Digest

This is a course prepared for post-Confirmation age students, College students and Adult Education. The nature of the course is such that it may be used on all 3 levels. The calibre of discussion will depend upon the group to which it is presented.

The course consists of 25 regular lessons. Each lesson is based upon a short story by a Jewish writer. The stories have been selected so as to portray a value either positively or negatively. For example, the value-- "Reverence for Life" is expressed in the story Where Are Your Guns? by Howard Fast.

Most of the lessons begin by having each member of the class read silently to himself a short story. Class discussion ensues from this story which serves as the motivating factor. To aid the teacher in conducting a meaningful and informative discussion, insights to be emphasized and comments are supplied. The teacher is at liberty to select from the provided material whatever he feels will enhance the lesson. Seldom will the teacher find it necessary to go beyond the lesson plan for additional information. An attempt has been made to supply all the necessary data in order that the teacher will have it at his fingertips. In addition, abundant references to the particular value are included at the end of each lesson. These references should be mimeographed and given to the

members of the class to keep. By the end of the year each student will have a kit of reference material for key Jewish values which he can use in the preparation of his essay as well as for other purposes in his future.

Various class projects are also suggested in order to make the lessons more meaningful. An additional list of suggested readings is also supplied. These readings pertain to the values covered in this course.

Toward a Curriculum in Jewish Values Based Upon Jewish Literature for the High School Department of the Religious School

by

Jerry Steinberg

Thesis submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the
Degree of Master of Arts in Hebrew Letters and
Ordination

Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion
1965

Referee, Prof. Sylvan D. Schwartzman

To My Parents

Charles & Betty

Who Have Taught Me the Value of Life

And the Beauty of Living

Table of Contents

Notes to the Teacher		1
Introduction		4
Unit I --- The Search for God		7
Lesson 1	God (1)	8
" 2	God (2)	22
" 3	Education (1)	30
" 4	Education (2)	68
" 5	Sabbath	83
" 6	Universalism and Brotherhood (Tolerance)	103
Unit II --- The Family		123
Lesson 7	Marriage (1)	124
" 8	Marriage (2)	153
" 9	Weddings	166
" 10	Respect for Parents	182
Unit III --- Virtues		200
Lesson 11	Reverence for Life	201
" 12	Humility	218
" 13	Honesty	233
" 14	Charity	253

Lesson 15		Compassion	274
"	16	Mercy	291
"	17	Justice (1)	304
"	18	Justice (2)	331
Unit 4 --- Between Man and Man			346
Lesson 19		Freedom	347
"	20	Individualism and Idealism	366
"	21	Martyrdom	388
"	22	Remembrance	408
Unit 5 --- The Future			426
Lesson 23		Persistence (and Nationalism)	427
"	24	Conversion and Intermarriage	441
"	25	Hope	460
Concluding Lessons and Suggested Essay Topics			485
Appendix 1		Model Discussion	486
Appendix 2		Some Suggested Projects to Accompany the Lessons	489
Bibliography (1)		Recommended short stories for supple- supplementary reading	493
Bibliography (2)		Other recommended short stories not directly related to the Lesson Plans	505
Bibliography (3)		Other short stories read in preparation for this course	510

Notes to the Teacher

1 The stories should not be assigned for the following week. Each one should be read in class. This will help motivate the students in their discussion. The story will also be fresh in their minds.

2 Immediately following the story, the teacher should make sure that each student expresses his reactions. See Model Discussion for one of the ways in which a discussion may be stimulated.

3 The section Insights to be Emphasized should be done first. If time permits, the material under Comments may be added.

4 The teacher should feel free at all times to select what he feels important from the material presented. It is not intended that all the material be used.

5 If the teacher wishes, he should feel free to extend one lesson into two sessions.

6 The questions asked in the lesson plans are directed to the students. (Frequently a note is added asking every student to reply to the question rather than just those who raise their hands.)

7 a) At the end of each lesson there is reference material. This material should be mimeographed in

advance and handed out to the students at the end of the period.

b) The reference material may be used to supplement class discussion.

c) The students should be asked to keep all reference material in a folder for use near the end of the year.

8 The teacher should always read ahead at least two lessons in order to be prepared for extra mimeographing which is essential for some lessons.

9 The suggested Projects accompanying the lessons should all be read by the teacher at the beginning of the year. Advanced preparation is required for many of them.

10 The teacher should be intimately familiar with the material in the lesson before presenting it. He should also select in advance that material which he wishes to use and make check marks in the lesson plan highlighting his selections.

11 The teacher should at all times feel free to disagree with the opinions of the writer of this course. His own point of view may be presented whenever he wishes.

12 The teacher should not rush his material in order to cover what he has selected. Sometimes one or two important points can dominate an entire lesson and make

it a very meaningful session.

13 The stories do not always represent positive aspects of the value considered. Nevertheless, the positive value should be emphasized in contrast to the negative one presented.

14 Approximately two months before the end of the course, the teacher should assign to the students essay topics based upon the reference material and class discussions. See page for further details.

Introduction

There has in recent years been a growing concern for Jewish Education on a more advanced age level. Much material has been provided for the pre-confirmation grades but very little for the age groups beyond this. In particular has there been a void in material for high school students between confirmation age and entrance into college. This age group is vitally important. It is at this time that students are beginning to think for themselves. They desire to be challenged. This is also an age when students begin actively to revolt against the norms of their society.

This course has been prepared in an attempt to challenge young minds; to discuss openly and frankly the values upon which life is founded. I have used the medium of the short story as a means of motivation. The stories have been carefully selected. At all times the students' interests have been the criterion of selection. Many very fine stories were eliminated because I felt that for one reason or another they would not adequately stimulate the students' imaginations. At times I have no doubt erred in my judgement. I would therefore be most grateful to teachers if they would let me know when they find a story that just didn't go over with their class. Suggestions as to alternate stories would also be appreciated.

In selecting the material for the lesson plans I have tried to follow the same policy as for the stories. In this area too, comments from teachers would be most helpful.

The list of values presented here is by no means exhaustive. It was simply impossible to include all the values in one course. Also, the stories available restricted in some instances the selection of values.

The majority of the material presented can be used for College age students as well as for adult education. Some items, at the discretion of the teacher, may be omitted.

It is hoped that this course will contribute towards making the values presented a part of the student's nature, and produce in America a Jew of the highest moral and ethical stature. This course in part was taught experimentally at the Feinberg (Adath Israel) Religious School in Cincinnati, Ohio. Dr. Max Newman, Educational Director at Feinberg, gave me the freedom and assistance necessary to teach the course. To him, I am most appreciative. Also, I wish to thank the 1963-64 9th grade class at Feinberg who were not only highly receptive to the course, but who also made many valuable criticisms and suggestions.

I am most grateful to two persons in particular who have helped me in the writing of this course:

Dr. Sylvan Schwartzman has advised me throughout its preparation. I am indebted to him for his many fine suggestions and also for his patience and encouragement. I have indeed been fortunate to be his student.

To my wife, Shulamit, there is little that I can say in words by way of appreciation. She has been my main critic. In addition to reading and helping in the selection and evaluation of the stories, she has given me many fine insights which appear in the lesson plans. Almost all of this thesis was typed by her, a monumental task in itself. Surely Rabbi Akiba had in mind such as myself when he said: "That man's life is indeed enriched who is wedded to a virtuous woman."

UNIT I

THE SEARCH FOR GOD

VALUES

God (1)

God (2)

Education (1)

Education (2)

The Sabbath

Universalism and Brotherhood (Tolerance)

GOD'S AGENTS HAVE BEARDS

by Emmanuel Winters

From A Treasury of American Jewish Stories- pp. 437-447; edited by Harold U. Ribalow.

One hot June night after having simultaneously eaten two hundred and fifty peanuts and read two hundred and fifty pages of The Three Musketeers by Dumas--which is at the average rate of one peanut a page--I slammed the book shut, stood up to face my father, and announced: "I want to meet God."

Every beautiful, dark-haired, book-loving member of my amazing family, gathered as usual around the dining-room table, stopped reading. Everyone, that is, except my father, who instead of reading had been composing music. For over two hours the only sounds in the room had been the turning of pages, the cracking of brittle peanut shells in the learned, book-salted mouths of my impassioned family, and the scratching of my father's goose quill on the stiff white music paper before him on the dining-room table. Now everyone stared at me in horror, and there was a ghastly stillness that was broken finally, as expected, by waves of hacking laughter from my tubercular uncle, Amos.

"The boy has gone crazy all of a sudden," he said, simultaneously laughing, gasping, coughing, retching, and finally breaking into tears.

"Amos," my father said, "close your mouth to senseless laughter. Boys who express interest in God should not be laughed at unless, of course, they express immoderate interest in God." Then he turned to me. "What are you reading?" he asked gently. My father was the gentlest man alive. Sweetness, kindness, and goodness dripped all over him like the warm wax on a great luminous candle.

"The Three Musketeers, by Alexandre Dumas," I said. "A very exciting if poorly written book."

My father shook his head. "Very interesting," he said. "Extremely interesting."

Uncle Amos let some more laughter, coughing, and mockery escape from his bitter lungs again. "The boy is meshugeh-mad," he insisted. "Here he is quietly reading The Three Musketeers by Alexandre Dumas, as generations of us have done each in our turn, and all of a sudden he stands up and says he wants to meet God--and at the same time he gives a book review! Did you ever hear of such a thing before in your whole history of book reading? May I cackle like a jackal full of moldy potato-kugel if I ever did!"

"Sure, I've heard of such a thing," my father said. He was quiet and kind, but it was clear that he was thinking hard about this sudden and unlooked for family crisis.

"Well, I haven't, and if you ask me the boy has suddenly gone crazy from eating too many peanuts." Uncle Amos almost shouted. "That's what he is, crazy from too many peanuts!"

"He's a philosopher," my father said. "Everyone knows it. Otherwise would the very first word he ever enunciated at the age of eleven months and two weeks and three days have been 'why?'"

"He's crazy like a bedbug suffering dyspepsia from the sour blood of an anemic grandmother," Uncle Amos cried.

"Oh, be quiet," my father said. "This emergency calls

for some important concentration. Let me think."

Everyone obeyed my father. We were all as quiet as the corpse at a funeral. Nobody cracked peanuts, nobody read, nobody even dared breathe. Except me. I dared do everything with my father.

But this time I was really frightened. The many-mouthed spider of superstition had me in its mandibles. It bit me at page 249. Of course, I had known for a long time what a profound theological upheaval was taking place in my superstitious heart. Every time I walked across town to the great haunted-looking house of Mr. Vladimir Rasputin for my weekly violin lesson, I used to make a deal with fate. "If the toes of my right shoe come out even with the cross lines on the cement sidewalk for ten consecutive steps," I used to say, "I'll have a good lesson and Mr. Rasputin won't spit in my eyes and yell: 'Ai, vut a demnt goot-for-nahtting boy you are. Ai, you are dr-riving me cr-razy!'" I hoped very hard that my toes would come out even. If sometimes after the fifth or sixth or seventh step the toes would not coincide, once, with the concrete lines, I'd start all over again. Other times I'd try to cheat fate by lengthening or shortening my pace. But if by hook or crook the toes refused to come out even then I didn't have a good lesson.

I had been cogitating on the problem for months. And now, on the eve of going to summer school to skip the sixth grade, I had suddenly realized, on page 249, that perhaps there really was a dark, long-bearded man in the sky who could not be cheated no matter how hard you tried. In that case something had to be done about it right away since summer school started next day, and I had to pass at all costs. Being the official philosopher of the family I always proceeded to logical conclusions. That was why I suddenly felt imbued with a cosmic urge to meet God face to face, if there was such a thing. A grown man of ten has tremendous responsibilities!

So now with the others I waited small and tense for the answer of my gentle and wonderful father.

He was a delight to look at as he pulled his short goatee and concentrated. He was short and stocky, but powerfully built, with broad shoulders that always drove clothing clerks slightly daft. His huge shock of coal-black hair was somewhat interspersed with strands of gray, and his small beard was the same color. By contrast, his forehead was snow-white and high and intelligent. His eyes were a bright dancing blue and his mouth was the gentlest mouth in the whole wide world. I imagined that women would love to kiss that mouth very tenderly. From him there somehow exuded a soft melancholy perfume that was like the fragrance of old and precious books in a bright sunny garden of lilies of the valley.

Finally my father said: "Well, little children, I have decided. The boy's interest in God is not immoderate."

He got up and put on his hat. "Come outside with me," he said, beckoning.

We went out of doors into the warm brilliance of the June evening and began to walk in utter silence.

After we had walked around the block twice without saying a word, my father said: "Now tell me all over again so I'll be sure."

"Pa," I said, "I want to meet God."

We walked around the block once more.

"How do you mean you want to meet God? You mean you want proof that there is a God?"

"Excuse me, Pa," I said. "I don't go for secondhand things. I'm a philosopher. I want to meet God personally, face to face."

My father looked amazed. He was wonderful. He didn't say a word. Of course, I knew he wouldn't take me by the left ear and twist my head around. But sometimes if you did something wrong, or, what was worse, something foolish, he would laugh at you in a gentle kind way. This time my father did not even laugh in a gentle way.

We took another walk around the block, then we sat down under a huge elm on the soft sweet grass of June, far away from the lights.

"Do you see the stars up there?" my father asked.

"Yes, Pa," I said. "I see them."

"There's millions," my father said.

"I know it," I said.

"They move exactly on schedule," he said. "They never change."

"Like a clock," I said. This was an old routine.

"Suppose," my father went on, "there was no traffic system to keep the cars downtown moving right. They'd bump into each other all the time."

"Yes," I said.

"Well, there's a traffic system that keeps the stars moving the same way. It's God."

I thought for a while.

"Maybe," I said, "they don't bump into each other because they are so far apart. Maybe once upon a time there used to be more of them, closer together. So they destroyed each other and what's left has all the room it needs. That's why, maybe, they don't bump now."

My father pulled up some grass by the roots and meditated. I did the same.

After a while he said: "Yes, that's possible. It could be like that."

He pulled up some more grass. Then he said: "I want to tell you a story. Once a great idol-worshiping and terrible king told a rabbi that unless this rabbi could produce his God, face to face, in court the very next day, the rabbi's head would roll in the streets. The rabbi said: 'Sure, O great king, but first come on outside in the warm sunshine. I want to show you something.' The king humored the old

fellow and went outside. 'Take a look at the sun, O great king,' said the rabbi. The king tried to look. It was a pretty hot sun because this was over in Asia somewhere where the sun's heat is something awful. 'I can't look at the sun,' said this mighty king. 'It hurts my eyes.' 'Well, how in heaven's name do you expect to see God face to face?' said the rabbi, 'if you can't even look at the sun which is only one of the many things God has made?' "So next day," my father said, "that rabbi was made a vizier or some such almighty thing and from then on until the day he died that king never let the anti-Semites hurt the Jews."

I was pretty quiet for a kid my size.

"Do you get the moral?" my father said.

"Sure," I said. "I get the moral all right, but it doesn't satisfy me."

"It doesn't satisfy you?" my father asked.

"No, Pa," I said.

"Well, why not?"

"Because, Pa, doesn't it say somewhere in the Bible that the old prophets used to speak with God face to face?"

"Yes, it does say that," my father admitted.

"Then why can't I see God, too, face to face, Pa?" I asked.

My father took me by the hand and we got up from the soft green grass and began to walk home. Before we reached the house my father said:

"I'm going to tell you something. But I don't want you to breathe it to a soul, especially not to Uncle Amos." My father wasn't afraid of Uncle Amos. He just didn't like to keep telling him he was wrong all the time.

"Sure, Pa," I said. "I can keep a secret just as good as the next fellow."

"Then," my father said, lowering his voice to a whisper, "if you really want to see God face to face, you can."

"I can?"

"Yes, you can, if you keep asking God long enough and hard enough and God is sure you really mean it."

"You're not kidding me just because I'm only ten years old, are you, Pa?" I said.

"No," my father said. "I never kid anyone—unless it's your mother once in a while."

We started to climb the stairs. "There's something else you should know if you're going to meet God," my father whispered. "Sometimes God's too busy seeing somebody else; then he sends his personal representative. Will that be OK?"

I thought a while.

"Sure, Pa," I said. "I guess that will be OK—so long as I know it is his representative."

"You'll know when the time comes," my father said. "But remember, not a word of this to anyone."

"Not a word, Pa," I said.

The next morning at nine o'clock I went down to Union Street School and signed up for summer school. You attended

summer school for six weeks and if you passed you skipped a whole grade. That meant a whole year saved.

I was the most ambitious kid in town and I knew that I knew more than anybody else, but I was scared stiff of flunking. That's why I usually came out first in my class. I was so scared of not passing that I worked hard enough to be considered the most brilliant and promising boy in the history of the school system. But being the most promising and brilliant boy in the school system still didn't stop me from being scared to death.

Each day on my way to school I prayed to God to let me pass. "Dear God," I said, "just think of the disgrace to my whole book-reading family if I don't pass the sixth grade in six weeks. My mother will say, 'Oh, it was too hard for him,' but you and I know it isn't too hard. Uncle Amos will laugh his head off and that isn't too good for his consumption because every time he laughs the blood comes out. So, for the sake of my poor book-devouring family let me pass to my just reward, the seventh grade, O God!" I said it over and over. That was one prayer.

I had a second. "O God," I said, "don't let me waste my valuable time praying to you if you aren't real. Let me see you face to face like the old prophets in the Bible. Just one look, O God!"

I kept repeating this every day. I knew them so well that I was even able to say them under my breath during class.

But I didn't see God. This frightened me all the more since I began to think that maybe God was really there and that he was keeping under cover, out of shame because he had already decided to flunk me. The more frightened I became the harder I studied and I got 100 per cent in all my preliminary exams. But I was still afraid of flunking because the final exam was still to come. I thought that if God was really there, it would be more fun for him to tantalize me with 100 per cent in the beginning but with a zero in the end. So I kept praying, harder every day.

What made it worse, Miss Regan, my teacher, was fifty-two years old, quite beyond the hopeful stage. Everyone whispered how she once had been in love with a man who, on his way to marry her, had been killed in a railroad wreck. She was skinny and sharp-jawed and always scowled at the kids from way down deep in her rich brown eyes. I felt she was just the type to conspire with God against me.

In fact, the entire summer was vaguely metaphysical.

At length, I took the final examination and was told to report the following morning to find out if I'd passed or not.

That morning I started out for school earlier than usual. I wanted to give myself and God a good last chance. I crossed the South Street bridge, praying hard all the way. As I turned on Washington Street and headed for school, I said: "O God, in just three minutes I'm going to turn the corner at Union where the traffic light is broken and walk into school.

You've got just three minutes, O God, to save me and my family from a terrible everlasting disgrace. Incidentally, O God," I said, "those three minutes are important to you, too, because if you don't show yourself to me, then I'll have to stop believing in you, and that means I'll have to stop believing in my father, too, because he said I would see you if I only prayed hard and long enough. So, please God, let me see you now--this minute!"

I stopped walking--scared stiff. If I didn't see God I knew I had flunked. If I saw God--what would I do or say? After all, I had never met God before; he was a perfect stranger to me. But there wasn't a soul on the street, not even a sparrow.

I started walking again, very slowly. Ahead of me was the corner of Washington and Union. Once I turned that it was all over.

"O God," I said, "maybe I've been asking too much. Maybe you're too busy, like my father said. If you are, O God, why not send your representative? Any old representative will do."

I came to the corner.

"O God," I said. "I'm going to turn the corner now. Send a representative. Let him be right around the corner. Let him have a long black beard. Please, God, please!"

I took a deep breath, clenched my fists, and turned the corner.

There was a man there. He did have a long black beard.

I didn't know what to do. I just stared wildly at him. When he saw how excited I was, he smiled to me and asked me in Jewish:

"What time is it, son?"

I knew it was just nine o'clock because the school bell was ringing.

"It's nine o'clock, O mighty sir," I replied in my best chosen Jewish. Of course, I knew he was checking up on the time so he could tell God what time he had done his job.

He stroked his long black beard, hoisted to his shoulder a huge pack that looked as though it contained carpets, and walked away. I didn't know what to do, so I simply bowed from the waist and watched him until he had turned the corner. Then I went inside.

Sure enough I had passed the sixth grade. I was number one in class. Miss Regan smiled for the first time in six weeks and said that I was the most brilliant and promising boy in the school system. She said I would have a happy future, but that I must be careful of trains.

That night at home I joined my amazing book-devouring family. In the center of the dining-room table was a fresh, five-pound sack of peanuts. In front of each member of the family was a plate for shells. From the shelf I took down The Three Musketeers and opened it to page 231.

On the way to my place at the table I stopped and whispered to my father as he scratched musical notes with his goose quill on a shiny sheet of paper.

"I passed, Pa," I said.

My father nodded his head sweetly.

"I expected you would," he said.

I paused for a while and my father waited patiently.

"I also saw His personal representative today," I said. "He had a long black beard and asked me what time it was."

My father nodded again.

"I expected you would," he said, pulling at his short goatee.

"You two, there, what are you gloating about?" Uncle Amos cried from his couch in the corner. He alone was not reading; he had already read every book in the world in three or four different languages. "If it's something we should know, tell us and stop gloating secretly like two kittens with a belly-full of well-spiced gefullte fish," he said.

My father smiled to me and I smiled to him. "It's nothing, Amos," he said gently. "The boy tells me he has passed the sixth grade in six weeks weeks, that's all."

"Well, why shouldn't he pass?" Uncle Amos rumbled. "Haven't generations of us passed the sixth grade—like maggots through the small eyes of a sieve?"

I waited for the family's applause to die down. Then I went to my place at the table and began to read and eat peanuts.

It was still an exciting if poorly written book. But I felt somewhat superior to Alexandre Dumas. He, too, had undoubtedly passed the sixth grade, but had God's personal representative with a long black beard smiled at him?

VALUE --- GOD (1)

A 10 Minutes: Teacher passes out to class sheets of paper and instructs class as follows— "Within 5 minutes I would like each of you to describe God as best you can. You can write as much or as little as you please within the allotted time. Don't write your name on the paper." (When everyone is finished the teacher should collect the papers and have all the descriptions mimeographed for the next lesson.)

B 15 Minutes: Each student reads silently to himself.

C Students' Opinions and Comments.

Insights to be Emphasized

1 Ideas About God Change With Maturity.

I Ideas About God Change With Maturity.

a) When you were children, did you ever ask your mother or father about God?
What did they tell you? (Try and get each member of the class to express himself.)

b) On page , to whom is the boy referring when he says— "Because, Pa, doesn't it say somewhere in the Bible that the old prophets used to speak with God face to face?"

1- He was probably referring to Deuteronomy 5:4— "The Lord spoke with you face to face in the mount out of the midst of fire." (The "you" in this instance refers to the children of Israel.)

ii- He may also have been referring to Genesis 32:31 where after Jacob has wrestles with God, it states: "And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel (Means—"the face of God") "For I have seen God face to face and my life is preserved."

iii- Another possibility is Exodus 33:11— "And the Lord spoke unto Moses face to face as a man speaks unto his friend."

c) Is it easier for a child to think about God than for an Adult?

i- This is usually the case. The child's idea of God is usually patterned after his parents, in particular his father. In fact God is often referred to in the Bible as father and possesses many fatherly attributes.
For example— "A son honours his father, and a servant his master: if then I be a father, where is my honour? And if I be a master, where is my fear?" (Malachi 1:6) or— "Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us?"

ii- A child's imagination is more vivid then an adult's. It is not confused by subtle sophistications. A child may therefore believe things which as an adult may seem absurd to him.

d) The boy in this story bargained with God as may be seen on page 13 .
What Biblical figure also bargained with God?

i- Abraham, in Genesis 18:20-33, bargains with God for the lives of the people of Sodom. God originally says that He will spare Sodom if there are 50 righteous people dwelling there. Abraham finally persuades Him to spare Sodom even for the sake of 10 righteous men. Note that the bargaining is for Human lives, even wicked ones. This is another example of reverence for life found in the bible. (Sodom here refers also to Gomorrah.)

e) In 1964, a congregation in Birmingham, Michigan supported its Rabbi in eliminating the word "God" from all temple prayers. The Rabbi argued that

the word "God" was ambiguous and since it meant different things to different people, it would be better to eliminate confusion by eliminating the word.
For example, he uses the word "light" in place of "God" — "Blessed is the Light in the world. Blessed is the Light in man."
Do you agree with this Rabbi's position? Why?

Rabbinic and Other References to God

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- Letting God Off Easily

"After Yom Kippur the Berditschever called over a tailor and asked him to relate his argument with God on the day before. The tailor said:

"I declared to God: You wish me to repent of my sins, but I have committed only minor offenses: I may have kept left-over cloth, or I may have eaten in a non-Jewish home, where I worked, without washing my hands.

"But Thou, O Lord, hast committed grievous sins: Thou hast taken away babies from their mothers, and mothers from their babies. Let us be quits: mayest Thou forgive me, and I will forgive Thee."

Said the Berditschever: 'Why did you let God off so easily? You might have forced Him to redeem all of Israel.'"

(From The Hasidic Anthology, p. 57.)

i- This relates to the Abraham story cited above in that the tailor bargained with God.

ii- Both the boy in the story and the tailor speak on intimate terms with God even though one is a child and the other an adult.

b- A Five-Fold Recitation

"The words 'Bless the Lord, O my soul' (Psalm 103:104) were said five times by David with reference both to God and the soul. As God fills the whole world, so does the soul fill the whole body; as God sees and is not seen, so with the soul; as God nourishes the whole world, so does the soul nourish the whole body; as God is pure, so also is the soul pure; as God dwelleth in secret, so does the soul. Therefore let him who possesses these five properties praise Him to whom these five attributes belong."

(Berakot, 10a. The Talmudic Anthology, p. 142.)

c- Everything for Good *

"It is taught in the name of R. Akiba: A man should accustom himself to say: all that is done in Heaven is done for the best. R. Akiba was travelling, with an ass, a rooster and a lamp. He reached a town, and sought a place to sleep, but no one would admit him. He therefore slept in the open, on the outskirts of town. A wild beast consumed the ass, a wildcat devoured the rooster, and a wind extinguished his light. Nevertheless he said: 'Surely this must all be for good.' In the morning he discovered that bandits had fallen upon the town and had carried the residents into captivity. Akiba said: 'Is not everything for the best? If my donkey had brayed, or my rooster had crowed, or my lamp had shown a light, they would have carried me off as well.'"

(Berakot, 61. The Talmudic Anthology, pp. 143-144.)

d- "In what is God's strength demonstrated?
In His patience with the wicked.
(Yoma, 69).

e- "God has compassion like a father, and comforts like a mother."

(Pesikta, Buber, 139a)

f- God in the Wilderness

"Rabbi Judah ben Ilai said: The fatherly care of God for Israel is like a man walking on a journey whose son precedes him; robbers came in front to take the boy captive, but his father placed the lad behind him. A wolf came from behind, but the father placed him in front. If robbers came in front and wolves behind, the father took his son in his arms. If the boy was troubled by the heat of the sun, his father stretched his own garment over him. If he became hungry, he gave him food; thirsty, he gave him drink. Thus did God do on behalf of Israel in the wilderness."

(Mekilta Beshalla, 4.)

g- Where is God?

"As the soul fill the body, though no one knows its abode, so God fills the Universe, though no one knows His abode.

A man asked Rabban Gamaliel: 'Where is thy God?' He answered: 'I do not know.' The man continued: 'Yet you pray to Him, though you know not where He is?' R. Gamaliel replied: 'Your soul is near to you, yet where is it?'

---

*Do you agree with Rabbi Akiba that everything that happens is for the best?

The man responded: 'We do better than you; we behold the idol to which we pray.'

The Rabbi retorted: 'You may see the idol, but it does not see you. We do not behold God, but He beholds us."

(Shoher Tob, 103.)

h- Unity of God

"The Rabbis ask: 'And now is not God One? What mean the words: 'In that day God shall be One and His name shall be One?"

The answer is: 'Now God is One, but His names are many. Everyone conceives Him according to his own vision. But in the world that is to be— in that glorious future that is yet to come—not only will God be One; His Name, too, will then be One.'"

(Pesahim, 50a.)

THE DEVOUT

by Elaine Gottlieb

From Commentary-
June 1964.

When Tess and her brother were very young, God was the most exciting thing they knew. They thanked Him for bread, for fruit, for meat, in prayers taught by their grandparents. Their grandmother, who should have been an actress, told them, with dramatic emphasis, stories from the Bible. Moses, the little boy who had been saved by a princess, became their hero. In the morning, they began to enjoy the cereal they had once detested, for it became the Red Sea. They parted the waters for the Jews and closed them again in order to drown the Egyptians. But the most exciting portion of the legend came where Moses outdid the Egyptian magicians, scourge for scourge, plague for plague. That would show them they couldn't meddle with one who had God on his side!

Ah, if they, the children, only had God on their side! What wondrous tricks they could perform! How afraid the adults would be then to superimpose their desires, their will, on the children's other desires, on their will to do otherwise! There were too many adults in their grandparents' house, where their mother, who worked, had moved after the death of their father. Their father and the other, smaller home were submerged in the commotion of those other lives, this movement up and down stairs, this gathering of taller bodies around the smaller ones. The aunts and uncles were occupied with school, with jobs, with clothes, with parties, with the newest dance steps, boy friends, girl friends. They liked to gossip. They liked the pianola, the victrola, and the radio and the car. They gossiped about everyone they knew. And when Tess asked one of her aunts where her father was, she simply stared at the girl in embarrassment. Tess's brother, two years younger, waited with her for the answer. "Why... he's away," her aunt said, impatiently, guiltily, as though she had killed him.

"And when is he coming back?"

She brushed the children off, told them to eat their supper or go inside or outside or simply to bed.

"I know," Tess told her brother one day. "He's dead."

"I'm not going to die," announced her brother.

"Oh yes you will."

"No. I'll be like Moses. Moses didn't die. I'll be a rabbi. I'll know how not to die. I'll be closer to God than anyone...."

What can I be? Tess wondered, helplessly. It suddenly occurred to her that there was no redemption in store for a girl, no arising, no escape. A girl could become nothing but a mother. Perhaps I could marry a rabbi, she thought, or I could become president of Hadassah. No...she thought... No....

Tess and her brother began to study Hebrew. Why he was studying was clear enough to her. But, aside from the fact that she liked to watch the handsome shy face of the tutor, she did not see how the lessons applied to her. Could she be Bat Mitzvah? She grew fond of the tutor, grew fond of the Hebrew characters. But she gave up Hebrew and soon forgot it.

When her grandmother gave the children warm milk in glasses, Tess would sometimes imagine that she saw Hebrew letters left by the milk on the sides of the glass. If only they could be deciphered! She examined them closely. They were perhaps a message to her alone, from the Infinite, herself the agent of God.

"What are you looking at?" her brother would ask.

"Oh nothing..." and Tess, covering the glass, would drink her milk quickly. It was a message to herself, alone, she was sure, even if she did not understand it. She watched everywhere for signs. Surely something would appear some day.

At about the time her brother entered the Talmud Torah to study Hebrew for two hours after public school each day, Tess gave up Sunday school. She had never been too devoted to it, preferring to play in the street, in the garden, or in her room. Her mother was annoyed. Her grandmother shook her head: "The girl is growing up without religion," she said, from the deep cavern of mourning within her.

Tess's grandmother knew great heights of excitement and depths of despair. Celebrations and games found her happy as a child with the music and good things, in the case of parties or holidays, the dressing up. But the calamity of death, the shock of sacrilege, found her depressed beyond restoration. Once she showed Tess a thermometer-like object hanging outside the front door. "That," she said, "is a mezuzah. If you should ever marry someone who is not Jewish, I will have to take it down." Tess was awed by the responsibility, and immediately felt capable of possible betrayal. Tess's mother was afraid to tell the grandmother that the girl would not go to Sunday school; and on holidays, there was always a struggle to get her to the synagogue. "You must go," her mother would say, "or Grandma will be hurt."

Tess did not like the synagogue. The service was incomprehensible, particularly after she had forgotten Hebrew. But even before she forgot, it was difficult to follow the disunited gabble of the congregation, which never seemed to be doing the same thing at the same time. There was always a buzz, a swaying, a moaning, and in the women's balcony, where Tess had to be, there were indrawn breaths, sobs, tears, the smell of perspiration, fainting. Tess would console herself with the thought that she was wearing a new outfit for the occasion. She scanned the shawled backs of the male congregation down below, searching for handsome young men. They were not too easily discerned amidst the yarmelkes. Sometimes she glanced toward the stained glass window at her left; the colors seemed beautiful to her, the blue and gold and scarlet. The central figure was that of Moses. She tried to think of Moses, tried to think of God. But the sense of them drifted away, drowned in a medley of prayer.

Yet, for all her irreligiousness, she thought of God. She could not help thinking of Him. He seemed to be with her when

she prayed at night, to surround her, watching, promising. She had to have a father, and God was her father. She spoke to Him intimately at night, asked Him to grant certain wishes. The shadows of nighttime flew over the ceiling as she dreamed her conversations with God. The sense of Him flowed into, met the sense of other things.... He inherited not only the love she had felt for her father, but also the belief she had imbibed with fairy tales... that miracles were possible, that there was a fairy godmother....

"Make me beautiful, please, dear God," she would say. "I love you, God," she would add, afraid He might think she would give nothing in exchange.

But though she prayed before her mother's big mirror, and lowered her head in her arms, to provide God with an opportunity for surprising her, she found no startling change come over her face. Perhaps this is not the time, she would tell herself. Perhaps, if I keep on praying....

She used to dream of photographs. The photographs were all taken when her father was alive, and usually he was in them. While, in her dream, she watched them, the figures—her mother, her brother—would move, laugh, kiss and be kissed, and the trees would shimmer again with the summer breeze, and the fragrance of trees, many sweet budding flowers, would envelop her... and she would re-enter the photograph, acting in it as she had once acted, running, laughing, and wanting to stay. Often, at night, alone in her room, she would gaze at the portrait of her father that stood on the dresser. It looked so much like him. How could it look so much like him? She would lower her head and pray to God to make it speak, to make the eyelids move and the flesh become warm, something to be touched.

"Is there a God?" she asked her mother one night, at the age of twelve.

"Of course," her mother said.

"Of course," Tess's brother repeated solemnly. "You should go to shul more often. It would bring you closer to God."

Tess envied him, that he could feel so sure, could feel himself so close. But then, he was the one who did things the right way—even his piano-playing. "You play too fast, too loudly," they told Tess. "So gentle, such a soft touch," they would say of her brother.

Why he was always so good, why he was never as disturbed as she, Tess could not understand. He was even more thrifty than she, saving pennies and birthday money until he had great sums. "What will you do with all your money?" Tess asked him when he decided to start a bank account.

"Why, I'll help Mother, of course," he said gravely, drawing himself up, and looking at her with what she thought was an accusing eye. She knew she was a spendthrift, but she could not help herself. There was so much she wanted.

Tess was offended by her brother's incriminating glance. How could he thus place himself outside her, judging? How

could he set outside her love for him? She had always loved him dearly. Although he was only two years younger than she, he had always been her little brother, naturally inclined to be small, so that he was babyish-looking for a long time. For a long time, he had large black glowing eyes with curly lashes; his hair was a mass of black ringlets; his cheeks were rosy; he had his father's coloring. Since infancy, it seemed, he had been her willing partner in games.

Although eventually he grew ashamed of her, ashamed of the fact that she was thriftless, not good at arithmetic, uninterested in religion, had wild hair, was very thin, not pretty, and wrote poetry, for a long time they played together more than they played with other children. They played basketball in the back yard, beneath a tree one of their uncles had fitted with a basket. They buried "treasure"--bits of colored glass, some foreign coins, a silver wedding band found on the sidewalk. They lowered a basket from the attic down the stairwell to the ground floor, and filled the basket with "provisions stolen from the pantry. They acted out an unending drama, that of "Joe and Gertie," a couple always involved in some exotic situation. Sometimes Gertie was a princess, and sometimes she was a witch. Once Tess was Gertie-the-dancing-girl, while her brother, seated cross-legged on the bed, was a particularly infantile-looking pasha, named Joe.

Now, whether her brother associated her with infancy, with his littleness, or with the shameful fact that they were more affectionate with each other than were most brothers and sisters, he began, as he approached public school graduation, and his Bar Mitzvah, his coming of age, his manliness, to shake her off with more or less indignation.

"Why do you always have to touch me?" he would say, going off.

When she was ill and asked him to stay inside and play with her, he became very angry. "I want to go outside and play," he said. Something was making him cruel.

Something also was paring him down. The round, cherub-like face had grown paler, thinner. The gleaming black ringlets had been replaced by a wet flat mass of hair. He wore bulging knickers and heavy socks. He shined his shoes grimly every evening. His hands moved in a captive fashion. His eyes grew narrow and a little bloodshot. He was always in his room, studying.

"That's a <u>mensch</u> for you, eh?" her grandmother would comment, as, with self-conscious compression of the lips, he helped remove the dinner dishes from the table.

"What's the matter with you?" her mother would ask. "Why don't you help?"

"She's dreaming again," Tess's grandmother would say. "Stop dreaming; where will it get you?"

And her youngest aunt, always more critical than the others, would say, "There's no reason why she should sit here while everyone else helps."

Tess made a token trip to the kitchen but she wanted to run

away. She ran away to the protests within herself. There was something beyond what they said, and she could not get to it. There was something beyond appearances, and she only sensed it, and could not make them aware of it.

There is a right way that is not the apparent way, she told herself. Within her there was a pressure of questions.

What was God? Did she not sense Him watching, though He had no eyes, listening, knowing her, though He did not speak? Something, at any rate, surrounded her, though she could not specifically describe it. It was close, closer to her than her mother or even her father, who had died. It lived within her... and sometimes she felt like singing its song....

"God is a man," a little boy had once said to her, scornfully, in an attempt to explain the inequality of the sexes. But God the man was inconceivable to Tess. Moses the man and Jacob the man, but not God.

She wanted to be able to understand Him; if not to see Him, then to know where He was. She had been presented with a picture of heaven as something more or less like strata, a layer like marble, high up, away. She would lie on the grass in the garden sometimes, and look up through the sky, trying to pierce a shifting, fluid blue. Was it blue upon blue upon blue, then, and nothing to stand on?

It was a shooting star, very close to earth, that made her tremble uncontrollably that night of her twelfth year. Would the earth burn; would the sun devour it? And her eyes too?

She felt terribly alone. She ran to her brother to find him and clasp him, but her brother had a suspicious face, startled at the thought of love. She ran to him to make his touch dissemble the terror in her bones. But he did not understand her fear. He was in the large kitchen watching their mother iron one of his shirts. "Let me do the rest," he said, standing suddenly.

She glanced from one to the other, and then at her grandmother. She merely wanted to touch her brother, the warm hand. "What's the matter with you?" he asked, in distaste, as she stood beside him. "Leave me alone." He shook off her arm, and began to iron furiously.

Did none of them sense the terror in her? Did her grandfather, mumbling there in the corner, half asleep over a prayerbook? He was always praying. What did he pray?

Her grandmother offered her a cup of tea. There was always, in emergencies, a cup of tea. Perhaps, thought Tess, she feels something is wrong. A cup of tea, she thinks, will dissolve it.

"You are growing up," her grandmother commented, looking at Tess. "You're a goodlooking girl. You'll have a nice figure. You'll get married, have babies...."

Her grandfather had fallen asleep, head back, and was snoring. "What a racket," her grandmother said, in disgust.

The grandmother's disgust with the grandfather was undisguised. Since he had failed in business, grown deaf, asthmatic, and heavy-featured, she had little use for him. He used to, after dinner, lean panting against the sideboard in the

dining room, wheezing, trying to catch his breath, clutching the atomizer. As she passed him, on the way to the kitchen, Tess's grandmother, in tones of supreme loathing, would hiss, "Dumb ox!"

Yet, it was always a reverent moment, when, on Saturday nights, he held a glass of shnapps in his hand for the sacramental prayer, and then pouring it into a dish, set fire to it. Tess, who had to be present with her brother, liked to watch. She was fascinated by the blue flame whirling like a dancer's skirt. Such a rapid, unpredictable dance.

And it was also important to be present when her grandfather led the Passover service...although only her grandmother really seemed to listen. Dressed, traditionally, in white, her grandmother listened, listening not so much to the praying one as to the prayer. The grandfather seemed a necessary vehicle, a male mouthpiece. There were certain things that only men were supposed to do.

As for the rest of the family, it was hard for Tess to know whether they really heard what was chanted. Surely they had their eyes on the Haggadah, and thumbed the pages and knew where the place was, and sang: "One Only Kid..." but how could the story of the Exodus seem like anything to them, when their expressions did not change, except to lighter ones, when they never sighed nor wept, but merely turned the pages as though it were the thing that had to be done?

They were a somber group, Tess, in her fifteenth year, thought, seeing them seated around the table, hollow-faced, leaden-eyed, weighed down by the solemnity of something, afraid to smile just yet. They dipped their fingers in wine, counting the plagues. They broke matzos, ate the bitter herb. When there was a lull in the prayer two aunts began to gossip.

Tess's brother stood up and read the four questions. "Wherefore is this night different from all other nights?"

Because Grandma is dressed in white, Tess thought.

Her brother had been Bar Mitzvah recently. The grandmother nodded approvingly, smiling.

One uncle looked out of the window. Another tied his shoelace. Tess sat near the two eldest. They leaned their heads together, and one said, "Let's go out afterwards, hmm?"

Tess's mother looked at her in annoyance. "Why don't you read?" she asked.

"It's a boring story," Tess told her, not meaning that exactly.

Tess's mother opened her eyes very wide, as she did when she was angry. "I can't understand your attitude toward religion," she said. "Why, I've done everything a mother...."

"Shhh..." warned the grandmother. The eldest uncle had gone out to the hall to open the door for Elijah. Tess glanced toward the lone glass of wine in the center of the table.

"Now watch," grinned one of the aunts, "see if he takes a sip!"

A cold breath of air entered. The surface of the wine trembled, and Tess thought: perhaps, perhaps...and clasped her hands very hard beneath the table.

But the hall door shut clamorously, and her uncle tramped back, laughing. "Well, did he come?"

Tess arose at her seat and began to leave. "Wait," said her mother, "where are you going" Grandpa isn't finished yet."

"I can't listen any more," Tess said, walking out.

Her mother, running after her, took hold of her shoulder. "You can't do this. Think of Grandma!"

"Think of me! I can't listen. I can't believe any of it! It's not my religion."

"Stella..." her grandmother called.

"I'll say you had a headache," her mother said hastily. "It would break Grandma's heart if she knew. Why do you act this way? Don't you believe in God?"

Tess went into her room and lay down. She wept and tossed about, beat at the pillow and tore at its edges. I wanted God to come to me, she thought... If you are there why don't you come? she whispered. Why don't you give me a sign, why don't you tell me as you told David, Abraham, Moses? Where are you? Where are your miracles?... If I die will I know you?

She wanted to die and not die. She wanted to leave her body. Her body was a contrivance to keep her from knowing. Why was she always bound by breath and pain?

She tried to suck herself inward, hold herself tight, reduce herself to an essence, a dot. The final breath beat against her ribs. Her heart was loud with warning. She heard it close, too close. And then, as she held her breath for the longest span, she thought her heart was about to be lost. She thought: perhaps it won't come back... And she was afraid.

Had she almost heard then? Or was it the wind brushing the leaves against her window or a sparrow flapping against the glass?

That spring, the spring of her fifteenth year, Tess stopped going to the synagogue altogether. Her mother was angry, threatened, scolded, urged, pleaded, tried to make Tess feel very guilty. Tess did feel guilty. What had she done to them?

She was never with the family any longer. When she sat with them at meals, she never heard what they were saying, having withdrawn to some hidden whorl of absolute solitude. "The girl doesn't hear well," her grandmother would say.

"God is punishing you," her mother would whisper.

Burdened with guilt, Tess let herself be kissed by her grandmother before the older woman left for the synagogue on Yom Kippur morning. Dressed in her best clothes, wearing a fur stole, smelling of eau de cologne and powder, the grandmother said, "Goodbye." Always, since she was a child, Tess had been astonished to hear this goodbye. "Where is Grandma going?" she had asked.

"She is going to ask God to forgive her for all her sins," Tess's mother had answered.

At the end of summer, on Yom Kippur, in her fifteenth year, Tess passed some of the congregation gathered outside the synagogue. They were patting their faces. They had come out for air. Inside, in the women's balcony, Tess knew, the air was stifling with sweat and sobs.

Tess glimpsed her brother standing outside with an uncle. Her brother was fasting with the others. How proud of himself, and how full of disapproval he would be, she knew, when she saw him at night! She averted her face and walked rapidly, regretting having taken this street for her stroll. Where was she going? She did not know. But suddenly she found herself running.

Running, there seemed to be a dread in her that would neither rise nor be quelled. What am I running from? she thought. But she knew it was them, that crowd outside the synagogue. As in dreams, she felt their fury following; as in dreams when they tried to pull her down from the sky into which she leaped.

She ran towards the bay, the green trees of the park, the sunlight; the air, spun with pollen and earth.

VALUE --- GOD (2)

A 15 Minutes: Each student reads silently to himself.

B Students' Opinions and Comments.

C Pass out mimeographed copies of the short essays from last lesson. Each student should receive a copy of all the essays. Allow a few minutes for these to be read silently. Using these selections as springboards, the teacher should enter into a discussion on God. Where possible, relate these selections to either of the 2 stories read. These selections should each be read aloud after the silent reading. Each one should be discussed by the class. The teacher, through leading questions, should direct the discussions. Such questions as for example—
"Class, does anyone agree with the description of God as just read aloud by Susan? (This need not necessarily be Susan's own work but each member of the class should take turns reading in order of the selections until all have been covered.) What do you think is wrong, if anything, with this description?"
The teacher should stimulate as much discussion as possible making certain however that each description is read.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- Man Attributes to God Those Attributes Which he himself Possesses.

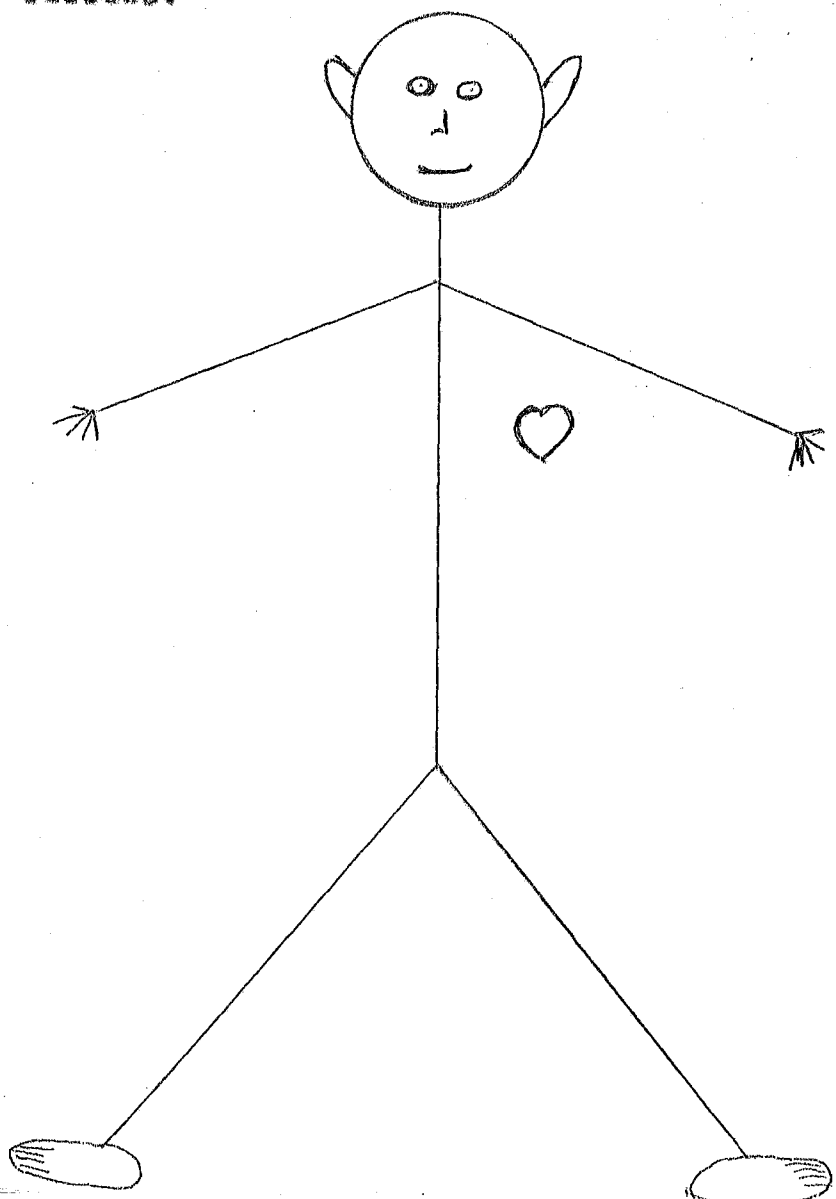
2- There are Many Different Concepts of God.

3- A Man's Concept of God Determines to a large extent his Values.

I Man Attributes to God Those Attributes Which he himself Possesses.

a) In <u>God's Agents Have Beard</u>, is the boy justified in thinking that God would look like a human being? (It's God's agent, and not God, whom the boy sees. It may however be assumed that the boy's idea of God is very similar, the only difference being that God perhaps has a white beard instead of a black one.)

The idea that God looks like a human being is actually Biblical in nature. (This is called the "Anthropomorphic Concept of God.") Although interpreted symbolically by the Rabbis, we find in the Bible many physical aspects relating to God. The following list will illustrate this point.
As the teacher reads the list, he should draw on the blackboard that part of the body which corresponds to the list, until when he is finished, a sketch of a man is seen which looks similar to what follows:



i- God has a face and a back— "And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel (The Face of God), for 'I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.'" (Genesis 32:31)
and "But, He said, 'you cannot see My face, for man may not see Me and live.' And the Lord said, 'See, there is a place near Me. Station yourself on the rock and, as My Presence passes by, I will put you in a cleft of the rock and shield you with My hand, until I have passed by. Then I will take My hand away and you will see My back; but My face must not be seen.'" (Exodus 33:20-23)

ii- God has eyes— "And God saw the children of Israel, and God took cognicance of them" (Ex. 2:25) and "So shalt thou find grace and good favor in the sight of God and man" (Prov. 3:4).

iii- God has a nose— "And with the blast of Thy nostrils the waters were piled up—" (Ex. 15:8).

iv- God has ears— "And God heard their groaning..." (Ex. 2:24).

v- God has a mouth— "And God said— 'Let there be light.'" and "The Lord roars from Zion and utters His voice from Jerusalem." (Amos 1:2)

vi- God has arms— "Behold, the Lord will come as a Mighty One, and His arm will rule for Him." (Isaiah 40:10)

vii- God has fingers— "When He finished speaking with him on Mount Sinai, He gave Moses the two tablets of the Pact, stone tablets inscribed with the finger of God." (Ex. 31:18) and hands "Your right hand, O Lord, glorious in power,
Your right hand, O Lord, shatters the foe!" (Ex. 15:6)

viii- God has a heart— "And it repented the Lord that He had made man on the earth and it grieved Him at His heart." (Gen. 6:6)

ix- God has feet— "and they saw the God of Israel: under His feet there was the likeness of a pavemement of sapphire, like the very sky for purity." (Ex. 24:10)
(Legs are no doubt also meant since feet without legs are difficult to imagine.)

b) There are other attributes of God which describe His nature on a non-physical basis. The following list will illustrate this point: This is a reference list. Before using this list the teacher should take a piece of chalk, walk to the black-board and then ask the class— "what attributes or qualities do you think God has, or should have? Let's make a list of these on the board." A few minutes should be spent here in compiling a list of attributes. Some examples from the reference list may help to get this started. One part of the blackboard now has the sketch of a man and near it a list of attributes. The teacher should now ask the class if anything becomes apparent in looking at the blackboard. What should here be obvious is that both the physical description as well as the description of the attributes are applicable to human beings. Unless one accepts the Bible in its entirety as Divinely revealed, then what has happened is that God has been shaped in Man's image.

i- God as Creator— Genesis -Chapters 1 and 2.

ii- God as Destroyer— "Moses said, 'Thus says the Lord: Toward midnight I will go forth among the Egyptians, and every first-born in the land of Egypt shall die, from the first-born of Pharaoh who sits on his throne to the first born of the slave girl who is behind the millstones; and all the first-born of the cattle.'" (Ex. 11:5-6)

iii- God as Man of War— "Then Moses and the Israelites sang this song to the Lord. They said:
I will sing to the Lord, for He has triumphed gloriously;
Horse and driver He has hurled into the sea.
The Lord is my strength and might;
He is become my salvation.
This is my God and I will enshrine Him,
The God of my father and I will exalt Him.
The Lord, the Warrior—
Lord is His name!"
(Ex. 15:1-3).

iv- God of Wrath— "In Your great triumph You break Your opponents;
You send forth Your fury, it consumes them like stubble."
(Ex. 15:7)

v- God as Redeemer— "I have come down to rescue them from the Egyptians and to bring them out of that land to a good and spacious land, a land flowing with milk and honey..." (Ex. 3:8)

vi- God as Father— "And thou shalt say unto Pharaoh: Thus saith the Lord: Israel is my son, My firstborn."
(Ex. 4:22)

vii- God gets tired— "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth and sea, and all that is in them, and He rested on the seventh day: therefore the Lord blessed the sabbath and hallowed it." (Ex. 20:11)

viii- God repents— "And the Lord repented of the evil which he said he would do unto his people." (Ex. 32:14)

ix- God as Merciful, Gracious, full of Goodness, full of Truth, Long-suffering and Forgiving— "The Lord passed before him and proclaimed: 'The Lord, the Lord, a God compassionate and gracious, slow to anger, rich in steadfast kindness.' (Ex. 34:6)

x- God of Vengeance— "O nations, acclaim His people! For He'll avenge the blood of His servants, Wreak vengeance on His foes, And cleanse the land of His people." (Deut. 32:43)

xi- God of Compassion— "And I will sow her unto Me in the land; And I will have compassion upon her that had not obtained compassion; And I will say to them that were not My people: 'Thou art My people'; And they shall say: 'Thou art my God.'" (Hosea 2:25)

xii- God of Love— "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; For Mine anger is turned away from him." (Hosea 14:5)

xiii- God as Judge— "My people ask counsel at their stock, And their staff declareth unto them; For the spirit of harlotry hath caused them to err, And they have gone astray from under their God." (Hosea 4:12)

xiv- God as Healer— "Abraham then prayed to God, and God healed Abimelech, his wife and his slave girls, so that they bore children;" (Gen. 20:17)

xv- God as Holy— "And Joshua said unto the people: 'Ye cannot serve the Lord; for He is a holy God; He is a jealous God; He will not forgive your transgression nor your sins.'" (Joshua 24:19)

xvi- God as Jealous— same as above.

xvii- God as Saviour— "But I am afflicted and in pain; Let Thy salvation, O God, set me up on high." (Psalm 69:30)

xviii- God has a Memory— "God remembered Noah and all the beasts and all the cattle that were with him in the ark, and God caused a wind to blow across the earth, and the waters subsided." (Gen. 8:1)

c) In summary then we have the following:

i- God's Appearance	God's Attributes
Face	Creator
Eyes	Destroyer
Nose	War-Like
Mouth	Angry
Ears	Redeemer
Back	Father
Arms	Rests
Hands	Repents
Fingers	Merciful
Feet	Gracious
	Long-Suffering
	Good
	True
	Forgiving
	Vengeful
	Compassionate
	Loving
	Judge
	Healer
	Holy
	Jealous
	Savior
	Remembers

ii- If we put the two lists together we have a human portrait of God. We can see from this that the Bible presents an anthropomorphic picture of God. The Bible however also at times portrays God as being unknowable. He is for example in Exodus 3:14 described as "I am that I am," and in Hosea 11:9 we read:

"I will not execute the fierceness of
Mine anger,
I will not return to destroy Ephraim;
For I am God, and not man,
The Holy One in the midst of thee,
And I will not come in fury."

iii- One of the Rabbinic justifications for the Anthropomorphism found in the Bible is as follow: "We may compare Him (to one or other of His creatures) in order that men may understand better." (Mek., Bahodesh.)

d) Is God really like we have described Him on the blackboard? Is it not possible that the mind of man is limited and therefore cannot really know what God is like. Perhaps only God knows what His nature is really like.

e) On The Devout, what was the children's idea of God like?

i- It was largely Anthropomorphic. There was also a very intimate relationship as may be seen on page 23. For these children God was alive, He was real, He was exciting. (See the first line of the story.)

f) Later in life, how did Tess differ from her brother in their approach to God?

i- The brother's approach followed the tradition, the accepted mode. For him, God was in the temple.—
"You should go to shul more often. It would bring you closer to God." p. 25

ii- Tess's approach was un-orthodox. For her God could be found just as easily outside of the temple. In fact, for Tess, He could best be found in nature as may be seen in the last paragraph of the story.

iii- Whom do you think was closer to God, Tess or her brother? Why?

iv- Where would one expect to find God more—
In the temple, in nature, or both?

v- Do we really need a temple for the worship of God? (Try and get each member of the class to answer this question.)

1- "God says to Israel, 'I bade you pray in the synagogue in your city, but if you cannot pray there, pray in your field, and if you cannot pray there, pray on your bed, and if you cannot pray there, then meditate in your heart and be still.'"
(Pes. K. 158a.)

g) The following excerpts dealing with anthropomorphism may be of some help to the teacher:

1- "I fancy that the simpler Jewish doctrine of the Divine Unity was the means, not only of lessening the difference between trained Rabbi and uneducated labourer as regards the conception of God, but also, in some degree, of binding all the generations of Jews more closely to each other. Because of it we, today, just as we are all nearer to one another, may be also nearer to our forefathers than at first thought one might suppose to be the case. The truly magnificent command to make no outward material representation of God may have helped to this end. When the uneducated man in the Rabbinic period heard about God's arm or eye or throne, these terms were, doubtless, less of a metaphor, or of an accommodation, or of survival, to him than to the trained Rabbi, but they were <u>not wholly</u> real. For he heard also that God was 'everywhere', that He was spirit and not flesh, and that (in spite of the 'arm' and the 'eyes' and the 'throne') he must not think of or figure God to himself in the likeness of man or beast or of anything material. However confused and vague his conceptions of God may have been he was, nevertheless, ready to die for the doctrine of that Divine Unity which included His immateriality. To-day it is the same. The ordinary uneducated Jew could not tell what he means by the divine omnipresence; he, too, uses the old metaphors, but he, too, believes in the Unity and the

immateriality. The trained Rabbi of the fourth century A.D. and the trained Rabbi of to-day may, perhaps, have been, and may perhaps be, able to tell us a <u>little</u> — to give us a slightly more rational <u>account</u> — of what they mean by omnipresence and Unity and immateriality, but, perhaps, for them, too, as for their uneducated brothers and sisters, these terms express rather the negation of their opposites than positive and clear-cut conceptions, well expressible in words, which all who read can understand. If this be so, the Jews of old, and the Jews of today, both educated and uneducated, are, perhaps, more truly linked together by a common bond of belief than may possibly be the case in any other historic religion. At least as regards the Divine Unity and the conception of God, educated and uneducated can feel in prayer ver close to each other, and, to some extent, the walls of separation between the ages may melt away."

(C.G. Montefiore—From <u>A Rabbinic Anthology</u>—Introduction pp. lii-liii)

ii- "We must remember that many Rabbis, in spite of their learning, were simple folk; it was the simple folk that they had to deal. Anthropomorphisms were unavoidable. But they were often mitigated by such caveats as Kebayakol ('If it be proper to say so' (op. p. 587)). To generalise is difficult. There were many differences of type, individuality and circumstance."

(H. Loewe—From <u>A Rabbinic Anthology</u>—Introduction p. xcvi.)

2 There Are Many Different Concepts of God.

a) <u>Monotheism</u>.
God is One. This is the basic concept of Judaism. There is only One God. He is All-wise, All-powerful, Creator of all, and Ruler of the Universe. This concept is found in every Jewish service—"Shema Israel, Adonai Elohaynu, Adonai Echad" (Union Prayer Book, pp. 15, 30, 40 and many other places). It is recited by the orthodox Jew several times daily. Also the line "Bayom Ha-hoo Yiyeh Adonai Echod U'sh'mo Echad— On that day the Lord shall be One, and His name shall be One." (U. P. B. p. 72)

Also— "He is our God, there is none else."
(U.P.B. p. 71.)

God is Immanent and Transcendant— that is to say He is <u>in</u> everything in the Universe and also above and beyond everything in the Universe.

b) <u>Polytheism</u>
Many gods. The belief in more than one God. The nations which surrounded Israel in the days of the bible, such as Egypt and Moab, each had their own gods. Some nations had more gods, some less. Polytheism was evident everywhere.
That Polytheism continued long after Monotheism was introduced into the world may be seen from the fact that both Greece and Rome had many gods such as Zeus, Aphrodite, Appolo, Mars, etc.
An interesting story is told about Abraham's early awareness of the fallacy of Polytheism.

<u>Abraham and the Idols</u>
"Terah, the father of Abraham, was himself an idol worshipper; he even carried on a substantial trade in idols.

One day he had to leave home and left his shop full of idols in charge of his son Abraham who was then very young.

Soon an idol worshipper can in and wished to buy an idol.

'How old are you?' asked Abraham.

'Fifty years,' answered the idolator.

'What! An old man like you bows down before a a mere image that was just finished yesterday! Think it over.'

The seeds of Truth were thus planted in the heart of the idolator.

Another time, again while his father Terah was away, a woman came and placed before the idols in the shop a bowl of flour as a sacrificial offering. No sooner had the woman left when Abraham picked up a stick and broke all the idols. Only one, the largest did he spare. In the hand of this one Abraham then stuck the stick.

Upon his return Terah saw the destruction Abraham had wrought among the idols. He flung himself upon him, crying, 'Who did this?'

'Just listen father and be amazed!' replied Abraham serenely. 'A woman came and brought a full bowl of flour for an offering. I placed the bowl at the feet of the idols. Immediately, a murderous battle broke out among them. Each of the idols said the flour was meant for him. While they all picked up a stick and...See for yourself—he killed them all!'

'You ne'er-do-well!' cried Abraham's father. 'How can you say the idols squabbled and pulled when they can neither speak nor understand?'

'Father, father!' replied Abraham, 'the holy truth lies in your words!'"

(From A Treasury of Jewish Folklore, p. 455)

c) Henotheism.
The recognition of other gods besides one's own god. Israel recognized the existence of other gods as may be seen in Judges 16:23.
"And the lords of the Philistines gathered them together to offer a great sacrifice unto Dagon their god, and to rejoice; for they said: 'Our god hath delivered Samson our enemy into our hand.'"
However, Yaweh, their God, was superior to all these.
"YHWH was Israel's only God. Other peoples might have other gods, but Israel's God had always shown His superiority over these."

(Jewish Encyclopedia, God, p. 14)

d) Pantheism.
God and Nature are One.
Everything in the Universe is part of God, and God dwells in everything. God is not apart from the Universe or Transcendant as in Monotheism.
We find threads of Pantheism running throughout the bible and Rabbinic Literature. It is perhaps not a pure Pantheism that is, some transcendant ideas usually can be found in most Jewish writings which touch upon Pantheism.
Some Rabbinic examples of Pantheism are:

i- God in Everything
"Said the Belzer: 'We read in Isaiah 64:3: 'Neither hath the eye seen a God beside Thee, who worketh for him that waiteth for Him.' This may be interpreted thus: 'God will aid those who wait for Him to see nought but God in everything that exists in the world.'"

(From The Hasidic Anthology, p. 145.)

ii- Sparks of Divinity Everywhere
"As the atmosphere encircles the earth, so does God comprehend the world, and there is no space where His Majesty is not. As it is said, in Midrash: 'Why did God reveal Himself to Moses in a bush of thorns? In order to make manifest

that there is no place where His radiance is not; it may even be found in a thicket of thorns.!"
(From The Hasidic Anthology, p. 146.)

iii- All Nature Exists in God
"The Kobriner turned to his Hasidim and said: 'Do you know where God is?' He took a piece of bread, showed it to them all, and continued: 'God is in this piece of bread. Without the Lord's manifestation of His power in all nature, this piece of bread would have no existence.'"
(From The Hasidic Anthology, p. 147.)

iv- The great philosopher Spinoza was excommunicated by the Amsterdam Jewish Community for his pantheistic philosophy. He said for example that God and the Universe are One. Since God is eternal, therefore the Universe is eternal. If the Universe is eternal then there was never a time of creation because that means a beginning, and in God there is neither beginning nor end. This is in opposition to the first line of the bible— "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." According to Spinoza, these always existed and therefore did not have to be created.

v- "O Lord our God, How glorious is Thy name in all the earth." (Psalm 8:2) The word "in" has a Pantheistic flavor. God is in everything. The great Bible commentator Abraham ibn Ezra had strong Pantheistic leanings as may be seen in his words—
"God is the One; He made all and He is all."
(Commentary to Genesis 1:26)

I A Man's Concept of God Determines to a Large Extent his Values.

a) How are values such as Honesty, Kindness, Compassion, Justice, Mercy etc. related to God?

1- Belief in God usually means belief in the source of all values. God becomes the ultimate perfection of every value.

ii- All the commandments in the bible, according to the orthodox view, have their origin in God.

iii- The orthodox Jew would claim that all the commandments were dictated to Moses on Mount Sinai and thereafter became the property of all Jews.

iv- The Liberal or Reform Jew might maintain that some of the commandments either came directly from God, or were received by men under "divine" inspiration or were arrived at through reason by highly gifted and enlightened men.

v- Man is created in God's image. Man therefore resembles God.
God is often used as an example of how men should conduct themselves.
"As He is Merciful, so be thou merciful;
As He is Gracious, so be thou gracious."
(Sifre to Deut. 11:22)

b) What effects did Tess's home life have on her attitude towards God?

i- It alienated her from the traditional idea of God. Her idea was more naive and pure.

ii- She was spurned by her brother who called her irreligious. Also by her grandmother and other relatives.

iii- Her question about God's existence was brushed aside by her mother.— "Is there a God?" she asked her mother one night at the age of 12. "Of course," her mother said."

iv- Tess was warm and sensitive, her brother cold and dispassionate. — "She glanced from one to the other, and then at her grandmother. She merely wanted to touch her brother, the warm hand.
'What's the matter with you?' he asked, in distate, as she stood beside him. 'Leave me alone.' He shook off her arm, and began to iron furiously." p.

v- Kind and considerate treatment of one human being to another was often looking in Tess's home.— "The grandmother's disgust with the grandfather was undisguised. Since he had failed in business, grown deaf, asthmatic, and heavy-featured, she had little use for him. He used to, after dinner, lean panting against the side-board in the dining room, wheezing, trying to catch his breath, clutching the atomizer. As she passed him, on the way to the kitchen, Tess's grandmother, in tones of supreme loathing, would hiss, 'Dumb ox!'" p. 28
Tess probably asked herself— 'Is this how religious people act, people who are always praying to God?'

c) How many in the class share some of Tess's feelings? Specify.

COMMENTS

a) The translation of the Bible into Aramaic known as the Targum attempts strongly to de-anthropomorphize the Bible.

Biblical, Rabbinic and Other References to God.

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period, each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- "Behold, the Lord God will come as a Mighty One,
And His arm will rule for Him;
Behold, His reward is with Him,
And His recompense before Him."
(Isaiah 40:10)

b- "Your right hand, O Lord, glorious in power,
Your right hand, O Lord, shatters the foe!"
(Ex. 15:6)

c- "At the blast of Your nostrils the waters piled up,
The floods stood straight like a wall;
The deeps froze in the heart of the sea."
(Ex. 15:8)

d- "The Lord passed before him and proclaimed: 'The Lord! the Lord! a God compassionate and gracious, slow to anger, rich in steadfast kindness.'"
(Ex. 34:6)

e- "And Joshua said unto the people: 'Ye cannot serve the Lord; for He is a holy God; He is a jealous God; He will not forgive your transgression nor your sins.'"
(Joshua 24:19)

f- "God said to Israel, 'Because ye have seen me in many likenesses, there are not therefore many gods. But it is ever the same God: I am the Lord thy God.' R. Levi said: 'God appeared to them like a mirror, in which many faces can be reflected: a thousand people look at it; it looks at all of them. So when God spoke to the Israelites, each one thought that God spoke individually to him. So it says, 'I am the Lord thy God'; not collectively; 'I am the Lord your God.' 'The word of God', said R. Jose b. Hanina, 'spoke with each man according to his power. Nor need you marvel at this. For the manna tasted differently to each: to the children, to the young and to the old, according to

to their power. (Proof passages follow.)
If the manna tasted differently according to men's power, how much more the word. David said, 'The voice of the Lord with power' (Ps. xxix, 4). It does not say 'with His (God's power', but 'with power', that is, according to the power of each. And God says, 'Not because you hear many voices are there many gods, but it is always I; I am the Lord thy God.'"

(Pes.K. 109b-110a)

g- "When Hadrian conquered the world and returned to Rome, he said to his courtiers, 'As I have conquered the world, I desire you to treat me as God.' They answered, 'But you have not yet prevailed against His city and temple.' So he went and succeeded in destroying the temple and driving Israel out. He then returned and announced his success and repeated his request. Now he had three philosophers. The first said to him, 'No man who is inside the palace can rebel: go outside the palace, and then you will be God: He made heaven and earth, you must first get beyond these, His palace.' The second said, 'It cannot be done, for He has said, "The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth shall perish under the heavens"' (Jer. x,11). The third said, 'Be pleased to stand by me in this hour of need.' Hadrian said, 'How?' He replied, 'I have a ship three miles out at sea, and it contains all my fortune.' Hadrian said, 'I will send my legions and ships there to rescue it.' The philosopher said, 'Why trouble your legions and your ships, I send a puff of wind.' Hadrian said, 'Whence can I get wind to send?' The philosopher retorted, 'How then can you be God who created the wind?' Hadrian went home displeased."

(Tanh., Bereshit, 7, f. 10b-11a.)

h- "A heathen asked R. Joshua b. Karha: 'Why did God speak to Moses from the thorn bush?' R. Joshua replied: 'If He had spoken from a carob tree or from a sycamore, you would have asked me the same question. But so as not to dismiss you without an answer, God spoke from the thorn bush to teach you that there is no place where the Shechinah is not, not even a thorn bush.'"

(Exod. R., Shemot, II, 5.)

i- "It is written, 'And Moses was not able to enter into the tent of meeting, because the glory of the Lord filled the sanctuary' (Exod. XL, 35.) R. Joshua of Sikhnin said in the name of R. Levi: The matter is like a cave which lies by the sea shore: the tide rises, and the cave becomes full of water, but the sea is no whit less full. So the sanctuary and the tent of meeting

were filled with the radiance of the Shechinah, but the world was no less filled with God's glory."
(Num. R., Naso, XII, 4.)

j- "R. Joshua b. Levi said: When Moses went up to God, he found God weaving crowns for the letters of the Law. God said to him, 'Moses, do men give no greeting in your city?' Moses said, 'Does a slave greet his Master?' God replied, 'You ought to have wished me success.' Then Moses said, 'May the power of my Lord be great, according as thou hast spoken.'
(Num. XIV, 17)

k- Next time you use the Union Prayer Book, look for words that describe God.

l- To Imitate God

"To walk in all His ways." (Deut. 11:22).
Those are the ways of the Holy One, blessed be he; as it is said: "The Lord, the Lord, God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth; keeping mercy unto the thousandth generation, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin..." (Exod. 34:6); and it is said:
"Whoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered" (Joel 3:5).
But how can a man call on the name of the Lord?
Rather, as the Omnipresent is called merciful and gracious, you too must be merciful and gracious, and give freely to all.
As the Holy One, blessed be he, is called righteous, as it is said: "The Lord is righteous in all His ways" (Ps. 145:17),
you must too be righteous.
As the Holy One, blessed be he, is called kindly, as it is said: "And kindly in all His works" (ibid.), you too must be kindly."
(Nahum N. Glatzer, Hammer on the Rock. p. 90)

m- God Everywhere

by Abraham Ibn Ezra
(Spain, 1092-1167)

"Wheresoe'er I turn mine eyes
Around on Earth or toward the skies,
I see Thee in the starry field,
I see Thee in the harvest's yield,

In every breath, in every sound,
An echo of Thy name is found.
The blade of grass, the simple flower,
Bear witness to Thy matchless pow'r.
My every thought, Eternal God of
Heaven,
Ascends to Thee, to whom all praise
be given."

—Translated from the Hebrew
by B.E. Bel.
(From A Treasury of Jewish
Poetry, edited by Nathan &
Maryun Ausubel. p. 292)

n-"For My thoughts are not your thoughts,
Neither are your ways My ways,
saith the Lord.
For as the heavens are higher than
the earth,
So are My ways higher than your
ways,
And My thoughts than your thoughts."
(Isaiah 55:8-9)

THE CASE OF AGATHON GEYER

by Jakob Wassermann

From A Golden Treasury of Jewish Literature-
pp. 129-135; edited by
Leo W. Schwarz

The boys were talking and shouting in the laboratory. As the teacher entered, they fell silent and rose to their feet. The benches were arranged in the form of an amphitheater, and cupboards containing minerals were affixed to the walls. On the long table lay retorts, burners, test-tubes, crucibles, perforated zinc, bottles and capsules. Shortly after the lesson had begun, the headmaster came in; he handed Boyesen an exercise-book, and said gravely: "You are Agathon Geyer's form master. Read this, and come to my room in an hour's time." He nodded indulgently and went out.

Boyesen went to his private room, which smelt strongly from chlorine. On the cover of the exercise-book were the words: "Agathon Geyer: German Essays." Boyesen turned over the pages of the last essay, which had been set by the headmaster. The subject was: What school should mean to the pupil. At first he read indifferently. The writing was bad, indistinct and feverish; the letters seemed to fall over each other, to stumble insensibly along, then one seemed to stand up rigidly, calling a halt to its fellows, but nothing could stem the general panic. Boyesen read with growing surprise, shook his head, flushed, turned pale, and, when he reached the end, he put his hand to his head, nodded miserably and began to read it through again. This time he read more thoughtfully, with growing amazement at the clear and almost poetic form the boy's ardent soul had created.

"School," so ran the essay, "should open the doors of life to us. It should help us to grow up courageous and yet aware of the dangers that beset us. It should mold us into capable and high-minded men. It should train us to love our teachers, and they in their turn should teach us to love life, our future calling, our fellow-men, the great figures of the past, noble ideas, the joys of friendship and communion with Nature. Our teachers should be superior to us. They should meet us with affection, and so make us happy. But is this the case? Does school prepare us for our work in the world? When we leave school, do we know what we ought to become, instead of merely what we are? School makes us a receptacle for information that is and remains dead. Our minds do not develop harmoniously. Nature and life are a dead letter to us, and we shall never comprehend their message. You are to blame for this, and I charge you with it. Why do the teachers never think of the minds of their pupils, but only of what they have learned? Why are we always regarded as geese to be fattened and abused when we cannot go on feeding? Why do we fear or despise our teachers instead of loving them? You are the boys' enemies and that is why you spy out their weaknesses; you sit there at your desks, and are more like books than living men. The lessons you teach have grown lifeless, because you are bored with them. Why are you so arrogant, looking down upon us from your heights, making us feel so small? Too arrogant even to explain to us the

most serious thing in life! Why do you not reveal to us the mystery of birth? Why is that never done at school in spite of so many opportunities? How much purer the boys' minds would be! Now they make it all beastly, giggling and winking and blushing when they read a poem, even searching the Bible for such passages. Now they are always full of dirty secrets. Is not this terrible? This is why they have no respect for people or things, why the whole world becomes something foul and indecent for them. They do things it almost makes one mad to think of, yet the teachers never notice them. Why do not the teachers prevent this? Why? Why do you sit at your desks, cut off from us as though by a high wall? Your pupils can never become happy men, and you are to blame for this, with your cold, icy hearts. On going out into life, we have first to forget you, to forget your school and your hardheartedness. Perhaps when we have done that we may become firm and strong, but happy? —Never! I had to write this and now my mind is relieved. An irresistible voice within me demanded it."

Boyesen's lips were quivering; his hands and his body were trembling. A feeling had been released within him of which he was ashamed; he was jealous of the noble and innocent courage which thus proclaimed the truth. He was so deeply moved that there seemed to be a veil between his eyes and the room where he was sitting. The ten o'clock bell rang outside and he went to dismiss his class. Then he walked through the corridor, came to a tall window and looked down into the playground, which was enclosed on all sides by walls and houses. He studied the crowd of boys who were rushing about with wild shouts, but there was no sign of a sense of freedom, of youth and freshness. Yes, he could see it with his own eyes; these were the shouts of prisoners whose chains had been loosed. It was the convulsive joy of the conscript on a Sunday, when he forgets his home, his nostalgia and his barracks. These were not the young men who could serve the future, these boys with dark shadows round their eyes, with haggard cheeks, with cynical, brutal, joyless shrieks of laughter, with dull glances and ungainly movements. This type of human being could not last; he saw it himself.

As he walked on, he caught sight of Agathon, who was standing alone, leaning against a pillar. When Agathon saw him, he turned slowly away and went into his classroom. Boyesen followed him—the room was empty—and shut the door. Agathon turned deathly pale and closed his eyes, as though he were in pain. Boyesen took him by the hand, laid his right hand on Agathon's shoulder and looked at him fixedly. Then he stroked Agathon's hair, soothingly, caressingly and never before or since did Agathon experience a sense of happiness so unearthly, so boundless, so joyous. The struggle of life that lay before him seemed easy to cope with, and the whole school, the very benches, seemed laden with happiness. He understood what Boyesen meant; he knew the significance of that caressing hand.

A quarter of an hour later he was called to the headmaster. The teachers were gathered in a large five-cornered room. All wore a solemn expression and bore themselves like men fully conscious of their office and their responsibilities. They stared at Agathon with expressions of surprise, derision, reproach or hauteur. The cantor from the local synagogue, who gave religious instruction to the Jewish boys, wore an expression so grim and horrified that no one could look at him without feeling himself a criminal.

The headmaster turned slowly on his revolving chair and the cold glare of his deep-set eyes bored its way into Agathon's brain. "How did you come to write this--shall we say impertinent?--essay, this pamphlet--if I may use the word?"

The cantor attempted to interrupt, but the headmaster waved him aside with a dignified gesture, and went on in a louder voice: "I ask how you came to forget in such a monstrous fashion the respect you owe to your teachers? I believe gentlemen, that we have here a case of extreme depravity. This boy is already slipping down the steep path of vice. He is a regrettable example of the moral level to which the youth of our town has sunk, and in such a case we must proceed with the utmost severity of which we are capable; the punishment must be exemplary."

The headmaster had risen, the whole room was quivering with the sound of his ringing voice; it seemed to Agathon that his tones must pass through the walls and be heard in every house in the town.

Again the cantor tried to speak, and again the headmaster silenced him with a wave of his hand. "I confess," he went on, "that a case of such depravity has never come within my experience. Let us hope, for the honor of this school, that never will again. Geyer, when did you write this odious composition?"

