an English-klas, hot di lererin dertseylt di oyslendishe (foreign) studentn vegn a khinezhisher (Chinese) imigrantke, vos hot shtark gevolt trogn an Englishn nomen lekoved (in honor of) ir nayer heym.

“Zi hot oysgekeklibn (selected) dem nomen ‘geduldik’ --- hot di lererin derklert --- kedey tomid tsu gedenken tsu zayn geduldik mit andere mentshn.

“Vil ikh aykh fregn: Oyb ir volt gekent bakumen a nayem Englishn nomen, vos volt ir oysgekeklibn?

Entfert a yunger-man: “Raykhman.”

Hagam Yentl iz shoyfn geven iber 70 yor alt, hot zi lib gehat tsu forn oyfn velosiped, befrat mit ir akht-yorik eynikl, Dine.

Eyn mol, forndik zalbetsveyt durkhn park, hot Yentl zikh a bisl fartrakht. “In tsen yor vestu mistome giker veln farbrengen mit dayne fraynd, eyder tsu geyn mit mir shpatsern, shvimen, oder forn mitn velosiped bicycle), azoy vi itst,” hot zi bamerkt.

“S’makht nisht oys,” hot Dine zi getreyst. “In tsen yor vestu mistome say-vi zayn tsu alt tsu ton azoyne zakhn.”

A yung sheyn meydl iz arayn in a shnitkrom un gevizn oyfn a geviser vare. “Kh’volt gevolt koyfn di vare far a nay kleyd. Vifl kost es?”

Der yungerman hintern tombank hot gevunken tsu ir un gezogt: “Bloyz eyn kush far yedn meter.”

“Gut, oyz ayoy vel ikh koyfn tsen meter.”

A yung sheyn meydl iz arayn in a shnitkrom un gevizn oyfn a geviser vare. “Kh’volt gevolt koyfn di vare far a nay kleyd. Vifl kost es?”

Der yungerman hintern tombank hot gevunken tsu ir un gezogt: “Bloyz eyn kush far yedn meter.”

“Gut, oyz ayoy vel ikh koyfn tsen meter.”

A man iz gekumen tsu an (outstanding) ongezeenem psikhiator un gezogt: “Dokter, ikh hob a zhere probleme. S’halt zikh mir in eyn dakhtn, az ikh bin a hunt. S’iz mamesh (literally) meshuge, kh’veys shoyfn (already) mer nisht vos tsu ton.


“Kholile --- hot der man geentfert a nerver --- m’hot mir geheysn nisht krikhn oyfn di mebl!”

In mitn der nakht hot geklungen der telefon bay a bibliotekner in der heym.

“Vifl a zeyger efnt zikh di bibliotek?” --- hot gefregt der man oyfn telefon.

“Nayn a zeyger in der fri --- hot der bibliotekner geentfert --- ober far vos klingt ir mir in der heym in mitn der nakht tsu shteln (ask) aza frage?”

“Ir zogt, es vet nisht zayn ofn biz nayn a zeyger?” --- khazert iben der man.

“Neyn, nisht biz nayn a zeyger!” --- entfert der bibliotekner. “Far vos vilt ir geyn in bibliotek azoy fri?”

“Ver zogt, az ikh vil arayngeyn?” --- entfert der man. “Ikh vil aroys!”

A yung sheyn meydl iz arayn in a shnitkrom un gevizn oyfn a geviser vare. “Kh’volt gevolt koyfn di vare far a nay kleyd. Vifl kost es?”

Der yungerman hintern tombank hot gevunken tsu ir un gezogt: “Bloyz eyn kush far yedn meter.”

“Gut, oyz ayoy vel ikh koyfn tsen meter.”

Dos meydl hot tsgenumen dos pekl, gevizn oyfn altm man hinter ir un gezogt: “Zeyde vet batsoln.”
Der Rikhtiker Emes (The Unvarnished Truth)

Kinig Ferdinand: Nu, Mister meshugener oysforshener (explorer), du vilst oydke Amerike?

Cristofer C: Azoy zeyer shtark (so badly) az ikh ken funem filn dem tam (I can taste it).

Kinigin Izabela: Fun vos hot es a tam?

C.C.: Tshikn zup mit matzo-kneydlekh, a maykh.

Ferdi: Men zogt, du bist fun dem Yidishn gloybn.

Izi: A Galitsianer, nokh.

C.C.: S’iz shver tsu zayn a Yid, ober ikh ken shvern oyf mayn mames mezueze a Galitsianer bin ikh nit. Der zeyde fun der muters tsad iz geven Edvard M. Goldman, der Litvisher bobe mayse shrayber.

Ferdi: Vu hostu genuzen aza modne (strange) idee, az di erd iz kaylekhnik (round)?


Ferdi: Vos zaynen di fingerdruk (fingerprints)?

C.C.: Dos iz vu Moyshe hot gehalt fun dem papayrus oyf a groysn shteyn beys Got hot im geholfn skitsirn di mape.

Izi: Du rikhtst zikh (expect) az mir zoln gloybn aza kok-a-meymi geshikhte?

C.C.: Ikh rekhn az ikh muz geyn tsu der Rusn far finantsirn. Oyb zey kenen gloybn in komunizm, kenen zey gloybn in dem oykh.


C.C.: Avade! Yeder Yid veyst az der moel vos hot Moyshn gemalt hot im glatt kosher tsertifitsirt (certified) mitn aynshraybn oyf yedern grobn finger a Mogn-Dovid.


Ferdi: Izi, mayn kinigin, du bist a jeni (genius). Du zolst kinig zayn.

Izi: Ferdi, mayn kinig, mit a razirung un mayne getsatskele (fancy) kleyder kenstu a kinigin zayn.

Narator: Columbus hot gezegelt (sailed) fertsik teg un fertsik nekht, hot gezen di Statue fun Frayhayt, gelandet oyf Plimut Rok, gehert an Indianisher zogn oyf Yidish: Indianisher shef (chief): Kapitan Livingston, ikh gloyb.

C.C.: Umgerekht, mayn fayn gefederter (feathered) fraynd. Ikh heys Cristofer Columbus.

Shef: Vos tut a Yid mit a nomen Cristofer? (Aside): A klog oyf Columbus.

C.C.: Vi azoy redt an Indianisher Yidish?

Shef: Bite, ruf mikh nit an Indianisher; ikh bin an Ayngeboyriner Amerikaner.

C.C.: Antshuldik mir, Shef——


C.C.: Vi General Duglas Mekartur vet zogn, “Ikh vel tsurikkumen.”
Vi Azoy Edison Hot Dem Elektrishe Likht Lempl (Bulb) Oysgefunen
A Komishe Stsene fun Edvard M. Goldman

Edison: Grizhen, grizhen! Tchepe zikh op. Do, in mayn varshtat (workshop), ikh darft zayn a kenig.

Froy Edison: Shoyn eyn mol a kenig! A poshete zakh vi an elektrishe likht, efsher zekhtsik oder finf un zibetsik vaten, a por ampers (amperes), gornisht “fensi shmensi,” dos kenstu nit oysgefinen?

Ed: Kenstu nit zen az ikh bin farnumen mit an anti-shverkraft (anti-gravity) mashin?

Froy: Oyf aza kok-a-memi oystrakhtenish (fantasy) hob ikh akht yor dikh geshikt in Yeshive? Aroysgevorfn gelt. Oy, o, oy, oy, oy!

Ed: Mit dir bay mir iz do eyn zakh vos ikh darf nit oysgefinen-Gehenem oyf der erd.

Froy: Oyb ikh bin geven a yunge, sheyne shikse, voltstu mir oysgefinen a mekhayerike (delicious) elektrishe likht. Ikh hob gehofo tsu zayn dayn inspiratiye. (Sings from God Bless America)

Ed: Du host grod (just now) mir gegebns an idee far an inkandesent lempl.

Froy: Vos?

Ed: Ikh hob es okersht oysgeklert (just now made it up). Ikh veys nit afile (even) vi azoy es oystsuleygn.

Frov: In drerd der oysleyg; ikh trakht shoyn fun farkoyfn. Mir veln an ashires (fortune) fardinen.

Ed: Ikh hob shoyln a bild funen lempl in mayn moyekh (mind) a kvadratisch sloy (square jar) mit a likht ineveynik, un an elektrishn drot (wire) farbundn mitn knoyt (connected to the wick).

Froy: Ikh aleyn hob libershlt (I prefer) a “seksi” forem, mer feminin, vi mayn meydlshe figur.

Ed: Du tsindst on mayn fayer. (Er kusht zi).

Froy: Ikh bin kit (putty) in dayne hent.

Ed: Makh mir mayn spetsieln hero sendvitsh-stashkeshmir (peanut butter), halbe zoyere ugerke, ketshop, grivenes, tibeles, Italienishe gevirtsn (spices), a bisl soy sos, un a sakh mayonez.

Froy: Du muzst hobn a mogn vi a tsementn durkhmisher (cement mixer). Men ken oysbrekhn.

Ed: Kh’vel di end funem drot (wire) farbindn tsu mayn baysikl, un tsu der likht knoyt (candle wick).

Narator: Er zitst oyfn baysikl, heybt on pompen.

Ed: (Zingt Bicycle Built for Two): But you’ll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.

(Redt): Hayda (Here goes) ! Kh’vel dem oysshliser aynshlisn, un dos gelt vet arayngisn.

Narator: Funem hoyz hert er zayn froy shrayendik vi a geshtokhener khazir. Zi kumt in shop arayn.

Froy: Nudnik, klots! Du host a kortshluss gemakht (short circuited) in ale likht, du shmegegi, du!

Ed: Ikh hob dir oykh lib, mayn oytser. Gib mir a bisl tsayt; men hot nyu york nit geboyt far eyn tog.

Froy: Oyb ikh volt geven a rikhterin (judge), volt ikh dir gegebn tsayt-inem meshugoyim-hoyz.

Ed: Genug! Ikh nem a krikhndikn shifl keyn Khine (China), a milyon mayl vayter fun dayn kvetshn.

Froy: Na, dayn valize, in gantsn ayngepakt.

Ed: Halt nit ayn dayn otem vartndik oyf mir. Efsher vel ikh trefn a prekhtike goyishe gayshe (geishe), un kh’vel blaybn in oysland oyf mayn gantsn lebn.

Froy: Tsi iz dos a tsuzog (promise)?

Ed: Du vilst poter vern fun mir?

Froy: Dos du host oysgerekhent (figured out)?

Ed: Du host shoyln nokh emetsn, a yunger buhay?

Froy: Du trakhtst az du bist der eyn un eyntsiker bay undz vos hot shoyln genug gehat? S ’iz shoyln tsayt tsesheydn zikh (to split).

Shayles un Tshuves in “Hilkhes Libe”
Fun der khaznte Khane Slekh
“Forverts” – 9/25-10/1/2009
[transliterated, edited and annotated by Goldie Adler Gold]

Tayere khaznte,


Mayn mans mishpokhe [family] greyt tsu a rosheshonedik sude [hours] in Philadelphia, etlehek sho [hours] fun undz, ober es kumt mir on tsu shiver tsu zitsn in oyto azoy fil tsayt. Ikh vil nisht, az er zoel nisht kenen farbrengen [enjoy] vi er vil beys [during] di yontoyvim... Vos zol ikh ton? Zikh mutshen [suffer] un forn ahin far zaynet vegn [his sake]? Im lozny blayyn in der heym mit mir, vi er hot forgeleygt [proposed], un zikh filn shuldiik [guilty]? Oder zol ikh im heyns forn aleyn, on mir, un zikh filn umetik [sad], vos ikh blayb aleyn in der heym?

Rosheshone shayle [question]

Tayere rosh...sh...,


++++++++++++

Tayere khaznte,

Mayn tate lozt mikh nisht farbeyn [invite] mayn yingl in undzser shtop opfsufastn nokh yonkiper.


A Voyle [good] Yidishe Tokhter

Tayere v...y...t..., ...

Es klingt [seems], vi dos iz a sensitiver inyen [matter] far ayer tatz un far aykh. Hob ikh tsvey forleygn [suggestions]: redt mit im un zogt im, az ir darft gefinen a tsayt, ven me ken dos arumredn [discuss]. Zogt im, az ir vilt zikh nisht oystaynen [argue] mit im, ober me darf firn an erlekhn shmues [honest talk]. Hert zikh tsu [listen] tsu im, on im ibertsuraysn [interruption], eyder ir entfert [before answering], un dernokh [afterwards] bet im, er zol zikh tsuern tsu aykh [listen to you] mit geduld [patience].

Efsher kent ir im ibertsaygn [persuade...], az es ken zikh azoy trefn [occur], az ayer khaver vet amol zayn zayn eydem [son-in-law] un geyn mit aykh unter der khupe [wedding canopy]; un oyb er iz umfrayndlekh [unfriendly] ist, veln di mishpokhe dikhe batiungun laydn shpeter [family relationships will suffer later].


Editor’s note: Golda has had a running series in Der Bay. We hope to compile them in a booklet for the IAYC clubs to use at their meetings. It is especially helpful to those who have difficulty in reading Yiddish with the Hebrew/Yiddish letters.
Tayere Khaznte,

Mayn tokhter volt gevolt zikh randkevn [date] mit a nit-yidishn bokher. Zi iz a gute un a kluge. Ikh veys nisht vos ikh zol z ir zogn. S’iz vikhtik for undz az undzere kinder zoln khasene hobn mit yidn, ober zi iz nokh zeyer vayt fun khasene hobn. Tseyln oykh di ‘high-school’ romanen?

Tayere Farzorgte Mame,


Tayere Khaznte,


Tayere Umgeduldike


Tayere Grushe,


Tayere Pensyonirter, [retiree]

Ikh hob shver gearbet mayn gants lebn, un hob letstns zikh pensyonirt [retired] tsu 65 yor. Istd farbreneg ikh mayne teg azoy--ikh shlof shpet, leyen di tsaytung, khap a driml, es groyse moltsaytn, un leyg zikh fri shlofn. Mayn vaybn ken es shoyn mer nisht oyshaltn un zogt, az ikh bin gevorn an alter man. Tsi kumt mir nisht a bisl ru un opshpan?

Tayere Pensyonirter, [retiree]

Ikh hob shver gearbet mayn gants lebn, un hob letstns zikh pensyonirt [retired] tsu 65 yor. Istd farbreneg ikh mayne teg azoy--ikh shlof shpet, leyen di tsaytung, khap a driml, es groyse moltsaytn, un leyg zikh fri shlofn. Mayn vaybn ken es shoyn mer nisht oyshaltn un zogt, az ikh bin gevorn an alter man. Tsi kumt mir nisht a bisl ru un opshpan?


Ven Nansi iz tsugekumen tsum tish, un zikh gemakht bakant, hot zi derzen vi a man goyt aroys fun restoran. "Aw" hot zi gezogt, un im tsugebraht, mit a shokldike hant. "Ot iz a man velkher ikh vil ir zolt im bakant makhn, Er iz oykhet a shrayber, un a redakter."

Ven Nansi hot dem man undz bakant gemakht, (zayn nomen) Ben Nusbaum*. Vi azoy hot a man mitn nomen Nusbaum farblondzet in Las Krusis?

"Fun venen kumt ir?" hob ikh gefregt.

"Montiselo, nyu york" makht er.

Nu, ken dos zayn az er iz gekumen fun Montiselo, di shtot in de Ketskil Berg, dafke dortn vi ikh bin geboyrn gevorn?

Ikh hob im dertseylt az ikh hob graduirt fun der hoykh shule in naynts zeks un fertsig, ober ikh hob keynem nisht gekent mitn numen Nusbaum. "Ober in Vudridzh (Woodridge), dortn vi ikh hob gevoynt fun 1936 biz 1941, dortn hob ikh gekent eymitsn mitn numen Nusbaum. Er iz geven a gibbs arbeter, un iz geven a fraynd mayne eltem.

"Dos iz geven mayn zeyde," zogt Ben.

"Hob ikh demolts farshtran az ikh meyg take dertseyn Ben a mayse; aza mayse vos ikh hob mit zikh arumgetrofn far kmat zekhtsig yor. "Efshevet gefen a skandal vegin ayer Mime Sheril,*" hibn gefregt. Yo, er vet dus take gevolt.

Hob ikh im dertseltn aza mayse: ven ikh bin gegangen in dem elementere shule in Vudridzh, hob ikh zikh bamerkt az dortn iz a zeyer sheyne yunge moyd geven, m’tame akhtsn yur alt dem gibbs arbeters a tokhter, Sheril. Zi hot gehat epes an umshuldikn kuk.


"Zi iz shtendig geven a shpringerin."

Mit Etlekhe yurn shpeter, dervayle, ven Sheril iz geven in zeyer Nyu Yorker dire, hot ir telefon geklungen, un der vos hot gerufn hot nokhgefregt nokh Dzhek. "Er iz nisht du yetst, hot zi gezugt. "Ober, mit tsufrindnayt, vel ikh im zugen, ven er kumt aheym, az ir hot im ongeklingen."

"Ver iz dos?" hot der telefonirer gevolt visn.

"Ikh bin zayn vayb," makht Sheril.

"Dos iz take modne. Es klingt nisht vi Betsi's* shtime." hot der man gezogt. "Ober loz visn Dzhek az er zol mikh oprifn ven er kumt aheym."

"Es klingt nisht vi Betsi's shtime? Ver iz Betsi?"


"Yetst hot zi shoyn ir fertn un efshever, ir ez der finfter—ober eygntlek, treft zikh az er nokh yetst ir ferter man, un itst voynt zi mit im in Kalifornye."

Ben hot geklingt zayn tate—oystsgufenen varum men hot im keynmol nisht dertseylt vegin zayn Mime Sheril un ir ershte khasene.

The asterisked names are fictitious. This an excerpt from Ms. Sonia Pressman Fuentes’ memoirs, "Eat First—You Don't Know What They’ll Give You, The Adventures of an Immigrant Family and Their Feminist Daughter."
**Fishele, farges nisht yidish**  
by Philip “Fishl“ Kutner

Mame, yedn morgn, ven ikh vek oyf, trakht ikh vegen dir un di verter vos du host alemol gezogt: “Fishele, farges nisht yidish”.

Haynt iz gekumen tsum zinen a modne vort, “arger” (worse). Alts iz gut bay mir un der gantser mishpokhe, alzo veys ikh nisht farvos dos vort iz gekumen in gedank.

Hob ikh zikh gevondn tsu vyayrnaykhs English-yidish, yidish-english verterbukh un gezon tsvey andere verter vos heybn zikh on mit di zelbe oysyes. Eyns iz geven “erghenish” (grief)—oykhet nisht keyn freylekh vort.


Mame, a shmeykhl iz gekumen tsu mayn ponim. Oy, volt es geven a mekhaye tsu zen dir nokh a mol un redn yidish mit dir.

**Mame, kh’ob derherlekh**  
by Philip “Fishl“ Kutner

Mame, az me vert elter, farlirt men es, es falt aroys, es tut vey, es vert an ander kolir, oder es arbet nisht.

S’hot zikh ongehoyn mit an operatsye far a nayem eyortik ventil far dem hartsn. Zey hobn aroysgenumen an altm, un arayngeton a nayem, behaynes gekintsln ventil.

Nokh dem iz geven di oygn. Vayl ikh ze nisht keyn sakh, hob ikh gedarf hobb a kontaktlinz far dem linken oygn. Oyf dem rekhtn oyng ze ikh avade gornisht.

Mame, ven ikh hob tsuersh gehert vegn REM, APAP, BPAP, CPAP, un sleep apnea, bin ikh gevorn tsemish. Yetst shlof ikh mit a maske vos hot a kishke durkh velkher es blozt luft fun a bafaykhter. S’iz ist a knape yor vos ikh shlof aleyn. Frier hob ikh gekhropet, un itst darf ikh hobb a mashinke...

Der letster nayer farbayt teyl iz a derherl. Der dokter hot gezogt az a probke hot aroysgefunden az ikh hob forlorn geher in di hekhere frekventsn un darf derherlekh far di oyren.

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**Mame, s’hot zikh mir gekholemt**  
by Philip “Fishl“ Kutner

Mame, ikh hob gehat a kholem az di malokhim vu du bist zenen alte lererins. Ven a malakh vert alt, falirt zi ire fliglekh un vert a lererin.

In der kholem bistu geven in kompyuter klas un di lererin hot gehaltn a leksye vegn nutsn mikroveyk vort un mikroveyk oysteykhenung far onheybers.

Mama, es tut mir vey tsu dertseyln az du bist nisht geven a gute student. Kh’hob gevolt zitsn mit dir un helfn, ober Er hot gezogt az ale student darfn ”zinken oder shvimen.”

In dem moment hob ikh geefnt di oygn un zikh oysgetshukhet. Mame, ikh hob dertseyln mayn kholem tsu serken, mayn vayb fun knape zibn un zekhtsik yor, un zi hot gezogt, ”eger zikh nisht, zi hot nisht gevust vi tsu nutsn a kompyuter ven zi iz geven do mit undz un s’vet nisht shatn az zi vet nisht kenen es nutsn dortn vu zi iz.”

Yo, mame, du host alemol gezogt az mayn serke iz a kluge meydl.
We are excited to greet Ethel Patt of Toronto who will be having a regular series of two Yiddish favorite recipes. They originally appeared in the Call, the publication of the Toronto Friends of Yiddish when Barry Shockett z”l was editor.

Ana Berman continues Mishpokhe Kheyndelekh. Rounding out the issue are articles on Kadya Molodowsky by Zelda Nelson and The Veiled Sun - From Auschwitz to New Beginnings by Paul Schaffer – Translated from the French by Vivian Felsen.

Dr. Jack Berger premiere Yizkor Book translator returns with “A Note on Synagogue Architecture in Eastern Euro.

Mama’s Yiddish Words

Every so often a word comes back from my childhood and reminds me of Mama. It may be a smell from my Serke’s cooking, a sound of an animal, or a sight in nature during my many strolls. Often it is a return to bed from one of my nightly trips when I am only half awake. I turn on the lights and write down the precious word so that it isn’t lost before morning.

Last night the word was laydn—to suffer, to have misery. Mama used it as not having enough food or money. She used it in pleas to Der Eybishter. It was not for herself but for her children.

I guess Mama was superstitious because it always came out during one of those rare times when we had good luck. She thought that it meant bad luck would follow. Things could not be good for any length of time. It seemed that there was always some bad news around the corner. Mama had lived through so many bad times that it seemed always to be inevitable.

When a Yiddish word comes back from my childhood, it brings my thoughts back to those days when times were different. Those were tough times, but there always was Mama. She was one strong lady.

Mama’s Yiddish words keep echoing off the walls of my being. They make me smile and often they make me sad—always they return her to me for a bit, my Mama’s Yiddish words.
At the Eleventh IAYC Conference in Cleveland, Ohio in 2011, I met Susan Ganc, a Yiddish teacher from Houston Texas. When she discovered that I was a translator of French into English, she asked if she could pass on that information to a man in Paris who had been looking for someone to translate his book. Soon after I returned home from the conference, I received a phone call from Paris, France.

This past January my translation of his book was finally published by Véhicule Press of Montreal, with the title The Veiled Sun: From Auschwitz to New Beginnings. It includes a foreword by the well-known French lawyer Serge Klarsfeld who has been active in bringing Nazi war criminals to justice, including the infamous Klaus Barbie.

There is a lengthy Introduction by Simone Veil, former Minister of Health in France and former President of the European Union who, as a teenager, was incarceratred with Paul Schaffer in Auschwitz and over the years has remained his close friend.

Le Soleil Voilé by Paul Schaffer, was first published in the original French version in Paris in 2002, and later updated in 2010. There also is A German translation, published as Als ich in Auschwitz war: Bericht eines Überlebenden Metropol Verlag.

Having spent his teenage years, first on the run from the Nazis in Belgium and France, and then in Auschwitz from 1942 to 1945, Mr. Schaffer survived to start a new life in France by continuing his education, beginning a family. He and became a successful industrialist who was honored on several occasions by the government of France including being named an Officer of the Legion of Honour (2012), all for his activities in keeping alive the memory of the Holocaust.

On his website one can find documentaries as well as videos in which he is interviewed. He is currently a member of the executive of the Union des déportés [Jews deported directly from France to Auschwitz], Honorary president of Yad Vashem in France, Honorary member of the Fondation pour la mémoire de la Shoah, and a speaker on the subject of the Holocaust at schools and other institutions in France and Germany.

The fact that this account was written not only for adults but with young readers in mind, and consequently deliberately omitting detailed descriptions of the most horrifying aspects of life as a concentration camp inmate, only strengthens its emotional impact.

The carefully chosen vignettes and descriptions in the book provide an insight as well as glimpses into Mr. Schaffer’s life as a Jewish boy growing up in pre-war Vienna, his flight to Belgium, his experience as a Jewish refugee in a small village in the south of France under Marshall Pétain, his arrest and detention in France, his incarceration in Auschwitz, and the return to post-war France to face the challenges of re-integration into French society.

One of the more memorable events described in the book occurred in 1960 when Schaffer went to Frankfurt, Germany to testify against the former head of his “block” in Birkenau. While in Germany, he accepted a surprising invitation to the home of the Wehrmacht officer who had run the Bobrek factory where the author had worked.

The description of their remarkable meeting, that was fraught with both conflicting expectations and emotions, is also an excellent example of the author’s attempts throughout the book to understand the events he himself witnessed, as well as to place them in a broader context. However, this encounter provided Mr. Schaffer with very rare photos of the prisoners, including himself, at work in the Bobrek plant.

The book also provides insight into the reasons why some survivors in recent years have made the painful choice to write their memoirs while others have not. In the final chapter of the book the author describes the talks he has given about his wartime experiences during the last two decades, in particular to French school children, and his attempts to find answers to questions that perhaps can never be answered.

Editor’s note: Vivian Felsen is on the Board of Directors of the IAYC. She and her husband Dr. Shim Felsen have been popular speakers at the IAYC conferences.
A Note on Synagogue Architecture in Eastern Europe
By Dr. Jack Berger

In researching a candidate for a possible translation project, I had the opportunity to read a bit in the Yizkor Book of the Polish/Ukrainian shtetl of Luboml. I found the following interesting description of the ‘intent’ behind the construction of what is a rather formidable ‘Great Synagogue’ in that location. The considerations involved provide an interesting glimpse into the interplay between the Jewish communities of those times, and in that area of the world, and the ruling powers of the day.

As an ominous undertone, I will tell you that in thinking about buildings of this nature that I have seen in Brooklyn, that are of more recent vintage, I see a similar motivation at work.

Excerpt

Approximately at this time, meaning: in the first or second decade of the 17th century – and this is a further substantive sign for the quick building up of Jewish Luboml – the construction of the Great Synagogue of Luboml occurs.

This synagogue is one of the oldest synagogues in Poland. It was renowned for its architectural design, and with the outstanding interior artistry, especially the Holy Ark. It belongs to the category of fortified synagogues, which also served purposes of defense.

The king, Zygmunt III [Augustus], when he gives the Jews of Luck a permit to build a new synagogue (5 May 1626), poses the condition: ‘...that the Jews – Rabbinists – shall build into the roof of this synagogue...ready-points for holding ammunition that is to be used in the event of defense.’

The largest portion of this sort of synagogue-fortresses were built in the second half of the 17th century. Among them also was the synagogue of Luboml.1


If the synagogue was built within the ambit of a fortified city, this order did not apply from the start, that they needed to be built this way, so that they could be used as defense points, in times of trouble. The synagogues, in that time, were defended by the entire defense system of the city, in which Jews also had a stake.

However, the royal order to build fortified synagogues did fall on those locations which found themselves to be outside the ambit of [sic: the fortified walls of] the city.

To build such a synagogue cost a great deal more money than building an ordinary synagogue. For this reason, smaller and less well-endowed Jewish communities built their houses of study within the borders of the fortifications of the city, but the wealthier and more populous Jewish communities more often would opt for the possibility, and indeed build fortified synagogues, which simultaneously were small forts. The walls in many places were additionally supported by stout beams, and the roof – ringed by a protecting gallery, in which holes were to be found through which it would be possible to shoot.

R’ Shlomo-Boruch Rubin, an elderly resident of Luboml, who today lives in New York, tells that he recollects an inscription, that was at the highest point in the synagogue, and read as follows: ‘Let the dignity of this LAST house be greater than that of the first.’ The word for ‘last’ ‘HaAkharon’ was the numerical value of the year, and it is equivalent to g”r – 1510. Other residents of Luboml, and especially in the Land of Israel, do not recall such an inscription, and it is also not mentioned by many Jewish-Polish historians, and researchers into Jewish art. In the event that there might have been such an inscription, there might be an error in the ‘counting’ in that R’ Shlomo-Boruch Rubin may not have taken notice of a word, or words, or letters.
Kadya Molodowsky
By Zelda Nelson

Learning about a writer from her autobiography is like watching her enter a ballroom all dressed up; learning about a writer from her correspondence with her loved ones, is like watching her stumble out of bed, all disheveled. This biography is based primarily, on what her documents and those of her friends and family tell us about her.

Kadya Molodowsky was an extraordinary woman and an unusual woman of letters. She was one of the few Yiddish poets who also wrote plays, fiction and essays. She was the only Yiddish writer of her time who taught both Yiddish and Hebrew, and alone among the women of her time, the only one who looked forward to going home to her father so they could lern a blat gemoro – together. To quote Anna Gonshur: “She was the voice of the modem Jewish woman at the crossroads of traditional Jewish life and modernity”1. What’s more, as her friend and fellow-Yiddish writer, Melekh Ravitch, said about her: she was the only woman writer of Yiddish who “wore editorial pants.”2

Is there a married woman who does not remember some details of her wedding vividly? Some remember the dresses worn; some remember the songs sung; some remember the food, some the guests. But when Kadya Molodowsky wrote about her wedding, she mentioned none of these. All she said was that she bought new shoes for the occasion and that it snowed that day. None of the material that the author published explains this strange silence. But a careful reading of the archival material reveals the reality that the author attempted to skirt in her later years.

Kadya Molodowsky was a writer, not a politician. Yet for most of her young adulthood in Europe, she flirted with socialism, and for a while, even with communism. Nowhere in her published writings does she discuss the change of heart she underwent over the years. But from her letters to loved ones and dear friends this change of heart is quite apparent.

Molodowsky wrote an autobiographical memoir late in her life. There she embeds the story of her naming within a wider account of life in Europe in the years of her childhood. When she begins this story, she tells of her visit to Pruzhene, her grandmother’s shtetl:

“...This grandmother of mine was not my real grandmother. She was my mother’s stepmother. She was not my grandfather’s first wife, but his third wife. In Pruzhene she was already married to her second husband, the man she married after my grandfather left her a widow.”3

We see here not the usual, sanitized tale of a perfect society, with each nuclear European family consisting of one Matriarch and one Patriarch, but the genuine reality as Molodowsky knew it: men who married serially, usually because their former wives died from overwork or childbirth, and women who remarried to sustain themselves and their children.

Molodowsky continues her story about this grandmother, noting that the older woman waited till her present husband was out of the house before telling tales about her former husband:

“She was a smart woman. When her husband was not at home, she’d tell me about my grandfather, her first husband, a man I never knew. I am named after him. His name was “Kadish”, and that’s where the name “Kadya” comes from. She spoke lovingly about my grandfather and about her stepchildren4.”

If all we knew about Molodowsky were this autobiography, we would know only this: that at her birth her parents named her “Kadya” in memory of this beloved grandfather. But there are other sources for knowledge of the author’s life. In particular, there are documents that she left behind in archives: one in the YIVO archive New York and one in the Machon Lavon archive in Israel. As it turns out, in the latter archive we find out that the story as we know it from Molodowsky’s autobiography does not at all square with the facts.

Among the documents in the Machon Lavon archive are Molodowsky’s Polish passport, issued in 1935, her passbook from the Pennsylvania [bank] Company and a postcard from the Immigration and Naturalization Service, both issued in 1937, and a health certificate (in Hebrew), issued in 1950, and sent on to the Israeli immigration authorities. In all of these documents the author’s given name is “Kiejla Lew”. The author’s husband’s name was
Simche Lev (spelled “Lew”); that explains the last name on every one of these documents. But what about this unexpected first name: “Kiejla”?

Before we attempt to square the autobiographical account with the facts that turn up in the archive, we should consider another document that can serve as evidence of the author’s given name: a letter Kadya wrote to her husband Simche in November of 1937. At the time, she was in the US, but he was still in Warsaw. Frightened as both were of his prospects in Poland, they tried desperately to get permission for Simche to immigrate to the US and join Kadya there.

They could not say what they truly believed: that life in Europe meant likely death for Simche; that was true for all the Jews of Poland. Instead they based their request on their desire for family reunification. To prove that they were indeed married, Simche needed the documentation provided by a marriage certificate. In the letter that Kadya wrote to Simche, she reminded him that in the official Polish records her name will be the same name that appears on her ksube (her Jewish marriage certificate): “Kiejla”. The archival documents are historical bits of incontrovertible evidence. The author really was named “Kiejla” in some official capacity. This is the objective truth.

Still, Kadya would certainly not have needed to remind her husband of her official name if it were the one they ordinarily used. The author, who clearly knew about this official name, made sure her husband used it when searching for evidence of their marriage. Why then, did she tell an entirely different tale when she wrote her autobiography?

Apparently when she wrote her autobiography she was telling her readers her own subjective truth. And subjective truths can be, and often are, very different from objective facts. It seems as though the author disliked the name “Kiejla” and never used it. Moreover, by the time she wrote her autobiography in her late sixties, she had been called “Kadya” ever since she could remember.

As we learn from the author’s autobiography, “Kadya”, the name the author preferred, was attached to a personally unknown, but much admired grandfather. The grandmother she knew, loved and obviously wanted to emulate, had loved this man and still loved her mother. Surrounding this man there was a wealth of good feeling. What could be better than taking on his name?

This re-fashioning of the facts so that they fit a psychologically genuine “truth” cannot be avoided. For the re-fashioners, this narrative becomes their personal “truth”. For researchers, however, the issue is more complex. We need to balance this personal, subjective “truth” with the historical truth of objective facts. Then we need to compose a picture that presents both truths and does justice to them both. Only then can we begin to approximate “the whole truth”. That is why this biography relies not only on the printed material found in books, but also on archival material found in New York, Montreal and Israel.