"Yesterday, sir."

"Speak up!"

Agathon was silent.

"Speak up!"

"Yesterday, I did speak up, sir."

"And why did you do it?" thundered the headmaster, almost bursting with rage.

"I did it to help make the boys happier and better."

"That is an infamous lie!" roared the headmaster, furiously.

"It is true," returned Agathon, quietly.

"You vile creature!" grated the headmaster, giving the word a crushing intonation.

The cantor could restrain himself no longer. He stepped forward, crossed his arms on his chest, threw back his head and said in a sharp but unctuous voice, while his body swayed from side to side: "Who are you? Have you forgotten the name of God? Have you fogotten your pious father's honor? Are you not a burden to yourself? Are you a Jew, or are you not? I reject you; I ban you from the community,

of the righteous; I break my staff upon you."

"No, I am a Jew no longer," said Agathon, with a strange smile, still retaining the tranquillity which had hitherto distinguished him. The teachers looked up, dismayed, and shook their heads. Boyesen's head was bowed. He had sat down and his white hands lay motionless on his knees.

"Here you have a final proof of his dangerous wickedness, gentlemen," said the headmaster, contemptuously. "An obstinate, godless, irreligious character. You can go, Geyer."

Agathon went. Outside, a great weakness suddenly overcame him and he sank down on the stairs. He heard a low but firm voice from the room behind him. It was Boyesen. This voice went on speaking for some time, then suddenly the headmaster began to bellow in a wilder tone than Agathon had ever heard him use. Immediately afterwards the door opened and Boyesen came out alone. He saw Agathon and signed to him to follow.

When they reached the chemistry master's private room, Boyesen shut the door. "I understand your impulse," he said, in a strained voice. "I can respect it, though on this occasion it was utterly useless. But how did you come to do it? It calls for determination to trample your own future underfoot."

Agathon sat trembling on the edge of a chair. He looked into the coal fire, where strange shapes rose out of the scarlet flames. Then almost without willing it, he began to speak, and he was a little afraid of his own words: "I don't quite know. I thought of it a long time ago. It seemed to me that many people could easily get hold of what they need to make them happy. I've never loved the Jewish religion. I've often felt as though I had a word to say to all Jews which might set them free. But that was just a dream until the affair took place with Surich Sperling."

"And what affair was that?"

"Surich Sperling was the name of the landlord of St. Sebastian's Inn in our village. My father was so afraid of him that he trembled if he merely heard his name. He had got hold of a bill my father had given, and he tormented him with it. Once when we were rowing across the floods towards Altenberg, he came along in another boat and rammed our boat on purpose, and I was thrown into the water. Then I thought it would not be a sin to kill him. The same evening I saw him ill-treating a little old man, and I went up to him and spat on his face. He dragged me into his room, took a rope, bound me to a black cross on the wall and beat me. I have never told this to anyone else, but I know you will keep silence about it."

Agathon buried his face in his hands, and Erich Boyesen listened with starting eyes as the boy went on, still keeping his hands before his face: "Then I said to him: 'Surich Sperling, this will be the death of you.' He laughed. 'Speak, you swine,' he said. 'Didn't you crucify our Lord?'

"Then it seemed to me that the door opened and Lamelchen Erdmann came in--the old man Surich Sperling had been ill-

treating—and I thought he sat down and nodded and smiled, and I recognized his face and yet somehow it was changed. 'Oh, Surich Sperling,' he said, 'this is a matter of great importance, for from now on the Jews are free. Gentleness will never triumph. Only power will triumph. We shall hate our enemies, hate them, hate them! The Wandering Jew is redeemed, Surich Sperling, and you will become the Wandering Christian. For the world grows new; it will slough its skin like a snake, and you will be the Wandering Christian, condemned to expiate the innocent blood that the Christians have shed.' Suddenly the vision melted away, and Surich Sperling untied the rope. He was pale as death and trembled as he bade me go, and his eyes, as they looked at me, were full of fear and horror."

Boyesen glanced through the window into the street where people were walking past, singly or in twos, with raised umbrellas, for it was raining. Everything seemed to him unreal, as though life were no more than a fleeting vision, the dream of a dream in the mind, and the dreamer was near to waking, and longed or feared to wake. He went over, took Agathon's head between his hands and compelled him to rise. Then he looked into his eyes and perceived them to be the strangest eyes he had ever seen; black and deep, full of restrained fire and yet shone with effortless brightness, full of gift of vision. When they looked at him it was as though their glance was recalled from a great distance, and hesitated long before it regained its steadfastness and clarity. Then Agathon got up (he was somewhat taller than Boyesen) and a terrible pallor had spread across his face. He pointed in front of him, sank on his knees and remained thus several seconds.

"What is it? What is it?" asked Boyesen, in alarm.

Agathon shook his head, and his face was contorted as though he were about to weep.

"And what happened then?" asked Boyesen in a whisper. He was moved against his will and reason by the strangeness of this young man.

"I cannot tell you now," replied Agathon. "Surich Sperling died that same night."

"That same night?"

"Yes. I lay and lay and willed death into his heart."

Incredulous and amazed, Boyesen stared into the boy's contorted face. He shut his eyes; his head was whirling. Agathon left the room with a quiet word of farewell, and Boyesen walked up and down in a state of deep agitation.

VALUE --- EDUCATION (1)

A Pass out sheets of paper to each member of the class with the following instructions: Write a short essay within 10 minutes on the following topic-- "What Jewish Religious School should mean to the pupil.".

B 10 Minutes: Each student reads silently to himself.

C Ask each student to read his essay aloud and then to comment on the story. The teacher should be quick to point out similarities and differences between the student's views as expressed in his essay and those expressed in the story.

Note-- The teacher should feel free to ask any of the questions raised by Agathon Geyer in his essay on pages , to the class. It may be asked if the negative picture painted by Agathon is also to be found in the Jewish Religious School?

Special Note-- See A in next lesson. Prepare for next lesson now if necessary. See also 3 b for mimeographing instructions in next lesson.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- Education as the Main Pillar of Judaism.

2- The Uncertain Status of Jewish Education in America.

I Education as the Main Pillar of Judaism.

a) On page we read: "It (school) should mold us into capable and high-minded men. It should train us to love our teachers, and they in turn should teach us to love life, our future calling, our fellow-men, the great figures of the past, noble ideas, the joys of friendship and communion with Nature. Our teachers should be superior to us. They should meet us with affection, and so make us happy." Do you think that such a close relationship between teacher and student is good? (See I b)

i- "Rabbi Eleazar B. Shammua said: Let the honour of thy disciple be as dear to thee as thine own, and the honour of thy colleague as the reverence for thy teacher, and the reverence for thy theacher as the fear of heaven."

(Abot 4:12)

ii- "Joseph ibn Aknin lays down the following desiderata for the successful teacher. He must have complete command of the subject he wishes to teach; he must carry out in his own life the principles he wishes to inculcate in his pupils; he must exact no pay for his teaching; he must look upon his pupils as if they were his own sons and treat them accordingly; he must train his pupils to lead an ethical life; he must not be impatient, but come to his pupils with a happy countenance; and he must teach his pupils according to the range of their intellectual abilities."

(Jewish Encyclopedia. Vol. 5,p. 44)

iii- Description of a child's introduction to religious school-- "On the Feast of Weeks, the day when the Law was proclaimed, the child was handed over to the school with especial ceremony. Having been bathed and dressed, the boy was taken to the synagogue at daybreak, and placed before the Torah (the Decalogue, Ex. xix et seq.) Then he was led to his teachers. While on the way he was wrapped in a shawl or a cloak to guard him from the evil eye. The teacher took the child in his arms, and then set him down. After this he took a slab upon which were written the first four and last four letters of the Hebrew Alphabet and the sentences: "Moses commanded a law, even the inheritance of the

congregation of Jacob' (Deut. xxxiii,4); 'Let the instruction be my vocation'; and the first verse of Leviticus. This slab was placed at the head of the infant in his cradle when he was named; even in ancient times it was used for the first instruction with the idea that the slab which treated of the pure (the sacrifices) should first occupy the attention of the pure (the children). The teacher then pronounced slowly all the letters of the alphabet, the pupil repeating them. The last four letters were pronounced in their proper order as one word (תורת), and also backward as one word (שבוי). the slab was smeared with honey, which the child might lick off and taste as it were the sweetness of instruction. There was also a honey-cake made of three kinds of fine flour, upon which were marked the Biblical verses Ezek. iii.3; Isa 1. 4, 5; Ps. Lxix. 9, 11, 12, 13, 34, 97, 130, 140."

(Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. 5. p. 46.)

b) There is a view that there should be a very definite line drawn between teacher and student. An intimate relationship is to be avoided. Do you agree with this view? Why?

c) "The moral and religious training of the people from childhood up was regarded by the Jews from the very beginning of their history as one of the principle objects of life."

(Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. 5, p. 42.)

i- On page 14 of the Union Prayer Book, Vol. I, we read, immediately following the "Shema" —
"Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, etc..."

ii- It was particularly important for kings to study and review the law.
"When he is seated on his royal throne, he shall have a copy of this Teaching written for him by the levitical priests. Let it remain with him and let him read in it all his life, so that he may learn to revere the Lord his God, to observe faithfully every word of this Teaching as well as these laws. Thus he will not act haughtily

toward his fellows or deviate from the instruction to the right or to the left, to the end that he and his descendants may reign long in the midst of Israel."
(Deuteronomy 17:18-20)

In addition, the common men had to also know the law as we learn from Joshua's address to the children of Israel after Moses' death.
"This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy ways prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success."
(Joshua 1:8)

Also in Moses' command to the Levites--
"Moses wrote down this Teaching and gave it to the priests, sons of Levi, who carried the Ark of the Lord's Covenant, and to the elders of Israel.
And Moses instructed them as follows: Every seventh year, the year set for remission, at the Feast of Booths, when all Israel comes to appear before the Lord your God in the place which He will choose, you shall read this Teaching aloud in the presence of all Israel. Gather the people--men, women, children, and the strangers in your communities--that they may hear and so learn to revere the Lord your God and to observe faithfully every word of this Teaching. Their children, too, who have not had the experience, shall hear and learn to revere the Lord your God as long as they live in the land which you are about to cross the Jordan to occupy."
(Deuteronomy 31:9-13)

d) Study alone does not suffice a man. He must also do good deeds. Only two together produce the complete man.

1- "So too, R. Elazar b. Azaryah used to say: He whose wisdom exceeds his works, to what is he like? To a tree whose branches are many, but whose roots are few; and the wind comes and plucks it up and overturns it upon its face... But he whose works exceed his wisdom, to what is he like? To a tree whose branches are few, but whose roots are many, so that even if all the winds in the world come and blow upon it, it cannot be stirred from its place."
(Aboth III,II, 12,and 22;)

ii- "Study is not the principal thing, but doing, for we have been taught that deeds make atonement for a man, and that repentance and good deeds are a shield against punishment.
(Num. R., Naso, XIV, 10.)

2 The Uncertain Status of Jewish Education in America.

a) Ask the following questions to the class in the order given, allowing time for discussion of each question.

i- Give one criticism of public education as you have experienced it in Elementary and High Schools.

ii- Give one constructive suggestion as to how you think the public education system might be improved.

iii- Give one criticism of your religious school education as you have experienced it.

iv- Give one constructive suggestion as to how you think religious school education might be improved.

b) Can religious school education be meaningful to a child if what he is taught in school is not reinforced (or practiced) by his parents at home?

i- "When the parent shows his own interest in Jewish studies by studying at home, attending study groups at the synagogue, Yeshiva, or at the homes of friends, this indirectly influences favorably the child's outlook on Jewish studies. The positive action of parents who sacrifice their own conveniences and pleasures, uprooting themselves from their business and social contacts in order to move into cities which have ample facilities for Jewish Education, imparts a stronger lesson than all the preachments they could deliver on the importance of Jewish education.

Indeed, the greatest single indirect form of Jewish education is the force of example and dedication to the eternal values of our Jewish Faith and Religion."

(From an article by Rabbi A. Hecht, Di Yiddishe Heim, Vol. 3, # 1 Spring/64.)

COMMENTS

a) On page we read: "I've often felt as though I had a word to say to all Jews which might set them free."
What was the "word" that Agathon wanted to relate to all Jews?

1- This is contained in the line "Gentleness will never triumph. We shall hate our enemies, hate them, hate them." This statement might explain what Agathon meant when he said on page , "No, I am a Jew no longer..." It is not the teaching of Judaism to hate, not even one's enemy--- "If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat. And if he be thirsty, give him water to drink." (Proverbs 25:21) Agathon, by declaring his hatred, felt he was violating a fundamental Jewish teaching. He therefore felt he was no longer a Jew. He carried out his hatred by willing to death Surich Sperling. -- "Yes, I lay and lay and willed death into his heart."
(P.)

b) In what ways does religious education influence the daily lives of people?

1- Every aspect of a person's life is affected by religious education. Not only is the individual affected, but the various institutions of society such as government are also affected by the religious attitudes of those who staff these institutions.
According to a recent survey---
"Depending on the socio-religious group to which a person belongs, the probabilities are increased or decreased that he will enjoy his occupation,

indulge in installment buying, save to achieve objectives far in the future, believe in the American Dream, vote Republican, favor the welfare state, take a liberal view on the issue of freedom of speech, oppose racial integration in the schools, migrate to another community, maintain close ties with his family, develop a commitment to the principle of intellectual autonomy, have a large family, complete a given unit of education, or rise in the class system. These are only a few of the consequences which we have observed to be associated with differences in socio-religious group membership, and the position of individuals in these groups."

(From The Religious Factor, by Gerhard Lenski, p. 320.)

Biblical, Rabbinic and Other References to Education

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period, each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- "For the priest's lips should keep knowledge,
And they should seek the law at his mouth;
For he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts."
(Malachi 2:7)

b- "The law of the Lord is perfect, restoring the soul;
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise
the simple.
The precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart;
The commandment of the Lord is pure,
enlightening the eyes."
(Psalms 19:8-9)

c- "The law of Thy mouth is better unto me
Than thousands of gold and silver."
(Psalms 119:72)

d- "My son, forget not my teaching;
But let thy heart keep my commandments;
For length of days, and years of life,
And peace, will they add to thee."
(Proverbs 3:1-2)

e- "Hear, ye children, the instructions of a father,
And attend to know understanding.
For I give you good doctring;
Forsake ye not my teaching."
(Proverbs 4:1-2)

f- "For the commandment is a lamp, and the teaching is
light,
And reproofs of instruction are the way of life;"
(Proverbs 6:23)

g- "My son, keep my words,
And lay up my commandments with thee.

Keep my commandments and live,
And my teaching as the apple of thine eye.
Bind them upon thy fingers,
Write them upon the table of thy heart.
Say unto wisdom: 'Thou art my sister'
And call understanding thy kinswoman;"
(Proverbs 7:1-4)

h- "Touch not my annointed (Psalm 105:15):
This refers to the school children:
and do not offend my prophets:
this refers to the teachers."

i- "By the breath from the mouth of school children,
the world is sustained."
(Shab. 119b)

j- The following are some salient points that a teacher, in order to be successful, can learn from the Baal Shem Tov, the founder of Chassidism: (The following is from Di Yiddishe Heim, Vol. 2, No. 2/60.)

i- The teacher must reach the child at the earliest possible age.

ii- He must love children, and feel responsible for them.

iii- He must believe sincerely in what he teaches.

iv- He must teach by precept and example, making the fullest use of the good didactic story.

k- "Teaching must not be interrupted even for the re-establishment of the sanctuary in Jerusalem."
(Shab. 119b)

l- "Let a man first do good deeds, and then ask God for (knowledge of) Torah: let a man first act as righteous and upright men act, and then let him ask God for wisdom: let a man first grasp the way of humility, and then ask God for understanding."
(Tan. d. b. El. p. 31.)

m- "It was a favourite saying of Rabbis of Jabneh: I am a creature (of God) and my neighbour is also His creature; my work is in the city and his in the field;

I rise early to my work, and he rises early to his. As he cannot excel in my work, so I cannot excel in his work. But perhaps you say, I do great things, and he does small things. We have learnt that (it matters not whether) a man does much or little, if only he direct his heart to heaven."
(Ber. 17a.)

n- "As a little wood can set light to a great tree, so young pupils sharpen the wits of great scholars. Hence said Rabbi Hanina: Much Torah have I learnt from my teachers, more from my colleagues, but from my students most of all."
(Ta'an. 7a)

o- "No matter how occupied a man may be, he must snatch at least one hour for study daily."
(Saying of Nachman of Bratzlav.)

p- "He who learns and does not review his studies is like one who sows and does not reap."
(Saying of Nachman of Bratzlav.)

q- "Cleave to the teacher who punishes your negligence, for in the end you will learn much from him."
(Saying of Nachman of Bratzlav.)

r- "It is a Divine Command that we should associate ourselves with the learned, so that we learn to act as they do, as it is written (Deuteronomy 10:20): "And unto Him shalt thou cleave." Is it possible for a man to cleave to the Divine Presence? But our Rabbis, of blessed memory, explained it thus (Ketubot 111b): "Cleave unto the learned in the Law." Therefore, it is the duty of every man to make an endeavor to marry the daughter of one learned in the Law, to give his daughter in marriage to a learned man, to eat and drink with the learned, do business with them and associate with them in every possible manner. For it is written: "And to cleave unto Him." And thus commanded our Rabbis, of blessed memory (Abot 1:4): "Sit at their feet in the dust and drink their words with thirst."
(Code of Jewish Law, Vol. I, p. 94, #11.)

s- The Student of the Torah[1]

"If one asks a student to-day why he studies, he will at once, in spite of his youth, give a very practical answer. He mentions the profession for which he is preparing himself, and through which he will obtain a lucrative office or a comfortable position in life.

It is entirely different with those who expended their time and powers on the study of the Talmud. They wished to derive no profit from their studies; not to use them as a Mishna teacher says, 'as a spade to dig wherewith nor as a crown wherewith to aggrandize oneself'. 'Say not', exclaims the Talmud, 'I will study the Torah in order that people may call me Sage or Master, but study from pure love to God, to cleave more closely unto Him through the knowledge and understanding of His word.' Day and night did they bury themselves in the study of subjects that had nothing to do with social life or with gain; often they became engrossed in the investigation of laws of sacrifices and purification, although these had long since grown obsolete. They desired nothing but knowledge, understanding, illumination. Where is there another people on earth among whom studies which aimed only at truth and the development of the spiritual life were cultivated with such pure, devoted, and selfless love as in Israel?"

(From A Book of Jewish Thoughts, p. 17. A. Jellinek, 1882,— Famous preacher and Jewish bibliographer.)

t- The Torch of Jewish Learning

"Learning was for two thousand years the sole claim to distinction recognized by Israel. 'The scholar', says the Talmud, 'takes precedence over the king.' Israel remained faithful to this precept throughout all humiliations. Whenever, in Christian or Moslem lands, a hostile hand closed her schools, the rabbis crossed the seas to reopen their academies in a distant country. Like the legendary Wandering Jew, the flickering torch of Jewish scholarship thus passed from East to West, from North to South, changing every two or three hundred years from one country to another. Whenever a royal edict commanded them to leave, within three months, the country in which their fathers had been buried and their sons had been born, the treasure which the Jews were most anxious to carry away with them was their books. Among all the auto-da-fé which the daughter of Zion has had to witness,

---

1. The word Torah has various meanings—the Pentateuch, the Bible, the Talmud, as well as the whole body of religious study and practice.

none has cost her such bitter tears as those flames which, during the Middle Ages, greedily consumed the scrolls of the Talmud.

(From A Book of Jewish Thoughts, p. 162. A. Leroy Beaulieu, 1893. —French Historian.)

u- "David said: 'O Lord, many groups of Zaddikim shall be admitted into Thy presence. Which one of them is most beloved before Thee?"
God answereth: 'The teachers of the youth, who perform their work in sincerity and with joy, shall sit at My right hand.'" (Pesikta Buber, p. 180a.)

v- "Rabbi Jose ben Halafta said: "There is nothing more futile than to learn and not to teach."
(Kohelet Rabbah, 3, 9)

w- After Study Honors
"R. Zeira said: 'I was privileged to know a man with perfect trust in God. He set aside hours of study of the Torah, and no matter how much he stood to lose, he would never desist from his period of study. He would say: 'If God desires to send me profit, He can do so after my time of study.'"

Source 2.

VALUE --- EDUCATION (2)

A Debate --- --- Resolved: Science and Religion are in Conflict.

(The debate may be presented in one of two ways.

a- Two debating teams consisting of 2 persons on each team (a team consisting of 2 persons) can present their arguments, each speaker being allowed no more than 3 minutes. This would have to be pre-arranged by a week or more.

b- Spontaneous Debate. The class is directed into 2 sections, the topic is announced, each section is given a side, then they adjourn to separate rooms, for ten minutes to formulate their arguments. Upon returning, each group selects a spokesman to present his group's points. Five minutes per speaker is sufficient.

In both debates a judge is not necessary unless desired by the teacher. The Rabbi or Religious school director may be asked to judge.

Following the debate, the teacher takes over utilizing the following material.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- Judaism and the Scientific Spirit are in Harmony.

2- The Spirit of Inquiry has Always been a part of the Jewish Educational system.

3- Jewish Men and Women have contributed much to the Field of Science.

I Judaism and the Scientific Spirit are in Harmony.

a) In what ways do Science and Religion compliment each other?

i- Both are concerned with Man. Whatever affects man, from his internal to his external environment, has a bearing upon his nature. A deep understanding of this nature in all its aspects, physical, psychological, and spiritual, is the task of Religion and Science.

ii- Science discovers the facts. Religion determines what values are to be placed upon these facts.
For example:— Scientists discovered Atomic Energy. The use to which this energy is put becomes a moral judgement (as was the case with Hiroshima.) A man's moral judgement is largely determined by his religion and the emphasis it places upon certain values.

b) The discoveries of Science attest further to the prayers found in the Morning Service Liturgy:

i- "Praised by Thou, O Lord our God, Ruler of the world, who in Thy mercy makest light to shine over the earth and all its inhabitants, and renewest daily the work of creation. How manifold are Thy works, O Lord! In wisdom hast Thou made them all. The heavens declare Thy glory. The earth reveals Thy creative power. Thou formest light and darkness, ordainest good out of evil, bringest harmony into nature and peace to the heart of man."
(Union Prayer Book, Vol. I, p. 314.)

ii- "O Lord of all the world, in Thy lovingkindness Thou causest the morning dawn to give light to all earth's creatures. By Thy will the marvels of creation are daily renewed. The heavens declare Thy glory and the earth reveals Thy handiwork. Creator of light and of darkness, Thou art praised day by day in the beauty and harmony of all Thy works."
(Union Prayer Book, Vol. I, p. 340.)

c) Both Science and Religion Search for Truth.
Although Orthodox Judaism claims to possess the truth, one will find even there that the Rabbis frequently disagree on the meaning or interpretation of Biblical and Rabbinic statements.
Science too, although early in its history it pretended to absolute certainty, has now taken the position that truth is relative. Cherished theories have had to be revised— e.g.: the angles of a triangle do not always equal 180 degrees according to the German Mathematician G. F. B. Riemann (Judaism and the Scientific Spirit, Plaut, p. 25). The element of certainty is no longer so certain. This applies also in Religion. Truth has many sides. Science and Liberal religion are today both striving to arrive at higher truths, and after these, still higher ones.
Judaism must be prepared to accept and assimilate whatever new truths are found. This is well expressed in the Union Prayer Book, Vol. 1, p. 34.—

"O Lord, open our eyes that we may see and welcome all truth, whether shining from the annals of ancient revelations or reaching us through the seers of our own time; for Thou hidest not Thy light from any generation of Thy children that yearn for Thee and seek Thy guidance."

d) Does the belief in "Miracles" conflict with Science?

i- If one is to literally interpret "miraculous" events in the bible, then indeed there would be a conflict with science. If however one interprets these events, for example the parting of the Red Sea, as a natural phenomenon, caused perhaps by a low tide or a strong wind, then the event is not a conflict with present scientific concepts of water and weather. The possibility of course exists that such events occured by means beyond our present knowledge, but even these would be considered in the natural order of the universe.

ii- According to Maimonides, all of scripture can be interpreted through reason. Where reason fails to explain something, then we are not reasoning correctly:
"We must first form a conception of the Existence of the Creator according to our capacities; that is, we must have a knowledge of Metaphysics,*

*("Lit., "Theology," "the Science of God;" it is the same as Metaphysics.")

which can only be acquired after the study of Physics, for science of Physics is closely connected with Metaphysics, and must even precede it in the course of our studies, as is clear to all who are familiar with these questions. Therefore the Almighty commenced Holy Writ with the description of the Creation, that is, with Physical Sciences..."

(Introduction to Guide for the Perplexed by Moses Maimonides; Translation by M. Friedlander.)

iii- That reasoning takes precedence over miracles is illustrated by the following Talmudic story.

"We learnt elsewhere: If he cut it into separate tiles, placing sand between each tile: R. Eliezer declared it clean, and the Sages declared it unclean; (59b) and this was the oven of 'Aknai.'[5] Why (the oven of) 'Aknai? — Said Rab Judah in Samuel's name: (It means) that they encompassed it with arguments[6] as a snake, and proved it unclean. It has been taught: On that day R. Eliezer brought forward every imaginable argument,' but they did not accept them. Said he to them: 'If the halachah agrees with me, let this carob-tree prove it.' Thereupon the carob-tree was torn a hundred cubits out of its place — others affirm, four hundred cubits. 'No proof can be brought from a carob-tree,' they retorted. Again he said to them: 'If the halachah agrees with me, let the stream of water prove it.' Whereupon the stream of water flowed backwards. 'No proof can be brought from a stream of water,' they rejoined. Again he urged: 'If the halachah agrees with me, let the walls of the schoolhouse prove it,' whereupon the walls inclined to fall. But R. Joshua rebuked them, saying: 'When scholars are engaged in a halachic dispute, what have ye to interfere?' Hence they did not fall, in honour of R. Joshua, nor did they resume the upright, in honour of R. Eliezer; and they are still standing thus inclined. Again he said to

---

5. This refers to an oven, which, instead of being made in one piece, was made in a series of separate portions with a layer of sand between each. R. Eliezer maintains that since each portion in itself is not a utensil, the sand between prevents the whole structure from being regarded as a single utensil, and therefore is not liable to uncleanness. The Sages however hold that the outer coating of mortar or cement unifies the whole, and is therefore liable to uncleanness.

them: 'If the halachah agrees with me, let it be proved from Heaven.' Whereupon a Heavenly Voice cried out: 'Why do ye dispute with R. Eliezer, seeing that in all matters the halachah agrees with him!' But R. Joshua arose and exclaimed: 'It is not in heaven.' What did he mean by this?— Said R. Jeremiah: That the Torah had already been given at Mount Sinai; we pay no attention to a Heavenly Voice, because Thou hast long since written in the Torah at Mount Sinai; After the majority must one incline. R. Nathan met Elijah and asked him: What did the Holy One, Blessed be He, do in that hour?— He laughed (with joy), he replied, saying, 'My sons have defeated Me, My sons have defeated Me.'"
(Baba Mezia 59a-59b)

iv- Miracles do nevertheless often play an important part in Rabbinic Theology. This is illustrated in Joseph Albo's "Ikkarim" where the author states that only a person who can do all that Moses did can change Mose's law.

"Therefore if any prophet or any one professing to be a prophet should come and say that he has attained a higher grade than Moses, which is impossible, and should say that we should listen to him and abolish any of the commands of Moses, not as a temporary measure merely, we will refuse to listen to him, but will tell him that he must prove his superiority to Moses and all the prophets who came after him and who were his disciples, by performing miracles greater and more wonderful than those performed by Moses and all the other prophets; by humiliating all those who dispute with him, as Moses did to Korah and his assembly; by triumphing over and overcoming all the wise men of his age and all his opponents as Moses did to Pharaoh and to all the magicians and wise men of Egypt; by performing miracles in public and in the presence of all the people, as Moses did in the presence of Pharaoh and of all Israel; and by maintaining the miracles a long time, as Moses caused to go before the people a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, and caused the manna to come down for forty years without ceasing, except on the Sabbath day, when it did not come down, in order to show the sanctity of the Sabbath and the truth of his words; and by fulfilling many other conditions of this kind, without which he can not make good his claim."
(Ikkarim, Vol. 3, p. 176-177.)

2 The Spirit of Inquiry has Always been a part of the Jewish Educational System.

a) In what ways has Judaism been conducive to the Scientific Spirit?

i- The Jewish mind has always been an inquiring mind. We have always been a people who were not afraid to ask questions. This is humorously illustrated by the well known story of a non-Jew who once asked his Jewish friend— "Tell me Max, why does a Jew always answer a question with another question?" To which Max replied— "And why not?"

ii- The bible contains examples where men question God Himself. Abraham for example did not hesitate to question God's Justice when he pleaded for the lives of the people of Sodom and Gemmorah. "Will You indeed sweep away the righteous with the wicked?...shall not the Judge of all the earth do justly?" (Gen. 18:22-33)
Job also contended with God— "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him; but I will argue my ways before Him."(Job 13:15)

iii- The Talmud and all the Rabbinic literature since the Bible has been an attempt to more fully understand God and the demands which He makes upon men. Violent and often disparaging arguments are contained in this literature. One mind pits itself against another. New interpretations are made and old one's shelved.
For example— Polygamy, though practiced in the Bible (e.g. King Solomon) was forbidden by the Rabbis. A few Rabbis however took exception to this and endorsed polygamy. "Raba said: A man may marry wives in addition to his first wife, provided only that he possesses the means to maintain them." (Yebamoth 65a)
It was finally officially prohibited by a decree of R. Bershom b. Judah (960-1028).

iv- In the 12th Century, Moses Maimonides challenged many of the core religious beliefs and explained Judaism in a philosophic sense which clashed with the normally accepted views. His writings split the Jewish world into two camps— the Maimonists and the Anti-Maimonists.

v- In the 18th Century, the birth of Hasidism likewise divided Jewry into two camps. So bitter was this conflict that the non-Hasidic Jews (called "Misnagdim", that is -- "those who oppose") would not permit their children to marry Hasidim. And all this because of a new view on what God requires of His children.

vi- In our own day, beginning particularly in the 19th Century (though its roots go back further than this) Reform or Liberal Judaism has once again challenged the "old way." Reform--Orthodox controversies have been bitter and passionate. To this day, Jewry is still divided into two basic camps-- the orthodox and the liberal, with various shadings in between. All this too because the Jewish mind never ceased searching and striving for new and better ways to make Judaism vital and meaningful to its people.

vii- Through most of Jewish history, the scholar has always been held in the highest estoem. The greatest source of pride for a Jewish family was to have their son become a scholar and for their daughter to marry one. Families would often support their sons-in-law for several years while he studied. Even the businessman, though occupied primarily with the task of making a living, was nevertheless expected to know the Bible and Law intimately, as well as other Rabbinic writings. The esteem in which the scholar was held may be seen in a selection from the autobiography of Solomon Maimon, 18th Century Jewish philosophical writer.

"Immediately after this I was sent to school at Iwenez, about fifteen miles distant, and here I began to study the Talmud. The study of the Talmud is the chief object of higher education among our people. Riches, bodily advantages, and talents of every kind have indeed a certain worth in their eyes and are esteemed in proportion; but among them no merit is superior to that of a good Talmudist. He has the first claim upon all offices and positions of honor in the community. If he enters an assembly, whatever his age or rank, every one rises before him out of respect, and the most honorable place is assigned to him. He is director of ordinary men's conscience, their lawgiver, and their judge. One who does not show such a scholar proper respect is, according to the judgment of the Talmudists, damned to all eternity. The common

man dare not enter upon the most trivial undertaking, if, in the judgment of the scholar, it is not according to law. Religious usages, allowed and forbidden meats, marriage and divorce are determined not only by the enormous accumulated mass of rabbinical law, but also by special rabbinical judgments which deduce special cases from the general laws. A wealthy merchant, leaseholder or professional man with a marriageable daughter, does everything in his power to acquire a good Talmudist as son-in-law. In other respects the scholar may be deformed, diseased, and ignorant: he will still have the advantage over rivals. At the betrothal the future father-in-law of such a phoenix is obliged to pay to the parents of the youth a sum fixed by previous agreement; and besides the dowry for his daughter, he is further obliged to provide her and her husband with food, clothing, and lodging, for six or eight years after their marriage, during which time the interest on the dowry is paid, so that the learned son-in-law may continue his studies at his father-in-law's expense. After this period he receives the dowry in hand, and then he is either promoted to some learned office, or he spends his whole life in learned leisure. In either case the wife undertakes the management of the household and the conduct of business; and she is content if only in return for all her toils she becomes in some measure a partaker of her husbands fame and future blessedness."

(From Solomon Maimon--An Autobiography, p. 15-17.)

Point-- From these few examples it is clear that the Jewish mind is a searching mind, an inquiring mind. It is never satisfied. Such an attitude is essential in a Scientific Age. Without such an attitude, science would not progress. Indeed, there would not even be such a thing as science.

b) Many great Rabbis had a very positive attitude to the sciences. For example:--

i- Moses Maimonides "...our knowledge of God is aided by the study of Natural Science."
(Guide of the Perplexed I:35)

ii- Gersonides "The Torah is not a code that compels us to believe in falsehoods."

iii- Elijah, the Gaon of Vilina— was interested in Mathematics and Astronomy. "...he eagerly studied mathematics, astronomy, anatomy and history as well, regarding them as auxiliary branches essential to a proper understanding of Talmudic and Rabbinic law."
(Universal Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. 4, pp. 76-77).

Note 1— The above attitude was unfortunately not shared by all the clergy. Galileo (in 1632) had to renounce his affirmation of the Copernican theory that the earth is not the center of the Universe. Fearing for his life he renounced his theory before the Inquisitional tribunal in Rome in these words—
"I, Galileo, being in my seventieth year, being a prisoner and on my knees, and before your Eminences, having before my eyes the Holy Gospel, which I touch with my hands, abjure, curse, and detest the error and the heresy of the movement of the earth."
(Judaism and the Scientific Spirit, by Rabbi W. G. Plaut, p. 3).
In more recent times, the Scopes trial at Dayton, Tenn., was a milestone in the fight for scientific freedom. Clarence Darrow fought William Jennings Bryon in court over the scientific validity of the bible. Bryon tried to show the superiority of the Bible over the theory of evolution.
Finally, with the founding in 1865 of Cornell University, religious authority over scientific fields came to an end. An example was set for all educational institutions in the Western World.

Note 2— There were some minor occasions when Jewish figures opposed certain scientific concepts. These cases were however few and today are held only by a small minority of Jews. An example of such a concept concerns the problem of the age of the earth. The scientific estimate is at least 2 billion years. Some orthodox factions believe that the earth is only 5,724 (as of 1964) years old. (This figure

correspons to the Jewish calender dating from Adam. The vast majority of Jews today are however in full accord with the many scientific discoveries and look upon these as a further revealing and manifestation of God's wondrous Universe.

3 Jewish Men and Women have Contributed Much to the Field of Science.

a) What modern evidence, if any, do we have for stating that there is a close relationship between the great number of Jewish scientists and the fact that they are Jews?

1- In a sociological survey taken in Detroit in 1958, the question was asked to all those interviewed who expressed a religious preference—
"Do you feel that there are any disagreements between what science teaches and what your religious group teaches?"
The following are some of the results of the survey. (All information is from The Religious Factor, by Gerhard Lenski.)

1- "Jewish respondents were the least likely to feel that there is any conflict between the teachings of science and those of their religious group, with 74 per cent expressing this view." (p. 282)

2- "In all except the Jewish group, young adults were much more likely to take the position that a serious conflict exists (i.e., they saw it as either "very serious" or "somewhat serious"). This is probably a reflection, not of any trend, but only of the more recent exposure of young people to the school system." (p. 282)

3- "On the basis of the findings of this study it appears that overt conflict between the churches and the modern scientific movement (itself a highly organized social movement), is only one of the factors accounting for the disinclination of Catholics to enter scientific careers. In our opinion, other, less visible, factors are equally important;

perhaps far more imprtant. Especially influential is the basic intellectual orientation which Catholicism develops: an orientation which values obedience above intellectual autonomy. Also influential is the Catholic tendency to value family and the kin group above other relationships. In brief, at both the conscious and subconscious levels of thought and action, membership in the Catholic group is more likely to inhibit the development of scientific careers than is membership in either the Protestant or Jewish groups. The implications of this for the future of American society are not difficult to discover." (pp. 282-284)

Assuming there is considerable validity in this survey, it is apparent that the educational orientation of a religious group is a decisive factor in its attitude and contribution to the world of science.

b) Who are some of the great Jewish Scientists and what are their contributions to science? (After the students have given their answers, pass out a mimeographed copy of the following names and contributions.)

c) <u>Contributions of Jews in Science</u>

From

The Jewish Contribution to Civilization

by Cecil Roth

1) There is some suggestion that a Radanite Jewish traitor was responsible for the transmision of our Arabic number system from India to the Western World, (about 2000 years ago). This number system laid the basis for all Mathematics. Another Jew, Abraham bar Hiyya (12th cent) helped pave the way for Geometry and Trigonometry.

2) Albert Einstein — formulated Theory of Relativity.

3) Jonas Salk and Albert Sabin — Inventors of Polio Vaccine.

4) Niels Bohr — discoverer of Bohr Atom.

5) Emile Berliner — invented the Microphone.

6) Isaac Singer — perfected the Sewing Machine.

7) Samson Valobra — invented the Safety Match.

8) Abraham Stern — made 1st Calculating Machine.

9) L. B. Phillips — invented the Keyless Watch, now used universaly.

10) Joseph B. Strauss — great engineer. His outstanding achievement is the Golden Gate Bridge at San Fransisco.

11) Paul Ehrlich — invented Salvorsan - a cure for syphillies.

12) August von Wassermann — discovered Wassermann Test for syphillies.

13) Bernard Zondek — co-discoverer of Zondek—Ascheim test for pregnancy.

14) Oskar Minkowski — "laid the foundation for the treatment of diabetes...by removing the pancreas and producing the disease artificially, thus making possible the discovery of Insulin by Banting and Best."

15) Sigmund Freud — founder of Psychoanalysis and Father of Modern Psychiatry.

16) Schenk — founder of Modern Medical Embryology.

17) Abraham Jacobi — founded 1st Children's Clinic in America.

18) Eduard Henoch — one of the founders of Pediatric Medicine.

Note-- Up to 1940, over 10% of the Nobel Prize winners were Jews. This is a large number considering that the Jews are only about 1% of the world population. The fields in which these prizes were given were mainly in the sciences.

COMMENTS

a) Religious education must direct the moral conscience of man.
Problem Question: Science has made it possible to put and end to suffering when there is little if any hope for recovery, by painlessly putting a person "out of his misery."
It is however against the law to take a human life as an "act of mercy." The moral conscience of society has made this law.

Do you agree with this law? Can there be any exceptions to it?

i- The point here is that what may be scientifically expedient to do (it would save the cost of drugs, some of which may be rare, or give a bed to another patient, save a lot of wear and tear on doctors and nurses as well as family, etc) is morally wrong. This moral attitude is a part of Judaism which has influenced all of Western culture. Unlike the Romans and Spartans, our religion does not teach us to put infants to death who are born with physical deformities, even though it may save a lot of "trouble" and expense. The Jewish view is that every man is born in the image of God. To destroy a man is to desecrate God's image; it is to violate that which is most sacred and holy. Science may determine that a human being is worth only about $1.75 on the chemical market, but in Judaism's estimate a human being is priceless.

b) In order to increase the effect of Jewish Education and to instill Jewish values in our children, is it wise to set up Jewish-Day Schools?

A Jewish-Day or Parochial school is a school run by the Jewish Community or a Congregation where the child, from Kindergarten through Junior High or High School, learns Jewish and secular subjects in one institution under Jewish auspices. The child in other words, would not enter the public school system at all. Only when he reached High School or University would he con into contact with a purely secular educational environment.

Some Arguments Against the Jewish Day School.

i- It separates our children and hinders their relationship with non-Jewish children.

ii- It is not in the democratic spirit. Public education should be subscribed to by everyone. It supports the separation between church and state.

iii- It is impractical. We do not have the funds, facilities or teachers for such an undertaking.

Some Arguments in Favour of the Jewish Day School.

i- It is the only institution which can preserve Jewish life in America. Without it we will lose our identity as Jews and soon be completely assimilated.

ii- It will strengthen Jewish culture and values and thus allow us to make a more significant contribution to our country.

Note 1-- The Catholic Church in America has its own Day-Schools and Colleges. The Parochial school has been characteristic of Catholicism for centuries.

Note 2-- Orthodox Jewry maintains over 200 Day-Schools, which in 1958 had over 42,000 students. (Jewish Heritage, Spring/62, p. 49) Yeshiva University in New York is an example of the Day School carried over into a full University Curriculum.

c) Will the discovery in intelligent life on other planets effect our religious ideas? If so, in what ways?

d) If human life is ever created in a test tube, will our religious ideas be effected? If, in what ways?

Biblical, Rabbinic and Other References to Science and Education.

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period, each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- "Abraham spoke up, saying 'Here I venture to speak to the Lord, I who am but dust and ashes: What if the fifty innocent should lack five? Will You destroy the whole city for want of the five?' And He answered, 'I will not destroy if I find forty-five there.' But he spoke to Him again, and said, 'What if forty should be found there?' And He answered, 'I will not do it, for the sake of the forty.' And he said, 'Let not the Lord be angry if I go on: What if thirty should be found there?' And He answered, 'I will not do it if I find thirty there.'"
(Genesis 18:27-30)

b- "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;
But I will argue my ways before Him."
(Job 13:15)

c- "The pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, an almost fanatical love of justice, and the desire for personal independence— these are the features of the Jewish tradition which makes me thank my stars that I belong to it.
But the Jewish tradition contains something else— something which finds splendid expression in many of the Psalms— a sort of intoxicated joy and amazement at the beauty and grandeur of this world of which man can form but a faint notion.
This joy is the feeling from which true scientific research draws its spiritual sustenance."
(Albert Einstein, Jewish Information, Vol. 3, #1/62. p. 17)

d- "I am religious in the sense that religion is the perception that beyond what can be sensed and experienced lies hidden something our minds cannot grasp."
(Ibid)

e- "...our knowledge of God is aided by the study of Natural Science."

(Guide of Perplexed I:33)

f- Judaism and Science are not in conflict.

"Judaism welcomes all truth, whether written in the pages of Scripture or deciphered from the records of nature. The new discoveries of science, while replacing the older scientific views underlying our sacred literature, do not conflict with the essential spirit of religion as manifested in the consecration of man's will, heart and mind to the service of God and humanity."

(Reform Judaism in the Making, by Schwartzman, p. 137)

THE HOLY SATURDAY NIGHT

by Judah Steinberg

From Select Readings in Hebrew Literature- by Lewittes and Blumberg, pp. 113-122. Translated from the Hebrew by Jerry Steinberg.

1

It was truly worthwhile to see Rabbi Solomon Leib the Servant sitting with a group of his friends conducting the "third Sabbath meal."* Outside the stores were already open, the weekday lights lit, and people beginning to leave their homes, their hearts cleansed of hatred and jealousy.

But what did this small isolated group have to do with all these people!

In the sky, the moon had already made her appearance and the stars were twinkling and speaking of everyday matters.

But this small group stood above even the heavens.— in fact just beneath the throne of God.

Finally it was necessary for them to say the Grace after meals and to recite Havdalah.**

Rabbi Solomon recited the Havdalah and when he ended with the line "Who separates the holy from the ordinary", and the group replied "Amen", everything became silent and for several seconds a sound like a heavenly voice was heard, rising up, higher, and higher!

Then everyone felt the warmth in his heart departing and saddness enter in its place.

Rabbi Solomon Leib feared saddness very much. "Saddness is the work of the evil spirit; one must run from it, fight with it." Then he went back to his place and sat down. The group sat leaning towards him and Yehielyik gave them the first Saturday night cigarretes. Then Rabbi Solomon Leib began to tell them a story about the Holy Baal Shem Tov.***

2

The Baal Shem Tov used to seek ways by which to best worship God. One time he would worship through saddness and another time through joy. One day Elijah the prophet appeared to him and the Baal Shem Tov requested that he be shown the place in Paradise where these who keep the Sabbath dwell, and it was shown to him. What he saw there

---

* A light meal at about 4 p.m. in later Saturday afternoon. Usually held in the Synagogue.
** The ceremony marking the end of the Sabbath.
*** Founder of Hasidism, a Jewish mystic sect.

no tongue can relate adequately. At the head of all the thrones that stood there, he saw two empty thrones, and they were higher than the rest. The Holy Baal Shem Then asked Elijah--"For whom are these thrones prepared?" Elijah replied--"For the holy Baal Shem Tov and someone else."

The Baal Shem Tov yearned to know who his neighbor in paradise would be. On Saturday night he ordered his wagon driver Alexei to harness the wagon and then he got into it. Alexei sat in his usual manner with his back to the horse and his front facing the holy Baal Shem Tov. They travelled and travelled all that night at miraculous speed, as is well known, and the next day they came to a great city inhabited entirely by gentiles, and there were there high and beautiful palaces. The Baal Shem's horse however left all these palaces behind and continued running until it arrived at one small and humbly home. Here it stopped.

The owner of the house was dressed in the clothes of a gentile and spoke a strange language. The Baal Shem Tov entered the home and requested the man's hopitality which was given him.

The Baal Shem began to observe him very closely. He noticed that when the master of the house arose in the morning, he didn't wash his hands and he left the house without saying the morning prayers. He didn't ever dip his hands in water before eating.

When the Sabbath arrived, he brought into his home others just like himself and they drank wine and smoked tobacco. Afterwards they sang and danced.

The Baal Shem began to feel sorry for the lot which had befallen his host. "Is a place reserved in paradise for one who desecrates the Sabbath like this?" The Baal Shem made up his mind to discuss the matter with him perhaps after all he is one of the "36 righteous men"* and all that he does is only an illusion.

He brought the matter up with his host. The latter however answered--"Rabbi, I am a Jew; but in all this city and in all this land there is not another Jew besides me. All which I learned in my father's house I have forgotten. I remember only one thing and that is that there is a Sabbath for the Jews and one must celebrate it joyfully. Therefore I fast all week in order to save money so I can celebrate the Sabbath as best I am able. All week long I smoke inferior tobacco, but on the Sabbath I smoke only the finest. All week long I drink water but on the Sabbath I drink of wine that is fit to be served to kings, and I invite guests to my home and I drink and rejoice with them as you have seen."

As soon as the Baal Shem Tov heard all this, he wanted to teach him the laws of Sabbath and the work which it is forbidden to perform on the Sabbath, but at that very moment the Baal Shem Tov became silent, God help us, and

---

*There is a traditional belief that the world is sustained by 36 righteous people who do good deeds always and whose identity is unkown, even to each other.

was not able to open his mouth. The Baal Shem understood that heaven was preventing him from speaking.

3

When the Baal Shem Tov returned home again and Elijah appeared to him a second time, he requested that he be shown the punishment in Gehenna for those who desecrated the Sabbath.

Elijah showed him, and what a sight he saw! Among all the things he saw there were two large deep kettles filled with bubbles of boiling silver.

The Baal Shem Tov asked—"For whom are the kettles prepared?" And he was answered—"One for the Baal Shem Tov, and the other for someone who is afraid of sin."

That evening the Baal Shem beckoned to Alexei. He harnessed the wagon, and they travelled all that night until they came to a very large city. Beside every house a Sukkah* was prepared for use from year to year. There were even Mezuzot** on the gates. The Baal Shem understood that this was a city of Israelites and he was exceedingly happy. He wanted to enter one of the houses to ask for hospitality, but the majority of the dwellings were houses os study and seminaries.

He asked in one place where the head of all the house of learning dwelt and he was shown. The Baal Shem Tov entered the place indicated and requested hospitality from the chief Rabbi. He was told however with the movement of a finger that he could not interrupt his study of the Talmud which he was reviewing in his mind by heart.

The Baal Shem Tov waited. The Chief Rabbi however did not cease his studying all week long. Finally on the eve of the Sabbath he stopped studying. Then he approached the Baal Shem Tov and asked him what he wanted. The Baal Shem replied that he would like to stay with him awhile to which the Rabbi consented. The Baal Shem then began to observe all his ways. He saw for example that to honour the Sabbath he lit very tiny candles.

All Sabbath long he sat in his place, not moving a single limb, and when the Baal Shem Tov inquired concerning his behavior he answered with holy language—"I'm afraid to desecrate the Sabbath; perhaps I will trample a worm with my feet or perhaps I'll make noise when I walk."

---

* A small hut with a transparent roof usually covered with branches and leaves. Used by orthodox Jews on the Sukkos Festival.

** Rolled up Holy parchment in container.

He was sad all through the Sabbath and he was so still he appeared dead.

When the Baal Shem asked him about his sadness he replied. "Why should I not be sad? Does what I do seem easy to you? There are 39 types of work which are prohibited on the Sabbath. If you transgress any one of them, you become liable to the death penalty; God forbid! Gehenna is open before you; and you ask why I'm sad?"

And when the Baal Shem heard these words, he was filled with compassion and began to comfort him, and he reminded him of the delight of the Sabbath and the joy of fulfilling God's commandments. But the chief Rabbi was a little deaf. He did not hear too well the holy words of the Baal Shem Tov and nothing penetrated his mind.

The man who dwelt among the gentiles heard well, but at that time the Baal Shem was silent. Permission was not granted him to speak. Here he is allowed to speak, but this man is deaf and cannot absorb words of rebuke.

Then the Baal Shem Tov understood that the most desirable way to worship God is "worship with joy." From then on he was very careful to honour the Sabbath with a joyful heart, and on Saturday night he would escort the departing Sabbath and part from it joyfull:

"And therefore I say to you my brothers" continued Rabbi Solomon Leib, "beware of sadness. Sadness is evil, God forbid. And furthermore, even good deeds and the study of Torah, if they are done in sadness, they do not rise upwards, but good deeds and study of Torah from the midst of joy immediately ascend heavenward."

Then all the group were filled with joy. Only Yehielyik, the master of the house, remained absorbed in sadness.

"It's all very fine for a student of Torah to study with joy" remarked Yehielyik with a sigh, "but what shall an uneducated person rejoice about?"

"Foolish one" Rabbi Solomon Leib tenderly rebuked. "The deed, not the word, is the principle thing."

VALUE --- THE SABBATH

A 10 Minutes: Each student reads silently to himself.

B Students' Opinions and Comments.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- The Sabbath as a Holy Day and a Day of Rest.

2- The Sabbath as a Unifying Force in Jewish History.

3- The Importance and Significance of the Sabbath for the Modern Jew.

4- The Concept of the Sabbath as a Contribution to Mankind.

1 The Sabbath as a Holy Day and a Day of Rest.

a) In this story, between the Rabbi and the plain Jew, whom do you think was the holier man? Why?

b) Where does the idea of the Sabbath originate?

i- It originates in the Bible. It is mentioned in several places but two of these in particular are the most important.

1 "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work;

but the seventh day is a sabbath unto the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any manner of work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day, and hallowed it."

(Exodus 20:8-11)

2 "Observe the sabbath day, to keep it holy, as the Lord thy God commanded thee. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is a sabbath unto the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any manner of work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thine ox, nor thine ass, nor any of thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; that thy man-servant and thy maid-servant may rest as well as thou. And thou shalt remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and the Lord thy God brought thee out thence by a mighty hand and by an out-stretched arm; therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the sabbath day."

(Deuteronomy 5:12-15)

c) Examine these two passages carefully. Is there any difference between them?

i- The passage in Exodus says the sabbath should be observed because God rested on the seventh day; therefore all men and animals should also rest.

ii- The passage in Deuteronomy does not say we should observe the sabbath because God rested on it. Rather it says that we should remember

when we were slaves in Egypt for 400 years and were not permitted any rest. We therefore, can appreciate how important it is for man to rest. This rest also applies to servants and animals. The cruelty of the Egyptians toward us must serve as an example not to be continued in our treatment of others.

Note-- When a poor man becomes rich he often forgets what it was like to be poor. So it is with slaves who later become masters. The bible asks us not to forget we were once slaves too. Let us therefore be considerate to those who serve us as servants or employees in business.

2 The Sabbath as a Unifying Force in Jewish History.

a) A statement was once made by a famous Jewish writer-- "More than the Jew has kept the Sabbath, the Sabbath has kept the Jew. (See also Union Prayer Book, Vol. I, p. 31.) What does this statement mean?

1- Since the destruction of the 2nd Temple in 70A.D., the Jews have undergone severe persecutions. They have been deprived of the "Four Freedoms" as we know them today, their holy books have been burned, and they have been martyred because of their religion. One thing, however, could not be taken from them. This was the Sabbath. In the privacy of the home or in some secluded spot, one could always say the Sabbath blessings. Even if such necessities as candles and wine were not available, still the Jew could refrain from doing work or other prohibitions relating to the Sabbath. It always set them apart and kept alive their hopes for a better future.

The Rabbis considered the keeping of the Sabbath so important as to equal the keeping all the commandments in the bible combined. For example:

A "The Sabbath is equal in importance to all other commandments."

(Yerushalmi; Nedarim 3, end)

B "Observing the Sabbath properly is

equivalent to observing the whole Torah"
(Zohar)

b) "The Sabbath was often a refreshing oasis in the desert of persecution."
(Jewish Encyclopedia-Vol. 10, p. 598)

c) Not only did the Sabbath serve to unify Jews and Judaism, in many respects it also formed the basis for many future developments in Judaism.

"The Babylonian exile was another milestone in the course of the development of shabbat. Unlike sacrifices, shabbath had no direct connection with the Temple, and its existence was therefore not threatened by the destruction of 586 B.C.E. On the contrary, the weekly observance, along with prayer and study, formed the base of exilic Judaism which now evolved. It may be that the promdnent role which shabbat plays in the synagogue may have had its origin in those gatherings through which the captives gave expression to their religious emotions and loyalties. The importance of shabbat in this period is reflected in the Book of Ezekiel where the weekly day of rest is associated with the cult of the Temple of the future."

(The Sabbath — Origins and Development by Maurice L. Zigman. From an address given at the National Hillel Summer Institure — 1960).

3 The Importance and Significance of the Sabbath for the Modern Jew.

a) Philo of Alexandria (30 B.C. — 50 A.D.) one of the leading spokesmen of Hellenistic Judaism in Egypt, said concerning the Sabbath— "On this day we are commanded to abstain from all work, not because the law inculcates slackness...Its object is rather to give man relaxation from continuous and unending toil and by refreshing their bodies with a regularly calculated system of remissions to send them out renewd to their old activities. For a breathing spell enables not merely ordinary people but atheletes also to collect their strength with a

stronger force behind them to undertake promptly and patiently each of the tasks set before them."
(Philo, De Specialibus Legibus.)

Abraham Heschel, a contemporary Rabbi and scholar, takes issue with Philo's view of the Sabbath. He says: "The Sabbath is a day for the sake of life. Man is not a beast of burden, and the Sabbath is not for the purpose of enhancing the efficiency of his work."
(From The Sabbath, by Abraham Joshua Heschel, p. 14).

i- Which of these two views do you agree with -- Philo's or Heschel's? Why?

ii- What does Heschel mean by -- "The Sabbath is a day for the sake of life?"

b) In what ways may man sanctify the Sabbath?

i- According to the Rabbis -- "Sanctify the Sabbath by choice meals, by beautiful garments; delight your soul with pleasure and I will reward you for this very pleasure."
(Deuteronomy Rabba 3.1)

ii- In Exodus 35:3 it states- "You shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations on the Sabbath day." An 18th Century interpretation of this verse says- "You shall kindle no fire of controversy nor the heat of anger."
(Rabbi Isaiah Horowitz, Shne Luhot ha-Berit) The Sabbath is meant to be among other things, a day of peace. To kindle anger in the home would be a desecration of the Sabbath.

iii- The Sabbath day may be sanctified by devoting it to study, philosophy, contemplation and the improvement of character.

c) Is the Sabbath meaningful to you today? If so-- in what way? If not-- why not?

d) In what ways can the Sabbath be made more meaningful for the Modern Jew?

e) The concept of physical rest is not appreciated today as it was perhaps earlier in this century and for many centuries before this. An emphasis must be placed today upon the spiritual benefits, of the Sabbath in addition to the physical. What are some of these benefits?

i- Peace of mind and body.

ii- Independence of the need to work and accumulate wealth. Heschel, in a modern vein, interprets the prohibition against handling money on the Sabbath as a declaration of "independence of that which is the world's chief idol. (Heschel, The Sabbath, p. 29) This is supported by the second commandment— "Thou shalt have no other gods before me" (Exodus 20:3)

iii- Joy.

iv- Identification as a Jew and an awareness that a Jew has an obligation to be holy, to be like God, that is, to be Merciful, Just and Kind to his fellow man.

v- Mastery of oneself rather than trying to master the environment.

vi- An awareness of one's Divine nature.

vii- The sanctity of time— The Sabbath as a special period of time.

f) What practical steps may one take to bring about these benefits?

i- Set aside a period each Sabbath for individual or group study and discussion.

ii- Make the Sabbath day different in your home. —R. Hanina Said: A man should always have two suits of clothes, one for workdays, and one for the Sabbath. R. Simlai taught publicly the same. The disciples wept and said, 'As our clothes are on weekdays, so are they on Sabbaths' (ie. we have each only one suit.) He replied, 'Then make, at least, some little change upon the Sabbath.'

(Ruth R. V, on III,3,f. 10a.)— From A Rabbinic Anthology, p. 193 -315-)

iii- Resolve to maintain peace in the home. "Do not kindle anger!"

iv- Plan and attend weekend religious retreats.

v- Set aside a period of time each Sabbath for meditation and self-searching.

vi- Conduct a religious service in the home with a special Sabbath meal. Such a service may be found in the Union Home Prayer Book or on pages 373-384 of the Union Prayer Book Vol. I.

vii- Spend a good part of the day with your family.

viii- Attend Sabbath Services in the Temple.

ix- Make it a point to do a good deed such as visiting a sick person or helping someone out in what ever way you can.

x- Let your body be especially clean for this day. If possible, a steam bath helps set the mood for the Sabbath.

4 The Concept of the Sabbath as a Contribution to Mankind.

a) The idea of a Sabbath day as a day of rest is one of the most significant contributions to the social

development of mankind. The idea of a day of rest once each week was a radical idea, one not readily adopted by the nations surrounding Israel.

i- It was emulated eventually by Christianity. In 321 A.D., Constantine(the first Roman Emperor to adopt Christianity)declared Sunday as a legal day of rest from general labor. Previous to this date it had only been a day of worship, not a day of rest. Before becoming a day of rest for Christianity, it was known as "...the Lord's Day, commemorating his resurrection.

(Encyclopedia of Religion- edited by Vergilius Ferm, p. 676)

ii- The Puritans of Connecticut issued a "blue law" concerning the Sabbath Day which stated--

"No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden,
or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.
No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house,
cut hair or shave, on the Sabbath day.
No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day.
If any man shall kiss his wife, or wife her husband on the Lord's day,
the party in fault shall be punished at the discretion of the court of magistrates."

(The Sabbath-Origins and Development by Maurice L. Zigman. From an address given at the National Hillel Summer Institue, 1960.)

This law is based heavily upon the Rabbinic restrictions concerning the Sabbath.

iii- There are Christians even today who observe Saturday as their Sabbath. Such a sect are the Seventh Day Adventists. Some members of this sect even observe certain Jewish dietary laws.

iv- The Sabbath is a legal holiday in the United States and Canada as well as many European and South American countries. Certain laws known as "Blue Laws" prohibit the opening of most business establishments on Sunday. The Blue Laws have

often adversely affected Orthodox Jews who must keep closed both Saturday (their Sabbath) and Sunday (the Christian Sabbath.) Economically this is very difficult to do. In a country advocating freedom of religion, do you think this is fair to the Jews? (There are exceptions. Some places do permit the Jews to be open on Sunday if they close on Saturday.)

Note-- In a Canadian city some years ago, a bill was brought before the government asking permission for business establishments to remain open on Friday nights. This bill was backed by large chain stores who felt Friday night business would be very profitable. One of the Rabbis in the community objected to this bill on the grounds that many Jews would not be able to attend Friday Sabbath eve services if this bill would be passed. Competition would force many small Jewish businesses to remain open. Also, employees of those large chain stores who were Jewish would have their jobs jeopardized if they refused to work Friday night. The Rabbi, with cooperation of various Christian clergymen in the community, was able to prevent this bill from passing the legislature. Public opinion was aroused against the bill. Thursday night instead became the evening for businesses to be open. As it turned out, Thursday was a better night for business than Friday as was shown by a comparison with other cities who kept open Friday nights.

y- According to Abraham Heschel--"The Jewish contribution to the idea of love is the conception of love of the Sabbath, the love of a day, of spirit in the form of time."

(Abraham Heschel, The Sabbath, p. 16)

COMMENTS

a) How would you interpret the last line of the story?--

"The deed, not the word is the principle thing."

i- One interpretation may be— What we say is not nearly so important as what we do. Would you agree with this statement?

b) Why are 2 candles lit on the Sabbath? Is there any special significance to the number 2?

i- According to Jewish Law, 2 is the minimum number of candles that must be lit. This is because there are 2 main places in the bible where the commandment concerning the Sabbath is given; that is in Exodus 20:8-11 and Deuteronomy 5:12-15.

ii- More than two candles may be lit. There are various customs for lighting more. Some of these are:

1 A candle is added for each child born to the family.

2 A candle is added each time the woman neglects to light the Sabbath candles. This extra candle (or candles) serves as a reminder for the rest of her life, to be careful not to forget again.

3 An extra pair of candles is set for every adult female guest at the table so that she too may be able to partake in the candle-lighting ceremony.

4 An extra candle is lit for every additional person at the table.

c) In biblical times the Sabbath was often broken or profained. Some examples are:

i- Amos 8:4-7— "Hear this, O ye that would swallow the needy, and destroy the poor of the land, saying: 'When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell grain? And the Sabbath, that we may set forth corn, making the ephah small, and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances of deceit?"

ii- Ezekiel 20:13—"But the house of Israel rebelled against Me in the wilderness; they walked not in

My statutes, and they rejected Mine ordinances, which if a man do, he shall live by them, and My Sabbaths they greatly profaned."

d) The Sabbath Service in the Union Prayer Book Vol. I.

i- Page 7 — The essence of the Sabbath is well contained in the last three lines — "Joy, Holiness, Peace."

ii- Page 7 — A modern interpretation of the symbolism of lighting the candles is given in the first half of the page. Can you think of any other things which are symbolized by light?

iii- Page 10 — The concept of rest is found in the first paragraph. Spiritual inspiration too is mentioned. See also page 20, first paragraph.

iv- Page 18 — Paragraph one deals with the Sabbath as a perpetual covenant between Israel and God. This is taken from Exodus 31:16-17.

v- Page 22 — The first paragraph discusses the Sabbath as a Holy day and introduces a theme of Universalism— "...through it thy name be hallowed in all the world."

vi- Page 26 — This is one of the most famous of the Sabbath Hymns. It was written as late as the 16th Century and today is almost universally sung by Jews on the Sabbath.

vii- Some other pertinent references to the evening Sabbath service may be found on pages 27, 32, 38, 49, 58, 62, 93.

Biblical, Rabbinic and Other References to the Sabbath

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period, each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- "Remember the sabbath day and keep it holy. Six days you shall labor and do all your work, but the seventh day is a sabbath of the Lord your God: you shall not do any work--you, your son or daughter, your male or female slave, or your cattle, or the stranger who is within your settlements. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth and sea, and all that is in them, and He rested on the seventh day: therefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day and hallowed it."

(Exodus 20:8-11)

"Observe the sabbath day and keep it holy, as the Lord your God has commanded you. Six days you shall labor and do all your work, but the seventh day is a sabbath of the Lord your God: you shall not do any work--you, your son or your daughter, your male or female slave, your ox or your ass, or any of your cattle, or the stranger in your settlements, so that your male and female slave may rest as you do. Remember that you were a slave in the land of Egypt and the Lord your God freed you from there with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm; therefore the Lord your God has commanded you to observe the sabbath day."

b- "R.Hiyya b. Abba said: The Sabbath was given for enjoyment. R. Samuel b. Nahmani said: The Sabbath was given for studying the Torah. The one saying does not contradict the other. R. Hiyya referred to scholars who spend the week studying the Torah; when the Sabbath comes, they enjoy themselves, whereas R. Samuel was thinking of labourers, who are busy with their work all the week, and on the Sabbath they come and study the Torah."

(Pes. R. 121 a.)

c- "R. Hanina said: A man should always have two suits of clothes, one for workdays, and one for the Sabbath. R. Simlai taught publicly the same. The disciples wept and said, 'As our clothes are on weekdays, so

are they on Sabbaths'(i.e. we have each only one suit). He replied, 'Then make, at least, some little change upon the Sabbath.'"

(Ruth. R. V, 12 on III,3,f. 10a.)

d- "What was created on the Sabbath day?
Contentment, peace of mind, and physical rest."
(Bereshit Rabbah, 10, 12.)

e- "On the high seas or in the desert, where you cannot observe the Sabbath entire, remember it as much as you are able."
(Pesikta Rabbati, 23, 1.)

f- "Rabbi Simeon ben Menassia said: 'A man may profane one Sabbath in order that he may observe many Sabbaths."
(Yoma, 85 b.)

g- "One Rabbi declared that the Sabbath was given for delight, namely, for a pleasant time. Another declared that it was given for study. But there is no variance between them. Those who study during the week shall rest and enjoy the Sabbath. Those who do not study during the week, shall do so on the Sabbath."
(Pesikta Rabbati, Asseret Ha-Diberot.)

h- The Essential Ingredient.
"The Emperor Antoninus lunched with Rabbi Judah ha-Nasi on a Sabbath. Many of the dishes were served cold, but the royal guest ate them with relish. He invited himself again to lunch. As it was on a week-day, the dishes were all hot, and the Emperor enjoyed them less.
He said to his host:'The other lunch was more to my taste.'
The Rabbi replied: 'This meal lacks an important ingredient.'
The Emperor asked: 'Why have you not asked for it from my cellars?'
The Rabbi responded: 'This ingredient is not in your possession; it is the Sabbath which is lacking. Have you the Sabbath in your stores?'"
(Bereshit Rabbah,11.)

i- "The housewife should kindle the Sabbath candles with a joyous heart and good will, for it is a great privilege accorded to her. It brings her the merit of holy

sons, who will be Lights of the World in Torah, and who will increase peace on earth. It also merits her to give long life unto her husband. Therefore she should be careful in the observance of this Mitzwah.
(Zohar, i, 48b.)

j- The Holiness of Home

"It is impossible to describe to those who have not experienced it, the feeling of holy joy which is diffused throughout the humblest Hebrew home by the solemn repetition of acts which in themselves may be regarded as mere customs, without vital connexion with the souls of men. And the particular institution in which it is embodied most characteristically is that of the Sabbath. I do not know how it has come about that a 'Judaic Sabbath' means a day of austere gloom. As a matter of fact, it is the one bright spot in the Jewish life. All is joy and good-humour in the Jewish home on the Friday night, when Sabbath 'comes in'.
I would attribute a good deal of the difference between the Jewish and the Christian Sabbath to the seemingly mechanical difference that the former begins and ends at the hour when its advent or exit can be solemnized by ceremonial. It is, indeed, to the Sabbath primarily, and the other home ceremonials which embody the Hebraic conception of the Holiness of the Home, that we can trace the remarkable persistence of the Jewish race through the ages."

(by Joseph Jacobs, Folklorist and Essayist, 1889.
From A Book of Jewish Thoughts, p. 201. Selected and arranged by Dr. J. H. Hertz.)

THE CATHEDRAL

by Harry Loewy

From Jewish Life-
pp. 36-39 Saul
Bernstein, Editor.

On a cold, blustery day in the year 2004 the Jews of Ohio City had a double celebration. It was January 10th, the tenth day after New Year's, and in accordance with the ritual of the times the Jews of Ohio City kept their holiest day, the Day of At-One-Ment.

The date was well chosen. No better day could be found for the dedication of the new sanctuary belonging to the entire Jewish community in Ohio City, the Cathedral of Monotheism.

Four years prior to this, on the Jewish Rose-of-Sharon Day in the year 2000, which, of course corresponded to January 1st, the first plans were laid. It was difficult to determine on whose initiative. For many years there had been considerable grumbling about the costs of maintaining half-a-dozen dilapidated synagogues, some of them dating back to the early 1930's and 60's. It was old Joe Hawkins, President of the venerable "House of Marduk" Temple, always proclaiming faithfully his adherence to the time-honored Reconstructionist movement, who called on his friend, Jim Patterson, the president of Ohio City's neo-Reform temple "Peace of Mind."

"Joe, it's good to see you," Patterson said and motioned him to an easy chair. Hawkins took his heavy overcoat off, lit a cigar, and fixed his gaze on his host.

"I am not a man of many words, Jim," Hawkins began. "It's time for us fellows to come to terms with the facts of life, namely that there is no place in our city for six ramshackle synagogues."

Patterson nodded, "Sure, sure, but why tell me? You know that I have always held that all this talk about six different wings in Judaism has a hollow ring. Never before was there so much unison within our ranks. Only religious fanatics, such as Lou Thompson from the Progressive-Conservative Jeroboam Temple, prevent a complete merger of all religious shadings."

"Lou is not representative of our religious feelings," Hawkins said, "I suppose he has never reconciled himself to the fact that we live in the twenty-first century; that religion has to move with the times. Why, he forbade his grandchildren to come to our temple's Pass-Over egg-rolling party. He insists on serving the traditional Pass-Over diet of Bagels-and-Lox."

Patterson became agitated. He shouted at Hawkins: "Look, Joe, we have the whole Jewish community in Ohio City with us. We cannot wait forever for bigots like Lou Thompson. Something has to be done. Thompson with his ridiculous bagels-and-lox Pass-Over gives us a black eye vis-a-vis our gentile friends. We have to move now."

They decided to invite the leadership of all the Temples in town for a meeting. Letters were sent out to all the Presidents calling them to a meeting to discuss the prospects of "Interfaith Without and Interfaith Within." For courtesy's sake, they also invited Lou Thompson, the Jewish

community's bigot.

The conclave was held in the House of Marduk Temple in Meadowcroft Heights. Somehow, the old janitor had managed to dust the old benches. To their surprise Lou Thompson came also. Besides Patterson, Hawkins, and Thompson, the presidents of the Hebrew-Unitarian League, the Jewish Science Temple, and the Jewish Heart Society also attended.

Hawkins was in the chair. After a few words of welcome he called upon Patterson to explain the purposes of the meeting. Patterson took a sip of water and began slowly to address the small audience.

"My fellow co-religionists! Some fifty and forty years ago our fathers and grandfathers moved to Meadowcroft Heights, which, at that time was called suburbia. In the 1950's and 60's they built these temple with their limited financial and technological resources. Why they built them, we youngsters could never understand. Our fathers certainly did not seem to need them. Why, my own father—may he rest in peace—used to tell me that he still had a bitter taste in his mouth from that ridiculous Junior Congregation grandmother made him to attend instead of watching television which was quite a novelty in those years. Now, my grandmother was a religious woman. She used to tell me that she never missed the rabbi's book-review during Sisterhood meetings. She must have attended the temple regularly once or twice a week for her bridge club and the book-reviews. My grandfather must have been a rabbi altogether. When he passed away they found among his belongings a narrow, silken prayer shawl which he cherished so much that he draped it around his neck whenever he visited the temple during the old Jewish holidays they used to celebrate in the fall.

"Anyway, you know what happened. The Koreans and the Nigerians moved into this neighbourhood and Meadowcroft Heights became a slum. These temples have not been used for over a decade... Even Jeroboam Temple from the Progressive-Conservatives has served as a bowling alley for the past eight years. Isn't that right, Lou?"

Old man Thompson nodded somewhat reluctantly in agreement.

Patterson paid scant attention to him. He continued:

"Fact is, that there have not been any Jewish religious worship services in Ohio City for the past ten years or more. These temples are such in name only. They are rented out as dance halls and bowling alleys to the Koreans and Nigerians. And, yet, our gentile friends point at them, at the broken windows and the crumbling masonry, and say 'Here is where the Jews pray.' This disgrace must stop. Let's dispose of these grimy reminders of our backward past and let us erect a building which will truly reflect on Jews as genuine citizens worthy of the twenty-first century."

Several hands went up. Out of deference for his old age, Hawkins gave the floor to old man Thompson.

Thompson spoke with that tremulous and high-pitched voice common to old men.

"Friends, you all know my family. We have lived here in Ohio City for over a century. My father was Sidney Tomkoff and my grandfather, who was still born in the Old Country, was Leib Tomkoffsky. Not always were we called the fanatics. There was a time when my father, Sidney Tomkoff, led the battle to free this community from backwardness and bigotry.

"It must have happened over fifty years ago, shortly after the end of the second--or was it the third--world war. Our old synagogue was still downtown on Peach and Ninth. At that time the state wanted to build an express-way to cope with the ever-increasing use of gasoline-driven vehicles, which were in vogue then. They needed the site on Peach and Ninth and paid us a cool $100,000 for it. My father, who was the president of our synagogue, set his sights on Meadowcroft Heights which at that time was a little more than pasture land. He knew that it was going to be developed and he wanted our synagogue to be the first one there. That was the time when some wild-eyed fanatics from the East tried to talk us into using the $100,000 for the establishment of a parochial school--a ghetto school we called it--where they wanted to teach the children some ancient superstitions garbed in a foreign tongue. They planned to segregate our kids from their gentile friends. They said to my father: 'Sid, what's the use of spending a lot of money on new gaudy synagogues if you yourself don't use them and if you don't raise a generation of children who will want to go there.'

"All this got Dad's gander up. He said, 'Our Sunday School was good enough for me and it will be good enough for my children and grandchildren. What we need is a synagogue to show the gentiles that we can have just as fine buildings as they have.' You see, Dad was a proud Jew. And he continued telling those agitators off. 'Not one plugged nickel for your ghetto school; I shall no longer support the United Jewish Appeal if you waste money on this foolishness--Jewish education.' Yes, my father was a strong-willed man. He won out.

"We in Ohio City were fortunate enough, inasmuch as there never was a ghetto school in our town. But we did build a beautiful temple. True, the Sunday School folded up in the early 1980's. Then we also stopped having services. But remember, how much devotion, how much Jewish pride, and how much sacrifice went into that edifice.

"Friends, don't abandon our old temple just because nobody needs it any more. Old buildings are just like old people--they don't want to be abandoned."

Thompson's voice broke and he sat down. Bruce Cox, the president of the Jewish Heart Society, patted him on the back.

There was little discussion. Lou Thompson had had his say and he meekly agreed when they decided to sell the old

temples in Meadowcroft Heights to the Koreans and Nigerians. They voted to invest the money realized together with funds they were going to raise in a unique project.

Right in the center of downtown Ohio City there would rise a tower to reach into the clouds. "Right up to the Heavens," Joe Hawkins said. The interior would be one huge shell, illuminated only by six ever-lasting lights to commemorate the six temples of Ohio City. The vast interior would be chained off to preserve the quiet and decorum of the place. The outside aisle would be open to the public and it would contain a permanent exhibition of old Jewish ceremonial objects, such as Men's Club Bowling trophies, Sisterhood tea sets, and a selection of yellowed Sunday school textbooks, starting with "When the Jewish People Was Young."

The whole structure was to be called the Cathedral of Monotheism, and, in the spirit of interfaith, was dedicated to the two great religions which sprang forth from the loins of Judaism.

On the Jewish At-One-Ment Day, the 10th of January 2004, the Cathedral was inaugurated in the presence of many dignitaries. The Governor cut the ribbon and twice pronounced the word "Shalom." Fierce pride filled the Jews of Ohio City, hearing the Governor converse so freely in the supposedly ancient tongue of the Hebrews. To placate old man Thompson, who still grumbled about the splendor of his old temple, he was given the task of pronouncing the blessing over the temple. Defiantly and haltingly, Lou Thompson recited the "Hamotzi." The Cathedral of Monotheism's huge portals swang open and closed again. The vast crowd left. Jim Patterson remarked, "This was truly an inspiring and meaningful dedication."

Early next morning a police car screeched to a halt in front of the portals of the Cathedral. There were two huge stained-glass windows flanking the portals. The right one depicted a crucifix and the left one the half-moon of Islam. But the police officer did not pay any attention to them.

He stared at the gigantic oaken portals. Across their length and their width was crudely painted a large, yellow, six-pointed star.

VALUES --- UNIVERSALISM, BROTHERHOOD and TOLERANCE

A Question to each member of the class—
"In what ways, if any, will Judaism be different in fifty years from now?"

B After each student gives his opinion on the above question, the story is passed out.
Each student reads silently to himself.

C Students' Opinions and Comments.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- Conformity to What Others Think of Our Religion Tends to Weaken Judaism.

2- Brotherhood Must be Based Upon Mutual Respect and Tolerance.

3- Unity Can Breed Shallowness and Apathy.
Diversity Can Breed Depth and Challenge.

4- Universalism is Generally Compatible with Judaism.

I Conformity to What Others Think of Our Religion Tends to Weaken Judaism.

a) On page 106 Joe Hawkins makes a statement we often hear— "...religion has to move with the times."
Do you believe that religion has to move or change with the times or are there some things in religion which must remain stable and unchanging?

i- The various values dealt with in this course, e.g. Justice, Mercy, Compassion, Reverence for Life, Honesty etc, are the elements of religion which must always remain constant. The modes by which these values are presented may change but not the values themselves.

b) What was the main concern of the Jews in Ohio City?

i- They were chiefly concerned with their image in the non-Jewish Community. "Thompson with his ridiculous bagels- and -lox Pass-Over gives us a black eye vis-a-vis our gentile friends." (p. 106) and "And, yet, our gentile friends point at them, at the broken windows and the crumbling masonry, and say 'Here is where the Jews pray.' This disgrace must stop." (p. 107)

c) On page we read— "The Cathedral of Monotheism's huge portals swang open and closed again. The vast crowd left. Jim Patterson remarked, 'This was truly an inspiring and meaningful dedication.'"
Is the author being sarcastic here? If so, why?

2 Brotherhood Must be Based Upon Mutual Respect and Tolerance.

a) Was the building of the "Cathedral of Monotheism" an act of Brotherhood?

i- It was an act motivated by fear and shame. Since their temples were no longer being used for religious services, they had to put up a good fron for their gentile neighbors.

ii- By building the "Cathedral of Monotheism" they thought they could buy the respect and admiration of their non-Jewish neighbors.
"The whole structure was to be called the Cathedral of Monotheism, and, in the spirit of interfaith, was dedicated to the two great religions which sprang from the loins of Judaism." (p. 109)

b) How would you interpret the last paragraph of the story?

i- This was an act done by an anti-Semite. One cannot buy respect by erecting edifices. The Jews of Ohio City were being mocked.

ii- This way have been done by Lou Thompson himself. He was no doubt ashamed and infuriated by the fact that the symbols of Christianity and Islam were visible to everyone, but the symbol of Judaism was locked up inside. On page 108 we find an expression of Lou Thompsons feelings— "Friends, don't abandon our old temple just because nobody needs it anymore. Old buildings are just like old people— they don't want to be abandoned."

3 Unity Can Breed Shalowness and Apathy.
Diversity Can Breed Depth and Challenge.

a) On page 106 we read— "Only religious fanatics such as Lou Thompson from the Progressive-Conservative Jereboam Temple, prevent a complete merger of all religious shadings."
What are some of the advantages or disadvantages of everyone believing the same thing?

Advantages:— — i- Creates harmony in Society.

ii- Diminishes the chances for violence due to disagreements.

Disadvantages:— — i- Hinders freedom of expression. Anyone who disagrees is either ostracized or told to keep his views to himself.

ii- The level of unity can be a very low one. People can be united in hate (e.g.—the Nazis against the Jews), or in the desire to supress ideas which are new for fear they will upset the status quo. People can be united in Apathy. Through diversity of opinion, progress and improvement can be made, providing

that such diversity is fostered in a non-violent atmosphere.

b) Religion in the year 2004 consisted of attending the Rabbi's Book Review and playing Bridge. The temple was rented out for a dance hall and bowling alley.
Do you think that such a state of religious degeneration could ever occur in Judaism?

c) On page 109 we read— "Deftently and haltingly, Lou Thompson recited the 'Hamotzi'". What is the "Hamotzi?"

i- This refers to the blessing over bread, of which the last part end with "Hamotzi Lechem Min Ha-Aretz."
Even the "fanatic" Lou Thompson was grossly ignorant of Judaism. Such a blessing would never under any circumstances, be said at the dedication of a building.

d) The name of one of the Temples was "The House of Marduk." (p. 107) Who was Marduk?

i- Marduk was one of the chief Babylonian gods. He was considered the hero of the creation epic. Naming a Jewish house of worship after him was either an act of gross ingnorance or an attempt to show just how "universal" one can get.

4 Universalism is Generally Compatible with Judaism.

a) What does "Universalism" mean?

i- "...the unity of Mankind..."

ii- "...nations and individuals have relationship with one another..."

iii- "...nations and individuals have...a duty to or a purpose for each other..."

iv- "...that all men are children of the Universal Creator or father" and "are therefore brothers."

v- "...that mankind...constitutes one vast Universal Family."

vi- "...that...the duty of man...is eventually to achieve this universal family unity, this brotherhood of individuals and nations."

vii- Universalism "...will result in the cessation of all warfare and strife, hatred and competition, injustice and oppression, and the establishment of universal and eternal peace, justice, truth and love."

viii- "The attainment of this goal by men is God's universal purpose for His creatures."

(all above quotations are from the Universal Jewish Encyclopedia Vol. 10, page 353.)

b) Do you think Judaism should aim towards a Universal Religion as described above?

c) What is the Biblical and Rabbinic position regarding Universalism?
The position is both positive and negative.

Positive example:

i- "For My house shall be called a house of prayer for all people." (Isaiah 56:7)

ii- "Are ye not as the children of the
Ethiopians unto Me,
O children of Israel? saith the Lord.
Have not I brought up Israel out of
the land of Egypt,
And the Philistines from Caphtor,
And Aram from Kir?"
(Amos 9:7)

iii- The Book of Jonah.
Jonah is sent by God to warn a heathen people

in order that they may repent of their evil and not be destroyed.

iv- "Every benediction to Him as 'the Lord our God!' must add 'King of the Universe' to emphasize the universality of the Deity."
(Cf. Berakot, 40b.)

Negative examples:

i-"Now then if you will obey Me faithfully and keep my covenant, you shall be My treasured possession among all the peoples. Indeed, all the earth is Mine, but you shall be to Me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation.' These are the words that you shall speak to the children of Israel."
(Exodus 19:3-6)

ii- "R. Yudan said: The word was created for the sake (lit. because of the merit) of the Torah. R. Joshua b. Nehemiah said: For the sake of the tribes of Israel.
(Gen.R., Bereshit, XII,2)

Note-- 1 Concerning the Doctrine of the Chosen People-- "...the doctrine of the chosen people, although it singled out Israel for especial distinction, was always coupled with the thought that the choice was not one of special favor, but of special service to all humanity."
(Universal Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. 10, p. 357.)

Note-- 2 The evidence in favour of Universalism heavily outweighs the evidence against it. The passages against Universalism have usually been written as a result of great provocation. e.g.-- Isaiah, Chapters 13 and 14, Psalm 137, and Ezekier, Chapters 25 and 35. These were provoked by the Babylonian conquest of Jerusalem and the burning of the temple in 586 B.C.E. (There may have been another temple attack in the early half of the 5th Century.)

COMMENTS

a) What are some of the ways in which the Jews of Ohio City tried to indicate their spirit of Brotherhood and Universality?

1- By the various names which they used:

1 "At-One-Ment-Day." It is no longer called "Yom Kippur" or "Day of Atonement." Unity of all men is theme in "At-one-ment."

2 "Rose-of-Sharon Day" --a substitute for Rosh Hashonah with little or no relation to it.

3 All the names are anglicized. Hebrew is taboo. On page 108 we read-- "...a ghetto school we called it--where they wanted to teach the children some ancient superstitions garbed in a foreign tongue."

4 Family names with a typical Jewish flavor such as Cohen, Kaplan, Goldberg etc, are never mentioned. Instead we have very protestant names-- Thompson, Patterson, Hawkins and Cox.

5 The names of the Temples.
"House of Marduk"
"Peace of Mind"
"Cathedral of Monotheism."

b) On page 109 we read that a section of the Cathedral of Monotheism is to be used as a museum for old traditional objects (or what had come to be considered as such.)
Is it possible for Judaism to exist without ritual, ceremonies and ritual objects?

1- Such things serve as pivots around which values can be made to revolve. They lend warmth, color and emotion to a religion. Without them, religion becomes cold and impersonal. Rituals and ceremonies can be very meaningful provided one integrates into his life the values these represent.

c) On page 109 we read— "Right in the center of downtown Ohio City there would rise a tower to reach into the clouds. 'Right up to the heavens,' Joe Hawkins said."
What Bible story does this remind you of?

i- The story of the Tower of Babel.
"And they said, 'Come, let us build us a city, and a tower with its top in the sky, to make a name for ourselves; else we shall be scattered all over the world.'" (Genesis 11:4)

d) On page 109 we read— "The interior would be one huge shell, illuminated only by six everlasting lights to commemorate the six temples of Ohio City."
What do the "six everlasting light" symbolize?

i- In many communities today, in order to commemorate the death of 6 million Jews in World War Two, 6 candles are lit at a special ceremony. In this story, the "six ever-lasting lights" symbolize the death of Judaism. It is a religion for the history books and no longer a living force.

e) On page 108 we read— "Sid, what's the use of spending a lot of money on new, gaudy synagogues if you yourself don't use them and if you don't raise a generation who will want to go there."
To what extent is this statement true of our modern day synagogues and religious schools?

Biblical, Rabbinic and Other References to Universalism, Brotherhood and Tolerance

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period, each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- "I am the first and I am the last.
And beside Me there is no God."
(Isaiah 44:6b)

b- "The burden of the word of the Lord to Israel by Malachi."
(Malachi 1:1)

c- "Are ye not as the children of the
Ethiopians unto Me,
O children of Israel? saith the Lord.
Have not I brought up Israel out of
the land of Egypt,
And the Philistines from Caphtor,
And Aram from Kir?"
(Amos 9:7)

d- "Thus saith the Lord of hosts: In those days it shall come to pass, that ten men shall take hold, out of all the languages of the nations, shall even take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying: We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you."
(Zechariah 8:23)

e- "You shall not abhor an Edomite, for he is your kinsman. You shall not abhor an Egyptian, for you were a stranger in his land."
(Deuteronomy 23:8)

f- "In that day shall there be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria, and the Assyrian shall come into Egypt, and the Egyptian into Assyria; and the Egyptians shall worship with the Assyrians.
In that day shall Israel be the third with Egypt and with Assyria, a blessing in the midst of the earth; for that the Lord of hosts hath blessed him, saying: 'Blessed be Egypt My people and Assyria the work of My hands, and Israel Mine inheritance.'"
(Isaiah 19:23-25).

g- "My heart crieth out for Moab..."
(Isaiah 15:5)

h- The Books of Jonah and Ruth.

i- "R. Johanan said, quoting Jer.XXX,6, 'All faces are turned into paleness. ...God says, 'Both these (i.e. the Gentiles) and these (i.e. Israel) are my handiwork; why should I let the former perish because of the latter?'"
(San. 98b.)

j- "It says in Isa. LXVI, 23, 'All flesh shall come to worship before me.' It does not say, 'All Israel shall come,' but 'All flesh shall come.'"
(Pes.R. 2a.)

k- "Every benediction to Him as 'the Lord our God' must add 'King of the Universe' to emphasize the universality of the Deity."
(Cf. Berakot, 40b)

l- "When God resolved to create Adam, the father of the human race, he took the dust from which man was made, not from Palestine, mark you, the land of the Jew; not from Jerusalem, the Holy City; not from Zion, site of the Holy Temple; but He took a little earth from every corner of the globe, from East and West, from North and South. Why? The Rabbis answered: 'So that in the future no nation shall say, from my earth was Adam created; so that no people may say, we are greater, we are worthier than our neighbor, for Adam had his birth here."
(Sanhedrin, 38a.)

m- "If thou hast habituated thy tongue to speak evil of thy brother who is not of thy own nation, thou wilt end by speaking evil of thine own nation."
(Debarim Rabbah, 6,9.)

n- "The Jew is enjoined to do deeds of mercy to those who are not of his brotherhood."
(Gittin, 61a.)

o- "To cheat a Gentile is even worse than cheating a Jew, for besides being a violation of the moral law, it brings Israel's religion into contempt, and desecrates the name of Israel's God."
(Baba Kama, 113b.)

p- "The Rabbis have taught: 'For the sake of peaceful intercourse or for the sake of the Torah whose ways are ways of peace, the non-Jewish poor may gather unharvested produce left over in Jewish fields, in the same fashion as the Jewish poor. The non-Jewish poor shall receive food and garments from Jewish charity funds the same as Jews. If the non-Jewish sick have no friends, they should be visited the same as the Jewish sick. If no one claims the body of the non-Jewish dead, they should be buried by Jews, the same as the Jewish dead. When a Jew sees a non-Jew at work in the field, he should greet him with words of blessing, even in the forbidden seventh year when a Jewish worker should be shunned."
(Gittin, 61.)

q- "The just among the Gentiles are priests of God."
(Eliyahu Zuta, 20.)

r- "The righteous among the Gentiles will have a share in the World-to-Come."
(Yalkut Shimeoni, Prophets, Section 296.)

s- "Said R. Alexanderi: 'God saith to the Gentiles: 'Be not afraid to come near Me even if thou hast offended greatly. Have I not accepted in My fold Rahab, the harlot, who married Joshua and had fine descendants? Have I not received Jethro, the Pagan Priest, whose daughter married Moses, our greatest man? Have I not promised that the Messiah will descend from Ruth, the Moabitess?'"
(Pesikta Rabbati, 41,3.)

t- "The Torah was given in the desert, given with all publicity in a place to which no one had any claim, lest, if it were given in the land of Israel, the Jews might deny to the Gentiles any part in it."
(Mekilta on Exodus, 19, 2)

u- "He who welcomes his fellow-man is as one who welcomes the Shekinah."
—(Shekinah—Divine Presence.)
(Y. Krubin, 5, 1)

v- Tolerance

Many Ways to Choose 1

"Rabbi Schmelke thus interpreted the saying in "Pirkei Avoth" (ii; 1): 'Rabbi Yehudah ha-Nasi said: 'Which is the right course that a man should choose for himself? That which he feels to be honorable to himself, and which also brings him honor from mankind.'

'Nevertheless, he must not believe that this is the only correct course. He must be prepared to admit that there may be other ways in which other men may take pride and feel to be honorable.'"
(S. ha-Tov, p. 41.)

w- The Other's Arguments 2

"Said the Apter: 'We find that when Abraham spoke in defense of Sodom, he enumerated fifty just men, forty-five, and so forth. The Lord could have replied to him at once that Sodom did not contain a single just man, but He wished to teach a lesson, namely, that permission should be granted to one who argues, to bring out all his points. These should be answered one by one, with patience. It is not fitting that a man should give an abrupt answer immediately in order to silence his adversary.'"
(M.H.T., ii, 28.)

x- What Brings Our Comrade Pain

"Rabbi Moshe Leib of Sassov declared to his Desciples: 'I learned how we must truly love our neighbor from a conversation between two villagers which I overheard.

'The first said: 'Tell me, friend Ivan, do you love me?'

The second: 'I love you deeply.'

The first: 'Do you know, my friend, what gives me pain?'

The second: 'How can I, pray, know what gives you pain?'

The first: 'If you do not know what gives me pain, how can you say that you truly love me?'

"Understand, then, my sons," continued the Sassover; "to love, truly to love, means to know what brings pain to your comrade."
(E. Tz., p. 52; Bl., Gay, p.173)

y- Toleration

"An aged man, whom Abraham hospitably invited to his tent, refused to join him in prayer to the one spiritual God. Learning that he was a fire-worshipper, Abraham drove him from his door. That night God appeared to Abraham in a vision and said: 'I have borne with that ignorant man for seventy years: could you not have patiently suffered him one night?'"

(From A Book Of Jewish Thoughts, p. 306.)

z- "I call heaven and earth to witness that whether it be Jew or heathen, man or woman, free or bondman--only according to their acts does the Divine spirit rest upon them.

(Midrash. From A Book Of Jewish Thoughts, p. 25.)

a 1 "God does not provide for Israel alone, but for all lands. He does not guard Israel alone, but all men."

(Sifre, Deut. 40)

a 2 "What was Deborah's character that she should have judged Israel, and prophesied to them at a time when Phinehas son of Eleazar was alive? I call heaven and earth to witness that whether it be Gentile or Israelite, man or woman, slave or handmaid, according to the deeds he does, so will the Holy Spirit rest on him."

(Tan. d.b.El. p. 48.)

UNIT 2

THE FAMILY

VALUES

Marriage (1)

Marriage (2)

Weddings

Respect for Parents

ENIGMA

by Yisrael Zarchi

From A Whole Loaf-Stories from Israel. pp. 291-315; edited by Sholom J. Kahn.

I

That year I was living in a distant quarter of Jerusalem, filled with crooked alleyways, houses huddled together like a collection of bent misshapen old crones, and poverty-stricken inhabitants reduced to beggary in order to exist. There I had rented a small room far from the bustling town, hoping to find in it a haven of rest. But when I would return from the noisy streets of the town to my lonely room, dragging my tired legs behind me and mortally weary in soul, the spirit of loneliness would come out to greet me with outstretched arms, caressing my breast in a stifling embrace; then I would come awake again, and instead of lying down and snatching a brief rest on my narrownbed, I would rush back to the busy town, as if escaping from a vile den.

During those days when restlessness would drive me from the town to my room and when loneliness would banish me back again, I found refuge in a little out-of-the-way cafe situated in a corner of a street in the upper part of the town. This cafe was a peculiar one, and did not look like the usual cafe in the least. Its waiters were not dressed in black waistcoats and white shirt fronts; there was no gay music, and none of the hustle and bustle usually associated with public places. This cafe of mine was nothing but a small hut stuck together from old boards—an old wooden shack that had remained standing from years gone by. The entrance was through a small door resembling that of an actual shop, and here were sold a modest selection of small cakes and buns. At the back of the shop there was another and smaller door which opened into a tiny garden furnished with a few tables for regular customers. Indeed, it was not even an ordinary garden. It was merely a small courtyard, surrounded by a crude stone fence, like all the other broken-down fences of Jerusalem. In one corner there grew a gnarled and withered old vine, its bark peeling with age, yet somehow still managing to grow fresh branches covered with a profusion of foliage, which, as though bowed in prayer, cast their shade over the whole of the small courtyard, covering it with a mantle of green; and the customer at each table was cut off from his neighbours, as if hidden away in the garden. In season, fruit hung from the branches, clusters of tiny grapes that never ripened, and its tendrils would clasp the stones of the fence and cling to them stubbornly.

This was the very place that my soul craved, when it was attacked by loneliness and longings. Secretly, I would examine the few coppers in my pocket, and if I reckoned that there was enough for a cup of coffee, I would come to the cafe and sit alone, hidden under the vineleaves.

Not many people came here, but those who did were regarded as members of one family. Actually people did not greet each other, much less speak to their neighbors, yet in spite of this there was a feeling of silent kinship, as if a secret pact had been formed among them. In the small

shop, behind the narrow counter, sat the proprietress—a woman in the early twilight of her life, whose hair had begun to whiten before the wrinkles showed in her face. She would welcome her visitors with a show of cordiality expressed by a quiet smile and a slight nod of the head; she spoke no more than was necessary and bothered no one with her questions. Only her eyes would follow her visitor affectionately as he made his way to his accustomed place in the vine-covered garden. A stranger coming to the shop would be welcomed politely but coolly, and served by her dexterous fingers; but she was glad if he would make his purchases and go his way in peace without interfering with her guests in the garden, for all the world as if she were completely disinterested in the matter of profit.

Towards dusk I would always see, seated on my right, a tall thin-faced man, in the prime of life, with an acquiline nose and ears plugged with cotton wool. As he enters he makes his way to the table reserved for him; and if it is occupied by somebody else, he lingers beside it for a moment, looking as lost as a shipwrecked mariner—until the waitress, seeing his confusion, makes the intruder vacate his regular place. Safe in the harbor of his table, he pulls out a cigarette from his breast pocket, splits it into two and compares the two butts to see if they are fairly divided. One half he lays down before him; the other, he lights immediately, and the burnt-out match he replaces carefully within his box of matches. The cigarette butt lit, he then buries himself for a full hour in a welter of newspapers specially placed for him on the table. When he has completed his reading he extricates himself from the batch of newspapers, lights up the second half of his cigarette, and requests the waitress to give him a cup of coffee. Finishing his cigarette, he drains his coffee to the last drop, rises, unobtrusively pays out his few coins, and leaves the garden with light quick footsteps that seem incongruous with his long legs.

At one table, close to the entrance, there sits a woman who is not very young. She wears spectacles with thick lenses, and, sunk in thought, her face clouded by a great sadness, she seems completely indifferent to her surroundings. Suddenly stirring, as if bringing her gaze back from a distant prospect, she begins hastily devouring the round cake which has lain before her since her arrival; then, with the last crumb still in her mouth, she rises distractedly and leaves, as if she has stayed longer then she intended.

One of the occasional visitors to the garden is a student from Mount Scopus, who always carries an enourmous bundle of books under his arm. He retires to a corner in order to study, but soon he pushes his books aside, thrusts his hand into his pocket and pulls out a short letter, a scrap of paper folded over many times. Again and again, his burning eyes travel over this crumpled piece of paper with great intensity, as if some holy gospel is inscribed there.

Sometimes groups of white-uniformed nurses from the nearby hospital enter. The younger ones amongst them snatch

honey cakes and sponge cakes and eat them with splendid gusto, bending over to one another and whispering secrets in into each other's ears. They burst into laughter, light and restrained like the chatter of rolling nuts. For a little while they introduce an unaccustomed murmur into the still atmosphere. The older ones amongst them sit patiently at their places, gazing fixedly in front of them, as if the sorrows of man, which they have left behind for a while in that white house of suffering, have made their mark for ever on their faces, have banished joy from their hearts, and they will never know happy laughter again.

Soon I became a regular visitor to this spot, accepted by everybody. The other visitors regarded me with a favorable eye, the waitress knew my order in advance, and the proprietress also would welcome me graciously with her quiet and soothing smile. I soon learned, like the other regular visitors before me, that this place was a sanctuary for those who had no home.

II

One evening I sat there gazing at the electric lights fixed in the branches of the old vine and illuminating the garden so charmingly. Although it was summer time, cool breezes blew from the Jerusalem hills, pleasantly caressing the skin. Suddenly I was aware that the waitress kept coming to my table, putting an ash tray on it, and then removing it. She was hovering around me in an odd fashion, most unusual in this place, where the visitor was not generally addressed until he himself had first given his order.

I looked at the waitress in amazement and sought the reason for this behaviour. This waitress was a beauty, with lively dancing eyes; a mature woman, she was long past the age of innocent youth, but at times its afterglow would still betray itself on her face. The atmosphere of the cafe would induce her to behave with quiet decorum and there her eyes would not dance too much, nor would she swing her hips more than was necessary. But sometimes, sitting concealed in my corner until midnight, and leaving just a little while before her, I would see young men waiting for her at the corner of the dark street; and when she came out they would link their arms in hers, and disappear into the heart of the city. Now, I searched her face in perplexity, not understanding the cause of her agitation. I saw that her eyes were glistening with a strange light, her lips were trembling, and her whole face was as if stricken with excitement. When she saw the surprise on my face, she gave me a significant look, and directed me with her eyes to a small table hidden under the vine, as if to provide me with an answer to my bewilderment.

And, indeed, I saw an unusual sight there. At a small table modestly concealed among the vine branches, sat a young

couple; the man was handsome, dressed in grey, and facing him on the opposite side of the table sat a girl younger than he, dressed in a light-blue embroidered blouse, her fair plaits falling loosely and attractively over her shoulders. Both the beauty of a woman and the charm of a child were equally visible in her face and gave it a striking appearance. They sat opposite each other, their hands clasped on the marble-topped table, gazing into each other's eyes. Motionless, they were deeply absorbed in one another, as if lost in some fascinating dream. There was a wonderful purity about their attitude, and the fervent intensity of their expression reminded one of an old legend of enchanted castles.

The waitress gave me a triumphant look, as if to say: From now on you will understand my excitement. But when she saw no sign of comprehension on my face, she bent towards me, her breast brushing my shoulder, and whispered in my ear with bitter scorn:

'What do you say to that? Is such a thing possible in this day and age?'

I remembered her meetings with young men at the corner of the street, and I knew that if she had seen this young man and woman kissing and embracing one another before our eyes, she would not have been astonished; but because they sat silently thus, with their hands firmly entwined, and looked into each other's eyes with serene devotion, she could not bear the sight of their joyous innocence. I pitied her. Perhaps her sharp derision was nothing but unconscious envy and a reminder of the bitter memories of first love and fervid longings for the days of her youth which would never return.

When she realized that I did not share her surprise, and that she could not wring out of me even the slightest sign of agreement with her mood, she stopped hovering around me. With an openly aggrieved air, she removed the ash tray from my table and turned away from me, swinging her hips, with the cool disdainful glance of an insulted princess...

I felt contrite at having unwittingly offended her, but did not attempt to make amends. I remained sitting in my place a long while, and tried to conjure up pleasant thoughts that might ease my depressed spirits. But from time to time I would turn my head, involuntarily, furtively watching the pair of lovers who still sat there raptly gazing at each other, oblivious to everything and everybody else.

Suddenly the man got up, removed his jacket quickly and put it round the girl's shoulders, whose thin transparent blouse was inadequate for the cool Jerusalem evening. As the garment touched the girl's body, she quivered a little, and her shoulders shrank for an instant as if touched by fire. But she did not remove her gaze from the young man's face, and her eyes suddenly smiled and lighted up her intelligent, lovely face with the soft radiance of a wondrous love.

At that precise moment, a pang of utter loneliness shot

through me. My heart ached with an intolerable yearning. I rose and paid my bill to the proprietress, and, wishing to avoid her eyes, I left hurriedly and fled from the town to my isolated room, as if some great salvation might await me there in my lonely little cell.

III

Some years passed and that little cake shop, in the upper part of the town, with its vine-covered garden, had almost become a forgotten memory. I no longer lived in a small room in a slum area. Sorrows that had once seemed mountainously heavy, now felt as light as thistledown: the weight of new burdens had softened the severity of the old. But still it happened once that days of idleness came and reminded me a bit of those lonely times. I do not know exactly how, but one day, as if by some mysterious association of feelings, the vision of that little café suddenly rose to my mind, and, without conscious volition, I found myself walking in the upper part of the town towards the old wooden shack.

High-storied buildings had been erected recently and had pushed the cake shop into a corner. But the small hut and the tumble-down stone fence surrounding the vine garden were still there, nothing had changed. The proprietress sat, as always, behind her narrow counter, and greeted me cordially, but with no overt sign of affection, just as if I had quitted her shop only yesterday—but a momentary gleam in her eyes betrayed the feelings of a mother silently greeting her long lost son. In the vine-shaded courtyard, too, nothing had changed. The withered vine was still shedding its bark, and green clusters of grapes still hung from its boughs, whilst its tendrils were still entwined with everything round about, as green and fresh as ever.

I sat down at my old place, empty at the time, as if it had been reserved for me during my long absence; and at once I saw to the right of me the thin man with the acquiline nose, his face thinner than ever, absorbed in his newspapers with his half-cigarette still lying beside the ash tray. To my left sat three healthy young nurses, chatting with great animation as they munched their cakes.

The waitress came at once, looked at me for a while as if trying to recall my face. Then her eyes, around the corners of which a few tiny wrinkles had been added by the years, twinkled as she exclaimed in a tone of surprise mingled with reproach:

'It's a long time, since last you were here...'

I looked shamefacedly at her, and asked for a cup of coffee. Since the days when I used to come to the café, I had taken to other drinks, but now I felt as if all the latter years of my life had been wiped out and I was sitting here again in my corner, as I used to do in the old days.

when I would have to examine secretly the few coppers in my pocket. So I ordered my usual cup of coffee.

As I sat and waited, I turned my head here and there, searching the place which had so long served me as a refuge for my reveries. Meanwhile the nurses had finished their cakes, but not their conversation, and they left the garden still chattering vivaciously. Turning my head to a part of the garden concealed by the vine, I saw a lovely young woman sitting beside a table slowly stirring the contents of her cup. My gaze lingered on her and my heart began to beat rapidly. Even though her hair was coiled high on her head, as was now the fashion for town women, I immediately recognized the girl with the long plaits who had sat here with her lover on that memorable evening and who had looked into his eyes with such enchantment. After that evening, I had seen her many times here with the same man, whom she no doubt had married, sitting with him for a while beside the marble-topped table, drinking coffee, speaking a few words, and then leaving. She, too, had seen me here in those days, and she had become, like the others, 'one of the family.'

Still stirring her cup languidly, she raised her eyes and met my glance. She was now grown into a ripe and beautiful woman, her girlish charm having left in its place the beauty of maturity, her eyes dark and filled with understanding. I do not know whether my glance was a bit strange, because of this unexpected meeting, but it seemed to me that she inclined her head slightly as a sign of recognition. I was too startled to return her greeting, and made an attempt to turn my face away in order not to disturb her.

Even as I tried to force myself not to pay attention to her loveliness, I saw her reach for her handbag and take out a cigarette, then fumble vainly for her matches. At a loss, she turned around looking for a light for her cigarette. Since the waitress had not yet returned, and the thin man was oblivious to what went on around him, I unconsciously reached into my pocket, and finding some matches, made haste to give her what she wanted. She took the burning match from my hands with her long slender fingers, thanking me with charming humility and apologizing for disturbing me. Then in a pleasant tone of voice, hesitating slightly, she said:

'I believe I haven't seen you here for some time...'

I was overcome with confusion and replied haltingly that that was so, I had not been here for a long time. As I turned to go back to my place, she looked over at my table, and seeing that it was empty of dishes, said softly:

'If you have not yet had something to drink, perhaps you would join me at my table?'

My confusion increased, and, seeing my dismay, she quickly added:

'Perhaps you are waiting for someone? Forgive me. I didn't mean to disturb you...'

Then I recovered a little and replied:

'No, no. I'm not waiting for anybody, but—I thought...

perhaps you are waiting for someone. I don't believe I have ever seen you here alone.'

She smiled sadly, pushed the empty chair beside her table, as if inviting me to sit down, and said:

'Yes, yes. You have a good memory. I used always to come here with my husband...'

I stood silent, at a loss for words.

'But tonight,' she continued, and blew cigarette smoke through her teeth, 'tonight, I shall sit here alone—that is, if you refuse to sit down with me...' she concluded, laughing a little to cover up her embarrassment.

I sat down beside her on the vacant chair and looked at her with an astonishment I could not conceal.

'Let me tell you as simply as I can,' she continued in a quiet but firm voice, as if anxious to open up her heart completely and at once—'I was divorced this week from my husband ...'

I looked at her, amazed, lacking words to express my grief. Just then the waitress approached the table where I had formerly been sitting, carrying a tray of dishes, and seeing that I was not there, she turned her head from side to side until, in surprise, she noticed my new position. My companion raised her hand and beckoned the waitress to bring the coffee to her table. The waitress paused a moment and then, without a word, did as she was bid, placing the coffee before me and turning her back on me in silent disapproval.

IV

Again we were left alone. I secretly scanned the face of my young companion and saw that it was flushed. I realized that I had not yet said a word to her.

'But why? Why?...I thought you loved one another so much,' I mumbled, not sure that I was saying the right thing.

She forced herself to smile, but I could see that she was very upset.

'Of course, of course we loved one another very much,' she replied, raising her voice. 'That's what makes it all the more dreadful...so much more dreadful!... But I must tell you everything right from the start, otherwise you will never understand at all; and maybe even after I tell you everything you may still not understand. I don't know whether I can explain things properly, for I myself can't grasp all that has happened or the reasons. These matters are so intimate, so delicate in feeling, I haven't told them even to my closest friends...because it's so difficult, nothing tangible, no particular incident that one can speak about; only feelings, only emotions. How can I possibly tell you? Yet perhaps I should tell you everything without shame or embarrassment. I'll tell you the whole story. The waitress once told me that you are a writer. You write stories, don't you, and writers are like doctors—you don't feel ashamed to stand before them in all your nakedness...'

She stopped speaking, stubbed out the rest of her burning cigarette, and nervously gulped down a little coffee. And I sat mute before her, trying to control my turbulent heart. She recovered a little and began in a quieter tone, like a person reading from an old volume of memoirs.

'I became acquainted with him in Tel-Aviv immediately after I had left school. My graduation was to be celebrated by throwing a big party at my house. All my girl friends were invited, and it was decided that each one of us should bring just one boy friend—we thought ourselves grown-up young ladies, and many of us already had boy friends from our schooldays. I, too, had had many boy friends, but I was not in love with any one of them. Still I chose one of my friends and invited him to my home, so that I too might help carry out our group decision. Just as the party was ready to start, one of my friends came, all excited and confused: she was ready to join us at the party, a new dress had been made for her, and her boy friend had already called to take her, when suddenly the door opened and there stood her cousin from Jerusalem who had come down especially to congratulate her on her graduation. She just didn't know what to do. Suppose she were to come to the party with her regular boy friend—then how could she leave her guest at home? But if she were to go to the party with him—she'd have no fun at all without her sweetheart. At that time we were very naive and thought that the heavens had fallen in and spoilt all our plans. After a long and heated discussion, we finally decided that she should be allowed to bring both boys—that this was something out of the ordinary for which she could not be blamed.'

She kept playing with the leather ornaments on her handbag, twisting it in all directions, winding and unwinding the delicate tassels. Then suddenly she stopped and said, as if wishing to free herself from the many memories crowding in upon her:

'I shan't use many words. This cousin, before his arrival at my party, sent me a bouquet of white roses. And when he entered and I saw him—he captured my heart right from the start. I can't describe to you how he looked. Perhaps he was really very ordinary. Grey-eyed, well-built, cultured and clever, courteous and pleasant—not one of our young friends could compare with him; and all this cast such a spell on me that I walked about as if in a dream. This was the first time in my life that I felt the stirrings of my heart, and when he came towards me and danced with me, my knees went weak. Suddenly all my good sense left me—I had the reputation of being a sensible youngster—but there I was, just a foolish girl who had fallen head over heels in love. He spent a whole week in Tel-Aviv, and that whole week my friends kept talking about us. Perhaps they also ridiculed me or laughed at me—but I didn't care a fig. All those days we went for walks in the nearby villages, went rowing on the Yarkon, and wandered about in the shade of the tall trees growing besides the river—in short my hand never left his all that time. When his vacation was

over he returned to Jerusalem and promised to write me long letters.'

Here she paused, laughed to herself, and again took hold of the leather ornament, tugging at it excitedly:

'How can I tell you? Not a day passed after he had returned to Jerusalem without my longing for him. I could find no peace of mind, and my life without him seemed empty, as if he had bewitched me and I was no longer a free agent. I walked the streets moonstruck, and looked at the passing vehicles without really seeing them. Then suddenly I saw a large bus, and the name on it seemed to leap out at me: Jerusalem. My heart jumped: this was a sign! Quickly I rushed home, and told my mother that my friend, who lived out of town, had suddenly taken ill and that I had to visit her; that perhaps I would remain there all night and that she should not worry about me if I didn't return home that same evening. Then I left the house and boarded the bus for Jerusalem. I knew his address and found his house easily. It was already dusk when I knocked at the door. I had plucked enough courage to ask someone where I might find him, but fortunately for me he opened the door himself. Even now I can still see his look of astonishment when he saw me standing there. 'You!' he said, as if I were a ghost and not flesh and blood. 'Me,' I replied. "Are you on a hike? What brings you to Jerusalem?' he asked, his astonishment growing. 'Have you relatives here?' I smiled nervously and said 'No, no, I didn't happen to come to Jerusalem, and I have no relatives here. I came here just to visit you, to see you for a while....' 'Me?' he almost shouted. 'For a while! But at this hour it's impossible to get back to Tel-Aviv!' he finished, anxiously. 'What of it?' I said with affected calmness, 'I'll stay here. Maybe you can find a place for me...' I can still see his great confusion as he ushered me into his room and gave me a chair. His eyes glowed like fire, and his composure was completely gone.

'He lived alone in one room, a bachelor's existence, and he didn't even have a cup of water. After we had sat a while, silent and embarrassed, he took me out to have supper with him. We went out and walked for a long time until we arrived at a funny little café, and there we sat. That funny little café was this very place where we are now sitting. It was here, in this vine-covered courtyard, at this little table. Here we sat, without speaking. Actually there's nothing I can tell you about that evening, but I will never, never forget it. I have already told you that my life has been without great events, only feelings, emotions... All that I remember about our sitting here that evening is a sort of wonderfully clouded, enchanted dream. I believe we sat silently and with clasped hands. What was I thinking about then?—I don't remember, I couldn't tell you a thing. Only one moment comes back to me, brief and unimportant—I don't know why—that moment is engraved on my mind for ever. He was sitting opposite me, in his grey suit, and I was dressed in a blue, transparent blouse. In Tel-Aviv

the nights are not as cool as in Jerusalem, and I had not brought any warm clothes with me. Indeed I had brought nothing at all, not even a nightdress. The Jerusalem evenings are cool—but I felt nothing. Then suddenly my friend rose from his place, took off his jacket and draped it over my shoulders, over my long plaits—I had very long, fair plaits. That's the only moment I remember out of that whole evening, how my heart trembled at the touch of his coat, and how then I knew surely that this man was destined for me, only me... And that night I stayed with him in his room.'

V

'Before many days had passed I married him. True, at first, my parents objected to the marriage; they argued that I was still too young and that, because of my abilities, I should continue with studies on Mount Scopus as had been intended. But I took no notice of them. I told them I was sufficiently grown-up, perhaps more than they realized, and that I thought it would be immoral for me not follow the d dictates of my heart. My ideas on morals always seemed peculiar to my parents and relations, my beliefs seemed to them nothing but the foolishness of youth; but I—I had never wanted to do the conventional thing, but rather to follow my inner compulsions. Until then I had never encoun-tered anything serious that put me to the test, and this was the first time that I had come to grips with an important problem. I decided to fight. When my parents saw that I wouldn't budge from my decision, they became reconciled, and though at first they had threatened they would never give their consent to the marriage, nonetheless they came to the wedding ceremony and shared in our joy. What shall I tell you? I was not disappointed in him at all. Today I know it was a bold and impulsive action. To live with a man, night and day, in the same room; to eat with him from the same dish; to wash in the same bathroom; to sleep in the same bed—no, all this is not the same as a fleeting encounter at a party. Yet I must say that I was not disap-pointed in my heart's choice;on the contrary, he was the best man I have ever known. He loved me, and he spent all his free time in my company, sometimes taking me with him on his business trips so that I should not remain at home alone. We had a beautiful home, one of those old houses which are to be found only in Jerusalem; it was in a court-yard surrounded by an ancient wall of moss-covered stones and far removed from the neighboring houses; it was situ-ated amongst some very old olive trees—a small house, with just a couple of high and spacious rooms, like they used to build in Jerusalem. A quiet, peaceful atmosphere reigned there. The distant sounds that reached it from the street were muffled and muted, as though they came t through a thick curtain, and their far off echoes made

our solitude even sweeter.

During the day I would busy myself a little with the work of my small home, read a book or play the piano, and in the evenings we would sometimes go to the theatre or the cinema. On our way back we would drop into this little café, and sit a while at this very table, drink coffee, eat cakes and smile at one another: we didn't have to speak much in those happy days in order to understand one another. I can tell you in four trite little words: we were very happy...

She drained her cup quickly. Her nervousness increased and she stared at me for a while with feverish eyes, as if she was suddenly asking herself: Why am I telling you all my secrets? But I had lowered my eyes, and she continued in an excited voice:

Then came that night. Yes, that night. But again I must tell you: you mustn't think that anything special occurred then, some terrible incident. No, no, on the contrary, it seemed like an ordinary night, like any other night, and yet...how can I describe it...that night out through my life, although nothing really happened, just my heart...I can't open my heart to you, I only remember the outward appearances, but those I remember so well that they have become ingrained into my very soul, so that sometimes I substitute them for the real causes, as if these outward signs brought about what happened later... Well, that night I awoke suddenly from my sleep, and, as sometimes happens, I didn't know where I was for a moment. Then my eyes were attracted to the window gleaming in the darkness of the room. It was a still night, and the moon shone on the window with a dull, silvery glow. I told you before that our house was situated amongst ancient olive trees. One of these trees stood just outside the window, almost touching it. That night a faint breeze stirred its branches, and the soft leaves brushed against the window panes, the upper part reflecting the moonlight whilst the lower was wrapped in shadow. The rustling leaves caressed the window, as if they were trying to call to me dumbly, and the light in the window cast a mysterious, sinister patchwork of shadows onto the opposite wall. Suddenly my mind cleared, and I realized where I was. I looked at my bed and saw my husband sleeping beside me, his breathing quiet and regular as usual. I couldn't distinguish his face, untouched by the moon's pale light. But at once I was filled with misgivings, and a deep inner voice spoke from within and filled me with panic: What am I doing here, beside this man, this stranger... Memories of my childhood and youth flooded my mind, and an odd sensation attacked me suddenly...Husband? What is a husband?... At that moment I could not understand for the life of me why I had tied myself to this man, this man and no other... So powerful were the doubts that assailed me that I was filled with terror and my whole body began to shiver.

I began to rebuke myself and told myself that I was nothing but a foolish child, that this man was my husband and I loved him, and that we were bound together forever by the ties of the flesh. I pulled the blanket over my head so that I shouldn't be able to see the olive leaves brushing the window panes, and I kept repeating to myself how foolish I was; but the voices would not be silenced. Instead, their echo grew louder within me until I was completely terrified, and I could do nothing to quiet them. I pressed myself closer to my husband as if seeking protection from my terrible loneliness, but the pounding of my heart did not awaken him. He was sleeping so soundly that he seemed hardly aware of me, except that his hand stroked me for a moment, as a husband's hand will, then relaxed, and again he was sunk in a deep sleep. The terrible voices were still pursuing me. I was in the grip of some cruel power and kept looking at the weird, dimly-lighted window, seeing the rustle of the olive leaves and the gruesome pattern of shadows which struck my heart with horror--until the moonlight faded, and the wind stopped, and the night gave way to dawn. Only then did I fall asleep, and I slept fitfully and uneasily. When I opened my eyes I was alone; my husband had gone to work.'

She suddenly stopped speaking; looking around I saw that the waitress was coming in our direction, carrying an empty tray in order to clear the dishes from our table. Quickly she took the empty cup away from the young woman, without even giving me a passing glance; then, about to remove my cup, she paused a moment and said sarcastically, as if wanting to make a fool of me:

'My, you're very absent-minded today. You've been sitting before that full cup all this time, and you've not yet touched a drop...'

I looked at her at first in astonishment, but when I got her point I pulled myself together and mumbled apologetically:

'Yes. Of course. I haven't started to drink...I was waiting for it to cool off. I don't like hot coffee...'

Raising the cup I drained it at one gulp and returned it to the waitress. She placed it on her tray of empty dishes, loitered a moment to give me a suspicious look, and then shrugged her shoulders slightly as she turned away from us.

VI

When we were once more alone, my companion said, staring after the waitress as she passed through the small door:

'I don't like that woman.'

I answered with a vague, meaningless smile, and she continued her story:

'At first I tried to rid myself of those strange voices I had heard at night. I tried to forget what I had seen and to control my feelings, but it was no use. That very feeling which had taken hold of me in the dead of night would not leave me and clung to me like some evil spirit. A great change had taken place in my life. But again, as I have told you over and over again, there was no outward change. On the surface everything was the same, but only on the surface... I don't know whether you are married: if not, it may be hard for you to grasp my meaning. Our life together had not changed one iota, and yet it was not as it had been at first. We had never spoken very much to each other, but (how shall I describe it to you?) our silences had been charged with meaning and content; the little trivial things that we did each day had been full of interest and joy; if our hands met by chance, when we both reached for the teapot on the table, an invisible tremor would pass from body to body, like an electric current, and our faces would suddenly become radiant... But now, after that night, everything was different. The silence was nothing more than a profound emptiness, as if one fine morning we had suddenly woken up to find that we had nothing more to say to each other; the daily happenings of life were nothing more than trite events of little interest, and when our hands met it was merely a dull contact, dead bodies, like wires which had been torn from an electric circuit and caused the electric current to break... And from then on the magic circuit of my husband's house was broken. Suddenly my eyes were opened to things that I had never noticed during all the days of my married life. I saw that there was a pulsating, busy life outside the walls of my house. There were many young men--some better looking, some worse looking than my husband--and they all caught my eyes and aroused my curiosity. But, please, don't misunderstand me: I never at any time desired to break out of the circle of my life, and if any of those young men had shown any interest in me, I would have turned my back on him with contempt; but still, now I could no longer close my eyes to the world that streamed beyond the wall of my house. Whether I cared or didn't, it existed; and so I lost my joy in life, and my desire for my husband died.

'Before many days had gone by, he sensed the change that had taken place in me, and began to probe me for the reason. I hinted to him that I doubted our mutual love, that things were not going well. He looked at me in wonder, unable to believe his ears, and then began to laugh as if I were joking with him. But in the course of time he realized how serious the situation was, and he did his very best to cheer me up and to seek all possible ways of lightening my depression. But all his efforts were in vain. My inner voice ruled me and made me see things as they really were: I felt him to be my husband no longer

but a stranger, and the contact of our bodies—was like an act of obscenity. I wanted to say to him: Perhaps we should separate a while, I'll return to my parents and look into my heart in solitude; but he wouldn't listen. The good man, he still believed that the wound might heal if only I were not to break all the threads that we had woven together from the time of our wedding. He begged me to remain in our peaceful and pleasant house, and he would go away for a long time in connection with his work—until this dark cloud would pass. I did not have the strength to make any objections to his entreaties, and I agreed. He would write me long letters about his travels throughout the country, of the people he met and the things he did; but to that matter, which lay hidden within our hearts, he did not refer. He did not bother me with questions and did not attempt to rouse my pity. Not a thing—but every Sabbath eve he would send me flowers, even if he was not in Jerusalem, a bouquet of white roses at all seasons of the year, exactly like the white roses he had sent me before he saw me at the party. He was so good and so fine, until I began to think at times that I had made a mistake: that the whole thing was nothing but a quirk of fate, and that I still loved him as I had at first. But when he would return home for a day and look at me like a beaten dog begging for a kind word, expecting some faint signs of hope—perhaps I had changed my mind and all my feelings of depression had vanished like the morning mist—then the inner voice would suddenly burst forth and cry out to me, that this man is nothing but a stranger, whom I do not love, that it is wrong for me to live together with him. I do not know how to make it clear to you. You probably think this is nothing but the caprice of a woman who hasn't got to worry about the struggle for existence. But please don't think of me in this way. I know for sure that this feeling which wrecks me with such force could not be a mere caprice; and that it might attack any woman, whatever her class. Perhaps if a woman were absorbed in the care of children and beset by economic difficulties, she would have to suppress the voice of her heart, but still I'm quite sure that that voice would torment and plague her for the rest of her life. But I've already explained to you—I have my own ideas about morals; and I wanted to be true to myself then as I had been at first, when I obeyed my impulse and went to the man I loved, not calculating and caring for nothing, neither for my parents nor for public opinion... So again now, I made up my mind to leave him, since the invisible cords which had bound us together were broken. I wanted to follow my own instincts faithfully to the end, to defend the wholeness and truth of my emotions, taking notice of no one...

She grew breathless and paused a moment. Her hands caressed the marble-topped table nervously.

Some months passed. I realized that there was no other

course but divorce. Why should I torture this good man, why should I deceive him, knowing very well that the rift could never be healed? But he would not listen to the idea of a final divorce. He still thought that everything could be patched up and that I was merely the victim of some transient mood. Once I decided to put an end to this terrible situation which had been created, and when he returned home, I sat beside him and said in a soft and conciliatory tone: "look, my dear, we cannot possibly live together any more; why shouldn't we finish with this outer tie, once and for all?" Again I saw spread over his face that terrible sadness, which I could not bear. And he shouted: "Why? why?" But I hardened my heart and said harshly: "Are you blind, that you can't see the reason? Do you think I just sit here like a widowmin mourning when you are not at home? Can't you realize that I am a young woman with the best years of my life before me? Are you still so naive, that you ask me —why?"

'I lied to him! There wasn't a grain of truth in all that I had said. He was my beloved, of my flesh, my first and only love, and I have never been unfaithful to him to this day. Only my heart—my heart had not stood the test... When he heard my bitter words, his face fell and he grew deadly pale. He sat before me dumbfounded, without uttering a word, only his eyes reflecting his great despair. From then on he never raised any more objections, and before many days had passed we went together to the Rabbinate to make preparations for the divorce.'

VII

'Why should I break my heart again with these bitter memories? The wound is still very fresh. I'll tell you the rest of the story very briefly, and not weary you with long speeches... Well, we went to the Rabbi together, tortured and broken in spirit, my husband's eyes like those of a lamb being led to the slaughter. We came, said what we had to say, and waited a long time until the divorce papers were completed. I sat in a corner and waited while my husband was negotiating with the attendant. He is the best of men: even at this final hour, he was trying to make things easier for me. Then suddenly the old Rabbi approached me and said: "So woman, perhaps you will change your mind and return home...the both of you—there is still time..." I looked at him with unconcealed hostility and said: "If we could have changed our minds, we should not have taken the trouble to come before Your Reverence." He looked at me with such sorrowful eyes that a shiver ran down my spine. Then he turned to go, only turning his head a moment to say quietly: "Do you know, young woman, that our sages have said: Every man who divorces his first wife, even an altar of stone shall weep for him..." How could I answer him? I suddenly felt an agonizing pain as if my heart had broken.

But the cup of bitterness was not yet completely full. We still had to receive the fateful document. My husband stood before me, ashen-faced, holding the divorce papers in his hand; and, when he had to hand me the parchment, he shivered, his fingers trembled and his whole body shook like a thunder-stricken tree. I was so alarmed that I wanted to fall on his neck and kiss his pale face, that I know so well and that I had loved so much, to comfort him with kind words and say: There, there, my dear, don't look like that. All this is nothing but a bad dream. A bad dream... But it was already too late. He conquered his weakness, handed me the document, and, trembling, I took it from his hands.

She wrung her long, slender hands excitedly, looking at me with feverish eyes, then asked with a look of reproof:

'Perhaps you think I was happy once I had gained my purpose and had divorced my husband? No, no! That was my bitterest hour. Why should I conceal anything from you. True, I'm a modern woman, free, and progressive in my ideas—and yet, I must tell you the whole truth: I felt that evening as if I had been made anyone's property and any man could have his way with me. All that time, when I had not yet divorced my husband and even when I was not actually with him, I felt as if I were being watched over by some benevolent eye, however distant; I belonged to somebody, if only as far as others were concerned. But now, suddenly, I stood completely alone in the world, exposed to the stares of men, as if I were being shown naked in public, a slave that had no owner. And the only man I had ever loved—I myself had driven away, I myself had driven away...'

Her voice broke, and she tried to restrain the tears which choked her and welled up in her eyes. In the end, she covered her face with her slender hands and did not remove them for a long time: only her shoulders shook convulsively.

VIII

I held my breath, made myself as inconspicuous as possible, and sat there without moving, in order not to disturb her thoughts. Darkness gathered around us; the sparkling lights set among the vine-leaves were already extinguished, and only our corner was still lit by a small lamp; we were now alone in the vine-covered garden. The thin man with the acquiline nose had already left his place, after smoking the second half of his cigarette; the few guests who had come had already made their departure. The waitress came out of the shop once or twice; passed along the garden shrouded in darkness; cast an angry, but surprised look in our direction; and retraced her footsteps, not daring to approach our corner. Once I saw the face of the proprietress as she sat half bent

over her counter, turning her head for an instant towards the garden door and looking silently towards us, her tired eyes clouded with sadness and worry.

Suddenly the young woman moved in her seat, and without turning her face to me, as if releasing an echo of what lay on her heart, began to speak:

'I thought that by taking legal action I'd be able to cut myself adrift from the past; that all my fears would disappear and all my doubts vanish; and that once again I'd be a free woman—so one would think. But after the event, rather, I began suddenly to remember all our past history with great clarity, and my heart was torn to shreds within me. Now again I see how he came to me then at the party, and how I went to Jerusalem to see him and how my heart pounded then with excitement, and how pale he looked when I said to him that I was not going back to Tel-Aviv and was going to stay with him that night... And I still see the two of us, sitting here, by this very table, and he is covering my shoulders with his grey jacket... Day and night I see his movements, hear his voice and see his sparkling eyes; how he would smile when I called him endearing names, and, as was his way, would pull the lobe of his ear in his embarrassment; and how he would say to me that he still could not understand his luck, when I came to his house and stayed, falling into his basket like ripe fruit; and last of all and bitter as wormwood—I see always before me those stricken eyes following me wherever I go, demanding an answer: "How did this happen? What has become of us? For you were once my sister, my beloved"...'

She now removed her hands from her face and spread them out as if presenting herself to me for judgement. With rising excitement she cried:

'Well maybe you can tell me: <u>How</u> shall I answer him? We, simple people, what do we know? We are like nothing more than the fingers of a clock rushing endlessly through our cycle of hours, on and on, and we don't know why... But you tell me: are we nothing but animals who follow the blind call of their blood, and is the game of love nothing but a beautiful amusement? Tell me, tell me: why did I go after him for no reason? And why am I eating my heart out now that I have cut myself away from him? Tell me, tell me: why did all this take place? For what reason?..'

She seized my hand that lay beside hers on the marble top and drew it towards her fiercely. I felt its hot and trembling contact, and prepared myself to reply, like a child that is brought to task by his elders. But when I lifted my eyes and saw her flushed and burning eyes, her quivering eyelashes and uplifted eyebrows,—I did not know how to reply. I lowered my head and was silent...

VALUE --- MARRIAGE (1)

A 20 Minutes: Each student reads silently to himself. If the teacher, in order to save time, wishes to summarize the first few pages, he may read the following summary to the class.

Summary of 1st pages— to Section 2"...as if to provide me with an answer to my bewilderment."

The scene is Jerusalem (between 1940 and 1955). The author is in the habit of visiting a small side-street cafe regularly. Here he finds a certain solace and fascination. There are regular customers which frequent the cafe, each having his own table and ordering almost the same food every time. One night however there are two fresh visitors to the cafe, a young man and a young lady. The waitress is excited by what she witnesses between the young couple and imparts her excitement and curiosity to the author who then turns and beholds an "unusual sight."

Begin reading p. 127 —"And, indeed, I saw an unusual sight there."

B Students' Opinions and Comments.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- Mutual Maturity and Self-Sacrifice are Essential to a Successful Marriage.

2- Morality Today is Ambiguous.

I Mutual Maturity and Self-Sacrifice are Essential to a Successful Marriage.

a) If you were the man listening to this story or a woman listening to the same story from a man, how would you answer the question on page 141 — "Tell me, tell me, why did all this take place? For what reason?"
(Ask each member of the class to respond to this question as if he were actually in the author's place. A short Role-Play may be helpful and enlightening here. Ask two students to come and sit in front of the class. Let one take the woman's part and on page 141 read dramatically the paragraph beginning "Well may be you can tell me." to the end "For what reason?"
Then let the listener try and answer. This procedure may be repeated with several couples.)

Some possible reason why this did happen:

i- The girl was too young and immature to understand marriage. Her idealistic expectations were not fulfilled.

ii- On page 133 we read "I have already told you that my life has been without great events." This may be a clue as to why she left him. She felt she had not really lived yet, not really experienced a variety of experiences or "great events" aside from her first falling in love. See also page 134 "But I hardened" — "...that you ask me — why?"

iii- She had ambitions of going on to University but marriage had put an end to this. Apparently she had abilities that could have found expression at University, and these, being suppressed by marriage, eventually erupted. Frustration and unfulfillment, either on the conscious or unconscious level, can lead to severe consequences. See page 134 "Before many days" to"...as had been intended."

iv- She always wanted to be different and independent. Running off and getting married was for her one way of showing her independence and individuality. "...I had never wanted to do the conventional thing, but rather to follow my inner compulsions."

In America, many couples elope. What is your opinion of enlopements?

1- Parental objections sometimes force a couple to elope.

2- Some couples elope just for the mystery and excitement of it all.
Is this mature? Is it fair to the couples' parents?

3- Sometimes a couple elope so as to spare their families the expense of a wedding which they know can't be afforded but which would be attempted at all cost.

b) On page 138, read again the section beginning "—perhaps I had changed my mind" to "taking notice of no one..."
Is a woman justified in walking out on her husband just because she feels like it? Are there obligations beyond "Love" which justify two people remaining together in marriage?

i- Sometimes "falling out of love" is only a phase in married life, one of the obstacles, which with patience, can be overcome.

ii- If there are children in the family, this alone is often sufficient reason to continue living together. Extreme incompatibility however can have very negative affects upon the children and separation may be the only solution.

iii- Sometimes a young couple, in order to keep their marriage intact, decide to have children. Does this necessarily solve the problem?

2 Morality Today is Ambiguous.

a) How many of you have expressed the same feelings as this girl when on page 134 she says—
"My ideas on morals always seemed peculiar to my parents and relations, my beliefs seemed to them nothing but the foolishness of youth..."

b) What are some of the morals relating to love and marriage which are accepted by many youth today and which are usually objected to by their parents?

1- Having pre-marital affairs. Many youth feel that experience is important if one is to be happily married. Do you agree?
The following is an exerpt from a Magazine story entitled — All My Sorority Sisters Tell Me Boys Don't Want Virgins Any More.
Pass out a copy to each member of the class. After they take a minute to read it, ask if there are any comments.

"It was a long time later, when we stopped in front of my sorority house. Doug was as silent all the way as he'd been that other night. But when he turned off the motor, he broke the long silence.

'You're quite a surprise package, Suzy,' he said, in an odd tone.

'I know.' I sighed deeply. 'I suppose I've shocked you. But I told you I love you, Doug. You wanted proof of my love so...'

'Love?' His voice was harsh. 'How we do abuse that word. Here I've gone around feeling like the lowest thing that crawls the earth all these days. I had you pegged as something little short of an angel. I kept wondering how I could ever dare even look at you again.

'Now,' he said with steppingstone deliberation, 'now I find out that the guys are right. Every girl can be had if you use the right technique. Unwittingly I used the 'stay away' routine—and look what happened. You're no saint at all, Suzy. You're just a little tramp.'

'Doug!' I gasped. 'But you said you...I thought you...'

'Yeah, I said, and you said, and the guys said.' He started the motor. 'But the fact remains that we aren't any different than our parents were before us. We still want to marry a girl who is sweet and innocent. We all do too darned much talking—and experimenting. I suppose you'll say this is all my fault—and maybe it is. Only—I took no for an answer the other time. You were the one who blasted everything tonight. I was so sure that if I didn't win you back somehow, I'd die. Now, if you don't mind, I'll take that pin. And this time—no tricks. You give it to me.' He waited with his hand outstretched."

(From My Confession, Oct/64. p. 34)

ii- Petting! Is petting proper? Why?

iii- Wearing clothes that are very revealing or no clothes at all as in the case of topless bathing suits. Is this morally proper?

iv- What image or example of morality do modern youth strive to emulate?

1- Hollywood actors and actresses.

2- Literature dealing with Sex.

3- Often their parents' own bad image.

c) Pass out copies of Article from Jewish Post and Opinion (Jan. 22/65) entitled— "Parent, Student Debate Sex in Brandeis Paper." Give the students a few minutes to read this article, then ask for comments and opinions. Which side of the argument do they think is more valid.

Parent, Student Debate Sex in Brandeis Paper

WALTHAM, Mass. (P-O) — A Parent of a Fellow Student, has responded to the article by Helge Ronning, which called for a re-evaluation of the sex standards of present day society (P-O, Nov. 13, 64) and asked for the acceptance by society of pre-marital sex experiences.

Without giving his name, the father urged the author of the article not to squander sex, "cheapen it; satisfy it furtively".

On the assumption that the writer of the article was a girl, the parent wrote:

"Some things, Helge, have indeed stood the test of time. Some simple things...like love; like honesty; like belief in God; like decency; like a host of other things which could mark a person believing in them, as I do, as a square, I suppose".

In a response to the father, Helge Ronning, who is a member of the staff of The Justice, the student publication of Brandeis, wrote:

"Moments of sexual orgasm are perhaps the most beautiful of our entire existence; instances when two human beings are so close that they are able to open 'the fifth window to eternity' for each other. I think it is possible to reach this aspect of human happiness both inside and outside marriage. It is when one puts labels like lustful and sinful on the sexual meeting between two people that one destroys the beauty. The world certainly is not such a happy place that we can afford to destroy moments of happiness."

The two letters follow:

Dear Helge:

Your "Facing Reality in Sex" compels me to say I admire your courage a whole lot more than I do your judgment.

I genuinely respect you for speaking your thoughts out so forthrightly and I'd like to sort of "think out loud" with you.

I'm probably three times your age; the father of a Brandeis student.

The other day I participated in a meeting where some very thoughtful people were discussing a pressing problem ...promiscuous sex in one of our Junior High Schools. I feels confident that had you been present you, like me, would have been distressed and feel strongly as do I that something must be done before these kids really blast their lives.

Reading your piece, I feel the same way about the point you express.

Certainly I realize that you are not Junior High School age...but equally certainly I feel your views are as unsoundly based as the Junior High School pregnant girl who said "I love him" as the complete justification for her actions.

Helge, at her age, it was probably curiosity...and an outgrowth of parents crowding their youngsters too much in the race to grow up and be popular. Dating at 12 or 13, lipstick at 13; false bras to give them the grown-up look; high heels; long dresses...all the appurtenances of the grown-up. It's perhaps understandable.

But at your age...and with your education...I wonder if you don't confuse lust with love?

And I wonder, also, if you don't minimize the long range highly detrimental effect, emotionally, of your confusion?

My wife and I are three times your age...and neither of us have known another sex partner. Our lives are unclut-tered by deceit and a phony sophistication. Sex to us remains a beutiful and fulfilling act of two people whose love has proven itself genuine and stable through thirty years of ups and downs; good times and times not so good. But we've been happy people and remain happy people.

Temptation comes the way of all of us. Those who succumb rationalize themselves...and, invariably, blame the other guy. Don't make that mistake, Helge. Don't trade a brief lust gratification for a lifetime of happiness. It's plain stupid to do so.

Notice, please, that I have avoided the religious connotations of your point of view. You just dispose of that with just a word. And that, too, is a most serious blunder.

But it is on the practical consideration that "you should not" rather than the religiously moral consideration "you must not" that I urge you to reconsider your views.

Sex is one of life's real blessings. Squander it; cheapen it; satisfy it furtively...and you're a fool selling yourself mighty, mighty short.

On the contrary, Helge, save it for the real man (sic) of your life...the man who will come to mean as much to you as my wife, for example, has come to mean to me. Do that, Helge...in the interest of a full life; a family life...a life of all things shared...your chastity, and his, included.

Some things, Helge, have indeed stood the test of time. Some simple things...like love; like honesty; like belief in God; like decency; like a host of other things which could mark a person believing in them, as I do, as a square, I suppose.

But knowing the happiness I do...I speak from my own experience...not somebody else's theorizing.

A Parent of a Fellow Student.

Dear Parent of a Fellow Student:

I hope you would have written this letter even if you had known I was a boy, not a girl. I know that there is a tendency to regard a boy's opinions on this subject

as being controlled only by a lecherous self-interest. I think the distinction made between males and females in problems concerning sex is a false and unhealthy one. I belive that boys and girls have an equal need for sexual relations, but that the society has repressed a girl's needs more or less successfully.

I am also distressed by hearing about pregant Junior High School girls. I too think this is a disaster, but I do not agree with your conclusions. I think the fact that kids become pregnant at the age of thirteen only reinforces my opinions. We must come to grips with reality. It does not help any longer to tell teen-agers not to sleep with each other; it does not help to make prohibitions. What we need is a full education in all aspects of the sexual life of man, both physically and mentally. If the girl you write about had known about contraceptives and had known how to use them, we would have been spared this tragedy...

If it were possible to change the whole society and bring it back to the Victorian age, I think your views would have been acceptable. Today they are unrealistic and even dangerous, because they show an unwillingness to face reality. I also think our society's perverse preoccupation with sex is wrong, because it reveals so clearly the double standards which control the Western World. Various aspects of sex are accepted in the business world, advertisements, books, teen-age magazines, and movies. You are allowed to be preoccupied with sex all the time, but you are not permitted to enjoy the fulfillment of sex.

It is indeed a sick world we are living in. Unnatural acts like killing, sadism and insensibility to other human beings' suffering is encouraged through comic books, movies, television programs and tabloid newspapers. A beautiful act like the sexual meeting between two people is condemned and put under censorship.

I do not think I fail to distinguish between lust and love. I think they both are equally important parts of human life, that the one affects and is related to the other. I do not think there is anything wrong with the feeling of lust; I do not feel that there is anything sinful involved in enjoying sex. I think life is wonderful in spite of all the distresses we meet, and I think that sex is one of the most beautiful aspects of life.

Moments of sexual orgasm are perhaps the most beautiful moments of our entire existence; instances when two human beings are so close that they are able to open "the fifth window to eternity" for each other. I think it is possible to reach this aspect of human happiness both inside and outside marriage. It is when one puts labels like lustful and sinful on the sexual meeting between two people that one destroys the beauty. The world

certainly is not such a happy place that we can afford to destroy moments of happiness.

Helge Ronning.

(National Jewish Post and Opinion. Jan. 22/65)

COMMENTS

a) It is interesting to note that the woman would discuss her private life with a stranger. On page 131 we read— "These matters are so intimate, so delicate in feeling, I haven't even told them to my closest friends..."
Has anyone in the class ever had the experience of having a total stranger, perhaps on a bus or train, tell you very intimate things about his or her life? Why would a person do this?

i- There is a certain security in talking to a stranger. One doesn't have to worry much about the stranger using his newly acquired information against the person. They will probably never see each other again. A troubled person usually feels better when he can get something "off his chest."

b) On page 128 what caused the waitress to make a statement like— "What do you say to that? Is such a thing possible in this day and age?"

i- The waitress was obviously speaking out of bad personal experiences with love. These had so negatively colored her views that she could not imagine anyone feeling a pure love. This is expressed in the paragraph following this line.

ii- Is it possible for two young people in our day and age to sit quietly staring at each other, deeply in love, and content to do no more than this?

c) On page 135 we read— "Husband? What is a husband?" Ask the class to answer this question. Then reverse the question— What is a wife?

d) The line on page 141 — "Thou art my sister, my beloved" comes from the biblical book Song of Songs. (4:10). This book may be interpreted in two ways:

1- As a romance between King Solomon and his beloved Shulamite.

2- As a romance between God and Israel.

c) The prophet Hosea's marriage to Gomer is interpreted by the Rabbis as the marriage, the intimate relation between God and Israel.

Note to Teacher— See next lesson for mimeographing instructions.

VALUE --- MARRIAGE (2)

A Pass out sheets of paper to each student with the following instructions: In no more than 25 words, write down your definition of "Marriage."

B Ask each student to read aloud his definition. If anyone wishes to comment on another's difinition, he should be permitted to do so briefly.

C Some Jewish Views on Marriage and Love.
Copies of these views should be handed out to each member of the class to use in discussion and then to keep. The comments are only for the teacher and should not be included in the mimeographing.
Let each student in succession read aloud one of the views and let this then be followed by the class's comments, if any, on the view. They may be asked specific questions like-- "Do you agree with view" etc.
If mimeographing facilities are not available for this lesson, the teacher may read aloud the various views, followed by class comment.

Insight to be Emphasized

The Sanctity of Marriage and Family as Essential to the Preservation of Judaism.

a) "It is the duty of every man to take a wife to himself in order to fulfill the precept of propagation."

(Code of Jewish Law, Ganzfried--Goldin, Vol. 4, p. 6)

Comment -- The "...precept of propagation" refers to the first commandment given to man. "And God created man in His own image... male and female created He them. And God blessed them; and God said unto

them—'Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth...'
(Genesis 1:27,28)

Comment -- In order to make it clear that a wife is not just meant for propagation, the "Code of Jewish Law" adds—
"Even if a person has fulfilled the precept of propagation, he should not remain without a wife(Ibid)
This refers to a case where a man's wife dies, leaving children. He should still marry, even though he has already fulfilled his duty of propagation.

b) "Our Rabbis have said— He who is without a wife dwells without blessing, life, joy, help, good, and peace".
(Midr. Ps. on LIX)

c) "Every man should endeavor to marry a respectable woman from a respectable family. 'By three traits is Israel distinguished; by modesty, compassion and benevolence'; (Yebamot 79a) and one should not marry a person who lacks these traits".
(Code of Jewish Law, Gansfried—Goldin, Vol. 4, p. 7)

d) "If a woman is respectable, it is permissible to marry her even if the choice is decided by a monetary consideration. This is permissible only when the money is given to the groom voluntarily, but if the man defers marriage in the expectation of obtaining a wife who will bring him the money he desires, or if one has plighted his troth in consideration of a promise to receive money, and because that promise was subsequently retracted, he causes his bride to languish, or he quarrels on account of that money—all who act thus, are designated by the Sages as (Kiddushin 70a): 'He who weds for money will have delinquent children, and will be unsuccessful;' nor will such an alliance be a happy one."
(Code of Jewish Law, Vol. 4, p. 7, #7)

e) "A man should ever be careful to treat his wife, with respect, for it is only for the wife's sake that a man's house is blessed". (Ibid p.7)

i- "There was once a pious man who was married to a pious woman, and they had no children. They said, 'We are no profit to God.' So they divorced one another. The man went and married a bad woman, and she made him bad; the woman went and married a bad man, and she made him good. So all depends upon the woman."
(Gen. R., Bereshit, XVII, 7)

f) The Jewish Woman

"In the days of horror of the later Roman Empire, throughout the time of the migration of nations, it was not war alone that destroyed and annihilated all those peoples of which, despite their former worddominating greatness, nothing remains but their name. It was rather the ensuing demoralization of home life.
This is proved--it cannot be repeated too often--by the Jews; for they suffered more severely and more cruelly by wars than any other nation; but, among them, the inmost living germ of morality--strict discipline and family devotion--was at all times preserved. This wonderful and mysterious preservation of the Jewish people is due to the Jewish woman. This is her glory, not alone in the history of her own people, but in the history of the world."

(M. Lazarus, from A Book of Jewish Thoughts, p. 11- Selected and arranged by Dr. J. H. Hertz.)

g) "...A woman must see to it that there is peace between herself and her husband; she should be agreeable and kind to her husband..."
(The Iggeret Ha-Teshubah, Jonah ben Abraham Gerondi, Spain, 13th Cent.)

h) "One is forbidden to dwell with one's wife, even a short time, without having a Ketubah (Marriage Contract.)"

(Code of Jewish Law, Gansfried--Goldin, Vol. 4, p. 7)

Comment -- One of the reasons for the marriage contract is in order to protect the woman. If a man and woman simply decide to live together without any formal agreement, and if later on the woman becomes ill, or has children, and then the man decides to leave her, she is left without any protection, either for herself or for her children. The man is under no obligation to provide for her unless there is a marriage contract.

i) "A woman who has been either widowed or divorced should not remarry before expiration of ninety days..." (Ibid p. 8)

Comment -- A period of time is necessary in order for a person to recover from the shock of divorce or from the death of one's mate.
A waiting period in a situation of bereavement is also a mark of respect for the deceased.

j) "A respectable man should not marry a woman who has been divorced because of immodesty". (Ibid p. 9)

k) "It is mandatory to divorce a bad woman who is of a quarrelsome disposition and is not as modest as a respectable woman in Israel should be, even if it is the first marriage". (Ibid p. 9)

l) "The sages have...commanded the children of Israel that whoever sees his wife conduct herself in an improper manner, and that she is consorting with other men, he should admonish her privately and gently to prevent her from stumbling into sin and cause her to walk in the right path."

m) "One who takes a wife to himself, must remain in town a full year, in order that he may rejoice with her." (Ibid p. 13)
This law is based upon Deuteronomy 24:5 which states-- "When a man takes a bride, he shall not go out with the army or be assigned to it for any

purpose; he shall be exempt one year for the sake of his household, to give happiness to the woman he has married."

Comment -- In a sense this allows for a one year honeymoon with the bride or groom's parents supporting the couple. In most occupations today however this would not be practical since one cannot usually suspend business obligations for a year. Provision in the law is made for such a situation-- "The woman may, however, waive this right." (Ibid p. 13)

n) "R. Nelbo said: One must always observe the honour due to his wife, because blessings rest on a man's home only on account of his wife, for it is written, And he treated Abram well for her sake. And thus did Rabb say to the townspeople of Mahuza, Honour your wives, that ye may be enriched."
(Baba Mozia, 59a-59b)

Note-- "The foregoing passages are instructive on the Talmudic attitude to women. Though recognising the evil influence a bad woman can wield upon her husband, as evidenced by Ahab and Jezebel, these sayings breathe a spirit of tenderness and honour. As she is highly sensitive, the greatest care must be taken not to wound her feelings, and a husband must adapt himself to his wife; whilst it is emphatically asserted that prosperity in the home, as well as the blessings of home life, are to a great extent dependent upon her."
(From Soncino translation of Talmud.)

o) "If you are handsome (or beautiful), do not go astray after lewdness, but honour your creator, and fear Him, and praise Him with the beauty which He has given you."
(Pes. R. 127a)

p) Concerning what one should look for in a husband, we read--

Her Wise Choice

"When the future wife of the Cheler Rabbi was about to become a bride, her father said to her: 'I have had requests for your hand from three young men. One is poor, but a scholar; another rich, but of little scholarly attainment; the third, very wealthy, but unlearned in Hebrew.'

The maiden replied: 'What matter a man's wealth if he be ignorant, or of limited learning? The third youth may be poor, but he must be truly brilliant, if you, father, praise him.'

She married the Rabbi, Moses Teitelbaum, who became world-renowned as the Cheler."

(P. v. K., p. 9b.)

q) Concerning the difference in age between husband and wife we have the following story--

Two Counsels

"A man on his way home from a long journey stopped over to visit the Berditschever. He was impressed by the Rabbi's piety and benevolence, and presented him with a goodly donation. The Rabbi said: 'I will repay you by giving you two bits of counsel. The first is: when in doubt, turn to the right; the second is: when you see a young woman married to an old man, look for murder.'

The man took his departure in his carriage, and soon came to a junction in the roads. He saw a group of the gendarmerie standing in hesitation, and was informed that they were searching for a thief who had stolen a large sum of money. The traveler advised them to take the road on the right, and followed them also. The thief and his booty were soon discovered, and a substantial reward was presented to the traveler for his counsel.

He continued on his way, and at nightfall halted at an inn. The old landlord wished to give him lodging, but the young wife informed her husband that no rooms were available. The traveler could find no other accommodations, and since it was raining heavily, he lay down beneath the eaves of the inn. About midnight he was awakened by the noise of a wagon. He quietly stole out and saw a man descend from it, knock at the window and whisper for some time to the young wife of the innkeeper. Scraps of conversation which reached the watcher's ears convinced him that they planned the innkeeper's death. He immediately began to shout 'Murder, murder.' The culprits escaped in the wagon, and the old innkeeper rewarded his rescuer handsomely. He also sent a gift to the Berditschever who had foreseen the consequences of his unwise marriage."

(E. O., p. 53.)

Comment -- "How do Abaye and Raba utilize the verse- 'Do not profane thy daughter to cause her to be a harlot' (Lev. 19:29). R. Nani said: this refers to one who marries his (young) daughter to an old man. R. Akiba said: This refers to the delay in marrying off a daughter who is already a bogereth (that is, having attained puberty.)"
(San. 76a)

r) "Go down a step and take a wife. Go up a step and choose a friend."
(Yebamot 63b)

Comment -- One possible meaning of this passage is that if a man earning $6,000 a year marries a girl whose father is a millionaire, it would be very difficult for him to maintain her in the manner to which she is accustomed. This could lead to serious marital strife.

Comment -- This would also apply in the area of education. An element of incompatibility would probably posit itself in a situation where the man finished high school and the woman finished college.

s) On page of Enigma we see the great reluctance with which the Rabbi grants the divorce. "Even the altar sheds tears." An attempt at reconciliation is always made. The divorce proceedure itself is painful, purposely so, in the hope that perhaps the couple will change its mind. The husband must give his wife the divorce paper personally. There are no middle men or lawyers to act as go-betweens, thus making the divorce less personal.

t) A Jewish woman must be chaste, obedient, and faithful to her husband.

1- "You shall not commit adultery". (Ex. 20:13)

ii- Proverbs - Chapter 7. See Bible.

iii- "...thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."
(Genesis 3:16)

iv- "But if this thing be true, that the tokens of virginity were not found in the damsel then they shall bring out the damsel to the door of her father's house, and the men of her city shall stone her with stones that she die; because she hath wrought a wanton deed in Israel, to play the harlot in her father's house; so shalt thou put away the evil from the midst of thee."
(Deuteronomy 22:20-21)
(Tokens of virginity are spots of blood on the sheets of the bridal bed.)

Comment -- Defamation of character is considered a serious offence in the Bible. A man is punished if he falsely charges a woman of not being a virgin.
"If any man take a wife, and go in unto her, and hate her, and lay wanton charges against her, and bring up an evil name upon her, and say: 'I took this woman, and when I came nigh to her, I found not in her the tokens of virginity'; then shall the father of the damsel, and her mother, take and bring forth the tokens of the damsel's virginity unto the elders of the city in the gate. And the damsel's father shall say unto the elders: 'I gave my daughter unto this man to wife, and he hateth her; and, lo, he hath laid wanton charges, saying: I found not in thy daughter the tokens of virginity; and yet these are the tokens of my daughter's virginity.' And they shall spread the garment before the elders of the city. And the elders of that city shall take the man and chastise him. And they shall fine him a hundred shekels of silver, and give them unto the father of the damsel, because he hath brought evil name upon a virgin of Israel; and she shall be his wife; he may not put her away all his days."
(Deuteronomy 22:13-19)

In our own day, giving a girl a bad name is a frequent practice. A boy, if unable to obtain what he desires from a girl, will often, in order to get back at her or to prove his "manhood", spread false rumors and violate her reputation. The only punishment for such action on the part of the boy is possibly a guilty conscience.
In the Book of Proverbs, among the seven things which God hates is mentioned "a false witness who breathes lies." (Proverbs 6:19)

u) Fidelity is also expected of the husband.

i- "Let thy fountain be blessed;
And have joy of the wife of thy youth.
A lovely hin and a graceful doe,
Let her breasts satisfy thee at all times;
With her love be thou ravished always.
Why then wilt thou, my son, be ravished with a strange woman,
And embrace the bosom of an alien?"
(Proverbs 5:18-20)

ii- "For on account of a harlot a man is brought to a loaf of bread,
But the adulteress hunteth for the precious life."
(Proverbs 6:26)

v) "Sanctify yourself even in things permitted to you." (Yeb. 20 a)
Even the sexual act, which is not only permitted, but encouraged, should be sanctified. It should be something beautiful and holy and not just an animal release.

w) "A man marries first, and then studies."
(Kid. 20b)

Comment -- The wife supporting her husband while he studies was quite common among Jews over the centuries. Today, many students' wives support their husbands thus permitting them to complete their education.

x) The Rabbis interpret the verse in Song of Songs "Let my beloved come into his garden" (4:16) to mean--"The Torah teaches gentle manners: the bridegroom should not enter the marriage chamber until the bride gives him leave."
(Pes. R. 176)

y) "In the past Adam was created from the earth and Eve was created from Adam; from then, 'In our image, after our likeness.' (Genesis 1:26).
Neither Man without Woman,
Nor woman without Man,
Nor the two of them without the Divine Presence." (Gen. Rab. XXII:4)

z) "Blessed is the man who has a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."
(Ecclesiasticus XXVI).

a 1) "There is nothing more beloved of God than Modesty."
(Pesikta Rabbati, ed.)

b 1) "He (or she) who does not possess the quality of shame, it is certain that his ancestors were not present at Mount Sinai."
(Nedarim 20a)

c 1) "Gehenna is made deep for the man who speaks lewdly and for him who listens to it and is silent."
(Shab. 33a)

Comment -- This is a condemnation of off-color language and jokes.

d 1) "R. Idi said: There was a woman in Sidon, who lived ten years with her husband, and had borne no child. They went to R. Simeon b. Yohai, and asked to be divorced. He said to them, 'As your coming together was with a banquet, so let your separation be with a banquet.' They agreed, and made for themselves a holiday and a banquet, and she made her husband drink more than enough. When his mind returned to him, he said to her, 'My daughter, look out what is most precious to you in my house, and take it, and

go to your father's house.' What did she do? When he had gone to sleep, she beckoned to her servants and handmaids, and said to them, 'Carry him on the mattress to my father's house.' In the middle of the night he woke up, and he said to her, 'Whither have I been brought?' She said, 'To the house of my father.' He said to her, 'What have I to do there?' She said, 'Did you not tell me last night to take what was most precious to me from your house, and to go with it to the house of my father? There is nothing in the world more precious to me than you.'"

(Cant. I, 4)

e 1) Gala Days

"Rabban Simeon ben Gamaliel related that the 15th of Ab and Yom Kippur used to be gala days in Jerusalem. The young maidens would repair to the vineyard, robed in white garments. It was required that they borrow these, lest maidens without their own should feel humiliated. There they danced gleefully and called out to the onlooking youths: 'Choose mates for yourselves.'