The mature Kadya Molodowsky was an independent non-conformist of extraordinary intellectual curiosity. In an era when married women assumed their husband’s family name, she insisted on keeping her maiden name. In an era when women didn’t question the exclusion of women from the world of Torah study, she delighted in her Torah learning sessions with her father. She dared to bring up feminist Jewish issues with an honesty that was rare in its time.

Kadya Molodowsky’s life overlaps all the major events and the Jewish crises of the twentieth century. She was born in a shtetl, but lived the greater part of her life in the big cities of Warsaw, New York and for a while, Tel Aviv. She was on the road when World War I broke out and she spent years dodging its horrors. She was caught up in a pogrom and just barely escaped. The chaos of the Russian Revolution sent her running again. She escaped Poland before the Nazis invaded and then spent years trying to rescue her husband and her brother from certain death. She was witness to the birth of the state of Israel and she tried-unsuccessfully- to make herself a home there. Finally, she wrote poetry that is read and loved till this day- in translation if not in the Yiddish original. Her life, while of interest for what it says about her and her work, is also a window on the arc of Jewish life in the twentieth century.

1 See Gonshur’s M.A. thesis: KADYE MOLOOOWSKY IN LITERARISHE BLETER/1925-35: Annotated Bibliography
2 M. Ravitch, Mayn Leksikon: Yidishe dikhter dertseyler, dramaturgn in Poyln tsvishn di tsvet milkhomes” Montreal, 1945, p. 124
3 Svive, no. 23, p. 22.
Der balebos iz nisht geven tsufridn mit der nayer sekretarin. Yedes mol vos der telefon hot geklungen, hot zi es ignorirt.

“Du muzst entfern oyfn telefon,” hot der balebos gezogt.

“Nu, gut,” hot zi geentfert. “Nor s’zet mir oys azoy narish. Kemat yedes mol vil men mit dir redn!”

Reb Moyshe, a finf un fuftsike-yoriker Yid, iz geboyrn gevorn dem finftn May, hot finf kinder un fardint $55,555 a yor.

Eyn mol zogt im zayn khaver, az yenem oyfdernakht, in der finfter runde funem ferd-geyeg, vet loyfn a ferd mitn nomen “der mazldiker finf”.

Zeendik vi mazldik der numer finf iz bay im take geven biz itst, hot Reb Moyshe aroygetsoygn (withdrew) $5,555 fun bank, iz gegangen tsum ferd-geyeg un hot zikh gevet oyfn ferd, “der mazldiker 5”.

Un vos iz geshen? Farshtet yik zikh, dos ferd iz ongekumen oyfn finftn ort…

Frage: Vos hot eyn arestant gezogt tsum tsveytn?
Entfer: Dos esn iz geven a sakh beser do, ven ir zent geven der gubernator.”

Gast: Ikh vil zen dem balebos fun hoyz.
Dinst: Ir vet muzn vartn a bisl. Di baleboste mitn man haltn itst in bashlisn ver es iz balebos.

Emetser hot geklungen bay der tir, iz Froy Goldshteyn gegangen efenen, un derzen an arbeter mit a keshl getsayg.

“Madam, ikh bin der pane-shtimer,” hot er zikh gemoldn.


Ven Froy Goldshteyn hot derhert, az di shviger kumt tsu gast, hot zi zikh glaykh genumen oyframen (clean up) di shtub. Mit a mol iz zi shteyn geblibn.

“Lomikh makhn a reshime fun alts vos ikh darf ton,” hot zi geklert. “Azoy vel ikh gornisht fargen.”

 Ot iz di reshime vos zi hot tsunoyfgeshtelt:
* puts di mebl
* vash gut oys dem vashtsimer
* tsi iber dos betgevant inem shloftsimer, vu di shviger vet nekhtikn
* koyf a tort, vos zet oys vi gebakn in der heym
* nem aroys fun shafe dem zeyer, vos di shviger hot undz geshonken
* varf avek di reshime eyder (before) di shviger kumt on

Goldshteyn hot zikh eyogt tsu der arbet. Baym koyfn zayn geveyntlekhe tepl kave (usual cup of coffee) hot er gebetn baym arbetar arayntsegbn etlekhe ayz-kubiklekh, kedey di kave zol zikh gikher opkiln un er zol zi gikher kenen oystrinken.

Nokhn vartn a por minut, nisht visndik far vos es doyert (delays) azoy lang tsu brengen a tepl kave iz der arbeter aroyisgkumen, a tsetumiler (disoriented).

“Zayt mir moykhl vos es nemt azoy lang, ober yedes mol vos ikh gib arayn a shtikl ayz, tsegeyt es zikh!”

Lekoved ir zekhtsn geboyrn-tog, hot a meydl bakumen a sheyne matone fun der mamen – ir eygenem oyto.

“Zolst visn, dos iz a kishef-oysto,” hot di mame gezogt.

“Vos heist, a kishef-oysto?” -- fregt di tokhter mit a shmekhl.

Entfert di mame: “Bald vi du bakumst a shtrof-kvitl, vestu shoyn zen vi gikh er vet nelm vern (disappear)!”
Der balebos hot tomid (always) gerufn di vekhnitlekhe zitsung of Fraytik, 4:30 nokh mitog. Sof-kol-sof, hot eyner fun di arbeiter gefregt far vos. “Poshet,” entfert der balebos. “Kh’hob aynegezen, az dos iz di eyntsike tsayt fun der vokh, ven keyner vil zikh nisht oystaynen (argue) mit mir.”

* * *

A Yid iz geform of y a vikhtiker zitsung un, zeendik vi shpet es iz, hot zikh geyogt tsu gefinen a parkir-ort.

Kukndik in himl arayn hot er geshepshet: “Got, oyb du helfst mir gefinen a parkir-ort, zog ikh tsu, az ikh vel onheynb yedn tog leygn tfiln.” Plutsling hot zikh far zayne oygn antplekt an ort. Der Yid hot vider gekukt in himl un tsugegebn: “Farges vos kh’hob gezogt; kh’hob shoyn gefunen!”

* * *

Goldshteyn hot bakumen a briv fun a khoyves-agentur mit di verter “tsveyte dermonung”, vorenendik, az er hot nokh alts nisht boltsolt zayne shtayern. Er iz glaykh geform in agentur-byuro un zikh antshuldikt, vos er hot nisht reagirt ofy der ershter dermonung.

“Zorgt zikh nisht,” hot der ongestelte gezogt mit a shmeykh. “mir shikn nisht aroys keyn ershte dermonung, vayl mir veysn shoyn, az di tsveyte iz a sakh mer efektiv.”

* * *

A man hot ongeklungen a gevise luft-linke un gefregt: “Vi lang doyert a direkter fli fun Nyu York keyn Boston?”


* * *

Der 17-yoriker Shmulik iz geven a gerotener (good) talmid, ober iz oft mol gekumen shpet in shul.

Plutsling hot Shmulik ongehoyn kumen yedn tog baysaytns. Ven der shul-direktor hot zikh bagegnt ofy der gas mit Shmuliks tapn, hot er im ibergegeben di gute basure.

“Avade!” -- hot der tate gezogt. -- “Kh’hob im dokh gekoyft an oyto.”

“Nu, iz vos?” -- fregt der director.

Entfert der tate: “Itst muz er kumen fri, kedey tsu gefinen a parkir-ort.”

* * *

A farvalterin fun a groyser firme hot gehat a zun, velkker hot, nebekh, nisht gekent gefinen keyn arbet.

“Far vos arbetstu nisht far der mamen?” -- hot zayn khaver gefregt.

“Ikh ken nisht,” hot er geentfert. “Ir firme hot a shtreng politik kegn onshelt noente kroyvim.”

“Ver hot oystrakht aza narishe takone?”

“Mayn mame.”

* * *

Perls 8-yorik eynikl iz gekumen farbreng etlke vokhn bay ir, hot Perl bashlosn ir oyst sulernen vi tsu neyn. Nokh dem vi Perl hot ir gevizn vi azoy durkhtsfedemen di ney-mashin un vi zi tsu nitsn, hot dos meydele zi ongekukt mit groyse oygn un gefregt:

“Du kenst dos alts ton, ober mayn video-shpil veystu nisht vi tsu shpiln!”

* * *

Vaserman iz gegangen tsum dokter un zikh baklogt vegen farshidene veytikn ibern guf. Nokh a protimdiker batrakhtung hot der dokter im ibergegeben, az er zet oys gezunt.


“Ver zogt, ir zolt mikh yinger makhn?” -- hot Vaserman gezogt. -- “Kh’vil bloyz zayn zikher, az ikh vel nokh vern elter!”

* * *
Today, carrots, along with apples and honey, are the most symbolic foods served at Roshesone. Since carrots were one of the few sweet-tasting vegetables accessible to the poor Jews of Russia and Poland, they were widely used. The Yiddish word for carrots, mern, also means to increase or multiply. Thus, by eating carrots at Roshesone, the Jew reiterates the hope that the nation will increase in number and merit during the coming year.

CARROT CAKE
2 cups grated carrot
2 eggs
1 cup sugar
¾ cup oil
1 ½ cups flour
½ tsp salt
1 ¼ tsp baking powder
1 ¼ tsp baking soda
1 ½ tsp cinnamon
1 tsp cloves
¼ tsp nutmeg

Preheat oven to 300F. Grease & flour a 6-cup tube pan or 9 x 12 baking pan. Grate carrots. Beat eggs until thick & lemon-coloured. Add sugar gradually. (Sugar can be reduced to ½ cup.) Beat well.

4 oz cream cheese at room temperature
2 cups icing sugar
¼ cup butter or margarine (melted)
2 tsp vanilla
1 tsp lemon juice
Cream margarine or margarine.
Add sugar & beat well.
Add wet stuff. Cool until firm enough to spread. (If necessary, put in fridge.)

Etke Patt
EST MIT A GUTN APETIT

Add oil & beat well. Combine dry stuff & add to above, alternating with carrots. Pour into prepared pan. Gently bang on counter to release air bubbles. Bake for 1 hour & cool: Frost with cream cheese icing, if desired.
Shvues is the festival that celebrates the end of the grain harvest. In contrast to the harvest’s beginning, which is marked by sacrifice, the harvest’s end features feasting. And why not? It was the time of the greening of springtime with warmer weather and the fragrant smell of flowers in the fields. Traditionally, dairy dishes are eaten at this time. This custom may date back to earlier times when the Jews returned hungry to their tents, having received the Torah. Unable to wait until the women prepared a meat meal, they ate whatever dairy products were available. Regardless of the origin, the dairy tradition continues to this day, which leads us to our cheesecake.

**CHOCOLATE CHIP CHEESECAKE**

**Crust:**
- 1 1/2 cups graham wafer crumbs
- 1/3 cup melted margarine
- 1/2 tsp cinnamon

**Filling:**
- 8 oz cream cheese
- 1 lb pressed cottage cheese
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp vanilla
- 1 1/2 tbsp lemon juice
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1 cup chocolate chips

**Topping:**
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/2 tsp vanilla

Preheat oven to 350F. Use either an 8” square or a 9” springform pan. Combine crust ingredients and pat in pan. Beat both cheeses well. Beat in sugar, eggs and remaining filling ingredients. Pour over crust and bake for 30-35 minutes. Combine sour cream and vanilla and cover cake. Bake an additional 5 minutes.

Diabetic adaptation: Substitute 1/4 cup powdered *Sugar Twin* for the sugar and reduce chocolate chips to 1/2 cup.

*Est mit a gutn apetit!*
The period of the late 20’s and early 30’s witnessed a remarkable development of Yiddish culture in the U.S. Many Yiddish writers and musicians had emigrated from Eastern Europe, and began to create in their respective fields. They found a fertile soil among the workers in shops and factories, who had a yearning for the freedom of spiritual and cultural expression.

In the San Francisco Bay Area, the initiative came from members of the Freiheit Cultural Club to create a people’s chorus. The Jewish Music Alliance in New York helped find music and conductors. Leon Malamut was the first professional musician to lead the chorus. The Petaluma, the Oakland Freiheit, and the Jewish Folk Chorus of San Francisco were organized under the slogan of the Jewish Music Alliance: *A People Who Sing Shall Not Perish.*

On May 15, 1938 a full concert, Jacob Schaefer’s folk operetta, “A Bunt Mit A Statshke” was presented at the Veteran’s Memorial Auditorium to a fully packed auditorium. In 1939 the next conductor Gabriel Sunshine along with the chorus and a dance group presented a choral play, “The Yiddish Folk Album” before an audience of 1800. This concert was repeated at the 1939 San Francisco World’s Fair on Treasure Island. The chorus grew to a membership of over 80.

During the war years, Zari Gottfried was conductor as well as for the chorus in Petaluma. The two groups cooperated, presenting the same annual choral program in San Francisco, Oakland and Petaluma. When Gottfried was drafted, the chorus dissolved.

By 1950 the San Francisco chorus was back on its feet, and under the direction of Gabriel Sunshine performed joint concerts with the Petaluma Chorus. From 1954 to 1971, Zari Gottfried was the conductor. It was during this time that the chorus established its home at the San Francisco JCC where it remained for almost 50 years. It then moved to Cong. Beth Shalom.

In 1976 Nathan Seres wrote, and it is still applicable.

“With pride in our achievements, we close a half century of existence as a musical organization built by the people to express through song, the deepest yearnings, hopes and aspirations of the Jewish ‘folksmentsh’, the Jewish worker and toiler, the dreamer of a just world, and a fighter for that cause.”
The Feminine Voice:
20th-Century Women's Yiddish Poetry
Yiddish 103, Fall 2015    Dr. Yael Chaver, Instructor
At the University of California, Berkeley

In traditional Jewish culture, women were usually barred from the “masculine” fields of learning and literary activity. The spread of modern secular culture gave women an opportunity for self-realization. Jewish women's encounter with modernity gave rise to Yiddish poetry with striking thematics, innovative language, and stylistic variety.

We will explore the transgressiveness, deceptive traditionalism and high modernism of poets such as Anna Margolin, Miriam Ulinover, Dvoyre Fogel, Rikuda Potash, and others.

Readings are in Yiddish; secondary sources are in English. Prerequisite: Yiddish 101 and 102, or equivalent knowledge. 3 units. T, Th 11-12:30. CC# 37906.

For further information: http://german.berkeley.edu
We continue Ethel Patt's series of two favorite Yiddish recipes. They originally appeared in the Call, the publication of the Toronto Friends of Yiddish when Barry Shockett z"l was editor.

Our long series of Mishpokhe Kheyndelekh, Transliterated by Ana Berman and Ibergezetst fun yidish, funem forverts is one of our best sources of material for Yiddish club programs.

Toyznt Tamen - A Thousand Flavors is an exciting, new album by the talented Miryem-Khaye Seigel.

The Jews in Costa Rica - By Boris Kopit - December 14, 2000, Rochester Jewish Ledger ©, covers this Central American country which does not have a military force and is a vacation and retirement place. Boris has produced a book of Yiddish sayings in English, Yiddish, and transliteration.

The National Yiddish Theater – Folksbiene celebrates its centennial with the 1st Kulturfest International Festival of Jewish Performing Arts – June 14 - 22, 2015 in New York City. The festival will celebrate the concept of storytelling that is central to Yiddish culture. It is scheduled to feature live klezmer performances, dance, lectures, film, and full theatre productions.

One of the Folksbiene’s centennial celebration’s major events is a performance of The Ger Mandolin Orchestra (GMO). The orchestra is the brainchild of Israeli-American Avner Yonai, whose search for his family roots in Poland led him to a tattered photo of his grandfather and two other relatives playing in a pre-WWII Jewish mandolin orchestra in the Polish town of Gora Kalwaria (Ger in Yiddish).

Because of the major celebration of the Folksbiene centennial, Der Bay will reproduce and update the wonderful series of articles that Prof. Israel Kugler has published. The July issue thus will feature this series and additional articles published in Der Bay about the history of the Yiddish Theater.

Prof. Israel Kugler was Professor Emeritus in Social Science, The City University of New York. He was graduated from elementar shul and mitlshul of the Workmen's Circle, and later was elected its president from 1980-84 and was on its National Executive Board. He was graduated from CCNY, served in the U.S. Navy during World War II, and later returned to earn his Ph.D. at New York University.

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Toyznt Tamen - A Thousand Flavors
A new album by Miryem-Khaye Seigel

Amanda (Miryem-Khaye) Seigel is a Yiddish singer, songwriter, actor, and researcher in the field of Yiddish culture. A fluent Yiddish speaker, she has performed, lectured and taught throughout North America, Australia, and Poland, and appears frequently with the Folksbiene (National Yiddish Theater) and Hankus Netsky’s Hebrew National Salvage. “Toyznt Tamen” (A Thousand Flavors) is her first album.

After performing and writing for many years, she wanted to document her work and reach a wider audience. There are seven original songs (her words and music) and five adapted songs. She chose the songs based on their individual strengths and also on their relative obscurity (such as songs that had never, or seldom, been recorded). It also includes a variety of moods, dialects, and styles.

Her texts and melodies are inspired by modern topics but rooted in tradition—for example, an ode to the city of New York inspired by nostalgic Yiddish songs about the Old Country; a tango about gay love; and a food song about a vengeful Queen Esther.

Miryem-Khaye chose to adapt several other songs which “spoke to me” with a combination of folksiness, theatricality, and emotional intensity. “I am inspired by personal experience and by my imagination, and by Yiddish songs, poems and literature and the spoken language itself.”

On the advice of Adrienne Cooper (z”l), she chose Michael Winograd as arranger and the band has clarinet, Patrick Farrell (accordion), Benjy Fox-Rose (bass, vocals), Carmen Staaf (piano), and Alicia Svigals (violin and vocals).

“Toyznt Tamen” literally means “A Thousand Flavors” which is a phrase in her song “Nyu-York, Nyu-York” used to describe NYC, and the variety of flavors, moods, and songs in the album. It shows that Yiddish has a variety of expressions.

Miryem-Khaye heard some Yiddish words at home, but didn’t start studying until college. She took a class at the Yiddish Book Center, spent three summers at YIVO, and spent a considerable time working and socializing in Yiddish-speaking environments. She enjoys speaking Yiddish and the chance to explore Jewish history and culture. It eventually turned into her life’s work.

One of her first venues for Yiddish was the Yiddish Vinkl in Minneapolis, which hosted the 9th IAYC conference, at which Roz Baker was the chairperson. The Vinkl is still going strong as a wonderful environment where friends gather to speak Yiddish, learn, and mark important occasions.

Editor’s note: Visit www.amks.wordpress.com or http://www.bandcamp.com to buy it online. Or send a check for chai ($15 plus $3 shipping) to: P.O. Box 3743, Grand Central Sta., NY, NY 10163
Drip, Drip, Drip ©
by Mendl Fligler

Kapn, Kapn, Kapn

Herts oys--
Amol nokh a gutn regn,
Ven s'hot zikh gereynikt—
Afle di luft
Un es blaybn dokh tropn—
Vos kapn, kapn, kapn,

Azoy iz dos lebn,
Mit krankayt, gezunt,
Mit a shturem, pamelek,
Mit freyd un mit troyer—
Es loyfl, un az nisht—
Vi tropn...
Kapn, kapn, kapn.

Oykh iz dos Yidish,
Mil pintelekh vekn...
Grine likhtike tropn:
Kopn, kopn, kopn

Ober her oys, es vakst hekker!
Kapn, kopn, kopn
Es shvebt a khvalye,
mit oytser fun oysyes
Mit vertlekh un vitsn,
Iber der velt!
Es royshn naye doyres—
Vos vekn oyf Yidish...
Nisht men Kapn, kapn, kapn

Un ir veyst vos? Zey khapn zikh oyf!
Hey, derekh ertes—di Khevre...
Mendele, Sholem Alekhem, un Perets
Leyvik, Anski, Yosl Mlotek...un mer.
Zey khapn zikh oyf, un shrayen:
"Hert oys, ratevet Yidish!
Muzt nemen di tropn fun zilber un gold
Diamantkelekh Yidish! Dem Loshn
fun Folk!" (Un mir hern zey!)

Naye vortslen kumen, s'vert mikuyim.
Naye pintelekh Yidish—in Bikher—
In Lider—un Yidishes klangen...
Un men hert nisht—
Kapn, kapn, kapn.

Drip, Drip, Drip,

Listen up!
Sometimes, after a good rain,
When all is cleaned up,
Even the air,
And what remains are drops,
That Drip, Drip, Drip

Also in life,
With sickness, good health...
With storm; slowness
With joy and with sadness,
It all runs on, and if not—
Like drops...
Drip, drip, drip

So with the Yiddish,
With pointless awaking
Green bright drops,
Drip, Drip, Drip

But listen, it grows louder—
Drip, drip, drip
A wave billows,
with treasures of phrases—
With sayings and humor,
All over the world!
New generations rustling,
Waking up Yiddish...
No longer: Drip, drip, drip

And you know what? They’re waking up!
Hey! With respect—The Khevre:
Mendele, Sholom Aleichem ’n Perets,
Leyvik, Anski, Mlokek... and more.
They’re waking up and shouting:
Listen up, rescue Yiddish
You must take droplets of silver and gold
Little diamonds of Yiddish
Folk tongue.... and we hear them!

New roots are acoming, coming about..
New pointlets of Yiddish... In books...
In songs—And in Yiddish sounds.
And one doesn’t hear—
Drip, Drip, Drip.

Mendy Fliegler came to America from Honduras at the age of 5 speaking only Yiddish and Spanish. He learned Yiddish in the Sholem Aleichem Folk Shul. He became the Yiddish editor for Educational Services Corp, revising their Language 301 Yiddish language learning kit, available nationwide.

Mendy is presently translating Yiddish text of a History of Lithuania for the U.S. Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C. He writes short stories and poetry in Yiddish and English, and is sculpting realizations of Yiddish expressions and busts of famous Yiddish authors. He is on the Board of Yiddish of Greater Washington.
The Gold Ring
By Shaindle Schmuckle

My mom was a blond-haired, blue-eyed, brainy beauty. I have the photographs to prove it. Her life as a child and young teen in her small shtetl in Poland was a little easier with her typical Polish looks.

Mom was one of the only Jewish children allowed to play with and later tutor the Polish children. She was able to cross over the imaginary line onto the Polish, non-Jewish side. Mom was popular and had lots of friends. She was a big fish in a little pond.

Life was pretty good for her mother and father, my Bobe and Zeyde, her two sisters, and likewise for her little brother. My Zeyde however, felt life could be so much better with many more opportunities in a land where he’d heard the streets were lined with gold. So, they packed their valises and the family moved to America – the Goldene Medine.

At first, Mom was so unhappy. Everything was so much more difficult to navigate. She was terribly homesick. She was suddenly a little fish in a very big sea, not an enviable position to be in for a girl who loved to pose for a photo, dress to the nines, and get lots of attention.

My Bobe and Zeyde opened a fish stand in a market. Mom and her siblings entered night school. College would never be an option for any of them. As soon as the children could speak a little English, they worked in the daytime, and continued to attend school in the evenings. After graduating from night school, they all found work in factories.

My mother never had a problem finding work. She was a beauty with brains. She made friends, went to the weekly community dances, and soon began to love her new country. But she longed to return one day to the town of her childhood.

Mom’s family lived on the third floor of a five-story walk-up apartment building in the Bronx. On the second floor of this very building lived Steve (no last name to protect his feelings). She was so busy she never really paid him much attention. Lo and behold—one day she finally noticed this good looking Jewish fellow, who fulfilled every new immigrant’s dream! (We’re talking here about the mid 1930’s in New York.) She began to date the American-born boy, and you guessed it—she fell in love with Steve. They became engaged, and began to plan their new life. Then whispers of Hitler reached Jewish communities throughout the United States, including the Bronx.

At the dances, where she met a wonderful group of friends, everyone worried about what would happen to their friends and family still in the ‘old country’. Jews are not called smart for nothing. A clever method was devised to get the relatives out: send an American citizen to Europe, marry the one they wanted to get out, return to America after a while, and annul the marriage.

One evening her friend Morris approached her and asked if she still wanted to “go back”. One did not have to specify where “go back” was.

“Yes,” she replied, “what do you have in mind?”

Morris told her about his family back in Poland, his parents, his sisters, their children, and his brother Hyman. He wanted to bring them to America. It was very difficult to get permission to come to America. There was a way however, that was becoming more popular and acceptable to the Jews
in America. He wondered if she would consider traveling to Poland, marrying Hyman, and then bringing him back to the United States. They would ‘live’ together for three months, at which time the marriage could be annulled. With this plan, his brother would be an American and safe.

Hitler was on the move, and there was little time to make a decision. Truth be told, she did not need much time to decide. To save a fellow Jew and to “go back” would be a dream fulfilled.

So picture this if you will: my five-foot, tiny mom heatedly negotiating with this big strong guy. First, she would have to explain all this to her American born fiancé. Second, there was her salary which helped support the family. Third, she would need new clothes for such a trip, and of course clothes for his brother. Negotiations complete, she left on a steamship for Paris, boarded a train to Poland, and finally completed the journey with a horse and buggy ride to Hyman’s small town.

Mom was shattered when she saw the hovel where Hyman lived. She had never seen such squalor. Chickens and goats were wandering in and out of the small house with a dirt floor. She gave one look at the man she had traveled to save/marry and was appalled at how skinny he was: like a ‘shtekn’.

To make matters worse, he obviously had not yet grown into his ears. He was uneducated and had no employment skills. She thought to herself, oy—this could be three very long months. And I made a promise and must honor my commitment! Soon they packed up what little he had and traveled to the nearest city to marry.

The ring was the very same gold ring Hyman’s great grandfather crafted when he married. It was handed down from generation to generation. Everyone in the family had been married with this precious ring. Despite the fact that Hyman still had unmarried sisters, his mom insisted that the couple keep the ring for their children who would be born in the Goldene Medine. Hyman’s mom knew what pogroms could befall her and the family. She convinced my mom to save this precious ring. After a small celebration, they headed back to Paris to board the ship to the Goldene Medine.

Adolph Hitler made sure that they never again would ever see Hyman’s family again. He was never able to resolve his guilt about leaving them behind.

It was during their stay in Paris, where Mom and Hyman were waiting to board the ship to America, that the undoing of her immigrant’s dream occurred! Mom did not marry the American-born Steve! Mom and Dad, yes that would be Hyman, fell in love! She sent a telegram to my Bobe instructing her to inform Steve that the wedding was off. My Bobe underestimated my mother, and was sure she would change her mind. After more than 42 years of marriage, Mom never had reason to regret her decision.

When Mom and Dad got off the boat, everyone was waiting, including Steve (poor thing). The long trip home only strengthened their resolve to be together. A deep love between Mom and Dad existed, much to the chagrin of Bobe and Steve. They were blind to everyone and everything, except each other. My mother taught her “grine” husband English, and how to be an American in the Goldene Medine. They moved in with my Bobe and Zeyde (where by the way my aunt, her husband and baby daughter, and my other aunt and my uncle also lived —— wait for it—— with ONE bathroom!)

After Mom died in 1983, I put together a big box filled with her precious memories. Every year, just before Passover, I look at something new in the box. One year, not too long ago, in a beautiful chocolate candy box with a fancy gold lid, I found my father’s yellow star, his identification papers, ration card, and the gold ring. My mom must have forgotten all about it. I immediately called my Dad to ask about the ring (I never mentioned the star—afraid of hurting him). He told me the whole beautiful love story. I honor Mom and Dad every day by wearing this ring. I honor their memory and the memories of those that married before them. I honor all they gave, and gave up, to raise their three first-generation American-born children.

Editor’s note: Shaindle was born in the East Bronx. She spoke Yiddish before English. The apartment building where she lived was like a shtetl. Cousins, aunts, uncles, Mama and Papa (grandparents) all lived in the same building, as did Mrs. Goldberg the spy. She has lived in the south all of her adult life, and yet has never adjusted to the Southern school calendar. She is married to Gene, and they have four girls, all married, and ten grandchildren. Shaindle has worked at the Marcus Jewish Community Center, Atlanta, Georgia for 34 years in various positions, including top posts.
Nokh a harts-atak hot froy Goldshteyn gefregt dem kardiolog, vos s’iz der prognoz.

“Dem emes gezogt, veys ikh nisht,” hot der dokter geentfert.

“Ober dokter, ikh muz blaybn lebn nokh tsvey yor. Kh’vil shtark bayzayn oyf der graduirung fun mayn ershṭn eynikl.”

“Mir veln ton alts vos me ken,” hot er gezogt.

Tsum glik, hot zi derlebt di graduirung. Mit etlekhe khadoshim shpeter hot zi gezogt dem dokter: “Mayn eynikl geyt khasene hobn in onderthalbn yor. Kh’bet aykh, zet, az ikh zol konen bayzayn bay der khasene.”

“Mir veln zikh bamien,” hot er geentfert. Danken got, hot zi oykh derlebt tsu ir eynikls khasene.


“Nu?”

“Kh’hob ersht gepravet mayn akhtsikster geboyrn-tog un zikh gekoyft a nayem matrats,” hot zi geentfert. “Es kumt mit a garantye fun tsvantsik yor…”

*   *   *


“S’vendt zikh,” entsert dos yingl.

“S’vendt zikh in vos?” fregt di lererin.

“A mame fun a 14-yorikn tsviling (twins) --- a yingl un a meydl --- iz aheymgekumen fun a khasene mit tsvey portsyes kezkukhn (portions cheesecake) far zey. Di tokhter hot eyn portsy oyfgegesn yenem oyfderannah.

Dem tsveytn tog hot dos yingl derzen vi zayn shvester kukt televizye un est nokh kezkukhn.

“Estu mayn portsyes?” hot er, an oyfgegeyer (agitated), gefregt.

“Neyn, neyn,” hot zi geentfert mit a shmeykhl (smile). “Dayns hob ikh oyfgegesn nekhtn.”

*   *   *

Yankls talis iz a bisl farflekt gevorn, hot er im gebrakht inem bestn reynikung-gevelb (cleaning store) in gegnt, “Yu Feng Zo”. Der balebos hot im geheysn tsurikkumen in a vokh arum.

Ven er iz tsurikgekumen (returned), hobn zey im gegeben dem talis mit a khezhbn fun (a bill for) $100.

“$100 bloyz tsu reynikn eyn kleynem talis?” hot Yankl gefregt.

“Neyn,” entsert Yu Feng. “$20 tsu reynikn (clean) dem talis, un $80 tsu tseknipn ale knupn (untie all the knots)”

*   *   *

A humorist hot gedarf geyn in shpitol oyf an operatsye, hot er gemeynt, s’volt geven komish, oyb er klept tsu a tsetl (note) tsu zikh, onzognid dem khirurg (surgeon) tsu zayn forzikhtik (careful).

Nokh der operatsye hot er gefunen a tsveyt tsetl tsugeklept (attached) tsu zikh mit di verter: “Tsi veyst emetser, vu s’gefint zikh mayn mobilke?”

*   *   *
Mishpokhe Kheyndelekh – 58-59
Transliterated by Ana Berman
Ibergezetst fun yidisht, funem forverts

Goldshteyn kumts tu an advokat un fregt im, viif s'vet im kostn zikh tsu baratn mit im. “Dray hundert dolarn far dray frages,” entfert der advokat.
“Iz dos ober nisht zeyer tayer?”
“You,” entfert der advokat. “un vos iz di drite frage?”

Moris, a yid in di yorn, iz aribergegangen di gas un iz, nebekh, getrofn gevorn fun an oyto. Vi er iz gelegn in intensivn opteyl, iz zayn khaver gekumen im mevaker-khoyle zayn.
“Vos leyent zi?”
“Mayn lebn-farzikherung-polisi.”

A yunge kristin h ot bashlosn tsu vern a monashke (nun). Glaykh eyder es hot zik h gedarft onheybn di tseremony vos batseykhnt (designated) zi vi a vayb fun Yezusn, zenen arayngekumen fir yidn mit bord un eyes, sidurim in di hent, un hobb zikh avgezetst tsivshn di gest.
Di eltere monashke, vos hot gezolt onfirn mit der tseremony iz tsugegangen tsu di umgerikhte gest un gezogt: “S’iz mir a koved (honor), vos ir vet praven mit undz di simkhe, ober efsher kent ir mir derklern far vos ir zent gekumen?”
Entfert eyner: “Mir zenen funem khosns tsad.”

Der kenig iz geven azoy in kas oyfn astrolog, az er hot im geheysn zikh bavayzn far im un gezogt: “Nu, groyser novi eyner, tsi veystu oykh ven du vest shtarbn?”

Moyshe hot glaykh farshtanen, az der kenig hot bedeye im tsu hargenen oyfn ort. Hot er zikh fartrakht a rege un gezogt: “Punkt ven ikh vel shtarbn, veys ikh nisht, ober eyn zakh veys ikh yo: Der kenig vet shtarbn dray teg nokh mir.”

Goldshteyn hot gefirt zayn oyto beys a zaverukhe, un zayn vintshtoyb iz geven azoy badekt mit ayz, az er hot koym gekent epes zen in droyzn, un iz shir nisht arayngeforn in etlekhe oytos.
“S’volt say-vi nisht geholfn,” entfert Goldshteyn. “Kh’b hob ibergezo mayne briln in der heym.”

Shmulik hot zikh gezorgt vegn zayn harts, iz er gekumen tsu an ongezeenem harts-dokter, khotsh der dokter hot nisht ongenumen zayn farzikherung.
Nokhn batrakhtn im hot der dokter gezogt: “Ikh hob a meditsin vos kon aykh helfn, ober ir vet darfn tsurikkumen yede vokh bemeshkfun dray khadoshim, tsu farzikhern, az alts iz in ordenung.”
“Gut,” zogt Shmulik. “Vifl vet es mir kostn?”
“12 vizitn vet aykh costn an erekh $6,000,” entfert der dokter.
“Oy! Efsher kent ir mir rekhenen veyniker? Kh’b hob dokh a vayb mit dray kinder.”
“Nu…zol zayn $5,000.”
“Tsum badoyern iz es nokh alts shver. Dos gesheft geyt mir mit der puter arop, un mir veln nokh efsher muzn farkoyfn dos hoyz.”
“Nu, vel ikh aykh rekhenen $4,000, ober nisht keyn peni veyniker,” zogt der dokter.
Shmulik hot im shtark badankt.
“Ikhs farshhtey ober nisht,” hot der dokter gezogt. “Far vos zent ir gekumen tsu mir, ven ir veyst, az ikh rekhn azoyne hoykhe prayzn?”
Entfert Shmulik: “Far vos, fregt ir? Vayl ir hot aza gutn shem, un ven s’kumts tusm gezunt --- iz gelt bay mir nisht keyn inyen!”
Honey Cake

Honey has played a key role in Jewish cooking. For example, its significance is shown when we say “The land of milk and honey.” Because of its unusual composition, honey can be stored for a long time, and it is sweeter than ordinary table sugar.

Our Rosh Hashone table is laden with delicacies representing optimism for a sweet future. Dishes abound with honey, raisins, carrots, and apple—all seasonal reminders of hope for the coming year.

Ingredients

2 cups flour
2 tsps. baking powder
½ tsp. salt & baking soda
2 eggs
½ cup sugar
1½ cup light honey
⅛ cup oil
1 cup strong coffee or tea
1 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. cloves
¼ tsp. nutmeg & allspice
½ cup raisins

Options: ½ cup sliced almonds or chopped walnuts.

Preheat oven to 325 degrees Fahrenheit
Sprinkle soda into coffee or tea.
Sift dry ingredients.
If you are using nuts or raisins, coat with some of the dry ingredients.
Beat eggs till light.
Add sugar gradually.
Heat until light and thick.
Add oil, blending well, then honey and coffee or tea.
Feed in the dry ingredients, raisins and nuts.
Pour into two greased loaf pans or a 10-inch tube.
Bake for 1 hour or until done.
Cool, turn out, wrap in foil and store.

Es mit a gutn apetit
Etke Patt
Deep-Fried Cookies

As in ancient days (just as is the case in other communities), we also celebrate the winter solstice (a solstice is a point where the sun is at its high point or low point in the sky. This one is the low point) with a festival of light. Chanukah proclaims the ideal of untrammeled freedom to enjoy living without worry of discrimination, whatever one's beliefs. We use oil in cooking as a reminder of this light. Hence, fried cookies.

DEEP—FRIED COOKIES

8 eggs
1 tbsp. rum
5 tbsp. icing sugar
5 tsp. salt
3 cups flour

Break three eggs into a large mixing bowl. Separate five eggs and add only the yolks to the howl; beat well. Add salt, rum, and icing sugar; blend. Add flour and work into the mixture. Add a bit more if necessary; knead well. Roll the dough out paper-thin on a floured board. Cut into rectangular strips. Make a slit in each piece. Take one end and push through the slit and pull a bit. For those who might find the preceding a bit too complicated, there is a shorter way which is almost as good, but is a lot easier: purchase a package of wonton wrappers and separate sheets carefully. For both ways—drop pieces of pastry into a frying pan filled with hot oil (about 375F). Fry very quickly on one side. Turn over with tongs and brown the other side. Drain on paper towels, and sprinkle with icing sugar.

Gepreglte Kikhlekh

GEPREGLTE KIKHLEKH

8 eyer
1 lefele rom
5 lefelekh batsukerung
½ lefele zalts
3 teplekh mel
The Jews in Costa Rica
By Boris Kopit - December 14, 2000, Rochester Jewish Ledger ©

Costa Rica is a little smaller than West Virginia, and is situated between Nicaragua to the north and the Panama Republic to the south. It has a democratic form of government and has enjoyed a peaceful political and social history since its last revolution in 1948. The capital and largest city is San Jose.

To obtain first-hand and reliable information, it was suggested to contact Julio Kirsonson, the current president of the Jewish San Jose community and publishes a monthly paper about community affairs. Julio, a former student of philosophy and Jewish history, is a big, corpulent man with an engaging smile. He speaks Hebrew fluently, thanks to his extended stay in Israel during his student years.

The Jewish population is centered mainly in San Jose, a city of about half a million inhabitants and numbers roughly 2500. The overwhelming majority belongs to the Orthodox synagogue, about 300 are affiliated with a Reform temple, and about 30 to 60, depending on the importance of the respective holidays, participate in the religious services of the Lubavitch community, which are held in a private residence.

The first Jewish settlers in the country were the Sephardim. They arrived from the island of Curacao and other islands where they landed centuries earlier after their expulsion from Spain, by way of Portugal and Brazil. Those immigrants were eventually absorbed into the native population by intermarriage and their awareness of their religion and heritage was in time forgotten. The sole reminder of their existence is an old cemetery in San Jose reserved in the past for foreigners where Sephardic names and markings are still seen on some of the monuments. Those Jews were considered foreigners and buried accordingly. The first significant wave of immigration started in the 1900s. In 1910, a prominent Jewish dentist by the name of Fischel came here from the United States and later opened a pharmacy. Over the years it grew to the present chain of outlets run by his grandson. Fischel's descendants, however, turned away from Judaism.

Between 1919 and 1925, the first Ashkenazi Jews settled in Costa Rica. The main reason for their choice was the limits imposed by the Immigration Act on admission to the U.S.A., which shifted the brunt of the exodus from war-devastated Europe to South and Central America and especially to Argentina. Also Costa Rica required only $10 for admission, while, for example, Colombia it was $100. For poor immigrants this was a factor.

The next wave of Jewish immigration took place in the late twenties and early thirties of the last century, initiated by Jews of Zhelichow, a small town in Poland, situated halfway between Warsaw and Lublin, who in the wake of the economic depression sought refuge here from spreading anti-Semitism, especially after Hitler's ascent to power.

These immigrants founded the present orthodox synagogue in San Jose on Paseo Colon, a one-time suburban thoroughfare—an extension of Avenida Central, which bisects the city. Many beautiful old mansions still remain as witnesses of past glamour and prosperity. However, as in many other cities, commercialism gained the upper hand and, with traffic congestion, contributed to the demise of the general area. Now there are plans to move the location of the synagogue to a suburban area. The present building is an imposing edifice.

Services are held daily and there are usually about 20-30 persons present for morning prayers. For Friday night services there are often about two-hundred and on Saturday about one-hundred usually show up. The services are in Hebrew and are reminiscent of the way they were in pre-war Poland, using Ashkenazi pronunciation and prayer-melodies. The Rabbi's sermons are in Spanish.

Yiddish is still the “lingua franca” of some of the older congregants, who diminish in number. Some of the younger generation understand it, but do not speak it. Spanish prevails during the Oneg Shabbat social on Saturday after services. The community is adamantly pro-Israel and its official designation is Centro Israelita Zionistaé The country in has a long history of pro-Israel sentiment. A former president, “Pepi” Figueres, was a declared Judeophile, visited Israel on many occasions, and was a staunch defender of Israel in the United Nations during the anti-Zionist hysteria whipped up by Arab countries and their Soviet cronies during the ’70s oil crisis.

About the same time a Catholic priest served as Costa Rican ambassador to Israel on three occasions and helped to keep up pro-Israeli sympathies in the Costa Rican government.
The demographics of the Jewish population at large underwent many changes since the arrival of the first Polish immigrants known as "Polacos." Not knowing the language and short of cash, they became, as in other countries, "klappers" or peddlers, from the Yiddish word klapn — to knock (on doors). As a matter of fact, to this day the term "Polaco" refers to a peddler in the local vernacular. The engagement in this form of trade was a source of sharp resentment on the part of the local storeowners, who saw in this unfair competition a real threat to their legitimate business. Eventually, as happened elsewhere, the Jews became storekeepers in their own right. Mindful of the resentment that the competition caused in the past, they keep a "low profile" and eschew being ostentatious.

The Jews are presently well off, but the character of their occupational activities has changed over time. The textile manufacturing and retail trade that used to be in Jewish hands, and that relied on production of articles of clothing pre-cut in the U.S.A. and shipped to Costa Rica, where it was profitable, thanks to lower labor costs, has eroded due to Asian importation and a general rise in wages. The younger and better-educated segment of the Jewish population turned to the professions and public service, and so the current president of Commercial Enterprises in the country is a Jew by the name of Yankelevitch, the grandson of a Polish immigrant and a very influential person. Fishman, another immigrant descendant and a former minister of security, is a viable candidate for president in the coming election. Similarly, Saul Weisleder was the speaker of the House of Representatives in the former administration and is credited with a far-reaching bill against discrimination, which he sponsored.

Many members of the younger generation are leaving the professions and public service to seek greater financial rewards in newly opening opportunities in business, telecommunications, electronics, cybernetics, and development of shopping malls—booming branches of commerce less subject to governmental controls.

The Jewish identity remains very strong. The community runs a Jewish high school in which children learn Hebrew and religion. It’s a generally accepted custom by most parents to send their offspring for extended stays in Israel to strengthen their national bonds with the country. On the other hand, intermarriage, becoming more and more frequent, is looming as a problem to be reckoned with. In many cases the rabbis insist on conversion, but it is common in the Reform community to tolerate intermarriage.

The first Reform temple was founded in 1986 by Marvin Sossin, a Canadian Jew from Toronto. It attracted the local U.S. expatriates and Sephardim who came from South American countries. For the first two years, services were held in Marvin’s home. Then they were moved to a rented building in the suburb of Escazu, which became Cong. B’hai Israel. It does not have a permanent rabbi and depends on sporadically visiting rabbis from the U.S. or South American places, especially during the High Holidays. Services on Friday nights and Shabbat are conducted by lay men from the community. A couple years ago, a drive was initiated to come up with funds to buy the land and existing building for remodeling and constructing an addition to the temple.

A few years ago the congregation established a Jewish cemetery. Passover and High Holidays services are usually conducted in space rented in hotels. The services are trilingual, in Hebrew, Spanish, and English, as is the respective prayer book. Courses in Hebrew and many cultural activities are provided for the children during the entire year. Three years ago the first congress of the Reform congregation was held in San Jose; last year it took place in San Salvador. A large percentage of the members are Latin American and a few are Christians interested in conversion to Judaism, which is much more difficult to realize in the Orthodox denomination.

Anti-Semitism in Costa Rica is minimal and little evident in the everyday life of the population. © World

Editor’s note: Boris noted that since this article was published, there has been an expansion in the shuls. He has been spending three months during the winter in Costa Rica for the last twenty years, and for eight years before that, a shorter time. He lives in Rochester, New York and has published, “A Treasury of Yiddish Idioms and Colorful Expressions” that is transliterated, with interpretations and etymological notes. It has 296 pages. If interested, send an email to Fishl.
The National Yiddish Theater – Folksbiene Celebrates its Centennial with the 1st Kulturfest
International Festival of Jewish Performing Arts – June 14 - 22, 2015

The first-ever international Jewish performing arts festival, KulturfestNYC, will run June 14, 2015 through June 22nd in New York City. The festival will celebrate the concept of storytelling that is central to Yiddish culture. It is scheduled to feature live klezmer performances, dance, lectures, film, and full theatrical productions.

Major players in organizing and leading the week-long event are Bryna Wasserman, executive director, and Zalmen Mlotek, artistic director. Bryna came to theater through her mother, who founded the Montreal Dora Wasserman Yiddish Theatre. After Dora passed away, Bryna took over the directorship of the theater, and later came to New York to take over the leadership of the Folksbiene so that Zalmen could devote his time to his passion of being the artistic director.

Zalmen comes from a distinguished musical family steeped in Yiddish. His parents, Yosl and Chana Mlotek teamed up to publish a set of three songbooks that still are the standard. These songs are in transliteration and Yiddish with excellent discussions of their original publication.

One of the Folksbiene’s centennial celebration’s major events is a performance of The Ger Mandolin Orchestra (GMO). The orchestra is the brainchild of Israeli-American Avner Yonai, whose search for his family roots in Poland led him to a tattered photograph of his grandfather and two other relatives playing in a pre-WWII Jewish mandolin orchestra in the Polish town of Gora Kalvaria (Ger in Yiddish). The photograph inspired Yonai to create a modern version of this musical group, as a memorial project for his own family and the orchestra members, most of whom perished in the Holocaust.

The new Ger Mandolin Orchestra resurrects a quintessential Jewish musical form, which was ubiquitous at one time in the villages of Jewish Eastern Europe and in North American immigrant communities. With authentic instrumentation and repertoire that includes Klezmer, Yiddish, Polish, Russian, Czech, Ukrainian, Italian, and classical music, the GMO’s all-star lineup of international musicians achieves a rare synergy between history and virtuosic musical performance.

The Ger Mandolin Orchestra is led by acoustic music innovator Mike Marshall, a multiple Grammy nominee/winner for his work over the last 35 years with such artists as David Grisman, Bela Fleck, and Edgar Meyer. Marshall is joined in the Ger Mandolin Orchestra by an all-star cast of ten mandolinists from Canada, the United States and Europe, including Chris Acquavella, Tim Connell, Caterina Lichtenberg, Brian Oberlin, Dana Rath, Adam Roskiewicz, Eric Stein, Barry Mitterhoff, Jeff Warschauer, and Radim Zenkl. With their collective stylistic mastery, including everything from Jewish, Balkan and Latin music to bluegrass, jazz, and classical, this is one of the finest mandolin supergroups ever assembled.
Kulturfest - The Yiddish Symposium in NYC June 16-17, 2015
By Motl Didner mdidner@nytf.org


Tuesday 10:00 - 11:15 Panel 1
Chair: Sylvain Cappell (New York University)
Barbara Henry (University of Washington)
Bad Community Theatre: Afterlife of Jacob Gordin
Michael Steinlauf (Gratz College)
Polish Dybbuks

Tuesday 11:30- 1:00  Panel 2
Chair: Robert Shapiro (Brooklyn College)
Asya Vaysman Schulman (YBC) - Negotiating the World: Yiddish Theater at Hasidic Girls’ Schools
Shlomo Berger (University of Amsterdam)
Lipa Schmeltzer Explaining an 18th-Century Maskil

Tuesday 1:15 – 2:15 Haryuki Kuroda (Matsuyama University, Japan) Yiddish Culture in Japan

Tuesday 2:15 – 3:30 Panel 3
Chair: David Fishman (JTS)
Eddy Portnoy (Rutgers University, YIVO)
The Disappearing Yiddish Accent
Kerstin Hoge (Oxford University)
“A Bintl Briv” in the 21st Century

Tuesday 3:30 – 5:00 Panel 4
Chair: Daniel Soyer (Fordham University)
Joel Berkowitz (University of Wisconsin – Madison)
In the Days of Job: H. Leivick Confronts the Shoah
Edna Nahshon (JTS)
Subway Dreams: Yiddishkayt “Bronx Express”
Harriet Murav (Univ. of IL at Urbana–Champaign)
Delay and Desire: David Bergelson in the 1920s

Tuesday 6:00 PM Key Note Speech
Aaron Lansky, Exec Dir of Yiddish Book Center

Wednesday 9:30 – 10:55 Panel 5
Chair: Judith Friedman Rosen (City Univ. of NY)
Eric Goldman (Yeshiva University)
New Yiddish Cinema: Renaissance or Curiosity?
Anna Shternshis (University of Toronto)
Red Army Soldier Praying in the Synagogue

Wednesday 11:00 – 1:00 Panel 6
Chair: Jeremy Dauber (Columbia University)
Valentina Fedchenko (St. Peters burg State Univ.)
Two-faced Itzik Bashevis Zinger
Jan Schwarz (Lund University)
Bashevis’ Beginnings in Warsaw
Kathryn Hellerstein (University of Pennsylvania)
Melekh Ravitsh’s Travel Poems & Journals
Itzik Gottesman (University of Texas at Austin)
Folk Adaptations of Goldfaden’s Songs

Wednesday 1:15 – 2:15 Alexander Hausvater (Romania) with Zalmen Mlotek
Avrom Goldfaden and the Legacy of Yiddish Theater in Romania

Wednesday 2:15 – 3:45 Panel 7
Chair: Hasia Diner (New York University)
Marion Aptroot (Heinrich-Heine-Universität Düsseldorf) - Yiddish in German Universities
Rachel Rojanski (Brown University)
From Chernowitz to Jerusalem

Sandy Fox (The New School)
Fifty Years of Yiddishist Youth

Wednesday 4:00 – 5:30 Round Table (in Yiddish)
Moderated by Boris Sandler (Yiddish Forverts)
Saul Zaritt (Jewish Theological Seminary)
Miriam-Khaye Seigel (Dorot Division, NYPL)
Leyzer Burko (Jewish Theological Seminary)

RSVP: Motl Didner: mdidner@nytf.org
or visit: www.kulturfestnyc.com
There is a close connection between theater and language. A lets—a jokester—once said: “Az di mame shrayt, vert der tate on loshn”—when mama screams, papa is speechless—the origin of mame-loshn.

Until the end of the 19th century Yiddish was largely the everyday language of the Jewish masses. Hebrew was the holy language, loshn koydesh, to be used in the synagogue mainly by men, and in studying Torah and the Talmud—largely by men. The Enlightenment (Haskalah) looked westward toward German as the civilized language and to the east to Russian. The khasidim, expressing their joy in their religious continuity, used Yiddish. Traditional misnagdim (the Orthodox rabbis) tried to keep that wall of separation between Hebrew and Yiddish. In the Orthodox synagogue the women sat behind a curtain. Instead of reading the Torah in Hebrew, they followed along in a Yiddish version called tsene urene.

Jewish creative intellectuals recognized the need to wed the everyday language to standards of grammar, pronunciation, syntax, and spelling. In 1908, at the Tshernowitz Conference, Yiddish writers led by Yitzkhok Leyb Peretz proclaimed Yiddish as a Jewish national language.

Jewish culture always contained an element of the arts, despite the prohibition against making graven images. Theatricality was an important factor:

The following elements have continued into the diaspora in a kind of goldene keyt—a golden chain—to today.

- The victory of David over Goliath;
- David the psalmist and harpist;
- Solomon the wise and creative poet;
- The cantors and the choirs;
- The candle-lighting in hushed tones on the shabes.

Thus, going back to the Renaissance in the Italian city of Mantua, Jews formed Universita Israelita where Jewish writers, actors, stage craftsmen, musicians, costumers, and dancers performed in public.

Two celebrations in Jewish religious life were the settings for theater directed to the Jewish people, but attracted the attention of dominant forces—Moslems and Christians. These were:

- Simkhes Torah, celebrating the end of the cycle of Torah reading and beginning again with Genesis
- Purim, celebrating the end of Haman, the Jew-killer, at the hands of Mordekhai in the service of the Persian King Ahasuerus and his Jewish Queen Esther as set forth in the Megillah.

On Purim there were excesses of wild dancing, drunkenness, and garish costumes. The Jewish religious hierarchy issued warnings—to little avail.

**Purimshpil**

Here’s the scene of a Purim festival in the Prague ghetto in the 1740’s. There is a public parade:

- Led by the lord, the marshalik, riding a horse and wearing a baroque gentleman’s costume;
- Then came the nar, the fool, on a horse, wearing a garish woman’s costume, bedecked with pastries, eating and bleating on a trumpet;
- Then the clown-hero—der payatz, astride a wine cask pulled by a gang of Yeshiva boys,
- A crazy Purim King,
- A Bacchus waving an enormous wine glass.
- Then came more and more clowns—
- A Harlequin called Pickle Herring; a half fool;
- Biblical figures of Abraham, Moses, and Aaron;
- The various Jewish trade guilds;
- Finally, outlandish clown-musicians, one a dwarf playing a fiddle on top of a flagpole.

**Purimshpilers**, perhaps numbering 30, including musicians, would burst into their neighbors’ homes,
usually the wealthy. These were the targets for joyous food festivities and money. Hombashn are triangular poppyseed cakes filled with raisins and almonds. Whenever Haman's name was mentioned, the noisemakers, the *graggers*, were quickly activated. Unfortunately sometimes these public displays were also occasions for anti-Semitic rumors by the non-Jews, and even pogroms occurred. The *purimshpil* continued well into the nineteenth century as the main theatrical event in Jewish life. It gave rise to the wandering musicians — *klezmorim*— who breached the confines of playing at weddings to go from one town to another town and perform street concerts. These actors were often the *badkhonim*—the jesters at weddings and the *payatsim*—the clowns skilled at rhyming — alternating Hebrew and Yiddish:

**Broderzinger**

They came from the town of Brod—located in Galicia in the relatively free Austro-Hungarian Empire. These bards and troubadours, who were influenced by the Enlightenment (maskilim), also enlisted the *badkhonim* and *payatzim* in wandering the countryside from town to town playing at taverns (*kretchmas*) in rudimentary playlets with lyrical tunes. They wore costumes, and the leader was attired in a frock coat. Some of these presentations were sheer poetry:

**Night Watchman**

I'm a poor night watchman
I lie awake and think all night
That my lot is harder than any other man's
For me there is no night
Every other creature God created,
Rests with his kind in their nest
But I lie on this cold ground, ill-fated
For God sends me no rest.

I carry loads all day, for I'm a porter.
All night I watch in the streets,
I carry heavy bricks. I carry mortar.
Whose body aches as mine does, and whose feet?
I would thank God and bless Him
If I could only rest and ease my weary bones
But whenever someone comes, before I pass him
I must not fail to call out, Halt who goes there?

Sleep, sweet sleep, you dearest brother,
You strengthen people with your art
If I could rest my limbs like any other

I'd have fresh energy to start
Another night of wakefulness and cold,
You'd give me life. But I must go again
To watch the streets. For bread, my life is sold,
Again you've flown away, Sleep, from my pain.

**Change in Jewish Population**

Together with the development of Yiddish as a recognized language of the East European Jews, was an important change in the character of the population. By the end of the 19th century there were over 500,000 Jewish artisans, 100,000 day laborers and at least 50,000 Jewish factory workers. This was despite the enormous emigration to America. They formed unions, embraced socialist ideology of the Labor Zionist and Bundist varieties. The ordinary worker was disdained by the aristocratic rabbinic Judaism; by the snobbish upper class Haskala Enlightenment; by regular Zionism, which was bourgeois and philanthropic. Yiddishist school systems were organized by the Jewish Workers Bund and some Labor Zionist elements—explicitly secular, but embodying traditional values such as social justice.

**Avrom Goldfaden: (1840-1908)**

**Founder of the Modern Yiddish Theater**

It was in this setting that 36-year-old Goldfaden began his theatrical career in Jassy, Romania, in 1876. He wrote the first professional plays, music and all, and produced them. He was a folksinger, folk poet, *maskil* trouper, artist, dreamer, intellectual hustler, scrapper, as well as a con man. He succeeded the Broderzinger and corresponded with Sholem Aleichem and Peretz in hoping through drama to elevate the status of Yiddish. His plays were not profound, but touching stirringly lyrical, and comical.

In his play *Shulamis*, the heroine is left with her new-born child and faithfully awaiting her husband's return which occurs after many years of loneliness. Here is his most popular song: *Rozhinkes mit Mandlen*

```
In dem beys-hamikdosh, in a vinki kheyder
Zitst di almone, bas tzion aleyn,
Ir ben-yokhidl, yidele, vigt zi k’seyder,
on zingt im tzu shlofn a lidele sheyn:

"Unter yideles vigele
Shteyt a klor-vayse tzigele,
Dos tzigele iz geforn handlen
Dos vet zayn dayn beruf;
```

```
In dem beys-hamikdosh, in a vinki kheyder
Zitst di almone, bas tzion aleyn,
Ir ben-yokhidl, yidele, vigt zi k’seyder,
on zingt im tzu shlofn a lidele sheyn:

"Unter yideles vigele
Shteyt a klor-vayse tzigele,
Dos tzigele iz geforn handlen
Dos vet zayn dayn beruf;
```
Rozhinkes mit mandlen
Shlof-zhe, yidele shlof!

Goldfaden took the audience at its level with a song, some slapstick, a quarrel, a kiss, a jig, and elevated it to a sense of responsibility. Some themes: *Bobe mitn Eynikl*—marriage for prestige gives way to a granddaughter marrying for love; *Shmendrik* and *Tsvey Kunilemls*—forced marriages in hasidik families; *Koldunye*, the witch, aimed against witchcraft; a wicked stepmother causes the stepchild Mirele to leave home. Mirele meets up with Hotsmakh, a merry wandering peddler who foils the plan; interspersed were songs with everyday characters that included a butcher, a woman selling latkes, and buyers—singing, dancing, and declaiming.

Goidfaden recruited people who became legendary actors both in Europe and in America—including Jacob P. Adler, the dramatic tragedian; Sigmund Mogulescu, the comedian; David Kessler, the most versatile; and Kufi Liptzen, the exciting tragedienne. But Goldfaden found himself in murderous competition with proponents of shund (trash theater), who pirated his plots and songs and catered to the lowest popular taste. When Goldfaden came to America, he found that his plays had preceded him, and he was already old hat to the theater audiences.

**The Theater in America**

Initially, the shows were based on the needs of the semi-literate working-class Yiddish families, for their life was bread and theater. After many hours of dreary sweatshop labor, Jewish masses flocked to the shund presentations with a varied and extensive repertory that was designed to titillate the audiences and was based upon superficial changes in plot. The theater lights were on all of the time so that the attendees would feel free to converse, eat, and identify with what went on by shouting at the actors during the course of the play.

The star system, where theaters were owned and managed by the superstars, soon prevailed. Thomashefsky, Kessler, Adler, and Liptzen had their own theaters, competed with each other for casts, and developed followings of fanatic patriotn. The many societies based on the towns and cities of European origin—the landsmanshaft—depended on additional income from theater tickets to finance sick and death benefits. These organizations, in addition to the Workmen’s Circle/Arbeter Ring branches, bought discounted blocks of tickets.

**Goldfaden’s Contribution**

Boris Thomashefsky gave this tribute to Goldfaden in the final and impecunious stage of Goldfaden’s life:

"Goldfaden made us comedians, tragedians, playwrights, prima donnas, and soubrettes. If not for him, we’d be plain and simple Jews—cantors, choir singers, wedding jugglers, peddlers, and garment workers."

**Jacob Gordin (1853-1909)**

Gordin was a revolutionary intellectual. He came to the U.S. in 1891 at the age of 38 with his 8 children. He wrote 35 plays and sought to elevate Yiddish drama with a purer language and serious topics, and with the dramatist in command. He was hailed by Ab Cahan, the editor of the Yiddish Daily Forverts, as a welcome change from the popular shund theater. Gordin wrote about revolutionists imprisoned in Siberia, took themes from Shakespeare, Gogol, Chekhov, and Ibsen, and transmuted the plots into Yiddish life. *The Yiddish King Lear* has an old, wealthy Jew face the ingratitude of his daughters; *Got Mentsh un Tayvl*, reworks the Faust story: a poor weaver buying a winning lottery ticket from the Devil, becomes a rich exploiting boss in his factory, and then hangs himself in remorse.

Gordin’s most famous play, a kind of Yiddish Queen Lear, titled *Mirele Efros* starred Esther Kaminska and later her daughter, Ida. It had the will of a matriarch standing up to an avaricious daughter-in-law and her weak son. The famous diary of the self-made Glückl of Hamlin, dating

*The Theaters*
back to the 17th century, may have been a model for Gordin. I have my own memory of that play put on by Polish Yiddish refugees in WW II Shanghai when I was in the navy. Gordin lost favor by obliterating the Jewish tradition and having actors orate and pontificate from the stage. But the cast ad libbed and he himself made some artistic compromises to feed his family.

The principal actors; Adler, Thomašhefsky, Kessler, Moguescu, and Kenni Liptzen swung between their yearning for a purer Yiddish theater and succumbing to shund to make the theater business a going concern. Even the Hebrew Actors Union, which antedated Actors Equity, became a job trust in deference to the star theater owners and their casts. Through auditions they prevented such coming stars as Maurice Schwartz, Jennie Goldstein, and Peysakh Burstein from being admitted. Even Herman Yablokoff, known theatrically as Der Payatz, was initially rejected, but later became the head of the Hebrew Actors Union.

Actors, critics, and producers of the English stage paid profound respect to the Yiddish actors and actresses. The eminent critic Stark Young, found in Yiddish acting "expressiveness of hands and eyes and shoulders—tremendous and inexhaustible vitality. It has the realism of intense feeling and a deep respect for that feeling. Its best efforts come from a compulsive rendering of that intensity; and the beauty of these effects is a spiritual beauty, almost without appeal to the eye."

Gilbert Seldes, Jed Harris, and John Barrymore expressed similar sentiments.

**Toward a Yiddish Art Theater**

Beyond Jacob Gordin, there were outstanding literary figures who enriched the quality of Yiddish drama and entered into a race between Yiddish survival in a less and less compact Yiddish-speaking population and its cultural expression. The grandfather of Yiddish literature, Mendele Moykher Sforim; the father, Yitzhok Leyb Peretz; and the grandson, Sholem Aleichem had their plays performed on the Yiddish stage. Mendele wrote of the Meat Tax and Military Conscription. Later a movie starred David Opatoshu in Fishl der Krumer; it featured the love of a blind girl for a crippled young man. Peretz wrote more directly for the theater:

- *Shvester* is about 3 young women; a widow with starving children, one who is seduced and made pregnant, and a third whose boyfriend is stolen by the middle sister.
- *Frimorgen* pictures poverty and despair in a slum basement.
- *Kvores-Nakht* deals with an abused wife crying on her mother's grave.
- *Di Goldene Keyt* concerns a rabbi who wants to preserve the very essence of Jewish continuity through the creative device of an eternal shabes,
- *Bay Nakht Afn Altn Mark* employs symbolism in the interaction among the ghosts of the past. They include a poet, a streetwalker, and a water-carrier.

**Sholem Aleichem (1859-1916)**

Among Sholem Aleichem’s one-act plays was *Mentshn*, which was set in a wealthy Jewish household, with the servants being abused. In my college days, I worked as a waiter in Rosenblatt’s Hotel in the *Borsht Circuit* in the New York Catskills. The owner, Lebk Rosenblatt, was a Yiddishist who staged a play in Yiddish. Since I knew Yiddish from my *Arbeter Ring Shul* days, I acted in *Mentshn*. The word mentsh has three meanings—a person, an outstanding human being, a servant. In this play the head of the household castigated his children for their nefarious acts toward the servants. Sholem Aleichem’s punch line was, "*Mentshn zaynen oykh mentshn*" (Servants are also people).

Then there is the often-produced *Dos Groyse Gevins*. This is a happy play of a simple tailor whose lifestyle changes when he thinks he won a 200,000-ruble jackpot. Still another is *Shiver Isu Zayn a Yid* where two students, a Russian Christian and a Jew trade places for a year. *Fiddler on the Roof*, the successful musical, is derived from *Tevye the Dairyman*.

**Sholem Asch (1880-1957)**

His reputation, outside Yiddish Theater, was as a novelist.

- *On the Sanctification of the Name* is about martyrdom in a Yiddish stage
- *Kiddush Hashem* in a 17th century Cossack pogrom.
- *Motke Ganef* about the underworld.
- *Uncle Moses* dealt with love and money in the Lower East Side garment trade.
• *G-t Fun Nekome* (G-d of Vengeance) was notorious—dealing with a Jew who owns a whorehouse, is married to a former prostitute, and their daughter who defies the father's effort to save her when she is involved with a lesbian prostitutes.

**David Pinski (1872-1959)**

The 1903 Kishenev pogrom caused Pinski to write the *Family Tzvi* about a bourgeois family awaiting a pogrom with the patriarchal grandfather confronting his three grandsons who were—a Zionist, a Bundist, and an assimilationist. His *Yankl der Shmid* plot concerns a virile blacksmith who desires his neighbor's wife in addition to his own wife. One of Pinski's plays was translated into English and produced by the Theater Guild—*The Treasure* about a town getting wild with greed and also about a treasure that supposedly was hidden in a cemetery.

**H. Leivick (1888-1962)**

Maurice Schwartz staged three of Leivick's plays dealing with the clothing business on the East Side—*Shmates, Shop, and Bankrupt*. His *Der Goylem* is set in 17th century Prague, where a rabbi fashions a mechanical man out of clay to defend the Jews against a blood libel. The Golem then turns to the rabbi's daughter, at which point the rabbi reverts the Golem to a heap of clay.

**Ossip Dymov (1878-1959)**

*Yoshke Musikant* (adapted by Joseph Buloff) was produced by the Folksbiene Yiddish Theater. The theme has a fiddler who loves a servant girl and wins a fortune in a lottery. He turns the money over to a rival wastrel (a spendthrift) who then betrays him and marries the servant girl. Yoshke commits suicide over his broken heart. *Bronx Express* appeared on Broadway in English. Nahma Sandrow translated it from the Yiddish and made it into a musical.

**Peretz Hirshbein (1881-1949)**

He wrote of rural Lithuanian Jewish life. In *Grine Felder* a Jewish farmer hires Levi Yitzkhok to tutor his sons. The daughter Tsine tries to prevent him from taking a job with a nearby farmer and wins Levi’s hand. Other plays include—*Dem Shmid’s Tekhter* and the *Puste Kretshme*.

**Anski (1863-1920)**

Anski's *Der Dybbuk* was and continues to be one of the most popular Yiddish plays. This play also has been performed in English and Hebrew. It deals with exorcism of a spirit in the bride's original betrothed who dies and afflicts the bride when she turns to a rich suitor.

**Maurice Schwartz (1890-1960)**

After moving from Irving Place to the original Madison Square Garden, Schwartz amassed funds to build his own theater on Second Avenue and 12th Street. Its greatest successes included J.J. Singer's *Yoshe Kalb*. The actresses were Bina Abramovitch, Jennie Goldstein, Celia Adler, and Berta Gersten. The actors were Jacob Ben-Ami, Lazar Freed, Maurice Schwartz, Muni Weisenfreund (Paul Muni), David Opatashu, and Joseph Buloff.

**The Vilne Troupe**

This company was made famous by the avant-garde production of the *Dybbuk* in Vilne (Yerushelayim d’Lite). Led by Leyb Kadison, his daughter Luba, and her husband Joseph Buloff, his company achieved world-wide recognition. It arrived in New York's competitive theater in the late 20's and was pulled in many directions by rival companies. After Muni Weisenfreund left Schwartz's Yiddish Art Theater, Buloff took his place, acting in such classics as *Three Cities* by Sholem Asch, and I.J. Singer’s *Yoshe Kalb* and *The Brothers Ashkenazi*.

Buloff's ability as an actor resulted in his joining the English stage where he appeared as the Greek landlord in *My Sister Eileen*, the peddler in *Oklahoma*, and in Arthur Miller's *The Price*. He also acted in a Yiddish version of Miller's *Death of a Salesman*. He held one man shows with readings from Chekhov and delightful humorous pieces by Lutsky (*A Piece of Paper Driven by the Wind*, and *A Pot of Bubbling Soup*).