The comely ones would call attention to their good looks; those of good family, to their heredity, and those of good character, to their worthiness."

(Taanit, 26b)

f 1) The Unloved Wife

"Rabbi Akiba said: 'He who marries a woman not suited to him violates five precepts: (1) Thou shalt not avenge; (2) Thou shalt not bear grudge; (3) Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart; (4) Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; (5) and that thy brother may live with thee.'..For if he hates her, he wishes she were dead."

(Abot de-Rabbi Nathan, Chap. 26.)

g 1) "A man should not marry a woman with the thought in mind that he may divorce her."

(Yeb. 37)

h 1) "A man who marries may be a true servant of God, since he can concentrate his mind upon desires of the spirit rather than of the emotions."

(Zohar Hadash, i, 5a)

i 1) "The Divine Presence can rest only upon a married man, because an unmarried man is but half a man, and the Divine Presence does not rest upon that which is imperfect."

(Zohar Hadash, iv, 50b)

j 1) The Value of a Good Wife

"'He that hath found a virtuous wife, hath a greater treasure than costly pearls.'

'Such a treasure had the celebrated teacher Rabbi Meir found. He sat during the whole of one Sabbath day in the public school and instructed the people.

During his absence from his house his two sons, both of them of uncommon beauty and enlightened in the Law, died. His wife bore them to her bed-chamber, laid them upon the marriage-bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies.

Towards evening Rabbi Meir came home.

'Where are my beloved sons,' he asked, 'that I may give them my blessing?'

'They are gone to the school,' was the answer.'

'I repeatedly looked round the school,' he replied, 'and I did not see them there.'

She reached him a goblet; he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank and again asked, 'Where are my sons, that they may drink of the cup of blessing?'

'They will not be far off,' she said, and placed food before him that he might eat.

He was in a gladsome and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him: 'Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain propose to thee one question.'

'Ask it, then, my love!' he replied.

'A few days ago a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again. Should I give them back again?'

'This is a question,' said Rabbi Meir, 'which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! Wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to everyone his own?'

'No,' she replied, 'but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith.'

She then led him to their chamber, and, stepping to the bed, took the white covering off the bodies of their sons.

'Ah, my sons! My sons!' thus loudly lamented the father. 'My sons! The light of mine eyes. And the light of my understanding. I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the Law!'

The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand and said, 'Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!'

'Blessed be the name of the Lord!' echoed Rabbi Meir, 'and blessed be His name for thy sake too, for well it is written, 'He that hath found a virtuous wife hath a greater treasure than costly pearls. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the instruction of kindness.'"

(From A Treasure of Jewish Folklore, edited by Nathan Ausubel. p. 114.)

k 1) Proverbs 31:10-31

A MEAL FOR THE POOR

by Mordecai Spector

From A Treasury of Yiddish Stories- pp. 250-255; Edited by Irving Howe.

I was invited to a wedding.

Not to any of your newfangled weddings where dowagers and pretty young girls in decollete are surrounded by a halo of powder as they move like goddesses, or where gentlemen in frock coats, white gloves, and waxed black mustaches reek of scented pomade.

Not to a wedding, you understand, where one eats according to a printed timetable--Fish a la Prince So-and-So, Bouillon La Falutin, Meat Diplomatique, Salad Filtedgreen, Dessert Fifi, Wine Antediluvian--that is to say, served in bottles plentifully smeared with last year's mud.

Not at all. I was invited to an old-fashioned Jewish wedding, a wedding, in other words, where respectable Jewish men and women gather together dressed in the same holiday attire they use for going to the synagogue every Sabbath. The kind of wedding where the "smorgasboard" consists of home-made honeycake and strudel, followed by gefilte fish, warm fresh rolls, golden-yellow broth, stuffed spring chicken, roast duck, and wine drunk out of large, immaculate white jugs.

A wedding at which every last religious ceremony is observed, including, naturally, the one that commands the host to serve a free meal for the poor.

The host, Reb Yitzchok Berkover, had provided a free meal for the poor at the marriage of each of his children. And now it was the turn of his youngest daughter, his favorite child, and he had invited all the poor folk from the neighboring town of Lipowitz to the village in which he had lived all his life.

It was now the wedding day, two o'clock in the afternoon, and still no sign of the poor, for whom a servant in charge of three huge wagons had been dispatched that morning. Lipowitz was only a few miles away. What could the matter be? All the relatives and wedding guests were waiting impatiently for the ceremony to begin. At last the servant, out of breath and galloping on a horse that had been unhitched from a wagon, arrived by himself.

"What's this? Are you alone?" asked his master.

"They don't want to come," was the answer.

"What do you mean, 'They don't want to come'?" we asked in astonishment.

"They say that unless each one is promised a ruble, under no circumstances are they coming to the wedding."

We all burst into laughter, but the servant continued with his story.

"You see, there's already been one wedding in Lipowitz today, complete with a free meal for the poor. So they're all full. Naturally they're in rebellion. If they're not given a ruble each they won't budge. The ringleaders you all know--there's that cripple with the crutches, and the lanky beggar, also Feitel Dragfoot, and Flatnose Jake. The rest would probably come, but these four won't let them.

I wasn't sure what to do. After debating with them for an hour and coming to no conclusion, I took one of the horses and have come back for more instructions."

We roared with laughter at the thought of this bizarre uprising, but Reb Yitzchok went into a rage. "You bargained with them? They won't take any less?" he screamed at the messenger.

"Bargained, of course. They won't take a kopeck less."

"Their stock of merchandise must have gone up in price lately," snapped Reb Yitzchok with an angry laugh. "Then why did you leave the wagons behind? We'll do without the paupers."

"I wasn't sure what to do. I was afraid you would be angry. I'll run back this instant and bring the wagons."

"Wait a while. Don't be in such a hurry." And Reb Yitzchok began to discuss this unlooked-for problem with his guests and also with himself.

"Who ever heard of such a thing? Those ragamuffins are going to dictate what I should do? Bargain with me? Just because I want them to have a good free meal and a little donation besides. I must give each one precisely a ruble, they say! If I gave them a quarter of a ruble each, they couldn't afford to take it, of course! Their overhead is too high. The nerve of the beggars! I'll get along without them, they'll see. Fiddlers, strike up the tune! Where's the sexton? You can start the final preparations."

But immediately he changed his mind and waved his hands. "Wait a while. It's still early. What did I do to deserve such a fate? Is my whole enjoyment to be spoiled? Why shouldn't I have the pleasure of giving a free meal to the poor at the wedding of my youngest child? I'd be willing to give them half a ruble. Money's not the question. It's the principle. The nerve of them! To haggle with me! Well, let it go. I've done my share. If they don't want to come, that's their business. They'll be sorry later. Weddings such as this don't come every day. We'll get along without them!"

"Shall I prepare the bride?" asked the sexton.

"Yes, let them--no! Wait!"

The guests were unanimously in favor of forgetting the beggars, but Reb Yitzchok's face suddenly underwent a profound change. His rage subsided and he came to ask me and a few others to do him a favor. He requested us to go to the town and see if we couldn't manage to win over the poor. "He hasn't any sense. There's no use depending on him," he said, nodding at the servant.

They made another horse and wagon ready for us, and we rode away. The servant on his horse lagged behind us.

"A mutiny, a strike of the poor--how do you like that?" That's the tone we talked in the whole way. "I've heard of strikes by workingmen. They refuse to work. They demand higher pay. But a strike, an ultimatum by paupers--paupers demanding a higher scale of pay for coming to eat a free meal! That's something new."

Twenty minutes later we entered the town of Lipowitz. In the main square of the town, in the market place, stood three great peasant wagons filled with straw; the small horses were unharnessed and eating their bags of oats. Around the wagons were at least a hundred people--the lame, the halt, and the blind, and in addition half the loafers and urchins in town. They were making a terrific noise.

The cripple who had been described as one of the chief ringleaders was sitting in the driver's seat of one of the wagons and banging his crutches on the wood. The lanky beggar with a red plaster on his neck stood near him. The two were haranguing the crowd.

"Look," cried the lanky one triumphantly as soon as he caught sight of us, "they've come to beg."

"Beg!" called out the cripple, bringing his crutches down with a crash.

"Why aren't you at the wedding?" we asked them. "There'll be a good meal, and each of you will get some money to take home with him too."

"How much?" asked a chorus of voices.

"We can't tell exactly. But you'll take what you can get."

"A ruble maybe? If not, we stay put."

"The sky will fall in if you don't go!" mocked some loafers in the crowd.

The beggars raised their sticks and ran at their tormentors. For a minute it looked like a real riot, but the lanky one on the wagon stretched himself to his full height and thundered at them, "Quiet!" Quiet, you miserable beggars! It's impossible to hear what these gentlefolk are saying to us. Listen to them!" He then turned to us. "Please realize, brothers, that unless we get a ruble each we don't move from here. We've no fear that Reb Yitzchok will marry off his favorite daughter without us. Where can he get another gang of paupers on the spur of the moment? Is he going to send to the next town for them? It'll be a lot more expensive for the wagons, and besides the wedding will have to be postponed."

"Do you think that just because we're poor they can do as they like with us?" cried one of the rebels perched on top of a wheel; he was completely blind in one eye, and he had a rag tied around his jaw as if to keep his teeth from falling out. "Nobody can force us to go. Even the chief of police and the governor general himself can't do anything to us. A ruble each or we don't go."

"R-r-ub-bles," stuttered a beggar.

"Rubles," screamed the one with the flattened nose.

"Rubles!" sang out two merry beggars, doing a dance.

"Rubles! Rubles!" screamed all the poor together.

All their lives they had been condemned to silence, forced to swallow with their spittle every insult anyone cared to offer them, anyone who had given them a kopeck or

thrown them a crust of dry bread or a gnawed bone. Now for the first time they were tasting the same pleasure as the well-to-do. For the first time these beggars felt that the welfed people needed them, and they were determined to gain their point. And sure enough, even as we were arguing with them, there came another messenger from Reb Yitzchok with word for the poor to set out at once and each would receive his ruble.

Bedlam broke loose, pandemonium. The three large wagons filled up in a twinkling. One pauper cried, "Oh, my broken back!" Another, "Oh, my arm!" A third, "My leg, my leg!" The merry beggars seated in the wagons started to jig with their feet. The horses were harnessed, and with much laughter the procession got under way. An escort of urchins accompanied us some distance, crying loudly, "Hooray!" Some of the hecklers fired a few rocks after the wagons amid hoots and whistles and catcalls. But to the beggars it was as if they were being pelted with flowers and accompanied by bursts of triumphant song, so happy were they over their victory.

For the first time and perhaps the last, they had spoken out in loud voices and succeeded in getting their way. They had done exactly as they wanted.

After the bridal ceremony, after the golden-yellow broth, the feast was served to the wedding guests and to the poor, seated at separate tables. Reb Yitzchok and his closest relatives observed the commandment to wait on the poor with their own hands and to anticipate whatever their hearts desired in the way of food or drink.

"Your health, Reb Yitzchok. We wish you long life, happiness from your children, and even greater wealth!" The poor men kept drinking toasts to him.

"And your health, your health too, brothers. Drink hearty. Long life to you. May God help the whole congregation of Israel, and you among the rest," Reb Yitzchok responded.

After the meal the musicians began to play again, and the poor danced around in a great ring, holding Reb Yitzchok by the hands. Reb Yitzchok danced out into the very center of the ring made by the poor. His satin coat tails flew like the wings of an eagle. His eyes, from which tears of joy were freely running, seemed to be staring straight upward, while his thoughts soared higher than the Seventh Heaven. He laughed and he cried at the same time, like a child. And all the while he kept embracing the poor, each in turn. He hugged them affectionately and kissed their cheeks.

"Brothers!" he cried out to them, dancing. "We must be merry! Let us be merry as only Jews know how to be merry! Fiddlers! Play something a little faster, louder, livelier, stronger!"

That is how a Jew is happy.

That is how a real Jewish wedding ought to be.

The poor, as well as the rest of the wedding guests, clapped their hands in time to the music.

In short, as I have already said, dear reader, I've been to a Jewish wedding.

VALUE --- WEDDINGS

A 10 Minutes! Each student reads silently to himself.

B Students' Opinions and Comments.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- The Jewish Wedding as a Joyous Celebration.

2- At a Time of Great Joy, One Must Not Forget Those Less Fortunate.

3- Every Human Being Requires Dignity and Respect.

4- Charity as an Intrinsic Part of the Jewish Conscience.

I The Jewish Wedding as a Joyous Celebration.

a) On page 170 we read--- "'Brothers!' he cried out to them, dancing. 'We must be merry! Let us be merry as only Jews know how to be merry. Fiddlers! Play something a little faster, louder, livelier, stronger! That is how a Jew is happy. That is how a real Jewish wedding ought to be."

Why is Joy and Happiness such an important concept in a wedding?

1- It indicates a very positive attitude towards marriage. Man and wife will soon fulfill the Biblical law of propagation. A new home is

to be established. Society is to be enriched.

ii- This attitude is in sharp contrast with that of early Christianity where marriage was disapproved of and allowed only as a concession to man's weakness.
"It is well for a man not to touch a woman. But because of the temptation for fornication, each man should have his own wife and each woman her own husband...
I say this by way of concession, not of command. I wish that all were as I myself...
To the unmarried and the widows I say that it is well for them to remain single as I do. But if they cannot exercise self control, they should marry. For it is better to marry than to be a flame with passion."
(New Testament, I Corinthians 7:1-9)

iii- Even to this day, many Christian weddings have a somber air. To a large extent, many Jewish weddings have also taken on an air of somberness. The affair following the ceremony is usually very formal and inhibited in comparison to say a Hasidic wedding.

iv- It is however interesting to note that even in Judaism there once existed a sect called the "Essenes" who did not marry and lived a monastic type existence. (During the time of the Second Jewish Commonwealth.)

v- During the second Century of the Common Era, a Christian sect called the Eucratites "declared marriage to be nothing else than corruption and fornication."
(Where Judaism Differed- Silver, p. 190)

vi- The Christian attitude of sombriety in marriage is a key Catholic doctrine as is evidenced by their restriction upon the clergy to marry.
"The Catholic Church extolled chastity and esteemed the virgin and the celibate as especially holy and blessed. Synods, councils, and popes from time to time prescribed absolute

chastity for the clergy. Following the Reformation, and as a reaction to it, the Catholic Church elevated the rule of clerical celibacy to the position of a dogma."
(Where Judaism Differed- Silver, p. 191)

vii- The Jewish attitude to Marriage and the Wedding ceremony is perhaps best summarized in the following wedding blessing:
"Cause Thou this loving couple to rejoice exceedingly, even as of old Thou didst make Thy creature (Adam) to rejoice in the Garden of Eden. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who causest bridegroom and bride to rejoice."

b) "It is forbidden to perform the marriage ceremony for two brothers or two sisters on one and the same day, because one festive event should not be joined with another."
(Code of Jewish Law— Gumzfried-Golding, Vol. 4, p. 9)

i- Mixing two festive events causes one to detract from the other. Each bride and groom should have their own day, where all the joy is focussed on and felt by them alone.

2 At a Time of Great Joy, One Must Not Forget Those Less Fortunate.

a) Why is a glass broken by the groom at a Traditional Wedding?

i- The breaking of the glass, according to the most common interpretation, symbolizes the destruction of the Temple. Even at the moment of greatest joy, a Jew must not forget the tragedy of our exile brought about by our expulsion from Palestine in 70 A.D.
Do you think it is fitting to have a note of sadness at a time of joy?

ii- The custom also developed among many congregations that at such a time, one must not

forget those less fortunate who are unable to partake of such joy. Therefore the poor were often invited to weddings as an act of kindness and charity. On page 167 we read-
"A wedding at which every last religious ceremony is observed, including naturally, the one that commands the host to serve a free meal for the poor."

Note— "In Bagdad, the groom is accompanied to the house of the bride by poor people carrying lamps and he distributes for this service coins among them."
(Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. 8, p. 341)

iii- Do you think a meal for the poor is a good custom to introduce into Jewish Weddings today? Would you personally invite such people?

3 Every Human Being Requires Dignity and Respect.

a) On page 169 we read— "Do you think that just because we're poor they can do as they like with us?"

i- Every man desires respect and personal integrity. For the first time in their lives the beggars were in the driver's seat. They received further honour later on as read on page 170
"After the bridal ceremony, after the golden-yellow broth, the feast was served to the wedding guests and to the poor, seated at separate tables. Reb Yitzchok and his closest relatives observed the commandment to wait on the poor with thier own hands and to anticipate whatever their hearts desired in the way of food or drink."

ii- The concept of beggars is much different in the east than in this country. In Israel for example, begging is a profession. A man's father, grandfather and great-grandfather were all beggars. One justification for begging is that it gives other men an opportunity to do a good deed—a deed of charity.

Without beggars, a man has one less opportunity to do a Mitzvah (good deed).

4 Charity as an Intrinsic Part of the Jewish Conscience.

a) On page 168 we read— "What did I do to deserve such a fate? Is my whole enjoyment to be spoiled? Why shouldn't I have the pleasure of giving a free meal to the poor at the wedding of my youngest child?"
Charity for Reb Yitzchok was part of this life. Without it he did not feel complete.

COMMENTS

a) For many centuries, dating even back to Biblical time (Gen. 34:12), Jewish (as well as other) marriages were arranged between families. The prospective bride and groom did not always have too much to say about it although eventually mutual consent became necessary. Even so, the transition was handled in a business-like manner, a contract specifying definite sums of money and other goods being included. This money was usually the dowry agreed upon by the bride's parents. In many Jewish communities, as part of the marriage contract, the bride's parents consented to provide for the couple for a certain number of years while the groom studied.

b) The idea of a bridal shower in Jewish practice has some of its roots among the Ashkenazei Jews who held a reception in the bride's home on the Sabbath before the wedding.

c) Origin of the Honeymoon:
The bride, prior to her wedding, was kept in seclusion in order to protect her from evil spirits. Following the wedding, the couple was further secluded since the spirits were reluctant to depart and still tried to get at them. This period of seclusion lasted from a few days to a year. This period of seclusion after the wedding

is the forerunner of the modern honeymoon.
(The Holy and the Profane.- Gaster, p. 101)

d) The main focus of attention is on the bride and groom which is as it should be. In Poland, however, a special party was held called "Spinnholz" which honoured the bride's and groom's parents.
Do you think such a party would be a good idea to introduce today?

e) The custom of the bride and groom fasting on the day of the wedding dates back to Talmudic times. One of the reasons given for such a fast is to remind the couple of the duty of temperence. Heavy indulgence in sexual relations is condemned. Fasting also represents a significant occasion. This would tend to heighten the importance of the wedding day.

f) Equality in the Celebration of a Wedding:
Among the White Jews of Cochin (China)
"There is no difference between the weddings of the rich and the poor since the rich give to the poor everything that is required for the occasion.
(Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. 8, p. 344)

Is equality in Wedding Celebrations between the rich and the poor a good idea?

i- Weddings today cost from a few hundred dollars to several thousand dollars. A poor family in order to give their daughter the finest wedding, often go into debt for many years. Is it not a better idea to have a small family wedding and let the couple use the money (or part of it that would be spent on a large affair) to help them get started. Having extravagant weddings is another way of "keeping up with the Cohen's".
Is there any point to it all?

Rabbinic and Other References to Weddings.

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period, each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- "A bride who has fine eyes is fine throughtout."
(Taanit, 24)

b- "He who does not cheer the bridegroom whose wedding-meal he has enjoyed transgresses against the five voices: the voice of Joy, the voice of Gladness, the voice of the Bridegroom, the voice of the Bride, and the voice of them that shall say 'Praise ye the Lord of Hosts.'" (Jer. 33:11)
(Berakot, 6b)

c- The Bride's Prayer

"There once lived a pious man who was childless. He prayed for a son, vowing to invite to his wedding-feast every poor person in the city. A son was eventually born to him, and he gave him the name of Mattaniah, namely, a gift from God. The boy grew up and his wedding-day approach. The father invited all the students of the Torah and all the poor, who together filled six rooms.

God wished to test the bridegroom, and sent the Angel of Death, in the guise of a man attired in soiled raiment, to beg for a place at the wedding. The bridegroom refused on the plea that all who could be accommodated had been invited. Moreover, the man's garments were objectionable.

In the night the Angel of Death revealed himself, declaring that he was about to take away the bridegroom's soul since he had failed in the test. The bride gave voice to this prayer: 'O Lord of the Universe, Thou hast said in Thy Torah that, when a man takes unto himself a wife, he shall bring her cheer for a full year and not leave her. May it be Thy will that my husband live before Thee, and I shall teach him to practice loving-kindness to everyone without discrimination.'

Her prayer was heard on High, and the Angel of Death was commanded to leave.

What was the nature of this young woman? Her mother was accustomed to draw cool water from a spring for school children. When she became old, her daughter said: 'You need not abandon your good deed. I shall lend you the strength of my arm and carry most of the weight so that you may continue to perform the Mitzwah.'

It was this consideration for her mother that made her deserving in the eyes of the Lord."

(Midrash Asseret ha-Dibrot.)

d- The Wise Mother's Counsel

"A wise woman said to her daughter, who was about to become a bride: 'My daughter, if you will respect your husband like a king, he will treat you like a queen. If you will serve him like a slave-girl, he will serve you like a slave. But if you will be too proud to serve him, he will assert his mastership by force and will treat you like a maid-servant. If your husband is about to visit his friends, persuade him to bathe and wear fine raiment. If his friends come to his house, welcome them heartily and set before them more than they can eat, so that they will respect your husband. Watch well your home and all of your husband's possessions. He will be delighted with you, and you will be the crown of his head.'"

(Menorat ha-Maor quoting a Midrash.)

e- "It is good manners that everyone who partakes of a wedding feast should give a present to the young couple."

(Zohar, 1, 149a.)

f- No more crying at Jewish weddings

"Most of the joy of the old-fashioned Jewish wedding has been eliminated.

Only one thing remains. The groom's mother is still the most important person at the affair. (In the Gentile world the bride's mother is the big wheel.) And if the groom's mother takes her duties a bit too seriously, which is hardly possible, someone always says, 'After all, she is his mother.'

But in every other way the 'tomm' (flavor) has gone out of it. There's no badkhan anymore. He was a sort of minstrel harking back to the Middle Ages, who combined the skills of poet, wit, master of ceremonies, composer, musician, and philosopher. He called out the names of the guests as they arrived, giving proper honor to each one according to his status in the community. He had the guests laughing

one minute and crying the next; but the crying was the most important. The minstrel 'bespoke' each of the four parents; then the grandparents; a bit of broad humor when he spoke to the groom; and finally his 'instructions' to the bride for her new way of life; and at this moment the crying began, with a furtive glance here and there to see if someone important maybe was not crying. This was extremely impolite.

And the kids under foot making such a terrible racket. In those days they invited everybody— the neighbors, the landsleit, and the members of the burial society. A long table with fine herring, potatoes, and all sorts of good snacks. And you put the herring on a respectable piece of rye bread or pumpernickel. None of this fancy cracker business. On the other side of the hall was the 'sweet' table with wine, honey cake, spongecake, apple strudel, glazed fruits, and candies.

Now the first thing you see when you come to a wedding is a big fountain with fruit juice pouring out of six spouts, all different colors. There is a twenty-five-foot table with hors d'oeuvres, which include punny little objects which they dare call—knishes.

It was a great honor to hold one of the four poles of the canopy under which the couple spoke their vows, but what have we today? A huge Cecil B. De Mille job, gorgeously decorated with flowers, and any minute you expect pigeons to fly out. The cantor wears a very tall, havily embroidered yarmulka which makes him look like Cardinal Spellman conducting High Mass at St. Patrick's, and this you have to see to believe— the glass which the groom traditionally crushes under foot (symbolizing the destruction of the Temple) is now put into a little velvet bag with a zipper; and it makes a fancy little 'ping' instead of that good old-fashioned masculine 'crunch'. And then a girl (she's a music major at Juilliard) sings 'O promise Me'—so help me.

And the fine dances are no more, the circles bigger and bigger, and finally the old bubbe (grandmother) inveigled into the center and everybody laughing as she did her few little steps. Now they all dance the cha cha; and instead of slivovitz (plum brandy) they serve Haig and Haig. 'Pinch,' he says yet.

And tip? Why Noel, that's just not done! What a fine feeling in those days when the big soup plates were passed around for tips to the musicians and the waiters, and everybody watched with such pride as the rich uncle dropped the twenty-dollar bill.

And, of course, now the kids are quiet; each one looks like Freddie Bartholomew, and they are all in a corner practicing the cha cha. Can you imagine what would have happened to those kids on Eldridge street?

It is all gone. Today the Jewish wedding, hors d'oeuvres and all, is just another semiannual Chamber of Commerce affair.

Hennington Hall was a place on the Lower East Side, or I should say one of many places, where the catered weddings took place. The entire progress of the Jews of America can be traced from Hennington Hall to the Pierre, that exclusive hotel on plushy Fifth Avenue. After Hennington Hall there was an 'advance' to places that had the word 'casino' in their names--Stuyvesant Casino, St. Marks Casino, Prospect Casino, etc. After the casino stage came the Hotel McAlpin, uptown, which everybody called 'the McAlpian' & weddings every week, sometimes four or five going on at the same time in the rooms set aside by the McAlpin for the purpose. After the McAlpin era came the Astor. The Astor phase went for a considerable number of years, but finally gave way, in a burst of social glory, to THE PIERRE.

In Hennington Hall there were weddings known as khop weddings. This means 'grab,' but it was not quite as bad as the translation of the word implies. There was a long table loaded down with herring and huge loaves of bread. Today in the Pierre they serve herring on a little fancy cracker about the size of a thumbnail, and you can't get in there by paying hat-check either, like we used to do in the old days at Hennington Hall. And it is far from the joyous occasion it used to be.

Today at the Pierre, things are different. Instead of the glorious bockhan, there is a headwaiter who watches to see that you pick up the right fork; instead of some old grandmother dancing with a hog loaf of bread, we have a nasal soprano singing— God help us— 'Trees.'

From Hennington Hall to the Pierre--or--as you get bigger and bigger the herring gets smaller and smaller."

(From Only In America, by Harry Golden. p. 292.)

NO GOLDEN TOMBSTONES FOR ME!

by Arthur Gramit

From Commentary-
November 1956; edited
by Elliot E. Cohen,
pp. 448-452.

"Treasure!" said Usher's mother. "Come here and look me straight in the face and tell me what you see."

"Nothing! I see nothing, Ma," said Usher.

"The truth, now, the truth. Tell me what you really see?"

"Nothing! Nothing!" said our hero, dangerously walking a precipice.

She was sitting over a mirror at the kitchen table and had been examining herself for a long time. The whites of her eyes were red from weeping. The lids were swollen.

"Don't you see, perhaps, a new gray hair?"

"No, Ma, I don't see no new gray hairs."

"Look over here, near the eyes! A new wrinkle, perhaps?"

"No, Ma, there's no new wrinkle there. It's clean as a whistle."

"Ah!" she said, wiping a bitter tear from her chin, "they come--so many of them. I look around, and before you know it another one has been added. Just when I get used to the last one, plop! comes a new stranger to my head! Where do they all come from?"

"Yes," said Usher, "you just can't stop 'em."

"But let's not worry," she sighed, lifting a gray hair. "Here, take this one and pull it out."

The gallant Usher set his teeth together and quickly extracted the hair, while his mother, with closed eyes, stayed under his hand.

"Usher," she said, digging into the pocket of her housedress, "I'm giving you ten cents to go to the movies. And I'm giving it to you for a special reason. Never mind what the reason is. Enjoy yourself!"

My friend Usher almost collapsed. Going to the movies was an event usually associated with cajolery, stamping on the floor, and even a tear here and there until the fortress capitulated and opened its pocketbook. You had to shout as loud as our Jews did to overthrow the walls of Jericho, employ cat-and-mouse tactics that would have done credit to any general. And now Usher was told to go enjoy himself.

"You don't have to give me ten cents to go to the movies because I pulled out one of your gray hairs," said the suspicious Usher.

"If I had to give you money for every one of my gray hairs, I'd go broke!" said his mother. "I got another reason."

"I ain't taking it!" said Usher.

"A stubborn mule!" said his mother. "Just like his father!"

"I ain't taking it!" said Usher.

"Please," she pleaded, as I watched, dumbfounded by this reversal of things. "You're doing me a favor. Take the money and go to the movies!"

I could not contain myself.

"Do her a favor and take the money, Ush!" I cried, afraid

she might change her mind.

"I ain't doin' nobody no favors," said our hero.

"Why not, if I may be so bold as to ask?" said his mother.

"I gotta know the reason you're givin' me ten cents to go to the movies."

"Listen to him!" said his mother, turning to me. "He's got to know reasons. I'm telling you--a real intellectual!"

Then turning to Usher, she said, "This a special picture. It teaches you."

"OK! Gimme the ten cents!" said Usher, and then added: "Also, ten cents for him. And five cents for candy."

With infinite care the good woman dug into her housedress and came up with the coins. Examining each one tenderly, she slowly delivered them up to us.

"You're a good boy," she said to me. "It's a pleasure to give you ten cents to go to the movies. Your mother will bless me for the lesson it will teach."

As Usher and I began to make our way down the street, I felt an awful foreboding.

"It ain't right," I said.

"What ain't right?"

"It ain't right--getting the money so easy, without sorrowin' or hollerin'. Something is wrong."

"Nothing's wrong," said Usher. "What're you making a lot out of nothing for? She wants us to enjoy ourselves. Dat's all! We're doin' her a favor!"

2.

Our movie house inside was Byzantine rococo with splendid spiral columns from which hung braziers and such. Mosques and minarets jutted out all over the place. And as if that were not enough, the Men's Room was adorned with a statue of Voltaire. Outside the Ladies' Room stood a bust of Marie Antoinette (as if she had sense enough not to go in). And while the inside of the theater was Byzantine, the outside was Brownsville baroque (and this I will not dare to describe to you). Yes, half-a-dozen architectural styles had been amalgamated for the benefit of our Jews. But it was all wasted on our lousy street, for in spite of everything it was known as "The Dump."

Yet I would not go so far as to say that the street was completely wrong. On warm days the atmosphere of that place would be filled with the odor of sweat and urine, while the harassed manager would come running down the aisles, spraying the air with essences from a flit-gun.

First, we would wait on line, a thousand shouting, screaming, pushing children. Then the thousand would sit inside, stamping two thousand feet in unison, waiting for the film to go on. Here someone would let fly an orange, there someone's lunch would sail through the air.

"Who did that?" the sorry-looking manager would scream.

"Shut your face, you lousy little greaseball!" would come a voice (and this from a "greaseball" himself) as the frenetic manager would dash over to seize the culprit.

Bang! A bag filled with water would come flying from the balcony, bouncing against the Byzantine rococo (I swear it was the Hagia Sophia) and spilling out over the heads of at least ten victims.

"Hey, frog-face, why don't you put a roof on this damn dump!" would come a voice from the other side of the theater. "It's raining in cats and dogs!"

And now the poor manager would dash up to the balcony to see where that bag of water had come from.

Pop! Bang! Somebody down below would burst a blown-up paper bag with his fist.

"Fireman! Fireman! Save my child!" would come a high falsetto from down below. "They're shooting him in the mouth!"

Finally the defeated manager would dash up to the projection booth and scream, "Start the picture! They're going to rip the house down!"

Screams! Stamping of feet! Hurray! The lights would go down. Suddenly a hush would fall and on the screen would appear an American flag.

Groans! Boos!

"Hey, manager, cut it out! What'd you think we paid ten cents for--to go back to school?"

Now the poor manager would be downstairs, banging against the back of a seat with a stick.

"Everybody up! Salute the American flag and sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." This is a free country!" he would scream.

"Hey, frog-face!" would come a voice from the darkness. "If it's a free country, why do I hafta pay ten cents to go to the movies?"

More groans and moans! The squeaking of seats as we stood up. The Pledge of Allegiance. "The Star-Spangled Banner" in a dozen keys.

The picture of an old lady flashed across the screen.

"A lousy picture!" groaned Usher.

Groans! Moans! Boos!

"Hey, frog-face, I thought this was a cowboy picture. I want my money back!" would come a voice from out of the darkness.

"Mama! Mama! would come a heavier voice, this of someone older. "I don't want any castor oil today!" would come another voice.

"Hey, lady!" would come a heavier voice, this of someone older. "I don't need the bottle, but I sure could use the nipple!"

But soon enough silence fell and a thousand pairs of eyes were riveted to that screen.

First the old lady cooked and worked. It showed her with a large family around her, how she took care of everybody.

fed them, made the beds, washed the clothes. She worked real hard. And when the kids would fight, she would set everything to rights. And she never complained. She went right on working, cooking, washing, and all that.

You could hear a pin drop in the quiet of the theater. They like the picture, I thought, because everybody has stopped eating and nobody is going to the toilet.

Now the old lady's children were growing up. Some got jobs. Others went to school. But still the poor old lady worked and worked and worked, cleaning clothes, washing floors. And as if this were not enough, late at night when everyone was asleep, she took in sewing.

Suddenly guns began to roar. An army flashed across the screen. A bomb burst and a body flew up in the air.

Now why would they take somebody and shoot him up just like that? For me? Just to show it in a picture? Not on your life! They would not kill somebody just to show us. It was some kind of trick. Maybe a dummy. Yes, I decided it was a fake, but that did not mean I could look. I turned my head away, only to see behind me all the eyes lit up like electric bulbs, watching in the dark. Yes! Armies and killing we liked.

Now the youngest was going off to war. The old lady cried and waved a handkerchief at her son from the sidelines. She jumped out of the crowd and hung on to him as he marched through the streets. It was sad.

Sad? The eyes behind me told me it was tragic. Blinking lights, that's what they were, as children wept in the dark. Awful sighs and terrible moans rose from the audience, all the more agonizing because none dared to do it aloud. I looked at Usher--he had gone off--weeping, weeping, weeping willows.

And still she washed and cooked and took in sewing until, would you believe it! No! you would not! Her lousy children, the traitors who stayed home, threw her out of her own house, so that she had to go over the hill to the poorhouse.

Our theater was enraged. Shouts were heard. The balcony came to life as here and there children rose to scream imprecations.

Now the old lady was washing and scrubbing and cleaning all over again, over the hill in the poorhouse. Her hair is white. She is very old. When who should come home but her soldier boy!

Cheers! Cheers!

"Where is Mom?" he asks.

"Mom is over the hill in the poorhouse," says his brother, the traitor who did not go to war.

"What! My Mom over the hill in the poorhouse! How did you dare do this!"

Bang! He gives him a sock in the jaw, a left to the right, a right to the left, a left to the left!

Up rose the audience, Usher and myself included, to throw imaginary punches at our celluloid adversary.

And now the soldier boy throws the dirty dog to the ground. He drags him out on the road and over the hill to the poorhouse.

But that dumb mother, instead of giving that dirty dog a kick in the face, smiles and forgives the traitor. Now, I ask you, is this a good ending? And with her two sons, hand in hand, she leaves the poorhouse to go over the hill to her own house.

Lights!

We had been wrong dry!

"It was a lousy picture'." said Usher, wiping a tear from his eye.

Now the manager was hanging his stick against the side of a seat.

"All youse kids who saw the picture once, leave through the side exits."

Excitement ran through the audience. A few cowards got up to leave. Some hid under the seats, some ran to hide in the toilets, others just waited to be thrown out, as a crew of ushers went up and down the aisles to examine each individual stub. Here and there a child would attempt to rush through the cordon to an area of the theater that had already been screened. Flunk! Flunk! The ushers grabbed one here and one there and hauled them out amid loud protests.

How Usher and I managed to remain, I do not know. It was possible that it took so long to screen that crowd that "Frog-face" decided his schedule was in jeopardy and started up the movie again. Still, there we were, the lights down again, with the same old lady cleaning and scrubbing and sewing, and the same soldier boy, and the poorhouse over the hill. And the same children reacted in the same way at exactly the same moments. First the stillness, then the terror at the army scenes, the moans and groans as the mother went over the hill to the poorhouse, the cheers when the soldier boy returned, the bedlam when he drags the culprit over the hill to the poorhouse.

3.

"A lousy picture!" said Usher.

"Not enough shooting!" I said.

We were coming up the stairs to Usher's house. It was now early evening and twilight was beginning to fall.

"Sh!" said Usher's mother as we entered the kitchen. "Not a word. Your father's asleep."

Then opening the nearly empty icebox, she took out some sour cream which she set on the table. Then taking a banana from the window sill and some black bread from the bread box, she said:

"Here, eat. It'll make you grow good."

"Don't eat in Usher's house," my mother had warned me. "Don't take the bread away from their mouths. They have

nothing to eat as it is!"

"Well?" asked Usher's mother as he sat gobbling up the bananas and cream.

"Well, what?" asked Usher.

"You know," she said. "The picture? Did you like the picture?"

"Oh, the picture," he said, and quickly brightened, "It was a good picture!"

And as quickly as he had brightened, that was how quickly he unbrightened.

"Did you learn anything?" his mother asked, moving cautiously.

"Yeh, Ma, it learned me a lot!"

"And what did it learn you?"

"It learned me: 'Don't give up the ship!' 'Remember the Maine!' 'Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes!'"

"Anything else? About fathers and mothers I mean?"

A piece of wood! It was as if she were talking to a piece of wood.

"Yeh. You gotta be good to your father and mother."

"That's a good son," and then after a thoughtful pause in which I could see a tear springing to her eye and falling down her cheek, she pleaded with that lousy Usher: "Usher, will you be good to your mother when she's old and gray?"

"Sure, Ma, I'll be good to *my* mother!"

"Will you remember that your mother worked and slaved for you and that she fed you?" she sighed. "Here, have another piece of banana."

"Sure! Sure, Ma!"

At that moment Usher's father came in from the bedroom, his eyes still red from sleep. Taking a glass from the cupboard, he went to the sink to turn on the faucet.

"What do you want?" he said to her, very irritated. "A promise that you'll get a golden tombstone?"

"I don't want no golden tombstone," she said.

"Don't you know there's a crisis in America?" he asked.

"I know, I know," she said. "If I didn't know the empty icebox tells me."

"Then what do you want--the child to give you a mortgage on the future?"

As he retreated back to the bedroom, she shouted after him, "In America they say, 'Mind your own business!' And what Usher and I have to say is none of your business!"

"Sure, Ma, sure," continued Usher. "I'll buy you a new dress and two pairs of shoes."

"You don't have to buy me two pairs of shoes," she said. "I'll be satisfied if you buy me one pair."

"I'll take you out dancing! And won't let you wash floors!" I'll even get you a maid!"

"And what would I do with a maid? I wouldn't even know how to speak to her!"

"I'll give you money and let you go to the beauty parlor

to bleach your hair red!"

"No--with red hair! Only whores go to the beauty parlor to dye their hair red," she said, then added, "And when I die?"

"A golden tombstone!"

"I don't want no golden tombstone! A plain one of stone is good enough for me," she said. "Will you say kaddish for me, my son?"

"I'll say kaddish! I'll say it for three years. I'll put lots of flowers on your grave. And every year I'll put up candles on the gas stove and light them. And on your tombstone, I'll put stones to ward off the evil spirits. And you won't have to go over the hill to the poorhouse to wash floors!"

"You're too good to me!" she said.

"And now," said Usher, "gimmie ten cents!"

Into her housedress she dug again. And as Usher and I sped down into the street, I remember she called after us.

"Don't forget to say," she called, "don't forget to say kaddish for me when I die!"

"Where do you think you're going?" demanded Usher, blocking the path of a small child on the street.

"I'm going to the Dump to see a picture!"

"What a waste of good money," said Usher.

"What do you mean--what a waste of good money?" asked the child.

"A lousy picture!" said Usher.

"Yes!" I said. "You're wasting your good money if you go! It's a lousy picture! It's all about an old lady! And all she does is clean, clean, clean! And nobody dies!"

VALUE --- RESPECT for PARENTS

A 15 Minutes: Each student reads silently to himself.

B Students' Opinions and Comments.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- Honouring One's Parents is a Cardinal Value in Jewish Life.

2- Family Unity Depends Largely Upon Mutual Respect Between Parents and Children.

1 Honouring One's Parents is a Cardinal Value in Jewish Life.

a) In the commandment "Honour your Father and Mother," does the word "Honour" mean to love your parents, to respect them, or both?
Is respect possible without love?
Is love possible without respect?

i- A child's father may be a great scientist and in this capacity earn the child's respect. He may however not devote any time to his child and thus alienate himself from an affectionate relationship.

ii- It is difficult to envision a situation where love is not accompanied by respect. It is however possible that a child will respect his parents only because they know how to be good parents. They need not have any specific achievement to their credit other than this.

b) Do you think Asher really meant all the promises he gave his mother on page 103 —to buy her dresses and shoes, to take her dancing, to get her a maid, and take her to the beauty parlor; to say Kaddish for her and to take care of her grave?

c) What obligations, if any, should a son or daughter have towards their parents?
(The following are some suggested obligations.)

i- "What constitutes 'honour?' One must provide them with food and drink and clothing. One should bring them home and take them out, and provide them with all their needs cheerfully. Children who provide their parents with fattened poulty, do so with ill grace, incur Divine punishment."

(Code of Jewish Law- Ganzfried-Goldin. Vol. 4, p. 1, #3)

ii- "Children must rise and remain standing in the presence of their father and their mother."

(Ibid, p. 2, #7)

iii- "One must honour his parents even after their death."

(Ibid, p. 2, #8)

What are some ways in which this can be done?

iv- "It is the duty of both men and women to honor their parents. However, a married woman, who owes devotion to her husband, is exempt from the precept of honoring her parents. Yet, she is obliged to do for the parents, all she can, if her husband does not object.

(Ibid, p. 3, #13)

Do you agree with this law?
Are there any situations where this law may be fully justified?

v- "If one's father or mother becomes demented, the son should endeavor to act with them in accordance with their mental condition, until the Lord will have mercy on them. However, if the son can no longer bear it because of their aggravated condition, he may leave them and

delegate others to take care of them."
(Ibid, p. 3, #16)
Up to what point should a child be obligated to care for an ill or aged parent? Should he care for the parent in his own home, send him to a home for the aged, or arrange for him to live independently or with another person his own age?

vi- "He who truly wished to honor his father and his mother, should devote himself to the study of the Torah and to the performance of good deeds, for this is the greatest honor to his parents, because people will say: 'Happy are the parents who brought up such a child.' But a son who does not walk in the right path, brings reproach to his parents and disgraces them in the most ignominious manner. Likewise, a father who is concerned about the welfare of his children, should engage in the study of the Torah and the practice of good deeds, so that he may please God and men and thus cause his children to be proud of him. But he who does not walk in the straight path disgraces his children."
(Ibid, p. 4, #21)
There is here a mutual obligation for parent and child to honour each other by good deeds and study.

vii- Children should visit their parents as often as possible, even if the distance is great.

viii- Frequent letters to one's parents is a mark of respect, providing these letters are not always for the sake of obtaining some benefits.

2 Family Unity Depends Largely Upon Mutual Respect Between Parents and Children.

a) In Biblical times, respect for one's father was mandatory. Failure in this regard had severe repercussions. The son could be completely cut off from the family at the father's desire if he did not receive his father's blessing, he had to vend completely for himself. Like Cain, he was sent out of his father's garden. So supreme was the father's power, that he held the life of his

children in his hands. An example of this is the sacrifice story of Abraham and Isaac. There is also the case of Jephthah's daughter. (Read to class Judges 11:29 to end of chapter.) "The father could dispose of his daughter in marriage (Genesis 29) and arrange his son's marriage (Genesis 24), or sell his children as slaves (Exodus 21:7; Nehemiah 5:3), a law which was modified by the Rabbis so as to make it almost ineffective."

(Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. 5, p. 351)

i- If a child struck or cursed his father he could be punished by death. (Exodus 22:15, 17)

ii- The Rabbis made a law that a child could not be punished to such a degree that he would lose his self respect.

iii- Do you think it is right for a father to exercise such control over his children?
To what extent should a parent have control over a child?

b) What obligations should parents have towards their children?

i- According to Jewish Law, the father was required to give his son an education, to teach him a trade, to be responsible for his circumcision and to arrange for his children's marriages. Some authorities even suggested that it be obligatory upon the father to teach his children to swim.
Are there any further parental obligations which you feel could be added to this list?

c) On page 108, we read—

"And what did it learn you?"

"It learned me: 'Don't give up the ship!' 'Remember the Maine!' 'Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes!'"

"Anything else? About fathers and mothers I mean?"

A piece of wood! It was as if she were talking to a piece of wood.

"Yeh! You gotta be good to your father and mother."

"That's a good son," and then after a thoughtful pause in which I could see a tear springing to her eye and falling down her cheek, she pleaded with that lousy Usher: "Usher, will you be good to your mother when she's old and gray?"

"Sure, Ma, I'll be good to my mother."

"Will you remember that your mother worked and slaved for you and that she fed you?" she sighed. "Here, have another piece of banana."

Was Usher's mother justified in asking him such questions?

i- Such a question signifies her own insecurity regarding her son and their present and future relationship. Usher's father in fact was annoyed by the question— "what do you want... a promise that you'll get a golden tombstone...a mortgage in the future?"
In a sense, the mother is taking advantage of her son's young years to exact from him promises he may never be able to fulfill.

d) Was Usher's mother really interested in future material security from her son, or was there something else she wanted?

i- She desired her son's love and respect and the feeling she would still be wanted even when she could no longer provide for him. Above all she wanted to be remebered by him. In this respect her life would be meaningful even after her death.

COMMENTS

a) Why in the end did Usher discourage another boy from going to see the movie when it seems that he himself, during the movie, enjoyed it so much? "'A lousy picture', said Usher." (p.)

i- To admit he enjoyed the picture may have made him seem like a sissy or a "mommy's boy," especially since his friend was right beside him. Shooting and killing was associated in Usher's mind with manliness. Loving his mother was "pretty mushy."

b) Why was Usher suspicious of his mother when she offered him ten cents for the movie?

i- Throughout his life, Usher had learned not to expect anything from his mother unless he would give something in return. What he was expected to give was not necessarily something in the present. A promise for the future was also acceptable.
There are many mothers who bring up their children with a "Remember Complex"— Remember how I did this for you— Remember how I did that for you— how I cured you— how I took you here and there— how I have you this, how I suffered for you, etc.
In the Code of Jewish Law we read— "A man is forbidden to place a burdensome yoke upon his children; he must not be too exacting in demanding honor from them, so that he may not cause them to stumble into sin."
(Vol. 4, p. 3, #17)

c) What are some reasons why the Jewish family is not as strong and united today as it has been in the past?

i- The transfer of home functions to institutions has had a negative effect on the family. The Sabbath for example has become largely a synagogue activity rather than a home observation.

ii- The Jewish birth rate is low. Large families are no longer common and as a result the warmth and security of a large family has diminished.

iii- Parental authority is weak. Strong, positive examples of Adult Jewish living are no longer common. As a result, children have no strong Jewish image to pattern themselves after. Lack of parental respect results and with it a weakened home life.

iv- Mixed marriages often produce an unfavorable environment for the development of Jewish homes that are permeated with Jewish Values. Unless both parents are committed to Judaism, the chances of ambivalence and insecurity are greatly increased.

Biblical, Rabbinic and Other References to Parents

(To supplement class discussion.
At end of period each student
should receive a mimeographed
copy of the following material
which he should be permitted
to keep.)

a- "The father of the righteous will greatly rejoice:
And he that begetteth a wise child will have joy
of him.
Let thy father and thy mother be glad,
And let her that bore thee rejoice."
(Proverbs 23:24-25)

b- "To what degree shall parents be feared? If a son, attired in costly garments, were to preside over a meeting, and his father or his mother came and rent his garments, and struck him on the head, and spat in his face, he should neither insult them nor show distress in their presence, or display anger towards them; but he should remain silent and fear the King who is the King of kings, the Holy One, blessed be He, who thus decreed. He may, however, seek legal redress for the damage they have caused him."
(Code of Jewish Law- Gauzfried-Goldin. P. 1, #2, Vol. 4.)

c- "If a son desires a favor from his townsmen, and he knows that it will be granted to him for his father's sake, even though he knows that he could also get it on his own account, nevertheless, he should not say: 'Do it for me,' but rather: 'Do it for my father's sake,' in order to attribute the favor to the regard people have for his father."
(Ibid, p. 2, #5, Vol. 4)

d- "If one is told by his mother to do a certain thing, and subsequently his father asks him: 'Who told you to do this?' If he feels that by telling that his mother had told him to do it, his father would be angry at his mother, one should rather incur his father's anger than implicate the mother."
(Ibid, p. 2, #6, Vold. 4)

e- "When a child sees his father transgress a Divine Law, he must not say to him: 'You have violated a command of the Torah,' but he should rather put it in the form of a question: 'Father, is it not written in the Torah thus and thus?' As though asking for information and not admonishing him; so that the father may correct himself without being put to shame."
(Ibid, p. 2, #10, Vol. 4)

f- "If the son desires to go to some place to study the Torah, because there he will accomplish more than in his own town, but the father does not consent to it for some reason, he is not bound to listen to him, for the study of the Torah is greater than the precept of honoring father and mother.
If the son desires to marry, and the father does not consent to it, the son is likewise not bound to obey him."
(Ibid, p. 3, #12, Vol. 4)

g- "Whoever puts his father or mother to shame, even by mere words or by a gesture, is included among those whom the Almighty has cursed, as it is written (Deuteronomy 27:16): 'Cursed be he that dishonoreth his father or his mother.'"
(Ibid, p. 3, #14, Vol. 4)

h- "R. Judah said: Be careful (to honour) an old man who has forgotten his learning involuntarily (i.e. from old age), for both the second tables and the fragments (of the first tables) were placed in the Ark."
(Ber. 8b; Bab.B. 14b.)

i- "Rab Joseph, hearing the step of his mother as she entered, would say: 'I must stand up, as the Divine Presence enters.'"
(Kiddushin, 31)

j- "R. Joshua ben Ilom dreamed that his neighbor in Paradise would be Nanas, the meat-dealer. He visited him to inquire what good deeds he was performing to deserve a high place in Paradise. The dealer said: 'I know not, but I have an aged father and mother who are helpless; I give them food and drink, and wash and dress them daily.'
The Rabbi said: 'I will be happy to have thee as my neighbor in Paradise.'"
(Midrash quoted in Seder ha-Dorot.)

k- "Rabbi Simeon ben Yohai said: 'Great is the honoring of father and mother, for God makes more of it than of honoring himself. About God, it is written: 'Honor the Lord with thy substance' (Prov. 3:9); if you have substance, you are obligated to do so, and if you have no substance, you are not obligated. But, when it comes to honoring father and mother, whether you have substance or not, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' even if you have to beg your living from door to door."

(Yer. Peah, 15d, top.)

l- "

Filial Love

A rich man, having confidence in his son, gave him all his property in his lifetime. After awhile the son commenced to neglect his father, ill-treating him and sending him away to be among the beggars.

One day the old man, clad in tatters, met his grandson and asked him to beg his father to let him have a mantle to cover himself, as it was so cold.

After much begging the father sent his son up to the loft and told him to fetch a certain mantle which was hanging on a hook. Whilst on the loft the boy took a knife and cut the mantle in half.

The father, wondering what the boy was doing all that time, went to find out. The son told him that he had been busy cutting the mantle in half and added that he would give his grandfather one half and keep the other half for his own father when he grew old.

The man was greatly surprised at this reply and, recognising the wickedness of his action, took his father back and treated him with all honour."

(From A Treasury of Jewish Folklore- p. 303, edited by Nathan Ausubel.

UNIT 3

VIRTUES

Values

Reverence For Life

Humility

Honesty

Charity

Compassion

Mercy

Justice (1)

Justice (2) Social

WHERE ARE YOUR GUNS?

by Howard Fast

From A Treasury of
American Jewish Stories-
Edited by H.U.Ribalow.
pp. 19-27.

In the land of the goyim, my father traded with the Indians. We traded for beaver, and my father's word was as good as his bond, and we never carried a weapon except for our knives. From the lakes in the north to the canebrake in the south and as far west as the great river—there we traded and we never carried a weapon, never a musket or a rifle or a pistol, for these are weapons of death; and if you deal with death, what else can you expect in return? Is it not said in the Book, "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart"? And is it not also said, "I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles"?

Among the Mingoes, we dwelt and traded, and among the Delawares, too, and among the Wyandottes and the Shawnees and the Eries and the Miamis and the Kickapoos, and even among the Menomini, where only the French have been, and never did we carry a weapon. "Men do not kill for the sake of killing," my father answered once to a hunter who could not understand why we didn't walk in fear of the red savage. "My people walked in fear for too long, my father said. "I don't fear what is different."

The hunter was one who slew his meat and ate it, even as the red men do, but our law is different. We kept the Law. Would you understand if I told you how we suffered to keep the Law? The Law says that when a beast is slain, it must be with the hand of a holy man, so that the lifeblood will run out as an offering to God rather than as a wanton slaughter of one of His creatures—with God's will and God's blessing.

Long, long ago, when I was only nine, my father said, "The high holy days are coming, and we have not sat down with our own people since your mother's death three years ago," speaking in the old tongue, which he taught me so carefully, being a man of learning. "I would have you pray for your mother's soul, and I would be with my own people for a little while, there is such a hunger in me." So we saddled our horses and made the long journey eastward to Philadelphia, where were a handful of our own people. Not that they welcomed us so well, we were two such wild buckskin folk, my father's great black beard falling to his waist; but we prayed with them and we ate meat with them.

You would have thought that we were unclean, they were such fine people there in Philadelphia, and when they talked about certain things, politics and who ruled over whom, indeed we sat as silent as the red men in their own woods. What does a man who trades with the Indians know of politics, my father thought? And what is it to a Jew who rules over a land? A Jew is a Jew, whether it be the old world or this new world, where the forest rolls like the sea. But when they talked of the Law and of holy things, then it was different, for my father was a man of learning, and when he lifted the meat to his mouth, he pointed out that this was the first meat he or I had eaten in years—and even after that day in Philadelphia, no unclean meat passed our lips.

I speak of this because I must make you understand my father, the man who traded with the Indians, so you will not judge me too harshly. I am not my father. My father fared forth to a wild land from far-off Poland, and of Poland I know no more than a dream and a legend, nor do I care. With his own hands he buried his wife in the wilderness, and he was mother and father to me, even though he left me with the Indians when I was small, and I lived in their lodges and learned their tongue. I am not like my father. He had a dream, which was to trade with the Indians until there was enough money to buy freedom, peace, security--all those things which, so it goes, only money can buy for a Jew; and because he had that dream, he never knew any comfort and the taste of meat was a strange thing to him. A stream of beaver skins went back to the Company on the donkeys and the flat-boats that were owned by the Company, and all of it went to a place called London, and in this place there was a thing called an account.

Those were names and words and without meaning to me. I cared nothing of the beaver skins and nothing of the account, but if my father said that these things were of such importance, then indeed they were, even as the Law was. I knew other things; I knew the talk of the Shawnees and Algonquin talk, and I could make palaver with the men of the Six Nations too, if need be. I knew Yankee talk, the talk of those long-boned hunters of the East, and I knew the French talk and the high-pitched nasal talk of the British, who claimed to own the land, but knew nothing of it and stayed huddled in their outposts and stockades. I spoke the old language of the Book and I knew the Law, and I could catch trout with my bare hands and steal the eggs from under the nesting bird never disturbing it. I knew the step and the stride of nineteen moccasins, and where the wild parsnip grows and the wild turnip too, and with only a knife I could live the year round in the dark woods, where never the sky is seen. By heart in the old Hebrew, I knew the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's, and I knew forty psalms. And from the time I was thirteen, I prayed twice a day.

I also knew what it is to be a Jew.

But not like my father, whom you would have remembered, had you seen him come into Fort Pitt on that day. My father was six feet and two inches tall; fifteen stone he scaled, and never an ounce of fat, but hard as rock, with a black beard that fell to his waist. All through the woods, in those times, which are the old times now, the half-forgotten times, were Jews who traded with the Indians and went where no other w white man had ever trod, but there was no one like my father, you may believe me. No one so tall or so wide or so heavy--or so sweet of speech and gentle of mien, yet I remember so well a cart and horse mired belly-deep, and my father heaved the horse out and the cart too. Or the time a year before at the company post of Elizabeth, where two Delawares were crazed with drink; they would have been slain, for what is better sport for a redcoat than to slay a drunken Indian?

But my father lifted them from the ground like puppies and shook them until the drink went out of them, and instead of going to their deaths they went home to their lodges and were grateful.

I am not like my father, believe me. No man touches my forehead, unless he kill me first; but when a hunter met my father and saw that he was a Jew and begged to feel for the two horns nestling in his hair, my father would smile and agree, and then kindly commiserate with the man when he discovered that the old wives' tale was no more than that. Nor did my father sign for surety—ever, be it old MacTavish, who fended for the company in the north, or Ben Zion, who provided trade goods in Philadelphia, or Pontiac, whom my father told me to look at and heed, so I would know what was best in my own people in the ancient time when they followed the way of war and not of peace.

That was my father, who bound the phylacteries on his head faithfully every morning, and kept the Law, and did justice to all who knew him. That was my father, who came into Fort Pitt with me on this day. We drove seven donkeys and they carried eleven hundred skins, and for a month I had listened to my father plan how now we would go to New York and demand an accounting from the Company, and there we would live with our own people and roam the woods no more. He was filled with it. A mile from the fort, we had stopped to drink water at the outhouse and mill of MacIntyre, and my father told him.

"No more this way, Angus" my father said, "but eastward and the boy will wear woven cloth on his back."

"Ye been a woodsy man these twenty year," MacIntyre said somberly.

"I'll be woodsy no more. And young Reuben here will make a company of his own, the good Lord willing."

"Heed the new commandant. He has no love for Jews, or fox-Scots either. I am glad to see you safe, because there is war with the Mingoes."

My father laughed because we had bought two hundred skins from the Mingoes, and there was no war talk in their cities. But when we came to the fort, there was a new guard at the gate. The doors were closed, and the men on the walls wore yellow facings and shakos I had not seen before. It was a new regiment for the woods.

"Who goes there?" a sergeant called.

"Two traders with skins."

"And where are your guns?"

"We bear no guns," my father said. "We are Jews who trade with the Indians."

Then the doors opened, and we entered with our donkeys, but there was never a smile or a nod I looked at my father and he looked at me, but there was nothing to make out of his face; and when we looked around us, we saw that these were new men. Their cloth clothes were still fresh with the East, and they stared at us as if we were creatures;

were we not Jews, they would have stared at us too, but there was that in their eyes that was singular for Jews.

Where, I wondered, were the Yankee folk, Benson, the smith, Bryan, the cooper, Wheelbury, the harness maker? Where were the Indians, who were always a crowd in the fort? Where were the woodsy folk, the hunters, the French, in their green buckskin and red hats? Where were Stuart and Stevenson, the storekeepers? That too was in my father's mind, as I could see, but his broad face was calm, and he smiled at me as we prodded our donkeys into the low town. As if this were the first time we had come to old Duquesne, soldiers barred our way and a British subaltern demanded of us:

"Who are you and what are your names?"

"We are Jews who trade with the Indians," my father said. "My name is David, and this is my son, Reuben. Twelve years I have been in and out of this place, even when it was Duquesne, and I am known in the forest country."

"I don't know you," the young man said, as if we were dirt and less than dirt.

"Then I be sorry," my father said. "Stevenson knows me, for I have always traded with him and paid my loanings. Benson knows me, for he shod my beasts, and Bryan knows me, for he boxed my goods. I am not a stranger here."

"You are a Jew and damned insolent," the young man replied. "As for the scum of this place, they know the dregs of the woods. Where are your arms?"

"We bear no arms but our knives."

"And how did you come through the Mingoes? There is war with the Mingoes."

A mass of soldiers were around us now, and now I could see Benson and some of the others, but keeping off. I am not like my father. I would have made a story then, but it was not in him to speak anything but the truth. He was going to New York, but I knew of a sudden that he would be lonely and forsaken in such a place. The green woods was his home, and it was not in him to speak anything but the truth.

"There is no war with the Mingoes," he said slowly. "I traded two hundred skins with the Mingoes, and I lay in their lodges this fortnight past. There is no war with the Mingoes."

The young officer said, "You're a damned liar, a filthy Jew, and a spy as well."

My father's face was sad and hard and woeful. I moved, but he moved quicker, and he struck the officer a blow that would have felled an ox. Then we fought a little, but there were too many of them.

They put us in a cell and they gave us no food and no water. We were bleeding and bruised, but it was not hard to go without food. It was hard for my father to go without his phylacteries, but after the second day I didn't care. They came every few hours and asked us to tell what we knew of

the Mingoes, but what we knew was of no interest to them.

The colonel came finally. It is so different now that you cannot know what a colonel was in those days in a place like Fort Pitt. He was an English gentleman and he was God too, and he prodded us with his stick.

"How old are you?" he asked me.

"I am fifteen," I croaked.

"You are large for fifteen," he lisped, holding a lace handkerchief over his nose. "The Yankees come large, but I should not think it would be so with a Jew. I shall hang your father tomorrow, but if you will tell me what you know of the Mingoes, you may go free and take your seven beasts with the skins."

"I know nothing of the Mingoes."

"And how do you travel in the woods without guns? I am very curious."

"That you could never know," my father said, almost sadly.

Even these days you will hear things said of Jews; it is that way; but once my father found a robin with a broken wing, and made splints for the wing and a sling, so that we could carry the bird with us, and he nursed it until it flew away. So I will remember until I die how the British drums rolled as they hanged my father, who traded with the Indians in the land of the goyim, and whose word was as good as his bond. And then they gave me thirty lashes until I bled like a pig, and drove me from the fort to die in the forest.

A Jew dies hard, they say. I crawled a mile to Angus MacIntyre's mill, and he washed my back and cared for me until I returned to my senses and could walk again.

"Weep for your father," he said, "for you are only a laddie, and he was much of a man."

"I weep no more and pray no more. My father is dead, and I am not like him."

"You will be like him, lad."

"I will never be like him, Angus, but I will make my word like my bond. I give you my word I will bring you forty beaver skins if you give me a musket and powder and shot."

A long time the old Scot looked at me, measuring me and weighing me. "Go to the land of the Yankees, lad," he said, "and wear woolen clothes on your back."

"The Yankees stood by while my father was hanged. When that redcoat filth drove the Mingoes from the fort, the Yankees stood by. When two Mingoes came back for the little they left behind and were slain at the gate, the Yankees said nothing."

"How many of them were there?" the Scot said quietly. "They are a strange folk, dirty, and bragging and mean and sometimes, in a most curious way, a little noble. Will they be silent forever?"

"Will you give me the gun?"

"You are one of them," the Scot said. "When they are no longer silent—I will be one of them. When they strike, I will strike with them."

"And your father traded in the woods with never more than a knife. For the Company. Are you for the Company?"

"I am against any man in a uniform."

"I will give you the gun, lad," the Scot said sadly, "and you will slay your meat and eat it."

"And other things."

"Then put no price on it, for what you seek has no price but a man's blood. You are one of them."

He gave me the gun, and I left him and walked eastward.

VALUE --- REVERENCE FOR LIFE

A 15 Minutes: Each Student reads silently to himself.

B Students' Opinions and Comments.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- The Jew as a Man of Peace.

2- The Jew as a Man with a Reverence for Life.

I The Jew as a Man of Peace.

a) On page 202 What does it mean- "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart." Where does this line come from?

i- This line is from Leviticus 19:17. Moses is ordered by God to proclaim this commandment to the children of Israel.

ii- A man must not bear hatred in his thoughts for eventually this hatred may express itself in acts of physical violence. It may also destroy the man who hates by making him do rash and unkind things. Hatred colors all of a man's actions and deeds.

iii- "If thine enemy be hungry,
give him bread to eat.
And if he be thirsty,
give him water to drink."
(Proverbs 25:21)

b) The Yom Kippur liturgy contains a confession and request for forgiveness if one has hated his brother in his heart.
"For the sin which we have sinned against Thee in evil meditations of the heart...
O God of forgiveness, heart with us! pardon us! Forgive us!"
(Union Prayer Book, Vol. II, p. 150)

c) On page 207, what does the line mean "Then put no price on it, for what you seek has no price but a man's blood. You are one of them."

i- By killing and destroying we become like those who seek to destroy us. The lesson which the Jew must teach is Peace, not War. A man does not teach peace to another man when he points a gun at his heart. The son has turned from his father's path.
Do you think his father would have wanted him to avenge his hanging by killing those who were responsible for executing him?

2 The Jew as a Man with a Reverence for Life.

a) On page 202, what does it mean "I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles?"
Where does this line come from?

i- This line is from the Prophet Isaiah 49:6.
"I will also give thee for a light unto the nations,
That My salvation may be unto the end of the earth."

ii- This line may be interpreted as meaning that the Jewish people are, through the practice of the values stated in the Bible, to guide all of mankind to a better and more holy manner of living. See page 206. "And how do you travel in the woods without guns? I am very curious." "That you could never know," my father said, almost sadly."

What does this mean? A man who lives by shedding blood is often blind to the benefits of peace and can never see how a man can live without the implements of war. The Bible in many places expresses a longing for peace, for a time when the metal for making guns will instead be used for making food in a land of peace.

"And they shall beat their
swords into plowshares,
And their spears into
prunning-hooks;
Nation shall not lift up
sword against nation,
neither shall they learn war
any more."
(Isaiah 2:4)

Does this passage have any meaning in our own present day?
Has the State of Israel with its army done anything to shatter the image of the Jew as a peace-loving people?

b) On page 202. What does it mean "Men do not kill for the sake of killing?" This may mean four things:

1- Obedience to the 6th Commandment "Thou shalt not murder." (Exodus 20:13)

ii- A Jew must not hunt unless it is absolutely necessary to keep him alive, and even then he has to first trap the animal and then have it ritually killed. The Rabbis state in the Code of Jewish Law that "It is forbidden... to inflict pain upon any living creature." (Kitzur Shulhan Arub- Ganzfried-Goldin, Chapter 191, Vol. IV.)
Read on page 207, paragraph beginning "The Hunter" to "God's blessing."
Why a holy man? This means a man who has been specifically trained in the act of slaughtering animals so as not to inflict pain. This is done with an extremely sharp knife which is barely felt by the animal. The "life blood is as an offering to God" is based upon the Biblical law "Only flesh with the life thereof which is the blood thereof shall ye not eat." (Genesis 9:4)

It is interesting to note in passing that this passage is the basis for the Jehovah's Witnesses' absolute rejection of blood transfusions. They interpret the word "eat" to mean to take into one's body. Therefore a blood transfusion, which is the taking of another's blood into one's body, is forbidden, even, if the person will die without the transfusion. By so dying, according to the Witnesses, a person merits "eternal life."
Judaism's view on blood transfusion or for that matter on any medical practice which will preserve a person's life, is opposite to this. According to Judaism, a man should "Live by the law and not die from it."

(Leviticus 18:5, Code of Jewish Law-Ganzfried-Goldin, Vol. 2, p.133, Yoma 85a-b.)

iii- As Jews we know what it means to be hunted and killed therefore we must show reverence for the life of any living creature, even if it is not human.

c) On page 206, we read the line- "Once my father found a robin with a broken wing, and made splints for the wing and a sling, so that we could carry the bird with us, and he nursed it until it flew away." This is based upon several Biblical commandments concerned with the proper treatment of animals. For example-

"Thou shalt not see thy brother's ass or his ox fallen down by the way and hide thyself from them; thou shalt surely help him to lift them up again."

(Deuteronomy 22:4)

The Rabbis in commenting upon this verse state- "When horses drawing a cart, come to a rough road or to a steep hill, and it is hard for them to draw the cart without help, it is our duty to help them, even when they belong to a non-Jew, because of the precept not to be cruel to animals, lest the owner smite them to force them to draw more than their strength permits.
Comment- In this act of kindness towards the robin, the father acted like Moses according to Rabbinic Tradition:

"And the Holy One, blessed be he, tried Moses also and in no other wise than with sheep.

Our masters said that once when Moses, our master, peace be with him was pasturing the flock of Jethro, near the desert, a little ram ran away. So he ran after it until it came to a rocky ledge. And when it had reached the rocky ledge, there was a pond, and it stopped to drink. When Moses came up to it, he said: 'Why, I did not know that you had run away because you were thirsty. Now you are tired.' So he let it ride upon his shoulder and went.

Then the Holy One, blessed be he, said: 'You show compassion in thus leading the flock of him who is of flesh and blood. By your life! It is you who shall pasture my flock, Israel.'"

(From A Jewish Reader, edited by Nahum N. Glatzer, p. 143.)

Other examples- Deuteronomy 25:4, Exodus 23:4-5.

COMMENTS

a) Judaism, through its teachings, has given birth to two other religions, Christianity and Islam. Both of these religions base much of their beliefs and teachings on those of Judaism.

1- An example from the New Testament.

"...and behold, a man learned in the Law stood up and put him (Jesus) to the test, saying 'Teacher, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?'

...He said to him, 'What is written in the Law? How does it read?'

And he answered 'You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your strength, and with all your mind; and your neighbor as yourself.'

And he said to him- 'You have answered right; do this and you will live.'"

(Luke 10:25).

This passage is taken from Deuteronomy 6:5 and is preceded by "Shema Yisrael Adonai Elo-heynu Adonai Echad."

The line "and your neighbor as yourself" is taken from Levitious 19:18.

"Thou shalt not take vengeance nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

and Leviticus 19:34.
"The stranger that sojourneth with you shall be unto you as the home born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt: I am the Lord your God."

ii- An example from the Koran.
Four of the chapters of the Koran are called "The Chapter of Jonah; the Chapter of Joseph; The Chapter of Abraham; the Chapter of Noah. Each of these deals with the Biblical material as found in the Old Testament. The Book of Genesis for example, covers in detail the entire Joseph story.

b) If you don't give a man cause for killing you, he won't. This would follow the Biblical statement- "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed:
For in the image of God, made He man."
(Genesis 9:6)

If you are not afraid of what is different and try to be friendly with all men, then they will respect you. The father here says "My people walked in fear too long... I don't fear what is different."
Comment- The indians did not have any prejudices towards the Jews such as those existing in the European and American white man which were founded on centuries of superstition, misunderstanding and bloodshed.

c) On page 204, the "two horns nestling in his hair" is based on one of two beliefs commonly held in the middle ages about the Jews and even to this day there are people who believe that all Jews have horns. The one belief is that Jews are demons, and like the devil himself, have horns. The other belief is due to the fact that the statue of Moses as sculptured by Michelangelo, has two horns protruding from Moses' head. This was due to the misinterpretation of the Hebrew word "keren" in the Biblical phrase "And when Aaron and all the children of Israel saw Moses, behold, the skin of his face sent forth beams; and they were afraid to come nigh him." (Exodus 34:30)
"Keren" can mean "horn" or "beam." "Horn" however would not make sense in this context. (There is a view that "horn" is indeed what the Bible meant.)

d) On page 203, what does the line mean "He had a dream, which was to trade with the Indians until there was enough money to buy freedom, peace, security- all those things which, so it goes, only money can buy for a Jew...
Jewish history is full of incidents where Jews, treated as second class citizens though having lived in a country for many generations, had to buy what was granted to non-Jews as their inalienable rights - such as education, protection, and religious freedom. Even in the United States, there are Jews who think that money will appease their enemies. There are Jews who financially support the American Nazi Party in the hope that when and if this party ever gets into the White House, they will escape the gas chambers.
(From a tape-recorded long-distance interview between a newscaster and Norman Lincoln Rockwell, leader of the American Nazi Party.)

Perhaps one of the reasons why Jews strive to be independent in business is that they are less subject to abuse than when they work for someone else.

e) Is this just a story? Are there any incidents in the history of this country where Jews have actually been innocently hanged or lynched whereas if they weren't Jews, this probably would not have happened. The case of Leo Frank in 1915 is such an incident.

On August 17, 1915, in the State of Georgia, Leo Frank, a Jew, accused of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment, was violently taken from his cell and lynched by a mob. The facts surrounding the case all indicated that Frank was innocent. The evidence was purely circumstantial. Even the judge doubted Frank's guilt. Many Jewish organizations tried to save him and a mass rally was held in Chicago. "This activity beyond the state was generally received with great distaste by the citizens of Georgia; they felt it a reflection on their courts and themselves. The wildest stories were circulated to the effect that the rich Jews of Atlanta, New York, and Chicago were trying to buy Frank's freedom." (Universal Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. 4, pp. 344-345). The anti-semitic overtones in this case were clear and played no small part in Frank's fate.

Biblical, Rabbinic and Other References to Reverence For Life

(To supplement class discussion.)
At end of period, each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- "And He shall judge between the nations,
And He shall decide for many peoples;
And they shall beat their swords into plowshares,
And their spears into pruning-hooks;
Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
Neither shall they learn war any more."
(Isaiah 2:4)

b- "You shall not take vengeance or bear a grudge against your kinsfolk. Love your neighbor as yourself:
I am the Lord."
(Leviticus 19:18)

c- "And Abraham picked up the knife to slay his son. Then an angel of the Lord called to him from heaven: 'Abraham! Abraham!' And he answered, 'Here I am.' And he said, 'Do not raise your hand against the boy, or do anything to him. For now I know that you fear God, since you have not witheld your son, your favored one, from Me.'"
(Genesis 22:10-12)

Among the many interpretations given this passage, one is that it is a protest against child sacrifice. At a time when such sacrifice was prevelent among the nations, Abraham stood out and condemned it as evil. Human life was valued, above any sacrifice.

d- "It is forbidden, according to the law of the Torah, to inflict pain upon any living creature. On the contrary, it is our duty to relieve the pain of any creature."

"It is forbidden to tie the legs of a beast or of a bird in a manner as to cause them pain."
(Code of Jewish Law- Ganzfried-Goldin. Vol. 4, #1, #3, p. 84.)

e- "Food and drink may abound, but, if there is no peace, they are as naught."
(Sifra Behukotai.)

f- "Hillel would say: 'Be one of the disciples of Aaron, a lover of peace, following after peace, loving mankind, and drawing them to the Torah."
(Abot, I, 12.)

g- "In the World-to-Come God will punish riders who wound their horses with spurs."
(Sefer Hasidim, par. 44, Post-Talmudic.)

h- Union Prayer Book, Vol. I, pp.150, 22, 56, 7.

i- According to the Bible and the Rabbis, even a drop of semen was considered precious since it contained the beginning of life. (Gen. 38:7-10)

j- What is A Jew?

"What is a Jew? This question is not at all so odd as it seems. Let us see what kind of peculiar creature the Jew is, which all the rulers and all nations have together and separately abused and molested, oppressed and persecuted, trampled and butchered, burned and hanged--and in spite of all this is yet alove! What is a Jew, who has never allowed himself to be led astray by all the earthly possessions which his oppressors and persecutors constantly offered him in order that he should change his faith and forsake his own Jewish religion?

The Jew is that sacred being who has brought down from heaven the everlasting fire, and has illumined with it the entire world. He is the religious source, spring, and fountain out of which all the rest of the peoples have drawn their beliefs and their religions.

The Jew is the pioneer of civilization.

Ignorance was condemned in olden Palestine more even than it is to-day in civilized Europe. Moreover, in those wild and barbarous days, when neither life nor the death of any one counted for anything at all, Rabbi Akiba did not refrain from expressing himself openly against capital punishment, a practice which is recognized to-day as a highly civilized way of punishment."
(Leo Tolstoy. A Book of Jewish Thoughts. Selected and arranged by Dr. J.H.Hertz

k-

The Knife.

by Milton Kaplan

(U.S.A., contemporary)

"We have tried words before--always
in vain--
To strip the growing tumor from the
brain,
And still we pick and probe with
words to find
The fingered root of madness
in the mind.
Perhaps if we used words with
surgeon care,
The scalpel words that slit through
matted hair
With steel incisiveness, and cut
with thin,
Discriminating strokes through
moldy skin,
Through muscle, fat, until the
blade scrapes dull
And grates upon the tympanum
of skull;
If we could grind trephining words
through bone
To bare the whitened cortex,
rotten-grown,
Before the neoplasmic fingers plait
The mind--perhaps we then could
extirpate
The root of hatred that has
always lain
Deep in the convolutions of the brain.
If words fail us and we despair for
life,
(Have mercy on us) we must use the
knife."

(From A Treasury of Jewish Poetry- Edited by Nathan and Marynn Ausubel. p.133)

BONTSHA THE SILENT

by I.L. Peretz

From A Treasury of Yiddish Stories-
Edited and selected by
I. Howe & E. Greenberg.
pp. 223-230

Here on earth the death of Bontsha the Silent made no impression at all. Ask anyone: Who was Bontsha, how did he live, and how did he die? Did his strength slowly fade, did his heart slowly give out--or did the very marrow of his bones melt under the weight of his burdens? Who knows? Perhaps he just died from not eating--starvation, it's called.

If a horse, dragging a cart through the streets, should fall, people would run from blocks around to stare, newspapers would write about this fascinating event, a monument would be put up to mark the very spot where the horse had fallen. Had the horse belonged to a race as numerous as that of human beings, he wouldn't have been paid this honor. How many horses are there, after all? But human beings--there must be a thousand million of them.

Bontsha was a human being; he lived unknown, in silence, and in silence he died. He passed through our world like a shadow. When Bontsha was born no one took a drink of wine; there was no sound of glasses clinking. When he was confirmed he made no speech of celebration. He existed like a grain of sand at the rim of a vast ocean, amid millions of other grains of sand exactly similar, and when the wind at last lifted him up and carried him across to the other shore of the ocean, no one noticed, no one at all.

During his lifetime his feet left no mark upon the dust of the streets; after his death the wind blew away the board that marked his grave. The wife of the gravedigger came upon that bit of wood, lying far off from the grave, and she picked it up and used it to make a fire under the potatoes she was cooking; it was just right. Three days after Bontsha's death no one knew where he lay, neither the gravedigger nor anyone else. If Bontsha had had a headstone, someone, even after a hundred years, might have come across it, might still have been able to read the carved words, and his name, Bontsha the Silent, might not have vanished from this earth.

His likeness remained in no one's memory, in no one's heart. A shadow! Nothing! Finished!

In loneliness he lived, and in loneliness he died. Had it not been for the infernal human racket someone or other might have heard the sound of Bontsha's bones cracking under the weight of his burdens; someone might have glanced around and seen that Bontsha was also a human being, that he had two frightened eyes and a silent trembling mouth; someone might have noticed how, even when he bore no actual load upon his back, he still walked with his head bowed down to earth, as though while living he was already searching for his grave.

When Bontsha was brought to the hospital ten people were waiting for him to die and leave them his narrow little cot; when he was brought from the hospital to the morgue twenty were waiting to occupy his pall; when he was taken out of

the morgue forty were waiting to lie where he would lie forever. Who knows how many are now waiting to snatch from him that bit of earth?

In silence he was born, in silence he lived, in silence he died--and an even vaster silence he was put into the ground.

Ah, but in the other world it was not so! No! In Paradise the death of Bontsha was an overwhelming event. The great trumpet of the Messiah announced through the seven heavens: Bontsha the Silent is dead! The most exalted angels, with the most imposing wings, hurried, flew, to tell one another, "Do you know who has died? Bontsha! Bontsha the Silent!"

And the new, the young little angels with brilliant eyes, with golden wings and silver shoes, ran to greet Bontsha, laughing in their joy. The sound of their wings, the sound of their silver shoes, as they ran to meet him, and the bubbling of their laughter, filled all Paradise with jubilation, and God Himself knew that Bontsha the Silent was at last here.

In the great gateway to heaven Abraham, our father, stretched out his arms in welcome and benediction. "Peace be with you!" And on his old face a deep sweet smile appeared.

What, exactly, was going on up there in Paradise?

There, in Paradise, two angels came bearing a golden throne for Bontsha to sit upon, and for his head a golden crown with glittering jewels.

"But why the throne, the crown, already?" two important saints asked. "He hasn't even been tried before the heavenly court of justice to which each new arrival must submit." Their voices were touched with envy. "What's going on here, anyway?"

And the angels answered the two important saints that, yes, Bontsha's trial hadn't started yet, but it would only be a formality, even the prosecutor wouldn't dare open his mouth. Why, the whole thing wouldn't take five minutes!

"What's the matter with you?" the angels asked. "Don't you know whom you're dealing with? You're dealing with Bontsha, Bontsha the Silent!"

When the young, the singing angels encircled Bontsha in love, when Abraham, our father, embraced him again and again, as a very old friend, when Bontsha heard that a throne waited for him, and for his head a crown, and that when he would stand trial in the court of heaven no one would say a word against him--when he heard all this, Bontsha, exactly as in the other world, was silent. He was silent with fear. His heart shook, in his veins ran ice, and he knew this must all be a dream or simply a mistake.

He was used to both, to dreams and mistakes. How often, in that other world, had he not dreamed that he was wildly shoveling up money from the street, that whole fortunes lay thereon the street beneath his hands--and then he would

wake and find himself a beggar again, more miserable than before the dream.

How often in that other world had someone smiled at him, said a pleasant word--and then, passing and turning back for another look, had seen his mistake and spat at Bontsha.

Wouldn't that be just my luck, he thought now, and he was afraid to lift his eyes, lest the dream end, lest he awake and find himself again on earth, lying somewhere in a pit of snakes and loathesome vipers, and he was afraid to make the smallest sound, to move so much as an eyelash; he trembled and he could not hear the paeans of the angels; he could not see them as they danced in stately celebration about him; he could not answer the loving greeting of Abraham, our father, "Peace be with you!" And when at last he was led into the great court of justice in Paradise he couldn't even say "Good morning." He was paralyzed with fear.

And when his shrinking eyes beheld the floor of the courtroom of justice, his fear, if possible, increased. The floor was of purest alabaster, embedded with glittering diamonds. On such a floor stand my feet, thought Bontsha. My feet'. He was beside himself with fear. Who knows, he thought, for what very rich man, or great learned rabbi, or even saint, this whole thing's meant? The rich man will arrive, and then it will all be over. He lowered his eyes; he closed them.

In his fear he did not hear when his name was called out in the pure angelic voice: "Bontsha the Silent!" Through the ringing in his ears he could make out no words, only the sound of that voice like the sound of music, of a violin.

Yet did he, perhaps, after all, catch the sound of his own name, "Bontsha the Silent?" And then the voice added, "To him that name is as becoming as a frock coat to a rich man."

What's that? What's he saying? Bontsha wondered, and then he heard an impatient voice interrupting the speech of his defending angel. "Rich man? Frock coat. No metaphors, please! And no sarcasm!"

"He never," began the defending angel again, "complained, not against God, not against man; his eye never grew red with hatred, he never raised a protest against heaven."

Bontsha couldn't understand a word, and the harsh voice of the prosecuting angel broke in once more. "Never mind the rhetoric, please!"

"His sufferings were unspeakable. Here, look upon a man who was more tormented than Job!"

Who? Bontsha wondered. Who is this man?

"Facts! Facts! Never mind the flowery business and stick to the facts, please! the judge called out.

"When he was eight days old he was circumcised--"

"Such realistic details are unnecessary--"

"The knife slipped, and he did not even try to staunch the flow of blood--"

"--are distasteful. Simply give us the important facts."

"Even then, an infant, he was silent, he did not cry out his pain," Bontsha's defender continued. "He kept his silence, even when his mother died, and he was handed over, a boy of thirteen, to a snake, a viper--a stepmother!"

Hm, Bontsha, thought, could they mean me?

"She begrudged him every bite of food, even the moldy rotten bread and the gristle of meat that she threw at him, while she herself drank coffee with cream."

"Irrelevant and immaterial," said the judge.

"For all that, she didn't begrudge him her pointed nails in his flesh--flesh that showed black and blue through the rags he wore. In winter, in the bitterest cold, she made him chop wood in the yard, barefoot! More than once were his feet frozen, and his hands, that were too young, too tender, to lift the heavy logs and chop them. But he was always silent, he never complained, not even to his father--"

"Complain! To that drunkard!" The voice of the prosecuting angel rose derisively, and Bontsha's body grew cold with the memory of fear.

"He never complained," the defender continued, "and he was always lonely. He never had a friend, never was sent to school, never was given a new suit of clothes, never knew one moment of freedom."

"Objection! Objection!" the prosecutor cried out angrily. "He's only trying to appeal to the emotions with these flights of rhetoric!"

"He was silent even when his father, raving drunk, dragged him out of the house by the hair and flung him into the winter night, into the snowy, frozen night. He picked himself up quietly from the snow and wandered into the distance where his eyes led him.

"During his wanderings he was always silent; during his agony of hunger he begged only with his eyes. And at last, on a damp spring night, he drifted to a great city, drifted there like a leaf before the wind, and on his very first night, scarcely seen, scarcely heard, he was thrown into jail. He remained silent, he never protested, he never asked . Why, what for? The doors of the jail were opened again and, free, he looked for the most lowly filthy work, and still he remained silent.

"More terrible even than the work itself was the search for work. Tormented and ground down by pain, by the cramp of pain in an empty stomach, he never protested, he always kept silent.

"Soiled by the filth of a strange city, spat upon by unknown mouths, driven from the streets into the roadway, where, a human beast of burden, he pursued his work, a porter, carrying the heaviest loads upon his back, scurrying between carriages, carts, and horses, staring death in the eyes every moment, he still kept silent.

"He never reckoned up how many pounds he must haul to earn a penny; how many times, with each step, he stumbled and fell for that penny. He never reckoned up how many times he almost vomited out his very soul, begging for his earnings. He never reckoned up his bad luck, the other's good luck. No, never. He remained silent. He never even demanded his own earnings; like a beggar, he waited at the door for what was rightfully his, and only in the depths of his eyes was there an unspoken longing. 'Come back later!' they'd order him; and, like a shadow, he would vanish, and then, like a shadow, would return and stand waiting, his eyes begging, imploring, for what was his. He remained silent even when they cheated him, keeping back, with one excuse or another, most of his earnings, or giving him bad money. Yes, he never protested, he always remained silent.

"Once," the defending angel went on, "Bontsha crossed the roadway to the fountain for a drink, and in that moment his whole life was miraculously changed. What miracle happened to change his whole life? A splendid coach, with tires of rubber, plunged past, dragged by runaway horses; the coachman, fallen, lay in the street, his head split open. From the mouths of the frightened horses spilled foam, and in their wild eyes sparks struck like fire in a dark night, and inside the carriage sat a man, half alive, half dead, and Bontsha caught at the reins and held the horses. The man who sat inside and whose life was saved, a Jew, a philanthropist, never forgot what Bontsha had done for him. He handed him the whip of the dead driver, and Bontsha, then and there, became a coachman--no longer a common porter! And what's more, his great benefactor married him off, and what's still more, this great philanthropist himself provided a child for Bontsha to look after.

"And still Bontsha never said a word, never protested."

They mean me, I really do believe they mean me, Bontsha encouraged himself, but still he didn't have the gall to open his eyes, to look up at his judge.

"He never protested. He remained silent even when that great philanthropist shortly thereafter went into bankruptcy without ever having paid Bontsha one cent of his wages.

"He was silent even when his wife ran off and left him with her helpless infant. He was silent when, fifteen years later, that same helpless infant had grown up and become strong enough to throw Bontsha out of the house."

They mean me, Bontsha rejoiced, they really mean me.

"He even remained silent," continued the defending angel, "when that same benefactor and philanthropist went out of bankruptcy, as suddenly as he'd gone into it, and still didn't pay Bontsha one cent of what he owed him. No, more than that. This person, as befits a fine gentleman who has gone through bankruptcy, again went driving the great coach with the tires of rubber, and now, now he

had a new coachman, and Bontsha, again a porter in the roadway, was run over by coachman, carriage, horses. And still, in his agony, Bontsha did not cry out; he remained silent. He did not even tell the police who had done this to him. Even in the hospital, where everyone is allowed to scream, he remained silent. He lay in utter loneliness on his cot, abandoned by the doctor, by the nurse; he had not the few pennies to pay them--and he made no murmur. He was silent in that awful moment just before he was about to die, and he was silent in that very moment when he did die. And never one murmur of protest against man, never one murmur of protest against God!"

Now, Bontsha begins to tremble again. He senses that after his defender has finished, his prosecutor will rise to state the case against him. Who knows of what he will be accused? Bontsha, in that other world on earth, forgot each present moment as it slipped behind him to become the past. Now the defending angel has brought everything back to his mind again--but who knows what forgotten sins the prosecutor will bring to mind?

The prosecutor rises. "Gentlemen!" he begins in a harsh and bitter voice, and then he stops. "Gentlemen--" he begins again, and now his voice is less harsh, and again he stops. And finally, in a very soft voice, that same prosecutor says, "Gentlemen, he was always silent--and now I too will be silent."

The great court of justice grows very still, and at last from the judge's chair a voice rises, loving, tender, "Bontsha my child, Bontsha"--the voice swells like a great harp--"my heart's child..."

Within Bontsha his very soul begins to weep. He would like to open his eyes, to raise them, but they are darkened with tears. It is so sweet to cry. Never until now has it been sweet to cry.

"My child, my Bontsha..."

Not since his mother died has he heard such words, and spoken in such a voice.

"My child," the judge begins again, "you have always suffered, and you have always kept silent. There isn't one secret place in your body without its bleeding wound; there isn't one secret place in your soul without its wound and blood. And you never protested. You always were silent.

"There, in that other world, no one understood you. You never understood yourself. You never understood that you need not have been silent, that you could have cried out and that your outcries would have brought down the world itself and ended it. You never understood your sleeping strength. There in that other world, that world of lies, your silence was never rewarded, but here in Paradise is the world of truth, here in Paradise you will be rewarded. You, the judge can neither condemn nor pass sentence upon. For you there is not only one little portion of Paradise, one little share. No, for you there

is everything! Whatever you want! Everything is yours!"

Now for the first time Bontsha lifts his eyes. He is blinded by light. The splendor of light lies everywhere, upon the walls, upon the vast ceiling, the angels blaze with light, the judge. He drops his weary eyes.

"Really?" he asks, doubtful, and a little embarrassed.

"Really! the judge answers. "Really! I tell you, everything is yours. Everything in Paradise is yours. Choose! Take! Whatever you want! You will only take what is yours!"

"Really?" Bontsha asks again, and now his voice is stronger, more assured.

And the judge and all the heavenly host answer, "Really! Really! Really!"

"Well then"--and Bontsha smiles for the first time--"well then, what I would like, Your Excellency, is to have, every morning for breakfast, a hot roll with fresh butter."

A silence falls upon the great hall, and it is more terrible than Bontsha's has ever been, and slowly the judge and the angels bend their heads in shame at this unending meekness they have created on earth.

Then the silence is shattered. The prosecutor laughs aloud, a bitter laugh.

VALUE --- HUMILITY

A 15 Minutes: Each student reads silently to himself.

B Students' Opinions and Comments.

Insights to be Emphasized

1— Humility as a Cardinal Jewish Value.

2— Humility as a Measure of Holiness.

3— Humility does not necessarily mean Passivity.

I Humility as a Cardinal Jewish Value.

a) Had Bontsha cried out or protested, much injustice could have been eliminated. In Bontsha's humility there was tremendous strength. (p. 224)

> "There, in that other world, no one understood you. You never understood yourself. You never understood that you need not have been silent, that you could have cried out and that your outcries would have brought down the world itself and ended it. You never understood your sleeping strength."

Bontsha did not realize the power of his humility. He could have made things in the world a little better, but he never tried. His great example of faith and strength went unnoticed and wasted.

In what ways do you think Bontsha's humility might have been used to good advantage?

i— He could have made it a point to talk to other unfortunate people and through his own great example, inspire them with faith and hope.

ii— He did not hate. This in itself is a great power. He could therefore be able to tolerate any man, no matter how evil. Such toleration might afford him the opportunity to teach by example, this less tolerant person. Hate breeds hate, while tolerance and love dissolve hatred.

iii— The foumder of Hasidism, Israel Baal Shem Tov, once said: "humility that leads to worthlessness is to be shunned."

b) The Pocket Oxford Dictionary defines humility or humble as: "Having or showing low estimate of one's importance, lowly, modest, of small pretensions." This definition is in keeping with the Biblical idea of humility as expressed in the Book of Job. When God asks Job such difficult questions as:

> "Where were you when I laid the foundations
> of the earth?
> Declare, if you have the understanding...
> Where you were the foundations thereof
> fastened?
> Or who laid the corner-stone thereof...
> Have the gates of death been revealed
> to you?"
>
> (Job 38:4,6,17)

Finally, realizing that he is only a mortal being, Job replies:

> "Behold, I am of small account, what shall I
> answer Thee,
> Seeing I am but dust and ashes."
>
> (Job 40:4,6)

Yes, besides being "but dust and ashes," man is also created in God's image. He is holy and sacred. Both aspects, Humility and Holiness, are essentials for a complete human existence.

The story is told of Rabbi Simcha Bunam who once told his pupils that—

"...everyone should have two pockets, so that according to his needs, he can reach into the one, or the other. In his right pocket is to be a slip of paper with the words—'For my sake was the world created!' And in his left pocket one with the words—'I am but dust and ashes.' There is a time for both, for truly man is created in God's image. As the Holy One, blessed be He is great, so may man, in a lesser degree be great. As the Holy One, blessed be He is gentle and humble, so may man in a lesser degree be gentle and humble."

c) What are some of the Fruits of Humility" (What does humility bring a person?)

i— HAPPINESS---because the humble person gives freely of himself to other people. This selflessness, this willingness to give up and to give to, bring great rewards to a man's heart.

ii— TOLERANCE---because through humility we become less sensitive to those forces which so easily upset us. "If God is truly before us," said the Baal Shem Tov, "then we are able to remain unmoved whether we are flattered or cursed." By losing our great concern for ourselves only, we begin to take a greater interest in others. We come to tolerate other people in greater measure because of a much finer and broader understanding of the troubles other people have. We see them in a new light--with compassion and sympathy, with love and tenderness.

iii— PERSPECTIVE---The arrogant man sees himself as he wants to see himself--the humble man sees himself as he is.
—Once a man says to himself — "I am humble" he is in effect saying — "I am proud that I am humble." It is true, in saying this he may still to some extent be humble, but most certainly he has already lost some of his humility. An amusing story is told which brings out this point.

The Modest Rabbi

The wonder-working tzaddik* seemed fast asleep. Nearby sat his worshipful disciples, carrying on a whispered conversation with bated breath about the holy man's unparalleled virtues.

"What piety!" exclaimed one disciple with rapture. "There isn't another like him in all Poland!"

"Who can compare with him in charity?" murmured another ecstatically. "He gives alms with an open hand."

"And what a sweet temper! Has anyone ever seen him get excited?" whispered another with shining eyes.

"Ai! What learning he's got!" chanted another. "He's a second Rashi!"

At that the disciples fell silent. Whereupon the rabbi slowly opened one eye and regarded them with an injured expression.

"And about my modesty you say nothing?" he asked reproachfully.

(A Treasury of Jewish Folklore. Edited by Nathan Ausubel. p.19)

II Humility as a Measure of Holiness.

a) Is it possible for a man to know he is humble?

b) The author of this text and a close friend once asked a Catholic monk a question which addressed itself to the problem of criteria of revelation. We introduced the question by mentioning the fact that many people go about claiming that God has spoken to them, and yet, in their actions and bearing, they are anything but godly men. How then we queried, does a man really know when he has in some way communicated with the Divine?
The monk was silent for a moment; then slowly, with a warm smile, he replied: "A man knows when he has had a genuine religious experience, when as a result of that experience, he feels more humble."

(* A very holy and righteous man.)

Do you agree with this answer? Is humility a good criterian for an authentic religious experience?

III Humility does not Necessarily mean Passivity.

a) The last line of the story reads: "Then the silence is shattered. The prosecutor laughs aloud, a bitter laugh."

Why did the Prosecuting Angel laugh?
(Have each member of the class answer this question.)

i— For what was probably the first time in his career, the Prosecuting Angel was defeated. He had nothing to say. Even he bowed before the great humility of Bontsha. Then suddenly he heard Bontsha ask for "...a hot roll with fresh butter." Bontsha could have asked for Wisdom, for Knowledge, for the honour of sitting next to God Himself, or one of many more things. Instead however, he requested "...a hot roll with fresh butter." The Prosecuting Angel suddenly realized that Bontsha was too ignorant to realize that there are things more important than rolls and butter. The "Great" Bontsha, whom everyone admired was little more than a grateful puppy, content to lick up a few crumbs. Everyone in heaven had been taken in by what they thought was their greatest creation:— "...slowly the Judge and the Angels bend their heads in shame at this unending meekness they have created on earth." The Prosecuting Angel laughs at everyone in heaven for being duped, and he also laughs at himself. He is bitter, for he too was fooled.

b) On page (221) we read:

"He never," began the Defending Angel again, "complained, not against God, not against man; his eye never grew red with hatred, he never raised a protest against heaven."

Is it a virtue

Is it a virtue never to complain or protest and simply accept everything passively?

i— Bontsha's actions here remind us of some of the non-violent movements of our own time. An example is the non-resistance movement in India led by

Mohatma Ghandi in the 1930's. This movement however, tried by its passive activities to rectify bad social conditions. It had an aim and a purpose. Do you think that Bontsha had any aim or purpose in his passive behaviour?

COMMENTS

a) On page 221, we read: "His sufferings were unspeakable. Here, look upon a man who was more tormented than Job!"

In what ways, if any, may Bontsha be compared to Job?

i— He is like Job insofar as it appears he did not lose faith in God, and did not condemn God for his sufferings.

ii— He is unlike Job in that Job questioned deeply and with great intelligence, his unfortunate lot. He sought to understand his misfortune. Bontsha never questioned— "He remained silent, he never protested, he never asked, why, what for?"

iii— Job, in the last chapter of the Book of Job, received his reward here on earth. Everything he lost was doubly restored to him.
Bontsha had to wait for his reward until he got to heaven.

b) Does a man have to be poor in order to be humble?

i— "The story is told of a king who wanted to learn the secret of humility. To achieve it he wore sackcloth on his body, put ashes on his head, denied himself food and water, left his royal palace to live in a hovel in poverty, employed men to curse and beat him, and afflicted himself with every kind of misery. It was to no avail. He felt more proud now than ever before. A wise man showed him the way. 'Dress like a king' he t told him, 'live like a king, act like a king, but let your heart be humble.'"

c) On page 219, we read:

"If a horse, dragging a cart through the streets, should fall, people would run from blocks around to stare, newspapers would write about this fascinating event, a monument would be put up to mark the very spot where the horse had fallen. Had the horse belonged to a race as numerous as that of human beings, he wouldn't have been paid this honor. How many horses are there, after all? But human beings—— there must be a thousand million of them."

What point is Peretz trying to make here?

1— He is trying to show us how bad we sometimes misuse our sympathy and charity. Often it is more important that our dog or cat be well fed than to give a loaf of bread to a hungry human. In this country, the care given our pets often supercedes by far the care we give to the poverty stricken and destitute of our nation and other lands less fortunate than America.

BIBLICAL AND RABBINIC REFERENCES TO HUMILITY

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period, each student should receive a receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a— It has been told thee, O man,
What is good,
And what the Lord requires of thee;
Only to do justice, and to love mercy,
And to walk humbly with thy God.

(Micah 6:8)

b— When pride comes, then comes shame;
But with the humble is wisdom.

(Proverbs 11:2)

c— Why was man created on Friday?
So that if he becomes over-bearing, one can say to him:
"The fly was created before you."

(Sanhedrin 38a)

d— If a person is "somebody" and comports himself "somebody," it were better for him had he never been born.

(Eccles. R. 9)

e— One coin in a bottle rattles; a bottle full of coins makes no sound; so the scholar who is the son of a scholar is modest; the scholar who is the son of an Am ha-Aretz trumpets his knowledge around. (Am ha-Aretz--a crude ignorant person)

(Bab. M. 85b)

f— Ever let a man be humble in Torah and good works, humble with his parents, teacher and wife, with his children, with his household, with his kinsfolk near and far, even with the heathen in the street, so that he become beloved on high and desired on earth.

(Tan. d. B. El. p. 197)

g— R. Levitas, of Jabneh, said: Be exceedingly lowly of spirit since the hope of man is but the worm.

(Aboth IV, 4.)

h— Him who humbles himself, God exalts; him who exalts himself, God humbles; from him who searches for greatness greatness flies; him who flies from greatness, greatness searches out; with him who is importunate with circumstances, circumstance is importunate; by him who gives way to circumstance, circumstance stands.

('Erub. 13b.)

i— A teacher should hold his pupil as dear as he holds himself. The honour of a fellow-student should be as precious to a man as the honour of his master. And the honour of his master should be as precious as the fear of heaven.

(Mek., Amalek, Beshallah)

j— Happy is the generation where the great listen to the small, for then it follows that in such a generation the small will listen to the great.

(R.H. 25b)

TUITION FOR THE REBBE

by Abraham Reisen

From A Treasury of Yiddish Stories-
Edited and selected by I. Howe & E. Greenberg.
pp. 284-290.

"Papa," Shloimke cried out, coming home from *cheder* in the evening. "The *rebbe* wants money."

"Money again?" Chanon winced. "How long has it been since I sent three rubles with you?"

"He says that it's already the end of the term and you only gave seven rubles. There are eight more rubles coming to him," said Shloimke. "And he wants them," he concluded, angrily scratching his head.

"Quiet. Just don't upset yourself, my treasure," Chanon said nervously, reminding himself that it really was a long time since he had sent any money. He became silent and in his despair began to tug at his beard, as if he were trying to get some advice out of it: Well my dear beard, what do you think of this catastrophe?

Without waiting for an answer he began to rub his hand over his face, and when this did not help either, he started lifting his cap off his head and putting it back again, lifting it off and putting it on again. For a long while he held it in his hand. Then he replaced it. Finally, after he had done this several more times, his lined face brightened and his eyes lit up. Pleasantly, but without looking at anyone, he announced, "Tomorrow we sell a bag of seed."

"Then will you give me money tomorrow?" Shloimke asked.

"Not tomorrow, my son. But the day after."

"The day *after* tomorrow! The day *after* tomorrow!" Shloimke said in a tantrum. He could see himself marching right into school, looking his teacher in the eyes, and saying, "I didn't get it."

"Silence!" Chanon said grimly. "I told you the day after tomorrow. And the day after tomorrow is what I mean. When I say something, it's said."

"Really, Shloimke," his mother joined in, "you make such terrible faces for nothing. Where's the fire? Your father said the day after tomorrow, so he means the day after tomorrow."

Shloimke reconsidered, decided it was not so bad, and promptly forgot all about it. He demanded his supper.

"And what will you want next?" his mother said half-jokingly. "First it's money for the teacher, now it's supper. Maybe you ought to go out and earn some money."

"I'm too little."

"Too little"--his mother sighed--"a boy of twelve." She sighed again, without knowing quite why.

The next morning after his prayers Chanon went to the yard and opened the bin where the grain was kept. He looked over the bag of seed lying tranquilly in the corner. There were two other grain bins, both empty, and they seemed to regard Chanon with displeasure; it was a long time since he had something to put into them.

Chanon thrust his hand into the first bin and took out a handful of grain. "Beautiful," he said aloud. "Certainly first grade." Keeping the seeds in his palm, he

stirred them thoughtfully with his finger: Not that it didn't cost me plenty. I paid good money for it. But try and convince the merchant Levine. He'll sniff and say "inferior merchandise" and cut off my nose and ears in the bargain. A merchant is a merchant.

Chanon sighed and began to calculate. The bag of seed cost him an average of seven gulden a pood. Even if the merchant gave him seven gulden and ten groschen, the most he could realize from a hundred pood would be a hundred times ten groschen, which came to only five rubles. Interest on the money came to two rubles, which would leave him, all in all, a clear profit of precisely three rubles. He sighed again.

He had to make at least ten rubles from this seed. He pulled his beard, rubbed his face, stirred the seed. Then he raised his eyes slowly to the hayloft of the barn. The hayloft held the answer. There were three sacks of cheap seed up there, bought at only one gulden a pood. To mix in three or four pood of this poorer seed--after the merchant had examined the good kind, of course--would bring him a few rubles profit....But that was stealing. And Chanon wanted to be an honest businessman. Chanon stood in fear of God, of himself.

At that moment, however, he feared himself a little more than God. For his deed God might perhaps pardon him. God knew it was not his fault; poverty made him do it. But Chanon was less merciful. Instead of forgiving himself for such a deed, he would let it gnaw at him forever: What did you do, Chanon? Eh? Was it nice? Was it good? Was it honest? Think it over, Chanon....

Chanon tore his eyes away from the hayloft where the cheap grain was stored. He had decided to do the honest thing.

"Honest," he cried. "Honest! Honest!"

He looked the bin and went to call the merchant.

Levine the merchant, a big Jew with a red face and little black eyes, rolled up his sleeves and shoved his arms into the bottommost corner of the bin.

But Chanon could not resist praising his merchandise even before it was examined. "First grade. There's nothing to discuss."

The merchant was annoyed. A little worm like Chanon trying to grade the seed before Levine himself had examined it! He spoke coldly. "We'll soon see what grade it is."

Chanon's heart pounded with terror. Suppose the merchant decided the seed was not first grade. A robber of a Jew, he thought, asking himself the best way to soften him up with a good word.

"You, Pani Levine, no one has to tell. You always know, Pani Levine. All by yourself. If only I had a tenth of the seed you ship to Konigsberg."

"Yes, indeed, brother, I don't blame you for wanting it," Levine said smugly, poking around in the seed. "But what

would you have done with so much money?"

"Heh, heh, heh," Chanon laughed bitterly. "I'd know what to do. I'd trade, like you, with Konigsberg."

"Grade of the seeds, two and a half. Two at the most," Levine said abruptly.

Chanon's agonized smile vanished. He was barely able to stand on his feet. "Pani Levine, what are you saying?"

"Exactly what you heard," the merchant replied coldly.

"And what are you paying me?" Chanon asked in a strangled voice.

"Ninety-eight kopecks, and I'm being generous. Grain is down now," Levine said calmly.

"Pani Levine," Chanon said pitifully, "you want me to lose money?" He longed to pierce him with a knife. Robber! he wanted to scream. You big fat robber!

"I'm not going to take a loss either," Levine said dryly, turning to leave.

"Add a little something," Chanon pleaded. Anyone but Levine could have heard the tears in his voice. Levine returned to the bin, rolled up the sleeves of his black coat again, and reached down to the bottom. "All right. You have two more kopecks--an even ruble. When you stick to somebody, you're like tar!"

"You're not giving me more?"

Levine scowled and failed to answer. His face frightened Chanon. If Chanon did anything, Levine would refuse to buy from him. With a glance at the hayloft where the cheap grain lay, Chanon gathered up his strength and tore the words from his mouth. "Of course, for you...When will you take it?"

"I'll send my men up with drays at four o'clock."

"Good," Chanon agreed, looking up at the hayloft with trepidation.

Just as the merchant was about to leave he cast his little black eyes around the bin. "But, he warned, "don't try to palm off any of the cheap seed on me. You people love to do that."

Chanon turned white, and to keep the merchant from guessing what was on his mind he began to swear. "If May God keep me safe from such things. What are you saying?" Then, sensing that the merchant could read his mind, and anxious to dispel even the slightest suspicion, he forced himself to blurt out, "Here. You can even take my key. Keep it yourself until four o'clock."

Levine was pleased. "Wouldn't hurt at all. You're an honest man, but business, you know--business."

"With the greatest of pleasure! With the greatest of pleasure!" Chanon cried out, sick with despair that he had ever proposed such a thing. His face burned, his temples pounded, and only the most violent effort kept him from screaming. Murder! Murder! Murder!

With trembling hands he locked the door, removed the key, and with a smile that could pierce a rib he turned to Levine. "Now the key is yours."

"Fine, fine," Levine said, hiding the key deep in his pocket.

"But, Pani Levine," Chanon said tearfully, "Just try not to be late. Sometimes we need things in the bin...." But Levine was gone. Chanon heaped reproaches on himself. Idiot, he thought, idiot! What did you do? You made yourself a pauper. Where will you get the cheder money now?

Chanon wrung his hands, seeing spots before his eyes. Remaining by the barn, he began to look for some way to get back in. But it was closed off on every side, except for a long narrow window without a pane. He stared at this little window, measuring it with his eye. He wondered if he could get himself through it. But it was impossible. Thin as he was, he was still too big for that tiny window.

At two o'clock Shloimke came back from cheder. "Well, Papa, are you giving the rebbe money tomorrow?"

Chanon did not answer. He narrowed his eyes and, deep in thought, stared at Shloimke.

"Papa, why are you looking at me like that?" Shloimke asked, laughing uneasily. He shoved his cap down and without looking at his father spoke again. "Well, tell me, will you have it?"

"Shloimke! You want to do something clever?"

"What?"

"Come into the yard. I want to tell you something."

Wondering, Shloimke followed his father into the yard. "What is it, Papa?"

Chanon led him to the barn and, pointing to the narrow window which was not very high up, said, "Could you creep through that little window?"

"What a question!" Shloimke said happily, realizing that his own father was encouraging him to be bad.

"Then crawl in, my precious," Chanon said, feeling ashamed for both of them. "And after that, climb up to the hayloft. The sacks of cheap seed are up there, you see--"

"I know! I know! The kind you mix in with the good stuff. I saw you do it once," Shloimke cried out, proud of his knowledge.

"Don't yell, stupid boy," Chanon said angrily. "Crawl up to the hayloft, untie a sack, and pour the seeds into the grain bin. But you have to mix it well after that. Can you do it?"

"Sure, I'll mix it with a shovel."

"So creep in. But be careful."

Shloimke pulled himself up and quick as a cat disappeared through the window. Chanon stood guard, facing the street. His heart pounded as he pictured Levine coming along with the key in his hand. After five minutes he went over to the little window. "Well, what's happening?"

"I'm mixing!" Shloimke cried out happily. "I've poured in two sacks already."

Trembling, Chanon called softly through the little window, "Robber! I'll kill you. You're ruining the seeds."

"I'm mixing it all up," Shloimke yelled. "You won't be able to tell the difference."

Well, thought Chanon, a child is a child. A painful elation shot through him. He tried to calm himself. After all, two sacks are two sacks. Maybe now there'll be a profit. What can one do?

After ten minutes Shloimke was shouting through the little window, "All done, Papa!"

"Well mixed?"

"Absolutely!"

A sweating Shloimke crawled out. His cheeks, usually pale and thin, were red, and his eyes sparkled. His whole young body showed his pride in having been trusted by his father to do the job. Taking a few seeds from his pocket, he showed them to Chanon. "Good?" he asked with satisfaction.

The devil take him, Chanon thought. He's good. That murderer--doesn't trust anyone, even takes away the key. He's a thief himself.

Shloimke looked at his father in bewilderment, unable to understand what disturbed him. "Well," he said, will you have money for the rebbe tomorrow?"

"Naturally, my son," his father answered with assurance, "I'm giving you five rubles tomorrow."

And the next day Shloimke flew to cheder with a new five-ruble note in his pocket. The teacher pinched him on the cheek and called him a good boy. In his happiness Shloimke wanted to tell him about his great accomplishment. But he remembered that his father had warned him for the love of God not to tell anyone.

So Shloimke sat himself down to learn God's Torah, holding yesterday's secret deep in his young heart, where it pressed to be let out.

But how differently the secret pressed on his father, Chanon.

VALUE --- HONESTY

A 15 Minutes: Each Student Reads Silently to Himself.

B Students' Opinions and Comments.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- For the Jew, Business is Not Divorced from Religion.

I For the Jew, Business is Not Divorced from Religion.

a) There is a common saying— "Business is business." What this usually means is that a dual standard of ethics is employed in one's life. In the Temple he may believe that "Honesty is the Best Policy" and "Love Your Neighbor as Yourself," but back in the business world his mottos are "if I don't hook him, someone else will" and "if I'm too soft with my customers, they'll take advantage of me and I'll lose business."

Do you feel that such a dual standard of living is acceptable to Judaism?
Would you practice such a double standard yourself?

1- The Jewish Religion is intended to influence and permeate every aspect of life. Every aspect of living is related to Judaism. A man must be whole and not divided in his approach to life. Two sets of ethical standards are not compatible with Judaism.

b) On page 240 , we read— "That murderer—doesn't trust anyone, even takes away the key. He's a thief himself."
Is Chanon justified in saying this?

i- He gave Levine the key himself.

ii- He is just trying to rationalize his own dishonesty. By calling another man a thief, it is easier to deal dishonestly with him.

c) In what way did Chanon's action affect his son?

i- Shloimke took pride in his ability to do a good job of deception. "I'm fixing it all up" Shloimkeyelled, "You won't be able to tell the difference." (p. 240)
In this manner the deeds of dishonesty and deception were planted in Shloimke's breast. His moral growth was stunted at this point.

In our day, a child, hearing his father speak about "putting one over on the boss" or "making a fast buck" gets the idea that in business one must resort to unwholesome means in order to earn a living.

d) Is it necessary to take something in order to steal?

Stealing may also be done by:

i- Knowingly giving a customer inferior merchandise without him being aware of it.

ii- Witholding information from a client in order to make more money— e.g. selling a bad used car which on the outside looks good.
"If a person has any commodity to sell, he is forbidden to stimulate its appearance to make it seem better that it really is, like giving an animal bran-water to make its belly swell up and its hair to stand erect, thus looking fat and healthy. It is also forbidden to put a coat of paint over old utensils, so that they may seem new. All similar devices are forbidden." (Code of Jewish Law- Gansfried-Goldin. Vol. 2, p. 36, #4)

iii- False advertising--e.g. - "Gigantic Half- Price Sale. Everything Must Go." The prices are first pushed up 50% and then cut in half. The customer however is not aware of this and is deceived by the price tag.

iv- Claiming properties for a product when these properties don't really exist--e.g. - Advertisements for tooth pastes, soft drinks and cigarettes.

v- The deceptive use of statistics.
e.g.- "Two out of three Americans prefer brand "X" How many Americans were asked what they prefer? If 100 were asked and 64 of these favored brand "X", this means nothing, since there are almost 200 million Americans in the United States. Also, this figure may have been determined in one part of the country only, whereas in another section only 20% might prefer brand "X". An honest sample must be taken to be reasonably accurate.

c) Is it necessary to lie in order to be dishonest?

Dishonesty in Business may be practiced by:

i- Psychological Techniques.
e.g. - In many large Super-Markets, music is softly played in order to put the customer more in the mood for buying. Then every few minutes, a voice comes over the loud speaker-- "Don't forget to pick up a package of delicious Yummy Cookies". The customer may not even consciously hear this, yet when he passes the cookie section, he says to himself- "Hmmm, I think I'll try a package of Yummy cookies.
e.g. - Another way of selling merchandise is through the use of color. "You have to have a carton that attracts and hypnotizes this woman, like waving a flashlight in front of her eyes."
(Gerald Stahl, Executive Vice-President, Package Designers Council.)

ii- Getting a gullible or uneducated person to sign some kind of contract without explaining all the details and making him aware of what is in fine print.
"Just as deception is forbidden in buying and selling, so is it forbidden in hiring, in working on contract, and in money changing."
(Code of Jewish Law- Vol. 2, p. 36, #2)

The author has seen cases where door-to-door salesmen select only poor districts to sell in. Such a salesman once told the author—
"A wealthy man is wealthy because he understands business and knows what the score is. But a poor man, especially if he's not educated, doesn't know how to hang on to his money. That's why he's poor. It's easy to sell to him. His sales resistence is weak."
"We must take extreme care not to deceive one another. If anyone deceives his neighbor, whether a seller deceives the buyer, or a buyer deceives the seller, he transgresses a prohibitory law. For it is written (Livitious 25:14): 'And if thou sell ought to thy neighbor, or buy of thy neighbor's hand, ye shall not wrong one another.' According to our Sages (Shabbat 31a), this is the first question that a man is asked when brought before the Heavenly Court: 'Hast thou been dealing honestly?'"
(Code of Jewish Law. Vol. 2, p. 36, #1)

f) How would you interpret the last 2 lines of the story?

i- For Shloimke, the act of mixing seeds attested to his thoroughness.

ii- For Chanon, it attested to his dishonesty. For this he was conscience stricken. Perhaps he had in mind a prayer from the middle ages which a man would say when he first opened his store in the morning:
"In order to unite Heaven above and the Holy Spirit on Earth, I hearby open my store... May my work be honest, may my scales be clean, and may I bring honor and glory to your name by what I do here."
(Jewish Heritage, Summer/62 p. 22)

Or perhaps the law concerning the mixing of good and bad produce came to his mind.
"It is likewise forbidden to mix a little bad fruit, and to sell the whole as of superior quality, or to mix poor liquor with a superior grade. However, if the taste of the liquor thus mixed can easily be recognized, the mixing is permissible, because the puchaser will detect it and not be deceived by it."
(Code of Jewish Law- Vol. 2, p. 36, #5)

g) Is it possible to practice a high standard of Jewish ethics in business and still do well?

i- To a large extent the answer to this question depends on how great a man's needs are. If he wants to provide for his family the necessities of life plus a few small luxuries, then it is easier for him than for the man whose desire for material possessions is unlimited. If a man can be materially speaking, satisfied with little, his ethical conduct stands a better chance of being on a high level.
"One should desire only those things which are actually needed for a healthy existence, and without which it is impossible to live, as it is written (Proverbs 13:25): 'The righteous eateth to satisfy his desire.'"
(Code of Jewish Law- Vol. 1, p. 91, #2)

ii- This will also be determined by the extent to which a man is willing to go in sacrifising money for ethical principles when the occassion arises. A positive moral and ethical upbringing will greatly determine a man's actions when confronted with difficul business decisions.

COMMENTS

a) What are some ways in which we rationalize our own dishonesty?

i- In a restaurant, after receiving too much change on paying the bill, we often pocket the money and say to ourselves- "They won't miss it anyways" or "I need it more than they do" or "They charge too much anyways."

b) In the use of psychological techniques, the question is-
Does Man Exist to be Manipulated?

i- "In this beckoning field of impulse buying psychologists have teamed up with merchandising experts to persuade the wife to buy products she may not particularly need or even want until she happens to see them invitingly presented. The 60,000,000 American women who go into supermarkets every week are getting 'help' in their purchases and 'spiurchases' from psychologists and psychiatrists hired by the food merchandisers. On May 18, 1956, The New York Times printed a remarkable interview with a young man named Gerald Stahl, executive vice-president of the Package Designers Council. He stated: 'Psychiatrists say that people have so much to choose from that they want help- they will like the package that hypnotizes them into picking it.' He urged food packers to put more hypnosis into their package designing, so that the housewife will stick out her hand for it rather than one of many rivals.

Mr. Stahl has found that it takes the average woman exactly twenty seconds to cover an aisle in a supermarket if she doesn't tarry; so a good package design should hypnotize the woman like a flashlight waved in front of her eyes. Some colors such as red and yellow are helpful in creating hypnotic effects. Just putting the name and maker of the product on the box is old-fashioned and, he says, has absolutely no effect on the mid-century woman. She can't read anything, really, until she has picked up the box in her hands. To get the woman to reach and get the package in her hands designers, he explained, are now using 'symbols that have a dreamlike quality;' To cite example of dreamlike quality, he mentioned the mouth-watering frosted cakes that decorate the packages of cake mixes, sizzling steaks, mushrooms frying in butter. The idea is to sell the sizzle rather than the meat. Such illusions take the woman's imagination [illegible] to the end product. By 1956 package designers

had even produced a box that, when the entranced shopper picked it up and began fingering it, would give a soft sales talk, or stress the brand name. The talk is on a strip that starts broadcasting when a shopper's finger rubs it."
(The Hidden Persuaders- Vance Packard. pp. 92-93)

ii- "Perhaps the most uncomfortable aspect of the situation for the scientists was stated by an ad executive writing under a pseudonym for The Nation. He said: 'Social scientists in the past have paid attention to the irrational patterns of human behavior because they wish to locate their social origins and thus be able to suggest changes that would result in more rational conduct. They now study irrationality- and other aspects of human behavior--to gather data that may be used by salesmen to manipulate consumers.'"
(ibid. p. 223)

iii- "It is no solution to suggest we should all defend ourselves against the depth manipulators by becoming carefully rational in all our acts. Such a course not only is visionary but unattractive. It would be a dreary world if we all had to be rational, right-thinking, nonneurotic people all the time, even though we may hope we are making general gains in that direction.
At times it is pleasanter or easier to be nonlogical. But I prefer being nonlogical by my own free will and impulse rather than to find myself manipulated into such acts.
The most serious offense many of the depth manipulators commit, it seems to me, is that they try to invade the privacy of our minds. It is this right to privacy in our minds--privacy to be either rational or irrational--that I believe we must strive to protect."
(ibid. p. 228)

iv- Manipulation implies a disrespect for human personality and individuality.

c) Other Unethical Business Practices.

i- Income Tax Evasion.

ii- Swindle sheet— This involves padding one's expense account. Many persons who work for companies or organizations are given an expense account. It is easy to add items to this account which are never bought and thereby collect the the money for them. One can also for example, put down $5.00 for a meal which only cost $3.00.

iii- Selling Business Secrets— This involves one competing company buying secret formulae by bribing an employee of another company. Later, two identical products come out on the market, only one is under a different label. Some firms now hire detectives in order to try and stop this.

iv- Medical Kick-Back Fees— when one doctor receives money from another doctor for having referred a patient to him.
This also works with drug-stores. A doctor may say to a patient— "If you go to John Doe's Drug Store, he'll be sure to have what you need. Otherwise you might have to look all over town to get it."

v- Advertising— Among many dishonest practices here, one is distributing samples of cigarettes to doctors and then claiming in advertisements that "Nine out of 10 doctors use "X" Brand of cigarettes.

vi- Doctors and Dentists who require their patients to come back for more visits than are really necessary.

vii- In the field of repairs— e.g. television or automobiles. A technician may take advantage of the layman's ignorance and find things wrong which are really fine.— e.g.- replacing a picture tube in a television set when all that is needed is a bit of solder or adjustment of a loose wire.

viii- Purchasing agents taking bribes from supplies. e.g.- a large company has a man who does all their buying. There are many suppliers for the same product. (e.g.- vacuum cleaners). He decides to purchase brand "X" because the supplier of "X" offers him a nice sum of money on the side.

ix- Business men bribing government officials in order to obtain special privileges.

d) Ethical Business Practices.

i- Pensions for employees.

ii- Welfare funds to help employees in emergencies.

iii- Medical benefits for employees.

iv- Bonuses - for a job well done.

v- Prophit sharing- Employees receive a percentage of the companies prophits, either in the form of cash or in shares in the company.

Biblical, Rabbinic and Other References to Honesty.

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period, each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- "Neither should a person be too much absorbed in his business, but only sufficiently to obtain things that are required for his current necessities, as it is written (Psalms 37:16): 'Better is the little that the righteous hath.' Neither should one be tight-fisted or extravagant, but should give charity according to one's means and lend liberally to the needy."
(Code of Jewish Law-Gansfried-Goldin. Vol. I, p. 92, #2)

b- "We must neither be frivolous and jesting nor morose and gloomy, but rather happy. Thus said our Rabbis, of blessed memory (Abot 3:17): 'Jesting and levity lead a man of lewdness.' We must also shun avarice, that unbounded greed for wealth, nor be dejected and idle; but we must learn to look with a friendly eye upon the happiness of others, to be less occupied with business affairs, and devote some of our time to the study of the Torah, and to be content with that little which has been allotted to us; as our sages said (Abot 4:28): 'Envy, lust and ambition shorten a man's life.' Therefore, a man must shun these vices."
(Ibid. Vol. I, p. 93, #6)

c- "It is forbidden to demand payment from the borrower, knowing that he is unable to pay. It is forbidden even to confront him lest he be put to shame. Concerning this, it is written (Exodus 22:24): 'Thou shalt not be unto him as a creditor.'"
(Ibid. Vol. 4, p. 63, #4)

d-"Just as the lender is forbidden to oppress the borrower, so is the latter forbidden to withhold his neighbor's money, telling him to come later, when he has no money, as it is written (Proverbs 3:28): 'Say not to thy brother, 'go, and come again.'"
(Ibid. Vol. 4, p. 63, #3)

e- "A borrower is forbidden to spend the borrowed money unnecessarily, lest it be lost and the lender will be unable to collect it. It is improper even if the lender be very wealthy."

(Code of Jewish Law- Ganzfried-Goldin. Vol. 4, p. 63, #6)

f- "The Sabbatical (seventh) year (shemitah) cancels every loan, whether it is oral, or on a note, or even on a mortgage."

(Ibid. Vol. 4, p. 65, #2)

There are many laws relating to this which prevent a man from taking unfair advantage of this dictum.

g- "Let your neighbors property be as dear to you as your own."

(Abot 2:17)

h- "It is the custom of merchants to display their worst merchandise first."

(Tanhuma Shelah, 6)

i- "He performed no evil against his fellow" (Psalm 15:3) 'namely he began no competitive enterprise or trade where there was no demand for it.'"

(Makkot, 24)

j- Conspiracies Regarding Trade

"R. Zeira would curse those who prevailed to seek an article for which they knew others were looking, so that the would-be purchasers would be forced to pay a high price. He also cursed those who conspired with the merchants to raise the price of articles which they knew a bona-fide purchaser was seeking.

R. Abba b. Abba would sell his produce early in the season, thereby establishing a low price.

His son, Samuel, wished to improve upon his father's procedure. He would, therefore, keep his produce until prices were higher, and then he would sell at the season's lowest price.

They sent word from Palestine: 'We prefer the father's action to the son's. The father established a low price at the very beginning, but the son's action did not serve to lessen the price of the produce, since a higher price had already been established."

(Baba Batra, 90. Y. Qidushin, 3)

Kid

k- "When experience showed that the pagan neighbors of the Jews never returned anything which they had found, belonging to a Jew, it was decided in law that a Jew might keep the possession of an idolator which he had found. Some Rabbis, however, decreed that it glorified God's Name to return things found in this way.

Simeon ben Shetah bought a donkey. Under its saddle he discovered a pearl, left there by mistake. He returned it to the Arab who then exclaimed: 'Blessed be the God of Israel.' The Rabbi's Disciples inquired why he had not kept that which he had found, in accordance with the law. The Rabbi answered: 'Am I then a barbarian? His blessing is woth more to me than all the money the pearl might have brought.'"

(Y. Baba Metzia, 2.)

l- "'...If thou doest what is right in God's sight' (Ex. XV, 26). That is, what is right in business, or in buying and selling. And hence you may learn that he who conducts business, and buys and sells, in truth and fidelity, and in whom the mind of man finds pleasure, is regarded as if he had fulfilled the whole Law."

(Mel., Wayassa, Beshalla.)

m- Jewish Business Man's Prayer

"In order to unite Heaven above and the Holy Spirit on Earth, I hearby open my store. ...May my work be honest, may my scales be clean, and may I bring honour and glory to Your Name by what I do here."

(Jewish Heritage, Summer 62. p. 25)

TAKE PITY

by Bernard Malamud

From Breakthrough-
A Treasury of Contemporary American-Jewish Literature; Edited by I. Malin & I. Stark, pp. 87-94.

Davidov, The Census-Taker, opened the door without knocking, limped into the room and sat wearily down. Out came his notebook and he was on the job. Rosen, the ex-coffee salesman, wasted, eyes despairing, sat motionless, cross-legged, on his cot. The square, clean but cold room, lit by a dim globe, was sparsely furnished: the cot, a folding chair, small table, old unpainted chests--no closets but who needed them?--and a small sink with a rough piece of green, institutional soap on its holder--you could smell it across the room. The worn black shade over the single narrow window was drawn to the ledge, surprising Davidov.

"What's the matter you don't pull the shade up?" he remarked.

Rosen ultimately sighed. "Let it stay."

"Why? Outside is light."

"Who needs light?"

"What then you need?"

"Light I don't need," replied Rosen.

Davidov, sour-faced, flipped through the closely scrawled pages of his notebook until he found a clean one. He attempted to scratch in a word with his fountain pen but it had run dry, so he fished a pencil stub out of his vest pocket and sharpened it with a cracked razor blade. Rosen paid no attention to the feathery shavings falling to the floor. He looked restless, seemed to be listening to or for something, although Davidov was convinced there was absolutely nothing to listen to. It was only when the census-taker somewhat irritably and with increasing loudness repeated a question, that Rosen stirred and identified himself. He was about to furnish an address but caught himself and shrugged.

Davidov did not comment on the salesman's gesture. "So begin," he nodded.

"Who knows where to begin?" Rosen stared at the drawn shade. "Do they know here where to begin?"

"Philosophy we are not interested," said Davidov. "Start in how you met her."

"Who?" pretended Rosen.

"Her," he snapped.

"So if I got to begin, how you know about her already?" Rosen asked triumphantly.

Davidov spoke wearily, "You mentioned before."

Rosen remembered. They had questioned him upon his arrival and he now recalled blurting out her name. It was perhaps something in the air. It did not permit you to retain what you remembered. That was part of the cure, if you wanted a cure.

"Where I met her--?" Rosen murmured. "I met her where she always was--in the back room there in that hole in the wall that it was a waste of time for me I went there. Maybe I sold them a half a bag of coffee a month. This is not business."

"In business we are not interested."

"What then you are interested?" Rosen mimicked Davidov's

tone.

Davidov clammed up coldly.

Rosen knew they had him where it hurt, so he went on: "The husband was maybe forty, Axel Kalish, a Polish refugee. He worked like a blind horse when he got to America, and saved maybe two--three thousand dollars that he bought with the money this pisher grocery in a dead neighborhood where he didn't have a chance. He called my company up for credit and they sent me I should see. I recommended okay because I felt sorry. He had a wife, Eva, you know already about her, and two darling girls, one five and one three, little dolls, Fega and Surale, that I didn't want them to suffer. So right away I told him, without tricks, 'Kiddo, this is a mistake. This place is a grave. Here they will bury you if you don't get out quick!'"

Rosen sighed deeply.

"So?" Davidov had thus far written nothing, irking the ex-salesman.

"So?--Nothing. He didn't get out. After a couple months he tried to sell but nobody bought, so he stayed and starved. They never made expenses. Every day they got poorer you couldn't look in their faces. 'Don't be a damn fool,' I told him, 'go in bankruptcy.' But he couldn't stand to lose all his capital, and he was also afraid it would be hard to find a job. 'My God,' I said, 'do anything. Be a painter, a janitor, a junk man, but get out of here before everybody is a skeleton.'

"This he finally agreed with me, but before he could go in auction he dropped dead."

Davidov made a note. "How did he die?"

"On this I am not an expert," Rosen replied. "You know better than me."

"How did he die?" Davidov spoke impatiently. "Say in one word."

"From what he died?--he died, that's all."

"Answer, please, this question."

"Broke in him something. That's how."

"Broke what?"

"Broke what breaks. He was talking to me how bitter was his life, and he touched me on my sleeve to say something else, but the next minute his face got small and he fell down dead, the wife screaming, the little girls crying that it made in my heart pain. I am myself a sick man and when I saw him laying on the floor, I said to myself, 'Rosen, say goodbye, this guy is finished.' So I said it."

Rosen got up from the cot and strayed despondently around the room, avoiding the window. Davidov was occupying the only chair, so the ex-salesman was finally forced to sit on the edge of the bed again. This irritated him. He badly wanted a cigarette but disliked asking for one.

Davidov permitted him a short interval of silence, then leafed impatiently through his notebook. Rosen, to needle the census-taker, said nothing.

"So what happened?" Davidov finally demanded.

Rosen spoke with ashes in his mouth. "After the funeral--" he paused, tried to wet his lips, then went on, "He belonged to a society that they buried him, and he also left a thousand dollars insurance, but after the funeral I said to her, 'Eva, listen to me. Take the money and your children and run away from here. Let the creditors take the store. What will they get?--Nothing.'

"But she answered me, 'Where will I go, where, with my two orphans that their father left them to starve?'

"'Go anywhere,' I said. 'Go to your relatives.'

"She laughed like laughs somebody who hasn't got no joy. 'My relatives Hitler took away from me.'

"'What about Axel--surely an uncle somewheres?'

"'Nobody,' she said. 'I will stay here like my Axel wanted. With the insurance I will buy new stock and fix up the store. Every week I will decorate the window, and in this way gradually will come in new customers--'

"'Eva, my darling girl--'

"'A millionaire I don't expect to be. All I want is I should make a little living and take care of my girls. We will live in the back here like before, and in this way I can work and watch them, too.'

"'Eva,' I said, 'you are a nice-looking young woman, only thirty eight years. Don't throw away your life here. Don't flush in the toilet--you should excuse me--the thousand poor dollars from your dead husband. Believe me, I know from such stores. After thirty-five years' experience I know a graveyard when I smell it. Go better some place and find a job. You're young yet. Sometime you will meet somebody and get married.'

"'No, Rosen, not me,' she said. 'With marriage I am finished. Nobody wants a poor widow with two children.'

"'This I don't believe it.'

"'I know,' she said.

"Never in my life I saw so bitter a woman's face.

"'No,' I said. 'No.'

"'Yes, Rosen, yes. In my whole life I never had anything. In my whole life I always suffered. I don't expect better. This is my life.'

"I said no and she said yes. What could I do? I am a man with only one kidney, and worse than that, that I won't mention it. When I talked she didn't listen, so I stopped to talk. Who can argue with a widow?"

The ex-salesman glanced up at Davidov but the census-taker did not reply. "What happened then?" he asked.

"What happened?" mocked Rosen. "Happened what happens."

Davidov's face grew red.

"What happened, happened," Rosen said hastily. "She ordered from the wholesalers all kinds goods that she paid for them cash. All week she opened boxes and packed on the shelves cans, jars, packages. Also she cleaned, and she washed, and she mopped with oil the floor. With tissue paper she made new decorations in the window, everything should

look nice--but who came in? Nobody except a few poor customers from the tenement around the corner. And when they came? When was closed the supermarkets and they needed some little item that they forgot to buy, like a quart milk, fifteen cents' cheese, a small can sardines for lunch. In a few months was again dusty the cans on the shelves, and her thousand was gone. Credit she couldn't get except from me, and from me she got because I paid out of my pocket the company. This she didn't know. She worked, she dressed clean, she waited that the store should get better. Little by little the shelves got empty, but where was the profit? They ate it up. When I looked on the little girls I knew what she didn't tell me. Their faces were white, they were thin, they were hungry. She kept the little food that was left, on the shelves. One night I brought in a nice piece sirloin, but I could see from her eyes that she didn't like that I did it. So what else could I do? I have a heart and I am human.

Here the ex-salesman wept.

Davidov pretended not to see though once he peeked.

Rosen blew his nose, then went on more calmly, "When the children were sleeping we sat in the dark there, in the back, and not once in four hours opened the door should come in a customer. 'Eva, for Godsakes, run away,' I said.

"'I have no place to go,' she said.

"'I will give you where you can go, and please don't say to me no. I am a bachelor, this you know. I got whatever I need and more besides. Let me help you and the children. Money don't interest me. Interests me good health, but I can't buy it. I'll tell you what I will do. Let this place go to the creditors and move into a two-family house that I own, which the top floor is now empty. Rent will cost you nothing. In the meantime you can go and find a job. I will also pay the downstairs lady to take care of the girls--God bless them--until you will come home. With your wages you will buy the food, if you need clothes, and also save a little. This you can use when you get married someday. What do you say?'

"She didn't answer me. She only looked on me in such a way, with such burning eyes, like I was small and ugly. For the first time I thought to myself, 'Rosen, this woman don't like you.'

"'Thank you very kindly, my friend Mr. Rosen,' she answered me, 'but charity we are not needing. I got yet a paying business, and it will get better when times are better. Now is bad times. When comes again good times will get better the business.'

"'Who charity?' I cried to her. 'What charity? Speaks to you your husband's a friend.'

"'Mr. Rosen, my husband didn't have no friends.'

"'Can't you see that I want to help the children?'

"'The children have their mother.'

"'Eva, what's the matter with you?' I said. 'Why do you make sound bad something that I mean it should be good?'

"This she didn't answer. I felt sick in my stomach, and was coming also a headache so I left.

"All night I didn't sleep and then all of a sudden I figured out a reason why she was worried. She was worried I would ask for some kind payment except cash. She got the wrong man. Anyway, this made me think of something that I didn't think about before. I thought now to ask her to marry me. What did she have to lose? I could take care of myself without any trouble to them. Fega and Surale would have a father he could give them for the movies, or sometime to buy a little doll to play with, and when I died, would go to them my investments and insurance policies.

"The next day I spoke to her.

"'For myself, Eva, I don't want a thing. Absolutely not a thing. For you and your girls--everything. I am not a strong man, Eva. In fact, I am sick. I tell you this you should understand I don't expect to live long. But even for a few years would be nice to have a little family.'

"She was with her back to me and didn't speak.

"When she turned around again her face was white butthe mouth was like iron.

"'No, Mr. Rosen.'

"'Why not, tell me?'

"'I had enough with sick men.' She began to cry. 'Please, Mr Rosen. Go home.'

"I didn't have strength I should argue withher, so I went home. I went home but hurt me my mind. All day long and all night I felt bad. My back pained me where was missing my kidney. Also too much smoking. I tried to understand this woman but I couldn't. Why should somebody that her two children were starving always say no to a man that he wanted to help her? What did I do to her bad? Am I maybe a murderer she should hate me so much? All that I felt in my heart was pity for her and the children, but I couldn't convince her. Then I went back and begged her she should let me help them, and once more she told me no.

"'Eva,' I said, 'I don't blame you that you don't want a sick man. So come with me to a marriage broker and we will find you a strong, healthy husband that he will support you and your girls. I will give the dowry.'

"She screamed, 'On this I don't need your help, Rosen!'

"I didn't say no more. What more could I say? All day long, from early in the morning till late in the night she worked like an animal. All day she mopped, she washed with soap and a brush the shelves, the few cans she polished, but the store was still rotten. The little girls I was afraid to look at. I could see in their faces their bones. They were tired, they were weak. Little Surale held with her hand all the time the dress of Fega. Once when I saw them in the street I gave them some cakes, but when I tried the next day to give them something else, the mother shouldn't know, Fega answered me, 'We can't take, Momma says today is a fast day.'

"I went inside. I made my voice soft. 'Eva, on my bended

knee, I am a man with nothing in this world. Allow me that I should have a little pleasure before I die. Allow me that I should help you to stock up once more the store.'

"So what did she do? She cried, it was terrible to see. And after she cried, what did she say? She told me to go away and I shouldn't come back. I felt like to pick up a chair and break her head.

"In my house I was too weak to eat. For two days I took in my mouth nothing except maybe a spoon of chicken noodle soup, or maybe a glass tea without sugar. This wasn't good for me. My health felt bad.

"Then I made up a scheme that I was a friend of Axel's who lived in Jersey. I said I owed Axel seven hundred dollars that he lent me this money fifteen years ago, before he got married. I said I did not have the whole money now, but I would send her every week twenty dollars till it was paid up the debt. I put inside the letter two tens and gave it to a friend of mine, also a salesman, he should mail it in Newark so she would not be suspicious who wrote the letters."

To Rosen's surprise Davidov had stopped writing. The book was full, so he tossed it onto the table, yawned, but listened amiably. His curiosity had died.

Rosen got up and fingered the notebook. He tried to read the small distorted handwriting but could not make out a single word.

"It's not English and it's not Yiddish," he said. "Could it be in Hebrew?"

"No," answered Davidov. "It's an old-fashioned language that they don't use it nowadays."

"Oh?" Rosen returned to the cot. He saw no purpose to going on now that it was not required, but he felt he had to.

"Came back all the letters," he said dully. "The first she opened it, then pasted back again the envelope, but the rest she didn't even open."

"'Here,' I said to myself, 'is a very strange thing--a person that you can never give her anything.--<u>But I will give</u>.'

"I went then to my lawyer and we made out a will that everything I had--all my investments, my two houses that I owned, also furniture, my car, the checking account--every cent would go to her, and when she died, the rest would be left for the two girls. The same with my insurance. They would be my beneficiaries. Then I signed and went home. In the kitchen I turned on the gas and put my head in the stove.

"Let her say now no."

Davidov, scratching his stubbled cheek, nodded. This was the part he already knew. He got up and before Rosen could cry no, idly raised the window shade.

It was twilight in space but a woman stood before the window.

Rosen with a bound was off his cot to see.

It was Eva, staring at him with haunted, beseeching eyes. She raised her arms to him.

Infuriated, the ex-salesman shook his fist.

"Whore, bastard, bitch," he shouted at her, "Go 'way from here. Go home to your children."

Davidov made no move to hinder him as Rosen rammed down the window shade.

IF NOT HIGHER

by I.L. Peretz

From A Treasury of Yiddish Stories-
Edited and selected by I. Howe & E. Greenberg.
pp. 231-233.

Early every Friday morning, at the time of the Penitential Prayers, the Rabbi of Nemirov would vanish.

He was nowhere to be seen--neither in the synagogue nor in the two Houses of Study nor at a minyan. And he was certainly not at home. His door stood open; whoever wished could go in and out; no one would steal from the rabbi. But not a living creature was within.

Where could the rabbi be? Where should he be? In heaven, no doubt. A rabbi has plenty of business to take care of just before the Days of Awe. Jews, God bless them, need livelihood, peace, health, and good matches. They want to be pious and good, but our sins are so great, and Satan of the thousand eyes watches the whole earth from one end to the other. What he sees he reports; he denounces, informs. Who can help us if not the rabbi!

That's what the people thought.

But once a Litvak came, and he laughed. You know the Litvaks. They think little of the Holy Books but stuff themselves with Talmud and law. So this Litvak points to a passage in the Gemarah--it sticks in your eyes--where it is written that even Moses, our Teacher, did not ascend to heaven during his lifetime but remained suspended two and a half feet below. Go argue with a Litvak!

So where can the rabbi be?

"That's not my business," said the Litvak, shrugging. Yet all the while--what a Litvak can do!--he is scheming to find out.

That same night, right after the evening prayers, the Litvak steals into the rabbi's room, slides under the rabbi's bed, and waits. He'll watch all night and discover where the rabbi vanishes and what he does during the Penitential Prayers.

Someone else might have got drowsy and fallen asleep, but a Litvak is never at a loss; he recites a whole tractate of the Talmud by heart.

At dawn he hears the call to prayers.

The rabbi has already been awake for a long time. The Litvak has heard him groaning for a whole hour.

Whoever has heard the Rabbi of Nemirov groan knows how much sorrow for all Israel, how much suffering, lies in each groan. A man's heart might break, hearing it. But a Litvak is made of iron; he listens and remains where he is. The rabbi, long life to him, lies on the bed, and the Litvak under the bed.

Then the Litvak hears the beds in the house begin to creak; he hears people jumping out of their beds, mumbling a few Jewish words, pouring water on their fingernails, banging doors. Everyone has left. It is again quiet and dark; a bit of light from the moon shines through the shutters.

(Afterward the Litvak admitted that when he found himself alone with the rabbi a great fear took hold of him. Goose pimples spread across his skin, and the roots of

his earlocks pricked him like needles. A trifle: to be along with the rabbi at the time of the Penitential Prayers! But a Litvak is stubborn. So he quivered like a fish in water and remained where he was.)

Finally the rabbi, long life to him, arises. First he does what befits a Jew. Then he goes to the clothes closet and takes out a bundle of peasant clothes: linen trousers, high boots, a coat, a big felt hat, and a long wide leather belt studded with brass nails. The rabbi gets dressed. From his coat pocket dangles the end of a heavy peasant rope.

The rabbi goes out, and the Litvak follows him.

On the way the rabbi stops in the kitchen, bends down, takes an ax from under the bed, puts it in his belt, and leaves the house. The Litvak trembles but continues to follow.

The hushed dread of the Days of Awe hangs over the dark streets. Every once in a while a cry rises from some minyan reciting the Penitential Prayers, or from a sickbed. The rabbi hugs the sides of the streets, keeping to the shade of the houses. He glides from house to house, and the Litvak after him. The Litvak hears the sound of his heartbeats mingling with the sound of the rabbi's heavy steps. But he keeps on going and follows the rabbi to the outskirts of the town.

A small wood stands behind the town.

The rabbi, long life to him, enters the wood. He takes thirty or forty steps and stops by a small tree. The Litvak, overcome with amazement, watches the rabbi take the ax out of his belt and strike the tree. He hears the tree creak and fall. The rabbi chops the tree into logs and the logs into sticks. Then he makes a bundle of the wood and ties it with the rope in his pocket. He puts the bundle of wood on his back, shoves the ax back into his belt, and returns to the town.

He stops at a back street beside a small broken-down shack and knocks at the window.

"Who is there?" asks a frightened voice. The Litvak recognizes it as the voice of a sick Jewish woman.

"I" answers the rabbi in the accent of a peasant.

"Who is I?"

Again the Rabbi answers in Russian. "Vassil."

"Who is Vassil, and what do you want?"

"I have wood to sell, very cheap." And, not waiting for the woman's reply, he goes into the house.

The Litvak steals in after him. In the gray light of early morning he sees a poor room with broken, miserable furnishings. A sick woman, wrapped in rags, lies on the bed. She complains bitterly, "Buy? How can I buy? Where will a poor widow get money?"

"I'll lend it to you," answers the supposed Vassil. "It's only six cents."

"And how will I ever pay you back?" said the poor woman.

groaning.

"Foolish one," says the rabbi reproachfully. "See, you are a poor sick Jew, and I am ready to trust you with a little wood. I am sure you'll pay. While you, you have such a great and mighty God and you don't trust him for six cents."

"And who will kindle the fire?" said the widow. "Have I the strength to get up? My son is at work."

"I'll kindle the fire," answers the rabbi.

As the rabbi put the wood into the oven he recited, in a groan, the first portion of the Penitential Prayers.

As he kindled the fire and the wood burned brightly, he recited, a bit more joyously, the second portion of the Penitential Prayers. When the fire was set he recited the third portion, and then he shut the stove.

The Litvak who saw all this became a disciple of the rabbi.

And ever after, when another disciple tells how the Rabbi of Nemirov ascends to heaven at the time of the Penitential Prayers, the Litvak does not laugh. He only adds quietly, "If not higher."

VALUE --- CHARITY

Insight to be Emphasized

I Charity as an Essential Aspect of Jewish Living.

a) According to Maimonides there are eight levels of charity. The following are the eight levels in order. Number 1 is the lowest level and number 8 the highest.

1 "To give, but with reluctance or regret. This is the gift of the hand, but not of the heart."

2 "To give cheerfully, but not proportionately to the distress of the sufferer."

3 "To give cheerfully and proportionately, but not until solicited."

4 "To give cheerfully, proportionately, and even unsolicited; but to put it in the poor man's hand, thereby exciting in him the painful emotion of shame."

5 "To give charity in such a way that the distressed may receive the bounty, and know their benefactor, without their being known to him. Such was the conduct of some of our ancestors, who used to tie up money in the corners of their cloaks, so that the poor might take it unperceived."

6 "To know the objects of our bounty, but remain unknown to them. Such was the conduct of those of our ancestors, who used to convey their charitable gifts into poor people's dwellings; taking care that their own persons and names should remain unknown"/

7 "To bestow charity in such a way that the benefactor may not know the relieved persons, nor they the name of their benefactors, as was done by our charitable forefathers during the existence of the Temple. For there was in that holy building a place called the Chamber of the Silent, wherein the good deposited secretly whatever their generous hearts suggested, and from which the poor were maintained with equal secrecy."

8 "To anticipate charity, by preventing poverty, namely, to assist the reduced fellowman, either by a considerable gift, or a loan of money, or by teaching him a trade, or by putting him in the way of business, so that he may earn an honest livelihood; and not be forced to the dreadful alternative of holding out his hand for charity. To this Scripture alludes when it says: And if thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt relive him; yea, though he be a stranger or a sojourner; that he may live with thee."

(Union Prayer Book- Vol. 2, pp. 117-118)

b) Write these eight levels in full on the blackboard in the following order.

5 (1)
2 (2)
1 (3)
8 (4)
3 (5)
6 (6)
4 (7)
7 (8)

Do not include the numbers themselves. The students should have no clue as to the correct order. Place a normal sequence of numbers besides this list. For example number 4, in the above list would on the blackboard be number 7 counting from the top down. Number 1 in the list would be number 3 counting from the top down. The numbers in brackets will indicate more clearly what is meant. It is these numbers in brackets which should appear on the blackboard and no others. The brackets of course may be omitted on the blackboard.

All the above should be done before the class comes in.

When the class is seated, pass out to each person a sheet of paper. Then ask each to in one sentence

write down a definition of the word "Charity" Have each member read aloud his definition. No discussion is necessary at this point. If the teacher wishes to offer a definition, he may wish to consider the following one: "Charity is kindness shown to the needy."

(Jewish Encyclopedia- Vol. 3, p. 667)

c) Explain to the class that according to the great philosopher and codifier, Maimonides, there are eight level of charity. These eight levels are on the blackboard but they are out of order. Ask the students to write on their papers what they consider the correct order to be, from the lowest to the highest level. Allow ten minutes for this. The next 20 minutes or half hour should be devoted to a discussion of what the students have written down. This could be started by asking each student to put his name on the blackboard and then beneath the name his number order. All or part of the class may be asked to do this at the same time. An example of how the blackboard would look with four persons is as follows: (The names are fictional.)

	John	Paula	Linda	Sandy
Highest Level	3	4	8	2
	2	8	1	4
	7	3	6	6
	1	7	4	7
	8	6	3	8
	6	5	1	1
	4	1	2	5
Lowest Level	5	2	7	3

d) After all the number orders are on the blackboard, the teacher may begin the discussion in somewhat the following manner:

Teacher:— "John, I notice that you feel giving charity so that the person needing it will know who gives it, yet the giver will not know to whom it is being given, as the lowest form of charity. Why do you feel this is the lowest form of charity? Why is it lower than number 4, that is, giving cheerfully and unsolicited, yet putting it into the man's hand yourself?

John:— Explains his position.

Teacher:— "Paula, I notice you don't agree with John in which is the lowest level. Could you please explain your reason. Why do you feel number 4 is the highest level?

Various combinations of questions may be used. After the subject of the levels has been thoroughly discussed with full class participation, pass out to each student a copy of Volume 2 of the Union Prayer Book. Ask them to turn to page 117 and check their lists with the correct order according to Maimonides. Ask if any list was in exact agreement with Maimonides or how close each student came. By a show of hands, determine how many agree with Maimonides order.

Note— (If Union Prayer Books are not available, have the list mimeographed for distribution to the class. Let each student keep the list.)

d) On what level would the man be who gives charity because it is deductable from his income tax?

1- This may necessitate a new level, even lower than the lot in Maimonides scheme. This might be called- "The level of giving to charity rather than to the Government." Such a man, if the choice were his, would probably not give at all.

E Each student reads silently to himself either Take Pity or If Not Higher. The amount of time left in the period should determine the choice of stories. Preferably, if time permits, both stories should be read.

C Students' Opinions and Comments.

D On which level do you think Mr. Rosen was in his expression of Charity in Take Pity?
(Each member of the class should indicate the number level according to Maimonides' Scheme.)

5. On which level do you think the Rabbi of Nemirov was in his expression of charity in If Not Higher? (Each member of the class hould indicate the number level according to Maimonide's scheme.)

6. On which level according to Maimonide's scheme is "a" in the Reference section?

Biblical, Rabbinic and Other References to Charity

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period, each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- "When you reap the harvest in your field and overlook a sheaf in the field, do not turn back to get it; it shall go to the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow-in order that the Lord your God may bless you in all your undertakings.
When you shake the fruit from your olive trees, do not go over them again; that shall go to the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow. When you gather the grapes of your vineyard, do not pick it over again; that shall go to the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow. Always remember that you were a slave in the land of Egypt; therefore do I enjoin you to observe this commandment."
(Deuteronomy 24:19-22)

b- "For there will never cease to be needy ones in your land, which is why I command you: open your hand to the poor and needy kinsman in your land."

c- "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor;
Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy."
(Proverbs 31:20)
(Refers to a good wife.)

d- "He commits a crime who imperils his life by refusing to take charity when he is in dire need."
(Yer. Peah viii, 21 b)

e- "The poor among one's own relatives and then those in the same town, have the leading claims upon charity."
(B. M. 71a)

f- "He who gives alms in secret is greater than Moses."
(Bab. B. 9b.)

g- "He who gives alms— a blessing is upon him; he who lends is yet better, and he gives a poor man money to trade with, and becomes a partner with him at half profits, is better than either."
(Ab. R.N. XLI, 66a.)

h- "In the Temple itself, as the Talmud points out, there was a box where the rich could deposit their gifts and from which the poor could take them, each unconscious of the identity of the other in order that the poor might not be humiliated."
(Universal Jewish Encyclopedia- Vol. I, p. 214)

i- Some Jewish Charitable and Philanthropic (Social Welfare) Institutions in U.S.
(From the American Jewish Year Book 1964.)

1- American Committee of Overseas Aid (OSE)
"Aims to improve the health of the Jewish people by means of health education and popularization of hygiene; and by implementation of medical and public-health programs among Jews, with particular emphasis on children, youth, and migrants." (p. 367)

2- American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee (JDC)
"Organizes and administer welfare, medical, and rehabilitation programs and services and distributes funds for relief and reconstruction on behalf of needy Jews overseas." (p. 367)

3- American Organization for Rehabilitation Through Training (ORT)
"Trains Jewish men and women in the technical trades and agriculture; organizes and maintains vocational training throughout the world." (p. 367)

4- United Jewish Appeal
"Nationwide fund-raising instrument for American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, United Israel Appeal, and New York Association for New Americans." (p. 368)

5- Commission on Status of Jewish War Orphans in Europe
"Seeks to restore Jewish orphans to their former families and to the Jewish faith and environment." (p. 369)

6- American Council for Judaism Philantropic Fund
"Assists Jewish and non-Jewish refugees through relief, resettlement, and rehabilitation programs in Europe, the Middle East, and the U.S.; supports certain institutions in Israel which do not receive funds from UJA or other major fundraising campaigns." (p. 379)

7- American Medical Center at Denver
"Free, nonsectarian, nationwide medical and treatment center for cancer, tuberculosis, and chest diseases; clinical and basic cancer research." (p. 379)

8- Baron de Hirsch Fund
"Supports the Jewish Agricultural Society and gives grants to other agencies in this field; aids Jewish immigrants to secure an education and employment in trades and agriculture." (p. 379)

9- City of Hope-- A National Medical Center Under Jewish Auspices
"Operates a free national nonsectarian medical center under Jewish auspices for treatment, research, and medical education in major catastrophic diseases including cancer and allied diseases, blood diseases, tuberculosis and chest diseases, and operable heart ailments." (p. 379)

10- National Council of Jewish Women
"Sponsors a program of community social service emphasizing youth needs, services for the aging, and mental health programs; sponsors adult-education programs on public affairs; overseas services include fellowships to educators and social workers from Jewish communites abroad for graduate work in the United States and support to the Hebrew University school of education." (p. 380)

11- B'nai B'rith
"Jewish service organization engaged in educational and philanthropic programs in such fields as youth work, community relations, adult Jewish education, aid to Israel, international affairs, service to veterans, and citizenship and civic projects." (p. 379)

12- American Committee for Boys Town Jerusalem
"Aids in providing a comprehensive program of academic, vocational, and religious training for nearly 500 Israeli teenagers." (p. 381)

13- American-Israeli Lighthouse
"Provides education and rehabilitation for the blind in Israel with the purpose of effecting their social and vocational integration into the seeing community." (p. 382)

14- American Red Magen Dovid for Israel
"Purchases first-aid equipment, supplies, ambulances in support of the Magen David Adom, the Israeli Red Cross." (p. 382)

15- Hadassah, The Women's Zionist Organization fo America
"In America helps interpret Israel to the American people; provides basic Jewish education as a background for intelligent and creative Jewish living in America; carries on a project for American Jewish youth; in Israel supports Hadassha's countrywide medical and public-health system, its child welfare and vocational-education projects; provides maintenance and education for youth newcomers through Youth Aliyah, of which Hadassah is the official American representative; participates in a program of Jewish National Fund land purchase and reclamation." (p. 382)

THE BRIDE

by Sam Wohl

From A Treasury of
American Jewish Stories
Edited by H.U. Ribalow.
pp. 613-625.

Only three people got off the train, a man and two young women. To Mrs. Mayer this seemed a surprisingly small contingent of travelers. Berkeley was not a big town, and most people went on to San Francisco, she supposed; still she hoped that a fourth traveler would appear. It was an unrealistic hope, the kind of wish that little girls make with their eyes closed, and she was ashamed of it. There was no denying that one of the young women was Anna; furthermore, she knew unmistakably which one. The lilting, cherry-lipped blonde in lime-colored linen was already enfolded in the arms of a life-guard type. The other one, heavy and sallow, wearing a brown sack-like dress, her hips uncorseted and her ankles swollen, a cardboard valise in her square hand--how ugly she was!--this one was Anna. Mrs. Mayer turned to her husband and, almost in tears, said, "That must be Anna."

The girl looked at them and waited. There was no one on the quiet platform now but themselves. The sunshine was almost white, and the sky was like milk and water. Dumb with disappointment, Mrs. Mayer stretched out her arms in greeting and hurried across the platform. She embraced the girl, and, inhaling the stale smell of the dark, untidy hair, she hoped Anna would think her speechless because of the poignance of the occasion and not devine her real dismay. Finally, with more drama in her voice than she had intended, Mrs. Mayer said, "Welcome, Anna. Welcome to America. To California. To your new home!"

"Then you are my Aunt Rose?"

Mrs. Mayer was heartened by the sound of her voice. It was low and ladylike, and the German accent, she thought, gave it a certain refinement. "Yes, your Aunt Rose," said Mrs. Mayer, "wearing this terrible old purple dress, just as I said I would. Weren't you able to find a red ribbon, dear?"

Anna blushed. "I did not....I was...." she stammered.