**Yiddish Comedy**

Yiddish comedy was an important phase, of Yidish theater, but some of it descended to *shund*. Ludwig Satz, Aaron Lebedeff, and Peyshak Burstein were outstanding followers after Sigmund Mogulescu in their use of mime—a variety of vocal expression, facial plasticity, and body language to caricature a character. Last in this male line was Menashe
Skulnik—the perfect Shlemil and Shmendrik. The diminutive Molly Picon stands out all by herself, in her ability to sing, dance, turn cartwheels, and sparkle as a gymnast. All of the comedians were capable of acting more serious roles if called upon.

ARTEF

ARTEF was a politicized Yiddish art theater. It is the acronym for Arbeter Teater Farband (Workers' Theater Union), a group tied to the Jewish sector of the American Communist Party. Existing in the glow of the Moscow Art Theater of Stanislavsky and the great Yiddish actor-producer Shlomo Mikhoels (later murdered by Stalin along with Soviet Yiddish writers), ARTEF drew a following under the direction of Benno Schneider. The Yiddish plays had expressionistic staging and adapted some standard Yiddish plays with a party-line twist. Many Broadway actors came to ARTEF performances. David Opatashu got his start there and appeared in movies and on Broadway. Jules Dassin, who was associated later with the great Greek actress Melina Mercouri, also was a product of ARTEF.

Music & Dance

Much of the music for the Second Avenue Yiddish theaters came from the pens of Abraham Ellstein, Joseph Rumshinsky, Alexander Olshanetsky, and Sholem Secunda. Secunda composed Bay Mir Bistu Sheyn, and in the depression years sold it for 15 dollars! Many plays had choreographed dance developed by Binyumin Zemach, Felix Feibush, and Pearl Lang.

Yiddish Theater Today

Despite the growing number of vinklen and Yiddish courses at universities and at Workmen's Circle, as well as well-attended outdoor Yiddish festivals, the Yiddish theater leads a tenuous existence.

There are a number of small Yiddish theater companies that pop in and out of existence, but the most prominent theatrical organization is the Folksbiene—National Yiddish Theater. It was founded in 1915 as a branch of the Workmen's Circle, with amateur actors and actresses and has performed continuously since then, in various venues including the Forward Building, the Central Synagogue on East 55th Street, and the Baruch College Playhouse.

This year the Folksbiene has celebrated its 100-birthday by sponsoring a massive international festival called Kultur-Fest; and at the same time, it has secured a permanent theatrical home through a merger with the prestigious Museum of Jewish Heritage in Battery Park, New York City, whose lovely theater is now its locus for presentations of all kinds.

The enlarged and revitalized National Yiddish Theater—Folksbiene puts on a large number of dramas, musicals, and concerts throughout America each year, sponsors competitions for new plays, and conducts dramatic training for new young actors. It begins to look as if Yiddish theater in America has a bright and growing future. That is only proper since Yiddish theater is an expression on Yiddish culture that is too important a part of historical Jewishness to disappear into nostalgic oblivion.

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Professor Israel Kugler’s Biography

Professor. Israel Kugler was Professor Emeritus in Social Science, The City University of New York. He graduated from Elementar shul and Mitlshul of the Workmen’s Circle, and later was elected President of the Workmen’s Circle from 1980-84 and was on its National Executive Board. He was graduated from City College of New York (CCNY), served in the U.S. Navy during World War II, and later returned to earn his Ph.D. at New York University.

At City College he was the Organizer of the Yipsels (Young Peoples Socialist League). He organized unions of college and university faculty at the Fashion Institute of Technology, Nassau Community College, and Westchester Community College. As an officer of the United Federation of Teachers, and President of the United Federation of College Teachers. In the 1960s he led a year and a half strike by faculty members at St. John’s University.

Along with Dr. Beller Zeller, in 1972, Kugler brought two rivaling organizations together. They agreed to merger and created the Professional Staff Congress. The congress today represents more than 25,000 faculty and staff members of the City University of New York—the nation's largest, oldest and most visible urban public university.

His wife Helen Barkan and he moved to Chevy Chase, MD. Where he died on October 1, 2007 at the age of 90.


Prof. Kugler’s articles were published in the:
Labor's Heritage
Changing Education
Journal of Educational Psychology
Labor History

Editor’s note: Iz Kugler and his wife Helen were dear friends. Our friendship began when our views were very similar at the Workmen’s Circle Executive Board Meetings. Coming from outside of the long-time inner circle, my opinions were not taken seriously. Iz and Helen befriended me and for my eight years on the Board, they often sided with the “newcomer.”
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Toronto Composer Revives Streetcar Conductor’s Yiddish Poetry
‘Tramvay Lider’ album takes listeners backward in time to lonely Depression-era winter’s journey
The Times of Israel By Renee Ghert-Zand July 2, 2015 ©

Not much is known about Shimen Nepom, a Ukrainian-born Jew who wrote poetry and worked as a Toronto streetcar conductor until his death in 1939 at age 49.

He was a member of a far-left Yiddishist writer’s group known as the Proletarian Poets, and, having produced several volumes of poetry, he was relatively famous among North American Yiddish speakers during his lifetime. In the year following his death, The Toronto Labor League published “Tramvay Lider” (Streetcar Songs), a set of depression-era poems he wrote about life on the College Street streetcar. With the Holocaust and the consequent decrease of Yiddish speakers and readers, Nepon has been largely forgotten.

Like many people, musical composer Charles Heller — although he had been immersed in Yiddish music and culture for years — had never heard of Nepom until he read about him in a Yiddish column in the Canadian Jewish News in 2010. Gerry Kane, the column’s author, wrote of riding the downtown College Street streetcar as a young boy in 1938. He was with his father, who was eager to introduce him not to Nepom the conductor, but Nepom the Yiddish poet.

Kane included with his column a poem from the “Tramvay Lider” titled “Der Konduktor.” The minute Heller read it, he knew it would make a great song. In fact, Heller ended up composing music for almost all the poems in the collection, putting out a CD of nine of them this past spring.

“I could see immediately this was a perfect lyric. It has rhyme, meter and simple-to-understand words,” said Heller, who assumed there were more related poems, but was not sure.

“I got in touch with Kane and pestered him for months to find out if he knew whether there were more poems by Nepom about the streetcar. Eventually he invited me over to his home, where he pulled from the bottom of a pile of books the little posthumously published volume of poems by Nepom titled “Fun Mayne Teg” (My Days), which included the “Streetcar Songs,” Heller recalled.
Music composer Charles Heller. (Courtesy)

Heller started composing and arranging music for voice and piano for Nepom’s poems in 2011, and thanks to a grant from the federal government promoting site-specific works, he was able to premiere them at the Free Times Café, which is located along the streetcar line on which Nepom worked and has served for years as a hangout for a local Yiddish club.

Heller had another chance to perform some of the songs at the 2014 KlezKanada music festival, which is where he got the idea to produce the CD. Following a successful crowd-funding campaign, he recorded the tracks this past March, with Brahm Goldhamer accompanying him on piano. The arrangement for “Der Konduktor” differed, with Heller on the accordion and Rachel Pomeldi playing the cello.

Nepom’s “Streetcar Songs” reminded Heller of “Winterreise” (Winter Journey), a song cycle for voice and piano by Franz Schubert, one of Heller’s favorite classical composers.

“I sit in the streetcar from dawn, I sit so late in the night. My hidden sorrow is with me, My shadow, it keeps watch.”

“Der Konduktor,” the poem that initially captured Heller’s imagination, turns out to be the most concise and poignant of the nine he set to music (and translated into English for the CD’s liner notes).

“Both are about a winter journey, and you don’t know where you are going. Nepom takes us into the darkness, the snow, the cold, the unknown on the streetcar,” he said.

Indeed, Nepom’s Depression-era poems are dark and heavy, full of loneliness, loss and frustration. He speaks of the preoccupied and burdened passengers, the unemployed and red flag-waving workers, and his own despair at how his life has turned out. In one poem, he wonders what his far-away mother would think about his “narrow, grey room” and “poor home.”

The blizzard bites into the rails, Life is bitter and hard. Passengers vanish and arrive, Who knows their earthly life?

The winds blow and wail, The way is entangled in snow. Who knows – perhaps we journey together To the end of this life of suffering.

Shimon Nepom, poet, Toronto (1937 or 1938). Ontario Jewish Archives, item 1728.
Beys di prezidentshe valn (election) fun yor 2000, hot der Yidisher kandidat Dzho Liberman lekhatkhile (at first) aroysgerufn an interes bay di veylers (voters). Ober mit der tsayt hot er ayngezen, az er vet nisht gevinen di nominir-valn.

Eyn mol, nokh a groyser mapole (defeat), iz er aheymgeform, a dershlogener.

“Zorg zikh nisht (Don’t worry),” hot zayn froy gezogt, bagrisndik (greeting) im bay der tir. “In undzer hoyz vestu tomid (always) zayn der vits-pezident!”

* * *

A draytsn-yorik meydl iz aheymgekumen mit ir bokher, un zey zenen aroyfgegangen tsum tsveytn shtok, tsu ir in tsimer, kedey tsu makhn di lektsyes in eynem. Ir tate iz nisht geven tsufridn, ober er hot geshvign.

Ven der zeyger hot shoyn geklapt elf, hot der tate farloyrn dos geduld (patience), hot zikh oyfgehoyn mit di trep un gegebn a shtarkn klap in der tir fun zayn tokhters shloftsimer.

Der bokher hot teykef (immediately) geefnt di tir un gefregt oyb epes iz der mer.

“Du darfst ibershteln dayn oyto,” hot der tate gezogt.

“Yo, zikher. Er blokirt ayer oyto?”

“Neyn,” entfert der tate. “Er gefint zikh oyf a falshn adres!”

* * *

Berl: Mayn vayb makht itst durkh a dray-vokhike dyete.

Shmerl: Take! Vifl hot zi shoyn farloyrn?

Berl: Tsvey vokhn.

A kindergortn-lererin hot gevizn ire talmidimlekha a magnet, un zey gezogt aza retenish: “Mayn nomen heybt zikh on mit a ‘MEM’ un ikh ken zeyer a sakhh zakhn oyfheybn. Vos bin ikh?”

Entfert eyn yingele: “A mame!”

* * *

In di 1950er hot a geviser kontri-klub nisht arayngelozt keyn Yidn. Pini Abramovitshn hot es ober nisht opgshtelt. Er hot legal gebitn zayn nomen oyf Piter Ritsh; gemakht plastishe khirurgye oyf zayn semitisher noz, un zikh oysgelernt redn on a Yidishn aktsent.

Sof-kol-sof, hot er zikh ongebotn tsum kontri-klub oyf mitglidershaft, un iz geurfn gevorn oyf an intervyu farn mitglid-komitet.

“Vi hesyt ir?” hot gefregt der hoypt funem komitet.

“Piter Ritsh.”

“Vu hot ir shtudirt?”

“In Harvard.”

“Un vos iz ayer religyeze afiliatsye?”

“Goy.”

* * *

A rov iz farbetn gevorn oyfn banket fun a bakanter melukhisher tsoke-organizatsye, un me hot im avekgezetst lebn a galakh.

Ven me hot im derlangt a teller mit shinke un batates (sweet potatoes), hot der rov zikh heflekh opgezogt derfun. Fregt der galakh mit a shmeykhl: “Ven vet ir shoyn fargesn in yene alt-frenkishe takones (rules), un esn shinke vi mir ale?”

Entfert der rov: “Oyf ayer khasene.”

* * *
A man iz arayngelofn in yuviler-gesheft eyn inderfri, bald vi me hot geefnt di tir, un gezogt, az er darf koyfn a por dimetene (diamond) oyerringlek. Di soykherte hot im gevizin finef por, un er hot eyns glaykh oysgeklbin.

“Vilt ir, az ikh zol zey aynviken in matone-papir?” hot di soykherte gefregt.

“Yo, a dank,” hot er geentfert un tsugegebhn: “Ober zayt azoy gut, tut es gikh. Kh’hob fargesn, az haynt iz undzer khasene-yoyvl un mayn vayb meyn gor, az ikh bin gegangen aroystrog dos mist.”

An eltere froy, velkhe hot keyn mol nisht khasene gehat, iz krank gevorn, un derfilt, az zi vet shoyn lang nisht oyshaltn. Hot zi ongeklungen a noente khaverte un gebetn, zi zol glaykh kumen mit pen un papir.

Ven di khavertes iz gekumen hot zi zikh avekgezetst lebn der kranner froy.

“Kh’hob moyre, az es dernentert zikh mayn sof -- hot di kranke gezogt -- vil ikh dikh betn farshraybn mayne klore instruktyses far der levaye.”

“Yo, avade,” hot di khaverte gezogt. “Vos zol ikh shraybn?”

“Shrayb, az me zol oyf mayn levaye forleyenen etlekhe fun Sheykspris sonetn, me zol shpiln Motsart in hintergrunt, un az bloyz froyen zoln aroysfirim mayn orun.”

“Bloyz froyen? Far vos?”

Entfert di kranke: “Di mener hobn mikh nisht gevolt bagleytn (accompany) bes ikh hob gelebt; zoln zey nisht derveg (to dare) mikh bagleytn nokhn toyt.”

A froy hot men gebraht in shpitol oyf a harts-operatsye. Far der prosedur hot a mediker zi gebetn oysshtrekn di hant. “Kh’vel aykh onton a braslet,” hot er gezogt.

“Tsii zenen far dimentn oyfn braslet?” hot di patsyentke gefregt mit a shmeykhnl.

“A geseht, az er darf keyn mol nisht khasene gevorn.”

“Neyn,” hot er geentfert. “Ober der prayz iz der zelber.”

A man iz tsugegangen tsu a froy in kleyder-gelvelb un gefregt: “Tsii ken ikh redn mit aykh?”

“Mit mir?” hot di froy gefregt, a bisl tsetumlt.

“Yo, ober bloyz a minut,” hot er geentfert. “Shoyn mer vi tsvey sho vos mayn froy zukht a kleyd tsu koyfn. Der eyntsiker oyfn zin ibertsutsaygn tsu makhn a bashlus iz, ikh zol farfirn a shmues mit a sheyn vaybl!”

An eltere froy, velkhe hot keyn mol nisht khasene gehat, iz krank gevorn, un derfilt, az zi vet shoyn lang nisht oyshaltn. Hot zi ongeklungen a noente khaverte un gebetn, zi zol glaykh kumen mit pen un papir.

A rov hot gelitn fun a mildn harts-atak, iz der shil-prezident gegangen in shpitol, im mevakher-khoyle zayn.

“Rabay, --- hot er gezogt, --- ir megt visn, az di farvaltung hot haynt geshtimt, 10 kegn 4, aykh tsu vintshn a refue-shelyeyme.”

A Frantsoyz, an Italyener un a Yid zenen farmishpet gevorn tsum toyt. Der rikhter hot zey gezogt, az s’iz zey derloyt gevozn tsu esn nokh eyn moltsayt, eyder me firt oys di toytshtrof. Hot er gefregt dem Frantsoyz vos er vil.

“Kh’vel bloyz frish broyt un a gutn Frantseyzishn vayn,” hot der Frantsoyz geentfert. Me hot es im gebraht, er hot es oyfgegesn un oysgetrunken, un me hot im geteyt.

Der Italyener hot gezogt: “Ikh vil a groyse shisl truskavkes,” hot der Yid derklert.


“A rov hot gelitn fun a mildn harts-atak, iz der shil-prezident gegangen in shpitol, im mevakher-khoyle zayn.

“Rabay, --- hot er gezogt, --- ir megt visn, az di farvaltung hot haynt geshtimt, 10 kegn 4, aykh tsu vintshn a refue-shelyeyme.”

“Khn vil a groyse shisl truskavkes,” hot der Yid derklert.


“Gut’, entfert der Yid. “Vel ikh tsuvartn.”
BOBE LUBA’S
POPpy SEED COOKIES

1. 4 eggs
   1 cup sugar
   1/2 tsp. salt
   1/4 cup poppy seeds
   1 tsp. cinnamon
   1 cup Crisco oil

2. 4 1/2 cups flour
   3 heaping tsp. baking powder

3. combine 1/4 cup sugar
   1 tsp. cinnamon

1. Combine all of #1 in mixer.
2. Add from #2: 3 1/2 cups only of flour and baking powder. (add more flour little by little until dough is not sticky but easy to handle)
3. Roll thinly (do a small batch at a time). Cut with cookie cutters (Hanuka shapes or other) and place on cookie sheets (parchment paper lining sheets simplify clean-up).
4. Sprinkle with #3.
5. Bake at 350° about 15 minutes till golden.

EST MIT A GUTN APETIT!
Ethel (Etke) Patt

CABBAGE BORSCHT

2lb. beef short ribs
12c. water
28oz. can tomatoes
5 1/2 can tomato paste
1/2 c. brown sugar
1/2 cabbage - shredded
1 onion - sliced
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. pepper

1. Combine beef and water in large pot. Bring to a boil, skim off grey residue, simmer covered for 1 1/2 hrs. Meat should be slightly tender.
2. Add remaining ingredients and simmer about 2 hrs. till meat is very tender.

EST MIT A GUTN APETIT!
YAMS WITH APRICOTS

6 yams
1c. brown sugar
1 1/2 tsp. corn starch
2 tsp. butter
1 small tin apricots
1c. apricots, 1c. juice
1 tsp. orange rind
1/4 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 c. chopped nuts

1. Peel yams, cut in chunks and cook until barely tender. Drain and arrange in buttered dish.
2. In small pot combine sugar, corn starch, orange rind, cinnamon and juice.
   Cook (stirring) until thick. Add apricots, butter and nuts.
3. Pour over yams.
4. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes.

Ethel (Etke) Patt

APPLE FRITTERS

(with thanks to Claudia Roden’s Book of Jewish Food)

4 apples (cored, peeled, each cut into 4 thick slices)
2 tbsp. Sugar
3 tbsp. Brandy, rum or fruit liqueur.
Sprinkle apple slices with sugar and place in shallow dish and soak with liquid for 1 hour.

Batter:
2 eggs – separated 1 c. flour
2 tbsp. Vegetable oil 7/8 c. water
pinch salt

METHOD:
- combine yolks, oil and salt
- stir in flour and mix well
- beat in water gradually
- let sit at room temperature for 1 hour
- beat whites till stiff and fold in

To Fry:
- heat 3/4 inch oil in frying pan to sizzling
- dip apple slices in batter to cover. Lower carefully in hot oil.
  Turn to brown both sides.
  Remove with slotted spoon and drain on paper towel.
- Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon.

EST MIT A GUTN APETIT!

Ethel “Etke” Patt
14 Polish Phrases That British People Find Hilarious —
(And What You Could Say Instead)
From Azimo Blog

As a Polish/British company, we talk of the Polish idioms that make our British colleagues laugh. So we polled the office and picked our favorites, and hope you’ll enjoy these cross-cultural miscommunication.

1. “When among the crows, caw as the crows do”
Polish: Kiedy wszedłeś między wrony, musisz krakać jak i one
English: When in Rome, do as the Romans do

2. “Don’t teach a father how to make children”
Polish: Nie ucz ojca robić dzieci
English: Don’t teach your Grandmother how to suck eggs

To be fair, “teaching your grandmother to suck eggs” is more ridiculous than the Polish version.

Sucking eggs refers to putting two tiny holes in the eggs and sucking out the yolk so that you can decorate them.

3. “The drowning man catches a cut throat razor”
Polish: Tonąc brzytwy się chwyta
English: A drowning man clutches at straws

4. “Don’t divide the skin while it’s still on the bear”
Polish: Nie dziel skóry na niedźwiedziu
English: Don’t count your chickens before they’re hatched

5. “Did an elephant stomp on your ear”? 
Polish: Słoń nastąpił ci na ucho?
English: Having no ear for music

6. “Not my circus, not my monkeys”
Polish: Nie mój cyrk, nie moje malpy
English: Not my problem

Thanks to the Internet this Polish phrase is probably the most uniquely famous Polish idiom in the world, leading one member of staff to speculate, “does anyone Polish actually say this?”

7. “They have flies up their nose”
Polish: Mieć muchy w nosie
English: They’re angry

8. “Drill a hole in your belly”
Polish: Wiercić komuś dziurę w brzuchu
English: Pesting

This is someone else drilling a hole into your belly.

9. “Throwing peas onto a wall”
Polish: Rzucać grochem o ścianę
English: Fall on deaf ears

10. “Don’t call the wolf from the forest”
Polish: Nie wywołuj wilka z lasu
English: Don’t tempt fate

11. “Stick you in a bottle”
Polish: Nabić kogoś w butelkę
English: Pull your leg

12. “Stuff yourself with hay”
Translation: Wypchać się sianem
English: Get lost! Go away! Shut up!

13. “It’s a roll with butter”
Polish: Bulka z masłem
English: Easy / it’s a piece of cake

14: “I was made into a horse”
Polish: Zrobili mnie w konia
Meaning: I was taken for a ride

Our favorite: “Do you have a snake in your pocket?”
Polish: Mieć węża w kieszeni
English: “You’re being tight-fisted”

Be careful using this phrase in English: the potential for confusion is immense.
A Little Bit of Agnosticism Can Help - Part I
By Rabbi Edward Zerin

In 1798 Benjamin Franklin in a letter to a French historian wrote: “Our Constitution is now established, and has an appearance that promises permanency, but in this world nothing can be said to be certain, except death and taxes.”

According to Franklin the founding fathers did not look for a wager with a guaranteed outcome. Instead they were willing to put their trust in a bet worth taking.

Tonight I open a discussion on faith, an issue which like death and taxes, no person can escape no matter how wise they may be or how they try. When I speak of faith, I speak of faith not as “belief in God” nor with reference to “religious faiths.” I speak of faith as the “bottom line” of a process and not as the “outline” for a structure. Faith has to do with “How do you know you know?” It deals with the foundation upon which people erect the building blocks of their ideas and establish a way of life and institutions to maintain the ideas they hold to be of abiding value.

I ask Reform Judaism to examine this process of faith and make it a bet worth taking. Let me explain.

The challenge to Jewish life today is not God or no-God. The crisis involves the existence of the Jewish people—whether there will be an Am Yisrael in the Diaspora future. Theists, atheists and agnostics will continue in the future. The question is: will they be Jewish theists, Jewish atheists and Jewish agnostics?

Issues of the survival of the Jewish people have existed since antiquity and in modern history have troubled Jewish religious leaders and lay people alike. What is new, however—the bet worth taking—is that the Reform synagogue, a primary institution in the infrastructure of Jewish life be a home not just for theists but also a home for atheists and agnostics who “have a passion for their Jewish identity and who want to project their Jewish identity into the future.”

In 2001, the President of Bar-Ilan University, a modern Orthodox institution, presented ten challenges to narrow what he thought was a considerable gap between strict observance and modernity. I present two for our consideration:

1. The Establishment of New Religious Parameters on Relating to the Secular—Secularism, he states, is “an entrenched way of life. Observant Judaism cannot ignore this fact and must find a way through halachah to coordinate secular Jewish commitment with klal Yisrael. Non observers can no longer be dismissed as malfunctioning, lost Jews.”

I prefer to refer to the president’s “malfunctioning lost Jews” as “outsourced Jews”, Jews who have either been ignored or excluded from the synagogue or by default sent elsewhere to find expression for their Jewishness.

2. Confront Science and Culture—“Despite the fact that our youth become doctors and accountants and go to movies’, he continues, ‘our schools have not yet confronted head-on the ideological challenges that astronomy, physics, art, philosophy and modern sexual permissiveness pose to traditional dogma. Orthodox youth have to be formally schooled in understanding the ideological choices they confront.”

I applaud: Al Achat Kamma v’Kamma, how much more so must Reform Judaism, which prides itself as the liberal progressive branch of contemporary Judaism, (1) make the synagogue a home both for religious Jews and the “malfunctioning, lost Jews,” who may or may not be God-Jews, and (2) and make a place within the synagogue where Jews—Am Yisrael--can deal meaningfully in a personal and practical way with the building blocks of their respective faith assumptions.

Let me share a bit of history: The historical faith foundations of Western science can be traced back to the philosophers Plato (427-347 BCE) and Aristotle (384-322 BCE).

Plato, who became the guiding spirit of Western idealism and religious thought, believed that material things of the world were imperfect or inferior reflections of unchanging eternal ideas and that knowledge of truth was not to be found by looking at the world.

Aristotle, on the other hand, disagreed with his teacher, maintaining that we come to know truth through the external world which is perceived
through our senses with reason and common sense. For him ideas or forms existed only as they expressed themselves in matter or in the mind of an observer.

Thus, the Greek method of idealism and the method of sensory data interpreted by reason and common sense plus mathematics became the faith foundations upon which the super structures of Western religion and science were erected.

In the meantime, in the Middle East Fertile Crescent a God / Man faith foundation with a structure of practices called mitzvoth was being established. It was a foundation exemplified by the phrase These are the words that the Lord your God spoke unto you. Upon this faith foundation were erected building blocks of an omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent God Who is One and Eternal, a “revealed” Torah of things to do and not to do, and a people who could “choose life” if they were to follow the Torah commandments.

Both the Greek views and historic Judaism’s view of truth began with faith assumptions; however, each started with a different assumption.

Because of geographical proximity, inevitably the two faith assumptions met and clashed. The 2nd century BCE military victory of the Maccabees is but one example. However, Greek life continued to hold a strong appeal for many Jews, especially those in the Diaspora, who sought to express their Jewish identity in terms of the Greek faith foundations and building blocks.

In 12th century early modern European history, Moses Maimonides, believing that knowledge of Greek natural science was a prerequisite to true faith, sought to reconcile Judaism with Aristotelian premises and found what he thought were serious limitations in the Greek position. For example, Aristotle’s view that the world had no beginning and no end, that it had always existed, limited God’s power to create, leaving God with nothing to do. The Greek “how” of creation was for Maimonides secondary to the Jewish “why” of creation, namely the Omnipotence, Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.

Beginning with the 15th century Renaissance, when the Platonic and Aristotelian building blocks of knowledge were already weakening, a second foundation and superstructure model, the beginnings of today’s scientific method, was being forged. Only this time the foundation and building blocks were not linked to the logic of Greek reasoning. Instead, I use contemporary language. Scientists today resort to a universal logic of research, beginning with an hypothesis, followed by testing from which they deduce conclusions.

In 19th and 20th century, according to Newtonian and post-Newtonian physics, there no longer was a reason to explain why something came into being. It was necessary only to explain how it worked, how it changed. As a result, Maimonides’ proofs for God—which had been adopted almost word for word by Thomas Aquinas and had become part of Christian thought—no longer could serve as working premises. Being now encompassed actual being or no being at all. The things that actually existed were material, and science’s concern was how they acted and not why they reacted with each other.

Moreover, contemporary scientists tell us: the logic of research is such that the testing can only disprove the hypotheses of the experiments and that what the scientists achieve is not the certainty of truth but the uncertainty of a practical and useful truth-likeness to be tested again and again, that their faith assumptions are bets worth taking and not wagers with guaranteed outcomes.

This brings me to where A Little Bit of Agnosticism Can Help. Agnosticism is not the dirty word that political or social correctness hold it to be. In 1869 when Thomas Huxley coined the word, he, too, was caught up in the battles between theism and atheism. Both terms signified for him that a certain “gnosis,” a certain knowledge, existed that more or less had solved the problem of existence. While he was of the conviction that the problem of existence was not solvable, he also thought it was just as presumptuous of him to hold fast to his own conviction as it was for the theists and atheists to hold fast to theirs.

Huxley’s agnostic foundation of faith has been summarized as follows: “Positively: try all things, hold fast by that which is good...In matters of the intellect, follow your reason as far as it will take you, without regard to any other consideration. And negatively: in matters of the intellect, do not pretend that conclusions are certain which are not demonstrated or demonstrable.”

Huxley did not leave Agnostics in limbo. They had a choice, but they first had to take the initiative. They
could tend to theism, following “reason as far as it will take you,” and they could tend toward atheism by not pretending “[intellectual] conclusions which are not demonstrated or demonstrable are certain.”

I accept Huxley’s challenge to take the initiative.

Today Reform Judaism, like all contemporary religions, is caught up in the sweep of the contemporary scientific faith foundation and superstructure in which the how of complexity, uncertainty and diversity, instead of the why of simplicity, certainty and uniformity hold sway. Today’s science presents a Person/Earth phenomenological how process—how people may deal with the paradoxes of existence. Today’s Reform Judaism, however, continues to emphasize, though with adjustments, the God/Man metaphysical why hierarchy—why God revealed a way of life to the Jewish people which they are “to turn it and turn it because [or at least most] everything is in it.”

I ask Reform Judaism to make a bet worth taking: that within the synagogue Reform Judaism engage the classic and the scientific faith assumptions and their superstructures in a both/and relationship.

I am also mindful of an estimate that within the next 20 and 30 years the liberal synagogue, presumably as currently organized and programmed, will experience a radical decline in membership. Some dispute this claim by pointing to the more than 50% of Jews who presently are synagogue affiliated; however, there is no denying that Jews in increasing numbers are moving with their feet out of Reform congregations. Today, the scientific superstructure of faith keeps growing and capturing the imagination and the pocketbook of our people.

For me, the urgent question for our time is: “What can Reform Judaism do for Jews? Not “What can Jews do for Reform Judaism? Or, more pointedly, “What can Reform Judaism do for outsourced Jews?” and not “What can outsourced Jews do for Reform Judaism?”

Historically the synagogue has had three functions in keeping with the God/Man faith assumption: (1) Beit Tefilah—the House of Prayer for the worship of God—(2) Beit Midrash—the House of Study to learn the Pardes Torah tradition—and (3) the Beit Knesset—the House of Assembly to serve the community of Israel. However, today the growth of the scientific Person/Earth faith assumption calls for the reinterpretation of the same three synagogue functions.

1. Today the Beit Tefilah, a home where theist-Jews worship the transcendent God, can also become a home for non-theist-Jews who strive for personal transcendence while coping with the complexities and uncertainties of existence
2. Today, the Beit Midrash, a home where theist-Jews learn the Pardes traditions of Torah, can also become a home where non-theist-Jews, through the prisms of critical reasoning and the logic of scientific research, study their Jewish history and culture and celebrate a Jewish response to the world by processing a scientifically updated Midrash, Talmud and Commentaries to be tested again and again.

As an immediate project, the Beit Midrash can provide teenagers and young adults who already are skilled in the use of technology with a crash program in the dynamics of faith, both religious and scientific—as the Birthright and similar programs are doing to strengthen the bonds of Klal Yisrael with Israel--and offer it to them before they go to college or they enter the marketplace.

3. Today, the Beit Knesset, a home where theist-Jews achieve a sense of community by assembling for all types of meetings and celebrations, can enlarge its social justice and caring community functions—where the theist-Jew and the non-theist-Jew share a mutual concern for the other—and where together they can most easily form a working relationship.

But no matter how much Reform Judaism extends the synagogue umbrella, theists, atheists and agnostics alike must first engage in a special act of faith, which like all acts of faith must come from within the person. This self-powered act of faith proclaims “I am a Jew,” –I am a Jewish theist, a Jewish atheist, a Jewish agnostic. It is the faith assertion of a Joseph and not of a Jonah. Jonah said, “I am a Jew” while running away from his Jewish responsibility. Joseph, who was second only to Pharaoh and who had reason enough to avenge himself of his brothers said to them, “I am Joseph, your brother. Is my father still well?” I am a Jew. I want my own non-theist Jewish existence and my father’s theistic Jewish existence to be well.”
Thank you “hartzik” for publishing Professor Israel Kugler’s article about the Yiddish Theater in America. It created in me a nostalgia and pain for my old girlhood days when I was growing up in Johannesburg, South Africa where Yiddish theater looked to Second Avenue in America for its inspiration.

My uncle, the actor Faivel Zygielbojm and my father Israel Zygielbojm were both deeply involved with Yiddish theater and took me as a twelve year-old to their Sunday rehearsals of Yiddish plays.

At that time I was also a student at the Peretz Yiddish shul in Johannesburg, and I even acted once with my family in a production of Peretz’s “Di Goldene Keyt”. Alas! I did not inherit my family’s acting talent and my words sank into the scenery and were lost to the audience!

My uncle Faivel, a shoe factory worker by trade, helped to create the working class “Yungteater” In Warsaw in the 1920s and became its most successful leading man. The theater gained a great reputation despite its semi-professional status and the troupe mentored with Osip Runitch and maybe Stanislavsky and also went to Berlin to work with pupils of Reinhardt.

At the age of seven or eight in 1933 or 1934 I saw my uncle perform at the theater in a play called “Sacco and Vanzetti”. It was about the famous pilot, Charles Lindbergh’s baby kidnapping. Amazingly it was produced as “theater in the round” which at that time was a new innovation. It was mesmerizing.

In South Africa, Yiddish amateur groups were present and active in every major town.

I saw my family act in plays, as well as Yiddish musicals.
• Goldfaden-“Mirele Efros”
• Musical of Sholem Aleichems “Dos Groise Gevins” called “Tzvei hundert toisend” and even
• A production in Yiddish of “The Merchant of Venice” with my uncle playing the main role and my father as a comic Grumio.

My uncle also acted in English plays at times. I remember one called “Miracle at Verdun”. It was about WW1. In 1938 and 1939, we were also visited by American actors on tour. I remember Morris Schwartz, Miriam Kresin, Ida kaminska, and Joseph Buloff, who acted for us and also visited my home.

I hope my reminiscences will help to keep some of their wonderful spirit alive for future generations.

Ed. Note: Der Bay’s readership includes people in the U.S. from South Africa and those in South Africa. Notable is the community in San Diego where over 400 belong to SAJAC, South African Jewish American Community. SAJAC was founded in 1987 and among its founders were Norman and Heather Sarkin. He co-chaired the membership committee.

IAYC remembers Norman well as the Chair of the Twelfth IAYC Conference held in nearby La Jolla at the Marriott Hotel in 2008. Norman and Heather have since relocated making aliyah to Israel. In South Africa, readers are in Johannesburg, Cape Town, and Natal.
Mame’s Eytses - Vi Tsu Oysklaybn A Vayb
By Fishl Kutner

Mir zenen geven fir brider afn farm in nyu dzherzi. Mame hot keynmol nisht gehat a meydl, un mir hobn nisht gevust vos dos iz a yidish meydl. Tate un mame beyde hobn ale mol gezogt az mir darfn oysmaydn shikses—zev zenen treyf.

Azoy ikh bin geven der elster, hob ikh gedarft zakhn oysgefinen frier vi mayne yingere brider. Ikh ken nisht zayn zikher, ober es dakhlt mir ar az arum dem elter fun fertsn oder efsher fuftsno hob ikh gehat a diskusiye mit mayn mamen.


Eyn tog hob ikh ir gefregt, “Mame, in a por yor arum vel ikh darfn oysklaybn a meydl tsu zayn mayn vayb, ober vi azoy ken ikh visn mit velkhn khasene tsu hobn?”

“Fishele, du darfst nemen a meydl vos iz nisht tsu hoykh un nisht tsu kurts.”

“Ober mame, vi azoy ken ikh visn az iz iz nisht tsu hoykh oder nisht tsu kurts?”

“Az du tantst mit ir un zi trogt shikh mit dray intshike aptses darf zi zayn nisht hekker fun dir. Un fun der anderer zayt, muz di shpits fun ir kop nisht zayn nideriker fun dayn aksl.”

“Oy mame—itst veys ikh vi azoy tsu oystsuklaybn a meydl vi mayn vayb. Zi muz zayn nisht tsu hoykh oder tsu kurts. Iz dos ales?”

“Tsveytns, darf zi zayn nisht tsu grob oder tsu dar.”

“Ober mame, vi ken ikh visn az zi iz tsu grob oder tsu dar?”

“Fishele, ven du tantst mit ir, darf dayn hant kenen zi arumnem arun der talye un nisht nor haltn ir bay der lend. A meydl vos iz grob vi a fas iz nisht gut far mayn zun. Un az du tantst mit ir un ir brust shtekt dikh azoy vi a meser, iz zi tsu dar. Dare froyen hobn kranke kinder. Zey kenen nisht makhn genug milkh far der eyfele.”

“Oy mame, itst veys ikh az ikh muz nemen a meydl vos iz nisht tsu hoykh oder tsu kurts, un a meydl vos iz nisht tsu grob oder tsu dar. Iz dos ales?”

“Fishele, ir mishpokhe iz vikhtik. Du darfst nemen a meydl vos iz nisht tsu raykh oder tsu orem.”

“Mame, vi ken ikh visn az ir eltern hobn tsu fil gelt oder nisht genug gelt?”

“Dayn vayb darf zayn a baleboste. Dos meynt az zi zol kenen kokhn, bakn, neyen, un oyframen dos hoyz. Oyb ire eltern hobn tsu fil gelt veln zey hobn a sakh dinstn tsu ton di arbet un zi vet zikh nisht oyslerneni vi tsu zayn a baleboste. Fun der anderer zayt, oyb zey hobn nisht keyn gelt, veln zey nisht gebn a groysn nadn. Az du vest nisht hobn a groysn nadn, vest du nisht kenen koyfn a hoyz un dayne kinder veln nisht hobn a gut ort tsu voynen.”

“Oy, mame itst veys ikh az ikh darfn nemen a meydl vos iz nisht tsu hoykh oder tsu kurts, a meydl vos iz nisht tsu grob oder tsu dar, un a meydl fun a mishpokhe vos iz nisht tsu raykh oder tsu orem. Efsher iz do nokh a zakh?”

“Fishele, mer fun ale mayles, iz do epes vos iz vikhtik fun ale di andere dray tsuzamen. Zi darf zayn klug, ober nisht tsu klug, un nisht keyn nar. Zi darf hobn seykhl”

“Mame, vi azoy ken ikh visn az zi iz gor tsu klug, un nisht oysklaybn zi a vayb, oder fun der andere zayt, az zi iz nisht keyn nar?”

“Mayn zun, tayerer, a meydl vos iz tsu klug veyst ales. Du vest nisht kenen redn mit ir vayl zi veyst ales. Az zi iz a nar vestu nisht kenen krign hilf fun ir ven du darfst hobn an entfer af a frage.”

“Mame, itst veys ikh az ikh darfn vayl zurkh a meydl vos iz nisht tsu hoykh oder tsu kurts; a meydl vos iz nisht tsu grob oder tsu dar; nisht tsu raykh oder tsu orem; nisht tsu klug oder a nar. Mame.

Redaktor: Mayne tayere leyeners, dertseyl undz vi azoy du host oysgeklibn emetsn.
A farmer hot geshikt zayn 12-yorikn zun koyfn a shtayg (crate) hiner. Dos kind hot im gefolgt, ober oyfn veg aheym hot di shtayg zikh aroysgeglitsh (slipped) fun zayne hent, dos tirl hot zikh geefnt, un ale hiner zenen zikh tselofn.

Dos kind hot gevust, az der tate vet zikh beyzern (get angry, hot er gezukht di hiner iner der gantser gegnt, biz er hot zey ale gefunen. Araynkumendik in shtub, hot er gezogt dem tatn, az di hiner zenen antlofn, ober er hot bavizn tsu gefinen ale akht.

“Yasher-koyakh!” hot der tate gezogt, un mit a shmykhl tsugegeb: “Oyf der kabile (receipt) shteyt, az du host batsolt (paid) far zeks.”

Beys a tsvishn-religyezer konferents zenen a galakh (priest), a guru un a rov gezesn oyf a bank in droyn un geshmuest vegn dem bestn oyfn tfile tsu ton (pray) mitn gantsn hartsn.

“Der bester oyfn iz tsu knien (kneel),” hot derklert der galakh.

“Neyn, der bester mitl iz tsu lign oyf d’rerd un otomen tif un pamelek (breathe deeply and slowly),” hot der guru gezogt.

“Un ikh halt, az der bester oyfn tsu davenen mitn gantsn hartsn iz tsu shoklen zikh (sway),” hot der rov gezogt.

A telefon-mekhaniker, velkher hot gehaltln in mitn arbetn oyf a telefon-slup lebn der bank, hot zikh tsugehert tsum shmues un oysgerufn: “Dos eyntsike mol vos ikh hob tfile getake mitn gantsn hartsn iz geven – hengendik funem slup (pole) mitn kop arop!”

Tsvey fraynd in Khelem zenen gegangen shpatsirn, ven s’hot plutsling (suddenly) genuemen gisn a regn.

“Gikh—efn dem shirem (umbrella)!” hot eyner gezogt.

“S’vet gornisht helfn,” hot zayn fraynd gezogt.

“Mayn shirem iz ful mit lekher.”

“Farvos zhe hostu im mitgenumen?”

Entfert der tsveyter: “Kh’hob den gevust, az s’vet regenen?”

An antisemit iz arayn in a bar mit a grupe fraynd un gut farbrakht mit zey a sho lang, trinkendik bir un dertseyndik viotn (jokes).

Plutsling derzet er a Yid mit a bord un peyes, un zayn shtimung (mood) hot zikh glaykh gebtn (changed). Ruft er aroys tsum barshenker: “Kh’bet aykh, t Eylt oys glezlekh bir, oyf mayn kheshbn (account), far alemen do in shenk (tavern), ober nisht far yenem yid!”

Der barshenker (bartender) t Eylt oys di glezlekh bir, un der yid kukt zikh tsu un shmykhlt. Vert der antisemit nokh mer in kas, un zogt tsum barshenker: “Kh’bet aykh, t Eylt oys nokh a glezl, oyf mayn khesbn, far yedn eynem, ober nisht far yenem yid!”

Der barshenker folgt, un der Yid shmykhlt vayter. Vert der antisemit oyer zikh (besides himself). “Der yid iz epes an idiot?” fregt er dem barshenker. “Far vos shmykhlt er azoy?”

Entfert der barshenker: “Er iz der eygntimer.”

Yentl, velkhe hot shtark gevolt vern shlanker (slimmer), hot zikh derfreyt nokh zen a reklame oyf telezvye, vegin a geviser (certain) meditsinisher late (patch), vos me leygt oyfn layb (body) tsu helfn farlirn vog. Hot zi gemakht a bashtelung baym dokter, kedey (in order) tsu krign a retsept derfar.

Beys (during) der guf-batrakhtung (body exam), hot zi gefregt baym dokter vegin der late. “Helft es take?”

“Yo --- hot er geentfert—“befrat (especially) oyb ir farkklept mit der late dos moyl.”
Shmulik iz gevorn a khosn, un hot zikh nisht gekent dervartn tsu geyn tsu der khupe.

“A tog far der khasene, hot er zikh gegreyt (prepared) aheymtsuforn fun der arbet, ven zayn balebos iz tsugekumen un hot im gedrikt (shook) di hant. “Mazl-tov, Shmulik! Kh’hob dir bloyz gevolt zogn, az ikh hob aleyn khasene gehat mit 22 yor tsurik, un ikh bin zikhher, az du vest eybik (forever) gedenken dem tog vi dem glikhekhstn fun dayn lebn.”

“A dank, Mister Shvarts, ober ikh hob nisht khasene biz morgn!”

“Yo, ikh veys;” hot der balebos geentfert.

*    *    *

An almen (widower) hot bashlosn (decided), az s’iz shoyn gekumen di tsayt vider khasene tsu hobn, hot er zikh farbundn mit a shadkhn un gevart tsu zen, vemen er vet tsushteln (offer).

Eyn mol bakent im der shadkhn mit a yunger froy. Der almen hot tsugerufn dem shadkhn in a zayt un im gezogt oyfn oyer: “Vos far a meydl hostu mi kh gebrakht? Zi pintlt (squints) mit di oygn, geyt krum (lopsided) un iz bekhlal (in general) nisht keyn sheyne!”


*    *    *

Bay Goldshteyn hobn ongehoybn aroystsukrikhn di hor fun kop, un dos hot im gegebn groys agmes-nefish (despair).

Hofndik oyftsumintern (to lift) zayn shtimung (mood), hot froy Goldshteyn im gekoyft a paruk (wig) tsutsudekn dem plikh (bald spot).

Mit etlekhe vokhn shpeter hot men dos porl couple farbten (invited) oyf a simkhe. Froy Goldshteyn hot gut farbrakht, ober aheymforndik, hot ir man oysgezen (appeared) dershlogn (depressed).

“Vos iz der mer?” hot zi im gefregt.

“Kh’hob zeyer shlekht farbrakht,” hot er geentfert. “Di gantse tsayt hob ikh zikh gezorgt (worried), az di gest veln visn, az ikh trog a paruk.”

“Host zikh umzist (unnecessarily) gezorgt,” hot froy Goldshteyn gezogt mit a shmeykhl. “Farkert, ale gest vos ikh hob dertseyslt vegn dem, hlobn gezogt, az zey hohn es nisht gevust!”

*    *    *

A sheyne froy hot bakumen arbet vi a kasirerin in a groyyn kleyder-gesheft (clothing store).

Eyn mol kumt zi tsu der arbet mit a groyyn shmeykhl un anonsirt far ire mitarbeter: “Ikh bin nekhtn gevorn a kale!”

Di andere mitarbeter hohn ir gevuntshn mazl-tov. Eyne fun zey iz tsugekumen un hot gezogt: “Tomer (in case) bistu farinteresirt, ken ikh zeyer a gutn eytse-geber (advisor) far naye porfelker (newly married couples), vos mayn khosn un ikh hohn im bazukht far der khasene, un s’iz shtark tsu nuts gekumen.”

“A dank, ober mir darfn nisht keyn eytse-geber,” hot zi geentfert. “Mir hohn shoyn beyde khasene tsum dritn mol.”

*    *    *

Di mitarbeter in a groyyn biuro hohn besod (secretly) ongehoybn planirn a simkhe lekoved Mary, der 70-yoriker ramerin (cleaning lady), velkhe arbet shoyn lange yorn in der firme.

Der sod hot zikh ober farshpreyt un Mary hot zikh dervust derfun. Zi iz gelofn tsum farvalter fun biuro un gezogt: “A groyyn dank farn koved, ober kh’bet aykh, makht mir nisht keyn simkhe.”

“Zayt nisht azoy basheydn (modest), Mary, hot der farvalter gezogt mit a shmeykhl. “Zey vln aykh poshet (simply) aroysvayzn a dank.”

“Dank shmank!” hot zi gevortshet. “Nokh aza groysr simkhe vel ikh a gantse nakht muzn oyfram (clean up)”
The celebration of Shvues is twofold. It denotes both the end of the harvest and the giving of the Torah on Mount Sinai. The custom on Shvues to eat dairy foods only has not been clearly explained. One legend tells us that the wandering Jews had slaughtered many animals prior to receiving the Ten Commandments from Moses and realized that the meat was not kosher. So they began to eat milkniks only.

**CHEDDAR CHEESE PUFF**

1/2 lb cheddar cheese  
(2 cups, grated)  
6 slices bread  
(challah, whole wheat)  
3 tbsp melted margarine  
3 eggs  
1 tsp salt  
1/2 tsp pepper  
3/4 tsp dry mustard  
2 cups milk

Put grated cheese in bottom of 7" x 11" greased baking dish. Tear bread into chunks and drop into feed-tube of a processor to make soft crumbs. (Alternately, cut bread into small cubes.) Combine bread and cheese. Drizzle with melted margarine. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over cheese mixture. Cover with foil and refrigerate for 1/2 hour or up to 24 hours. Preheat oven to 350F. Bake covered for 30 minutes. Uncover and bake for 30 minutes longer or until nicely browned. Do not freeze. Makes 6-8 servings.

*EST MIT A GUTN APETIT!*  
*Etke Patt*
In Sholom Aleichem's world, children nibbled on carob chips while playing with dreidels at Chanukah. The ground powder was used in cakes. In traditional Jewish lore, the carob symbolizes humility. In affluent Canada, carob powder has become a health food substitute for chocolate. Here is my favourite chocolate brownie recipe, a good accompaniment to dreidl spinning.

**CHOCOLATE BROWNIES**

2 oz unsweetened chocolate
2/3 cup margarine
2 eggs
1 cup brown sugar
1/2 tsp vanilla
1/3 cup flour
1/2 tsp baking powder
1/8 tsp salt
1/2 tsp cinnamon
1/2 cup chocolate chips

Preheat oven to 350F. Melt chocolate & margarine. Beat eggs, add sugar and beat until light and fluffy. Add chocolate mixture & vanilla to above. Add dry ingredients & chocolate chips. Bake in greased 8-inch pan for 20-30 minutes. Mixture should be firm at edges and soft in the middle.

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**CHICKEN SOUP WITH KRETYLEHN**

1 stewing chicken
2 tsp salt
1 bay leaf
6 allspice
1 onion (quartered)
2 stalks celery
4 carrots
2 parsnips

Cut chicken into pieces. Put in large pot filled with water. Bring to boil & skim. Add remaining ingredients & simmer for two hours or until chicken is tender.

**KRETYLEHN**

4 tbsp margarine (melted)
4 eggs (slightly beaten)
1 cup matzah meal
2 tsp salt
4 tbsp soda water

Combine eggs & margarine, add matzah meal & salt. Add soda water and mix. Cover & refrigerate 30 minutes. Form balls. Bring salted water to a boil, add balls & then reduce heat to simmer. Cover & cook 30-40 minutes. Drain.

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Etke Patt
**VEGETABLE KUGEL**

1 c. grated raw apple  
1 c. grated raw sweet potato  
1 c. grated raw carrot  
1 c. matzah meal  
¾ c. margarine (melted)  
egg  
tsp. salt  
tsp. baking soda  
tsp. cinnamon  
tsp. nutmeg  
½ c. sugar (optional)

1. Preheat oven to 325°. Grease 10" casserole or muffin tins.  
2. Mix all ingredients together well.  
3. Pour into baking dish. Cover with aluminum foil and bake 45 min. (35 min. in muffin tins.)  
4. Remove cover. Raise oven temp. to 350° and bake an additional 15 min.

EST MIT A GUTN APETIT!  
*Etke Patt*

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**APPLE CAKE**

2 eggs  
⅔ c. Mazola oil  
1 c. sugar  
2 tsp. baking powder  
3 apples (peeled, cored, thinly sliced)  
pinch salt  
1 ½ c. flour  
3 tbsp. orange juice  
1 tsp. vanilla

2. Combine dry ingredients. Add to first mixture, alternating with juice. Add vanilla.  
3. Grease 8" or 9" pan. Pour half batter, apple slices. Sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar. Top with remaining batter. Sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar.  
4. Bake at 350° for 45 min.

EST MIT A GUTN APETIT!  
*Ethel Patt*
The Red Star Line Museum and Me
By Sonia Pressman Fuentes

Sonia with Philip Heylen, vice mayor for culture and tourism for Antwerp, Belgium at the inauguration of the Red Star Line Museum, September 27, 2013.

I was born in Berlin, Germany of Polish Jewish parents in 1928. In mid-1933, at the insistence of my brother, Hermann, who was fourteen years my senior, the family left Berlin to escape from Nazi Germany and moved to Antwerp, Belgium where we had some cousins.

After nine months in Antwerp, during which time none of my father’s business ventures panned out and we were unable to get visas to remain in Antwerp, we left Antwerp on the Red Star Line’s (RLS’s) S.S. Westernland II for the U.S., arriving on May 1, 1934.

Berlin remained an important part of my life since it was my birthplace but in my mind Antwerp was only a way station en route to the U.S. All I had to remind me of that trip was a small male doll dressed as a sailor in blue velveteen with S.S. Westernland on his cap.

All that began to change when I read a column by Masha Leon called “The Red Star Line—A Seafaring Magic Carpet for Jewish Immigrants” in the October 5, 2009, issue of the Forward. The article was about a book launch party held at the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research on September 10, 2012, for a book called One Foot in America: Jewish Emigrants on the Red Star Line and Eugeen Van Mieghem. The book was co-authored by Erwin Joos, the director of the Eugeen Van Mieghem Museum, due to open in Antwerp in 2012. This museum would feature the work of Eugeen Van Mieghem, a Belgian artist (1875-1930) who became famous for his portraits of immigrants and others around Antwerp’s harbor.

I wondered if I should write to this museum telling them that I had come to the U.S. on an RLS ship. That’s ridiculous, I thought. Millions of people traveled on the RSL. Why would they care that I was one of them? But then I thought: What have I got to lose?

But I didn’t know how to write to the museum, so I wrote to YIVO asking them to forward my letter to the museum. They sent my letter instead to the RSL Museum, another museum due to open in Antwerp, which was to be dedicated to immigration and the RSL. I immediately got a response from Luc Verheyen, head of the museum, asking for information about my family and my connection to the RSL.

As a result of our correspondence, in December 2010, Mandy Nauwelaerts, a consultant to the museum, and Mario De Munck, a filmmaker retained by the museum, came to my condo in Sarasota, Florida to interview and film me. Mandy brought along pictures she had taken of the Orthodox Jewish neighborhood where my family had lived in Antwerp and photographs of documents involving my family that she had found during her extensive research in the Antwerp and Brussels Archives.

Much of the information Mandy gave me I had never known before. I did not know that:

- In 1933, no one in my family had the legal right to be in Belgium;
• my brother was frantically filling out applications for us to be given visas permitting us to remain in Belgium; and

• Robert de Foy, the anti-Semitic head of the Sûreté Publique (the state security service, comparable to our FBI), had denied those applications and ordered our deportation to Poland, where both my parents had been born but hadn’t lived in for twenty years. (Had we been deported, we would surely have gone to our deaths.)

Mandy invited me to visit Antwerp in September 2011 to see how the building of the museum was progressing and again in September 2013 for the museum’s opening.

In 2011, I came to Antwerp, Belgium—my first time since leaving there in 1934. The museum staff arranged for me to meet with Dr. Frank Caestecker, a researcher at the University of Ghent and an expert on Jewish refugees from Nazi Germany in Belgium during the 1930s. He and I spent hours together in the Brussels Archives, during which time he went over every page in my family’s file with me, translated every document, and explained what it meant. Frank told me that he had been studying the Jewish refugees from Nazi Germany to Belgium in the 1930s for years, but I was the first one he had actually met.

The museum also arranged for Pola Adler, a volunteer at the museum and a Holocaust survivor, to take me on a tour of the Jewish Orthodox neighborhood in Antwerp where my family had lived in 1933-4. Pola and I learned to our amazement that my family had lived in the same apartment building in the 1930s that her family had lived in in the 1950s!

I also learned about the RSL. It had been in operation from 1873 to some time in 1934, the year of my family’s trip. During that time, the line brought about two million passengers from its home port in Antwerp, as well as from other European ports, to the U.S. and Canada. I was one of five surviving passengers of whom the museum was aware.

About a quarter of those passengers were Jews. Among the prominent Jews who traveled to the U.S. on RSL ships were Albert Einstein, Irving Berlin, Gold Meir, and Hyman Rickover. All but Einstein came as children.

In September 2013, I returned to Antwerp for five days of festivities in connection with the museum’s opening. During this time, I saw the permanent exhibit about me and my family at the museum; met the king and queen of Belgium at the museum and the new U.S. woman ambassador to Belgium at the American Embassy; toured Kazerne Dossin, the Memorial, Museum and Documentation Centre on Holocaust and Human Rights in Mechelen, Belgium for three hours with its director; attended an international press conference; and gave talks at the museum and the city hall. I spent considerable time that week with Linda Emmet, the middle daughter of Irving Berlin’s three daughters, her daughter, and her niece. The Berlin family donated one of Irving Berlin’s pianos to the museum. I was the only surviving passenger at the opening.

After my talk at the Antwerp City Hall, a man introduced himself to me and it was Erwin Joos, founder and director of the Eugeen Van Mieghem Museum. We subsequently became friends and, as a result, Erwin did lecture tours in Florida about Eugeen Van Mieghem and the museum in 2014 and 2015. In 2015, he spoke at one of the chapters of ORT in Sarasota.

The RSL Museum plans to bring an exhibition to the U.S., which will include a film Mario De Munck made about me when he visited me in Sarasota in 2010 and when I was in Antwerp in 2011. The exhibition will start in the most appropriate place for a museum dedicated to immigration--Ellis Island--and will be there from May 26 until September 3, 2016. Negotiations are under way for the exhibition to also be shown in Philadelphia and Chicago. And I am hopeful the exhibition will also come to Sarasota or another site in Florida.

I no longer have the blue velveteen sailor doll—but my memories of Antwerp are fresh.

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**Editor’s note:** Sonia was a presenter at four IAYC conferences. She was a co-founder of NOW (National Organization for Women) and the first woman attorney in the Office of the General Counsel at the EEOC (Equal Employment Opportunity Commission). She is the author of a memoir entitled *Eat First--You Don’t Know What They’ll Give You: The Adventures of an Immigrant Family and Their Feminist Daughter.* Sonia is a feminist activist, writer, and public speaker.
Humor and Sophistication in Some Polish Sayings.
By Boris Kopit

A Polish proverb:
"Kto rano wstaje temu Pan Bóg chleba daje," meaning: "God gives bread to the early riser".
The English equivalent is:
"The early bird gets the worm’
or the German:
"Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde"
"The morning hour has gold in its mouth."

Polish has another facetious variation:
"A kto późno wstaje, temu bułeczkę z masłem i kawę do łóżka podają."
"And the one who gets up late gets a buttered roll and coffee served in bed."

Another, related story.
A father says to his son who is still in bed at a late morning hour:
"You know the proverb about God rewarding the early riser. I woke up at sunrise, took a walk, and what do you know, I found a wallet with 20 zlotys (dollars) in it".
To which the son said:
'Well, the guy who lost it must have gotten up even earlier.”

A Polish (so true) adage:
"Tysiące talentów, setki geniuszy a rzadko znajdziesz człowieka."
"Thousands of talents, hundreds of geniuses but you will seldom find a (real) human being."

"Kto pod kim dółki kopie, ten sam w nie wpada."
"Who digs pits under another falls into them himself."

"Na bezrybiu i rak ryba."
"In times of a fish shortage a crayfish is also a fish."

"Dopóki gruby schudnie, chudy zdechnie."
"By the time the fat one will become skinny, the skinny one will die."

"Dopóty dzban wodę niesie, dopóki się ucho nie urwie."
"A jug carries water till the handle breaks."

"Złąpał Polak Tatarzyna, a Tatarzyn za łeb trzyma."
"A Pole caught the Tatar and the Tatar is holding him by the head."

Proverbial Polish hospitality.
"Gość w dom, Bóg w dom".
"A guest in the house, God in the house."

Polish humor.
Some time ago in Oliwa, a suburb of Gdańsk. I noticed a whitewashed entire wall of a building covered with graffiti in large black letters, saying:
"Była sobie kiedyś czysta ściana."
"There was once upon a time a clean wall."

Kopit’s Bio

Geboyren bin ikh in a shtetl, Kovel, in Vohlin, mizrakh Poyln (haynt in der Ukraine).

Mayn ershte shprakh iz geven Rusish, vi es iz geven di mode fun der yidisher" inteligrants“ in der demoltiker tsayt. Shpeter hob ikh ongehoyn tsu redn yidish mit mayn bobn un zeydn un oykh mit di andere kinder fun der gegnt.


In 1939 zenen tsu undz arayn di Sovietn. A tsayt shpeter bin ikh ongenumen gevorn in a grafishe-kunst shule in Lvov. Dort hot mikh gefunen di milkhome fun 1941, ven di daytshn hobn ongefaln


Mir hobn gearbet a gants yor in a dorf, in a kolkhoz, vu es iz nisht geven genug tsu esn. Ven di daytshn hobn fanumen di shtot Rostov, zenen mir geforn kayn Kirgizye, vu mir hobn gelitin nokh mer hunger.


Ikh hob fun onfang gearbet als a form-makher in an ayzn giseray, un shpeter gevorn der ilustrator un aroysgeber fun vant-tsytungen far di farshidene opteylungen fun der fabrik un oykh a moler fun propagande plakatn. Ikh bin derfar bafrayt gevem fun militar dinst. Mayn bester fraynd iz gefalin in krig in Ukraine, vu er hot gekemft in der poylisher Kosciuszko armey.


In 1953 hob ikh khasene gehat un ibergeform keyn Rochester, Niu York. Mit a yor shpeter hob ikh geefnt mayn eygn gesheft, vos ikh hob nokh biz haynt, oder beser gezogt "vos hot mikh". Fizishe arbet hot mikh shtendik bafridikt, ober ikh hob oykh gehat intelektuele interesn, vi shprakhn, bifrat etimologye.

In di poylishhe shulen hob ikh, akhuts poylish, oykh gelernt zikh Daytshish un Latayn, un in Lvov, Ukraynish. Ikh hob gehat di gelegenhayt tsu lernen di shprakhn. In Amerike hob ikh oykh gelernt Frantsoyzish ven ikh bin gegangen in nakhtshul.

Zint tsvantsik yorn, ven ikh hob zikh pensyonirt, farbreng ikh dray monatn fun zumer in Elzas (Frankraykh) un dray monatn fun vinter in Costa Rica, vu ikh hob zikh bakent mit Shpanish. Di fargangene finf biz zeks yor hob ikh gevidmet tsu zamlen Yidishe vertlekh vos ikh gedenk fun mayne yunge yorn.

Boris Kopit’s book A Treasury of Yiddish Idioms And Colorful Expressions / collected, alliterated and provided with interpretation & etymological notes by Boris Kopit was published in 2012.
In closing, I recall the words of our teacher, Dr. Ellis Rivkin z”l: “The History of the Jews is a history of involvement. It cannot be separated from the larger context of which it is part...of the Ancient Near East, the Hellenistic and Roman worlds, the Sassanian Empire, the Moslem and Christian epochs...an involvement so interwoven with the texture of the total pattern that to abstract the so-called Jewish element is to do violence not only to Jewish history but to the history of the larger complex as well.”

What science is asking of us today is not a departure from a time-honored Jewish tradition. The life-blood and vitality of Jewish existence have been the bets worth taking—the reactions and the responses of Jews to what is going on in the streets and academies of the cultures of the world... By reframing the story of the Jewish past I believe that I am actually strengthening the appreciation of what makes the Jewish experience a fascinating chapter in the larger story of Western civilization.

What I am offering, however, is not a guaranteed outcome. I am offering a bet that I believe is worth taking. As Ben Franklin said: Our Constitution is now established, and has an appearance that promises permanency, but in this world nothing can be said to be certain, except death and taxes and, if you will permit, faith.

To illustrate what can be undertaken, I offer three classical Jewish texts interpreted from the scientific faith perspective, one for each of the three functions of the synagogue. The first is designed for the Beit Tefilah: an interpretation of the Twenty-Third Psalm at shiva time. It is not a guaranteed wager that “The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.” It is rather a bet worth taking; it speaks to the individual in terms of life’s paradoxes.

**A NEW PSALM TWENTY THREE ©**

As I walk through the valley of deepest darkness, the shadow of death, I grieve for my companion to comfort me, to lead me to places of still waters, to lie down with me in green pastures, for I fear great harm from being so alone, afraid of the loss of goodness and love, fright from unknowns that may lie in wait, worried that the days of my life are empty. Now friends have joined me and my family to recite the healing prayer called Kaddish, with food and pastries to fill my table, sympathy to anoint my head with oil. Soon some will rush away because of time, others will linger to greet the gathered and express again good wishes and hopes. I will thank them all and bid them shalom, And I shall dwell in my house and ponder and search for a ME bigger than me.

The second piece is presented in two parts: (1) The first two verses are designed for the Beit Tefilah: The Torah Service—the taking out of the Torah from the ark before Hakafot. (2) All the verses, including the first two, are designed for the Beit Midrash— the extending of the poem into a commentary on the first chapter of Genesis in keeping with the faith assumptions of science.

**WHITE SPACES AND BLACK LETTERS ©**

White spaces between black letters, spaces and letters penned on a scroll with ink and feather quill, look closely, carefully, you will picture footprints, some larger and daring, some smaller and halting, of dancers leaping and spinning up and over, down and around the angles, the curves and the lines of those shining black letters to the beat of more than two millennia of Torah score and story.

Now it is our turn to enter the white spaces, but first the black letters, to open a passage, to quest for the letters wherein rests Israel’s wealth, a dance a week and for the holidays, too. Soon the Torah scroll is to be opened and with serious and joyous desire the dance of the black letters and white spaces begins with kerchiefs waving, kisses floating in the air.

The readers now sing trope to the black letter score of Creation, what came first and what came second until all was finished on the sixth day and on the seventh day no more work to be undertaken,
but in the white space there is a second story
of one flat earth covered with a towering dome
with stars shining through holes in the unseen canvas
light coming from the realm of the angels above.

For nearly two millennia teachers taught their
students the white space dance of the ex nihilo,
God’s one flat world created out of nothing,
warning them to stay within the strictures of the
black letter Bet, not to speculate with secrets
of the heavens above, the deep below and what
came before the days of creation, to save them
from the ancient Greek Aristotle’s eternal world.

In Newton’s white spaces of Gravity and Motion,
people no longer danced with the medieval step.
Heaven moved to the same natural laws as earth,
and the turning earth kept moving all by itself.
Creation’s work had been completed, no longer
needed was the Jewish God or Greek Prime Mover.
Though people still hungered for God to answer
prayer, they danced the dance alone as God sat idly by.

As the Torah story unfolds today, we dance
with a Big Bang spark of particles churning
in a gluey plasma into neutrons and protons
first bonding and then combining to form atoms,
earth emerging as a turning sphere circling a sun
with a galaxy of stars and planets among
other billions in an expanding universe.
Gone are above and below, there is just out there.

What footprints will I plant in Torah’s white spaces
for kerchiefs to wave, kisses to float in the air,
when multiversity and uncertainty both leave
dazzling imprints enticing my searching mind?
I quest and question the Torah’s black texts,
the pretexts for the white space contexts of my life,
for this time the conjectures I make, to be tested
again and again for meaning and direction, are
made in an open society and universe. The dance
now is mine.

The third piece is designed for the Beit Knesset and
is based on the poem L’cha Dodi, composed by the
kabbalist Solomon Alkabetz Halevi (ca 1540)
following a series of pogroms that had left Jews
disillusioned. I have rewritten the poem so adults
and children of Am Yisrael, with their sorrows and
celebrations, but living in an open society, may
question God’s presence and still welcome the
Sabbath bride at their family and community table.

OUR SABBATH BRIDE ©
לָבָתָה דָּוִדֶה לִפְרֵאתָ פִּנְי בַּמַּעַת נֶפֶלָה

Our Sabbath Bride,
we welcome you
with great delight.
’Tis our honor
to bring you into
our home to greet
our family,
all our guests

לָבָתָה דָּוִדֶה...
Though the week
has had its joys
and problems, too,
we have not
forgotten you.
We want you and
we reach out to you
and open our door

לָבָתָה דָּוִדֶה...
Candles we’ll light
wine cups we’ll raise,
and joining hands
together we’ll tear
the braided breads.
Stories we’ll share,
songs old and new
we’ll dance with you

לָבָתָה דָּוִדֶה...
We’ll place a pushke
on the table
and give a gift
for your coming—
of food and balm
to those in need
and to the hurting
here everywhere

לָבָתָה דָּוִדֶה...
Sabbath Bride,
our home is yours.
Come in peace,
grace our table
that our loved ones
may remember
and welcome you
again and again

לָבָתָה דָּוִדֶה...
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The Red Star Line Museum and Me

By Sonia Pressman Fuentes

I was born in Berlin, Germany of Polish Jewish parents in 1928. In mid-1933, at the insistence of my brother, Hermann, who was fourteen years my senior, the family left Berlin to escape from Nazi Germany and moved to Antwerp, Belgium where we had some cousins.

After nine months in Antwerp, during which time none of my father’s business ventures panned out and we were unable to get visas to remain in Antwerp, we left Antwerp on the Red Star Line’s (RLS’s) S.S. Westernland II for the U.S., arriving on May 1, 1934.

Berlin remained an important part of my life since it was my birthplace but in my mind Antwerp was only a way station en route to the U.S. All I had to remind me of that trip was a small male doll dressed as a sailor in blue velveteen with S.S. Westernland on his cap.

All that began to change when I read a column by Masha Leon called “The Red Star Line--A Seafaring Magic Carpet for Jewish Immigrants” in the October 5, 2009, issue of the Forward. The article was about a book launch party held at the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research on September 10, 2012, for a book called One Foot in America: Jewish Emigrants on the Red Star Line and Eugen Van Mieghem. The book was co-authored by Erwin Joos, the director of the Eugen Van Mieghem Museum, due to open in Antwerp in 2012. This museum would feature the work of Eugen Van Mieghem, a Belgian artist (1875-1930) who became famous for his portraits of immigrants and others around Antwerp’s harbor.

I wondered if I should write to this museum telling them that I had come to the U.S. on an RLS ship. That’s ridiculous, I thought. Millions of people traveled on the RSL. Why would they care that I was one of them? But then I thought: What have I got to lose?