"No matter," said Mrs. Mayer airily. "We found each other, didn't we?" When the girl failed to take up his happy note but blushed even more deeply, Mrs. Mayer groped for her husband's arm and said, "And this is your Uncle Herbert." The short, portly man, his yellow shirt densely tatooed with palm trees and tropical fruit, wiped his hand across the few hairs that were parted above one ear and drawn slick as a ribbon across his head, and smiled as if his wife had just told a richly humorous anecdote, or as if he were the anecdote, the dissemination of which he was delighted to further. With boyish embarrassment he put his arms around Anna and laughed.

"We're mighty glad you could come," he said, "and we hope you'll be happy here." His speech concluded, he withdrew and chuckled. Anna seemed not to share either her aunt's emotionality or her uncle's cheer; beyond the lowering of her eyes and the weakest of smiles she had not indicated that she was <u>really</u> happy to be in the United States, and this reticence, though resembling trepidation more than hauteur, intimidated Mrs. Mayer, who liked people to be affectionate and demonstrative.

"There's so much to talk about," said Mrs. Mayer, "I don't know where to begin. Oh, I can hardly wait to show you things." Hoping she had buried all traces of her disappointment, and that her manufactured enthusiasm would prove contagious, Mrs. Mayer led her niece through the pink stucco station to the Chevrolet convertible parked across the street. Mr. Mayer, still smiling, took Anna's valise from her hand and followed.

As the car pulled away from the curb Mrs. Mayer found a conversational point of departure and asked how the trip was. Anna spoke shyly of some unsettling waves in the Atlantic, a small difficulty in changing trains at Chicago, the kindness of the Traveler's Aid, and retreated into silence. It hardly seemed possible to Mrs. Mayer that a journey from Berlin, Germany to Berkeley, California could be this uneventful. With a slow, spreading sense of desperation Mrs. Mayer began to talk of the rigors of travel; she clung to the subject desperately, threshing about in memory for old experiences to lengthen the text. She was, for the moment, not concerned with awakening a warm response in this dark, cringing girl; she wished only to barricade herself with words against total silence, whose approach, it seemed, she could hear in the distance. Already upon her, however, was a feeling of guilt, and the shape of this guilt was haloed with religious color. Far from being a pious woman, Mrs. Mayer was only casually acquainted with the practices of her religion, and those practices she observed were largely household habits, inherited like family recipes and having no relation in her mind with dogma. But the fact that she was not glad to see a child of her own blood, whom the world had victimized because of that blood, seemed a sin of Biblical connotation--against forefathers and their dead children.

Her husband, shaking an admonitory finger before his narrowed eyes, had warned her. "You're making a mistake, Rose, I'm telling you, you're making a mistake. This is a girl's been in a concentration camp. Not a girl--twenty-six is a woman. You're going to find out she's got a mind of her own. Don't plan. Listen to me--see her first, and <u>then</u> plan." But Mrs. Mayer had planned, endlessly. She had hoarded pity and love in a frenzy of expectation: Anna, like a tender exorcist, would banish the ache of childlessness, would become the daughter that Mrs. Mayer had always wanted. But now Mrs. Mayer wondered how she could have been such a romantic fool. How lovingly she had imagined the beautiful scene of their first meeting! It was to have been heartbreaking.

In 1932 Mrs. Mayer's brother had sent her a picture of himself surrounded by his family. The stout, comfortable sister-in-law with a heavy gold brooch on her bosom had been worked to death, and whether or not she had a grave had proved unascertainable. The son, a boy of six when the picture was taken, two years younger than Anna and with a touch of girlish prettiness in his dark oval face, had died of dysentery.

The father, stern and proud for the photographer, and Anna had survived the years of imprisonment (and brutality, Mrs. Mayer supposed--she and her husband had agreed to avoid this unhappy subject, unless Anna mentioned it first) and had been reunited in Berlin, where each had gone hoping to find not only the other, but also the boy and the mother. In the picture, Mrs. Mayer recalled, Anna was not pretty. She seemed rather plain and dowdy, a state not rare among girls of eight. But now, at twenty-six, she clearly had not outgrown these qualities: they had worsened. Mrs. Mayer knew of many plain children who had blossomed into handsome young people; it was almost axiomatic that they should. One somehow rebelled at the idea that a child without beauty should become an adult without grace--it seemed unjust. To Mrs. Mayer's way of thinking, Anna had been a good and deserving child; she could have come to America a year ago, but she had stayed in Berlin so that her father would not be alone when he died. Regrettably, this goodness was not mirrored in her person. Mrs. Mayer, whose neat figure and delicate color were the envy of her fortyish contemporaries, realized now what a bitter mistake she had made in imagining Anna as a pretty girl, lively and desirable, a girl such as she herself had been. The best part of the lovely plans she had constructed for Anna--the playing at Cupid's assistant, the parties, the announcements, the white wedding--would have to be abandoned. A wave of bitterness and shame swept over Mrs. Mayer as she reflected that Anna would never get married unless she found a man as ugly as herself.

The car proceeded up a busy street that was lined with shops and diagonally parked automobiles. On one side of the street the facades were approximately Tudor in style, on the other was a line of brand-new store fronts, shiny and brilliantly colored, unclassifiable in architectural chronology but reminiscent of a Flash Gordon landscape. Flanked by a pizzeria and a liquor store, on the Tudor side, was Mr. Mayer's "Radio and Television Centre."

"There's our store," said Mrs. Mayer, pointing out the window. When the car drove on and turned up another street, Anna said, "Is that not where you have your home?"

"Oh dear, no," said Mrs. Mayer, brightening with hope that Anna might ask more questions--they could at least be friends. "Did you think you were going to live in the midst of all that hubbub? I should say not, young lady. Just wait till you see our little home." In an access of penitence Mrs. Mayer put her hand on Anna's knee and said, "I hope you like your room. I fixed it all over for you." Anna blushed, and her knee moved slightly under her aunt's fingers. "I am sure that it is beautiful," she said, and stared at her own hands, folded tightly in her lap. Silence, again.

Defeated, Mrs. Mayer sat back and did not even try to talk. It is beautiful, she thought, and in my imagination you were so overcome by its beauty you couldn't speak, and we both burst into tears, but you are <u>incapable</u> of being

overcome by anything. It had been disastrously easy to see the pretty imaginary Anna in this room--sleeping, reading, dressing, holding her aunt's hands and talking breathlessly of a young man's promise, the color of bridesmaids' dresses... But this Anna, this listless, unkempt creature who smashed the old dream in pieces and suggested nothing to replace it, would be an incongruity there. Mrs. Mayer turned her head and, faintly smiling, as though pleased by the sights that moved across the car window, she tried to will back the tears that were stinging her eyes. She wanted to scream at the girl--she knew it was wrong, wrong--seize her by the shoulders and scream, "The room is not meant for you! It's for my daughter! It's for a girl who is going to be a bride!"

The stores and crowds were well behind them now, and the car was passing through a suburban area. The road climbed up and around green flowered hills, and Anna watched the landscape intensely and furtively. They passed a brown English cottage, its gingerbread bulk sinking into the earth under a blanket of ivy; then a creamy hacienda with a red tile roof and palm trees, like flamboyant sentries, guarding its door. As the car swung around a curve, a white colonial structure with circular, parti-colored flower beds on its perfect lawn hove into view and disappeared and was followed by a grey early-modern castle with a tower of chromium and glass bricks. Farther on, they passed a tiny California-modern house, a rectangle of redwood and plate glass, imbedded in the hill like an eye, its surrealistic gaze, fringed with pines and acacias, following the Chevrolet as it crested the hill and dipped into a tunnel of eucalyptus trees.

The car came to a halt before a handsome pale-green bungalow. Large and not belligerently modern, it was a contemporary compromise. The windows were uncommonly spacious and hung with monk's cloth, and the ground in front of the house was a solid expanse of orange nasturtiums. Looking over his shoulder and giving Anna his most affable, pleading smile, Mr. Mayer said, "This is it. Home sweet home."

There was no pleasure for Mrs. Mayer in showing Anna the house. The girl exclaimed over nothing, touched nothing, admired nothing. She mumbled her approval--or what Mrs. Mayer assumed was approval--and awkwardly followed her aunt from one room to another. Finally they reached the back of the house, where Mrs. Mayer opened a door and said, "And this is your room, Anna."

It was a sanctum of romance, a lady's chamber, self-consciously a boudoir. The furniture, all its legs curved and carved, was white, except for a pink satin chaise longue that reclined in one corner. A row of sparkling, whimsical bottles sat on a white chest before a silver mirror. On a low marble-topped pedestal stood a slender crystal vase holding one full-blown rose, dark red and soft as velvet. Waves of white organdy swirled around the bed, the dressing table, the window, lapping gracefully at the smoke-blue carpet. The window

reached from floor to ceiling, and if Anna had stood against it with arms outspread, she could not have spanned its width. Outside the window was a garden, and beyond this, housetops were visible, then the bay, and the fog banks which were moving in slowly toward the hills.

"Do you like it?" said Mrs. Mayer.

"I have never seen such a window," Anna said hesitantly, as though this confession shamed her.

She has only glanced around the room like a frightened animal, thought Mrs. Mayer, she has not seen anything but a big window. Perplexed and despairing, Mrs. Mayer was unable to speak. The room became quiet, and Anna's breathing was suddenly audible. "It must be very strong, the window, to keep out the cold," she said. She sounded as if she might begin to cry.

"It's just an ordinary window," said Mrs. Mayer, realizing with a stab of sympathy that the girl was almost strangling with discomfort. Now or the time to say something that would overthrow the wall that had risen between them. One word, and their feelings would reach out like arms and bring them together. But Mrs. Mayer could not find the magical word, and in her ears her voice was cold and perfunctory, not what she wanted it to be. "It never gets very cold in Berkeley," she said. "Sometimes we turn on the heat at night to take off the chill." Talking of weather and furnaces, as though Anna were a transient and this a hotel room--she had certainly not imagined this, would not have believed that so inane a conversation could be this painful. "Why don't you take a nap before dinner?" said Mrs. Mayer, desperate for escape. "You must be awfully tired."

"Yes, I am a little tired."

"Uncle Herb will bring your things in. I'll wake you about six-thirty." Mrs. Mayer hurried into the living room where her husband was reading a magazine called 1000 Jokes. "Anna's going to rest a while before dinner," she said. "Would you mind taking her things into her room?" she said. When he had gone, Mrs. Mayer dropped into a chair and covered her face with her hands. She squeezed her eyes tightly shut behind her fingers, trying to see her feelings so that she might identify and untangle them.

At dinner Anna seemed more communicative. She was genuinely surprised to learn that just an hour ago most of the food on the table had been frozen hard in paper cartons. And when her uncle suggested that she have a second glass of riesling, she made a modest little joke about getting tipsy. Still, there were lulls when the table was silent, and Anna seemed to be struggling to swallow her food. For the most part, however, Mr. Mayer was lively and voluble, and the dinner was less a trial than his wife had anticipated. They took their coffee in the living room, where Mr. Mayer showed Anna how to turn on the television set and select channels. Then they settled back in darkness and watched an old English movie. It was a blessed reprieve for Mrs. Mayer; for over an hour there was no need to talk, to

lie, to smile. When the movie was over, they watched wrestling matches and a newsreel, and throughout these entertainments Mr. Mayer supplied an additional commentary which relieved his wife of the necessity to make conversation. What an unreasonable necessity it had become! Finally, the screen went blank, and Mr. Mayer turned on a lamp. "Well, look who's here," he said. In the middle of the floor sat a big, slate-gray cat; it looked about the room imperiously with glistening, yellow eyes; one of its ears had been torn and had healed raggedly.

"Where have you been, you bad boy?" said Mrs. Mayer. Then, to Anna: "Isn't he a mess?"

"He has been fighting?" said Anna.

"I'm afraid so," said Mrs. Mayer. "Seems we are just coming to the close of the mating season. You know what tomcats are like then."

"Nature will have its way," said Mr. Mayer, chuckling at this ribaldry.

"It's a mystery to me, why they have to fight so during the mating season," said Mrs. Mayer, whereupon her husband slapped his knee and was helpless with laughter.

"What's so funny about that? Do you see anything funny about that, Anna?" To her astonishment, Anna turned scarlet and said, "I do not know anything about cats." Is it possible, thought Mrs. Mayer, that she considers this an indelicate conversation? What a perfect old maid she will be! The possibility that Anna might become a permanent restraint a wordless arbiter whose very presence would compel a cautious choosing of words, loomed large in Mrs. Mayer's mind and unleashed a surge of resentment. "He's part Siamese," she continued. "A very small part, I'm afraid, but maybe enough of it shows to make his competitors jealous." Seated in the center of the floor like a performer, the cat brushed vigorously at the side of its head with one paw, its eyes ecstatically closed; then, in sudden agitation, it twisted its head around and bit at the fleas on its haunches and tail. The fleas had apparently invaded en masse: there seemed no limit to the cat's repertoire of contortions. Finally, the cat sat back, lowered its head, and licked smoothly at the inside of its leg. "Don't you think it shows?" said Mrs. Mayer.

"Shows?" said Anna, uncomprehendingly.

"The Siamese in him."

"Oh...yes."

"The Siamese are one of the finest of all cats, you know," said Mrs. Mayer. "They're a very superior breed."

Mr. Mayer leaned forward confidentially, already chuckling. "Like the Nazis, eh Anna?" Anna smiled nervously and studied her rough hands.

"It's hardly the same thing," said Mrs. Mayer, feeling that her husband's analogy was meant to ridicule her rather than amuse Anna. "Siamese cats are an aristocratic breed of animals, and the Nazis were--well, I don't know what to call them."

"Mad dogs?" suggested Mr. Mayer, exploding with laughter.

"I don't think Anna appreciates such jokes," said Mrs. Mayer stiffly. "There are more pleasant things to talk about." Turning to Anna, she said, "Would you like some coffee, dear?

"If you don't mind," said Anna--and she seemed to consider it possible that her aunt might object--I think I would like to go to bed now."

2.

"Well," said Mrs. Mayer, watching the circles her spoon made in the coffee, "what are we going to do with her?"

"Do with her?" said Mr. Mayer. "She just got here. Let her settle down a bit. There's plenty of time."

"The rest of our lives, I'm afraid."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean we might as well get used to the idea of her staying with us for the rest of our lives."

"Who can say?" said Mr. Mayer. "Maybe she won't want to later on. Maybe she'll decide she wants to work or go to school. Maybe she'll get married."

"She won't get married," said Mr. Mayer. "Not her."

"Why not? She's still a young girl."

"She just isn't the type," said Mrs. Mayer.

"What type? Since when do you have to be a type to get married?"

"Oh, stop being foolish!" said Mrs. Mayer. "Look at her. Can you imagine her getting married? Be sensible."

"I don't understand you, Rose," said Mr. Mayer.

"She will not get married, because no man will have her. Is that clear enough? We might as well face it."

Leaning back in his chair and looking at his wife in almost a caricature of surprise, Mr. Mayer whispered, "I never heard of such a thing...."

3.

In her room, Anna took off the wrinkled brown dress and folded it over a chair. She sat on the bed wearily, staring for a moment at the wall, then rose and walked about the room, touching things--the pink satin, the red rose, the baroque frame of white organdy about the window. Beyond the glass and the garden, a nest of lights glittered in the fog, and trees moved like ponderous black shadows against the sky. The window was cold.

Furtively, the cat emerged from the darkness and stood before the window. A grayish-brown mass hung from its mouth.

Anna recoiled slightly, as though the cat might walk through the glass. Then she moved closer and placed her hands against the window. It was a baby-rabbit with eyes like wet rubies. The cat's teeth were sunk in the middle of the rabbit's back, and the captive was perfectly still.

For several seconds Anna watched unblinkingly, hardly

breathing, her lips slightly parted. "Nice cat," she whispered, at last. "Let it go?" The cat's topaz eyes shone emptily.

"Let it go, please?" she said again, but the cat did not move.

Suddenly the rabbit's legs shot out, and its head began to bob convulsively. Anna drew her breath in harshly and pressed her palms against the window, and again, in a curiously secretive whisper, she pleaded with the cat. But the animal was impassive and still, as though waiting with clinical patience for its victim to exhaust itself.

Turning abruptly from the cat's gaze, Anna walked back to the white bed, threw herself upon it face down, and lay trembling in the silence with her hands over her ears. Presently, she moved on her side, with her weight resting on one arm, and looked over her shoulder.

The rabbit went limp in the cat's mouth, and Anna sat up with a startled cry. She swung her legs to the floor, stood up, and after a moment's hesitation, walked over to the white chest. She looked at the bottles steadily, as though their shapes refused to come into focus. Finally, she unstoppered an amber sphere, raised it to her nose, and closed her eyes. With shaking hands she replaced the stopper and tried to put the bottle back in line, but its appointed space on the chest seemed to have narrowed, and she clanked the amber ball against a studded milk-glass cylinder and almost knocked it over. Carefully, she lowered the bottle to a position behind the milk-glass. A tremor ran through her shoulders, and she began to weep.

Then she wheeled about and stumbled back to the window. "Auf was wartest du?" she said brokenly. "Geh weg...." But the cat seemed deaf and blind.

Anna passed her hand across her brow, then leaned toward the window so that her face was against the cold glass. She began to moan, and the sound was low and musical, as though part of some old, sorrowing song. When she moved her head to cool the other side of her face, her tears left a blurred mark on the window. In a final spasm, the rabbit quivered violently and thrashed its legs.

Anna stiffened against the window and sobbed, "Nein, nein ..." A ribbon of blood spilled down the rabbit's side, and Anna's fingers closed into fists and her breath steamed on the window. "Nein," she said, her voice subtly changed, almost defiant. The rabbit now shook with such force that the cat had to crouch low and brace itself. "Nein!" she said and her voice resounded threateningly in the quiet room, growing louder as she said the word again and pounded her clenched fists lightly against the window. The cat suddenly thrust down its head, and Anna's voice knotted hissingly in her throat. The rabbit was pinned to the ground, squirming desperately, causing the cat to narrow its eyes and flick its ragged ear. As Anna watched, her lips began to draw in and quiver like the lips of a palsied old woman, her eyes

bulged, and her fists trembled at the sides of her head. The cat ground its head sensually against the still rabbit, and Anna reared back with her arms over her head, and screaming till the veins were like thick wires in her neck, she drove her fists at the slate-colored cat.

When the Mayers flung themselves into the room, they found her on the floor, kneeling in blood and shattered glass. Her bleeding arms were locked across her breasts, and she rocked and keened, as though she knelt at a grave. When they lifted her from the floor, she cried out and stiffened her legs, and they were forced to drag her to the bed. Mr. Mayer looked at his niece for an unbelieving moment before hastening to phone a doctor, and his wife, in terrified anguish, wept and crooned and begged Anna to lie still. But she seemed neither to hear nor understand that the figure leaning over her wished to comfort, not harass, her. She rolled from side to side, staining the white bed with blood, singing her unfathomable lament more fiercely at each attempt to unlock her arms and reveal the wounds.

VALUE --- COMPASSION

A. Pass out to each member of the class a sheet of paper; then address theclass in the following manner.

You have just received a telegram which reads as follows: "The Missing Persons Bureau of the Jewish Agency has just located a missing relative of yours. She is 26 years old and a first cousin. Are you willing to give her a home?"
Upon further investigation, you find that this girl is the victim of terrible persecution. She has been broken in body and spirit. An enclosed photograph shows that she has indeed suffered. She is heavy set, not pretty nor neat looking. A reply is requested from you immediately. What would you reply? Write your reply in the form of a telegram in no more than 50 words.
Don't sign your name.
(As soon as the students are finished, the teacher should collect the papers. They will be used at the end of the lesson.)

B. 15 Minutes: Each student reads story silently to himself.

C. Students' Opinions and Comments.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- Compassion as a Prime Jewish Value.

2- Compassion is Relalted to Empathy.

3- Compassion as a Divine Attribute.

I Compassion as a Prime Jewish Value.

a) How would you define Compassion?

i- According to the American College Dictionary, Compassion is "a feeling of sorrow or pity for the sufferings or misfortunes of another."

ii- According to Webster's Comprehensive Encyclopedia Dictionary, Compassion is "suffering with another; sympathy; pity."

iii- According to the Mishna- "He who has pity on his fellow man has the blood of Abraham in his veins." (Betzah 32b.)

b) Was Anna a Compassionate person?

i- She was willing to give up a year of comfort in America so that her father would not be alone when he died.

ii- She could not stand to see the rabbit killed in cold blood- "'Let it go, please?' she said again, but the cat did not move."

c) Was Mrs. Mayer ashamed of the way she felt?

i- She was like a little girl waiting for a new doll to play with—"It was an unrealistic hope, the kind of wish that little girls make with their eyes closed, and she was ashamed of it." (p. 275). Then, seeing that her doll was broken, she was bitterly disappointed. "Dumb with disappointment, Mrs. Mayer stretched out her arms in greeting and hurried across the platform." (p. 275)

ii- Mrs. Mayer was conscious of the fact that the teachings of her religion would condemn her for the way she felt- "But the fact that she was not glad to see a child of her own blood, whom the world had victimized because of that blood, seemed a sin of Biblical connotation—against forefathers and their dead children." (p. 276)

2 Compassion is Related to Empathy.

a) In what ways did Mr. and Mrs. Mayer show lack of compassion?

i- They had no understanding of or sensitivity to the tribulations which made Anna what she was. Mrs. Mayer thought only of "...how ugly she was." (p. 277)

ii- On page 281, Mr. Mayer jokes about the Nazis. He is rebuked by his wife who finds such humor inconsiderate—"I don't think Anna appreciates such jokes.... There are more pleasant things to talk about." In this instance Mrs. Mayer shows compassion.

iii- Both had difficulty in communicating with Anna. They had little understanding for her feelings. To empathize was difficult since what had happened in Europe was like a legend to them.

b) Why was the incident with the cat and rabbit so terrifying for Anna?

i- The cat symbolized the cold, calculating cruelty of the Nazis. The rabbit symbolized the defenseless victims of the Nazi Massacres. The incident was a vivid reliving of her own concentration camp experience.

c) Mrs. Mayer may perhaps be considered an "average" American woman. She had no contact with the misery which the Jews went through during the 2nd World War. What she knew was mainly as a result of hearsay and perhaps one or two books. In the light of this, can she be excused for feeling the way she did about Anna?

3. Compassion as a Divine Attribute.

a) To what book in the Bible does the following passage most closely apply?—"The compassion of man is for his neighbor,

But the compassion of the Lord is for all living beings." (Sirach 18:13b)

i- This applies to the Book of Jonah.
In what way is this so?

Jonah is told by God to go to the wicked city of Nineveh and proclaim that it will be destroyed. Jonah tries to excuse himself from this task by running away. Finally, after considerable tribulations he goes to Nineveh and does what God has requested of him. The people of Nineveh however repent of their wickedness whereupon God forgives them and decides not to destroy the city. Jonah is angry because God has had compassion upon a foreign people.
"...for I know that Thou art a gracious God, and compassionate, long suffering and abundant in Mercy..." (Jonah 4:2).
God then rebukes Jonah for not having compassion upon the people of Nineveh.

See References for more material under this section.

COMMENTS

a) What were Mrs. Meyer's real motives in wanting Anna to come live with her?

i- The answer may be found on page 276 —
"Anna, like a tender exorcit would banish the ache of childlessness, would become the daughter of Mrs. Meyer had always wanted."

ii- Mrs. Meyer was interested only in satisfying her own needs. Her selfishness blinded her to Anna's needs.

iii- On page 278 we read— "She wanted to scream at the girl—she knew it was wrong wrong— seize her by the shoulders and scream, 'The room is not meant for you! It's for my daughter! It's for a girl who is going to be a bride!'"

b) Rabbi Meir once said: "Do not look at a container but rather at what is inside the container."
In what way does this line apply to Mrs. Mayer?

i- Her initiitial thought upon seeing Anna was— "...how ugly she was." Later, she repented the same thought: "She will not get married because no man will have her." (p. 277)

ii- On page 277 we read—"To Mrs. Mayer's way of thinking, Anna had been a good and deserving child; she could have come to America a year ago, but she had stayed in Berlin so that her father would not be alone when he died. Regrettably, this goodness was not mirrored in her person."

iii- Mrs. Mayer herself was little more than an empty vessel. Her thoughts revolved around dates, perfumes, nice clothes, a neat home, television, and a wedding. One of the reasons she couldn't talk to Anna was because she had nothing to say. She was vain and empty. Things concerned her, not thoughts, or ideas. — Oh, I can hardly wait to show you things." (p. 276)

c) Mr. Mayer was of the opinion that any girl could get married, no matter what she was like:— "What type? Since when do you have to be a type to get married?"
Do you agree with Mr. Mayer?

D Read aloud the replies to the telegrams which were collected at the beginning of the period.
Does anyone wish to make a comment on these replies?

Biblical, Rabbinic and Other References to Compassion.

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period, each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- "According to Jewish ethics, man could reach his highest self development only through a profound respect for, and a helpful attitude toward others."
(Universal Jewish Encyclopedia- Vol. I, p. 214.)

b- "The Lord passed before him and proclaimed: 'The Lord! the Lord! a God compassionate and gracious, slow to anger, rich in steadfast kindness, extending kindness to the thousandth generation forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin; yet He does not remit all punishment, but visits the iniquity of fathers upon children and children's children, upon the third and fourth generations.'"
(Exodus 34:6-7)

c- "Remember, O Lord, Thy compassions and Thy mercies; For they have been from of old."
(Psalms 25:6)

d- "Great are Thy compassions, O Lord;"
(Psalms 119:156a)

e- "And I will betroth thee unto Me for ever;
Yea, I will betroth thee unto Me in righteousness,
and in justice,
And in lovingkindness, and in compassion."
(Hosea 2:21)

f- "They lay hold on bow and spear,
They are cruel, and have no compassion;
Their voice is like the roaring sea,
And they ride upon horses;
Set in array, as a man for war,
Against thee, O daughter of Zion."
(Jeremiah 6:23)
Cruelty is associated with lack of compassion.

g- Standing Before the Lord

"The Koretzer commented on the verse: 'But Abraham stood yet before the Lord' (Gen. 18:22) Abraham and his successors, the Zaddikim in each generation, still stand before the Lord to implore compassion for sinners, as Abraham did on behalf of the Sodomites."

(Nof. Ts., p. 53)

h- The Bratzlaver on "Compassion"

-"Where there is no compassion, crime increases."
-"He who feels no compassion will become insane."
-"Evil desires depart from the compassionate."

(Sef. Nam., p. 147)

i- "He who has compassion upon others receives compassion from heaven."

(Shabbat, 151)

j- "He who is compassionate when he should be severe, ends by being severe when he should be compassionate."

(Koholet Rabbah, 7)

k- "He who has compassion on a poor man and refreshes his sould, shall have it accounted to him as if he had created that soul."

(Zohar, II, 198a.)

l- "Every time that you are compassionate, the Compassionate One shall have compassion upon you."

(Tosefta Baba Kamma, 9)

ARISTOTLE AND THE HIRED THUGS

by Herbert Gold

From Breakthrough-
A Treasury of Contemporary American-Jewish Literature; Edited by I. Malin & I. Stark.
pp. 93-103.

In 1933 my father had two mighty enemeis. Against one of them he struggled all the long fruit-and-vegetable day, hoisting the crates and loading a top-heavy truck in early morning, at dawn, in his sheepskin jacket, then meetingthe customers until evening in a store built narrow and dark in the alleyway between a bakery and a Peerless showroom. Against the other enemy he fought all night, tossing and groaning in his sleep, fierce with that strange nightmare which allows an angry man to be pursued without ever retreating.

His daytime adversary was one shared by most other Americans--the Great Depression. The one of his nights was that beast clanking and roaring in the streets of fantastic Deutschland. "Hitler!" he said at breakfast, shaking the sleep from his head. "I'm almost ashamed to be human. The other strawberries don't like the rotten strawberry, they blush rotten red if you don't pluck him out--"

"Have another cup of Wheatena for the strength in it," chanted my mother, grieving with him like a good wife because of the need for strength on a troubled planet.

"Sorry, no time--look at the clock!" He hadn't meant to complain; it was the only earth he knew. "The lettuce is in already, and the pascal comes with it." And standing up, jacketed in sheepskin, shod in Army-Navy boots, he drained his coffee, dropped the cup in the sink, and was off to the market downtown near the flats of Cleveland. Before light on a May morning, he fought the battered reconditioned motor of the third-hand truck, cursed, lifted the hood, wiped the wires and plugs. Mother opened the kitchen window to watch. Then fits and coughs, then action. Mother watched him go, and waved. Action--his pockets filled with knives, hammers, dollars, a deck of cards, and funny pictures to show his friends in the chill damp of a spring morning. Down the suburban streets, up the suburban highway he rattled; and through the sleeping city where the street lights abruptly died in the dawn; and only rare bedroom lamps and kitchen noises greeted him on his way.

But the Central Farmers' Market was a city in full life. Garlands of vegetables steamed with the haggle and babble of selling under corrugated zinc roofs and no roofs at all. Hot fat soup was sold from great tureens by farmers' wives--nickel soup for before the sale, coffee and steaming pies for later, ten cents, to be wolfed down whole by desperate eaters who couldn't remember whether this was their second or their third breakfast. My father paced the aisles of lettuce and tender peas, the green corridors of spinach, deep into silent back parlors of early fruit off the railway cars. Private, at one with food, he sniffed gratefully, at his ease, homely, taking the pleasures of business on his tongue and in his deep-breathing lungs. He went to the produce market as to worship--putting Hitler and bank holidays behind him in the glory of America's bounty. He squeezed a plum until the wine spurted. He wiped his eyes.

Joe Rini surprised him in his shadowy lair. "What you doing here, Sam?"

"Same as you! Good, eh?"

"But can we sell it? I still got last week's plums left over."

My father shrugged, the sheepskin ruffling against a crate. "They get soggy in the cooler. What else can we do?"

"Nothing--and these look like prime. Here, let me taste."

"Taste, go on. Me, I'd like to buy."

The fruitmen rivalled, of course, for the favor of the farmers, who were of another breed, not washing in those days as a protest against the cost of living. Their best produce many times rotted in the fields, and the farmers often suffered terrible bellyaches from the hopeless eating of an unbought crop. Even striated beefsteak tomatoes, warmed by sun and dusted with salt, can be too many! The farmers suffered from mortgages, skin diseases, unrepaired fences, chronically pregnant wives. Regularly removed from their lonely land to confront a crazy urban cackle, and perhaps returning without the profit of seed and fertilizer, they too passed cards among themselves.

The immigrant Italian and Jewish fruitmen, with their occasional Greek and Negro colleagues, exchanged printed jokes and dirty pictures. They first competed and argued, then huddled for eat and gossip, sharing each other's hard times in the pleasure and intimacy of these early mornings. They left down with regret, jamming their trucks into gritty day.

The farmers' wives, bundled and red and unfragrant as men, dipped up the last coffee and watched without a word. Drops of fat cream whirled round like crazyfishlets in the tin cups. The farmers too had their whispered consultations, but these never ended in a burst of laughter as they got the point. Their little cards were other dreams, dreams of riding and hunting, gothic fantasies of ritual, celebration, and chastisement. The Black Legion haunted the countryside around Cleveland. It made contact with the Klan in Parma and the Bund in Lakewood, and there were histories of drilling in open fields, the youngsters standing guard with broomsticks. Their cards made them members together for sacred order and vengeance. Cousins who rarely came out saw each other on Sunday after church to listen to screaming harangues from the platforms of pickups. During the dark winter of 1933, some farmers discovered that they had the call--or at least as much a one as the man in blue serge sent down from Jackson, Michigan.

2.

Al Flavin was a farmer with whom my father had dealt for almost ten years. They had never been friends, but my father gave as good a price as anyone and Flavin took good care of his lettuce; they met in commerce. An angry man who had sometimes wrestled at country fairs, a giant with magnifi-

cent hairy paws, he began to know glory for the first time since abandoning his boyish victories on sweaty canvas. Men listened to him. He became a Commander or a Knight or a Dragon, whatever the Black Legion name for it was. He could not pay off the loan on his greenhouse, but he could gather the legionnaires in before-dawn consultations at the edge of town.

It must have made Al feel distant from himself to break up the meeting, give the mystic handshake, crushing the wrists of men less mighty than he, climb into a truck with a load strapped on, and then go weekly off to do business with Sam Stein.

"All right, make it eleven crates for ten," my father said.

"Ten crates," Al repeated stubbornly.

"Eleven. Or ten and my last price."

"No. Ten crates. My price."

"Al, listen to me," my father said. "You know I can't buy it your way. Joe Rini will undersell me, he'll throw circulars on all the porches, and then where will I be? You got to make sense in business."

"You heard me."

"What's the matter, you don't feel good today, Al? Something hurting?"

"Joe Rini don't buy from me. I bring in first quality stuff."

"I know, I know, that's why I stand here and argue with you. I want your stuff, Al. I like it."

My father rocked, smiling. Al Flavin stood behind his barricade of lettuce. Patience, patience--the soul is tried on earth. At last they were agreed, some place between demand and offer, and then joining in the traditional aftermath of successful negotiation, the two of them completed their deal by hoisting the produce into my father's truck. Hot and sighing when this was done, the cash changing hands, usually they came to a moment of benevolent treaty, and the plump fruitman would light up with the burly, brooding farmer. Al Flavin was busy behind his squeezed-shut eyes trying to remember who he is, who other people are.

"Okay, Al," my father said, "have a cigar."

Now he remembered. He felt his card and sorted my father out: "Kike!"

"Wh-wh-wh," said my father.

Flavin's shoulder caught my father and half spun him around as the man stamped off in the flapping goloshes which he wore almost into summer. My father stammered, wh-wh-wh, meaning What? and Why? First amazed, then stooped and solemn, pouting with thought. It was well past dawn now, but suddenly the nightmare toppled onto his daytime dream, and he was standing in the sad, crooked streets of old Nuremberg.

3.

My father stoppeddealing with Al Flavin. This did not

put an end to it. He heard Flavin's word every market-day morning, first whispered, then called after him, twice a week. The single note grated on his nerves. The market is supposed to be a pleasure. My mother made him promise not to fight. Flavin, huge, profligate with his wrestler's flesh, yearning to brawl, would crush him in his paws. It was policy. Flavin was a Commander. He hoped to convert the wavereers by rolling with Sam Stein in the running wash of the market gutters.

"I'd get him with the peen of my hammer first!" my father yelled.

"Sam, Sam, we don't want trouble."

"I'll break his head with the claw!"

Mother petted him, stroked him. "Think of your business. You got a family, Sam, you got to count them."

"I'll Kill Him, Nella!"

"Shush, you're making noise, the neighbors. You got to count me, too. No trouble, please, for your kids' sake."

"No, no, no." His eyes were red with sleepless thinking. There was an angry scratch in the tender eye-flesh. He breathed as if he were struggling for air. "No, you're right, Nella. But if he touches me one more time--"

That time came, however, on a morning during the dog days of July, when even at early market hours the men panted and sweated under the bloody-eyed sun before it reared up onto the exhausted city. Ice trickled through the crates of lettuce, rustling, and evaporated on cement still hot from the day before. The overfed market rats loped along on sexed paws. Flavin sprang from behind a heap of crates, pretending to be in a hurry, and struck my father with his knee at the belly, so that he lost his balance and stumbled like a drunk. He grunted. He tried but could not quite sob out his breath. It was caught, trapped, exterminated some place within, and he lay sprawled on the soft market refuse, while the little world of pain in his belly spun faster than the earth's turning, and only a moment later, when the burbling agony at the center of his being slowed down to weakness, and the weakness to a sour sickness that drained into his mouth, did he remember again who he was. It's an assault against life that brings this gnawing, liver-eating agony upon a man gasping for his breath with his head against a crate of lettuce. The blood shrieked like eagles in his ears. It's a wish of murder--extermination. It's a terrible pain that makes a man forget he is Sam Stein.

Flavin roared, pushed the laughter forward with all his weight, and stood with his huge arms welcoming. Once taciturn, he had learned the tricks of oratory: "Looks drunk, don't he? Ain't he a rummy? Never did run into a rummy like before, did you ever, boys?"

An offering of laughter. The rest would gather when the rich noise of brawling crashed out. Flavin was in boots, kicking free of a broken crate, ready.

Sam Stein pained badly in the gut. He climbed up dizzily

and shook his head clear. He felt for the silver-pronged crating hammer in his back pocket. Flavin crouched, his long jaw twitching with desire. The buttons of his pants were stretched and a tab of shirt came out his fly. Flavin could wait another moment to find and make himself real. The usual hubbub of commercial dispute hid them now; the life of the market swirled unknowing about the two men, food rising in great towers and vaults above them, around the, and only a couple of farmers watched. Joe Rini, terrified, blowing saliva, also watched.

My father had promised my mother.

He loved life and the right and to win.

Flavin might kill him.

My father walked away rapidly, haunched, turning red for shame and white for planning, and grabbed Joe Rini by the sleeve and took him with him. "Joe, Joe," he said, "I got to talk to you. I know you got friends. I got to talk to them, too."

"What you got to say, Sam?"

"Oh maybe I could kill him, but then again maybe not. It wouldn't be so good if he gave me a beating. Those other cossacks would feel too nice about it. Or worse. A bad precedent. No justice in that. So...."

Eagerly Rini talked into the void. "So you know how they drink. They're drunkards. So don't raise your blood pressure." My father's eye made him stop. Rini agreed. My father decided slowly:

"The way things are going on the market now, Joe, it won't be safe for any of us soon."

"What you thinking, Sam?" Rini asked.

He was thinking, but in his own words: precedent, morale, example. This was a political question to be answered in the impure, compromising way of politics. A passionate answer--Sam Stein's fallen body, an inflamed Al finding his dream of power fulfilled--this was the worst possibility which my father's furious body had almost given him. The philosophical thing to do was to master that hot inner twitch, and then, only then, to think out how to discourage the cossack mob.

Job and Noah had patience; yet Job was permitted his anger. Not an educated man, my father knew that the patriarchs had even spoken for passion on earth, properly used. And he knew no other place for justice except here below, on earth, where he hoped to have more children.

He breathed deeply once, twice, again, that's better, and then thanked God for giving him a sense of responsibility. He thanked the Lord of Creation that his healthy, willing, complaining wife had come to mind. Fistfully he thanked the Almighty for prudence--and also for his friend Joe Rini. He said to Joe Rini: "You're going to help me now."

That very night Joe found the three young friends whom he had in mind and brought them to the house. My father wanted to meet them...."make your acquaintance." How formal we become under embarrassment. For fifty dollars he could buy a

beating with any refinements he named. Except nothing vicious, of course--what do you think, they were queers? They were mere administrators.

"No, no!" my mother cried. "So then he'll kill you next, and what's the good? We can't afford it."

"We can't afford not to," my father said stonily. "We're going to do what the Frenchies won't do. When he makes his noise, we march into the Rhineland and stop it good. You don't have to listen to that noise. You stop it the best way you can. You stop it. You stop it."

"Sam, O Sam, it's dangerous, it's fifty dollars.

"It's the cost of living, Bella.

Joe Rini's friends, three young chaps with slicked-down hair, nervous hands, and old jokes, were very sociable. They jiggled and dandled and played beanbag with me, as if I were a baby, although I was eight years old already. They took time over the business because my father likes business. Also he wanted to be certain. Mother served liver with, the rich slabs covered by curly, glistening onions. How can businessmen discuss serious matters without keeping up their strength? Mugs of strong black coffee, too.

"For fifty dollars, Mr. Stein," said the leader of the group, "we can maybe kill him for you. It's no extra. We'll be working anyway. His truck has got to stop for a light on the edge of town, and there we are."

"No, no," my father said. "Put him in thehospital, that's all."

"Mr. Rini says he used to work in the commission house with you. He says you're buddies from way back. It's no trouble at all."

"No!" my father said. "The man has a wife and kids, just like me. His big boy is too dumb to run a farm by himself--"

"We got smart kids," my mother interrupted, smiling, politely patting with a napkin, pleased by their appetites. "My big boy, he gets such marks from his teacher--"

"Bella, shush. Go call up somebody on the telephone if you got to talk. Listen."

The businessmen shrugged apologetically, being brought up in a tradition which favors mothers, and turned regretfully back to hear out my father and his scrupling. They were unaccustomed to fine distinctions, but they came of devoted families: they enjoyed a mother's pride.

"So don't do that what you said there," my father repeated. "I just want him to learn a little, have time to think a little. The hospital."

"Okay," the leader of the trio said reluctantly, "you're the boss. You get a hold of us if you change your mind, will you? To you the price remains the same."

"The hospital," my father repeated, making them promise.

"Let us worry about the details, Mr. Stein. Fifty goes a long way these days."

My father arose angrily, sending his cup ringing against a platter. "I said the hospital."

"The hospital, hospital," they intoned mournfully, and filed out.

The next morning Flavin did not show up at the market. It was so easy to follow him from the country in a flivver, stop with him at a red light, get rid of the cigarettes, and pile quickly onto his truck. So instead of Flavin, a weary, hardworking young thug appeared and nodded to Dad, saying that they had been careful, just as he said. But it would have been no extra trouble, in fact, the reverse.

My father was undelighted. By his veiled eyes he signalled regret as the weight of the world: he was obliged to send Flavin down to defeat without earning the kiss of victory. Life had provided him--as it does everyone--with one more little blemish on the ideal of brave perfection. He found it a necessary business, nothing more, a merely rational victory, and he foresaw the possibility of being ambushed in his turn by a man who might not bother to think of his wife and children. Nevertheless, reason consoled him.

"What if he does it to you now, Sam? Where will I and the kids be? Where will <u>you</u> be if you're dead?"

"Well, it's a risk. But in this life you have to take chances and defend yourself like you can. And now let me answer your question: If I'm dead, I'm no place."

He sent Flavin a five-dollar bouquet of flowers, followed the next morning to a two-dollar plant with thick wet leaves and a decorative sprinkle of spangles. Joe Rini approved. A friend who went to see Flavin in the hospital reported that they were the only flowers he received.

4.

The moral which my father drew was one which he wanted to teach England and France in 1933 and after. Still strong and capable, Flavin came quietly to work in his bandages about ten days later. He sold tomatoes to my father, and they haggled like gentlemen over the price. They mistered each other warily. There was further talk of the Black Legion, but not a gesture from Flavin. In a few years even the talk passed.

Sometimes my father thought that he might be beat up, but it never happened, although once he was robbed. That was not Flabin's work.

Flavin had taken instruction well, administered according to Aristotelean principles, with moderation, by a man whose fundamental passionate mildness led him to a reasonable strictness: the hospital for albeit risky, rational, incomplete, and not ideally valorous. Poor Flavin, unused to surprises--he was discouraged.

And my mother was consoled. Dad made another fifty dollars to replace the ones spent in good works.

VALUE --- MERCY

A 10 Minutes: Read story silently up to "...free of a broken crate, ready." Do not read beyond this point.

B If you were Sam Stein, what would you have done? (Ask each member of the class to answer this question and to explain the reasons for his answer.)

C Now class reads the rest of the story.

D Students' Opinions and Comments on entire story.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- The Jew as a Merciful Man.

I The Jew as a Merciful Man.

a) Do you agree with what Sam Stein did? Why?

b) Is Sam Stein's attitude in keeping with Jewish ideals?

1- Commenting on the first verse of Genesis- "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," the great commentator Rashi said- "It entered God's mind to create the world with the attibute of Justice only; He saw however that the world could not exist if based on Justice alone. He therefore gave precedence to the attribute of Mercy, and united it with the attribute of Justice."
See reference page for more examples.

c) What is the difference between Justice and Mercy?

i- Justice is doing what is fair and right even if this is severe.
Mercy goes beyond Justice in that it forgives and shows kindness which is not called for in the letter of the law. In a murder case for example, if the accused is sentenced to death, a recommendation of Mercy on the part of the jury will commute this sentence to life imprisonment.

d) What part did his family play in Sam Stein's decision not to fight Al Flavin?

i- On page 296 we read- "My father had promised my mother. He loved life and the right to win. Flavin might kill him."

ii- On page 295 we read-"'I'll break his head with the claw!'
...
Mother petted him, stroked him. 'Think of your business. You got a family, Sam, you got to count them.
'I'll Kill Him, Bella!'
'Shush, you're making noise, the neighbors. You got to count me, too. No trouble, please, for your kids' sake.'
'No, no, no.' His eyes were red with sleepless thinking. There was an angry scratch in the tender eye-flesh. He breathed as if he were struggling for air. 'No, you're right, Bella. But if he touches me one more time—'"

e) Where specifically in the story do we see Sam Stein as a man of Mercy?

i- His insistence on only putting Al Flavin in the hospital, and not allowing him to be killed.
"'No, no,' my father said. 'Put him in the hospital, that's all.'" (p. 297)

ii- On page 297 we read—"So don't do that what you said there,' my father repeated. 'I just want him to learn a little, have time to think a little. The hospital.'"

iii- On page 298 we read "...he foresaw the possibility of being ambushed in his turn by a man who might not bother to think of his wife and children."

iv- He was not happy about what had happened to Al Flavin. "My father was undelighted." (p. 298)

v- On page 298 we read— "He sent Flavin a five-dollar bouquet of flowers, followed the next morning by a two-dollar plant with thick wet leaves and a decorative sprinkle of spangles. Joe Rini approved. A friend who went to see Flavin in the hospital reported that they were the only flowers he received."

f) Do you think that 'passionate mildness" with a "reasonable strictness" (p. 298) is a good policy to follow in dealing with one's enemy or opponent?

COMMENTS

a) On page 296 what does it mean—"The philosophical thing to do was to master that hot inner twitch, and then, to think out how to discourage the cossack mob."

i- The "hot inner twitch" refers to anger. Unless a man can master anger, his chances of victory are small. A cool head is more effective than a hot one.

b) On page 298 we read—"The moral which my father drew was one which he wanted to teach England and France in 1933 and after."
What does this line mean?

i- England and France should have stopped Hitler before it was too late. Sam Stein did precisely this with Al Flavin.

Biblical, Rabbinic and Other References to Mercy.

(Note- Some of the following references include Compassion and Forgiveness which are related to Mercy.)

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period, each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- "Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth,
And let not thy heart be glad when he stumbleth;"
(Proverbs 24:17)

b- "Thus hath the Lord of hosts spoken saying:
Execute true judgment, and show mercy and compassion
every man to his brother;
and oppress not the widow, nor the fatherless,
the stranger, nor the poor;
and let none of you devise evil against his
brother in your heart."
(Zechariah 7:9-10)

c- "Let Thy tender mercies come unto me, that I may live;"
(Psalms 119:77)

d- "R. Gamaliel said: So long as you are merciful, God will have mercy upon you, and if you are not merciful, He will not be merciful unto you."
(T. F. Bab. K. VIII, #10)

e- "R. Hama b. Hanina said: Even though your enemy has risen up early to kill you, and he comes hungry and thirsty to your house, give him food and drink."
(Midr. Prov. XXV, 21, f. 49b.)

f- "Everyone who has mercy upon his fellow man, it is certain that he is from the seed of Abraham our father, and all who do not have mercy upon his fellow man, it is certain he is not from the seed of Abraham our father."
(Bitan 32)

g- The following pages in the Union Prayer Book contain references to Mercy.
Vol. 1- 3, 11, 18, 24, 34, 37, 38, 39, 41, 50.
Vol. 2- 9, 14, 18, 22, 28, 42, 44, 81, 83, 130, 344.

h- "God says:- 'O that My Mercy shall prevail over my Justice.'"

(Ber. 7a.)

h- The Aristotelian principle of Moderation is propaunded by the great Jewish Philosopher and Codifier, Moses Maimonides. For him, to follow the Golden Mean was the best policy.
"The right way is the intermediate quality of every disposition of man, and that is the disposition which is equidistant from both extremes, being neither nearer to the one nor to the other. The ancient sages have therefore commanded that a man should always put, arrange, and direct his dispositions in the middle course, so that he may be sound in his body. In what manner? He should not be irascible, easily provoked to anger, nor as a dead man that is insensible, but should take the middle course: he should only get angry on account of an important matter, when it behooves to show anger in order that a similar offense should not be again committed. Similarly, a man should only desire those things which are necessary and indispensable for his body, as it is written: 'The righteous eateth to the satisying of his desire.' In like manner, he should not exert himself in his business more than to obtain the necessities of life, as it is written: 'A little is good for the righteous.' He should not be too niggardly, nor squander his money, but should give charity according to his means, and in a fitting manner lend to him who is in need. He should not be hilarious and mirthful, nor gloomy and melancholy, but always happy and contented and of cheerful countenance. In the same manner should all men whose dispositions are intermediate, that is to say, in the middle course, is called wise."

(Treasury of World Philosophy, edited by D. D. Runes. p. 773)

THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON

by Yehuda Yaari

From A Whole Loaf-
Stories from Israel-
Edited by S.J. Kahn.
pp. 63-85.

Excuse me for bothering you. I know, you are busy, but I simply must speak... No! No! Please don't put me off for some other time. I have to talk about it now, otherwise my very heart will break... What? No! I wouldn't like to talk about it to a woman. If a woman were to hear me, all kinds of instincts would stir inside her; and where instincts are in charge there can be no fair judgment, and all the boundaries between truth and falsehood simply fade away. Can you understand me? Yes, only a man can listen to me without being biassed or prejudiced... Oh no! I'm not asking you to pass judgment. I know that even King Solomon, the wisest of all men, would find this case a hard one. The important thing is that you should listen to me with understanding. Well then, I shall begin at the beginning. I shall try to tell it all without any unfairness. I shan't hide anything and I shan't add anything; just as though it were another woman I were talking about.

It began three years ago, in Germany, at the time of the November riots. There was terror and murder everywhere, and the flames from the burning synagogues seemed to be taking hold of each of us. We were a small family—my husband, I myself, and the boy of five. This is his photo. This is what he looked like then, when he was five years old. A lovely boy, isn't he?... Anyway, by that time it was clear to us that we had to get away. It was impossible for us to stay any longer in that accursed country. Yes, you may well stare at me in astonishment. What queer people! you must be thinking to yourself. Had it been such a Paradise in Germany before that? Hadn't they realised earlier that they would have to run for it?... Yes, I know. But I must tell you: We were doctors, my husband and I, and when the Nazis came to power we decided we must stay on in Germany as long as possible. We felt it was our duty. Most of the Jewish physicians simply fled all over the world, and the Aryans were forbidden to treat Jewish patients. Now you know as well as I do that the entire Jewish community couldn't get away. What was to happen to them when they were ill? We couldn't leave our suffering and tormented folk without any medical help.

Yet, it was our Jewish conscience more than anything else that told us we must stay. Of course, we didn't find it a Garden of Eden. We went through really terrible times, and if I were to tell you the whole story I would never be done. But we thought we were doing our duty, and we bore our fate courageously and proudly. Until November, 1938.

When that dreadful time came we suddenly saw how weak and helpless we were, and we forgot all our brave resolutions. The burning, the murdered, the tortured, the fear—no, it was impossible to put up any longer with it all. We had to get away! To get out of that inferno as quickly as possible! But where could we go? Of course we wanted

to go to Eretz Israel—my husband and I had always been Zionists—but we couldn't go there. We were simply idiotic, we never bothered about getting a certificate while we had a chance. Now it was too late. Other countries also slammed the door in our face. We cabled to relations in America and to acquaintances in Eretz Israel, and every day that passed without a reply seemed like a year. We dashed about as if we were mad, helpless and hopeless, without the slightest idea what we should do. And the boy, the boy! We worried about him most of all. If only we could save the child! If only we could get him away while he was still innocent and undefiled.

And then, just when it seemed to us that there was no more hope, people came to us with a proposal about him. A family we knew had been lucky, and received a permit to enter Eretz Israel. They came and suggested to us that they should take our child with them. They had received a permit for three children, but were taking only two. The third had left meanwhile to train in Holland with a youth group, before going to Eretz Israel. They could add our boy's name to their passport, they said. The matter could be arranged. They were good folk, old friends, and they wanted to help us.

And so, you might say, it was a miracle right out of Heaven! But I didn't feel like that. It's interesting. As long as I never saw a ray of hope, I thought that I would send my son over to any pack of thieves or robbers, as long as I could get him out of that pestilential atmosphere. But now I had an opportunity to save him, I didn't want to. I knew I could safely and confidently entrust the child to these people, and they would look after him as though he were one of their own. But in spite of it I did not have the heart to take this step and part from him at such a time. I simply couldn't... Yes, it was strange. I know it. But that's what a woman's heart is like... What can I tell you? I wrestled bitterly with myself. I thought I would go crazy. You understand, there was shame and horror all around; and here were people who wanted to deliver my only child from all this; yet I couldn't find the strength to agree.

My husband entreated me day after day. Sometimes gently and sometimes sternly. 'Look,' said he. 'They will soon be leaving, and I know that afterwards you'll very much regret your stupid, completely inexplicable obstinacy.' Yet at heart I still prayed that the time of their departure would pass and I would be done with all this mental and spiritual suffering.

One day, though, my husband came home as pale as a ghost, trembling all over. 'Listen,' said he as he came in, his voice trembling. 'If you don't want him to go now he'll finish by going as an orphan. Remember my words.'

When I heard this I gave in at once. He stood looking at me with such frightened eyes I was sure he must have heard news outside about some approaching danger. Maybe

he had heard that they were about to arrest him and send him to a concentration camp, or something like that. After all, that kind of thing was taking place every hour. So how could I keep on refusing? 'Alright,' I said, 'I agree.' Before my eyes I could see all those children whose fathers had died in concentration camps, and who were then going to Eretz Israel in groups. Those of us who were sending them off used to call them 'the Kaddish Aliya', because all of them had to say the Memorial Prayer for the dead. So I told myself: Yes, better have my son torn from me now, rather than have him going with sad hopeless eyes, like those Kaddish reciters whom I have seen leaving...

Next day my husband took the child and led him to the home of our friends, to stay with them until they left. I asked him to do it so that I could be able to part from him little by little, and not all of a sudden at a single blow. A few days still had to pass before their departure, so I went to visit him every day. The first day I spent a few hours with him; the second day, only one hour; and less on the third day. And so I parted from him little by little, gradually. I don't need to tell you that when they left I didn't go to see him off at the station. How would I have been able to? How could I have stood watching the train moving off and taking my only child away from me? Particularly as I was certain I would never see him again... My husband went alone, while I stayed at home weeping and grieving.

In short, the child went; and as far as I know our friends kept their promise. They looked after him properly, and treated him with as much affection and devotion as though he was their own child; maybe even more. The first letter they wrote to us was filled with happiness and wonder. The sea-trip, they wrote, had been wonderful. The whole country was bathed in pleasant sunshine, and the whole atmosphere was one of freedom. Here a man could breathe deep, here he could feel at home. Above all, the children were healthy and happy. You can imagine how glad we were, my husband and I, when we read that letter. The miracle had happened, and the child had been saved.

II.

But the letters which followed were written in a mood of depression and bitterness. The good sun, the air of liberty, and the sense of being at home were not even mentioned. Instead came rain that pierced to the very bones, the feeling that they were strangers, and worries about tomorrow. They had already been so long in the country, yet they had not been able to buy a proper home or find a source of income. They were full of complaints and dissatisfaction. You know, just the kind of letters usually written by greenhorns of that type who have not yet settled down in the country, or grown used to its

conditions. In spite of that, they wrote, there was nothing to worry about. They would make every effort possible to provide for the children at least, to provide for their board and enable them to get their schooling. And naturally whatever they did for their children they would do for ours. So there was nothing to worry about.

Time passed. We got another letter from them in which they joyfully told us that at last they had succeeded in making arrangements for the children. Now they were on their own—halutzim, and as befitted pioneers they were going off that week to look for a place where they could live and work, in one of the villages of Sharon or Galilee. And what arrangements had they made for the children? They had sent the children to an educational institution in the Emek for children from Germany. But our boy they had entrusted to a certain very-well-thought-of woman in Jerusalem. This was a Mrs. G.—please excuse me, if I don't tell you her name—who was well known for her generosity and high-mindedness. She also was from Germany, but she had gone to Eretz Israel many years before and had a fine house in one of the lovely quarters of Jerusalem. A well-to-do widow without children, she had gladly responded to the request of the committee which handled such matters when they asked her to take a refugee child from Germany into her home. It was our duty to praise and thank God at this piece of good fortune for the child. It would be impossible to find a better house or a kinder-hearted woman in the whole of the country. They were sure that she would look after him lovingly, and bring him up and educate him with the devotion of a real mother...

What can I tell you? I read that letter and then went back and read it again and again. I wept all over it. That my gentle child should have to be kept by others, that my only son should need the charity of the kind-hearted... But still, at heart I thanked God that he was not with us but far far away, in a place full of sunshine, in a safe home, in a place where the air was not full of venomous hatred. For I don't need to tell you that our situation in Germany was growing worse from day to day.

Before long we got a letter from the worthy woman as well. It was a long letter that was really touching in its simplicity, deep understanding, and delicate spirit. She told us about Jerusalem, and all that she had gone through in that city ever since she arrived there. She described her house in detail and her style of life, so that we might know the environment in which our son would grow up. Finally she wrote about the boy, the state in which he entered her home, and about his qualities and character in general. During the few days he had been with her, she had already grown used to him and had learned to love him, so much so that she could not even imagine that there had ever been a time when he had not been there. She was sure he would lack for nothing there, and that she and the child would

understand one another well... At the end of the letter my boy added a few words in his own hand. She must have helped him, because he had not yet learned to write at the time. He was very happy, he wrote, to be with Auntie G., because he loved her very very much...

Why should I deny it? When I read those innocent words my heart fell. I began to feel jealous. Yes, lunacy, don't you think so? But I can't hide it. For the first time in my life I felt this emotion of jealously, a painful, forbidden emotion. They want to take my son from me, I thought. I did not feel any fear or apprehension for his fate, I really want to be quite clear to you. I knew that he was in perfectly safe and reliable hands. And yet that knowledge made my jealousy worse. I would have felt better if I had known he was in hands that were not quite so safe or reliable. Can you understand it? It went as far as that! I felt ashamed of myself. Yes, I tried to hide it from my husband, and to bury my feeling deep inside me; but it came floating up again, even stronger than before, like a kind of horrible recurrent disease, with every fresh letter we received. For from this time on we used to receive a letter from her almost every week regularly. Each letter added something to the others. In one the boy began to go to school, in another he began to learn music. Yet each one resembled the other in its fine style and fine feeling. Sometimes that innocent line or two added by the child would be there, sometimes it wouldn't. In either case I tormented myself. If the line was there, I became all the more jealous; and if it wasn't, I would think that he had already forgotten me and didn't even send his love...

III.

Almost a whole year passed like that. Meanwhile the war began. All this while my husband had managed to evade the murderers, but now the Gestapo caught him at last and took him off to a concentration camp. What was the reason? Who knows? I never saw him again, nor heard from him. They murdered him there, those degraded criminals; then some time later they told me to come and receive his ashes. I was left all alone in the world, a forlorn widow. I no longer received letters from Eretz Israel. Naturally they stopped at the outbreak of the war. Oh, I would have given my very soul to receive just another such letter, with or without a line or two by the child, as long as I might see that I still had something to hold on to in life, that I had not been forgotten, that I was not left alone in this lion's den. But no letters came. I took the old letters out of their hiding-place. (When the war began I hid them, because it was dangerous to keep such things.) At night I read them in bed again and again, scores of times, from beginning to end. Now they no longer made me feel jealous. No! No! Believe me, you know I was just like somebody in some God-

forsaken spot, who suddenly meets a person there from his native city. Back in his native city he had disliked the man, yet here, in this place of exile, he is as happy to meet him as though they had always been the best friends... No, the comparison doesn't really fit. Can I say I ever hated those letters? If I had hated them, I would never have kept them so carefully, really risking my life to do so. Do you understand? But let that be, for the time being.

Theydays that followed after my husband's death were chaotic and hopeless. The whole world seemed to turn black, and those letters were not bright enough any longer to do more than emit faint, dead sparks. I was in a state of absolute despair, simply consumed by my terrible longing for my son. It was like the yearning of a mother on her deathbed, longing to see her beloved child for the last time before she died. And then, then I had the idea, the crazy idea: I decided I must really do something. I made up my mind to get away from Germany at once, and to try and reach Eretz Israel any way I could.

Once this idea entered my head, I decided to act on it. I would get away to my boy, to my boy. No power, no consideration whatever could have made me change my mind. Danger? Was there any danger that could frighten me any longer? In any case I no longer had any kind of life worth living. So what did I have to lose?

I'm not going to tell you all that happened to me before I got here. To tell you the truth, I myself cannot realise yet how I managed it. How I managed to steal out of Germany in the middle of the war, without an exit permit; how I succeeded in slipping through Yugoslavia after the Occupation; and all kinds of things like that. On my journey, I was in a kind of daze, physically and mentally. That seems to be what a human being is like: when he does something which is absolutely foolish and should not be done by all the laws of logic, when he has to tread a dangerous path, then he seems to fortify himself, as you might say, with a kind of armor of dazed senses and consciousness. Otherwise hw would be unable to perform the action and would not take even a single step along that road. If I were to tell you some of the things that happened to me on the way which I remember clearly (I have already forgotten a great deal), you would certainly not believe me. It is hard for me myself to believe that these things really happened; it seems as though I merely dreamed them. Anyway, you see I succeeded in doing it, for here I am, sitting with you.

And now I come to the real story.

IV.

One summer day I reached Jerusalem. What I felt you can imagine for yourself. As soon as I left the bus I went into a nearby drugstore, to phone Mrs. G. Trembling I took

the instrument in my hand. In just another moment, I would hear my child's voice. It was hard for me to keep my feet. The moment that passed between the first ringing in the instrument and the reply seemed to last forever. At last I heard a voice. It was the maid speaking. Mrs. G. was not at home just then. I told the woman my name, and that I had just reached Jerusalem. 'And what do you want?' she asked. I asked her whether she could tell me where I could stay. Naturally I had hoped that Mrs. G. would invite me to stay with her, but it seems this woman had never heard my name, and had no idea who I was. All it meant to her was that a new arrival in the country had just reached Jerusalem, and wanted to know where to stay; and that did not surprise her at all. She was quite used to it. Her mistress had a name in town and elsewhere for being an active social worker, so dozens of newcomers probably came to her with similar requests. Her answer sounded as though it was a regular standby. If I went to such and such a street, said she, I would find the special hostel for newcomers, and I would be able to stay there.

I thanked her politely and put the telephone back on its hook. And why, you may ask me, did I do that? If I felt that the woman had never heard my name and did not have the slightest idea who I was, why didn't I tell her? Why didn't I tell her that I was the mother of the child in their house, and spare myself an hour of unhappiness? But I shall tell you. Ever since I saw how people bring suffering on one another of set purpose and just in order to hurt, I prefer the suffering that people cause accidentally and by mistake so to speak. I know that sooner or later they will realise their mistake and regret the pain they caused me. And knowing this gives me what I can only describe as satisfaction. Actually, it was with a sense of deep satisfaction that I collected my belongings (they were not so many) and went to that hostel.

Before I had had time to wash and take off my dusty clothes, Mrs. G. appeared. She came alone, without the child. When I saw her, my breath simply stopped. She was so beautiful, I was enchanted. I could see she was a bit excited, but this excitement improved her looks. I am sure that you must know her. And who doesn't know her in Jerusalem? She is so nobly tall, with her healthy young face set in its gray hair, and her soft wise eyes, and her expression, motherly and strong at the same time. Yes, she is remarkably beautiful. Even now, after all that has happened, I sometimes stand enchanted at her looks.

She pressed my hand for a long moment and looked at me with eyes full of kindness. The maid had told her I had phoned and she had come at once. She was exceedingly upset at what had happened. It was true that she had received my letters from Turkey, but she had never imagined that I would be able to get here so fast. Naturally she was not going to permit me to stay here, God forbid. Not in any

circumstances! She had already arranged a room for me in a pleasant hotel not far from her home. It was all right, I did not need to worry about expense. She would arrange everything. 'So take your things,' said she, 'and come with me at once.' We have to hurry in order to get home before Michael goes to sleep. He always rests and sleeps for an hour in the afternoon.'

After a few polite words I took my hat and went with her. I did not want to take my belongings, in spite of her insistence. I told her I would fetch them afterwards. But at that moment my thoughts were far from hotel, my heart and mould being set on the child I was about to see in just another few minutes. There was a taxi waiting for us at the gate, but I asked Mrs. G. to send it away. I wanted to walk to her house, in order to have time to prepare myself for the meeting with the child.

It was noon. The sun was blazing cruelly. We walked slowly and silently, or more correctly: I was silent while she talked. What did she say? I don't know, I paid no attention. I was all confused. My head was full of all kinds of questions I could not answer. What should I do if the child asked me this? And if he said that, what could I answer? And suppose he asked me about his father, what could I tell him?

After about half an hour, we reached the house. As soon as Mrs. G. opened the door, she called out in a loud and excited voice, which sounded very strange: 'Michael, Michael! Please come here. I have a great surprise for you!' You understand? A surprise... She had not told the child at all that I was about to come. A surprise... The child came running from the other room, and Mrs. G. pointed her finger. 'Here is your surprise,' chid she quietly. 'Do you recognise her?'

The child turned quite pale. To this day I can't explain to myself why I stood as though I were paralysed, why I did not fall on his neck and embrace him and hug him and kiss him as I had intended to do, and as any other mother would have done in my place. Why not? Was I so astounded at the change which had taken place in him during these years? When he left me he had been a delicate little boy with milk teeth that gleamed at a distance, and now I saw before me a growing lad, big for his age, with two teeth missing in his mouth. Was I frightened by the resemblance I suddenly saw between him and his father? Or was it because of the strange surroundings and the presence of that woman? Or maybe I already felt at that moment that there was a kind of hidden barrier between us? Anyway, I stood as though turned to stone, unable to move, as though it were a strange child before me instead of my own son whom I had not seen for three years. And he, the boy, stood for a long moment, staring at me with open mouth but not saying a word. Then he dropped his eyes and whispered as though there were no breath left in him: 'My mother...from over there...from Germany...' And after a brief pause he went

on in a more assured voice: 'Yes, Mother. I recognise her.' Maybe he said something else, maybe he asked about his father. I did not hear any more. I managed to see the face of Mrs. G. as she stood to one side twisting her fingers nervously. Her lips trembled, but in her eyes I saw a look of victory. And I fainted.

V.

When I came to, she took me not to the hostel nor to the good hotel nearby, but to a hospital out of town. All the weariness of my wandering, all the miseries and misery which I had undergone during those years, now set their mark on me all at once. I reeled and simply collapsed. The doctors were afraid my heart was affected, that my lungs were out of order. They put me in the hospital for about a month. During the first fortnight, I lay in bed, lonely and suffering, aching from head to foot as though I were all wounds and bruises, my sould weary almost to death. Mrs. G. came to visit me from time to time and brought me all kinds of good things. She never mentioned what had taken place in the house--just as though it had never happened at all. But the child did not come to see me even once. He had been forbidden to come, lest I grow too excited and it slow down my cure. The truth was, I did not regret it. I didn't want him to see me ill, so that he shouldn't feel sorry for me. I didn't want any pity from him. I didn't think of him in the way a mother thinks of a cherished child, but as a woman thinks of her lover and of how to win his heart. Do you understand?

Well, two weeks passed in bed and I was not getting better. I saw that unless I bestirred myself, unless I overcame the twilight mood into which I was sinking, I might gradually just go out like a candle. So I gathered the rest of my strength and got up. The doctors did not know why I go up, just as they did not know why I had collapsed. In spite of this they kept me in the hospital another fortnight for observation and study. It is just as well they did. It was agood thing they gave me a chance to walk about the hospital corridors. In that way they enabled me to get to know them, and so I even managed to find myself a job. One of the physicians, a specialist in eye diseases, asked me to be his assistant, for that used to be my field of specialization abroad.

I left the hospital next morning, that is the morning after I had spoken to the eye specialist and he had asked me to be his assistant. It was a pleasant day at the end of summer. Lonely clouds were floating up above, like guest s strolling about the sky. They shed something melancholy on the earth. But that shadow never penetrated my heart at all. That morning I felt newly illuminated, a great sense of ease; it was as though all that heavy load of weariness

and depression which had been weighing on me so much during those last years had vanished. I felt renewed—prepared to begin again, to open a new leaf in the book of my life. With a light and trusting heart I went to town, and the same day I took a little apartment near the dispensary of my chief, arranged it as best I could, and began working a few days later. I was anxious to begin working at once, for I knew that nothing but work would enable me to preserve the tranquility which had come to me in so mysterious a fashion.

In brief—I worked and found my place. Now there was nothing to prevent me from taking my son to my home, and I decided to do it as soon as possible. My salary is not particularly high, it is true, but it is enough for both of us. So what did I do? First I decided to break down the wall estrangement between us, to get close to him and bring him back to me. Every evening after finishing my work at the dispensary I visited him and spent an hour or two talking, playing, and reading. Mrs. G. did not intervene at all, and never interfered. The boy and I sat in his room while she sat in the next one, in a large armchair, reading or knitting. Sometimes we got excited while playing and made a lot of noise. But she did not protest or show any sign of dissatisfaction. Sometimes we were so interested in what we were reading that we did not notice how the time was passing, but she never came to interrupt us or to remind us by word or sign that it was already late and time for him to go to bed. Yes, Mrs. G. behaved very well indeed toward me. Whenever I came to her home, she always welcomed me with a friendly smile and a hearty 'How do you do'; and when I left she would accompany me to the door and take leave of me with a pleasant smile and a warm handclasp.

She did not say much and asked no questions. Only once, when the boy wept during my visit, did she ask me as I left why he had cried. When I told her that he had cried because I had told him of his father's death, she asked, 'And how did he receive the news?' 'Very bravely', I answered. To this the woman responded with a strange kind of praise: 'Yes, I always knew this lad was a brave one.'

But in general, it can't be denied—she treated me very well indeed. Yet I must say that this kind behaviour was just what annoyed me so much. She did not behave as though she were doing me any favor, but as though I were doing her a favor; as though she were very grateful to me for coming every evening to look after the child and play with him. You understand? It was as though she would never find a better person, or more devoted a governess in the whole of the country to look after her child...

Yes, those were good times for me, before winter came. All day long I was doing interesting work and extending my knowledge, and in the evening there were the hourse with the child to put heart into me and strengthen me. Every evening our meetings became more free and natural. I felt that an invisible barrier between us was gradually being destroyed, day after day, and that he was coming

closer and closer to me.

VI.

One Sabbath day, I came in the early afternoon, not at all as usual, and suggested that we take a walk together for a few hours. Mrs. G. willingly agreed, and the boy came along very happily. It was a wonderful day. The streets were thronged with children and parents, who had come out to enjoy their Sabbath in the open air. For a long time we walked together. We jumped about, we played at hide and seek among the rocks, we picked flowers in the fields. Then I took him to see my little dwelling, for he had never been there before. I cannot say that he felt like a stranger, but it seemed to me that he was rather nervous. He moved from one room to another quite freely, taking everything in his hands and wanting to know what it was for. But when I told him to sit down for a while and drink tea and eat some of the cakes, he refused because it was getting late. It was getting dark outside and he had to go home. He left me a few of the flowers he had picked, in a vase, and I gave him one piece of pastry to eat in the street, and we went out.

That evening I spent more time with him than usual. I washed him, I brought him his supper, I put him to bed, and then I went in to Mrs. G's room to talk to her. I had made up my mind to approach her that evening, to thank her for all the kindness and more than kindness she had shown, and to tell her that now I wanted to take the boy; for if not now, when then? As soon as she saw me she rose, intending to see me to the door as usual. I told her I wanted to talk to her. Naturally she understood at once what I wanted to talk about, and I saw that she was afraid of the conversation. She began playing nervously with the white necklace she wore, and without a word went back and sat down again. I sat on the couch facing her and at once came to the point.

'I shan't waste words trying to describe my gratitude,' said I to her. 'Are there any words which could tell you how thankful and grateful I am for all you have done for me and my son?... If I were to say that you have been just a mother to him, I would not be saying too much... But now, I am here, I am working steadily, I have a dwelling of my own, and I see no reason why the boy should continue to stay with you, or why he shouldn't come to live with his mother...'

Oh, how hard it was for me to say it! I don't know why. She sat there facing me like a statue, and her face was as white as chalk. I tried to read from it what must be going on inside her, but I couldn't. Her face was smooth and expressionless, like a kind of white mask. To rouse her from her stony silence I added:

'Surely you understand me, don't you?'

To this she answered quietly, with akind smile:

"Yes, of course, I understand you quite well. You want to take Michael away from me. Please do. Why not? But don't you think it might be better to ask the boy first? Maybe he doesn't want to go to you..."

Those words absolutely stupefied me, just as if she had hit me over the head with a hammer. To go and ask the boy first... At that moment I knew for certain I would never dare to ask him. No! No! For what would I do if he refused? Why, it would simply kill me. And then I also understood why I had been so careful not to tell the boy of my intention while he had been at the apartment with me. After all, I had really taken him there just for that, in order to show him his new home. But I had been afraid. Yes, I had simply been afraid that he might say: I don't want to come. That was the reason I let him go without even hinting what I intended to do. Mrs. C. must have sensed it, I suppose, and that was why she came out with what she said. She knew that those words had simply disarmed me. I waited for her to say something more, but she did not add a word. She sat twisting the white necklace between her fingers very nervously. I was afraid that the string would snap any moment and the beads would scatter all over the floor. I couldn't stand it. I stood up and went away.

VII.

What can I tell you? That night I hardly closed my eyes. I tossed from side to side all night long on my bed, mad with jealousy and rage and pity. Yes, pity as well. I was jealous of the woman and of her confidence. 'Go and ask the boy... She was not in the least apprehensive about asking him. She was sure that if he were asked he would want to stay. Why? Or maybe she was not at all so certain, but she knew my weakness and exploited it against me. And that was not at all kind. That was what made me angry. You understand: to suggest to a forlorn mother that her only child would not want to go with her! That was an act of cruelty. Yes. I almost hated her for it.

Yet on the other hand, when I pictured the fate of the woman to myself, I felt very sorry for her. For really she was just as forlorn as I was, and maybe even more so than I. Oh yes, it is quite true: she is well off and goodlooking and quite famous for her deeds of charity, yet what does she get out of it all? She is alone and childless. No child's eyes have ever brightened the gloom of her widowhood, she has never known what it is to be a real mother. Now she is growing old and a child has come her way, a really lovely child. She did not kidnap him or try to attract him by any trickery. Good, decent people brought him to her home so that she should bring him up and

educate him, since he was as good as an orphan and his father and his mother were far far away. So she treated him just as any woman with a heart would have done— she was a mother to him. Is there any sin in that? She loved the child, and he loved her and called her 'Mohter'. A short and affectionate word, Mother, which she had never heard in all her life until this child came to her home. Wasn't that worth as much as all her money and looks and good name? Of course she loves him. How could she do anything else? Is there any crime in it? And now, after they have been living together for a long time as mother and son, comes his real mother whom they had thought dead for a long time; and she wants to take him away from her. Why, if she takes him from her now, her home will be far more desolate than before, and she will be truly bereft. Is that a reward for her good deed?... Yes, I pitied her. I decided I must ask her pardon for going away without taking leave, and be exceedingly nice to her thereafter. For, when all is said and done, she's a really unfortunate woman.

But when I came to visit my boy next evening I did not find her at home. Nor did I find her on the evening after or on the one following. The boy told me she had gone to Tel-Aviv. On the fourth evening I found her, but she received me very coldly. She didn't open the door, she didn't stand up to meet me and didn't ask how I was. She merely said a languid good day from her armchair, as much as to say: Are you here again? And who told you to come?... She did this for several evenings. I suffered dreadfully from it. I simply didn't know any longer where I was in the world. So I decided to put a stop to it. No matter what happened I had to do something. It was impossible to go on any longer like that!

VIII.

Well, this very morning, when the boy was at school, I took some time off from my work and went to her house to talk to her. To clear the matter up at last, and try to find a way out together with her. That was what I thought when I went there, to find a way out together with her... But I no longer think so. Now, after the talk we had this morning, I know that there's no solution. I can't tell you exactly what we said. I was excited and she was excited. She sat all the time, twisting her white necklace. If it didn't snap today, then the string must be made of iron. And things were said between us that I would be ashamed to repeat. Neither of us put a bridle over her mouth. But I'll tell you in brief.

After I confusedly stammered about pardon and understanding and so on, I told her there was no reason for strained

relations between us, and I wanted to take the child without delay. She had to understand. To this she answered impatiently, almost roughly: 'Yes, yes, I know. I have already heard it all, once before.' Here my patience began to give way. I reminded her I was the child's mother, and it seemed as though she were forgetting the fact.

To this she answered: 'I have never denied it. I know you are his physical mother. But in a sense I am also his mother. It seems to me you don't want to recognise that fact.'

Then I grew angry. I shouted, I wept and I entreated: Give me the boy! Give my child back to me!'

But as for her, the more excited I grew, the calmer she became. 'I didn't take him from you,' said she with quite assurance, 'and I don't have to give him back to you. If you want to take him away from me, you have a choice between two courses: either you ask him--but it seems that you don't dare to do that, you are not so certain he'll want to go with you--or else you have another alternative: you can take him by force, by going to law.'

I was stunned. 'A new Judgment of Solomon?' said I bitterly. 'Yes, a new Judgment of Solomon,' she answered firmly.

I stared into her eyes and in them I again saw that look of triumph. Oh, how I hated her then! I know it is wicked, I know one mustn't hate like that. But what can I do? I can't get rid of the feeling of animosity that awoke in me then. You understand: I felt she thought that if we were both standing in front of Solomon's throne, she would be the one to say: 'Give her the living child,' while I would say: 'Cut him in two.' It's a dreadful thought. Why did she think that of me? Good, I understand she thinks she's the child's mother also, but why does she think I am his mother no longer? Why? Why?!..

So now my position is this--a mother whose child is alive, but who is bereft. He, the child that is, has two mothers, but I no longer have a child. He is lost to me, and who knows whether I shall find him again... what? He is in safe hands?... You also say that? Have you ever seen a person who has lost something precious and then consoles himself because what he lost is in good hands?

And please don't remind me of all the children who were left back in Europe. If only I could forget them. They stand before me all the time, every moment, they and their suffering mothers. Oh those dark faces, those wizened, shrunken bodies, those staring eyes-- will it ever be possible to forget them? But, believe me, I find no consolation in that thought either.

RABINOWITZ THE FOOL

by Alan Schaffer

From The Jewish Digest-
pp. 52-54, Vol. IX.
February 1964. Condensed
from The Reconstructionist.
January 12, 1962.

Meyer Rabinowitz peered through the wide windows over the Reverend Amos Randolph's shoulder and saw the six teenagers, picket signs high, trudging up and back in front of his store. He scanned the normally crowded supermarket, noting the emptiness, the lounging clerks; Saturday morning and the store looked like a tomb.

"You're killing me," Meyer said matter-of-factly as he turned his gaze back to the brown-faced minister. "Two days with the pickets, like a knife in my back."

"Mr. Rabinowitz," Randolph answered, his soft southern tones still foreign to Meyer's ear even after forty-one years in Georgia. "Mr. Rabinowitz, all we ask is that you let us sit at your lunch counter like any other customer."