But I didn’t know how to write to the museum, so I wrote to YIVO asking them to forward my letter to the museum. They sent my letter instead to the RSL Museum, another museum due to open in Antwerp, which was to be dedicated to immigration and the RSL. I immediately got a response from Luc Verheyen, head of the museum, asking for information about my family and my connection to the RSL.

As a result of our correspondence, in December 2010, Mandy Nauwelaerts, a consultant to the museum, and Mario De Munck, a filmmaker retained by the museum, came to my condo in Sarasota, Florida to interview and film me. Mandy brought along pictures she had taken of the Orthodox Jewish neighborhood where my family had lived in Antwerp and photographs of documents involving my family that she had found during her extensive research in the Antwerp and Brussels Archives.

Much of the information Mandy gave me I had never known before. I did not know that:

• In 1933, no one in my family had the legal right to be in Belgium;
• my brother was frantically filling out applications for us to be given visas permitting us to remain in Belgium; and

• Robert de Foy, the anti-Semitic head of the Sûreté Publique (the state security service, comparable to our FBI), had denied those applications and ordered our deportation to Poland, where both my parents had been born but hadn’t lived in for twenty years. (Had we been deported, we would surely have gone to our deaths.)

Mandy invited me to visit Antwerp in September 2011 to see how the building of the museum was progressing and again in September 2013 for the museum’s opening.

In 2011, I came to Antwerp, Belgium—my first time since leaving there in 1934. The museum staff arranged for me to meet with Dr. Frank Caestecker, a researcher at the University of Ghent and an expert on Jewish refugees from Nazi Germany in Belgium during the 1930s. He and I spent hours together in the Brussels Archives, during which time he went over every page in my family’s file with me, translated every document, and explained what it meant. Frank told me that he had been studying the Jewish refugees from Nazi Germany to Belgium in the 1930s for years, but I was the first one he had actually met.

The museum also arranged for Pola Adler, a volunteer at the museum and a Holocaust survivor, to take me on a tour of the Jewish Orthodox neighborhood in Antwerp where my family had lived in 1933-4. Pola and I learned to our amazement that my family had lived in the same apartment building in the 1930s that her family had lived in in the 1950s!

I also learned about the RSL. It had been in operation from 1873 to some time in 1934, the year of my family’s trip. During that time, the line brought about two million passengers from its home port in Antwerp, as well as from other European ports, to the U.S. and Canada. I was one of five surviving passengers of whom the museum was aware.

About a quarter of those passengers were Jews. Among the prominent Jews who traveled to the U.S. on RSL ships were Albert Einstein, Irving Berlin, Gold Meir, and Hyman Rickover. All but Einstein came as children.

In September 2013, I returned to Antwerp for five days of festivities in connection with the museum’s opening. During this time, I saw the permanent exhibit about me and my family at the museum; met the king and queen of Belgium at the museum and the new U.S. woman ambassador to Belgium at the American Embassy; toured Kazerne Dossin, the Memorial, Museum and Documentation Centre on Holocaust and Human Rights in Mechelen, Belgium for three hours with its director; attended an international press conference; and gave talks at the museum and the city hall. I spent considerable time that week with Linda Emmet, the middle daughter of Irving Berlin’s three daughters, her daughter, and her niece. The Berlin family donated one of Irving Berlin’s pianos to the museum. I was the only surviving passenger at the opening.

After my talk at the Antwerp City Hall, a man introduced himself to me and it was Erwin Joos, founder and director of the Eugène Van Mieghem Museum. We subsequently became friends and, as a result, Erwin did lecture tours in Florida about Eugène Van Mieghem and the museum in 2014 and 2015. In 2015, he spoke at one of the chapters of ORT in Sarasota.

The RSL Museum plans to bring an exhibition to the U.S., which will include a film Mario De Munck made about me when he visited me in Sarasota in 2010 and when I was in Antwerp in 2011. The exhibition will start in the most appropriate place for a museum dedicated to immigration—Ellis Island—and will be there from May 26 until September 3, 2016. Negotiations are under way for the exhibition to also be shown in Philadelphia and Chicago. And I am hopeful the exhibition will also come to Sarasota or another site in Florida.

I no longer have the blue velveteen sailor doll—but my memories of Antwerp are fresh.

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Editor’s note: Sonia was a presenter at four IAYC conferences. She was a co-founder of NOW (National Organization for Women) and the first woman attorney in the Office of the General Counsel at the EEOC (Equal Employment Opportunity Commission). She is the author of a memoir entitled Eat First--You Don’t Know What They’ll Give You: The Adventures of an Immigrant Family and Their Feminist Daughter. Sonia is a feminist activist, writer, and public speaker.
Reflections on Rehab
By Harold Ticktin

Here in Cleveland, Ohio, we have the mightily named Montefiore complex, a charitable megalith combining all the various kinds of succor to an aging, mostly (but far from only) Jewish recoverees from falls, bladder infections, muscular failings, and, of course, diabetes-related impairment). I write at the tail end of a four-week excursion after an aptly named “fragility” fracture, one that afflicts aging bones, for which patience and rehab therapy are the indicated solutions. Though many of my fellow patients are not Jewish, the impact of our culture is everywhere evident. What, for example, is more critical to Jewish culture than food.

For those Midwesterners like me who never knew the pleasures of Grossingers, Browns, or the Concord Montefiore is a veritable Disney-like trip to that glorious past. There was a song in those Catskill days called “Esn, Esn” (eat, eat); at Montefiore three full meals in less than eight hours captures the flavor of the song which, combined with therapy and shlofn, leaves the day with little else. To put it in the rhythms of Yiddish: Gourmet the food isn’t. The most amazing connection between the food and the help is how the latter have absorbed the niceties of Kashrut. Under the careful eyes of the servers, I tried to juggle my wayward chocolate/donut/
August 1939, she was soon deported as a potential security risk to a “settlement”, a milder form of the Gulag, until war’s end. She was returned to Bessarabia (then part of Ukraine and today Moldava) in 1947, from which she and her family escaped to Venezuela, specifically to exotic oil-producing Maracaibo, where the family ran a “shmate” store.

In 1970 she moved to Israel (we exchanged a bisl Ivrit) and remained there until 2005. Her four-continent life tour ended up in Cleveland, Ohio, to be close to one of her daughters (who cleared the air for me a bit) married to a physicist—from Hungary, just to stir the pot a bit more.

In retrospect esn, shlofn, physical therapy and companionship all seemed to collapse into a kind of communal life. My wife, much younger than I, became an interested spectator to my romance with Rifka. It all climaxed one afternoon when I was still struggling with the details. I was visited by a dear friend, a woman who had survived the Vilna ghetto. When I saw Rivka walk by (at 98 without aid!) I eagerly invited her to join us. Two native Yiddish speakers could bring out more of Rivka’s history.

I listened attentively as Sylvia conveyed my nagging queries but she encountered the same obstacles as I did. Rivka simply could not narrate her story. She showed the same reluctance in pure Yiddish as she had in our trilingual efforts. The following exchange between them occurred. After informing Rivka that “Herschel vil visn mer vegn ayer lebn.” (Harold wants to know more about your life) Rivka replied, a bit irritably, “Ikh veys—er fregt mikh yedn tog.” (I know, he asks me every day) My friend responded: “Er iz zeyer an inteligenter man.” (He is a very smart man).

Rivka ended the conversation with: “Neyn er iz a nudnik” (No, he is a nudge).

As my last days at Montefiore faded, so did the Catskill-like relationship end quietly, as must all such brief encounters. Not with bitterness, but with a kind of marital resignation, we sat and ate, but spoke mainly in pauses. But I have no bitter feelings at all. Now at home, getting multiple visits for physical therapy, I reflect with some nostalgia about my four-week stay, learning about Kashrut, fragility fractures, and the advances of modern medicine that made it possible for a nonagenarian like Rivka to become my dinner companion. And now my wife can spread the word that she is married to a nudnik.

A matsyeve kritser
By Boris Kopit

Dr. Hershł Glasser writes a monthly column on linguistics in the Forverts. He was dean of the Max Weinreich Center for Advanced Jewish Studies.

Dr. Glasser’s latest topic was a bit macabre, as it concerned interment and cemeteries, what in Yiddish is called ”araynlegn in d’rerd”. It recalls a funny Yiddish saying about someone who is not doing well in business or otherwise: ”Er ligt in d’rerd un bakt beygl’.

The article brought back some memories of my early childhood. Next to our yard was a gravestone business, what in Yiddish was called ”A matsyeve kritser” (a gravestone engraver). The limestone slabs came in basically three shapes: square, pointed or rounded at their tops. The yard was full of pell-mell scattered crude gravestones, which created an ideal place for our hide and seek games.

I used to spend hours watching, fascinated by the engraver who using only a chisel and a round wooden mallet to create the symbols and the letters in the same way that the Egyptians, Greeks, and the Romans did centuries ago.

The symbolic vignettes on the top of the inscriptions represented the virtues of the deceased. A broken-in-half lighted candle indicated a person who died before his or her time; a few backs of books: a lamdn (a scholar), a tablet of the Ten Commandments, a pious person; and a Star of David, was shared by the rest of the mortals.

The ”matsyeve kritser”, as I remember him from later years, had a sense of humor and made up jokes with the different inscriptions. One of them still stuck in my memory. The customary last few letters in Hebrew at the bottom of the gravestone, the acronym T N C V H, he interpreted facetiously as: Tam N iema C zym W cale H andłować, which in Polish means: Over there there’s not a thing to make business with.

Editor’s note: Boris’s “Humor and Sophistication in Some Polish Sayings,” appeared in Der Bay. His book is, A Treasury of Yiddish Idioms And Colorful Expressions/ collected, alliterated and provided with interpretation & etymological notes.
A dank di nisim (miracles) fun der moderner teknologye, hot a zibitsik-yorike froy gehat a kind. Ven me hot zi oysgeshribn fun shpitol (hospital), zenen ire kroyvim (relatives) gekumen tsu ir aheym, zi tsu bagrisn.

“Kenen mir zen dos oyfele baby?” hobn zey gefregt.

“Nokh nisht,” hot geentfert di zibitsik-yorike mame.

Fuftsn minut shpeter hobn zey vider gefregt, tsi zey kenen zen dos kind.

“Nokh nisht,” hot di mame gezogt.

Es zenen vider farbay fuftsn minut un di kroyvim hobn shoyn farloyrn dos geduld (patience). “Nu, ven kenen mir yo zen dos oyfele?” hobn zey gefregt.

“Ven es veynt.”

“Far vos darfn mir vartn, biz es vet veynen?”

Entfert di mame: "Vayl kh’gedenk nisht vu ikh hob es ahingeton.”

* * *

A tsenter far eltere layt hot ayngefirt (introduced) a shmueskrayz (speaking circle) far menshtn, vos di reye (odor) iz bay zey shtark opgeshvakht (weakened).

Der sotsyaler arbeter, vos me hot bashtimt (assigned) ontsufirn mit der grupe, hot oyf der ershter bagegenish (meeting) bagrist di bateylikte (attendees) un zikh forgeshelt far zey.

“Ikh heys Mayk, un far di fun aykh, velkhe kenen mikh nisht zen azyo gut, zogt men mir, az ikh ze oys vi a gemish fun Pol Nyuman un Robert Redford.”

Ruft zikh op eyn froy: “Azoy blind zenen mir nisht!”

* * *

Goldbergs balibtste (favourite) atraktsye inem zoologishn gortn iz “Dos Hoyz Fun Der Nakht”, vu di nakht-bashefenishn (creatures) krikhn un flien arum.

Eyn zunikn tog hot er zikh arayngehapt in aza “Hoyz”, un iz glaykh geblibn shteyn in der totaler fintsternish. Plutsling (suddenly) hot er derfilt a kinds hentl in zaynem.

“Vemes kind zent ir?” hot Goldberg geshepshet (whispered) tsum umbakantrn (unknown) kind.

Zayn entfer: “Kh’bin dayns, biz me tsindt on di likht.”

* * *

Der zeks-yoriker Shmulik hot zikh gemutshet mit zayn aritmetik-heymarbet, hot di mame im gepruvt (tried) helfn.


Entfert zayn shvester fun tsveytn tsimer: “Tsvey fraynd.”

* * *

Dos zeks-yorike Sorele iz tsum ershtn mol geven oyt a khasene. Bes (while) khosn-kale zenen geshtanen unter der khupe, hot Sorele geshepshet (whispered) tsu ir mamen: “Far vos iz ir kleyd vays?”

“Vayl vays iz der kolir fun glik, un haynt iz der gliklekhster tog fun ir lebn.”

Sorele hot zikh fartrakht (deep in thought) un dernokh gefregt: “Far vos zhe iz zayn ontsug (suit) shvarts?”

* * *
Mishpokhe Kheyndelekh - 66
Transliterated by Ana Berman
Ibergezetst fun yidish, funem forverts

Visndik, az er hot bemeshekh fun di fargangene etlekhe yor ongeleygt a hipsh (considerable) por funt, hot Goldshteyn nisht gehat dem mut (courage) zikh optsuvegn.

Baym oysfiln a formular far lebn-farzikherung, iz ober geshtanen di frage, vifl er vegt, hot er shoyn nisht gehat keyn breyre (choice) un er iz aroyf oyf der vog. Er hot nisht gekent iberleyenen di tsifern (figures), iz er gegangen nemen zayne briln un dernokh tsurik aroyf oyf der vog.

“Gey veys,” ruft er oys, “az di briln vegn gor fuftsik funt!”

Baym sof fun shabesdi kn davenen in shil, hot der prezident zikh oyfgeshtelt, kedey ibertsugebn di meldungen (announcements) fun der vokh.


Nokh dem vi Odem Harishon iz etlekhe nekht nokh anand (each other) shpet aheymgekumen, iz di muter Khave gevorn broygez. “du loyfst arum mit fremde vayber!” hot zi derklert.


Zey hobn zikh vayter gekrigt, biz Odem iz antshlofn gevorn. Mit a mol hot er derfilt vi emetser tapt im dem brustkastn. Er hot zikh oyfgekhapt, derzet er -- dos tut Khave.

“Vos iz shoyn vider?” fregt er, an oyfgeregter.

Entfert zi: “Kh’tseyl (I’m counting) dayne ripn (ribs).”

Shmulik hot bagegnt an altn khaver oyf der gas, hobnn zey zikh arayngekhapt in a kafe.


“Prekhtik!” zogt der khaver. “Kh’hob a sakh derkh-erets (respect) far a mentsh, vos realizirt zayne khaloymes (dreams). Nu, host shoyn epes farkoyft?”

“Zikher,” entfert Shmulik. “Mayn hoyz, mayn oyto, mayne aktsyes (shares of stock)...”

A froy hot bashtelt a tort mit a rozeven kolir far ir tekhterls geboyn-tog (birthday). Ober ven zi iz arayngekumen a tog far der simkhe, un derzen dem kolir funem tort, iz ir gevorn fintser in di oygn.

“Dos iz aza shrayike shatirung (shade) fun roze!” hot zi gezogt. “Mayn tekhterl hot gevolt a veykhe rozeve farb (light rose color). Zi vet zayn shtark antoysht (disappointed).”

Der balebos hot zi baruikt, az me vet ir makhn a frishn tort, un afile aroplozn (reduce) dem prayz.

Nokhn opbakn dem tsveytn tort hot er ongeklungen der mamen un gefregt: “Vos vilt ir, es zol shteyn geshribn oyfn tort?”

Entfert zi: “Shraybt poshet (simply) --- ‘lekoved (in honor of) dayn ershtn geboyn-tog’.”

A klorer gevisn iz geveyntlekh (usually) a simen fun a shlekhtn zikorn (memory).

Farvos darf a treferke (fortune teller) aykh fregn vi ir heyst?
Solomon’s Ring - Yehoash, In geveb, 1919

Endless figures
Countless reincarnations
Seize and change—
Like a black cord,
Like an evil snake,
slithering through the years—
Like a mute lament
crying through the generations:

Never emptied, the goblet,
Never summited, the mountain
Never fully constructed, the tower
Never seen to the end, the dream.

This is the first poem from In geveb (1919), a two-volume collection of poems written by Yehoash (Solomon Blumgarten, 1872–1927). Geveb is a Yiddish word meaning texture, fabric, or weave. By naming his volume In geveb, Yehoash expresses the belief that all of Jewish and Yiddish culture—past, present, and future—can be woven into poetry. In the case of this poem, Solomon’s ring is reclaimed from the past and transformed into a kind of sigil, an emblem for a culture that always endures yet continues to change even when it seems poised to disappear.

More practically and much more to the point: Geveb is also a word for web and in geveb is a roundabout way of saying “online.” Our aim is to create an online version of Yehoash’s dream, to use new tools and technologies to continue weaving the web of Yiddish culture. Print operates in words and still images. The web allows us to present texts, images, video, and audio, and to use dynamic design to enhance the experience of reading, hearing, and seeing Yiddish. The dual language capabilities of the site make it possible to publish in both the original Yiddish and in English, with the reader able to choose which—or both—she wants to read at once.

The idea for an online journal of Yiddish Studies germinated in 2010 at Ben-Gurion University. At a session devoted to the future of Yiddish Studies organized by David Roskies, scholars and students expressed what they considered to be the field’s most pressing need: a new way to share their work and engage in the essential conversations that enable new scholarship. The last journal solely devoted to Yiddish, Khulyot, ceased publication in 2008. Yiddish scholars have since been without a regularly published journal to share their research. Roskies approached the Naomi Foundation and asked them to support the creation of a new online journal of Yiddish Studies. After discussions about the project’s feasibility and direction, Roskies and the Naomi Foundation completed a search for committed young scholars of Yiddish to lead the project. We agreed to take on the project as coeditors.

In establishing a new journal of Yiddish Studies, our first goal was to create a site that presents the diversity of what Yiddish Studies might be—the study of Yiddish literature, theater, linguistics, history, anthropology, ethnomusicology, and beyond. We are committed to publishing high-quality, peer-reviewed academic articles that engage with past forms of Yiddish scholarship but that also seek out new conversations and connections with a variety of academic disciplines. We want to trace how Yiddish breaks away from its traditional disciplinary boundaries into larger academic discourses. In Fall 2014, the editors organized a panel on the future of Yiddish Studies at the Association for Jewish Studies Conference. A packed room of diverse stakeholders listened as younger scholars discussed the importance of refreshing Yiddish studies. Panelists argued that we need to incorporate new methodologies and theories—but that we also need to use the case of Yiddish to correct and refine these theories. Others
discussed the future of language pedagogy and the need for continued archival work, reminding us that counter-theories of Yiddish cultural history emerge when we peer into the archive and open ourselves to topics that were once considered taboo. The response to the session was enthusiastic. Other scholars shared their visions of Yiddish studies with us. So now In geveb officially begins with a symposium on the state of Yiddish Studies, a series of short essays by a variety of scholars on the new questions facing the field. It is a topic we will return to every few years. The discussion of what Yiddish Studies can be should never end.

But In geveb was also born from the idea that the academic article is not the sole source of knowledge, nor the only way to learn about a culture. In geveb is open to publishing any kind of material that engages the audience in the world of Yiddish and makes it accessible. Besides academic articles, In geveb has three other sections: texts and translations, pedagogy, and the In geveb blog.

The texts and translations section features original translations of the work of well-known Yiddish writers—as in the first translations of David Bergelson’s novel Mides hadin (Harsh Judgment) and of a prose poem by Abraham Sutzkever. But we will also publish material that likely would not find any other publisher: a droshe (sermon) of Reb Aron of Karlin, an essay on the politics of translation by Chaim Zhitlowsky.

Our pedagogy section will give Yiddish language teachers a space to share strategies and methodologies, materials, and their own experiences in the classroom with other teachers: from discussions surrounding which textbooks a teacher uses to evaluating lesson plans for that difficult first day of class.

And finally, the In geveb blog. We want In geveb to be a locus of public scholarship. We believe in sharing our dynamic cultural discoveries with broader audiences and in writing in ways that are both intellectual and playful. Expect reports from international conferences and expect a listicle of the five best-dressed Yiddish writers. Expect essays, interviews, podcasts, and videos.

We worked with our design team to embed this range of topics and formats within a bold visual identity. With our guidance, the designers came up with imagery that reflects the dynamism of Yiddish, that echoes past forms of Yiddish intellectual culture—the modernist journal in particular—while signaling our commitment to new horizons for Yiddish Studies.

Our name recalls Yehoash’s vision of the fabric that weaves in all aspects of Yiddish culture. But we take as our sigil 11 the image of the golden peacock, di goldene pave, the symbol of Yiddish folk culture. The poet Itzik Manger explains:

The golden peacock is a rare bird. You can travel around the world and you will not encounter it. You’ll find it only if you make yourselves familiar with Yiddish folksong. There she is born.

This mythical creature has no country, but is alive everywhere that Yiddish is spoken and studied, and everywhere that Yiddish inspires. It is always moving through time, indeed a creature that does not rest and never completes its journey.

On that note, it is worth mentioning another deviation from print-media: the issue. We are able to publish material as soon as it is ready and to regularly engage with our readers. Rather than limit publishing to once every three months, we will post articles, translations, essays, and more two to three times a week.

In geveb has ambitious aims: to be the online home for Yiddish Studies; to catalyze new scholarship; to work with other Yiddish organizations on joint projects that highlight lost treasures; to cultivate the next generation of scholars/writers/teachers/thinkers on Yiddish cultural issues; and to host lively events that bring people together and, in so doing, learn that the Yiddish word oysgeputst may be translated as “trendy.” By embracing the possibilities of digital scholarship and pushing the boundaries of Yiddish Studies, In geveb is poised to be not only a repository for the forgotten archives of Yiddish culture but also, more importantly, a forum where these texts take on new forms and gain new readers and new audiences. Weaving together the voices and texts of Yiddish’s past, present, and future, our aim is to never summit the mountain and never empty the goblet—to never see this dream end.
Amerikaner Shadkhn
USA, 1940, 87 minutes, B&W  35mm 16mm DVD
A wealthy businessman’s 8th engagement goes awry.

Bar Mitzvah
USA, 1935, 75 minutes, B&W DVD
Boris Thomashefsky in a masterwork of shund.

The Bent Tree
USA, 1980, 8 minutes, Animated  16mm
A child’s mother deprives him of exploring the world.

A Cantor on Trial—A Khazn af Probe
USA, 1931, 10 min, B&W     35mm 16mm DVD
Spoof of a synagogue committee in a khazn search.

Dem Khazns Zundl
USA, 1937, 90 min, b&w  35mm DVD
Moishe Oysher leaves Shtetle Belz for Lower East Side.

Catskill Honeymoon
USA, 1949, 93 minutes, B&W 16mm DVD
Jewish resort hotel celebrates a 50th wedding anniversary by an old-fashioned Borscht Belt show.

Children Must Laugh—Mir Kumen On
Poland, 1935, 63 minutes, B&W
Documentary of Jewish life in Poland before WWII.

The Cowboy
USA, 1968, 11 minutes, B&W 16mm DVD
Boy grows up and becomes a quick-trigger cowboy.

A Day In Warsaw
Poland, 1938, 10 minutes, B&W     16mm DVD
Warsaw was home to 400,000 Jews before WW II.

The Dybbuk—Der Dibuk
Poland, 1937, 123 mins, B&W 35mm 16mm DVD
Two families get into a pit of spiritual possession.

East & West—Mizrekh un Mayrev / Ost und West
Austria, 1923, 85 minutes, B&W 16mm DVD
Comedy starring Molly Picon at a family wedding.

The Feast of Passover—Di Seder Nakht
USA, 1931, 15 minutes, B&W     16mm VHS DVD
Seder recalls traditional Russian Passover celebration.

Got, Mentsh, un Tayvl
USA, 1949, 100 minutes, B&W  16mm DVD
God & Satan wager has dire results.

Great Cantors of the Golden Age
USA, 2006, 120 minutes, B&W/ color  2 DVD Set
2 films of cantors, 1910-1940s

Grine Felder
USA, 1937, 95 minutes, B&W  35mm 16mm DVD
Peretz Hirschbein’s semi-autobiographical play.

His Excellency Yevo Prevoshoditelstvo
USSR, 1928, 76 minutes, B&W  35mm 16mm DVD
Moscow Art Theater.

His Wife’s Lover—Zayn Vaybs Lubovnik
USA, 1931, 80 minutes, B&W 35mm DVD
It was the first Jewish musical comedy talking picture.

Ikhs Vil Zayn a Border
USA, 1937, 15 minutes, B&W  35mm 16mm DVD
A couple pretend to be landlady and tenant.

Der Purimshpiler
Poland, 1937, 90 minutes, B&W  35mm DVD
A Purim scheme to marry a daughter into a rich family.

Jewish Life in Bialystok
Jewish Life in Cracow
Jewish Life in Lwow
Jewish Life in Vilna

Poland, 1938 & 39, ea 10 mins B&W 16mm DVD

Jewish and Yitzhak Goskind, Sektor Films made 6 films.

Jewish Luck
USSR, 1925, 100 mins, B&W 35mm 16mm DVD
Menakhem Mendl, daydreaming entrepreneur of strike-it-rich schemes, goes from schlemiel to hero.

Jolly Paupers—Freylekhe Kabtsonim
Poland, 1937, 62 mins, B&W 35mm 16mm DVD
Dzigan and Shumacher in a comedy of errors.

Kol Nidre
USA, 1939, 88 minutes, B&W Digital Blu-ray DVD
A risqué shund Yiddish tearjerker exploring assimilation, anti-semitism, and gender roles.

Laughter Through Tears Skvoz Slezy
USSR, 1928, 92 minutes, B&W  35mm 16mm DVD
An earthy portrait of prerevolutionary shtetl life.

A Brivele der Mamen
Poland, 1939, 106 mins, B&W 35mm 16mm DVD
Family disintegration and poverty and the displacements facing European Jews in 1939.

Fisheke der Krummer
USA, 1939, 94 minutes, B&W  35mm 16mm DVD
Disabled lovers Fishke and Hodl dream of Odessa.
The Living Orphan—Der Lebediker Yosem  
USA, 1937, 97 minutes, B&W 35mm DVD  
Traumatic problems of the immigrant experience.

Lang iz der Veg  
1948, 77 minutes, B&W 35mm DVD  
Represents the Holocaust from a Jewish perspective.

Love And Sacrifice—Libe un Laydnshaft  
USA, 1936, 76 minutes, B&W 35mm DVD  
A prime example of "shund", the melodramatic theatrical escapist entertainment of Yiddish theater.

Mamele  
Poland, 1938, 100 minutes, B&W 16mm DVD  
Molly Picon, the dutiful daughter, keeps the family intact from childhood to her old age.

Mirele Efros  
USA, 1939, 80 minutes, B&W 16mm DVD  
It was the masterpiece of Jacob Gordin.

Motel the Operator  
USA, 1939, 88 minutes, B&W 35mm DVD  
It highlights the hardships of Jewish immigrants in labor dispute in the NYC garment district.

Hayntike Mames  
USA, 1939, 85 minutes, B&W 35mm DVD  
Radio star Esther Field as the Yidishe Mama.

Undzere Kinder  
Poland, 1948, 68 mins, B&W 35mm 16mm DVD  
Dzigan and Shumacher play the parts in a Sholem Aleichem story for children of Holocaust survivors.

Overture to Glory—Der Vilner Balebesl  
USA, 1940, 77 minutes, B&W 35mm 16mm DVD  
A Vilna cantor with the voice of Moishe Oysher.

Nosn Becker Fort Aheym  
USSR, 1932, 72 minutes, B&W 35mm DVD  
Plot centers on Nathan Becker, a Jewish bricklayer...

The Singing Blacksmith—Yankl Der Schmid  
USA, 1938, B&W, 95 minutes 35mm 16mm DVD  
A psychological study of physical passion.

Tevye  
USA, 1939, 96 minutes, B&W 35mm 16mm DVD  
Maurice Schwartz’s adaptation of Sholem Aleichem novel centers on Tevye’s daughter Khave...

Tsvey Shvester  
USA, 1938, 82 minutes, B&W 16mm DVD  
Older sister sees her younger sister fall in love.

Uncle Moses  
USA, 1932, 87 minutes, b&w 16mm DVD  
Uncle Moses welcomes landsmen to his factory.

Di Umgliklikhe Kale  
USA, 1932, 68 minutes, b&w 35mm DVD  
Tale of a dissident writer who leaves wife in Russia.

A Vilna Legend—Dem Rebns Koyekh  
USA, 1933, 60 minutes, B&W 35mm 16mm DVD  
The Yiddish theatrical world in Warsaw in the 1920s.

The Vow Tkies Kaf  
Poland, 1937, 82 minutes, b&w 35mm DVD  
Based on the Dybbuk legend.

The Wandering Jew—Der Vanderner Yid  
USA, 1933, 66 minutes  
Depicts the situation of Jews in Nazi Germany.

We Live Again Nous Continuons  
France, 1946, 53 minutes, B&W 35mm DVD  
Documentary of Jewish Holocaust orphans.

Vu iz Mayn Kind?  
USA, 1937, 92 minutes, B&W 16mm DVD  
Celia Adler in NY at the height of Jewish immigration.

On a Heym  
Poland, 1939, 88 minutes, B&W 16mm DVD  
Yiddish film based on a 1907 play by Jacob Gordin.

The Yiddish Cinema  
USA, 1991, 60 minutes, B&W/Color DVD  
A perfect way to introduce Yiddish cinema.

The Yiddish King Lear—Der Yidisher Kenig Lir  
USA, 1935, 86 minutes, B&W 16mm  
Jacob Gordin's play transposes Shakespeare’s story to turn-of-the-century Jewish Vilna.

Yidl Mitn Fidl  
Poland, 1936, 92 minutes, b&w 35mm 16mm DVD  
The most commercially successful Yiddish musical.

Yizkor  
Austria, 1924, 100 minutes, b&w 16mm DVD  
The plot is of hostage-taking, heroism and resistance.

Yosl Cutler and His Puppets  
USA, 1935, 18 mins, b&w 16mm DVD  
One of Yosl Cutler’s solo puppet shows.

Zol Zayn  
Israel-Germany, 1989, 135 mins, Color DVD  
The state of Yiddish culture in Israel.
Sukes, the fall festival harvest festival, was also called the Feast of the Ingathering. It is one of the three holidays (together with Peysekh and Shvues) that are linked with the flight from Egypt. It supposedly represents the sojourn of the Israelites in the wilderness. Besides celebrating the harvest, Sukes at one time also featured a special ceremony to bring on the first rainfall of the year.

HUMUS
½ cup lemon juice
2-3 cloves garlic
1 can chickpeas
parsley to taste
1 onion
½ tsp. cumin
1 cup tahini
¼ tsp. pepper
paprika

Drain chickpeas and remove 1/3 cup liquid. Chop garlic and onion in Cuisinart. Add drained chickpeas and blend until smooth. (If too dry, add a bit of lemon juice.) Add reserve chickpea liquid and the balance of lemon juice. Add tahina. Add spices and chopped parsley. Serve with pita, crackers as well as fresh vegetables.

Shvues the Festival of Weeks, comes 7 weeks after Peysakh and celebrates the end of the barley harvest and commemorates the giving of the Torah. Traditionally we eat dairy dishes.

BAKED PANCAKE (serves 4-6)
3 large eggs
¾ cup milk
¾ cup flour
½ tsp salt
1½ tbsp margarine
1 tsp vanilla
Filling
1 lb fresh, tart apples
2 tbsp margarine
¼ tsp cinnamon
¼ tsp nutmeg
¼ cup sugar (or substitute)

Preheat oven to 450F. Beat eggs, milk, flour, salt and vanilla until smooth. Melt butter in the oven in a large pie plate. When hot, remove from oven and add butter. Return to oven. While pancake is baking, peel, core and thinly slice apples. Saute slightly with margarine, spices and sugar until tender but not too soft. (If using sugar substitute add after cooking and just before topping the pancake. After baking for 15 minutes, lower oven to 350R and continue baking 10 minutes or until light brown and crisp. Remove from oven and top with filling. (The topping can be prepared earlier and rewarmed when required. Peaches or any fruit combination can be substituted.
This is a partial list of particularly important works in Yiddish available from Henry Hollander. He can be reached at: 415-831-3228. The URL for his website is: www.hollanderbooks.com

Books in this list are selected, and are all essential for serious scholarly libraries. For the linguist there are many very important items. As the Gemara often says, "Learn from this."

Henry’s booth at the Millbrae, CA IAYC conference was one of the most active. His collection of Yiddish and Hebrew books contained many that are difficult to find. There was an excellent glossary dealing with various helpful aspects. Fishl did not know: “colophon” or “foxing”.


Mark, Yudel & Joffe, Judah, eds. Groyse Verterbukh fun der Yidisher Shprakh/ Great Dictionary of the Yiddish Language. In Four Volumes. Incomplete, all published. New York, Yiddish Dictionary Committee, Inc., 1961. This massive work reached only to the end of Aleph, but because of the significance of that letter yielded 80,000 entries, one-third of the entire Yiddish vocabulary. The work was planned to go thirteen volumes, but the deaths of Joffe and Mark, as well as many of their over 300 correspondents, brought the work to a halt. Perhaps someone will come along and work with whatever notes remain for the rest of the Yiddish vocabulary.


Stutchkoff, Nahum. Der Oytser fun der Yidisher Sprakh/ Thesaurus of the Yiddish Language. New York, YIVO, 1950. 1991 Reprint edition. "The Thesaurus of the Yiddish Language" comprises over one hundred and fifty thousand words, idioms, phrases, and proverbs. It consists of three sections: introductory part (I-LVI); the material proper, arranged, according to concepts, into groups from 1-620a (pp. 1-730); alphabetical index.