Meyer glared malevolently at the gleaming formica counter on the far side of the store, at the three chattering waitresses, and at the twenty-four empty, mocking, round stools.

"What are you telling me," he whispered illogically, "that I'm prejudiced?"

"By me it makes a difference who sits? It's the State, the law, not me."

Randolph smiled sadly and brushed an imagined piece of lint from his trousers. "We'll picket until the law's changed."

"Oy, vey vey vey," Meyer intoned, "am I a millionaire, Woolworth's? I own one super-market. You want my blood? You want I should bankrupt?"

"We want to sit at your lunch counter," the minister insisted. "Mr. Rabinowitz, as a Jew you should understand that ..."

"Understand what?" Meyer interrupted. "Because I'm a Jew I should understand special? If I was a gov, gentile," he translated, "you wouldn't picket?"

"Of course we'd picket," Randolph replied, annoyed at the inference.

"Alright," Meyer said, nodding his head wearily. "I'm not prejudiced, you're not prejudiced." He pushed himself up from the chair as a signal that the conversation was over. "Soon I'll make up my mind, I'll let you know." He picked some papers off his desk to avoid shaking hands and watched the black-suited minister walk into the hot Georgia July and resume his place in the circulating picket line.

Meyer stared at the outdoor scene for several moments, then stepped down from the platform that served as his office and walked toward the seven check-out counters. He checked the figures in each of the registers, sweat breaking out on his forehead as he tallied the total on a brown sack.

He found Driscoll, his assistant manager, in back of the store. "Monday," he told him, "we'll serve anyone. Make up a bunch 'specials,' Meyer added, "a good sale we should draw customers. In case anyone wants me, I'm going home."

Once outside he surrendered impassively to Randolph and without waiting for a comment walked to the blue-coated policeman at the corner, municipal recognition of Meyer Rabinowitz's problem. Meyer hoped for a few words indicating

law and order would be upheld, but the cop only nodded and Meyer stalked toward his car.

He wondered why Meyer Rabinowitz had to be the genius who put lunch counters into supermarkets. Fifteen years before, when he'd sunk every cent into the store, it had seemed like a stroke of genius. Who knew Negroes would some day make trouble? Could you predict such a thing?

At home Meyer threw his jacket over a chair and, walking into the dining room, yelled to the Negro maid, "A cup hot tea please, Irma. With lemon."

Irma brought the tea and Miriam, Meyer's wife, came downstairs. "Nu?" she asked.

"Nu?" Meyer mimicked. "Talk English!"

"Nu is already English, Meyer," she answered. "So?"

"So the schvahrtze stay away and the business is dying and soon you can bury both of us."

"It's so terrible, business is off a few days?"

Meyer snorted at his wife's naivete. "Maybe I stop paying salaries? My trucks work on Pepsi Cola?" He gulped the remainder of the tea and added, "Monday we'll serve anyone and from the white hoodlums and the black hoodlums there only shouldn't be trouble." He pushed away from the table, walked upstairs, and fell heavily on the bed.

What would happen Monday? What did color have to do with anything? Once his nephew, Leo, asked him what he'd do if he met a Jewish Negro. Meyer shrugged. "I'd say sholom." Falling asleep, he divided the world into two parts, goyim and Jews. Black Christians, white Christians, was there a difference? The only ones to be segregated at his counter were Jews, for he served pork.

It was almost five when Meyer awoke to the slam of the front door and animated voices in the living room. He was on the stairs, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, before Miriam started up. "It's the Rabbi and Goladner," she whispered. "A regular delegation."

As soon as Meyer entered the living room, Goladner, a short, dumpy man his own age, president of the synagogue, asked and accused, "Is it true Meyer? You desegregate Monday?"

"It should only bring business back," Meyer answered, nodding.

"A Jew shouldn't be first," Goladner burst out. "Already downtown they talk about the Jew bastards, the nigger-lovers. You want a pogrom?"

"I got already, by me personal, a pogrom," Meyer replied, smiling at his own wry humor.

Before Goladner answered, the Rabbi, immaculate in his summer suit, coughed politely to attract attention. "Your action Mr. Rabinowitz," he began, "will reflect on us all. Public opinion is against...."

"I spit on public opinion," Meyer bellowed, spewing out his anger, not at them, but at the trap that bound him. "Since when does a Jew act to please the goyim? What should I do, Rabbi, walk softly my guards shouldn't crack my head or curse me? Does it make any difference? Things will change?

forty-one years I've lived here. Am I rabinowitz the Georgian or Rabinowitz the Jew? Let them fight their own battles. Monday I serve everyone, black, white, purple."

"Rabinowitz the fool," Goldaner cried.

Meyer spat at him, the droplet missing its mark, exploding silently on the green rug. They all froze, then Meyer propelled himself from the room, through the house, and into the back yard. He sank into a chair, ashamed, feeling his heart thumping wildly. He heard the front door slam and knew they were right, and knew just as certainly that he was not wrong. They were all Jews, a fact he'd known all his sixty-one years, yet suddenly realized like some lightning flash of insight. They were all in the same trap, winning and losing, defeated and thereby victorious. He shrugged helplessly and wiped away the beginning of a solitary tear from the corner of his eye.

It was almost nine-thirty Monday morning when Meyer let the heavy door of the Oldsmobile slam shut and walked through the parking lot to his store. His face betrayed no emotion as he watched the customers flocking in to buy the advertised "specials" and the Negro stockboy carefully scraping away the remains of a painted black swastika smeared like a great bird of prey across the gleaming front window.

VALUE --- JUSTICE (1)

A 20 Minutes: Each student reads silently to himself. If the teacher, in order to save time, wishes to summarize the first few pages, he may, after reading aloud the first paragraph of the story, continue with the following summary which covers the story to the end of section VII.

The scene is Germany just prior to World War II. The Jews are already being sent to concentration camps. The story revolves around a young couple and their son. Both father and mother are doctors. They are concerned over their son's safety. An opportunity unexpectedly presents itself whereby the son can be taken by another family to the land of Israel. The parents, in particular the mother, are very reluctant to part with the child. Finally when the danger increases, they give in. The boy goes to Israel (then Palestine) and after a year is given over to a widowed woman of some prominence who consents to care for him. She grows to love the boy very much. For a while letters are sent to the boy's parents but eventually these cease when the war breaks out. The mother is glad her son is safe and at the same time is jealous that another woman is caring so well for him. Her husband is then sent to a concentration camp where he dies. The mother at this point decides she must at all costs escape and go to her son. When she finally arrives in Jerusalem after much hardship 3 years have elapsed since she last saw her son. At this point we pick up the story.

B Students' Opinions and Comments.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- The Jew as a Man of Justice.

I The Jew as a Man of Justice.

a) If this case came before a court of Law and you were the judge, what would your decision be and why? (Ask each member of the class to answer this question.) Then take a vote-- How many in favor of giving the child back to its real mother? How many in favor of leaving the child with Mrs. G.? Is there anyone who would make a decision other than these two possibilities? If so- what?

b) In a Court of Rabbis today, the decision would favor the real mother.

c) On page 305 we read- "What? No! I wouldn't like to talk about it to a woman. If a woman were to hear me, all kinds of instincts would stir inside her; and where instincts are in charge there can be no fair judgment, and all the boundaries between truth and falsehood simply fade away. Can you understand me? Yes, only a man can listen to me without being biased or prejudiced.."
Do you agree that in this case a man would make a better judge than a woman? Why?
In general, do men make better judges than women? Why?

1- Are there any cases in the Bible where woman are judges?

> In the Book of Judges we read-
> "Now Deborah, a prophetess, the wife of Lappidoth, she judge Israel at that time.
> And she sat under the palm-tree of Deborah between Ramah and Beth-el in the hill-country of Ephraim; and the children of Israel came up to her for judgment."
> (Judges 4:4-5)

d) In this story, do you think a woman judge who has children of her own would be able to make an unbiased decision?

e) On page 316 we read: "Yes, of course, I understand you quite well. You want to take Michael away from me. Please do. Why not? But don't you think it might be better to ask the boy first? Maybe he doesn't want to go to you..."

Was Mrs. G. justified in asking such a question? Was she being fair?

1- She was actually being cruel— from two points of view:

1 She was making an already difficult situation for the mother even more difficult. The mother had already suffered greatly- e.g.- in the war; all her suffering being endured for the sake of having her child again. Now Mrs. G. wants to try and deprive her of this right.

2 It would be very unkind to ask the boy. He would be faced with having to make a very painful decision which he was not yet mature enough to make. No matter which way he decided, the boy would suffer from guilt feelings and cause great pain to one of the women.

The mother's reaction to Mrs. G.'s question is seen in the following words- "'Go and ask the boy...' She was not in the least apprehensive about asking him. She was sure that if he were asked he would want to stay. Why? Or maybe she was not at all so certain, but she knew my weakness and exploited it against me. And that was not at all kind. That was what made me angry. You understand: to suggest to a forlorn mother that her only child would not want to go with her! That was an act of cruelty. Yes. I almost hated her for it." (p. 316)

COMMENTS

a) On page 318, what does the mother mean when she says- "Have you ever seen a person who has lost something precious and then consoles himself because what he lost is in good hands?"

1- The mother here is referring to her son. She can't be consoled by the knowledge that he is in good hands when those hands are not hers.

b) Explain what the mother means by the last paragraph of the story on page 318 "And please don't remind me of all the children who were left back in Europe. If only I could forget them. They stand before me all the time, every moment, they and their suffering mothers. Oh those dark faces, those wizened, shrunken bodies, those staring eyes--will it ever be possible to forget them? But, believe me, I find no consolation in that thought either."

i- The mother can't be consoled by the fact that her son is alive while thousands of others children were lost in the war. It is sometimes easier to adjust to the death of a loved one than to know that he is alive yet you can't be with him.

c) Examples of Justice and Mercy as found in the Union Prayer Book, Vol. I. (Vol. 2- The High Holiday liturgy abounds in references to Justice and Mercy. These are the major themes for Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur.)

i- "He hath remembered His mercy and His faithfulness toward the house of Israel." (p.11)

ii- "Thy mercy has sustained us in the hour of trial." (p. 16)

iii- "In lovingkindness Thou sustainest the living; in the multitude of Thy mercies, Thou preservest all." (p. 18)

iv- "Help us to discern Thy justice and to understand Thy will." (p. 29)

v- "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad. Clouds and darkness are round about Him; righteousness and justice are the foundations of His throne." (p. 37)

vi- "It hath been told thee, O man, what is good, and what the Lord doth require of thee.
Only to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." (p. 38)

vii- "Let justice well up as waters and righteousness like a mighty stream." (p. 39)

viii- "May the righteous of all nations rejoice in Thy grace and exult in Thy justice." (p. 41)

ix- "With trumpets and sound of the horn before the Lord, for He is come to judge the earth; He will judge the world with righteousness, and the peoples with equity." (p. 48)

x- "O Lord, be merciful to us in our failings and trespasses and, when we have gone astray, help us to find our way back to Thee." (p. 50)

Biblical, Rabbinic and Other References to Justice.

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period, each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- "Hate the evil, and love the good,
And establish justice in the gate;"
(Amos 5:15)

b- "It hath been told thee, O man,
what is good,
And what the Lord doth require
of thee:
Only to do justly and to love
mercy, and to walk humbly with
thy God."
(Micah 6:8)

c- "Justice, justice shall you pursue, that you may
thrive and occupy the land that the Lord your God
is giving you."
(Deuteronomy 16:20)

"The Rabbis ask: 'Why is the word justice written
twice? (Deut. 16:20). To teach us that we must
practice justice at all times, whether it be for our
profit or for our loss, and towards all men—
towards Jews and non-Jews alike.'"
(Cf. Sanhedrin, 32b;)

d- "A righteous judge is the partner of God in the work
of creation."
(Shah 10a.)

e- "He that walketh in his intergrity as a just man,
Happy are his children after him."
(Proverbs 20:7)

f- "To do righteousness and justice
Is more acceptable to the Lord
than sacrifice."
(Proverbs 21:3)

g- "Rabban Simeon ben Gemaliel said: the world is founded upon three things: upon truth, justice and peace."
(Perke Abot)

h- "'Thou shalt not take a bribe, for a bribe blinds the eyes of the wise' (Deut. XVI, 19). R. Hama b. Osha'ya says: If a man suffers from his eyes, he pays much money to a doctor, but it is doubtful whether he will be healed or not. But he who takes a bribe, overturns justice, blinds his eyes, brings Israel into exile, and hunger into the world."
(Tanh. B., Shofetim, 15b fin.)

i- Authority to Save
"Many persons complained to the Sassover concerning a certain Shocket's conduct, and asked for his dismissal. One man, however, declared that the Shocket was without fault and was merely the victim of jealousies. The Rabbi decided to retain the Shocket, and when the others complained at his taking the word of one person against many, the Rabbi replied: 'God Himself commanded Abraham to sacrifice Isaac, yet he listened to an angel and saved Issac's life. Why? Because to harm a man, a command from a high tribunal is required, but to save a man, only a word from the lowest authority is needed.'"
(E. Tz., p. 61.)

j- "A judge should not stand in judgment over a person whom he likes or dislikes."
(Ketubot, 105.)

k- "If we were in the Sanhedrin, no one would ever suffer capital punishment."
(Mishnah Makkot, 6.)

l- "Judge not thy neighbor until thou hast put thyself in his place; judge all men charitably."
(Abot, 2, 5.)

m- "There is no true justice unless mercy is part of it."
(Zohar, iv. 146b.)

n-

Man and Beast

"Once the great Alexander visited a king in an outlying corner of the world. The king acted as a magistrate and invited his guest to sit beside him. Two men came before the court. One said: 'I have bought a house from this man, and while repairing it, a treasure was found. I offered to return it to him, but he refuses to accept it.'

The other said: 'I knew nothing of the treasure, and it does not belong to me. Since I sold him the house and the lot, the treasure is his property.'

The king said: 'Have you a son?' and to the other: 'Have you a daughter?' 'Yes,' was the answer from each. 'Then,' continued the king, 'let them marry and keep the treasure as their dowry.'

Alexander smiled, and remarked: 'In our country the law is that the king takes unto himself whatever is found.'

His host looked at him in astonishment, and replied: 'Does the sun shine in your land? Does the rain ripen grain and fruits?'

'Yes,' responded Alexander.

'Are there beasts in your land,' the king inquired.

'Yes,' answered Alexander.

'Then surely, the sun and rain come to your land for the sake of the innocent beasts; not for the sake of unjust men. In our land, however, the sun shines and the rain descends for the sake of men, and the beasts receive their food for our sake.'"

(Introd. to Tanhuma Buber, 152.)

Note to Teacher: Prepare Mimeographing for next lesson. See Justice (2)

VALUE ---- JUSTICE (2) SOCIAL

A. Pass out mimeographed copies of the following Prologue from Justice and Judaism by A. Vorspan and J. Lipman. Each student reads silently to himself.

"It was after 11:00 p.m. and the monthly meeting of the Board of Trustees was apparently over. The long agenda had been disposed of, with no more than the usual amount of pyrotechnics, and some of the members were already rising from their seats, looking at their watches, when the president said, 'Just one more item, if you don't mind. It won't take long.'

He then read a circular letter which had been sent to the temple and to all the synagogues associated with the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, by the president of the Union. The letter described the work of the Commission on Social Action of Reform Judaism in helping congregations apply the ethical insights of Judaism to the specific social problems of our generation. The letter concluded with a request to each congregation to establish its own Social Action Committee to study the moral and ethical problems involved in major social issues nationally and in our own communities and to bring the principles of Judaism to bear upon these problems.

There was a long moment of silence. Then everybody seemed to speak at once.

'I don't get it,' said one. 'What is this social action?'

'Politics, politics!' exclaimed Mr. Robinson. 'They want us to get mixed up in politics!'

'Not so fast,' pleaded the president. 'I read some of the material the Social Action Commission has put out. I don't know if I go along all the way, but I certainly think that Judaism has something to say about modern-day problems. Take equal rights, for example. Do you mean to say that Judaism has nothing to say about civil rights or---'

'No, it doesn't!' shouted another. 'There's no such thing as a Jewish attitude toward civil rights, or peace, or housing. We are for civil rights as Americans, not as Jews. There's no such thing as a Jewish vote. We don't live in a ghetto. We're free Americans like everybody else and I resent this kind of minority thinking.'

'Who said anything about a Jewish vote or living in a ghetto?' put in the secretary, despairing of taking notes on the discussion. 'Let's be more specific. Last week I was in a restaurant—took the kids in for dinner. A Negro couple came in and sat down. The kids and I were waited on, got our food, and finished our meal. Nobody waited on the Negro couple. Finally, they got up and left. I know how I feel about that kind of thing. You mean to say that's not against our religion? Then what's this brotherhood we pray about in the temple?'

'That's a good example,' said the president.

'I think it's a terrible example,' blurted the man who had warned about the ghetto. 'If you didn't like it, you should have done something about it as an American citizen. Talk to the manager. Write your Congressman. Write a letter to the *Times*. What do you want from the temple?'

'Answer my question, please,' persisted the secretary. 'What about our prayers about social justice, love thy neighbor, and all that? What is that—just talk? What does it mean?'

'Prayer is one thing, social *action* is another. Let the rabbi preach about these things, that's okay with me. But I will apply them for myself as I choose to do as an American citizen.'

'That's right,' echoed another. 'Keep the church and the synagogue out of politics, that's what I always say. I'm for separation of church and state right down the line.'

'I think we're going off in all directions at once,' said the president. 'As I understand this letter, Rabbi Eisendrath is saying that the synagogue has no right to cloister itself and evade responsibility for the problems of the community; I agree with him. We have a terrible slum in this town—isn't that our business?'

'Well, the rabbi is working on that as a member of the Human Rights Committee—'

'I don't mean only the rabbi. How about us?'

'What about us?' demanded his opponent. 'Many of us are active in civic causes. That's the American way—as individuals. Not as a synagogue.'

'I have been listening to this discussion,' said another, 'and I want to ask a question. This Board meets every month. We discuss the budge, the cantor's salary, the plaster falling in the classrooms, membership. Fine. But when do we ever discuss what Judaism has to say about the great issues of our community, our country and the world? It's just a question.'

'I'm warning you,' said another. 'Start up with these outside issues and you'll split the congregation.

I say let's stick to religion.'

'Yes, sure,' said the secretary, 'but what is religion. What is Judaism? Is Judaism concerned with the falling plaster or the Negro couple in the restaurant? It seems to me...'

(Justice and Judaism- pp. 3-5)

How many students agree with Mr. Robinson's position? How many students agree with the President's position? If there is a division in the class, let the opposing sides express their views. If there is no division, the teacher should play the "devil's advocate." for a few minutes in order to arouse discussion.

Note on the function of the Synagogue-Justice and Judaism, p. 10.

Early in the evolution of rabbinic Judaism it became crystal-clear to the great sages of Israel that only through institutions could the noble humanitarian and ethical mizvos of Judaism find fulfillment in the life of the individual Jew and of the Jewish people. Since the synagogue already existed as the core institution in Jewish life after the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem (70 C.E.), it was natural for Jewish institutional life to center around the synagogue. To the synagogue came the poor to receive, not charity, but tse-dakah their righteous due. To the synagogue came the lame and the sick, to be cared for in community hospices. To the synagogue came the sinned-against to cry out against injustice, and to receive justice. From the burial of the dead to the redemption of the captive, a whole network of institutions developed through and around the synagogue in which the individual Jew and the am segulah, the holy people with a mission, could obey the will and law of God.

As Rabbi Jacob Schwarz put it: 'When the synagogue was at the height of its strength it was coextensive with Jewish life. No avenue of Jewish thought or interest was closed to it and no concern of Jews was beyond its purview. It was the embodiment of the history, doctrines, ideas, and achievements of the Jewish people. The synagogue and Jewish life were inseparable.'

(The Synagogue in Modern Jewish Life, p. 1)

Insights to be Emphasized

1 The Prophetic Cry of Social Justice is as Relevant Today as in the Time of the Prophets.

2 The American Jewish Community Has Been Very Active in the Field of Social Justice.

1 The Prophetic Cry of Social Justice is as Relevant Today as in the Time of the Prophets.

a) What is Social Justice?
Make a list of the classes' suggestions on the blackboard.
A good answer to this question may be found in the words of the Prophet Jeremiah (22:3)
According to this verse social justice means:

i- Relieving the oppressed.

ii- Doing no wrong.

iii- No violence.

iv- Caring for orphans.

v- Being kind to strangers.

vi- Caring for widows.

vii- Not shedding innocent blood.

What else can you think of that might be added to this list?
After the students have made further additions, we read slowly Ezekiel 18:5-9 and see if the class agrees that these things, one by one, should be added.

b) What in your opinion is more important, Prayer, Ritual and Ceremonies, or Social Justice? The position of the Prophet Isaiah may serve as a good answer to this question. (See Reference #3)

c) Is there Social Justice in the United States?
Where do we see it?
Where is it lacking?

General and Specific Examples Where in Operation in the U.S.

i- Equality before the law in most cases. "'In righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbour' (Lev. XIX, 15). You must not let one litigant speak as much as he wants, and then say to the other, 'Shorten thy speech.' You must not let one stand and the other sit." (Sifra 89a.)

ii- Hundreds of millions of dollars spent annually for better housing through the National Housing Act.

iii- Efforts to eliminate poverty such as the War on Poverty Program.

iv- The Peace Corps.

v- Economic, Medical and Technical assistance to underdeveloped countries.

vi- Pensions for the Aged.

vii- Medicare.

viii- Social Security.

General and Specific Examples Where Lacking in the U.S.

i- Segregation in Educational Institutions.

ii- Housing Discrimination.

iii- Inadequate Funds for Education.

iv- Capital Punishment has not yet been abolished.

v- The Immigration Laws of the United States are too restrictive.

vi- There is still inequality before the law in some cases. (See Reference #6)

4 The American Jewish Community Has Been Very Active in the Field of Social Justice.

a) In the Area of Housing.

The organizing of Social Action Committees in many Temples across the country. These committees deal with such problems as:

i- Educating the congregation into accepting Negroes and other minority groups into residential neighborhoods.

ii- Preventing panic and hysteria when new groups move in by persuading people not to move or sell their property.

iii- Instituting programs to maintain strict fire and housing regulations for slum and underprivileged areas.

Two Examples of Active Temples.

i- The K.A.M. Temple in Chicago, near a densely populated negro section, sought to alleviate the problems of disease, delinquency and crime. Discussion groups were organized to discuss the "...religious implications of better public schools, housing, cleaner politics and other issues agitating the community." (Justice and Judaism p. 39)

A new community house was built in the face of pressing social problems brought only by the environment. It was felt that this community house could contribute to bringing about a "...better understanding between the races." (Justice and Judaism p. 39)
The alternative would have been to avoid the problem of worshiping and studying in a Negro environment by building elsewhere. This alternative was rejected.

ii- The Stephen Wise Free Synagogue of New York City has contributed much to the environment of the neighborhood. It's Social Action program includes "...financial grants to overburdened social welfare institutions in the community; free legal aid to needy residents regardless of race or ancestry; cooperation with other church and civic bodies in the achievement of better housing, recreation and education and an harmonious integration of new residents into the community." (Justice and Judaism p. 42)

b) In the Area of Education.
"Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children." (Deut. 6:7)

i- The Public School System as an integral and necessary part of the American Way of Life, is supported by almost every temple and Jew in the country.

ii- Some congregations sponsor Institutes on Judaism for community leaders, teachers and Christian clergy, in order to better aquaint these people with the nature of Judaism. This helps prevent the teaching of incorrect facts which often nurture prejudice.
Temple Emmanu-el in Montreal, Canada, is an example of a Temple which has been carrying on a program like this since about 1941.

c) In the Area of Juvenille Delinquency.

i- Some Temples in order to keep underprivileged boys and girls off the streets and out of fights and gang wars, open their facilities to them. The following are two examples:

i- The Stephen Wise Free Synagogue of New York opens its recreational facilites to the larger community.

ii- Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati, several times each year invites children from slum areas to a day of recreation at the campus. Swimming, basketball, baseball and food are provided. Some students at the College also tutor free of charge, Negro children who need extra help in their studies.

d) In the Area of Civic Reform.

"For I know how manifold are your transgressions,
And how mighty are your sins:
Ye that afflict the just, that take a ransom,
And that turn aside the needy in the gate."
(Amos 5:12)

Corruption in Civic Government has been challenged and erradicated in many American cities by movements led by Jewish and Christian Clergymen.

i- Rabbi Samuel Mayerberg in 1932 spearheaded a movement to eliminate the Pendergast machine, vicious political organization which spread terror and corruption throughout Kansas City. After 10 years, Rabbi Mayerberg's goal was achieved. Both he and his congregations suffered greatly during those ten years. The following selections indicate briefly the ordeal.

"'They tapped my telephones in my temple study,' Rabbi Mayerberg recalls, 'and in the Charter League offices. They ransacked the files in my study and stole the records from the League office. They threatened me and they attempted to bribe me... Constant threats came from the underworld... As I drove to a North Side meeting one night, my car was forced to the curb and a shot was fired. Fortunately, friends had equipped my car with pullet-proof glass. After this incident the governor, upon the insistence of friends, assigned to me two men, deputized as deputy coroners.' The body-guards accompanied him everywhere, attended all temple services, and guarded homes at which the rabbi officiated at weddings and funerals. For months, the rabbi kept a loaded pistol on the floor beside his bed. Citizens continued to

be so concerned for his safety that the Sanford Brown Post of the American Legion sent word to the leader of the hoodlums that if anything happened to Rabbi Mayerberg they would clean out the North End."

"My congregations suffered severly during these first months of our civic battle. Many members resigned under Pendergast pressure. Some visited me privately (under cover of night) to tell me that they believed in the cause, but that they must withdraw because they were victims of reprisals. Almost every business required some sort of city permit; their owners were certain the threats to cancel permits would be carried out and they would be driven from business. Others informed me their taxes had been raised exorbitantly. One real estate owner told me that a building, assessed at $25,000 had been raised to $150,000..."

(Justice and Judaism, pp. 92-93)

ii- In 1929, Dr. Sidney E. Goldstein, Rabbi of the Stephen Wise Free Synagogue in New York combined efforts with Rabbi Stephen Wise to rid New York of Mayor James Walker and his administration.

e) In the Area of Labor.

The development of the Labor Movement in the United States is largely due to the influence of prominent Jewish figures. For example:

i- Samuel Gompers founded the American Federation of Labor in 1886.

ii- Jews were very active in the founding of the International Ladies Garment Workers and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

f) Activities of the Commission on Social Action of Reform Judaism.

i- Seeks, in cooperation with other groups (Jewish and Non-Jewish) to implement decisions on issues of Social Justice made at the Union's Biennial Conventions. These issues deal with:

1-Civil Rights.

2 Civil Liberties.

3 U.S. Immigration Policy.

4 Separation of Church and State.

5 Strengthening the United Nations.

g) Both the Orthodox and Conservative movements in America are also members of the National Community Relations Advisory Council. (NCRAC) Both have active national and congregational Social Action programs. In the area of Social Action there is a good deal of cooperation between the Orthodox, Conservative and Reform movements.

h) Do you have a Social Action or Community Affairs committee in your Temple? What specifically have they done and what do they intend to do?

Some Examples of Synagogue Social Action Programs.

i- Many congregations have developed study programs on the United Nations, Immigration, Separation of Church and State and Segregation.

ii- One synagogue initiated a community-wide program for the improvement of Negro housing in a slum Negro section of the town.

iii- One synagogue sponsored an inter-faith program to achieve de-segregation in a segregated city.

iv- Another congregation examined the need for a Community Mental Health Clinic.

PROJECT

Have the class adopt a Social Action Project. This could be launched by asking the chairman of the Adult Social Action Committee to talk to the class on the activities of the Committee and to make suggestions as to which areas the class should consider for a Social Action Project. A few minutes should be given for questions and answers. (The Rabbi may also be

asked to talk to the class). After the Chairman (or Rabbi) leaves, discuss the various suggestions presented as well as any offered by members of the class. (The teacher may want to devote a separate lesson to this discussion and talk by the Chairman or Rabbi.) A name for the student committee might be- YASAC — Young Adult Social Action Committee.

Visits might be made to an orphanage, a school for delinquent children, a mental hospital, or some other social Agency. Such a visit will help educate the class and at the same time perhaps, provide fertile ground for YASAC.

8 End lesson by having students read and comment upon Wahinowitz The Fool.

Biblical, Rabbinic and Other References to Social Justice.

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- "One must be especially careful to speak kindly to orphans and widows, to treat them respectfully, and not to vex them even with words, because their souls are downcast and their spirits are low, even if they are wealthy. We are thus warned even as regards the widow and the orphan of a king, for it is written (Exodus 22:21): 'Any widow or orphan ye shall not afflict.' He, by whose word the world was called into being, made a covenant with orphans and widows, that whenever they are crying to Him because of their being wronged, their prayers will be answered, for it is written (loco citato 22): 'For if he cry unto Me, I shall hearken unto his cry.' All this refers to a case where one afflicts them for one's own advantage, but not when one afflicts them for the purpose of teaching them the Law of God or a trade, or to lead them upon the right path. But even then one must direct them with kindness and mercy, for it is written (Proverbs 23:11): 'For the Lord will plead their cause.' In this regard, it is immaterial whether he is an orphan from his father or his mother. And how long are they to be considered as orphans in this matter? Until they are able to attend to all their needs by themselves like all adults."

(Code of Jewish Law-Ganzfried-Goldin. Vol. I, p.97, #19)

b- "Thus saith the Lord:
Execute ye justice and righteousness, and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor; and do no wrong, do no violence, to the stranger, the fatherless, nor the widow, neither shed innocent blood in this place."

(Jeremiah 22:3)

c- "Learn to do well;
Seek justice, relieve the oppressed,
Judge the fatherless, plead for the widow."

(Isaiah 1:17)

d- "For I know how manifold are your transgressions,
And how mighty are your sins;
Ye that afflict the just, that take a ransom,
And that turn aside the needy in the gate."
(Amos 5:12)

e- "It is to the prophetic tradition more than to any other source that Western civilization owes its noblest concept of the moral and social obligations of the individual human being. Even if the prophets preached only to their fellow Israelites and saw justice only in the terms of their covenant with their God, their ringing words have carried from age to age their belief that justice was for the weak as well as for the strong; that its fulfillment was as much the spirit as the letter of the law; that one could not serve God at the same time that he mistreated his fellow men; that to love God was to love justice and that the love of justice placed within the conscience of each human being the ultimate inescapable obligation to denounce evil where he saw it, to defy a ruler who commanded him to break the covenant, and to live in the law and the love of God no matter what the cost." (Ancient Israel by Harry M. Orlinsky- from Justice and Judaism, p. 9)

f- "In Toronto, the 'Red scare' of the early 30's, the police denied the right of liberal groups to use Queens Park, the Canadian counterpart of Union Square, New York, or Hyde Park, London. Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath, spiritual leader of Holy Blossom Temple, initiated a petition which was signed by sixty-eight religious leaders, resulting in restoration of traditional civil liberties in Toronto."
(Justice and Judaism, p.15)

g- "In 1947, Rabbi Roland B. Gittlesohn served as a member of President Truman's Committee on Civil Rights, which produced the trail-blazing report entitled 'To Secure These Rights.'"
(Justice and Judaism, p.16)

h- Thou Art The Man!
Rabbi Sidney E. Goldstein, in his The Synagogue and Social Welfare, recounts this incident from his own experience:

"I was in Sinai Temple the Sunday Dr. Hirsch preached one of his most prophetic sermons. That morning the newspapers of Chicago had spread across the front page the words, 'The Packers Are Stealing the Water of the City.'

Hirsch arose in the pulpit, stern and grim: 'I have been announced to speak on such and such a theme but I have decided to change my topic to 'Thou Shalt Not Steal.' He not only exposed and denounced the packers of Chicago for robbing the city, but condemned them for the shame they had brought upon the community and upon themselves. Then in the midst of one of his passionate passages, he turned to Nelson Morris, who was then a member of his congregation, and thundered, 'Thou art the man.' The congregation was startled and aghast. Nelson Morris, of course, resigned, and so did a number of his friends. The next Sunday Hirsch arose and said with a wry smile, 'I have this week received notice that a number of our members have resigned. I have always known that the Jews possessed at least one virtue--the virtue of resignation. But let me state that while the members are free to resign, the rabbi is also free to resign.' The resignations stopped."

(Justice and Judaism, p.16)

i- "The aim of the anti-poverty program, after all, is not simply to put money in people's pockets.

It is to put hope in their hearts and pride in their step.

President Johnson has described the anti-poverty program as one which 'keeps faith with and puts faith in the dignity and capacity of the individual.'

There is no more essential ingredient of such dignity than justice--not only justice in our courts, administered by judges and by lawyers, but justice in our society, with each of us playing a part.

The Hebrew prophets spoke not to lawyers alone when they commanded: 'Justice, justice, shall ye pursue.'"

('Justice, justice, shall ye pursue...' by Nicholas Katzenbach, Acting Attorney General of the U.S. p. 13)

j- "The bail system that kept Robert Cary in jail while known criminals went free raises grave constitutional and moral issues that affect the entire nation. The Eighth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution assures every citizen that 'excessive bail shall not be required.' Nevertheless, on any given day tens of thousands of Americans are jammed into crowded jails because their bail is excessive for them. By contrast, grand juries and judges have charged that some bondsmen receive kickbacks from criminal lawyers and make payoffs to

court clerks and higher-ups. In short, the bail system provides one law for the underworld and the well-to-do, and another for the poor."

(The Bail-Bond Scandal.
Saturday Evening Post.
June 20/64.)

(This is an example of injustice in the U.S.)

k- "Throughout the history of the Western world the Scriptures have been the great instigators of revolt against the worst forms of clerical and political despotism. The Bible has been the Magna Charta of the poor and of the oppressed; down to modern times no State has had a constitution in which the interests of the people are so largely taken into account, in which the duties so much more than the privileges of rulers are insisted upon, as that drawn up for Israel in Deuteronomy and in Leviticus; nowhere is the fundamental truth that the welfare of the State, in the long run, depends on the uprightness of the citizen so strongly laid down... The Bible is the most democratic book in the world."

(T.H. Huxley, 1892. From
A Book of Jewish Thoughts-
Selected by Dr. J.H.Hertz,
p. 140)

UNIT 4

BETWEEN MAN AND MAN

Values

Freedom

Individualism and Idealism

Martyrdom

Remembrance

ONCE UPON A PASSOVER

by Ronald H. Goff

From Variant-
Ordination 1964.
pp.14-22.

(It is a star-spangled night that stretches its anthem over the triangle of tents, babies and bonfires that indicate the Hebrew camp. The cries of infants and old men sink into the ocean of cold night air, evaporating in the white light of a rising moon. Roaring in their pits but a short while ago, fires turn low and sputter cautiously as the moon reaches her zenith, marking the profile of night with an eastern incandescence.)

(At the apex of the camp, a large tent of black goatskin has been fastened like a giant safety-pin holding up the diapers of the children of Israel. Inside, a welter of cushions and blankets (generously sprinkled with matzah crumbs) are made dimly visible by several large oil lamps giving out amounts of smoke and light in unequal proportions. A foggy silence slinks through the tents; brushing against its slightly sagging ceiling; sliding across its richly carpeted floor (loomed in Egypt and uncomfortably rumpled in its strange surroundings). On this royal carpet depicting the gods and goddesses of the Nile, Moses paces up and down, treading irreverently on the face of Egypt. His brother Aaron, propped up with piles of pillows (expropriated from the Pharaoh) sucks ceremoniously on a large Nargileh (water pipe), bubbling furiously. Each puff fills the swollen tent with blue clouds of Egyptian smoke into which Moses disappears from time to time, only to emerge reluctantly like some great shy specter, unwilling to be conjured up. The silence is suddenly snapped by a most undignified sound which breaks the spell and indicates the end of Aaron's tobacco supply. Aaron removes the pipe stem from his mouth with a flourish, peers at his brother through the sifting screen of smoke and speaks:)

Aaron: By the outstretched arm of the Lord God! Stop pacing up and down. You're making me nervous. And we're running out of carpets. It's our last one loomed in Egypt. Quality carpets are hard to come by these days; especially after our bacteriological warfare with the Pharaoh. I don't imagine our credit rating's very good. (Aaron grumbles and shakes his head sadly.)

Moses: (Moses begins to take shape as the smoke gradually dissipates, lingering in thin wisps at the top of the tent. He turns abruptly and faces Aaron.) Looms and labels? Carpets? Credit? Is that what you're worried about, Aaron? I cancelled my account with Egypt a long time ago. I settled my score with the Pharaoh. But apparently he is still trying to settle with us. What a fool I've been, mesmerizing myself into thinking that we had defeated the gods of Egypt. I thought we were done with them. I thought we had won.

Aaron: What in the dust of this damn desert are you talking about?

Moses: I've been sorcerizing myself, that's what. Excited by my own eloquence; the thunderous adulation of the crowds, women banging on timbrels, soldiers blowing shofars 'til they're blue in the face. For fifteen years now I've been elaborating on our victory over the Egyptians, elaborating on a lie.

Aaron: Lie? What are you talking about? Have you gone completely mad? Of course we defeated the Egyptians and their gods. Don't you remember training those gnarled old snakes to look stiff as a staff? By the beard of the God of Israel! Were those Egyptains surprised when our staves turned into snakes. They didn't think we knew their tricks. (Aaron becomes more excited now, warming to the memory.) Ah, but the payoff came when our snakes swallowed theirs. Remember? We hadn't fed them for weeks. And did you see the Pharaoh's jaw drop? By the sacred dice of the Lord God! Those Egyptian fakers were mortified! (Aaron is on his feet now, his face inflamed with the wine of the Passover and the memory of his triumph, waving his arms wildly.) We showed them, Moses. Yes sir, we beat them at their own game. We manufactured more vermin, blood and frogs than the Association of Egyptian Sorcerers ever dreamed of. What a show! Hail and locusts and all the rest of it. W H Y, compared to our talents for gimmicks and gullibility, those Egyptian priests were pikers. (He pauses, his figure distended as if absorbing nourishment from the banquet of words that he spreads before his brother. Moses has sunk down to a position of crossed-legged dejection.) And that final stunt. The big bath at the Red Sea. Why it's already legendary--how you split the sea like a barbecued peacock. People's imaginations are truly fantastic. The way they sing about it around the camp fires--why you'd think they forgot all about our secret route through the swamps. Pays to travel light-I always say. Yes sir! We might still be stuck in the mud along with the Egyptians and their iron chariots.

Moses: (Moses replies with a soft intensity) That's just the trouble, Aaron. We are stuck. We are still stuck in the mud of Egypt. Haven't you heard the people talk? They want to go back. Their shrunken bellies cry out for the security of three meals a day and some Egyptian herding them from one task to the next. It takes the lionhearted to be free, my brother, but our people still squawk and scramble like a bunch of chickens. Long ago in Egypt they

told us: "Let us alone, that we may serve the Egyptians than that we should die in the wilderness."

Aaron: (Aaron simulates a look of shocked amusement) Gad, what a memory you have. You must have memorized that quote word for word.

Moses: (Moses clears his throat modestly, responding to the relaxed tone of his brother's remark) Not at all, Aaron. It's part of a new book I'm writing.

Aaron: No fooling! What's it called?

Moses: Exodus. What else?

Aaron: (Aaron grins with appreciation) Well Moses, in spite of all their fuss and feathers you can't deny that we finally got them out of Egypt.

Moses: Sure--we got them out all right--with cheap tricks and gimmicks. (The humor of the previous moment is washed away in the bitterness of his voice.) That's the only kind of religion these people believe in--MIRACLES--SIGNS--WONDERS--HYPNOTIC SNAKES. Put the people in a trance. Make them dance. Make it rain. That they believe in. But ask them to believe in themselves--ask them to believe in a god they cannot see; a god who gives us the brains and imagination to free ourselves. Oh no! That kind of religion goes right over their heads.

Aaron: Now hold on, Moses. You're not being fair. I understand about all that stuff. But you've got to be practical. After all, I am the High Priest. Burning incense and animals on an altar may not be according to your taste, but it sure tastes good to the people. They need it. They understand it. None of us had the opportunity to go to college in Egypt. We never studied science and astronomy, or how to read and write, or talk with God. We weren't brought up to play with Egyptian princes and princesses. We had to go out and build pyramids every day. You ought to try it sometime. It's exhausting! (He pauses to catch his breath as if the memory of his past hardships had momentarily knocked the wind out of him) Besides, I have my job to think of. I'm a High Priest, not a prophet like you. I've got my interests to protect. And let me tell you something, brother. If it wasn't for priests and pigeons and all the sacrificial bull, you prophets wouldn't stand a chance.

Moses: (Moses reflects for a moment. His face appears lined

and chiseled, peering through his brambly beard.) What you say is partly true, Aaron. I can't deny it. The trouble is, you don't say enough of what's wholly true. Every nation has its gods. And Israel has its god--the Lord God of Hosts who gave us the courage and stamina to stir a people into rebellion; who reminded us to remind them that they are a distinct people with a unique destiny; and after four hundred years of slavery and Egyptian propaganda it was no mean feat. There's a miracle for you! The resurrection of a memory. That's the salvation of slaves! But do the people perpetuate the miraculous? No. They carry the mentality of Egypt with them. And when the going gets rough, they yell for a miracle. It makes me sick to think of it. Why, every moment we live and breathe is a miracle--a double miracle considering how selfish and quarrelsome we are; everyone slandering his friend behind his back; thinking the worst of his neighbor, as if each man was as great a fool as the next. No one thinks to operate out of the notion that whatever God has made is good. Oh no. Every flea-bitten camel driver thinks he has the inside dope on the universe--and that it's a dirty business after all. "Send a few crummy sheep to the High Priest. God will forgive our sins." (Moses laughs bitterly.) They think they can bribe God with a roast leg of lamb. And then they eat the best parts. God gets the bones. Wouldn't you know it. And when they've burned up their entrails and nothing comes of it but a case of collective heartburn--then they're angry; then they want to go back to Egypt again. Then they think that the gods of Egypt are stronger than the God of Israel. Aaron, I tell you it's downright discouraging.

Aaron: Now look here, Moses. You can't go blaming yourself for the way people are or the way things are going. You can't take it to heart. You'll end up a nervous wreck--and we've got a long way to go before we reach the Promised Land. After all, it was God who made the heavens and the earth, not you. And God saw it was good. He said so six times, just so there'd be no mistake about it. Maybe he couldn't leave well enough alone. Maybe he built in a little contention without making such a public howl about it. After all, that's one's privilege, if one's a god. Who are we to question it?

Moses: But what's our privilege, Aaron? What are we privileged to do as men?

Aaron: Complain! And I suppose, being a prophet, you just naturally exercise that privilege a little more than

the rest of us.

Moses: That's all very well for you to say, Aaron. You don't bear the brunt of things like I do. When you're officiating at a sacrifice and people get restless, all's you have to do is throw another fistful of incense on the fire and that quiets them down right away. But I'm the leader of this crew and I'm responsible for them. It's great when things are running smoothly. But as soon as a problem comes up, boy do they squawk! As long as I get up and tell them, about the Promised Land and how nice it's going to be for them--houses and vineyards and corn in the crib, and all that stuff about milk and honey--they like that fine! Oh boy, they crowd around with eager faces, licking their lips, shouting to hear more--and telling me how great I am; and that scares me more than anything else; 'cause as soon as I stop talking about the sweet side of religion and start telling the people towake up to what their real religion means--today--here in the desert--why they start grumbling and crying for their flesh pots. (Aaron shoots a guilty glance at his protruding stomach.) And that's not all. I've heard what they say about my being a radical and all. They keep on making these snide remarks about my birth. "Radical?" they whisper. "Why it wouldn't be so bad considering how leaders are. But at <u>least</u> he should be a <u>Jewish</u> radical. You don't <u>really</u> believe that fable about his Jewish mother and her basket of pitch, do you? A bunch of nonsense! He's no Hebrew! He's Egyptian through and through. Him and his fancy education. While he was learning how to rave and rant in the school of Egyptian prophets, we had to break our backs over bricks. He's no Jew. He's not even a normal man. He's a myth. A big overgrown MYTH! And he's out to bury us all. Remember what happened to his enemies in Egypt? They're still up to their necks in swamp mud. And now he wants to drown us in this Sinaitic Sandbox."

Aaron: Moses, you must be exaggerating. You're letting your imagination run away with you. Put these wild and unpleasant thoughts from your mind. Think about the Promised Land. It will calm your nerves.

Moses: You know as well as I do, Aaron, that these are no exaggerations. Why they've accused me of plotting to annihilate the whole bunch of them. Don't you remember some years ago when we couldn't find water? They cursed me and you and God and the whole idea of being free! "Who wants to be free to die of thirst?" They asked. As if you could accept the glories of freedom

without its responsibilities! But they just don't understand. Why, I saw several of the tribal chiefs starting to pick up rocks to stone us with. I thought it was all over.

Aaron: Yeh. Lucky for us that God had Pharaoh exile you from Egypt. If you hadn't killed that taskmaster you never would have enjoyed your exile with Jethro in Midian. It was the best thing that ever happened to you. Out of every bad..... I always say. Besides picking up a wife, you acquired a lot of desert training. I'll never forget the way you poked a hole in that rock and water came gushing out. One minute the people were about to kill you. The next minute they were slobbering all over you and kissing your feet.

Moses: That's right, Aaron. When you deal with the public there's no happy medium. It's either rocks or roses.

Aaron: (Aaron leans back against the cushions and sighs deeply, brushing a few remaining matzah crumbs off his expanded paunch. Reaching into a small leather pouch at his side, he produces a plug of tobacco, sniffs at it gingerly, and proceeds to load and light his pipe which soon begins producing prodigious quantities of smoke.) This was a fine Passover Seder, Moses. Much less hectic than the first one. (He chuckles.) I must congratulate you. That was a fine idea you came up with--to celebrate our escape from Egypt each year. The idea has really caught on. I think this Passover business has a real future. After all, who doesn't like to eat?

Moses: (Showing scant appreciation for the humor, Moses winces slightly. His face darkens as the heavily spiced Egyptian smoke winds around his head like a great coiled snake. For the moment his eyes flash fire and the spark of prophetic indignation ignites his entire being.) Passover...crumbs of unleavened freedom yet to rise. Wine-stained garments; loaded bellies shaking themselves in self-congratulation. We carry our Egypt with us, Aaron...like camels with enormous humps. Each of us has his own private little Egypt gnawing away at his vitals. We are still crying out for rams and fat sheep: "Take us back to Egypt," the people cry

Grow the corn
Blow the horn
Spin the sword
Bang the shield

Jab the dirt
It will yield:
Fine fat figs
And skin-tight fruits
Big-veined leaves
And strong-boned roots.

Write a curse
And Chaim dies
Stab a scarab
Then he writhes
Great the pain!
Slight the wit!
High the sky!
Wide the split!
And dark...dark...dark
And down...down...down
And all around
The pit..."
The pit..."

And then they all fall down in a communal fit, frothing at the mouth and having one-hell-of-a-time; rolling around in the dust and generally making themselves obnoxious. I suppose it's therapeutic. It gives them the illusion that they're acting like prophets. As if every prophet had to conform to the designation of "half-wit"! As if the hallmark of prophecy is hallucination. "Who wants to be bothered thinking?" they yell. "Who needs the aggravation? Besides, foaming and fulminating is far more effective. It gets results. Why must we forever remember? Does God command man to remember? To be ruled by a god that no one has ever seen. PASSBACK. Not PASSOVER. Back to forgetfulness-no dream--no destiny--only let us die fat and easy in our own beds, happy in the knowledge that our children will die fatter and happier than we. Look here! Every bauble and trinket that we sweated out our souls for--it was for them. We did it all for them! We did it for their <u>good</u>!"

Aaron: (Aaron is becoming increasingly disturbed. His pipe has gone out. The Egyptian-scented smoke has vanished into the night as if fleeing the gusty words of the angry prophet. A chorus of wind and wild dogs shrieks into a crescendo. The word die on the lips of the prophet and the light goes out of his eyes. The two brothers find themselves sitting in darkness.) Come, Moses. Let's go to sleep. One shortens the darkness by sleeping. That's what they say.

(But Moses turns away from his brother and walks out into the star-spangled night that howls its anthem over the dying timbers that indicate the Hebrew camp.)

VALUE --- FREEDOM

A 10 Minutes: Each student reads silently to himself.

B Students' Opinions and Comments.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- Freedom as a Basic Jewish Value.

2- Freedom Means More than Deliverance from Physical Bondage.

I Freedom as a Basic Jewish Value.

a) On page 352 we read- "They cursed me and you and God and the whole idea of being free! 'Who wants to be free to die of thirst?' they asked. As if you could accept the glories of freedom without its responsibilities!"

What are some of the responsibilities of freedom?

i- To permit others to also be free even if they don't agree with you.

ii- To defend freedom against those who wish to deprive men of it.

iii- To offer asylum to those who escape tyranny and persecution.

iv- To be responsible for one's own actions.

v- To teach others the meaning and importance of freedom in all areas- Religion, Politics, Science, Education, Philosophy, etc.

b) "When Law came into the World, Freedom came into the world." (Gen. R. Wayera.)

What does this statement mean?

i- With the Law (Torah) man was given freedom of choice. He could choose good or evil, the blessing or the curse. (Deut. 30:19)

ii- The Law stabilises society and permits men to pursue their interests without hinderance and oppression. For the Jew in particular, the law of the land has played a crucial role in our history. Where the law was just, we prospered, where unjust, we suffered.

c) What is the Biblical attitude towards freedom and responsibility.

i- Man is free to choose. This is brought out in the story of Adam and Eve. After eating the fruit, they had to make choices between good and evil. Prior to this it was not necessary to choose. Man is therefore free and responsible for his decisions.

ii- Slavery was an accepted institution in Biblical times. Biblical legislation however tended to make slavery as tolerable as possible. The following are some examples from the Bible which show a tolerant and even kind attitude towards slaves.

1 "his master shall take him before God. He shall be brought to the door or the doorpost, and his master shall pierce his ear with an awl; and he shall then remain his slave for life."

(Exodus 21:6)

2 "If he came single, he shall leave single; if he had a wife, his wife shall leave with him.

(Exodus 21:3)

(This is in regard to a Hebrew servant.)

3 "If a fellow Hebrew, man or woman, is sold to you, he shall serve you six years, and and in the seventh year you shall set him free. When you set him free, do not let him go empty-handed: Furnish him out of the flock, threshing floor, and vat, with which the Lord your God has blessed you. Always remember that you were slaves in the land of Egypt and the Lord your God redeemed you; therefore I enjoin this commandment upon you today."

(Deuteronomy 15:12-15)

4 "If your brother under you continues in straits and must give himself over to you, do not subject him to the treatment of a slave. He shall remain under you as a hired or bound laborer; he shall serve with you only until the jubilee year. Then he and his children with him shall be free of you authority; he shall go back to his family and return to his ancestral holding.— For they are My servants, whom I freed from the land of Egypt; they may not give themselves over into servitude."

(Leviticus 25:39-42)

5 "and you shall hallow the fiftieth year. You shall proclaim release throughout the land for all its inhabitants. It shall be a jubilee for you: each of you shall return to his holding and each of you shall return to his family."

(Leviticus 25:10)

iii- During the period of the 2nd Temple, an anti-slavery movement grew up among two Jewish sects- the Essenes and the Therapeutae. Both groups refused to keep slaves.

(Jewish Ency. Vol. 9, p.566.)

2 Freedom Means More than Deliverance from Physical Bondage.

a) On page 349 we read- "It takes the lionhearted to be free, my brother...
What does this line mean?

i- It's easier to be a slave and have 3 meals a day than it is to be free and have to earn your own livelihood. This interpretation is supported by Ex. 14:12- "Let us alone that we may serve the Egyptians. For it were better for us to serve the Egyptians than that we should die in the wilderness.

b) What do you think the author means when he says that God has given us "... the brains and imagination to free ourselves."

i- We can free ourselves from all the petty vices of life- greed, hatred, envy, anger, etc.

ii- We can free ourselves from being slaves to our senses.
This story brings out the point that salvation often depends on a full stomach. If people are satiated and a little secure, that is all they want. To take a chance on being hungry because of an ideal is only for a "fanatic." Moses was such a "fanatic." His ideal was freedom.
Is there any ideal for which you would be willing to suffer and go hungry? Which one?

c) On page 353 we read- "This was a fine Passover Seder, Moses. Much less hectic than the first one. (He chuckles.) I must congratulate you. That was a fine idea you came up with--to celebrate our escape from Egypt each year. The idea has really caught on. I think this Passover business has a real future. After all, who doesn't like to eat?"

Does Passover have anything important to say to the Jewish people today, or is it just a nostalgic holiday when the family gets together and eats?--"After all, who doesn't like to eat?"

i- The yearly celebration of Passover reinforces the Universal Value of "Freedom" in a Jewish way, a way which unites us meaningfully with our past.

ii- Although the 20th century Jew may be liberated from physical bondage (in certain parts of the world, e.g.- Russia, the Jew is still subject to a form of physical bondage) yet spiritually "Each of us has his own private little Egypt gnawing away at his vitals." (p. 353) We are still slaves to ourselves, for our desires and cravings, for power and prestige, and for more material commodities. The nobility and holiness of man are in bondage. We must free ourselves. No one and not thing must possess us. As our Rabbis once said- "Whosoever does not make himself like the wilderness, ownerless property, cannot acquire wisdom and instruction." (Num. R. 1:7)

COMMENTS

a) Has there ever been a time in your life when you were completely on your own and had to make your own decisions with no one to help or support you? What were your feelings at such a time? Do you think they were similar to those experienced by Moses or the Israelites when they were alone in the desert? (Ask as many members of the class as possible to answer these questions.)

b) On page 350 we read- "Sure—we got them out all right with cheap tricks and gimmicks. (The humor of the previous moment is washed away in the bitterness of his voice.) That's the only kind of religion these people believe in—MIRACLES—SIGNS—WONDERS—HYPNOTIC SNAKES. Put the people in a trance. Make them dance. Make it rain. That they believe in."
What does this passage mean? Is it outdated?

i- Religions have been built on Miracles. Miracles have been interpreted as the benefficent expression of God, who looks favorably on a people (or person) and does some thing for them beyond what is natural. Such miracles have been used as signs pointing to the authority behind a man's words and actions. Moses for example used the 10 plagues as a sign that God wanted

Pharaoh to let the children of Israel go. The splitting of the Red Sea showed the Israelites that God was on their side, especially when immediately afterwards, the Egyptians drowned.

ii- Miracles, and the legends which have grown up around these miracles, have played a crucial role in the development of the various religions. From the Red Sea to the Statue at Lourdes*, people have claimed God to be on their side because of miracles which have occured within their particular religious heritage.

iii- Rabbi Joseph Albo, in his defense of Judaism at Tortosa Spain in 1413, stated--"a miracle is no proof that the messenger is genuine."
(Ikkarim Vol. 3, p. 173)

iv- The Bible also warns us against the authority of a miracle.
"Be careful to observe only that which I enjoin upon you: neither add to it nor take away from it. If there appears among you a prophet or a dream-diviner and he gives you a sign or a portent, saying, 'Let us follow and worship another god'--whom you have not experienced--and the sign or portent that he named to you comes true; do not heed the words of that prophet or that dream-diviner. For the Lord your God is testing you to see whether you really love the Lord you God with all your heart and soul."
(Deuteronomy 13:1-4)

v- The Rabbis were not impressed by miracles. Such were common and did not cause any great wonder.

---

*At Lourdes, France, a young girl had a vision of the Virgin Mary weeping. The girl was later canonized and a statue of Mary erected which it is claimed weeps yearly on Easter Sunday.

c) On page 350 we read- "Besides, I have my job to think of. I'm a High Priest, not a prophet like you. I've got my interests to protect. And let me tell you something brother. If it wasn't for priests and pigeons and all the sacrificial bull, you prophets wouldn't stand a chance!"

1- Is organized religion today a big business with many people earning healthy salaries or are there many individuals who are still willing to make sacrifices for what they believe in.

d) On page 351 we read- "Send a few crummy sheep to the High Priest. God will forgive our sins. (Moses laugh bitterly.) They think they can bribe God with a roast leg of lamb."

What major religious revolution in history began as a reaction against the idea expressed in these lines- the idea that God will pardon our sins if we pay him enough?

1- The Protestant Reformation in the early 16th century. It was believed possible by the Catholic Church, to save relatives in Purgatory* by buying letters of indulgence from a church authority. These letters would help save the relative's soul. This practice was greatly abused and many made fortunes from it. Against this Martin Luther protested. The poor, he claimed, were being robbed through the sale of indulgences. Much of this money went to Rome and helped in the building of St. Peter's Church. Forgiveness, whether for oneself or for the soul of a dead relative, according to Luther, could not be bought.

---

* Purgatory- "in the belief of Roman Catholics and others, an condition or place in which the souls of those dying penitent are purified from venial sins, or undergo the temporal punishment which, after the guilt of mortal sin has been remitted, still remains to be endured by the sinner."

(American College Dictionary, p.983)

Biblical, Rabbinic and Other References to Freedom

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period, each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- "...and you shall hallow the fiftieth year. You shall proclaim release throughout the land for all its inhabitants. It shall be a jubilee for you: each of you shall return to his holding and each of you shall return to his family."

(Leviticus 25:10)

b- "If a fellow Hebrew, man or woman, is sold to you, he shall serve you six years, and in the seventh year you shall set him free. When you set him free, do not let him go empty-handed; Furnish him out of the flock, threshing floor, and vat, with which the Lord your God has blessed you. Always remember that you were slaves in the land of Egypt and the Lord your God redeemed you; therefore I enjoin this commandment upon you today."

(Deuteronomy 15:12-15)

c- "R. Yudan said: It is written in the Law that if a man knock out the tooth or eye of a slave, the slave shall go free because of the tooth or the eye; if the Law sets a man free for sufferings relating to one single limb, how much more shall a man be set free to whom suffering befall over all his body. (Exod. XXI, 26-7)?"

(Gen.R., Mikkez, XCII,I)

d-

Freedom

by Abraham ibn Ezra

"He that to God's law doth cling,
Shall be free as any king;
He that wealth and power craves,
Shall become a slave of slaves.

(From A Treasury of Jewish Poetry- Edited by Nathan & Maryun Ausubel. p.293.)

e- The Slave

by James Oppenheim
(U.S.A., 1882-1932)

"They set the slave free, striking off
his chains...
Then he was as much of a slave as ever.

He was still chained to servility,
He was still manacled to indolence
and sloth,
He was still bound by fear and
superstition,
By ignorance, suspicion, and
savagery...
His slavery was not in the chains,
But in himself....

They can only set free men free...
And there is no need of that:
Free men set themselves free."

(From A Treasury Of Jewish Poetry- Edited by N.&M. Ausubel. p. 248)

f- "The striking differences between Egyptian and Hebrew polity are not of form, but of essence. The tendency of the one is to subordination and oppression; of the other, to individual freedom. Strangest of recorded birth! From the strongest and most splendid despotism of antiquity comes the freest republic. From between the paws of the rock-hewn Sphinx rises the genius of human liberty, and the trumpets of the Exodus throb with the defiant proclamation of the rights of man."

(Moses- by Henry George 1884- Political economist and social reformer; from A Book of Jewish Thoughts-J.H. Hertz-Chief Rabbi of Britain. p.143)

g- In Mediaeval Rome

"In the whole history of heroism there is nothing finer than the example of the Jews of the Roman Ghetto, a handful of men who for 1,500 years and longer remained true to their own ideals--unmoved and undazzled by the triumphant world-power of the dominant faith; and undaunted
By the torture prolonged from age to age,
By the infamy, Israel's heritage,

By the Ghetto's plague, by the garb's disgrace,
By the badge of shame, by the felon's place,
By the branding tool, by the bloody whip,
And the summons to Christian fellowship.

Helpless victims of all the horrors enumerated in these burning lines of Robert Browning, these Jews were yet free men. Not a trace of what a modern Jewish thinker—Ahad Ha'am—has called 'spiritual slavery' was theirs. In all fundamental matters they were totally indifferent to the opinion of those who might torture the body but could never crush the soul.

(J.H. Hertz, 1915- from
A Book of Jewish Thoughts.
p.79)

h- "Everything is foreknown, but man is free."
(Abot, 3, 19.)

"Only they are free who give themselves to the religious life."
(Abot, 6, 2)

"Only he is master of himself who lives for God and men; he is free from the power of sorrow, free from the oppressor's yoke, free from death."
(Abodah Zarah, 5b.)

"R. Johanan b. Zakkai said: 'God can be served only by free moral agents, and not by slaves."
(Kiddushin, 22b.)

i- Slaves

"The Sages tell us that there were Jews whose hearts and souls became so enslaved that they did not want to be set free. When Moses brought them the good news of God's intention to liberate them, they said to him: 'God decreed that we must be slaves for four hundred years, and our time is not yet up."
(Shemot Rabbah, 15,1.)

NOMEL

by Sholom Aleichem

From A Treasury of Yiddish Stories-
Edited and selected by
I. Howe & E. Greenberg.
pp.168-182.

You look, Mr. Sholom Aleichem, as though you were surprised that you hadn't seen me for such a long time. You're thinking that Tevye has aged all at once, his hair has turned gray.

Ah, well, if you only knew the troubles and heartaches he has endured of late! How is it written in our Holy Books? "Man comes from dust, and to dust he returns." Man is weaker than a fly, and stronger than iron. Whatever plague there is, whatever trouble, whatever misfortune--it never misses me. Why does it happen that way? Maybe because I am a simple soul who believes everything that everyone says. Tevye forgets that our wise men have told us a thousand times: "Beware of dogs..."

But I ask you, what can I do if that's my nature? I am, as you know, a trusting person, and I never question God's ways. Whatever He ordains is good. Besides, if you do complain, will it do you any good? That's what I always tell my wife. "Golde," I say, "you're sinning. We have a midrash--"

"What do I care about a midrash?" she says. "We have a daughter to marry off. And after her two more are almost ready. And after these two, three more--may the evil eye spare them!"

"Tut," I say. "What's that? Don't you know, Golde, that our sages have thought of that also? There is a midrash for that too--"

But she doesn't let me finish. "Daughters to be married off," she says, "are a stiff midrash in themselves."

Try to explain something to a woman!

Where does that leave us? Oh yes, with a houseful of daughters, bless the Lord, each one prettier than the next. It may not be proper for me to praise my own children, but I can't help hearing what the whole world calls them, can I? Beauties, every one of them. And especially Hodel, the one that comes after Tzeitl, who, you remember, fell in love with the tailor. And Hodel--how can I describe her to you? Like Esther in the Bible, "of beautiful form and fair to look upon." And as if that weren't bad enough, she has to have brains too. She can write and she can read--Yiddish and Russian both. And books she swallows like dumplings. You may be wondering how a daughter of Tevye happens to be reading books when her father deals in butter and cheese? That's what I'd like to know myself.

But that's the way it is these days. Look at these lads who haven't got a pair of pants to their name, and still they want to study. Ask them, "What are you studying?" They can't tell you. It's their nature, just as it's a goat's nature to jump into gardens. Especially since they aren't even allowed in the schools. "Keep off the grass." read all the signs as far as they're concerned. And yet you ought to see how they go after it. And who are they? Workers' children. Tailors' and cobblers', so help me

God! They go away to Yehupetz or to Odessa, sleep in garrets, eat what Pharaoh ate during the plagues--frogs and vermin--and for months on end do not see a piece of meat before their eyes. Six of them can make a banquet on a loaf of bread and a herring. Eat, drink, and be merry! That's the life!

Well, one of that band had to lose himself in our corner of the world. I used to know his father--he was a cigarette-maker and as poor as a man could be. But that is nothing against the young fellow. For if Rabbi Jochanan wasn't too proud to mend boots, what is wrong with having a father who makes cigarettes? There is only one thing I can't understand: why should a pauper like that be so anxious to study? True, to give the devil his due, the boy has a good head on his shoulders, an excellent head. Pertschik, his name was, but we called him Feferel--Peppercorn. And he looked like a peppercorn, little, dark, dried up, and homely, but full of confidence and with a quick, sharp tongue.

Well, one day I was driving home from Boiberik, where I had got rid of my load of milk and butter and cheese, and as usual I sat lost in thought, dreaming of many things, of this and that, and of the rich people of Yehupetz who had everything their own way while Tevye, the shlimazel, and his wretched little horse slaved and hungered all their days. It was summer, the sun was hot, the flies were biting, on all sides the world stretched endlessly. I felt like spreading out my arms and flying!

I lift up my eyes, and there on the road ahead of me I see a young man trudging along with a package under his arm, sweating and panting. "Rise, O Yokel the son of Flokel, as we say in the synagogue," I called out to him. "Climb into my wagon and I'll give you a ride. I have plenty of room. How is it written? 'If you see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under its burden, thou shalt forbear to pass it by.' Then how about a human being?"

At this the shlimazel laughs and climbs into the wagon.

"Where might the young gentleman be coming from?" I ask.

"From Yehupetz."

"And what might a young gentleman like you be doing in Yehupetz?" I ask.

"A young gentleman like me is getting ready for his examinations."

"And what might a young gentleman like you be studying?"

"I only wish I knew!"

"Then why does a young gentleman like you bother his head for nothing?"

"Don't worry, Reb Tevye. A young gentleman like me knows what he's doing."

"So, if you know who I am, tell me who you are!"

"Who am I? I'm a man."

"I can see that you're not a horse. I mean, as we Jews

say, whose are you?"

"Whose should I be but God's?"

"I know that you're God's. It is written, 'All living things are His.' I mean, whom are you descended from? Are you from around here or from Lithuania?"

"I am descended," he says, "from Adam, our father. I come from right around here. You know who we are."

"Well then, who is your father? Come, tell me."

"My father," he says, "was called Pertschik."

I spat with disgust. "Did you have to torture me like this all that time? Then you must be Pertschik the cigarette-maker's son!"

"Yes, that's who I am. Pertschik the cigarette-maker's son."

"And you go to the university?"

"Yes, the university."

"Well," I said, "I'm glad to hear it. Man and fish and fowl--you're all trying to better yourselves! But tell me my lad, what do you live on, for instance?"

"I live on what I eat."

"That's good," I say. "And what do you eat?"

"I eat anything I can get."

"I understand," I say. "You're not particular. If there is something to eat, you eat. If not, you bite your lip and go to bed hungry. But it's all worth while as long as you can attend the university. You're comparing yourself to those rich people of Yehupetz--"

At these words Pertschik bursts out, "Don't you dare compare me to them! They can go to hell as far as I care!"

"You seem to be somewhat prejudiced against the rich," I say. "Did they divide your father's inheritance among themselves?"

"Let me tell you," says he, "it may well be that you and I and all the rest of us have no small share in <u>their</u> inheritance."

"Listen to me," I answer. "Let your enemies talk like that. But one thing I can see: you're not a bashful lad. You know what a tongue is for. If you have the time, stop at my house tonight and we'll talk a little more. And if you come early, you can have supper with us too."

Our young friend didn't have to be asked twice. He arrived at the right moment--when the borscht was on the table and the knishes were baking in the over. "Just in time!" I said. "Sit down. You can say grace or not, just as you please. I'm not God's watchman; I won't be punished for your sins." And as I talk to him I feel myself drawn to the fellow somehow; I don't know why. Maybe it's because I like a person one can talk to, a person who can understand a quotation and follow an argument about philosophy or this or that or something else. That's the kind of person I am.

And from that evening on our young friend began coming to our house almost every day. He had a few private students,

and when he was through giving his lessons he'd come to our house to rest up and visit for a while. What the poor fellow got for his lessons you can imagine for yourself, if I tell you that the very richest people used to pay their tutors three rubles a month; and besides their regular duties they were expected to read telegrams for them, write out addresses, and even run errands at times. Why not? As the passage says, "If you eat bread you have to earn it." It was lucky for him that most of the time he ate with us. For this he used to give my daughters lessons too. One good turn deserves another. And in this way he almost became a member of the family. The girls saw to it that he had enough to eat and my wife kept his shirts clean and his socks mended. And it was at this time that we changed his Russian name of Pertschik to Feferel. And it can truthfully be said that we all came to love him as though he were one of us, for by nature he was a likable young man, simple, straightforward, generous. Whatever he had he shared with us.

There was only one thing I didn't like about him, and that was the way he had of suddenly disappearing. Without warning he would get up and go off; we would look around: no Feferel. When he came back I would ask, "Where were you, my fine-feathered friend?" And he wouldn't say a word. I don't know how you are, but as for me, I dislike a person with secrets. I like a person to be willing to tell what he's been up to. But you can say this for him: when he did start talking, you couldn't stop him. He poured out everything. What a tongue he had! "Against the Lord and against His anointed; let us break their bands asunder." And the main thing was to break the bands. He had the wildest notions, the most peculiar ideas. Everything was upside down, topsy-turvy. For instance, according to his way of thinking, a poor man was far more important than a rich one, and if he happened to be a worker too, then he was really the brightest jewel in the diadem. He who toiled with his hands stood first in his estimation.

"That's good," I say, "but will that get you any money?"

At this he becomes very angry and tries to tell me that money is the root of all evil. Money, he says, is the source of all falsehood, and as long as money amounts to something, nothing will ever be done in this world in the spirit of justice. And he gives me thousands of examples and illustrations that make no sense whatever.

"According to your crazy notions," I tell him, "There is no justice in the fact that my cow gives milk and my horse draws a load." I didn't let him get away with anything. That's the kind of man Tevye is. But my Feferel can argue too. And how he can argue. If there is something on his mind he comes right out with it.

One evening we were sitting on my stoop talking things over, discussing philosophic matters, when he suddenly says, "Do you know, Reb Tevye, you have very fine daughters."

"Is that so?" say I. "Thanks for telling me. After all, they have someone to take after."

"The oldest one especially is a very bright girl. She's all there!"

"I know without your telling me," say I. "The apple never falls very far from the tree."

I glowed with pride. What father isn't happy when his children are praised? How should I have known that from such an innocent remark would grow such fiery love?

Well, one summer twilight I was driving through Boiberik; going from villa to villa with my goods, when someone stopped me. I looked up and saw that it was Ephraim the matchmaker. And Ephraim, like all matchmakers, was concerned with only one thing--arranging marriages. So when he saw me here in Boiberik he stopped me.

"Excuse me, Reb Tevye," he says, "I'd like to tell you something."

"Go ahead," I say, stopping my horse, "as long as it's good news."

"You have," says he, "a daughter."

"I have," I answer, "seven daughters."

"I know," says he. "I have seven too."

"Then together," I tell him, "we have fourteen."

"But joking aside," he says, "here is what I have to tell you. As you know, I am a matchmaker; and I have a young man for you to consider, the very best there is, a regular prince. There's not another like him anywhere."

"Well," I say, "that sounds good enough to me. But what do you consider a prince? If he's a tailor or a shoemaker or a teacher, you can keep him. I'll find my equal or I won't have anything. As the midrash says--"

"Ah, Reb Tevye," says he, "you're beginning with your quotations already! If a person wants to talk to you he has to study up first. But better listen to the sort of match Ephraim has to offer you. Just listen and be quiet."

And then he begins to rattle off all his client's virtues. And it really sounds like something. First of all, he comes from a very fine family. And that is very important to me, for I am not just a nobody either. In our family you will find all sorts of people--spotted, striped, and speckled, as the Bible says. There are plain, ordinary people, there are workers, and there are property owners. Secondly, he is a learned man who can read small print as well as large; he knows all the commentaries by heart. And that is certainly not a small thing either, for an ignorant man I hate even worse than pork itself. To me an unlettered man is worse, a thousand times worse, than a hoodlum. You can go around bareheaded, you can even walk on your head if you like, but if you know what Rashi and the others have said, you are a man after my own heart. And on top of everything, Ephraim tells me, this man of his is as rich as can be. He has his own carriage drawn by two horses so spirited that you can

see a vapor rising from them. And that I don't object to either. Better a rich man than a poor one! God Himself must hate a poor man, for if He did not, would He have made him poor?

"Well," I ask, "what more do you have to say?"

"What more can I say? He wants me to arrange a match with you. He is dying, he's so eager. Not for you, naturally, but for your daughter. He wants a pretty girl."

"He is dying? Then let him go on dying. And who is this treasure of yours? What is he? A bachelor? A widower? Is he divorced? What's wrong with him?"

"He is a bachelor," said Ephraim. "Not so young any more, but he's never been married."

"And what is his name, may I ask?"

But this he wouldn't tell me. "Bring the girl to Boiberik, and then I'll tell you."

"Bring her? That's the way one talks about a horse or a cow that's being brought to market. Not a girl!"

Well, you know what these matchmakers are. They can talk a stone wall into moving. So we agreed that early next week I would bring my daughter to Boiberik. And, driving home, all sorts of wonderful thoughts came to me, and I imagined my Hodel riding in a carriage drawn by spirited horses. The whole world envied me, not so much for the carriage and horses as for the good deeds I accomplished through my wealthy daughter. I helped the needy with money--let this one have twenty-five rubles, that one fifty, another a hundred. How do we say it? "Other people have to live too." That's what I think to myself as I ride home in the evening, and I whip my horse and talk to him in his own language.

"Hurry, my little horse," I say, "move your legs a little faster and you'll get your oats that much sooner. As the Bible says, 'If you don't work, you don't eat.'"

Suddenly I see two people coming out of the woods--a man and a woman. Their heads are close together and they are whispering to each other. Who could they be? I wonder, and I look at them through the dazzling rays of the setting sun. I could swear the man was Feferel. But whom was he walking with so late in the day? I put up my hand and shield my eyes and look closely. Who was the damsel? Could it be Hodel? Yes, that's who it was. Hodel! So? So that's how they'd been studying their grammar and reading their books together? Oh, Tevye, what a fool you are!

I stop the horse and call out, "Good evening! And what's the latest news of the war? How do you happen to be out here this time of the day? What are you looking for, the day before yesterday?"

At this they stop, not knowing what to do or say. They stand there, awkward and blushing, with their eyes lowered. Then they look up at me, I look at them, and they look at each other.

"Well," I say, "you look as if you hadn't seen me in a long time. I am the same Tevye as ever; I haven't changed

by a hair."

I speak to them half angrily, half jokingly. Then my daughter, blushing harder than ever, speaks up.

"Father, you can congratulate us."

"Congratulate you?" I say. "What's happened? Did you find a treasure buried in the woods? Or were you just saved from some terrible danger?"

"Congratulate us," says Feferel this time. "We're engaged."

"What do you mean, engaged?"

"Don't you know what engaged means?" says Feferel, looking me straight in the eyes. "It means that I'm going to marry her and she's going to marry me."

I look him back in the eyes and say, "When was the contract signed? And why didn't you invite me to the ceremony? Don't you think I have a slight interest in the matter?" I joke with them and yet my heart is breaking. But Tevye is not a weakling. He wants to hear everything out. "Getting married," I say, "without matchmakers, without an engagement feast?"

"What do we need matchmakers for?" says Feferel. "We arranged it between ourselves."

"So?" I say. "That's one of God's wonders! But why were you so silent about it?"

"What was there to shout about?" says he. "We wouldn't have told you now either, but since we have to part soon, we decided to have the wedding first."

This really hurt. How do they say it? It hurt to the quick. Becoming engaged without my knowledge--that was bad enough, but I could stand it. He loves her, she loves him--that I'm glad to hear. But getting married? That was too much for me.

The young man seemed to realize that I wasn't too well pleased with the news. "You see, Reb Tevye," he offered, "this is the reason I am about to go away."

"When are you going?"

"Very soon."

"And where are you going?"

"That I can't tell you. It's a secret."

What do you think of that? A secret. A young man named Feferel comes into our lives--small, dark, homely, disguises himself as a bridegroom, wants to marry my daughter and then leave her--and he won't even say where he's going. Isn't that enough to drive you crazy?

"All right," I say. "A secret is a secret. But explain this to me, my friend. You are a man of such--what do you call it?--integrity; you wallow in justice. So tell me, how does it happen that you suddenly marry Tevye's daughter and then leave her? Is that integrity? Is that justice? It's lucky that you didn't decide to rob me or burn my house down!"

"Father," says Hodel, "you don't know how happy we are now that we've told you our secret. It's like a weight off

our chests. Come, Father, kiss me."

And they both grab hold of me, she on one side, he on the other, and they begin to kiss and embrace me, and I to kiss them in return. And in their great excitement they begin to kiss each other. It was like going to a play. "Well," I say at last, "maybe you've done enough kissing already? It's time to talk about practical things."

"What, for instance?" they ask.

"For instance," I say, "the dowry, clothes, wedding expenses, this, that, and the other--"

"We don't need a thing," they tell me. "We don't need anything. No this, no that, no other."

"Well then, what do you need?" I ask.

"Only the wedding ceremony," they tell me.

What do you think of that? Well, to make a long story short, nothing I said did any good. They went ahead and had their wedding, if you want to call it a wedding. Naturally it wasn't the sort that I would have liked. A quiet little wedding--no fun at all. And besides, there was a wife I had to do something about. She kept plaguing me: what were they in such a hurry about? Go try to explain their haste to a woman. But don't worry. I invented a story--"great, powerful, and marvelous," as the Bible says, about a rich aunt in Yehupetz, an inheritance, all sorts of foolishness.

And a couple of hours after this wonderful wedding I hitched up my horse and wagon and the three of us got in, that is, my daughter, my son-in-law, and I, and off we went to the station at Boiberik. Sitting in the wagon, I steal a look at the young couple, and I think to myself, What a great and powerful Lord we have and how cleverly He rules the world. What strange and fantastic beings He has created. Here you have a new young couple, just hatched; he is going off, the Good Lord alone knows where, and is leaving her behind--and do you see either one of them shed a tear, even for appearance's sake? But never mind--Tevye is not a curious old woman. He can wait. He can watch and see.

At the station I see a couple of young fellows, shabbily dressed, down at the heels, coming to see my happy bridegroom off. One of them is dressed like a peasant and wears his blouse like a smock over his trousers. The two whisper together mysteriously for several minutes. Look out, Tevye, I say to myself. You have fallen among a band of horse thieves, pickpockets, housebreakers, or counterfeiters.

Coming home from Boiberik, I can't keep still any longer and tell Hodel what I suspect. She bursts out laughing and tries to assure me that they are very honest young men, honorable men, who were devoting their lives to the welfare of humanity; their own private welfare meant nothing to them. For instance, the one with his blouse over his trousers was a rich man's son. He had left his parents in Yehupetz and wouldn't take a penny from them.

"Oh," said I, "that's just wonderful. An excellent

young man! All he needs, now that he has his blouse over his trousers and wears his hair long, is a harmonica, or a dog to follow him, and then he would really be a beautiful sight!" I thought I was getting even with her for the pain she and this new husband of hers had caused me. But did she care? Not at all! She pretended not to understand what I was saying. I talked to her about Feferel and she answered me with the "the cause of humanity" and "workers" and other such talk.

"What good is your humanity and your workers," I say, "if it's all a secret? There is a proverb: 'Where there are secrets, there is knavery.' But tell me the truth now. Where did he go, and why?"