Sunshine, Andrew, Weinreich, Uriel, Weinreich, Beatrice S. and Neumann, Robert. The Language and Culture Atlas of Ashkenazic Jewry: Prepared and published under the aegis of an Editorial Collegium: Marvin Herzog (Editor-in-Chief), Vera Baviskar, Ulrike Kiefer, Robert Neumann, Wolfgang Putschke, Andrew Sunshine and Uriel Weinreich. Volume II: Research Tools/ Der yidisher shprakh un kultur-atlas. Tsveyter Band: Forsh-Getsayg. New York / Tübingen, YIVO Institute for Jewish Research / Max Niemeyer Verlag, 1995. The Language and Culture of Ashkenazic Jewry is based on the investigation entitled Geographic Differentiation in Co-territorial Societies. The investigation was designed by Uriel Weinreich and directed by him until 1967. Since 1967 it has been directed by Marvin Herzog. The principal researchers were Vera Baviskar z”l, Marvin Herzog, Steven Lowenstein, Mordkhe Schaechter, Beatrice S. Weinreich and Uriel Weinreich z”l.
• "Velvel of Zbarazh and His Letters," Bernhard Wachstein,
• "New and Old Words in the Yiddish Bible Translation by Yehoash," Khaim Spivak,
• "The Struggle for Yiddish in the Old Yiddish Literature," Israel Zinberg,
• "Assimilation of Consonants in the Yiddish Sentence," Theodore Gutmann,
• "The Shire-gris," J. Willer,
• "The 3 Yiddish Books of Michael Adam," N. Shtif,
• "Proper Names and Their Importance in Yiddish," Tsvi Shpirn,
• "On the Use of Cases in Yiddish," E. Kaganoff,
• "The Slav Element and Slav Influence in Yiddish," Alfred Landau,
• "First History of Yiddish Theatre," Jacob Shatzky,
• "Notes on Yiddish in the Burgenland," R. Stalek,
• "Beliefs and Customs in Connection with Death," Kh. Khayes,
• "The Date of Birth of Ayzik Mayer Dik," P. Kon,
• "A Dutch-Yiddish Bridal Song of the End of the 18th Century," I.M. Hillesom,
• "Yiddish Elements in the Early German Jargon," Rudolf Glanz,
• "Rare Yiddish Books in the Library of the University of Harvard," A.A. Roback,
• "The Song of Mobilization," W. Anderson,
• "Terminology Used in Various Trades," S. Winter,
• "Notes on the Ahaseurus Drama," M. Weinreich,
• "Contributions to Word Formation in Yiddish," Z. Raisen,
• "Peretz and Frishman in Their Personal Relations," N. Mayzel.

• "The Historical Allegory of Rabbi Meir Schatz," Isaac Rivkind,
• "The Lamentation (Kloglid) on the Destruction of Worms," Jacob Shatzky,
• "Philip Krantz and His Literary Acquaintances," Moshe Starkman,
• "The Genealogy of Haikl Hurwitz," Menasheh Unger,
• "Death in the Popular Beliefs of the Jews. A Questionaire," compiled by Sh. Ansky,
• "The First Hebrew-Yiddish Text-Book of Polish and its Author, Bishop Jan Chryzostom Gintylo," Pinkhas Kon,
• "Lilith," I. Zoller,
• "An Idioticon of Lojvitch (Kowicz)," Isaiah Taub,
• "Thirty Unpublished Letters of Sholem-Aleichem,"
• "New Ideas on Grammar," A. Zaratzky,
• "Letters from I.L. Peretz to Sholem-Aleichem," Nahman Maizel,
• "The Polish Folk Song 'Wojna Zydowska' ('The Jewish War')," N. Veinig,
• "Remarks on the Yiddish Syntax," Eugene Kagarov,
• "Jehuda Joseph Lerner, a Forgotten Nihilist," Sh. Borovoi,
• "Transcriptions of Yiddish," Salomo Birnbaum,
• "Jokes and Anecdotes of 'Maskilim' and of 'Lomdim'," Sh. Beilin,
• "Paul Hecz's 'Elemental oder Lesebuchten',' Nahum Schif,
• "The Yiddish Press in Roumania from 1854 to 1926," Sh.S. Roman,
• "Two Yiddish Songs Ridiculing the Jews," Max Weinreich,
• "The First Yiddish Comedy," Max Erik,
• "Yiddish Place-Names in Poland," Sam Winter,
• "Adjective Formation in Yiddish," Zalman Raisen,

Weinreich, Max. History of the Yiddish Language. In Two Volumes. New Haven, Yale University Press, Published in cooperation with YIVO, 2008. Second English language edition. ISBN: 978-0-300-10887-3. Translated by Shlomo Noble, with the assistance of Joshua A. Fishman, and with editing and a new introduction to this edition by Paul Glasser. His introduction explains the differences between this edition and the previous one published by the University of Chicago in one volume in 1980. The notes are translated with a more contemporary eye to transliteration and are improved where Weinreich's notation was excessive or brief. The original index is revised and augmented. Each volume includes an Appendix: Parallel Paragraph numbering of Max Weinreich (1973): 'Geshikhte fun der Yidisher Shprakh' and Max Weinreich (2008): 'History of the Yiddish Language,' and a Select Bibliography of Max Weinreich's Works.
Der Bay is fully online.

All of the back issues are on the website with a special search box.

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Published Since January 1991

• Networking, Networking, Networking, is having others help you get what YOU want. Der Bay is a great networking tool.

• Send articles to: FISHL@derbay.org
January 1991 marked the first issue of Der Bay. The one 8.5x11 sheet was geared for information to and about the Yiddish community in the Greater San Francisco Bay area. It was the result of six months of phoning and asking people if they were interested in Yiddish and/or they knew anyone who was interested in receiving a copy of Der Bay. It soon became obvious that the contacts went far afield and covered the entire US and then beyond North America.

When the list reached a thousand, around December 1, 1990, it was decided to send out the first copy and the name was chosen—DER BAY, actually as an acronym for Bay Area Yiddish and is pronounced as it is in English. The database continued to grow and today includes every state and 35 countries.

The January 2015 issue, Vol. 25 No. 1, began the 25-year of publication and as “father time” takes its toll, it is time to think about the future. A year ago forgetting how old I was, my daughter Debbie told me to remember how many keys there are on a piano (88). Up until her suggestion I had been subtracting 1926 from the current year, but I liked her way better. Debbie has been prodding me to get someone to eventually take over editing and distributing Der Bay. My comment has been, “Who is interested in Yiddish, able to write/edit, willing to spend the time, on the newsletter and the website, and not be paid?

My son came up with the idea that perhaps one of the universities or organizations would be interested. He said, “Why not put out an RFP and see if someone can “think outside of the box and come up with a novel plan.” It could be the Bialik High School in Montreal, Kadimah in Australia, one of the universities in Israel or Germany…”

The Yiddish world is seeing major changes. The Forverts has done a magnificent job of going online and having the brilliant feature of being able to click on any word and getting its definition. My personal experience with the hardcopy has been to read about a fifth of the issue (because of interest and time—especially Glasser’s column) and have Weinreich handy for some of the words.

Another major change—Henry Sapoznik was lured from New York to the University of Wisconsin, in Madison, and KlezKamp as we knew it is gone.

The League for Yiddish has blossomed since Sheva Zucker took over the leadership and its young offshoot Yugntruf keeps rolling along.

YIVO has decreased in size since its move and shares the building with other organizations. While the Buenos Aires YIVO and the one in Chicago are doing well, the Miami group has all but gone.

The Yiddish Book Center has dropped “National” from its title and has begun to emphasize the translation process.

Israel, Germany, and Poland are showing growth and Israel may become the Yiddish center in the next twenty years.

IAYC continues to flourish having held its 16th conference in Boca Raton, FL. This organization is unique in holding each of its conferences in a different city. They have been held in a hotel, at a conference center, or a university (even a Catholic one which was the only conference that was strictly kosher).

So, what is the future of Der Bay? It will go the way of Sutzkever’s Di Goldene Keyt (1955), Noah Lewin’s Der Onheib, and Moshe Shklar’s Heshbon (2007) all predominantly a one-person publication.

Meanwhile expanding the over 450 matching of briv fraynd, originally started by Frida Cielak of Mexico City, continues with the use of skyping.

In May of 2014 it became obvious that the arthritis in Fishl’s right thumb was advancing to the point that folding, sealing, labeling and stamping the 4 11x17 sheets in each issue was too uncomfortable and the decision was to publish strictly online.

There is a search on Der Bay’s website for any word in any issue. The Table of Contents to every issue, and each copy of Der Bay from the first issue can be accessed at:
http://www.derbay.org/indextoc.html
Yiddish Merchandising and Marketing

By Fishl

Yiddish Merchandising

Af yidish, “merchandise” is the Hebrew word skhoyre, and “marketing” is opzetseray.

Merchandising is getting the product ready for the market. It comes from the word merchandise. In our case, the merchandise is the Yiddish Language and culture.

We have products galore from paper copies of newspapers, journals, textbooks, songbooks, to all types of books: dictionaries, poetry, biography, literature, fiction, history, Yizkor books, etc.

We have theatrical performances and concerts.

We have classes from onheybers to akademish. These are given in Jewish community centers, temples, synagogues, libraries, clubhouses, and even private homes.

We have conferences and conventions put on by organizations and universities.

Finally, we have the Internet and the virtual world where people continents apart can teleconference producing a “virtual Yiddish community.” In addition having dictionaries augmented by search engines, and online places like “Mendele” to ask and receive replies from Yiddishists worldwide.

So, there is a multitude of sources, both new and old, from which we can draw our “merchandise.” It is now our time to use these resources to expand the “World of Yiddish” to out-of-the-way locales, as well as to greatly increase the interest in the larger urban centers.

Yiddish Marketing Ways

You meet the head of an investment company. He hands you his business card. The next day you call and ask him for an IAYC Journal ad.

• That’s Direct Marketing.

Your grandson’s little league baseball team needs uniforms. You come up with the name the “Cohen Home Run Yidders” and you get Shalom Cohen, the kosher butcher, to pay for the uniforms.

• That’s Creative Marketing

You’re at a Jewish Federation fundraiser and say to the others at the dinner banquet, “My daughter is a great Yiddish singer you should have her sing at one of your meetings.”

• That’s Public Relations.

You’re in the ladies room at the Marriott Hotel during an IAYC Conference and another woman says to you, “Aren’t you the author of that great Yiddish book of Yiddish poetry?”

• That’s Brand Recognition.

You’re waiting in line to be registered for the conference and say to the man behind you, “I’ll be at Yenta’s booth, you should stop by.”

• That’s a Sales Rep.

Du geyst arayn in a bibliotek tsu leyenen dem Forvets afn kompyuter, un emetsn kumt un fregt aykh, “Vi azoy ken men nutstn dem kompyuter az ikh oykhet veln kenen leyenen dem Forvets?

• Dos heyst tek support.

You plan a Yiddish cruise and get a free room for every eight you bring in. You offer to split the amount with each person taking a cabin and getting others (as long as you get the eight).

• That’s Multi-Level Marketing (getting credit for the work of others.

Editor’s note: Words here are meaningful unless they are put into action.

Our Yiddish splinter groups need to blend together in an organization like the professions. What is needed is an International Association of Yiddish Organizations (IAYO). It would be representative of all segments and be a clearinghouse for news of: events, conferences, gigs, jobs, classes, clubs, new publications, grants, scholarships, briv fraynd, etc.
Get Your Ger Yizkor Book – Just Translated

How to Get Your Copy of the Ger Yizkor Book

Dr. Jack Berger is in the final stage of preparing the Ger Yizkor Book for printing. As was the case with his other Yizkor book translations, there will be only one printing. He is taking orders now, and plans call for it to be available in time for Der Bay’s 25th anniversary issue—January 2016.

We hope you will want to support this wonderful project by acquiring your copy and/or donate one to a Library or Archive of your choice. To contribute to underwriting a personal copy, and one additional copy to be donated to the Library or Archive of your choice, your name will be in a special ‘Honor Roll’ section at the beginning of the book, for all to see. For details on how you can participate, Dr. Berger can be reached at: jsberger@sigmaxi.net or Avner Yonai at: ayonai@hotmail.com

Yizkor books were written mainly during the 1960’s and 1970’s, it is a living testament of these largely Yiddish-speaking towns and cities that were left practically “Judenrein” by the Nazis. The importance of these books is immeasurable in getting a picture of what was lost in the language and culture of our Ashkenazic ancestors. Since they were written mainly in Yiddish and Hebrew, it has been out of the reach of many who followed them.

To be able to do a trustworthy translation requires people who not only have an excellent command of Yiddish and Hebrew, but also a knowledge of the history, geography and customs of the region. Dr. Jack Berger has been in the forefront of such an undertaking. This remarkable man has translated and published a dozen Yizkor books. This book is worthy of his endeavors.

The Special Significance of the Ger Yizkor Book

Ger is the Yiddish name for Góra Kalwaria in Poland, only 15 miles south of Warsaw on the Vistula River. Historically, Ger was the home of the famous Ger Rebbe. Several chapters are devoted to his life and teachings. This alone warrants the Ger Yizkor Book to be placed among tops in this group.

However there is another reason and this brings us to the present. While it started in Ger in the 1920’s and 1930’s, its story is alive today and gaining significance with time.

Avner Yonai, a Sabra now living in California, unearthed a photo of the Ger Mandolin Orchestra in the 1930’s. His maternal grandfather was in the 11-member orchestra along with two of his great-uncles. Unlike most of the others in the orchestra, his grandfather immigrated to Palestine and survived the Holocaust.

Avner’s keen interest in genealogy led him to reviving the 11-piece orchestra and travel all over Poland in search of the music that his grandfather’s mandolin orchestra had played.

This reconstructed modern-day orchestra is comprised of some of the best mandolin players in the world, and they have performed at the Warsaw Jewish Music Festival; Toronto; Los Angeles, and Berkeley, California: and was featured in NYC at the Folksbiene 100th anniversary.

Photograph of the modern-day Ger Mandolin Orchestra playing in front of the Ger Synagogue. The insert in the upper-right hand corner is a photo of the original Ger Mandolin Orchestra in the 1930’s as it appears in the original book.

The Ger Synagogue today
On September 22, 2015, my Uncle Joshua Freed, with God’s help, celebrated his 90th birthday (the fact that it fell on the Eve of Yom Kippur this year is incidental).

However, mindful of the “clutter,” associated with the Jewish holidays falling during the month of Tishrei, a number of our family saw fit to voyage out to the hinterlands of Paducah, Kentucky and lavish our affection and attention on our Venerable Beloved. The circumstances and content of the visit are interesting enough to merit this correspondence, so we can share our nakhes with a larger audience.

Background

It was in early-to-middle August, that I was mulling this milestone over, when I chanced upon an essay on the Op-Ed of the NY Times, called “Sabbath” by Dr. Oliver Sacks. Here is the reference:

Oliver Sacks: Sabbath

Oliver Sacks is a world-renowned neurobiologist (and quite incidentally, a cousin to the late Israeli ambassador Abba Eban, whose English name was Aubrey Sacks, and as it just happens a great lover of chemistry as a science. It was this love of chemistry that elicited my interest (big surprise, right?), his other renown notwithstanding. In an article, a month previous to this, he identifies an interesting ‘game’ his friends and relatives play with him, when it comes to birthdays. He tells the following:

Oliver Sacks: My Periodic Table

And now, at this juncture, when death is no longer an abstract concept, but a presence — an all-too-close, not-to-be-denied presence — I am again surrounding myself, as I did when I was a boy, with metals and minerals, little emblems of eternity. At one end of my writing table, I have element 81 in a charming box, sent to me by element-friends in England: It says, “Happy Thallium Birthday,” a souvenir of my 81st birthday last July; then, a realm devoted to lead, element 82, for my just celebrated 82nd birthday earlier this month. Here, too, is a little lead casket, containing element 90, thorium, crystalline thorium, as beautiful as diamonds, and, of course, radioactive — hence the lead casket.

By the time Oliver Sacks had written these pieces, he knew he already was dying from a metastasized cancer. He passed away on August 30, 2015 while we were still in Paducah, KY with Uncle Josh. Here is one of the many obituaries that appeared in the press:

http://www.theguardian.com/books/2015/aug/30/oliver-sacks

Consequences

Well, you can take the practice of the discipline out of the chemical engineer, but you can’t take the chemical engineer out of the practitioner J.

So I sez to myself: Self – why not get Uncle Josh (hereafter called UJ), some Thorium for his birthday? Believe it or not, using the Internet, I tracked down the good folks who created the gift for Dr. Sacks, and they were prepared to replicate it in kind for me, to give to UJ. While it was a bit expensive, I would not have had to take out a second mortgage on my house. I nevertheless demurred, since I thought a lifeless piece of metal (radioactive no less) encased in lead, might not have great appeal to my uncle the retired financial comptroller, as opposed to his nephew the addict of the sciences.

I went surfing on the Internet, and found what turned out to be a more interesting – and meaningful – alternative. You can buy shmontses emblazoned with all manner of shlik including representations of the chemical elements.

To begin, I got him a coffee mug and a beer glass as shown below (in use already): There are two tile coasters, one with the same rubric on it as on the vessels, and a second with a portrait of the electrons surrounding the Thorium nucleus.
Miriam hot gehaltn in eyn onleygn vog, hot zi zikh baratn mitn dokter.

“Vos iz dos hekhte, vos du host a mol gevoygn?”
hot der dokter gefregt.

“185 funt.”

“Un dos niderikste?”

6 funt, 4 unts.”

A Khelemer iz tsum ershtn mol geforn in an erooplan. Bald vi der erooplan hot ongehoybn flien hot er bakumen a sharfn veytik in oyer.

Di fli-bagleyterin (seat companion) hot bamerkt zayn umtsufridn ponim un im gefregt, tsi alts iz in ordenung.

“Es tut mir shtark vey inem rekhtn oyer,” hot er gezogt.

Zi hot im derklert, az dos iz a natirlekhe zakh, tsulib dem gikhn bayt (change) funem luftdruk, ven der erooplan flit aroyf in himl.

“Tsi vilt ir efsher a bisl kay-gume?” hot zi gefregt.
“A sakh menshn zogn, az es helft zey.”

Der Khelemer hot zikh gekhidesht fun aza mitl, ober hot genuen di kay-gume un badankt di fli-bagleyterin.


“Ober zogt mir, vi azoy nemt men zi aroys fun oyer?”

Shmulik hot ongeklungen dem dokter un gezogt:

“Mayn froy darf an operatsye oystsushnaydn di blinde kishke (appendix).”

“Take (really)?” khidesht zikh (be surprised) der dokter. “Ikh hob es dokh geton mit tsvey yor tsurik! Kh'hob nokh keyn mol nisht gehert fun a mensh mit tsvey blinde kishkes.”

“Efsher zent ir gerekht, dokter,” entfert Shmulik.

“Ober fun a tsveyt vayb hot ir yo gehert?”

An ongezeene (outstanding) holts-firme hot reklamirt (advertised), az me zukht a genitn (experienced) holtsheker. Dem tsveytn tog hot zikh bavizn (showed up) a darer parshoyn (person) mit a hak (axe).

“Zayt moykhl, (I’m sorry) ober mir zukhn emetsn mit mer musklen,” hot der balebos fun der firme gezogt.

“Lozt mir khotsh aykh vayzn, vos ikh ken,” bet zikh der darer.

Der hoypt hot gegeben a zifts. “Nu gut, ir zet dort dem rizkn Sekvoye-boym (giant Sequoia tree)? Geyt, hakt es op.”

Der darer iz avek, un mit 15 minut shpeter, hot er vider ongeklapt in der tir. “Kh’hop im shoyn opgehakt,” hot er derklert.

Der balebos iz aroys in droysn, un geblibn gepleft (astonished), zeendik vi der gr oyser boym ligt a f d’rerd. “Vi azoy hot ir zikh oysgelernt azoy gut tsu hahn beymer?”

“Inem Sahara-vald.”

“Ir meynt, inem Sahara-midbor (desert),” besert im oys der balebos.

Tselakht zikh der darer un zogt: “Nu avade, azoy ruft men es haynt!”
As in Ancient days (as is the case in other communities),
we also celebrate the winter solstice with a festival of light.

Chanukah proclaims the ideal of untrammeled freedom to enjoy living
Without worry of discrimination, whatever one’s beliefs.

We use oil in cooking as a reminder of this light. Hence, fried cookies.

### DEEP-FRIED COOKIES

- 8 eggs
- 1 tbsp rum
- 5 tbsp icing sugar
- ½ tsp salt
- 3 cups flour

### GEPREGLTE KIKHLEKH

- 8 eyer
- 1 lefele rom
- 5 lefeleh batsukerung
- ½ lefeleh zalts
- 3 teplekh mel

1. Break three eggs into large mixing bowl.
2. Separate five eggs and add only yolks to howl; beat well.
3. Add salt, rum and icing sugar; blend.
4. Add flour and work into mixture. Add a bit more, if necessary; knead well.
5. Roll out paper-thin on floured board.
6. Cut into rectangular strips. Make a slit in each piece.
7. Take one end and push through slit and pull a bit.

For those who might find the preceding a bit too complicated, there is a shorter way.
It is almost as good but is a lot easier:
Purchase a package of wonton wrappers and separate sheets carefully.

For both ways,

8. Drop pieces of pastry into a frying pan filled with hot oil (about 375 F).
9. Fry very quickly on one side.
10. Turn over with tongs and brown other side.
11. Drain on paper towels.
12. Sprinkle with icing sugar.
My Incredible Odyssey: Part I – My Upcoming Book
By Harvey Gotlife

This is insight into the profound experiences I had after my parents had died seven weeks apart. I began searching for family ties around the world. These stories are the basis of My Incredible Odyssey.

Life and Death

In the summer of 1981 I took my daughter Amy to Israel as her sweet-sixteen birthday present. Three days after returning to Detroit, my father died. I began attending services at a nearby synagogue that I had never been to before. When I recited the Mourner’s Kaddish, it was a profoundly deep reminder of my loss, and of my mortality. Then my mother died, and I began keeping a journal of my thoughts.

I had to get away. Earlier I had found peaceful refuge when living in California. My friend Wolf wanted to return to California—we decided to drive. With winter coming, we chose a southern route. Since davening twice a day in shul had a calming effect, I found cities with shuls in The Jewish Travel Guide. The first day we stopped in Indianapolis, then St. Louis, and on the third day in Oklahoma City. We arrived on a Monday and the shul door was locked. A sign, read “Services are held Friday nights and Saturday mornings.”

Looking Out, Looking In

In California, I took calming walks on Pacific Ocean beaches. When I returned to Michigan, I was still confused. I wondered about my family’s history. I poured over books on European Jewish communities—especially on Lithuanian cities, shuls, and the forsaken history of Jews who had lived there. I marked down the name Levitan, which was the last name of my Great-Great Uncle Zalman. On the page headed “Klaipeda, Lithuania,” I noted that bobe Gotliffe was born there when it was Memel, Germany.

In 1976, I interviewed my mother’s older sister, Aunt Adele and Great-Uncle Samuel Goldschmidt who lived to be 100. Aunt Adele and my mother had told me about their time in Hungary that began in 1914. Their mother, my bobe Bertha Fox, had learned that her mother Rosalia Tachauer Goldschmidt was ill so bobe took her daughters to Nutzspanpeter, Hungary to visit. WW I started and they couldn’t return. They stayed there six years until the war ended.

Great-Uncle Sam was born in 1883—then Temesvar, Hungary, which became Timisoara, Romania. Borders changed after WWI, and with them, the spelling of town and village names. He spoke of relatives he remembered who were descended from my elte zeyde-bobe Wolf and Eva Tachauer. He told me about his voyage on the Gustavus Adolphus in 1906, when he sailed from Bremerhaven, Germany to NYC.

Making the Connections

When I emptied my parents’ apartment after mama’s death, I found a family chart, of members in distant lands where they had lived. I looked at my parents’ phone book. When I found names I didn’t recognize, I wrote a letter, and asked how they were connected to my parents. A letter came from Natalie Shainess, a well-known NYC psychiatrist. She was my father’s first cousin. When I spoke at journalism conferences there, we lunched together. She died in 2009, and I still stay in touch with her son Dr. David Spiegel, Assoc. Chair of Psychiatry at Stanford Univ.

Learning More, Yearning More

A neighbor told me of knowing a rabbi in Budapest—Istvan Doman and suggested I contact the Rabbi. I sent him a letter stating that my zeyde Armand Fox and his family were from Szolnok, and I wanted to find any family birth record. He replied—yes.

The Family Story Grows

I learned that my paternal zeyde Max Gotliffe, was orphaned in Lithuania, and brought to Manchester, England by his Uncle Zalman Levitan late in the 19th century. There he met and married my bobe Annie Hart, whose family had come from Memel, Germany.

News From Abroad

Rabbi Neumann in Timisoara, Romania wrote that he gave my letter to a woman in his shul. She wrote, “My name is Gertrude Eva Schneider (Cohen). I am the daughter of Ilka Schneider (Cohen). My mother is the daughter of Helene Cohen (Tachauer).” I decided to go to Europe and find other relatives. I was excited about meeting family in Hungary and Romania. I would end in England, where my father was born.
Church with headquarters in Salt Lake City.

I was eager to get on a train and travel to places in Europe that I had marked down, and wanted to meet the people whose names I had found. I was also a bit reluctant to leave, out of respect for Uncle Sam. As I walked out of the sauna-like room, I made a note to contact the LDS Church in Salt Lake City.

I traveled on trains through Scandinavia from August 17-26, and then by boat from Stockholm, Sweden to Helsinki, Finland. On August 28, I left for the Soviet Union on my way to Vilnius, Lithuania. When I boarded the train from Helsinki to Leningrad, the Cold War was still being fought between America and the Soviet Union. I was totally unprepared for my next adventure. However, I may have neglected to thoroughly read a 42 page, 3” x 5” booklet, “The Russian Adventure Primer.” The Russian Travel Bureau had sent it to me. In fine print on the opening page it said that this would be “one of the most memorable trips you will ever take.”

I flew to New York and got necessary visas. I purchased an airline ticket to Paris for August 15, and then by train to Germany to conduct research at the official shipping records office in Hamburg, to find out about my Uncle Sam’s trip to America.

Then I planned to travel by train from Scandinavia to Leningrad, and do intensive research in Lithuania where some of my family had come from. I was excited about the possibility of actually meeting family in Hungary and Romania and learning their family’s stories. I wanted to end this journey in England, where my father had been born. I knew that many relatives lived in the UK, and I wanted to find out about them and their families.

When in New York, I found a Hungarian bookstore, The Blue Danube, and bought maps of Hungary, Budapest and Szolnok, and a most useful 312-page English Hungarian Tourist Dictionary. Also a 326-page magyar angol utiszotar Hungarian-English counterpart, under the same cover. I did more research in the archives of the cavernous 42nd Street Library, and found the name of my Great-Uncle Sam Goldschmidt’s own uncle, Ignatz Goldschmidt.

Heading to the Past

After I landed in Paris, I took a train to Hamburg where I sat in the huge shipping records office trying to verify the story that my Great-Uncle Sam had told me about how he came to America in 1906 on the ship Gustavus Adolphus.

At Helsinki Train Station

The Repin Express train left Helsinki, and moved swiftly through Finland, and then came to a screeching halt after it passed the Finnish border at Vainikkala. I was now in the USSR, and when the Finnish crew departed, stone-faced, Russian officials, wearing drab grey uniforms, replaced the Finns. The train jerked forward, and Russians entered each car to check that all of the passenger’s papers were in order, and to randomly inspect some of the hand-carried baggage.

One of the officials found my journals with references to Jews and Jewish history in Lithuania, which was then a part of the Soviet Union. He ordered the other passengers in my compartment to leave and to wait in the hallway. Two other Russian officials entered and closed the door behind them. I was told to empty the contents of my baggage on a table, and the leader came over and sat by my side.

First, he sifted through everything, and then slowly and deliberately interrogated me for nearly an hour. It was a time of Jewish dissidents, and he asked me about what I had written in my journals and about my faith. He concluded his interrogation with, “Was your grandfather Jewish?” His questions were intimidating. He left no doubt that I should be wary of what I did, or there would be trouble ahead.

My Father Still Lives

When the Repin Express arrived at the Leningrad station, a Russian Intourist representative escorted me to the Hotel Yevropeiskaya. I became edgy when the hotel’s “clerk” greeted me in Russian-accented English, and stated, “Ah, Mr. Gotliffe. You will be staying with us for two days, before you take a train to Vilnius, Lithuania on August 31. One of our drivers will take you to Kaunas for a day, and bring you back to Vilnius, before you leave for Poland on September 2.” After I was taken to my room, I stretched out in my bed, and when I looked up, I noticed that my room was bugged.

A Russian tourist guide drove me from the hotel to the station. I boarded the overnight train to Vilnius, Lithuania and shared a compartment. My fellow passengers were women—a mother and her daughter were in the upper berths—both were noisy and inebriated.
Once we crossed the border, the Lithuanian officials were pleasanter, for they disliked the Russians. At the Vilnius train station, I found an exchange booth run by a young woman, and took out my pocket book entitled, Lithuanian Self-Taught. I pointed to the words in Lithuanian for “Good morning,” and “How do you do?” to start a conversation. She opened a drawer of her desk, took out her book English Made Easy, and answered in the same way.

Choral Synagogue—Vilnius (Vilna)

After I checked into the Hotel Vilnius, I went to the Choral Synagogue Friday night for shabes services. It was my father’s first yortsayt. In the musty smelling shul, a small group of older men were curious to know who the stranger was, but were wary of finding out. I knew no Lithuanian, and only a bisl Yiddish. When they slowly approached me, I blurted out, “Kh’bin a yid fun americke.” The men smiled.

I hired a car with a Russian Intourist driver and a guide to take me from Vilnius to Kaunas. On a depressingly, cold, rainy day, we drove to Kaunas, called Kovno where my zeyde Gotliffe was born in 1876. The shul gate was shut, and the guide did not know whom to contact. When I got back to Detroit, I wrote a letter to the synagogue, and asked if there were records of my zeyde and his family. I received a letter back in Yiddish, “The bandit Hitler destroyed the people of Kovno, and all of the records.”

Help Is on the Way

The next day, I left for Warsaw by train, and arrived at the small Gdansk Train Station. I had no Polish money and planned to go first to the exchange booth, and to the kiosk for hotel reservations, but both were shut down for the night. I met a short, bald, bearded man named Vlodov, who offered to help me. He said that he had to catch the train to Berlin. He phoned and wrote down a name and address. He told me to take a taxi to his girlfriend Berta’s apartment, and she would have a room for me. When I told him that I didn’t have a single szloty to pay a cab driver, he put 200 szlotys into my hand, wished me well, and left.

The taxi driver drove me to a darkened street and stopped in front of a high-rise apartment building. He rang the 14th floor room number Vlodov had written down. A woman asked on the intercom, “Who is it?” I just said, “Vlodov sent me.” I took an elevator and knocked on the door. A woman greeted me in English with a Polish accent, and took me to a small room. She said “Good Night,” and then left.

The next morning, I was pleasantly surprised, for she had rolls and cheese for breakfast. After breakfast, we walked and shared stories. When she felt confident that I was an American journalist, she told me that Vlodov and she were members of the Solidarity Movement. They worked clandestinely to write, publish and distribute newspapers with the hope of bringing more freedom to the Polish people. She took me to a black market foreign exchange where I cashed travelers checks for U.S. money.

I wanted to get to Budapest as soon as possible. She suggested that I fly on LOT. After I boarded, I saw a man folding a copy of the Herald Tribune. I asked if I could look at it, and he handed it to me. When I said, “Thank you,” he said, “You’re welcome.” We introduced ourselves, and he handed me his business card that read, “Frank F. Starbuck, Cultural Attaché, Embassy of the United States of America, Budapest.”

Reaching for a Rabbi

I reached Rabbi Istvan Doman who wrote that he would try to help me locate family in Szolnok. He suggested that we meet in a hotel, and to make it easy to recognize one another, we would carry a copy of the Herald Tribune under our arm. Rabbi Doman said that he had contacted the small Jewish Center in Szolnok where my zeyde Fox was born. Zoltan Fisher, the man who runs it, would help me.

I rented a, bulky, Russian-made Lada sedan, and used my Szolnok map to find the JCC. I met with Zoltan who spoke Hungarian and Yiddish, and I fluent English and a bisl Yiddish. We got by with my Hungarian-English Magyar angol dictionary.

I asked Zoltan if there were birth records from the year 1883, when my zeyde Armand Fox (Fuchs) was born. We went into a small room, and handed me several huge, worn ledgers. I held my breath and silently prayed, as we looked through the pages of hand-written pen and ink birth records. We found the records of zeydes birth, and learned that he had eight siblings. I photographed the records of my great-aunts and great-uncles and wrote many notes.

Editor’s note: Harvey, taught creative writing for 25 years at San Jose State University, he is an author, and columnist for the Huffington Post.
A Yiddish Version of Alice in Wonderland
By Dr. Joan Braman

In the summer of 2010 I got a surprise call from Mr. Jon A. Lindseth of the Grolier Club in New York City, America’s largest society of book lovers and collectors. He explained that there was to be held in the city in 2015 a celebration of the 150th anniversary of the publication of Lewis Carroll’s beloved children’s book, “Alice in Wonderland.” There were to be held exhibitions, conferences, and other events at various venues in the city. The Grolier Club, in cooperation with the Lewis Carroll Society of North America, was planning an exhibition of Alice in translation.

Mr. Lindseth told me that the book had already been translated into over ninety languages and dialects, ancient and modern, and even artificial languages. The goal was to have at least 150 complete translations in time for the occasion.

A Hebrew version already existed, but there was no known translation into Yiddish. The task, should I choose to accept it, would fall to me.

I had heard Yiddish spoken occasionally by my parents and extended family, but I learned to read and write it in the Yiddish secular schools, which I attended from the elementary through the high school level. Not having used it for many years after, upon retiring I began to study it again on my own. I took up as a hobby translating classic English and American poems into Yiddish, including some of Lewis Carroll’s verses. Several of these pieces which I had translated were published.

But to translate the entire Alice in Wonderland, with its eccentric wordplay seemed formidable. Yet, I thought, if it could be done in all those other languages, surely it could be done in Yiddish.

And wouldn’t it be regrettable if Yiddish were not represented among the languages of the world? I was willing, but was I equal to the challenge? Mr. Lindseth dismissed my concerns, and so I was recruited. I was asked to do the translation in transliterated Romanized letters, using the standardized YIVO spelling.

Once beginning, I was hooked. This was not to be a Yiddishized or modernized version of the book, but one located in its own place and time. For wasn’t Alice a well-mannered, upperclass English Victorian young lady? And wasn’t Wonderland a caricature of her own world? My goal, as I saw it, was to produce a literal, word-for-word translation that captured the proper, formal Victorian literary style that is part of the book’s charm, and to reproduce as nearly as possible Carroll’s tongue-in-cheek puns, made-up nonsense words, and rhyming verses. The result was “Di Avantures fun Alis in Vunderland” (paperback, 2015), published by Evertype and available at Amazon.

Mine was not to be the first Yiddish translation of Alice to come out. Adina Bar-El of Israel did it, with her fine translation in Hebrew letters. As my version is a transliterated one, it is potentially accessible even to those who cannot read Yiddish, if read alongside of the original book. I wish there were included a pronunciation guide. The book is formatted like the original Alice in Wonderland, with the familiar John Tenniel illustrations.

Editor’s note: Joan has had letters published in our column: Oystsugn fun Briv in der Redaktsye. In addition to this article, her other articles are:

- In the Der Bay issue of Vol. 18, No. 8, Joan’s article appeared: Dr. Mary Schulman, Translator of “Yerushe” by Peretz Markish—by Joan Braman – Her Daughter.
- Vol. 19, No. 4, translation of Avrom Reyzen’s poem ”May ko mashme Ion.” She won first place in the California Institute for Yiddish Culture and Language’s 2007 Poetry Translation Contest.
- Vol. 20, No. 7, My Mama’s Translation, Joan has an excellent coverage of Peter Markish’s biography.
Lokshn Kugel, noodle pudding, is as Jewish as matse kneydlekh. Just like any kugel, lokshn kugel can be made milkhedin, fleyshepik or parev.

Kugels can be made sweet and used as a dessert, or they can be used as a side dish to a main course. Kugels are special for choves and holidays.

Lokshn or noodles now are purchased in the supermarkets in several sizes. Our mamas made them by hand. The dough was kneaded and rolled into a thin circle. The next step was to cut it into long narrow strips. No two were of the same size.

Noodles are made from unleavened dough. Egg noodles have that rich yellow color.

**Noodle Pudding**
- 12 oz. noodles
- 1/4 lb. melted margarine
- 4 eggs – separated
- 1/4 c. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1 c. sour cream
- 1 lb. creamed cottage cheese
- 1 tbsp. flour
- dash cinnamon

Fruit (canned peaches or pineapple tidbits (drained) or raisins, etc

**METHOD:**
   Toss with half the melted margarine.
   Beat egg yolks with cheese, sugar, salt, sour cream remaining margarine, vanilla and flour.
2. Beat egg whites till stiff and fold into cheese mixture.
3. Add fruit to cheese mixture.
4. Add fruit to cheese mixture.

5. Divide mixture in half. Mix one half with noodles. Grease 9”x 13” pan and add mixture with fruit
6. Top with remaining half. Sprinkle with cinnamon.
   Bake at 350o for 45 min - 1 hour or until done.

_Take Patt_
_EST MIT A GUTN APETIT_
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Mame, vi azoy ken men hobn a gute porfolkshaft?
Fun Fishl

Fishele—Mame, haynt hert men az in amerike mer vi a helft fun di menshn vos hobn khasene lebn nisht b’sholem un getn zikh. Dos iz shreklekkh.


Fishele—Ober mame, vi azoy ken men oysfirn az beyde in a porfolk zoln zayn getray?

Mame—Fishele, far dem darf men tsurikgeyn tsum onheyb fun der velt, ven Got hot bashafn Odemen un Khaven.

Fishele—Mame, meynstu az mener un froyen hobn gehat problemen fun dem gorn onheyb?


Fishele—Ober mame—vi azoy ken men hobn emese libe tsvishn mener un froyen?


Mame—Yo, Fishele. Odem hot bald aroysgezen az er iz nisht klug genug, un neytkit zikh in a mithelfer.

Ober Got hot gevust az a man darf meynen az er vet shtendik zayn der balebos, hot er Odemen gemaht shtarker fun Khaven.

Fishele—Un gemaht di froyen kliger?

Mame—Itst farshteystu vi s’hot zikh ales ongehoybn. Un es geyt nokh on azoy bizn hayntikn tog.

Fishele—Ober mame, lomir tsurikgeyn tsu mayn frage: vi azoy ken men oysfirn sholem bayis in a nayem porfolk un nisht aroysvarfn dos gelt oyf zeyer khasene?


Fishele—Un vos viln froyen, mame?


Fishele—Alzo, mame—az a man iz gut tsu zayne kinder un git zey ales vos zey viln, vet dos tsuridnshlteln zayn vayb un farzikhern a gliklekhn porfolkshaft?

Mame—Dos iz take gut, ober froyen viln oykh visn az zey zaynen opgeshatst, un nisht nor far hobn kinder.

Fishele—Mame, vos iz der bester oyfn fun farzikhern az a man zol opshatsn zayn vayb?

Mame—Ershtns lomikh dir zogn vi nisht oystsufirn az a vayb zol lib hobn ir man: ven a man brengt aheym zakhn vos zenen zeyer tayer…

Fishele—Antshuldik mir far iberhakn dayn reyd. Meynstu nisht az ven a man brengt arayn a dinst in hoyz un farzikhert az zayn vayb zol hobn a privatin shofer far ir eygenem oytio iz dos der bester oyfn?

Mame—Fishele, ven di tsaytn vern shlekht un di dinst, der oytio, un der privatin shofer farshvindn, vet di libshaft aroysgeyn durkhn fentster.

Fishele—Nu, mame, vos iz der entfer?

Mame—A froy darf visn az zi iz balibt nisht nor far ir kerper. Ir man darf zogn yedn tog: ikh hob dir libr.

Fishele—Ober mame—a man darf oykhn nisht fargesn ir geburtstog un Valentayn tog.

Mame—Fishele, itst hostu geentfert dayn eygene frage.
What I Regret Not Having Published
From Among Our Correspondence
Khsidishfer folklor un literatur-tur
fun Prof. Dov Noy z”l

Tayerer Froynd Fishl,

I should have sent you this program following our phone conversation, but I waited until my plans with regard to California crystalize [Prof. Dov Noy was the Fall 1991, Scholar in Residence for the Washington DC Metropolitan Area – The Foundation for Jewish Studies. The program he refers to was a series of 21 different lectures dealing with various phase of Jewish folklore.]

I am free after the weekend of 14-15 of December only, and there are no classes then. Thus I did not write to my university colleagues. I promised, however, a talk to my Yiddish friends in Los Angeles, which God willing will take place there on Saturday December 28. This means there is a possibility to meet (and to be at your disposal some days before that date, or afterwards.)

The 14-15 December I shall spend in St. Louis, but the 21-22 of December one is still free. I prefer, however, weekdays close to the L.A. date. The Problem—my travel and other expenses.

This program is also a list of suggested topics. I can speak in English, Yiddish, Hebrew, and not only to your group (perhaps this will reduce your expenses). In L.A. I shall talk about my “Yiddish impressions” from the Soviet Union. More details with Lilke Majzner - Chairperson of he L.A. Yiddish Club.

Wishing you all the best - Dov

Kh'hob gevart mitn aroysshikn funem briv, kedey arayntsunemen di tsugobn funem letstn moment. Ot zenen zey:


2. Der prayz (ale zogn az dos iz a "vilde metsie"):

3. Es vet zayn a hebreisher resume (mistome oykh an englisher oyb neytik) fun di vegvayzers' derklerungen, ober di hoypt-shprakh (oykh fun dem tekstbikhl vos yeder onteyl-nemer vet es krign) vet zayn yidish.

Aldos guts! - Dov Noy.

Jerusalem, Feb 1, 1998

Tsu mayne tayere, yidish-redndike un yidish-farshteyendike fraynd - Shalom fun Yerusholaim, Kh'hob a sakh fun aykh tsugezogt tsu shikn protim vegn undzer planirtn "khsidishn folklor-(un literatur-) tur" in der Ukraine, vi nor di plener funem tur veln zikh oyskristalizirn. Di vokh hot der Veltrat far Yidish, untern forzits fun Prof. Gershon Winer, bavilik dem program, un ikh ken mekayem zayn mayn tsuzog.

Kh’hob ongenumen dem Yidish Veltrat forshlog
tsu zayn visnshaftlekh farant-vortlekh farn
program un farn onfîrin mitn folkloristishn teyl
funem tur, ober in ale tekhnishe un logistishe
inyonim darfn zikh ale tentative onteyl-nemers
vendn oder tsu der “Megido” tur-agents (Joseph
Hirshhorn, 20 Ahad Ha-am Str. 20, Tel-Aviv
65141, ISRAEL. Tel 972-3-517-1222, Fax 517-1227),
veldke organizirt dem tur fur Yisroel, oder (di
onteyl-nemers fun oysland) oykh tsu zeyere
lokale tur-agentsn.

Viktik iz, az mir ale, say di onteyl-nemers fun
Yisroel un say di onteyl-nemers fun oysland, zohn
zikh trefn mirtseshem in Kiev, dem 30stn yuni, in
der fri, kedyey ontsuheybn tsuzamen dem tur.

Montik (29.6). [Der doziker paragraf iz nor fur di
Yisroel-teylnemers!]. Aroysfor fun Lod Airport
arum 10 bay nakht. Onkum in Kiev 01:25, in der
fri (dem 30stn yuni). Di oytoybusn velke veln
undz opvartn un brengen in hotel arayn, veln
farblaybn mit undz bemeshekh funem gantsn tur.
Bela Gubenko, di forzitserin fun der gezelshaft
far yidisher kultur in Vinitse (fax 380-43-232-7669)
vet aroyshelfn mit di lokale tekhnishe
inyonim, mayn Ph.D. student Mordkhe
Yushkovski (geboyrn in Vinitse) - mitn historishn
un literarishn hintergrunt fun di bazukhte
mekoymes.

Dinstik (30.6). Kiev. Di amolike yidishe gegnt
Podol. Di Brodski (Habad) shil. Babi Yar (in der
Yidish-literatur). Yidishe kultur- un bildungs-
anshtaltn. Der kabinet far der yidisher shprakh
un kultur bay der yidischer visnshaft-
akademye (in dem yidishn fond fun der
Vernadski-bibliotek). Yidish-arkhivn dorton:
Anski, Engel, Beregovski. Di shprakh-arkhivn fun

Mitvokh (1.7). Kiev iberblaybsn. Berditshev (vi a
model fun a yidisher shtot bay Mendelen un
Sholem Aleykhemen). Der keyver fun R. Levi
Yitshok oyfn altn beys-oylem. Zyane Yidish-lider
un dilegendes vegn im. Di B-v mekoymes loyt
Dem Nister’s "Mishpokhe Mashber". Di haynt-
tetikhe shil. Der brider-keyver in Krepost. Vinitse -
Yerusholaim de-Podolye. Di yidishe
"Yeruzalimke" gegnt Nakht in Vinitse.

Donershtik (2.7). Vinitse, Bratslav (der keyver fun
R. Nosn Shternharts un der alter yidisher beys-

Shargorod (der kehile-muzey fun yidesh folklor
un shteyger; di voyn-gegnt funem 17-19 y’h; dos
filmirn fun Sholem Aleykhems "Blondzhende
Shtern"; bishas dem tur vet forshlogen di shoyn
basetikhe tseryomie fun onklopn a naye
mezuze in der alter, 1589, shil, itst a voyen-fabrik).
Medzhiboizh (dem Ba’al-Shem-Tov’s keyver; dos
bukh Shivykhe Ha-Besht; di frierdike un
shpeterdike Besht-legendes; Hershele Ostropol-
- emes un fantazye). Nakht in Vinitse.

Fraytik (3.7). Yaltushkov (keyver fun R. Leyb
Sore’s; zayn geshtalt in der khsidisher legende).
Kaboles Shabies un nakht in Tschnovits. Shabetes,
parshas "Khukas" (4.7) in Tschnovits. Di
tshernovitsarer shiln. Di farmilkhomedike shtot vi a
yidisht-senter; Der beys-oylem.

Di kvorim fun Eliezer Shtaynbarg, Moyshe Altman,
Sidi Tal. Paul Celan’s denkmol. Der tsutrog fun der
shtot tsu der yidisher literatur (Itsik Manger).
Nokh havdole - a fayerlekh akademye in dem kehile-zal,
tsum 90stn yor fun der ershter yidish-konferents
(1908), mitn onteyl fun der ortikhe kehile, fun di
ukrainishe makht-organen, un fun dem shrayber

Zuntik (5.7). Sadigere un Vizhnits. Dem rebe’s hoyf.
Di Rizhiner un Hager dinastye. Uman (der keyver
Montik (6.7). Kiev. Pereyaslav - Sholem Aleykhem’s
geboyrnort. Der Sh. A. muzey. Der brider-keyver.
Kiev bay nakht. Nor far di Yisroel onteyl-nemers:
12 bay nakht oyfn Kiever aeroport. 03:15 aroysfor
fun Kiev.

Onkum keyn Yisroel dinstik (7.7) in der fri, 06:20.
Tayere Fraynd, Khotsh der program makht an
degiltikin royshem, veln mir zikh bamiyen
ontsunemen forshlog fun onteyl-nemers, velke
zenen farinteresirt in spetsifische ortshaftn,
genealogye, nemen-forschung, ua"v, un zey
antkarknimen, oyb es vet zikh shafrn a
miglkehkeyt tsu endern. Ikh vintsh aykh ale aldos
guts, un hof tsu hern fun aykh, oykh oyb ir kent
zikh in dem tur nit bateylikn –

Ayer Dov Noy.
Mama’s Food Pyramid
By Fishl

The United States Department of Agriculture’s (USDA) Food Pyramid (found at MyPyramid.gov) has a dozen models geared to different people. Mama had only one—it was built around FAT.

Mama never saw a fat she didn’t like—except lard.

My earliest recollection as a child is being fed hot cereal. Mama loaded it with sweet cream and honey. Her trick was to show me the picture of a bunch of cherries at the bottom of the bowl. As she fed me each spoonful, she urged me on like a football coach until the cereal was “all gone.”

No Rice Krispies or Corn Flakes crossed our doorstep. Mr. Kellogg was not a welcome guest in Mama’s house. It was Cream of Wheat, then Oatmeal, and finally Wheatena (sometimes Maltex), each twice a week. Mama never varied this routine, and never cooked on shabes.

Mama had good reason to feed us the fat stuff. All of her boys were skinny and you could see ribs sticking out like keys on a piano.

Dinner and supper were no stepchildren. My memories are much clearer after we moved to the farm in New Jersey. In the winter we shivered and in the summer we sweated. Food and drink were very important to Mama and us boys.

With plenty of rich milk from Guernsey and Swiss cows, with plenty of fat. No Holstein cow with 3.5% butterfat, 2% lowfat, or skim milk ever sat on our kitchen table. The rich, dark yellow butter was fully a ¼ inch thick on our pumpernickel bread. We just tore off a piece rather than to take the time to slice it. We joked about eating “butter and bread” rather than “bread and butter.” Our cows gave plenty of milk so we made pot cheese that Mama mixed with sweet cream. There was no gum thickener like in Philadelphia Cream Cheese.

Each evening, supper was chicken soup and chicken with mashed, baked, or fried potatoes. The pumpernickel or rye bread was smothered with shmalts (chicken fat) as thick as the butter at breakfast time. Mama fried onions and put it in the shmalts. There never could be too much fried onions for us boys.

Mr. McDonald — you may have those impressive “golden arches,” really fast service, low prices, drive-through service, and colorful children’s play areas, but you could never rival Mama’s cooking.

Once a week we had heldzl. When we plucked the chickens, there was great care taken not to tear the neck. When Mama saw torn skin on a chicken’s neck, the veins in her neck bulged. This was the only time Mama admonished us (other than if we dared bring home a B on our report card). I still can see Mama sewing up the heldzl after stuffing it full of mashed potatoes, shmalts, onions, and matse mel. To this was added plenty of kosher salt and spices.

Papa loved soup. Chicken soup and other soups were a part of our evening meals on the farm. The chicken soup was loaded with parsnip; Mama said it made the soup sweet. Mama never skimmed the fat off of the cooled chicken soup. I still can remember those beautiful, shimmering, golden globules of fat floating in Mama’s chicken soup.

Most of all I remember Mama’s gehakte leber. There were no string bean substitutes to lower the cholesterol. We had plenty of chicken livers and hearts to be mixed with the onions and shmalts, and more shmalts. Oh, what I wouldn’t give to have Mama cook me a shabes meal of gehakte leber dripping with shmalts, a loaf of good New York Jewish rye bread with seeds, a hearty chicken soup in which to dip my bread, and along with a rich, plump heldzl.

Today I still am paying with cholesterol-lowering drugs for the high cholesterol food that Mama fed us, but, the geshmak of her hearty farmhouse meals, are still embedded deep in my memory.

Yes, Zocor, has lowered my total cholesterol down below 150 and my HDL is fine as well as the triglycerides, but it has come at a very high price. No butter enters our house. No shmaltz is used in our kitchen. At the supermarket all cans, jars, and boxes are carefully scrutinized for salt and fat content. The price is high. My wonderful Sally does her very best, but without butterfat and shmalts it is like eating cardboard and drinking dishwater. Maybe later it will make no difference, and Mama can cook for me again.
My Incredible Odyssey, Part II – My Upcoming Book
By Harvey Gotlife

The Story Lies Here

My search was going far better than hoped. I decided to find out where my elte zeyde-bobe, Betti Saudek and Lipot Fuchs were buried. I printed their names on a piece of paper, and opened my dictionary. I pointed at four Hungarian words: “temeto,” “oreg,” “szulok,” and “nagyapa.” Then I gave Zoltan a quizzical look.

I asked if there was a cemetery where zeydes’ parents might be buried. I followed his hand-pointing directions—five miles on a dirt road. He signaled to pull over and stop. I parked at what seemed to be a deserted cemetery. Zoltan spoke to Irena, the Gentile woman caretaker, showed her the names of my elte zeyde-bobe, and we looked for their gravestones.

Suddenly I heard Irena shout, “Here! Here!” Which Tachauer relatives had survived the Shoah, and who did not. I ducked under long-neglected vines, and she pointed at a lone, black gravestone. It bore the names of my elte zeyde-bobe — Betti Saudek and Lipot Fuchs. I took a red bandana from my pocket, and placed it on my head in place of a yarmulke. There had been no visitors in over 35 years. After reciting the Kaddish for my elte zeyde-bobe, I found two small stones and placed them on their gravestone, to let others know that someone had been there.

The Life of Their Times—WWI

The next day, I met Rabbi Neumann at the Timisoara JCC, and told him of how my bobe, mother, and aunt stayed in Nutzsanpeter, Hungary after WW I began. I wanted to see the village where they had lived, and the house that my Aunt Adele had described. The Rabbi hired a driver to take me to Nutzsanpeter where my mother, aunt and bobe had lived 1914 - 1920. It was the place where my elter zeyde Heinrich Goldschmidt lived and died during the Great War. I knew that I was named Harvey after my elter zeyde Heinrich.

The next day I took a morning train from Budapest to Timisoara, Romania to meet two cousins that had only been names on a family tree. Gertrude spoke enough English to keep our talk going, and she and her mother Ilka were warm to me. I was in an officially acceptable Communist hotel. My cousins provided me with more family stories,
Charting the Course

I took a train north from London to visit cousins in Manchester, Birmingham and Sheffield, and stayed in Sheffield with my Second Cousin Michael Hart. I first met him in 1971, when I also met his father Bernard, who was one of my father’s first cousins. He brought out a treasure trove of items that had belonged to his zeyde Lazarus Hart, my bobe Annie Hart Gotliffe’s older brother. While they had not one another since the early 1900s when my zeyde-bobe came to North America, among the valuable were letters from my bobe to Lazarus telling him of her family across the Atlantic. I was surprised to find a photo of me from 1958 that my bobe proudly sent him. I had just received my BA degree and wore my cap and gown. The photo was in one of many letters. Then Michael and I decided to make a family tree.

Two Tumultuous Years

By 1983, I was ready write about what I had learned and experienced. I took my cousin Roz’s invitation, and moved into her chalet on a lake north of Montreal. I started typing on my Royal Upright. Those first two years after my parents’ deaths were challenging, and invigorating, but it was not over.

Moving Forward, Going Back

When I went back to Detroit, I realized that I had not contacted some Michigan Fox family relatives. I met with my mother’s first cousin Peggy Fox De Salle. She was a Grande Dame of the Michigan art world and told me stories of my Hungarian elte zeyde-bobe, and elter zeyde Lipot Fuchs of Szolnok. He had been a journalist and newspaper publisher. I heard of zeyde Fox’s activities when his family was in Hungary in WW I. Peggy had worked in zeydes real estate office during that time, and said that he was a lady’s man while his family was split between two continents.

Beyond the First Years

During my travels, I gained insight on my family from relatives in Hungary, Romania, England, Canada and America. They gave me family stories, names, and addresses of others. Their input helped to expand my search to Israel in 1985, where I met cousins in both the Hart and Tachauer families, and I was inspired to continue my search. Tachauer family members in Israel helped me connect with my Hungarian cousins, in Australia who had survived the Shoah. I visited them in 1985, 1995, and in 2005.

In 2002, while teaching in Bath, England, I met my British family members in Manchester, London, and Sheffield. After researching in Manchester, I found the cemetery where my elte zeyde-bobe Joseph and Sarah Benjamin Hart were buried and saw their gravestones.

That summer, my wife and I traveled to Eastern Europe to search the archives in Vilnius and Kaunas, Lithuania, and visit Klaipeda, Lithuania that had been called Memel, Germany where my bobe Annie Hart Gotliffe was born in 1876. I could not go there in 1982, for it was the home of a Russian naval base. I found the old Jewish section where the synagogue had been, and surmised where my elte zeyde-bobe Joseph and Sarah Hart had lived, with their nine children.

I stopped in Kaunas, the former Kovno, and this time the synagogue gate was open. I visited the local JCC, and found the Jewish ghetto had been. I may have walked down the very street where my Gotliffe family most likely lived in the late 1880s.

I davend in musty European synagogues, found streets where my ancestors may have lived over a century-and-a-half ago, stayed with members of the underground Solidarity Movement in Warsaw, and recited Kaddish in front of long-neglected gravesites of two sets of elte zeyde-bobe—one in Szolnok, Hungary and the other in Manchester, England.

WHY THE HO-HO-KUS COGITATOR?

From 1966 to 1969, I resided in the picturesque hamlet of Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ, 17 miles from the heart of NYC. George Washington marched his troops down our street. I conceived the idea of this publication, its name, content, and direction in 1967. The first issue was published 37 years later in 2004, and that is why you will find H. L. B. Hertz listed on the below masthead as cunctator, meaning procrastinator. This Special Edition has taken quite a bit of time to research, write, edit, re-edit, and finally publish.

A Blog or Two, Just for You

Along with the printed and PDF version of The Ho-Ho-Kus Cogitator, you can find more frequent, irregular Cogitator offerings at both http://fltogg.blogspot.com and at theho-ho-kuscogitator.blogspot.com.

The editor’s writings can be found at http:// sayingwhatihavetosay.blogspot.com, and www.huffingtonpost.com/harvey-gotliffe-phd.
Mayn Shtetele Chelm

By Fishl

What if there would not have been the Holocaust? What if there would not have been monsters in dayshland decimating, torturing, and cremating? What if my people were allowed to live a normal, anti-semitic, highly-taxed, quota-ridden lives? What if He wrote a different history?

Last night I dreamed of Mayn Shtetele Chelm—and all of the other shtetlekh no longer there. Neither Mom nor Pop came from Chelm or even Belz—but from towns much like Chelm or Belz.

While we were fortunate that mom and pop came to America before the Great Depression, we boys never saw our real shtetele.

What if everything had been different, would my shtetele have a telephone in each shtibele? Would each heym have a garadzh? Would the older teenage boys and girls on shabes be strolling and speaking our mame-loshn?

When one is confronted with the harsh, stark and naked truth of the event that makes the many older Jewish misfortunes look like a speck in the great Sahara Desert—how can one play the game of; What If?

But just suppose one could what if—What If. Only a dreamer can what if, but if this storyteller closed his eyes and just imagined a What If scene in Mayn Shtetele Chelm. What would life be like for our Sholom Aleichem’s Tevye and his mishpokhe in 2015?

Tekhterl, nem mayn hant un lomir geyn shpatsirn in mayn dreml in dem hayntik—mayn shtetele khelm.

All of the narise kinder and all of their narishe eltern un zeyde-bobe are busy with narishkaytn—that is, their daily tasks in their homes, in zeyere kromen, baym taykh in shul un in der Chelmer Yeshiva. Yes the Gaon of Chelm is the principal of the Chelmer Yeshiva.

What is going on in the Yeshiva today? Why did the Gaon call a lererins meeting? Why was there such a buzz at lunch in the Yeshiva Kafeteria? Why were the kustodians kleaning and skrubbing to have the Chelm Yeshiva look spotless like a shpitol?

Did’t you hear the news? It was in the Khelmer Freiheit. It was on the radio station WNAR. Yes, Fishl is coming to town. Imagine all the way from Amerike—no, not Amerike—Kelifornia.

What would happen if the barimter redaktor Fishl fun Der Bay asked a question of a Chelmer Yeshive bokherin and she could not answer it correctly?

You see, in modern day Chelm things have changed. It is not like the olden days. We are living in the 21st century. Yes the Gaon of Chelm is a froy, a mame mit ire eygene kinderlekh.

Let us not waste time. Let us go down to the train station and meet Fishl. All the children are carrying fons and the blare of the shofars from the Chelm Yeshiva Orchestra plays, Mayn Shtetele Chelm.

As Fishl steps off the train, he trips and falls. He did not see the pothole. It was not what Fishl had expected. When he awoke, he was in the shpitol. A khelmer krankshvester was taking care of him.

It was the headlines in the Khelmer Freiheit. It was on the radio station WNAR. Luckily it was not a major health problem—just a concussion.

Soon Fishl left the khelmer shpitol and toured the Yeshiva. All of the meydelekh were called to the auditorium, and Fishl selected several. Every question Fishl asked was answered perfectly.

The next morning the barimter redator Fishl fun Der Bay would leave and write glowing reports about the Chelmer Yeshiva.

Our story is not over, for everyone still could not get over the embarrassment of having Fishl fall because of the nasty pothole at the train station. After much deliberation di kluge khelme gaon came up with a solution. “The reason Fishl fell was because there was a pothole. But if there was a tepl-lokh, there would not have been a problem—and Fishl would not have fallen.”

If you visit Chelm today, you will find at the site of the still existing pothole at the train station a large granite monument inscribed with—Vu der barimter redaktor, Fishl fun Der Bay, hot gefaln.
Yiddish, I Owe It All to You
By Philip Fishl Kutner

When someone asks, “What is Yiddish,” the answer is, “It’s the language and culture of the Eastern European Jews.”

Perhaps that’s true for the dictionaries, historians, lexicographers, Yiddish teachers, u.a.v.

However, while that was good enough for me up until 25 years, it only scratches the surface.

When the urge struck me to go back to my roots and get involved in Yiddish activities, little did I realize that next to my family, it became my sphere of influence.

Everyone and everything else took a back seat to Yiddish activities, Yiddish organizations, and most of all the wonderful people who became my mentors, cohorts and very dear friends.

While trying to revitalize the Yiddish of my youth and mama’s words, there were patient and caring men and women who stepped in to correct me all along the way—and still do.

So Yiddish, thank you for being the vehicle that transports me to foreign lands, teaches me the culture of past times and places, entertains me, nourishes me and has been a wonderful companion.

Yes, Yiddish, you are a living being, my friend, my vehicle and the many routes that you have taken me. From the Orient to South Africa and from Buenos Aires to Winnipeg, you are my letter carrier, and my “skyping buddy.”

Now that Der Bay is winding down at its 25th anniversary, I shall spend more time with you. I want to read your old masters, listen to your melodious voice, laugh at your jokes, and be inspired by your wise sayings.

You are like a thick fur coat keeping me warm on the sled and sitting in front of the fireplace watching the flickering and snapping of the burning embers.

No, it’s not all over now. It’s moving up and on to the love and appreciation on a higher level. It’s the chance to enrich, embellish, and oh so enjoy all of the wonderful books and Yiddish materials that have piled up over these last 25 years.

Let’s start 2016 as a sprinter leaning and then leaving the block. It’s off to the Yiddish races.

***

Saying goodbye to loved ones is a traumatic experience, but within the year wives of dear friends have left us.

It is because of my closeness and debt to them for their help, and never mocking my childish errors that I would like to salute the memory of their wives.

Dr. Barney Zumoff was the third and longest resource for corrections in Der Bay. He was a major presenter and resource while we were both on the IAYC Executive Board—and he still is.

Barney, I miss the many times that we shared at the conferences and Selma Zumoff always by your side.

Dr. Jack Berger is a fellow Jerseyite. His scholarly translations and publication of a dozen Yizkor Books is remarkable. Because his son and family live here in San Mateo, California, we see him on his semi-annual visits.

It was during these visits over the years when Carol and he visited our Wednesday night class in my home that we got to know and admire her.

***

Anyone who knows our dear friend Cookie, doesn’t have to ask, “Cookie who?” Our many contacts at conferences and in Florida gave us the wonderful experiences of sharing with her and Lenny. Wherever she performed he was right there.

Cookie was fortunate ones in being able to snare a man’s man who was able to support her many Yiddish interests and let her shine. We miss him.

***

Finally it is my Sally who is supporting my efforts and expenses in the many Yiddish activities. Without her assistance my love for Yiddish would only be a pipe dream.
Bobe Luba’s Poppy Seed Cookies

1. Combine all of #1 in mixer.

2. Add from #2: 3½ cups only of flour and baking powder. (add more flour little by little until dough is not sticky but easy to handle)

3. Roll thinly (do a small batch at a time). Cut with cookie cutters (Khanuka shapes or other) and place on cookie sheets (parchment paper lining sheets simplify clean-up).

4. Sprinkle with #3.

5. Bake at 350 degrees Fahrenheit about 15 minutes until golden.
Zucchini potato latkes

3 small zucchini
2 medium potatoes
1 medium, onion
2 eggs
1 tbsp parsley
1 tbsp vegetable oil
½ cup matzo meal
salt an pepper to taste
oil for frying

1. Peel zucchini
2. Grate
3. Squeeze out liquid
4. Peel potatoes
5. Grate
6. Add to zucchini and squeeze out liquid again
7. Grate onion
8. Add to zucchini and potatoes
9. Add eggs, oil, seasonings, parsley, and matzo meal
10. Blend well
11. Fry portions of the mixture in vegetable oil using a large tablespoonful for each latke
12. Brown on both sides

We have again arrived at that critical time of the year. Many members have already left for winter climes. To help those remaining to alleviate the January and February blahs we have chosen a fresh vegetable dish.

Etke’s Bobe Fraydl’s Cucumber Salad

2 tbsp water
¼ cup vinegar
¼ cup sugar or 4 pkts nutrisweet*
2-3 cucumbers
salt and pepper
½ cup dill

Peel cucumbers and slice thinly. Put in glass jar. Boil water, vinegar, salt, pepper, dill, and sugar for five minutes. (* If you are using sugar substitute, don’t add it to mixture to boil. Pour it over the cucumbers in the jar instead). Pour brine over cucumbers and marinate overnight.
Mame, iz es shver tsu zayn a shviger?
By Fishl

S‘iz a shpi af verter. Vayl dem vort shviger hot nor eyn meynung, shver hot farshidine meynungen.

Shver - father-in-law
Shver - hard
Shver - heavy
Shver - difficult
Shver - swear

Fishele - Nu, mame, iz es shver tsu zayn a shviger?
Mame - Kh‘ob a langer entfer un a kurtser entfer.

Fishele - Mame, ershtns, gib mir dem kurtsn, un nokh dem, dem langer vos vet hobn a sakh gute eytses, mit psikhologishe teories.

Mame - A shviger darf nutsn an ekstra yud ven zi iz mit a shnur. A shviger darf shvaygen. Az zi redt nicht, ken zi nicht zogn vos zi darf nicht.

Fishele - Ober mame, vi azoy ken zi nicht redn tsu ire shnur dem gantsn tsayt.

Mame - Ikh meyn nicht shvaygen di gantsn tsayt. Vos ikh meyn iz nicht tsu onheybn reedn vegin epes biz di shnur redt fun es oder fregt fun epes.

Fishele – Mame, un ist gib mir dem langen entfer.

Mame - Dos pasirt ven di mame iz do mit beyde—ir zun un di shnur.

Fishele - Ober mame iz dos di zelbe zakh az di mame redt tsu an eydem?

Mame - Neyn, s‘iz do froyishe zakhn un menische zakhn. A man redt nor fun sportn, mekanishe zakhn, un oytos. Vos veyst a mame fun a zelkhe zakhn?

Fishele - Meynstu az s‘iz shiverer tsu zayn a gute shviger eyder zayn a guter shver?

Mame - Yo, derfar froyen redn fun kinder, kokhn, bakn, neyn, mit andere froyen. Alzo, s‘iz gring tsu hobn an andersh gedank vayl mir eltere froyen hobn oyfgevaksn in andere tsaytn.

Fishele - Take, mame, nu, vos ken di shviger ton tsu voyhen besholem.

Mame - Gib nicht ken eytses sayden di shnur fregt far zey. Far di mames zun darf zi zogn nor gute zakhn un er vet makhn di shnur visn derfun.

Mame - Itst veys ikh farvos mayn serkele un du glaykhn eyne dem andere.

Fishele - Kh‘ob nokh a frage. Mame, vi ruft men a man vos iz farheyret tsu dayn zun? Kh‘meyn az a zun hot khasine mit a man, oder a tokhter vert farheyret tsu a meydl?


Fishele - Un vos hot der rov gezogt?

Mame - Er hot gezogt dos pasirt nihsht tsvishn undzere yidn, nor mit komunistn, sosielistn, reform yidn un andere vos gleybn nihsht in dem emesn Got.

Fishele - Mame, ven du bist geven a yunge meydl hobn zey gehat mener vos “libn” mener un froyen vos “libn” froyen.


Fishele - In a shul in kelifornye ken mener vern farheyret eyn tsum andern un di zelbe far froyen mit froyen.

Mame – Her zikh tsu, Fishele, mir ken lakhn derfun.

Fishele - Vos meynstu, Mame?

Mame - Ven mentshn fun di zelebe seks vern farheyret un der sholem-rikhter (Justice of the Peace) darf zogn, “I now pronounce you man and wife.” Ken er nisht dos zogn. Vos zogt er? Dos iz take a dileme!

Fishele – Hmm. Du veyst mame, azoy vi haynt nutsn men andere verter far profesies vos hobn mener un froyen. Mir zogn “flight attendant” un nisht steward and stewardess. Me zogn nisht policeman or policewoman. Ale zenen “law enforcement officers.”

Mame – Ober vos zogt der sholem-rikhter?

Fishele – “I now pronounce you spouses.”
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