"I'll tell you anything," she says, "but not that. Better don't ask. Believe me, you'll find out yourself in good time. You'll hear the news--and maybe very soon--and good news at that."

"Amen," I say. "From your mouth into God's ears! But may our enemies understand as little about it as I do."

"That," says she, "is the whole trouble. You'll never understand."

"Why not?" say I. "Is it so complicated? It seems to me that I can understand even more difficult things."

"These things you can't understand with your brain alone," she says. "You have to feel them, you have to feel them in your heart."

And when she said this to me, you should have seen how her face shone and her eyes burned. Ah, those daughters of mine! They don't do anything halfway. When they become involved in anything it's with their hearts and minds, their bodies and souls.

Well, a week passed, then two weeks--five--six--seven--and we heard nothing. There was no letter, no news of any kind. "Feferel is gone for good," I said and glanced over at Hodel. There wasn't a trace of color in her face. And at the same time she didn't rest at all; she found something to do every minute of the day, as though trying to forget her troubles. And she never once mentioned his name, as if there never had been a Feferel in the world.

But one day when I came home from work I found Hodel going about with her eyes swollen from weeping. I made a few inquiries and found out that someone had been to see her, a long-haired young man who had taken her aside and talked to her for some time. Ah! That must have been the young fellow who had disowned his rich parents and pulled his blouse down over his trousers.

Without further delay I called Hodel out into the yard and bluntly asked her, "Tell me, daughter, have you heard from him?"

"Yes."

"Where is he, your predestined one?"

"He is far away."

"What is he doing there?"

"He is serving time."

"Serving time?"

"Yes."

"Why? What did he do?"

She doesn't answer me. She looks me straight in the eyes and doesn't say a word.

"Tell me, dear daughter," I say, "according to what I can understand, he is not serving for a theft. So if he is neither a thief nor a swindler, why is he serving? For what good deeds?"

She doesn't answer. So I think to myself, If you don't want to, you don't have to. He is your headache, not mine. But my heart aches for her. No matter what you say, I'm still her father.

Well, it was the evening of Hashono Rabo. On a holiday I'm in the habit of resting, and my horse rests too. As it is written in the Bible: "Thou shalt rest from thy labors and so shall thy wife and thine ass." Besides, by that time of the year there is very little for me to do in Boiberik. As soon as the holidays come and the shofar sounds, all the summer villas close down and Boiberik becomes a desert. At that season I like to sit at home on my own stoop. To me it is the finest time of the year. Each day is a gift from heaven. The sun no longer bakes like an oven but caresses with a heavenly softness. The woods are still green, the pines give out a pungent smell. In my yard stands the succoh--the booth I have built for the holiday, covered with branches, and around me the forest looks like a huge succoh designed for God himself. Here, I think, God celebrates His holiday, here and not in town, in the noise and tumult where people run this way and that, panting for breath as they chase after a small crust of bread, and all you hear is money, money, money.

As I said, it is the evening of Hashono Rabo. The sky is a deep blue and myriads of stars twinkle and shine and blink. From time to time a star falls through the sky, leaving behind it a long green band of light. This means that someone's luck has fallen. I hope it isn't my star that is falling, and somehow Hodel comes to mind. She has changed in the last few days, has come to life again. Someone, it seems, has brought her a letter from him, from over there. I wish I knew what he had written, but I won't ask. If she won't speak, I won't either. Tevye is not a curious old woman. Tevye can wait.

And as I sit thinking of Hodel, she comes out of the house and sits down near me on the stoop. She looks cautiously around and then whispers, "I have something to tell you, Father. I have to say good-by to you, and I think it's for always."

She spoke so softly that I could barely hear her, and she looked at me in a way that I shall never forget.

"What do you mean, good-by for always?" I say to her and turn my face aside.

"I mean I am going away early tomorrow morning, and possibly we shall never see each other again."

"Where are you going, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"I am going to him."

"To him? And where is he?"

"He is still serving, but soon they'll be sending him away."

"And you're going there to say good-by to him? I ask, pretending not to understand.

"No, I am going to follow him," she says. "Over there."

"There? Where is that? What do they call the place?"

"We don't know the exact name of the place, but we know that it's far--terribly far."

And she speaks, it seems to me, with great joy and pride, as though he had done something for which he deserved a medal. What can I say to her? Most fathers would scold a child for such talk, punish her, even beat her maybe. But Tevye is not a fool. To my way of thinking, anger doesn't get you anywhere. So I tell her a story.

"I see, my daughter, as the Bible says, 'Therefore shalt thou leave thy father and mother'--for a Feferel you are ready to forsake your parents and go off to a strange land, to some desert across the frozen wastes, where Alexander of Macedon, as I once read in a storybook, once found himself stranded among savages..."

I speak to her half in fun and half in anger, and all the time my heart weeps. But Tevye is no weakling; I control myself. And Hodel doesn't lose her dignity either; she answers me word for word, speaking quietly and thoughtfully. And Tevye's daughters can talk.

And though my head is lowered and my eyes are shut, still I seem to see her--her face is pale and lifeless like the moon, but her voice trembles. Shall I fall on her neck and plead with her not to go? I know it won't help. Those daughters of mine--when they fall in love with somebody, it is with their heads and hearts, their bodies and souls.

Well, we sat on the doorstep a long time--maybe all night. Most of the time we were silent, and when we did speak it was in snatches, a word here, a word there. I said to her, "I want to ask you only one thing: did you ever hear of a girl marrying a man so that she could follow him to the ends of the earth?" And she answered, "With him I'd go anywhere." I pointed out how foolish that was. And she said, "Father, you will never understand." So I told her a little fable, about a hen that hatched some ducklings. As soon as the ducklings could move they took to the water and swam, and the poor hen stood on shore, clucking and clucking.

"What do you say to that, my daughter?"

"What can I say?" she answered. "I am sorry for the poor hen; but just because she stood there clucking, should the ducklings have stopped swimming?"

There is an answer for you. She's not stupid, that

daughter of mine.

But time does not stand still. It was beginning to get light already, and within the house my old woman was muttering. More than once she had called out that it was time to go to bed, but, seeing that it didn't help, she stuck her head out of the window and said to me, with her usual benediction, "Tevye, what's keeping you?"

"Be quiet, Golde," I answered. "Remember what the Psalm says: 'Why are the nations in an uproar, and why do the peoples mutter in vain?' Have you forgotten that it's Hashono Rabo tonight? Tonight all our fates are decided and the verdict is sealed. We stay up tonight. Listen to me, Golde, you light the samovar and make some tea while I get the horse and wagon ready. I am taking Hodel to the station in the morning." And once more I make up a story about how she has to go to Yehupetz, and from there farther on, because of the same old inheritance. It is possible, I say, that she may have to stay there through the winter and maybe the summer too, and maybe even another winter; and so we ought to give her something to take along--some linen, a dress, a couple of pillows, some pillow slips, and things like that.

And as I give these orders I tell her not to cry. "It's Hashono Rabo, and on Hashono Rabo one mustn't weep. It's a law." But naturally they don't pay any attention to me, and when the time comes to say good-by they all start weeping--their mother, the children, and even Hodel herself. And when she came to say good-by to her older sister Tzeitl (Tzeitl and her husband spend their holidays with us), they fell on each other's necks and you could hardly tear them apart.

I was the only one who did not break down. I was firm as steel--though inside I was more like a boiling samovar. All the way to Boiberik we were silent, and when we came near the station I asked her for the last time to tell me what it was that Feferel had really done. If they were sending him away there must have been a reason. At this she became angry and swore by all that was holy that he was innocent. He was a man, she insisted, who cared nothing about himself. Everything he did was for humanity at large, especially for those who toiled with their hands--that is, the workers.

That made no sense to me. "So he worries about the world" I told her. "Why doesn't the world worry a little about him? Nevertheless, give him my regards, that Alexander of Macedon of yours, and tell him I rely on his honor--for he is a man of honor, isn't he?--to treat my daughter well. And write to your old father sometimes."

When I finish talking she falls on my neck and begins to weep. "Good-by, Father," she cries. "Good-by! God alone knows when we shall see each other again."

Well, that was too much for me. I remembered this Hodel when she was still a baby and I carried her in my arms. I

carried her in my arms.

...Forgive me, Mr. Sholom Aleichem, for acting like an old woman. If you only knew what a daughter she is! If you could only see the letters she writes! Oh, what a daughter...

And now let's talk about more cheerful things. Tell me, what news is there about the cholera in Odessa?

VALUE --- INDIVIDUALISM (and IDEALISM)

A 20 Minutes: Each student reads silently to himself. If the teacher, in order to save time, wishes to summarize the first few pages, he may read the following summary to the class.

Summary of 1st pages.

Tevye the dairyman is telling the author about his problems. He as 6 daughters to marry off, each one of course, a real beauty. Recently Tevye has met a young man, Feferel by name, whom he gives food and lodging to in return for tutoring his daughters. The young man is very clever, but also strange-- he keeps on disappearing for days or weeks at a time and no one knows where he goes to. Tevye nevertheless likes the boy and treats him in a fatherly manner. We enter the story where one evening Tevye and Feferel are chatting with each other.

The class begins reading at "One evening we were sitting.."

B Students' Opinions and Comments.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- Individualism has Manifested Itself in Jewish Personalities Throughout Our History.

2- Individualism and Idealism are Closely Related.

3- Individualism and Idealism are Characteristic of the Jewish People as a Whole.

I Individualism has Manifested Itself in Jewish Personalities Throughout Our History.

a) How would you define an "Individualist?"

i- One of the definitions given in the American College Dictionary is: "Individualism--the principle or habit of independent thought or action."

Do you agree with this definition?
What is meant by "independent thought;"
"independent action."

b) Would you say that Nodel and Feferel were individualists?

i- If one considers as an individualist a person who pursues his ideals at great personal sacrifice, then indeed, Nodel and Feferel were true individualists.

c) Which Biblical figures do you think were strong individualist?

i- Moses-- He led a slave nation to freedom, gave them an ethical code to live by, and was their strength during 40 years of hardship and rebellion in the Sinai desert.

ii- Abraham-- He left his native land, a land of idol worshippers, and founded the Hebrew nation. He opposed child sacrifice in an age when this was the accepted practice.

iii- David-- He united Israel and made it a great nation. He was a magnificent poet and fine musician.

iv- Solomon-- His individuality was expressed in his great wisdom.

Amos, Isaiah and other prophets-- They preached Social Justice when there was none and risked their lives to help their people by instruc$-ing them in ethical and moral ways.

2 Individualism and Idealsim are Closely Related.

a) Is a person an "individual" just because he is different?

i- If a boy wears his hair long, or plays a guitar and sings folksongs, does this make him an individual?

b) What makes a person more of an "individualist," the way he looks, or the way he thinks?

i- Einstein, dressed in a sweater and other casual wear at Princton University was not an individual because of the way he dressed (which was in sharp contrast to the usual suit and jacket professor) but because of his concepts, and ideals and principles.

ii- Albert Schweitzer is a man who gave up the comforts of life for humanitarian goals. He is one of the outstanding individuals of this century.

c) On page 370 we read-- "At his he becomes very angry and tries to tell me that money is the root of all evil. Money, he says, is the source of all falsehood, and as long as money amounts to something, nothing will ever be done in this world in the spirit of justice."
Do you agree with this statement? Why?

d) Is there any girl (woman) here who would be willing to part indefinately with her husband for an ideal (especially on one's wedding day) like Nodel?

I Individualism and Idealism are Characteristic of the Jewish People as a Whole.

a) Does it take courage to be an Individualist?

Throughout history, to be an individual and stick to ones ideals and principles, often meant death. The following are some examples of persons who had to suffer or die for what they believed in.

i- Rabbi Akiba-- He was the founder of Rabbinic Judaism and one of the great systematizers of Jewish law. He was martyred about 135 C.E. for opposing certain decrees of the Romans which were directed at destroying Judaism.

ii- The Prophet Jeremiah-- His advice to save Israel was not heeded. Instead he was thrown into a pit and there almost died. (Jer. 38:4-6)

iii- The people as a whole have been unique in history. A passion for Law and Justice, for Mercy and Reverence for Life, plus the ability to adapt and survive under the most adverse conditions, have all contributed to our Individuality and Idealism. The Prophet Isaiah expresses our suffering and our mission as a People, a mission which brings upon us so much suffering, but which nevertheless must be pursued. Ideals must not be sacrificed due to suffering.

"Behold My servant, whom I uphold;
Mine elect, in whom My soul delighteth;
I have put My spirit upon him,
He shall make the right to go forth to the nations.
He shall not cry, nor lift up,
Nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.
A bruised reed shall he not break,
And the dimly burning wick shall he not quench;
He shall make the right to go forth according to the truth.
He shall not fail nor be crushed,
Till he have set the right in the earth;
And the isles shall wait for his teaching."
(Isaiah 42:1-4)

COMMENTS

a) On page ___ "For instance, according to his way of thinking, a poor man was far more important than a rich one, and if he happened to be a worker too, then he was really the brightest jewel in the diadem. He who toiled with his hands stood first in his estimation."
What is the political setting for this story. Take into account that the author, Sholem Aleichem, was born in 1859 and died in 1916.

1- The setting for Hodel is a turbulent Russia. Many revolutionary groups were active. Some of these groups favored the working class which became the foundation for communist ideology. Fo'erel undoubtedly belonged to one of these groups.

b) On page 372 we read— "The whole world envied me, not so much for the carriage and horses as for the good deeds I accomplished through my wealthy daughter. I helped the needy with money—let this one have twenty-five rubles, that one fifty, another a hundred. How do we say it? 'Other people have to live too.'"

1- The spirit of giving, of charity, has always been a basic concept of Judaism. It is one of the greatest fulfillments of the Prophetic message of Social Justice.

Biblical and Rabbinic References to Individuality (Idealism)

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period, each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- "Then the princes said unto the king: 'Let this man, we pray thee, be put to death; forasmuch as he weakeneth the hands of the men of war that remain in this city, and the hands of all the people, in speaking such words unto them; for this man seeketh not the welfare of this people, but the hurt.' Then Zedekiah the king said: 'Behold, he is in your hand; for the king is not he that can do any thing against you.' Then took they Jeremiah, and cast him into the pit of Malchiah the king's son, that was in the court of the guard; and they let down Jeremiah with cords. And in the pit there was not water, but mire; and Jeremiah sank in the mire."
(Jeremiah 38:4-6)

b- "Behold My servant, whom I uphold;
Mine elect, in whom My sould delighteth;
I have put My spirit upon him,
He shall make the right to go forth
to the nations.
He shall not cry, nor lift up,
Nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.
A bruised reed shall he not break,
And the dimly burning wick shall he not quench;
He shall make the right to go forth
according to the truth.
He shall not fail nor be crushed,
Till he have set the right in the earth;
And the isles shall wait for his teaching."
(Isaiah 42:1-4)

c- Nathan the Prophet was not afraid to openly accuse and condemn King David for causing the death of Uriah in order to marry Bathsheba.
"And the Lord sent Nathan unto David. And he came unto him, and said unto him: 'There were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds; but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought and reared; and it grew up together with him, and with his children;

it did eat of his own morsel, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter. And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him, but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come to him.' And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man; and he said to Nathan: 'As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this deserveth to die; and he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had not pity.' And Nathan said to David: 'Thou art the man.'"

(Second Samuel 12:1-7)

d- The Prophet Elijah did not fear King Ahab and accused him of treachery.

"And the word of the Lord came to Elijah the Tishbite, saying: 'Arise, go down to meet Ahab king of Israel, who dwelleth in Samaria; behold, he is in the vineyard of Naboth, whither he is gone down to take possession of it. And thou shalt speak unto him, saying: Thus saith the Lord: Hast thou killed, and also taken possession?' and thou shalt speak unto him, saying: Thus saith the Lord: In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine.'"

(First Kings 21:17-19)

e- <u>The Sages of Babylonia</u>

"R. Hiyya bar Abba asked R. Assi: 'Why do the Sages in Babylonia dress in so distinguished a manner?'

R. Assi replied: 'Because they are minor scholars, they desire to be respected because of their attire.'

R. Johanan overheard him and said: 'Thou art wrong. They dress well because they are emigrants there; and the popular saying runs: 'In my own town I am respected for the name I have achieved; in another town I receive my respect because my clothes lend me distinction.'"

(Shabbat, 145.)

f- "The ideal man has the strength of a male and the compassion of a female."

(Zohar, IV, 15^{b})

g- "When Nebuchadnezzar set up the great idol and commanded every nation to pay it homage, Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah, the friends of Daniel, came to champion Israel. Before doing so, they visited the Prophet Ezekiel and told him what they had volunteered to do.

The Prophet inquired: 'Are you then going to worship the idol?'

They replied: 'Nay, we wish to demonstrate to the king that Israel does not forsake his God even though all other nations are obedient to his behest.'

The Prophet asked God: 'Wilt thou save them from the king's punishment?'

God replied: 'Tell them not to anticipate My intervention, but to thee I may say that I may perform a miracle in their behalf.'

Ezekiel returned to the three men and said: 'You are going to certain death. God will not prevent your being cast into the fiery cauldron.'

They replied: 'Nevertheless we are prepared to die for Him.'

(Shir ha-Shirim Rabbah, 7, 13.)

h- "The deeds of a man in his youth blacken his face in his old age."

(Shabbat, 152.)

SANCTIFICATION OF THE NAME (A LEGEND)

by Sholem Asch

From A Treasury of Yiddish Stories.
Edited and selected by I. Howe & E. Greenberg.
pp.253-260.

White lies the snow on the roads and fields. The light of the moon is thrown back by great white stretches as by frozen seas; the stars are so densely sown in the heavens, they sparkle so restlessly, that you would think they are elbowing each other for room. And from the distance comes the sound of a Jewish melody, punctuated by the crack of a driver's whip:

Hey, hey, clear the way,
Jews are coming, stand aside,
Come, my friend, come, my friend,
Let us go to meet the bride!

Beards and earlocks, tangled gaberdines, shining eyes, merry voices--where are these Jews coming from? From a wedding, of course. The covered cart is jammed with celebrants, the father of the bride, the father of the bridegroom, the uncle of the bride, the uncle of the bridegroom--the four chief celebrants, they--and a host of other villagers.

In front and on top sits the driver, jovially tipsy. The whip curls and crackles in the air. "Hey, hey, clear the way, Jews are coming, stand aside!" His hat executes a dance of its own on his head. The horses, infected by their master's gaiety, forget the daily yoke; they feel they are coming from a wedding, it is proper to rejoice, to let go, to throw off the burden of care--and they cease to be dray horses, they become racehorses, they streak down the white road like phantoms.

Inside, the celebrants, and among them the four chief celebrants--the two fathers, the two uncles--sit rocking, with arms interlaced, with beards waggling in the dark, with hats slipping to one side. They sing joyously. What do they sing? Songs of drink or of love, songs of youth or of the chase? Not they! They are Jews! And in a time of merriment they sing snatches of the Talmud, fragments of prayers, reminders of the sacred books and of the commandments.

From the sages let us learn,
From the holy men of old,
Let the fool for riches yearn,
Piety outshineth gold;
Come, my friend, come, my friend,
Let us go to meet the bride.

White shines the road, white lie the fields; and the melody of the Jews, half gay, half mournful, carries across the night.

Come, my friend, come, my friend,
Let us go to meet the bride.

Neither the driver on his seat nor the Jews rocking inside the cart see advancing toward them the carriage of the Pan, the nobleman of their village the master and landowner; they do not hear the bellow of the driver behind the three horses harnessed in length: "Hey, filthy Jews, off the road! The Pan is passing!" They cannot hear the words because their hearts are full. And why should they not be full? One more Jewish pair wedded, in defiance of disaster! One more Jewish home set up, to be as the house of Jacob and as the house of Abraham, a place of learning and prayer! They do not hear, they do not draw off the road, they do not take their hats off with a frightened, "Yes, sir, good morning, sir, your servant, sir, excuse us, sir!" Still more loudly the postilion bellows: "Jewish dogs! Off the road when the Pan is passing!" Now they hear, and they stick their heads out. They answer him in their own tongue: "Who are you to bid the world off the road when you pass? We are the worshipers of the living God, you worship an image, an idol." They do not yield: it is the Pan's carriage that must stand still while they pass. And back from the road drifts their melody:

From the sages let us learn,
From the holy men of old,
Let the fool for riches yearn,
Piety outshineth gold.

The next day the liveried servants of the Pan were in the village, seeking, questioning: "Who came back last night along the road in a cart? Whence came they? What were they doing?" They also brought report, true or false, of the body of a dead peasant, found that night in the empty inn along the selfsame road.

And before the day was ended five Jews had been carried off in chains and flung into prison: the fathers and uncles of the bride and bridegroom, the four chief celebrants, and the drayman who had driven them.

These four chief celebrants were the four leading householders of the Jewish community.

2.

The Jews of the village are assembled in the synagogue. The tall white candles burn as on the Day of Atonement. From the women's gallery overhead comes a sound of stifled weeping, a continuous, subdued refrain. Now and again a voice rises above the chorus, the voice of the wife or mother of one of the prisoners.

The old rabbi, in white robe and prayer shawl, stands before the Ark and intones a Psalm: "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?"

The whole congregation, in white robes and prayer shawls, repeats tremblingly after the venerable rabbi, Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?"

There is sudden silence in the crowded little House of Prayer. A sound is heard by the spirit, the sound of passing souls. These are the souls of all the martyrs of all the generations, an invisible procession; for the Psalms are being said now for Jews who are being tortured to death.

In the prison human demons tear the flesh of the prisoners, to force a confession from them; in the synagogue Psalms are being said to strengthen the prisoners in their resistance, so that they may endure and not be broken, so that they may remember the Name of God and sanctify it. It is a bitter trial of alternating torment and temptation. The Pan has promised that the first Jew to confess to the crime and to convert to Christianity will be rewarded as no man in these parts was ever rewarded before: he will be made the overseer of all the taxes paid by the Jews, he will be given the franchise of all the inns in the district, he will be made the ruler of all the Jews. And as for the rest, they will be beheaded, their corpses quartered and denied Jewish burial.

Behind the sound of the procession of the martyrs, the spirit catches another, horrible beyond endurance: it is the screaming of the men whose flesh is being torn from their bodies.

Concerning four of the tormented Jews there is utter certainty in the hearts of the assembled: these four will assuredly not desecrate the Name of God either to escape from passing pain or for the sake of the vanities and frivolities of this earth. In the lamentations of the wives and mothers of the tormented ones, there is never a suggestion of a desire for such weakness; when their eyes have wearied of shedding tears they look forth into space with pride. And when the women about them dare to look at them, their eyes too betray pride, and even a reverent envy of the wives and mothers of the men who are sanctifying the Name of God.

But concerning one, the fifth among the prisoners, the drayman, the community is not sure. A gross, ignorant lad he is, the driver of the village; impious, God help us; more than once has he been known to desecrate the Sabbath in the sight of others. He is not seen every day in the synagogue for afternoon and evening prayers; but he has been seen, on a Sabbath, strolling down the village street with his horse. The rabbi has rebuked him more than once; and there was even talk once of imprisoning him for a few days in the vestibule of the synagogue, that he might learn godliness. But it is said that when this was threatened he threatened to run away to the Christians and have himself baptized. So they left him

alone.

In a corner of the women's gallery the mother of the drayman stands alone, her kerchief drawn over her face, ashamed to look at the other women. But they cast glances at her, glances of pity and bitterness. "To have brought forth such a son!" For there is a rumor in the village that the drayman is ready to confess, that he has obtained a respite, that the wall of resistance is about to be broken. The mother of the drayman stands alone, for the others have withdrawn from her. She says no Psalms, for she does not know the texts; she holds no prayer book in her hand, for she cannot read. But she murmurs a prayer of her own: "Father in Heaven, be his strength! Father in Heaven, be his strength!"

The tears run down her cheeks into the kerchief. No one sees her tears or hears her murmured prayer; for they have withdrawn from her and look at her with pity and bitterness. "To have given such a son to the Jewish fold!"

3.

Once again the Jews are assembled in the House of Prayer. This day no Psalms are said. All are seated on the floor. The lecterns will not be used for study or prayer. The candles are ranged along the floor. The rabbi, in stocking feet--the symbol of mourning--reads the Book of Lamentations--supreme utterance of mourning. The congregation repeats the words after him, quietly. For now it is the end, and the time of official mourning is at hand. The executioner's block stands in the market place; the men are being led out. Four memorial candles burn in the synagogue, and about each candle sit the martyrs' nearest of kin. In a corner of the synagogue, in a lowly place near the entrance, stands a fifth candle, which has not been lit. Near this candle sits the mother of the drayman. It is not known yet whether her son has withstood the trial, and whether he belongs to the martyrs. Still they look at the mother with pity and bitterness. "To have given us such a son!"

The murmurous repetition of the Book of Lamentations is suspended as the sound of hoofs comes closer down the street. Something is thrown down before the door of the synagogue, and a fist smites on the door. One, two, three, four--five. Five knocks. And at the sound of the fifth the mother of the drayman springs from her place by the unlighted candle and tears open the door. Five heads lie on the ground before the synagogue door.

She sought out the head of her son and lifted it in her hands. Holding it high before her, she entered the synagogue. It was as if she wanted the whole world to see. A fierce pride shone from her eyes. She had lifted the kerchief from her face, so that she might look back at everyone of the assembled. And the assembled moved away

from her reverently, made a space for her, when she began to dance.

Lightly her footsteps moved over the floor as she danced with her son's head before the Holy Ark. She uttered no word, her lips were locked, but her eyes passed from face to face over all the assembled. And they all moved away from her reverently, envy and wonder on their faces.

"The mother dances with her son! The mother dances with her son!"

She laid down the head of her son at the foot of the Ark; she brought the memorial candle from its place by the door and placed it in the midst of the memorial candles in the center; and with her own hands she lit the candle, so that it burned among the others.

VALUE --- MARTYRDOM

A 10 Minutes: Each student reads silently to himself.

B Students' Opinions and Comments.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- For some Jews there are things more important than life itself.

2- The abolition of Idolatry, Sexual License, and Murder, are Fundamental to Jewish Ideals.

I For some Jews there are things more important than life itself.

a) Can anything be more important than life itself? If so, what?

1- Certain ideals such as Freedom and Justice are in the opinions of some more important than life itself.
Do you agree?

b) In Lev. 18:5 we read— "You shall therefore keep my statutes, and my ordinances, which if a man do, he shall live by them. I am the Lord."

Concerning the expression "...he shall live by them," the Talmud states— "He shall live by them, but he shall not die because of them." (Yoma 85 a-b)
This expression has been used in many different cases where life is in danger and is always applied except in cases of Idolatry, Sexual License, and

Murder. Even here though, as for example in bowing down to an idol, some feel it is better to do so than to perish. (Do not mention these 3 offenses at this point. See 2 a.)

1- There is a Rabbinic view that one may die for less reasons than taking a life, License and Idolatry, providing the reason is on a matter of principle and others may follow that negative example. "...in public one must be martyred even for a minor precept. Raba, son of R. Isaac said in Rab's name:—even to change one's shoe strap. And how many make it public?— R. Jacob said in R. Johannan's name: The minimum for publicity is ten." (Sanhedrin 74 a-b)

"When Religion itself is persecuted, even the most insignificant religious custom or habit must be defended at all costs, having regard to the higher principle at stake."

(Soncino Press. p.503, Sanhedrin Vol. 2)

2 The Abolition of Idolatry, Sexual License and Murder are Fundamental to Jewish Ideals.

a) Under what circumstances is a Jew permitted to sacrifice his life.
(Write down on the blackboard the classes' answers to this question. Then inform them of the folowing.)

1- According to Rabbinic Law there are 3 cases where martyrdom is prefered to life:

1- Idolatry.

2 Adultery and Incest.

3 Murder.

"All negative commandments of the Bible, except those with regard to Idolatry, Adultery, and Murder may be transgressed if there is danger of life." (San. 74a.)
Note - Adultery in this context usually means sexual license.

b) Why these three circumstances in particular? (Let the class express their opinions on each one).

Why Idolatry?

i- The 2nd of the 10 commandments states- "You Shall Have No Other Gods Before Me." (Ex. 20:3)

ii- The Jewish religion first emerged as a protest against idol worship. There is a legend to the effect that Abrdam broke all the idols in his father's shop.

iii- There is no divinity in idols. They are the creation of man's hands and to worship them is to worship himself. Even less than this for no idol is equal or comparable to a human being.

iv- Idols also represent heathen practices such as child-sacrifice and orgies, both of which are antithetical to Jewish practice and conscience.

v- Conversion to Christianity has been considered by the Rabbis a turning towards idol worship. The Christian religion through the images of of Jesus, Mary, and the Saints, has throughout our history, been considered by the Rabbis, as conducive to idol worship.

vi- So important was the rejection of idols for the Jews, that in the Talmud we find the passage— "He who renounces idol worship may be called a Jew." (Meg. 13a.)

vii- Chanukah is a festival which commemorates the victory and martyrdom of the Maccabees and their followers. In the reference section, "a", we find an account of extreme martyrdom during the Maccabean Revolt. The family in case refuse to pay homage to anything or anyone other than God.

Why Adultery and Incest?

1- The Bible lists numerous sexual practices which are forbidden. Among these are:

Sodomy: "If a man has carnal relations with a beast, he shall be put to death; and you shall kill the beast. If a woman approaches any beast to mate with, you shall kill the woman and the beast; they shall be put to death--their bloodguilt is upon them."
(Leviticus 20:15-16)

Rape: "But if the man comes upon the engaged girl in the open country, and the man lies with her by force, only the man who lay with her shall die, but you shall do nothing to the girl. The girl is not guilty of a capital offense, for this case is like that of a man attacking another and murdering him. He came upon her in the open; though the engaged girl cried for help, there was no one to save her."
(Deuteronomy 22:23-27)

Incest: "You shall not uncover the nakedness of your mother's sister or of your father's sister, for that is laying bare one's own flesh; they shall bear their guilt. If a man lies with his uncle's wife, it is his uncle's nakedness that he has uncovered. They shall bear their guilt; they shall die childless. If a man marries the wife of his brother that he has uncovered, they shall remain childless."
(Leviticus 20:19-21)

Homosexuality: "If a man lies with a male as one lies with a woman, the two of them have done an abhorrent thing; they shall be put to death--their bloodguilt is upon them."
(Leviticus 20:13)

Adultery: "You shall not murder.
You shall not commit adultery.
You shall not steal.
You shall not bear false witness
against your neighbor.
(Exodus 20:13)

ii- The above mentioned sexual practices, plus a host of others (See Lev.18) were practiced by many nations mentioned in the Bible.
In Lev. 18:24-27 we read that God abandoned these other nations due to their sexual offenses.
"Do not defile yourselves in any of those ways, for it is by such that nations which I am casting out before you defiled themselves. Thus the land became defiled; and I called it to account for its iniquity, and the land spewed out its inhabitants. But you must keep My laws and My norms, and you must not do any of those abhorrent things, neither the citizen nor the stranger who resides among you; for all those abhorrent things were done by the people who were in the land before you and the land became defiled."
(Leviticus 18:24-27)

Note— Many of these practices were associated with the Canaanites who occupied Canaan before the Israelites.

iii- Leviticus 18 makes it clear that a society cannot endure where sexual license is rampant. Such license weakens and corrupts the individual and makes him lose respect for those with whom he enters into relationship.
Obedience to the sexual laws in Leviticus 18 and elsewhere "..effectively prevented the submergence of Israel in the sea of heathen impurity that covered the whole ancient world. These laws proved the ramparts for a new human ideal— that became one of the distinguishing features of the Jewish people throughout the ages."
(Joseph Hertz, the Pentateuch and Haftorahs, p.488)

iv- Since these moral values regarding sex are so vital for the survival of society, one should not be too surprised to find that our forefathers felt it worthy to die rather than to transgress them.

"When the Israelites sinned against the second commandment, they were forgiven (as in the crucial case of the Golden Calf), for there is nothing substantial and real in idols; idolatry only provokes God's jealousy. But when the Israelites sinned at Shittim in unchasity there is something substantial and real; therefore they were punished, but for their idolatry they were forgiven."

(Exod. R., Mishpatim, XXX, 21.)

"This passage represents one mood of the Rabbis, while in another passage idolatry might be represented as worse than unchasity. As we might say, no sin is worse than idolatry, and at another moment, no sin is worse than unchastity. And against Num. XXV,I (Shittim) we may set Exod. XXXII, 28, where three thousand men were slain because of the Golden Calf!"

(From A Rabbinic Anthology- Montefiore & Loewe. p. 252.)

Why Murder?

1- "Thou Shalt Not Murder" is one of the Ten Commandments. (Ex. 20:13)

ii- Since all men are created in the Image of God, no one man's life is more precious than another's. All are created equal. It follows therefore, that no man has the right to take another man's life in order to save his own. If he does so, he is saying that his life is more valuable than the other person's. An example from the Talmud will illustrate this point.

"A man came to Rabba and said— The prefect of my town has ordered me to kill so and so, or he will kill me. Rabba replied— Let him kill you; do not commit any murder. Why should you think that your blood is redder than his? Perhaps his is redder than yours."

(Pesachim, 25b)

COMMENTS

a) On page 390 we read— "They also brought report, true or false, of the body of a dead peasant, found that night in the empty inn along the self-same road."

What incidents, or series of incidents in Jewish History does this remind us of?

i- Since Medieval times, Jewish communities throughout Europe have suffered blood libel accusations and also accusations pertaining to Desecration of the Host.

What is a Blood Libel?

ii- "Medieval Christians (and some modern ones, too) believed that Christian children were seized and tortured to death by the Jews during the Passover season. This myth appears in a complete form for the first time in The Life and Miracles of St. William of Norwich, a Latin work written about 1173 by Thomas of Monmouth, a contemporary of the events which he relates. The story of the ritual murder of the boy William in 1144 is virtually the first of a long series of such accusations, a series that has not yet come to an end. The significance of these accusations is that by such descriptions of the Jew they have served throughout the ages to create an anti-Jewish mentality. Generations have believed that no Christian child was safe in Jewish hands. Hundreds of Jews have been imprisoned, killed, or burnt alive on this charge. The Papacy has frequently denounced this charge, yet it is equally true that in numerous instances the accusation of ritual murder was not made except with the vigorous support of the local Church authorities."
(The Jew in the Medieval World— J.R. Marcus. p. 121)

iii- The following is a description of how the 2nd Blood Libel in Medieval history took place. (The 1st occured in England in 1144.) The author is the Jewish historian Ephraim ben Jacob.

"What shall we say before God? What shall we speak? How can we justify ourselves? God must have found out our iniquity.

In the year 4931 (1171), evil appeared in France, too, and great destruction in the city of Blois, in which at that time there lived about forty Jews. It happened on that evil day, Thursday, toward evening, that the terror came upon us. A Jew (Isaac bar Eleazar) rode up to water his horse; a common soldier—may he be blotted out of the book of life—was also there watering the horse of his master. The Jew bore on his chest an untanned hide, but one of the corners had become loose and was sticking out of his coat. When, in the gloom, the soldier's horse saw the white side of the hide, it was frightened and sprang back, and it could not be brought to water.

The Christian servant hastened back to his master and said: 'Hear, my lord, what a certain Jew did. As I rode behind him toward the river in order to give your horses a drink, I saw him throw a little Christian child, whom the Jews have killed, into the water. When I saw this, I was horrified and hastened back quickly for fear he might kill me too. Even the horse under me was so frightened by the splash of the water when he threw the child in that it would not drink.' The soldier knew that his master would rejoice at the fall of the Jews, because he hated a certain Jewess, influential in the city. He as much as put the following words into his master's mouth: 'Now I can wreak my vengeance on that person, on that woman Pulcelina.'"

(The Jew in the Medieval World—
J.R. Marcus, pp. 127-128)

(This affair ended in the burning of between 30 and 40 Jews.)

Note— Blood Libels are recorded up to 1940. In 1928, such a charge was laid in Massena, N.Y. The Rabbi was asked if Ritual Murder was a part of the Yom Kippur Ceremony. The child whose disappearance brought on this charge was later found wandering in the forest near her home.

What is a Host Desecration?

iv- The Communion wafer in the Catholic church is considered to be part of Christ's body. When one takes this wafer into his mouth, he is, according to the church, taking Christ into his body. In Medieval times, Jews were often accused of trying to "recrucify Jesus" by sticking needles and knives into the wafers which would then repeatedly bleed. Many miracles supposedly happened with these wafers which were supposed to attest to the superiority of Christianity over Judaism. The following is an excerpt from an account in a German text regarding the Passau Host Desecration of 1478 which occured in Bavaria. Ten Jews were slaughtered in this case.

"The Jews---blasphemers of God---kept the Hosts and skeptically brought them to their synagogue, seized hold of the body of Christ with their sinful hands in order to crucify him with savage eagerness and thus test the Christian faith. (If blood flowed from the wafer, then then it was the real body of Christ.) A Jew took a sharp knife, and when he stabbed the Host on the altar in the synagogue, blood flowed out of it, and the face of a child appeared. The Jews, very much frightened, took counsel and sent two sacraments to Prague, two to (Wiener-) Neustadt, and two to Salzburg. And when they threw (the remaining) two wafers into a glowing baker's oven they saw two angels and two doves fly out of it."

(The Jew in the Medieval World- J.R. Marcus. p.137)

v- Such false accusations as these have been responsible for the massacre of many hundres and perhaps thousands of Jews throughout the centuries. They have contributed to an anti-Jewish attitude which is still very much with us today. These incidents were the cause for many Jewish martyrs to arise.
On page 391 we read--- "There is a sudden silence in the crowded little House of Prayer. A sound is heard by the spirit, the sound of passing souls. These are the souls of all the Martyrs of all generations..."

vi- In view of the above information, one may more easily understand the Rabbi's remark on page 390 "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?"

Rabbinic and Other References to Martyrdom.

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- See Apocrypha- 2 Macc., Chapter 7.

b- Under the Hadrianic Persecutions, many Jews, foremost among them R. Akiba, gave their lives rather than obey an order not to teach the Law. Not to teach the Torah was considered by Akiba equivalent to destroying life. For his support he quoted Deut. 30:20- "For that (Torah) is thy life and the length of thy days." That is, by loving God, and hearkening to His laws, one merits life.
The following is an account of Rabbi Akiba's martyrdom under the Romans, (about 132 C.E.).

"Our Rabbis taught: Once the wicked Government issued a decree forbidding the Jews to study and practice the Torah. Pappus b. Judah came and found R. Akiba publicly bringing gatherings together and occupying himself with the Torah. He said to him: 'Akiba, are you not afraid of the Government?' He replied: 'I will explain to you with a parable.

A fox was once walking alongside of a river, and he saw fishes going in swarms from one place to another. He said to them: From what are you fleeing? They replied: From the nets cast for us by men. He said to them: Would you like to come up on to the dry land so that you and I can live together in the way that my ancestors lived with your ancestors? They replied: Are you really the one who is called the cleverest of animals? You are not clever but foolish. If we are afraid in the element in which we live, how much more in the element in which we would die.'

So it is with us. If such is our condition when we sit and study the Torah, of which it is written- "For that is thy life and the length of thy days," if we go and neglect it, how much worse off shall we be!'

It is related that soon afterwards R. Akiba was arrested and thrown into prison, and Pappus b. Judah was also arrested and imprisoned next to him. He said to him: 'Pappus, who brought you here?' He replied:

'Happy are you R. Akiba, that you have been seized for busying yourself with the Torah! Alas for Pappus who has been seized for busying himself with idle things!'

When R. Akiba was taken out for execution, it was the hour for the recital of the Shema, and while they combed his flesh with iron combs, he was accepting upon himself the kingship of heaven. (That is, he was reciting the prayer- "Hear O Israel- the Lord our God, the Lord is One. And you shall Love...")
His disciples said to him: 'Our teacher, even to this point? (That is- even now, in the midst of such terrible torture, do you still recite the Shema?)' He said to them: 'All my days I have been troubled by this verse- "...with all thy soul" which I interpret now to mean "even if he takes thy soul." (From the line- "You shall love the Lord your God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy might."
I used to say: 'When shall I have the opportunity of fulfilling this? Now that I have the opportunity shall I not fulfil it? He prolonged the word "ehad" (that is One in "Hear O Israel, the Lord Our God the Lord is One," until he expired while saying it."

(Babylonian Talmud, Berakoth 61b.)

c- "Martyrdom is enjoined only when the transgression of the law would involve a deliberate act. Thus a woman is not obliged to undergo martyrdom if attacked with an immoral intent."

(Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. 8, p.354)

d- "In the world-wide Roman Empire it was the Jews alone who refused the erection of statues and the paying of divine honours to Caligula, and thereby saved the honour of the human race when all the other people slavishly obeyed the decree of the Imperial madman."

(J. Fuerst, 1890. From A Book of Jewish Thoughts, p.78)

e- "It happened once that four hundred youths and maidens were taken captive, and were to be employed in a life of shame. When they realised for what purpose they were wanted, they said, 'If we throw ourselves into the sea, shall we enter into the life of the world to come?' Then the eldest among them quoted the verse, 'I will bring them again from the depths of the sea' (Ps. LXVIII, 22). 'These are they,' he said, 'who are drowned in the sea.' When the maidens heard this, they leapt up and jumped into the sea. Then the youths said,

'If they act thus, how much more should we?' So they too jumped into the sea, and to such as them the verse refers, 'For thy sake are we killed all the day long'" (ib. XLIV, 22). (Git. 57b)

f- "When R. Hanina b. Teradion was arrested, they asked him, 'Why did you occupy yourself with the study of the Law?' He answered, 'Because God commanded me to do so.' Then they sentenced him to be burnt alive. He carried a scroll of the Law in his bosom. Then they took him, and wrapped the scroll round him heaped bundles of willow wood about him, and set fire to them. Then they took tufts of wool, soaked them in water, and laid them on his heart that he might not die quickly. Then his daughter said, 'Father, that I should have to see you thus!' He replied, 'If I were to be burnt alone, it would have been hard for me, but now that the scroll of the Law is being burnt with me, He who will avenge His own humiliation in the burning of the scroll, will also avenge my humiliation.'"
(Ab. Zar. 17b-18a)

g- "If thou art commanded (by a ruler) to transgress all the commandments of the Torah on penalty of death, transgress all of them except idolatry, incest and the shedding of blood."
(Sanhedrin, 74.)

h- "Live by them (the laws) but do not die by them."
(Yoma 85b based on Lev. 18:5)

i- "R. Ishmael— One may even worship idols in order to save his life, although martyrdom is preferable to a public profession of idolatry."
(San. 74a, Ab. Zavah 24b)

k- "At no time is it permitted to a Jew to commit suicide or to kill his children in anticipation of religious persecution; he must wait until the persecutor comes and submit to the death inflicted upon him."
(Be'er ha-Golah to Yoreh De'ah, 157, end)

l- "In times of persecution a Jew may not say that he is a Gentile in order to save himself from death, although he may mislead his persecutors into an understanding

that he is not a Jew (ROSh to 'Ab. Zarah 11.4; Yoreh De'ah, 157, 2). In such a case it is permitted to the Jew to put on garments with 'sha'atnez' (wool and flax) in them, or to shave his beard, and for a woman to attire herself in male garments, or in those worn by nuns, in order to deceive the persecutors." ("Hatam Sofer" to Shulhan 'Aruk, Orah Hayyim, 139;)

(The Jewish Encyclopedia-
Vol. 5, p. 354)

MAX

by Bruce Geller

From Reconstructionist-
March 20/64, Vol. XXX,
#3. pp.24-29.

They burned my brother to death on a Tuesday. No, it was on a Wednesday. Excuse me if I seem heartless, quibbling about the day, but it has suddenly become important to me. Very important.

I never knew the date. We could keep track of the days because there were no killings on Sunday, but the various calendars kept by many of the prisoners soon were at odds with each other, and at the time it didn't seem to be important. It was hard to remember to do even so simple a thing as make a mark on the wall once a day; it was hard once you realized that two out of three of the men you had spoken to in the last month had been selected, listed, double-checked and then killed. The careful and elaborate system, whatever it was, could not be figured by any of us, and we soon gave up trying; men had survived more than a year at Delgrau; others had been gassed less than a week after arriving. Considering the uncertainty, it was no wonder that the careful keeping of calendars did not flourish.

How could we know then how important we were? We did not think we were; we were not. Nothing so carefully but easily destroyed is valuable; we were garbage, litter, refuse--to be gathered with custodial care until it was time for us to be incinerated; obliterated without even the saving grace of an emotion as strong as rage--our destruction was the product of a planned, evolved, and thoughtfully administered social service. Delgrau served a function as complicated and unnoticed as the post office. I don't know. Perhaps if we had seen blood; if someone had raised his voice in fury, in anger--in irritation. But no one did. We had already paled into that gray, half unreal world so that it was hard to believe we existed--had ever existed--we were already forgotten. No, I don't mean that.

My brother's name was Max. He was dark, about five feet nine or ten inches tall--maybe a bit taller. You must excuse my boring you with details that do not seem to matter. They do--to me. Normally, he wore glasses, but the pair he was wearing when he was arrested were broken during the trip to Delgrau, and of course, there was no way to get another pair. For a while he tried wearing eyeglasses that were given him by other men in the barracks--men who were scheduled to die the next day anyway, but he said they made his eyes water and gave him a headache--it was simpler to wear no glasses at all. Of course, he could see very little, but then, what was there to see? His eyes were very bad, but quite beautiful, a dark, almost black brown, no not quite that dark--more a deep mahogany, or a fine saddler's leather color, very beautiful.

His nose was long and rather crooked, like mine, but thinner, more delicate, a student's nose, a nose that seemed to have absorbed knowledge from its perch above the books Max devoured with his beautiful brown eyes--he read incessantly; not at Delgrau, of course; there were no books save the few smuggled in, and without his glasses Max could not even have read those. Not that anyone read much at Delgrau, reading

is hopeful occupation. It reminds you. Then, we wanted to forget. We did not know how important it was that we remember.

Max was a very thin boy. That is silly, we were all thin, of course, even those of us who normally were robustly built, or even fat. But Max was always thin, with hollowed, ascetic cheeks and bony, almost pointed shoulders, hunched so that it always seemed as if he had his hands in his pockets--even at Delgrau, where the uniforms had no pockets. They were thin cotton uniforms, like pajamas, with wide vertical blue and white stripes that made Max look even thinner. Of course, he did not weigh more than a hundred pounds on the day they burned him.--It was a Wednesday.

His hair, before they shaved it off, was black and curly; he was not at Delgrau long enough for it to grow back--mine was long and straggly on the day the American troops came to Delgrau, wide-eyed, gagging at the stink--but that is not important. Max is important. What else can I tell you? My God, there must be something else I can remember. Yes, yes, of course, there is much more. I remember the little flowers that grew at the edges of the walk, in two rows, one of blue and one of yellow, no, more a white-orange, and moss further down where the walk skirted the buildings. Before he was gassed, one of the first Jews at Delgrau, a man who had helped raise the wooden barracks, said that the walks were there when the camp was opened and dedicated, and that they were a very good grade of cement, a kind you did not easily get to the Polish border. He said the flowers had been planted shortly after the first batch of Jews arrived, by a German couple that would not talk to the prisoners or even look up from their gardening. Down behind the crematorium they had put in a bank of forget-me-nots.

Forget. I must not. I have not. I remember a great deal more. I remember Max.

His ears stuck out from his head, and with his hair shaved off he looked really quite funny. I laughed at him several times. I wanted something to laugh at, and Max was there. He never minded, and how could I know then that he was so important? God help me, I loved him, but I had no time then to think much about him; we none of us thought about each other except to scavenge from the dying of the next day a few things to make the rest who had a few days left more comfortable. We thought of food, and clothing, and wood to chink up the walls. We tried to laugh, but in no time at all the only things that were funny were the things that were not funny--the things that were killing us, and laughter became useless, because not even for a second did it make you forget.

Max. I have not forgotten. I was telling you about Max. He was really not at all unusual. Cetainly he did not look it. Oh, anywhere but at Delgrau you would have stared at him, and perhaps called a policeman to carry off the strange, cadaverous, pitcyed creature with stubble on his cheeks longer than on his head. But at the camp, in the thousands, thousands

of unhuman-looking, tired effigies that waited, sitting or raggedly drifting—who could tell? I did not know. How could I have known? I was watching my belly swell with emptiness. I had no way to know. And, had you told me, I would not have cared. I was not human. It had been said; it had been proved. Humans are not killed by the millions, but we did not know that anyway. The thousands, yes, the millions, no. We did not count. And we did not care, no, we were not human. I cared before—I would care now. I do not want to die now.

But I did not really care then, there, in Delgrau, after a few weeks. I was not human. But then, they never called my number off on the list they read after the single meal of the day at about five in the afternoon. Perhaps if they had, like so many others, I would have stirred—wept, cursed—some even sang childhood songs—or beat on the dark-painted door after the guards had gone.—I do not remember what color the door was painted. Yes, yes—it was green, dark green—I am almost certain, I <u>am</u> certain. You don't forget something like that.

Max, Max, I was telling you of Max. Once—before everything—he was going to be a doctor, but then—who wasn't? Max would have had a talent for it though—even in the camp he sometimes bound the arms and legs of the dying—the abnormal dying—the old and sick, dying from anything but Germans—Max bound their limbs against the pains of hungry dying when it stops the blood. But later, there was no cloth to spare, even for a few hours—not after they had speeded up the killings, and had stopped taking the time to gas Jews before cremation. No longer did they bother to strip down the daily quota before they went into the ovens alive—oh, sometimes gold teeth were pried out, and then, still later, even that stopped. But gold teeth were no use to us, and cloth was; once the uniforms of the dead were burned with them, there was no chance of stealing the precious cloth back. There was a complicated system for retrieving it—but I don't remember it; I can't help it—I cannot be expected to recall everything.

There were no doctors among us—they were taken somewhere else—I don't know where or for what. So binding arms and legs was all that could be done, as Max did it, and when the cloth was gone, even that stopped. Then, all Max could do was stroke foreheads, and massage, if it was not too painful; life he could not give, nor was it wanted; pain he wanted more than anything not to give, but death he would not give, even when it was wanted—begged for—someone else always had to do it.

Oh, Max, if I try, I can remember your hands. And other things.—the shape of your lips—a few other things. If I had only known to study them, you, everything. But I can remember. I can.

They called Max's number on a Tuesday evening—if he died on a Wednesday. Yes, I am sure. It <u>was</u> a Wednesday.

They called the numbers in groups, number such-and-such, never a number alone, never with any logic that we could see, never in order even on a given evening—never a group of any particular size, groups of nine, sixty-three, twenty-two — but every night, in one of the barracks the numbers were called. For collection, assortment, disposal the next day, in the morning; they gave a Jew the night. The first Jews to arrive at Belgrau were surprised; it was not efficient, there were always many who did not take the opportunity, and it took the same amount of gas in the big chamber to kill one as to kill all. Later, when they stopped the gassings, it was even more inefficient; it took a platoon of guards an hour to a whole morning to carry the bodies from the barracks to the ovens—depending on how many took the night; Jews walking under their own power were much less trouble. Still, they gave us the night always. Max said once it was a humanitarian gesture. I thought then it was a Belgrau joke; now I am not sure. If I could only recall the way his face looked when he said it—the tone of his voice—oh, Max, forgive me.

He was so very frightened. When they read off his number I was not sure he heard; his face was so still, but when the guards had left he sat on the edge of his bunk and began to cry. He hated pain, and the thought of burning, burning—I tried to comfort him, but what could I say? What could I do? I lay next to him through the night while he wept, while his time, his little portion of time ebbed. His had been the l last number in a remarkably small group scheduled for Wednesday cremation. It was unimportant irony that he was the only number called from our barrack. It was a detail, a trifle, that I had stood behind him in the line as we had matriculated at Belgrau, and so was one number higher. Now it was life, that detail. I would have changed numbers with him, I swear I would have, but the little blue-black tattoo was permanently stigmatized in his flesh, and so all I could do was pat his arm with the inadvertent superiority of the live over the dead.

It was about three-thirty in the morning when he asked me to. There was no exact way to tell the time; the few watches that had been missed by the confiscators on arrival had long since been bartered for crusts, or rags, or the momentary loan of a sharp blade. So there was no blade available either; I remember that. And I remember the time—shortly after three we could hear the boots of the SS guards as they formed up before making their morning round of the barracks. I was lying with Max on the uncovered six-by-three bunk we shared, our backs touching, shoulder to buttocks—I felt him tremble. I touched him with my hand occasionally, but still we did little talking—what can the dead say to the dying? Then we heard the boots of the guards—and shortly afterward, that was when he rolled over, tears in his beautiful, myopic eyes, and softly asked me to.

I remember, I remember his dark, moist eyes, his nose, his lips that formed the words—every twisting hair of the stubble on his cheeks—I saw blemishes, pits in his face I had

never seen; the grain of the crude planks from which the bunk above was made—I smelled the smell my nose had long since forgotten—even then. I could not answer.

But I nodded. It was the only thing I could do for Max—my brother, my friend. He thanked me. Oh, Max, forgive me. Forgive my weakness.

I went around quietly and asked for the use of a few blankets, just for a few minutes. It was freezing cold, but no one who had a scrap of cloth refused me. There was nothing with which to smother. The man across the way said he would hold Max's legs.

I kissed Max; he kissed me—then I remember we shook hands, like acquaintances saying goodbye in a railroad station. Then he lay down. The man across the way held his legs. I took the dirty, ragged blankets, put them across Max's face, and pressed down.

For maybe twenty seconds Max was still. Then he began to fight, to struggle, to kick and beat at me, to twist and roll—he fought to live. He could not help it. And God help me, I could not help it—I was too weak. The man tried to hold Max's arms as well as his legs—he could not. But it was not his fault, he was not Max's brother.

I couldn't hold him. Max rolled free and fell to the floor, gasping and choking. He threw up a little, and just lay there until he could breathe again. And I breathed with him, just lying on the bunk; I remember I banged my elbow.

Then Max smiled. I will never forget that smile. He thanked me for trying. I didn't look at him. I started to say that if he wished I would—but Max said no—, no, thank you. He stood up, and patted me on the shoulder.

The man from across the way silently took the blankets to give them back to their owners. I remember I lay on the bunk, and Max sat on the edge and examined my elbow, and talked rapidly and softly about things we had chosen not to speak of for months—home, and medicine, and his crazy idealistic politics, and we stayed that way for the half hour until they came and took Max away.

He went without a fight. Just before they took him out of the door he turned and called to me. They didn't stop him; men cried out many things before they were taken away to be burned, and it never meant anything. But I called back.

Max called out, don't let them forget me. It's important. We're important. And I called back, I won't, Max, I promise. I won't let them forget. I promise they won't forget. Then Max went. It was Wednesday. Wednesday morning.

I remember, I promised. But, oh God, they are forgetting. I let them. And, oh Max, forgive me—I can't help it—I am forgetting.

God help me, I have forgotten.

VALUE --- TO REMEMBER

A 10 Minutes! Each student reads silently to himself.

B Students' Opinions and Comments.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- Jews Prefer to Forget Unpleasant Aspects of Their History.

2- We Refuse To Learn from Our Past Experiences.

3- It is difficult to Remember and Still Forgive.

I Jews Prefer to Forget Unpleasant Aspects of Their History.

a) On page 413 we read— "Max called out, don't let them forget me. It's important."
What did Max mean by this statement?

i- By "Me" he meant all who were mercilessly killed like him. He knew that men would try to forget such horrors, and in forgetting they would not be on guard against new atrocities which are constantly threatening man.

ii- No man likes to be forgotten. We remember deceased persons by erecting monuments to their name, by saying Kaddish, by setting up memorial scholarships etc. Max knew that none of these would ever be established in his memory. His

only hope of being remembered was through his brother.
The desire not to be forgotten is clearly expressed on page 410 — "Down behind the crematorium they had put in a bank of forget-me-nots."

b) The last part of the story reads— "I remember, I promised. But, oh God, they are forgetting. I let them. And, oh Max, forgive me—I can't help it— I am forgetting.
God help me, I have forgotten."

Why has Max's brother forgotten?

i- To remember such things is unpleasant.
(To class)— Think to yourselves about the most painful or distressing situation you have ever experienced. How often do you think about it? Do you think about it less often now than near the time it happened?

ii- Comfortable circumstances tend to weaken one's memory. Forgetting is easy on a full stomach and a healthy bank account.

c) Can you recall any instances in the Bible where we are specifically commanded to remember certain things?

i- The 4th commandment—"Remember the Sabbath Day." (Ex. 20:8)
One of the reasons for remembering the Sabbath day is because we were once slaves in Egypt, and knew the burden of oppression. (Deut. 5:15)
Therefore we are commanded to give everyone in our family, including the man-servant and maid-servant, even animals, a day of rest.
As long as we remember that we were onces slaves, our desire to enslave others will be remote.
This is further born out in Ex. 20:20-
"You shall neither wrong a stranger, nor oppress him, for you were strangers in the land of Egypt."

(Additional examples may be found in the reference section.)

2 We Refuse to Learn from Our Past Experiences.

a) Do you think it is important to remember the atrocities which have happened to our people throughout history? (other than the Nazi atrocities.) Why?

b) Do you think it's important to remember the Nazi destruction of the Jews? Why?

c) Who was Adolf Eichmann? (Teacher should ask for a show of hands of those who know. Then ask for a show of hands of those who heard the name and once knew, but have since forgotten. The point may then be made that <u>already many have forgotten.</u>)

i- Eichmann was one of Hitler's right-hand men. He was responsible for setting up and implementing the mass extermination of Jews. In May, 1960, Eichmann was captured by Israeli agents in Argentina. He was tried in the Israeli courts and executed on May 31, 1962.

d) The Eichmann trial was highly publicized throughout the world.
Why do you think there was so much publicity?

i- The Israeli Government and other Jewish organizations throughout the world, wanted to make certain people wouldn't forget what happened in Germany. If people forget, it can happen again.

3 It is Difficult to Remember and Still Forgive.

a) Can one remember and still forgive?

Explanation of Question.

i- Example 1 Should survivors of the Nazi holocaust find it in their hearts to forgive the Nazis for what they did? (Some extend this to include all Germans living in Germany).

Example 2 Hundreds of thousands of Jews have been killed throughout the centuries by Christians.
Decrees of Bishops, and even Popes, as well as lesser officials, have contributed to the blood shed.
For example:

1 The following account refers to Jews who had converted to Christianity and afterwards were attacked by a mob. (Lisbon, Portugal, 1506).

"Nay, their fury arose at last to such a degree, that falling on this unhappy wretch, they dragged him by his hair into the marketplace before the church, where they tore him to pieces, and making a fire threw his body into it. The mob was excited also because the King had that very day freed some New Christians arrested for celebrating the Passover. All the common people flocked to this tumult, and a certain monk made a speech too well adapted to their humor at the time. In this he excited them with great vehemence to revenge the impiety of the Jew. The mob too apt of their own accord to be outrageous, by this means became the more transported with fury. Two other (Dominican) monks, at the same time holding forth a crucifix, loudly excited the people to slaughter, at every other word calling out: 'Heresy, heresy! Avenge the heresy, and extinguish the wicked race!' (The Dominican friars warred against the New Christians as heretics and wanted to introduce the Inquisition into Portugal.)

The French and German (sailors) quickly came ashore, and having joined the Portuguese, they committed great havoc. This cruel massacre was begun by five hundred, who were at last joined several others. Transported with madness and boiling with rage, they fell upon the wretched Jews, of whom they killed great numbers, and threw many half alive into the flames. By this time several fires were kindled near the place where the first offender had been burnt, for the canaille about the streets with eagerness and alacrity had brought fuel from all parts, that nothing might be wanting to execute this horrible design. (German sailors bought more fuel when the supply ran low.) The shrieks and outcries of the women, together with the piteous supplications of the men, might, one would think, have softened the most savage hearts into pity; but the actors in this horrid scene were so divested

of humanity that they spared neither sex nor age, but wreaked their fury on all without distinction; so that above five hundred Jews were either killed or burnt that day.

The news of this massacre having reached the country, next day (Monday, the 20th of April) above a thousand men from the villages flocked into the city and joined the murderers, and the slaughter was renewed. The Jews, being under the greatest terror, concealed themselves in their houses; but the blood-thirsty rabble broke open the doors, rushed in upon them, butchered men, women, and children in a most barbarous manner; they dashed the infants against the walls, and, dragging all out of doors by the feet, threw them into the fire, some quite dead, and others yet breathing life."

(The Jew in the Medieval World-
J.R. Marcus. pp.37-38.

2 During the crusades, many Jews were slaughtered in the name of Christ. The following is an excerpt from a description of such a slaughter (in this case self-slaughter) of Jews who had to choose between forced conversion and death.

"The women there girded their loins with strength and slew their sons and their daughters and then themselves. Many men, too, plucked up courage and killed their wives, their sons, their infants. The tender and delicate mother slaughtered the babe she had played with; all of them, men and women arose and slaughtered one another. The maidens and the young brides and grooms looked out of the windows and in a loud voice cried: 'Look and see, O our God, what we do for the sanctification of Thy great name in order not to exchange you for a hanged and crucified one...'" (1100 died that day.)

(The Jew in the Medieval World-
J.R. Marcus. p.117)

3 A statement by Martin Luther-1543.

Concerning the Jews and their lies--1543.
"What then shall we Christians do with this damned, rejected race of Jews? (The Jews were rejected by God since they refused to accept Jesus as the Messiah.) Since they live among us and we know about their lying and blasphemy and cursing, we can not tolerate them if we do

not wish to share in their lies, curses, and blasphemy. In this way we cannot quench the inextinguishable fire of divine rage (as the prophets say) nor convert the Jews. We must prayerfully and reverentially practice a merciful severity. Perhaps we may save a few from the fire and the flames (of hell). We must not seek vengeance. They are surely being punished a thousand times more than we might wish them. Let me give you my honest advice.

First, their synagogues or churches should be set on fire, and whatever does not burn up should be covered or spread over with dirt, so that no one may ever be able to see a cinder or stone of it. And this ought to be done for the honor of God and of Christianity in order that God may see that we are Christians, and that we have not wittingly tolerated or approved of such public lying, cursing, and blaspheming of His Son and His Christians...(Luther and others believed that the Jews cursed the Christians in their daily prayers.)

Secondly, their homes should likewise be broken down and destroyed. For they perpetrate the same things there that they do in their synagogues. For this reason they ought to be put under one roof or in a stable, like gypsis, in order that they may realize that they are not masters in our land, as they boast, but miserable captives, as they complain of us incessantly before God with bitter wailing.

Thirdly, they should be deprived of their prayer-books and Talmuds in which such idolatry, lies, cursing, and blasphemy are taught.

Fourthly, their rabbis must be forbidden under the threat of death to teach any more...."

"If, however, we are afraid that they might harm us personally, or our wives, children, servants, cattle, etc. when they serve us or work for us--since it is surely to be presumed that such noble lords of the world and poisonous bitter worms are not accustomed to any work and would unwillingly humble themselves to such a degree among the cursed Goyyim--then let us apply the same cleverness (expulsion) as the other nations, such as France, Spain, Bohemia, etc., and settle with them for that which they have extorted usuriously from us, and after having divided it up fairly let us drive them out of the country for all time. For, as has been said, God's rage is so great against them that they only

become worse and worse through mild mercy, and not much better through severe mercy. Therefore away with them...

To sum up, dear princes and nobles who have Jews in your domains, if this advice of mine does not suit you, then find a better one so that you and we may all be free of this insufferable devilish burden--the Jews."

(The Jew in the Medieval World-
J.R. Marcus. pp. 67-69)

4 In 1215, under Pope Innocent III, the Jews were socially, economically and politically ostracized.

Concerning the interest taken by Jews.

"The more the Christian religion is restrained in the exaction of interest so much more does the knavery of the Jews in this matter increase, so that in a short time they exhaust the wealth of Christians. Wishing therefore to provide for Christians in this matter lest they be burdened excessively by the Jews, we ordain through synodal decree that if they hereafter extort heavy and unrestrained interest, no matter what the pretext be, Christians shall be withdrawn from association with them until the Jews give adequate satisfaction for their unmitigated oppression. Also the Christians shall be compelled, if necessary, through Church punishment from which an appeal will be disregarded, to abstain from business relations with the Jews."

That Jews should be distinguished from Christians in dress.

"In some provinces a difference in dress distinguishes the Jews or Saracens from the Christians, but in certain others such a confusion has grown up that they cannot be distinguished by any difference. Thus it happens at times that through error Christians have relations with the women of Jews or Saracens, and Jews or Saracens with Christian women. Therefore, that they may not, under pretext of error of this sort, excuse themselves in the future for the excesses of such prohibited intercourse, we decree that such Jews and Saracens of both sexes in every Christian province and at all times shall be marked off in the eyes of the public from other peoples through the character of their dress."

That Jews not be appointed to public offices.
"Since it would be altogether too absurd that a blasphemer of Christ should exercise authority over Christians, we, in this chapter, renew, because of the boldness of transgressors, what the Toledo Council has prudently decreed in this matter. We forbid that Jews be preferred for public offices since by pretext of some sort they manifest as much hostility to Christians as possible."

(The Jew in the Medieval World- J.R. Marcus. pp. 137-39)

Note— It should be mentioned in all fairness that many high church officials throughout the centuries, including Pope Gregory the Great (590-604) came to the aid of the Jews. Generally speaking however, their influence was not too effective.

11- The question- "Can one remember and still forgive?" is a very difficult one. Should the sins of the fathers be visited upon the children-
"For I the Lord your God am an impassioned God, visiting the guilt of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generations of those who reject Me, but showing kindness to the thousandth generation of those who love Me and keep My commandments." (Ex. 20:3-6)
or should each man alone be responsible for his own sins?
"In those days they shall say no more: 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes,
And the children's teeth are set on edge.'
But every one shall die for his own iniquity; every man that eateth the sour grapes, his teeth shall be set on edge."
(Jeremiah 31:29-30)

"The soul that sinneth, it shall die; the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father with him, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son with him; the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him."
(Ezekiel 18:20-21)

What is your answer to this question —
Can one remember and still forgive?
(Ask each member of the class to give his opinion.)

COMMENTS

a) Terrible suffering can affect people in many different ways. Two common effects, opposite to each other are:

i- Great compassion and understanding towards others.

ii- A "dog eat dog" attitude towards others. "The world hasn't given me anything but suffering therefore why should I do or give anything to anyone else."

The first approach, as is pointed out in i-c, is the Jewish approach. Our suffering must make us tolerant and understanding of others.

b) Many of our Jewish Holidays and Festivals ask us to remember specific events. What do each of the following ask us to remember?

i- Passover: Freedom from Egyptian Bondage.

ii- Shevuos: The giving of the Torah by God on Sinai.

iii- Succos: The period of Wandering for 40 years in the desert.

iv- Purim: The overthrow of Tyranny against the Jews by a cruel advisor to the Persian king, Ahasuerus. The Biblical Book of Esther describes this holiday.

v- Chanukah: The fight for Religious Liberty by the Maccabees against the Syrians. (168-165 B.C.E.)

c) On page 409 we read— "Perhaps if we had seen blood; if someone had raised his voice in fury, in anger— in irritation. But no one did."
Why was there no rebellion against the Nazis?

i- People were brought to the death camps unaware of the fate in store for them. Great efforts were made to keep them deceived in order to prevent uprisings. Even the gas chambers looked like ordinary shower rooms. Instead of water however, poison gas flowed from the nozzles.

ii- Those who were not immediately gased or cremated, were kept to do necessary work around the death camps. They were soon however reduced to a sub-human, a zombie-like state. On page 410 we read— "...we none of us thought about each other except to scavenge from the dying of the next day a few things to make the rest who had a few days left more comfortable." and further on the statement- "I was not human."

d) What prayer in Jewish Liturgy serves to memorialize the dead?

i- The Kaddish. See pp. 76-77 of the Union Prayer Book, Vol. I.

Biblical and Rabbinic References to Remembrance.

(To supplement class discussion.
At end of period, each student
should receive a mimeographed
copy of the following material
which he should be permitted
to keep.)

a- Moses saved the children of Israel from God's wrath (when they built the Golden Calf) by telling God to remember-

"Remember Your servants, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, how You swore to them by Your Self and said to them: I will make your offspring as numerous as the stars of heaven, and I will give to your offspring this wholeland of which I spoke, to possess for ever. And the Lord renounced the punishment He had planned to bring upon His people."

(Exodus 32:13-14)

b- King Hezekiah asks God to remember his righteous behaviour and grant him extra years of life.

"'Remember now, O Lord, I beseech Thee, how I have walked before Thee in truth and with a whole heart, and have done that which is good in Thy sight.' And Hezekiah wept sore."

(Second Kings 20:3)

God granted Hezekiah 15 years.

c- "Remember, O Lord, Thy compassions and Thy mercies;
For they have been from of old.
Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions;
According to Thy mercy remember Thou me,
For Thy goodness' sake, O Lord."

(Psalms 25:6-7)

d- "By the rivers of Babylon,
There we sat down, yea, we wept,
When we remembered Zion.
Upon the willows in the midst thereof
We hanged up our harps.
For there they that led us captive asked of us
words of song,
And our tormentors asked of us mirth:
'Sing us one of the songs of Zion.'
How shall we sing the Lord's song
In a foreign land?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget her cunning.

Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,
If I remember thee not;
If I set not Jerusalem
Above my chiefest joy."
(Psalms 137:1-6)

e- "The memory of the righteous shall be for a blessing:
But the name of the wicked shall rot."
(Proverbs 10:7).

f- "And moreover I saw under the sun, in the place of justice, that wickedness was there; and in the place of righteousness, that wickedness was there."
(Ecclesiastes 3:16)

g- The 38th Psalm is introduced by thephrase--"To cause one to remember."

h- "One must not ask the price of anything, if one has no intention of buying it. One must not 'Remember your former deeds.' If a man is a descendant of proselytes one must not say to him, 'Remember the deeds of your ancestors,' for it says, 'A proselyte you shall not vex or oppress."
(Bab. M. 58b; ib. Mishnah IV, 10)

i- <u>The Unnamed Tree</u>
"God does not permit anything which might serve as a memorial and reminder of a sin committed by an individual or the community. The Torah says: 'bull or sheep,' not 'calf or sheep' in order not to recall the sin of the Golden Calf. God did not reveal, nor will He reveal, the name of the tree, the fruit of which Adam ate with such disastrous consequences, lest whenever men see a tree of this kind, they might think of it as a tree of death."
(Pesikta Buber, 75b-76a.)

j-""People say: if a man has been hanged for a crime, do not say to another member of this family: hang up the fish." (Baba Metzia, 59)
That is, one should not use the word 'hang' even in a different context, so as not to remind the bereaved family of the tragedy.

UNIT 5

THE FUTURE

Values

Persistance (and Nationalism)

Conversion and Intermarriage

Hope

THE JERUSALEM CONCERTO

by Herbert Zvi Solfer

From The Chicago Jewish Forum- Vol. 20, #2.
B. Weintroub, Editor;
Winter 1961-62.
pp.133-137.

Come! Listen! Let me tell you a story about Jerusalem. Elsewhere, my story would not be a story but a fantasy, a fairy tale. But, in Jerusalem, ah! In Jerusalem it is a true story. If you know Jerusalem you will recognize it as so.

Of course, you have noticed, in the early morning when people go to work, how the beggars sit. Each one has his own place, his own particular stance or way. In Jerusalem, every beggar is an individualist. And why not? For you and me, perhaps, it would be disgraceful, but, to many in this corner of the world begging is an honorable profession. And, sometimes, I think that maybe it is better to be a beggar in Jerusalem than to have done many other things for money. There are worse occupations than helping people perform the mitzvah of charity.

There is one beggar who sits and reads the Psalms all day, blessing every passerby whether or not he receives a coin from him. Another fellow stands and stares, oblivious to the world around him. What he sees I do not know, but, from the look of anguish graven upon his face, I am happy not to share his vision. The terrors of the known world are enough. And then, there's the beggar who refuses to accept less than a shilling--and how he curses anyone daring to offer him less, demanding to know if the by-passer would be willing to undertake a beggar's life for such a pittance.

It is part of our pattern of life. A beggar disappears. Where he goes, what has become of him, you do not know. Soon, another has taken his place, and it is as if he had always been there.

Once, I got to know a beggar of Jerusalem. I mean to really know him--not to just hand him a few coins and go on my way, but to communicate with him and even visit in his home. It is his story I want you to hear.

His name is Rabinovich--Yaacov Rabinovich. It was a morning in early spring, about a week before the Seder night, when I first saw him. (Maybe he was there before, but I first saw him that day.) He had been a tall, sturdy man once. His gaunt, bent frame still held a trace of the vigor he had once possessed. He stood near the foot of Agron Street where it meets King David Avenue. You know the place? (If Agron Street puzzles you, just let me say that it is the new name for the old Hamillah Road and you will know where I mean.) It is the corner at the bottom of the hill, with the King David Hotel and YMCA atop the slope to the right and the park across the street to the left--just a short distance from the Jaffagate, the entrance-way into the old City of Jerusalem. That way is closed now. But someday, with God's help, we'll be able to walk freely about all the streets of Jerusalem again.

So, that was where Rabinovich stood. You may have seen him--gaunt and bent, with an unkempt gray beard, blind behind his dark glasses. Sometimes he stood, leaning against the wall of the building, resting his violin upon his chair. At other times he sat, holding the violin across his lap or leaning it against a leg of the chair. A nondescript, beaten

instrument, the violin appeared to be an adequate mate for its owner.

This morning, the morning I first became aware of Rabinovich, he was sitting, his head hanging forward, the violin tucked in under his chin, looking like a picture by Chagall. But it was a motionless picture without any of the joy and fury that infuse Chagall's work. His bow moved across the strings, and on coming closer I could hear a familiar strain, familiar yet unplaceable. Was it an old hasidic nigun or maybe something by Bloch? I could not tell. Rabinovich did not play very well. For all I knew he was just doodling on his violin with several themes mixed together. I dropped a shilling into the open violin case which lay at his feet and continued on my way.

I saw him every day after that, and usually he would just be sitting or standing quietly, oblivious to everything and everyone around him. Only rarely would he be playing upon his violin.

Pesach passed. The heat of summer replaced the chill of winter and the glorious blue Jerusalem sky became a permanent fixture overhead. Rabinovich shed the tattered coat he has been wearing and now appeared in a worn and mended suit. A silent figure, aloof from the world! But, at times, the violin would be under his chin and he would be playing his unrecognizable music--sort of a gathering together of different strains without rhyme or reason. Whether or not he played, the violin was always with him.

Now, as for me, I'm not a great music lover. I like a good concert. I listen to Kol Yisrael concerts every Tuesday night if possible, and I've heard the Philharmonic several times. Still, I'm not one of those people who drop everything and go kilometers to Ein-Gev just to hear a concert. I like good music, but I'm reasonable about it.

You must have heard the Kol Yisrael Orchestra on the radio Tuesday nights. You know how, every now and then before playing the classics, which comprise their repertoire, they introduce an original work by an Israeli composer. Sometimes it's good. We have our Ben-Haim, Lavry, Sharett, and other composers. Usually, you hear a new piece and you can almost pick out the component parts--30% Russian, 30% Arabic, and 40% classic. An undistinguished, unremembered hodgepodge!

But, this Tuesday it was different. They announced the "Jerusalem Concerto" by an unknown composer, and then, for almost ten minutes, played some of the most beautiful music my tired ears have ever heard. You know how it is. Different music has different moods. Only rarely does a piece of music capture a place and a time and translates them into a universal song saying something to everyone who hears it. That's how it was with the Jerusalem Concerto. The composer had captured the spirit of this city. The ancient walls-- witnesses to so bright, blue, cloudless sky and the twisting, winding streets; the hasidim in their strumel and kaftan walking along the street of Meir Sharim; and the laughter of the sun and children mingling in a Rehavia playground.

These were the scenes that enchanted music called to mind: the golden-hued moon casting a soft, yellow haze over the city at night and the stark contours of the mountains of Moab in the distance; the colors and smells and noises of the open-air market in Mahane Yehuda and the exuberant vitality and confusion of the immigrant quarters in the new Katamons.

This was a brilliant work of art and I rejoiced in that rare joy and jubilation one feels when he suddenly becomes aware that he is experiencing something great. It must be like a stranger wandering through the Louvre and unexpectedly happening upon the Mona Lisa or a Kabbalist in Safad chancing upon the magic number that lifts an edge of the world and enables him to take a glance underneath. The very playing of the orchestra was inspired with the music they were playing, and the Beethoven which followed was pale by comparison.

I wanted to hear the Jerusalem Concerto again. And so did others. True, not everyone in Jerusalem responded to it. Some people lack the gift of embracing life that lies outside themselves; others are tragically insensitive to the values which make existence endurable. But those to whom the Jerusalem Concerto had spoken received its message and the radio station received many letters asking for a second performance. When it came, six weeks later, it was as rich and exciting as upon the first hearing, even more so, for now the ear could pick out certain sounds and marvel at the way the composer used them as he wove his fabric of Jerusalem.

Here was a true wedding of an artist and a place to produce a great work. Here was pure art in its highest form.

It was in mid-summer, the morning following this second performance of the Concerto, that I walked down Agron Street as usual and, as usual, dropped a coin into the violin-case of the blind beggar. It was one of those infrequent times when he was playing his violin; so I stopped for a moment to listen. It was the same sounds I had heard before, but mixed in with the hodgepodge I seemed to hear a refrain from the Jerusalem Concerto.

"Did you hear the concert last night?" I asked the beggar. He ignored me and continued playing. I listened for another minute and then continued on my way.

The kiosk-owner on the corner, where Hamillah meets King David, noticed that I had spoken to the beggar. "It does no good to talk to him," he told me with a shake of his head; "he can't see or hear or talk. The Germans did it to him." I looked back a moment at the pitiful, unkempt figure scraping away on the violin and continued on my way.

Later in the day, as I sat sipping tea at my desk, the thought suddenly occurred to me: If he is deaf, how could that beggar have heard the Jerusalem Concerto? How could he know that melody? I was determined to listen again, the next time I saw him playing, and to find out whether he actually played a tune from the Concerto.

Summer faded into autumn. Everyone in Jerusalem became busy cleaning and scrubbing before Rosh Hashanah. Then, one

morning, I saw Rabinovich again playing his violin. I stopped to listen. Out of the painful expression of this broken artist, mingled with other tunes, came snatches of a melody I had previously heard in the Jerusalem Concerto. Now, I wondered, had he learned this tune?

I was told by the kiosk-owner that at one o'clock each day Mrs. Rabinovich called for her husband and took him home. This was their custom. I was determined to meet her and put my question to her. So, that noon, I hurried from my office and took my place silently alongside Rabinovich waiting for his wife. He sat still and quiet on his chair, unaware of the world about him, the violin leaning against his chair. After a while, Mrs. Rabinovich came--a tired, wan-looking, fragile woman. She took her husband's hand in hers and he knew her by her touch. I introduced myself. She did not know Hebrew; so we spoke in Yiddish. I explained that I had often listened to and admired her husband's playing. Folding up the chair, putting the violin into the case--after she had removed the money--Mrs. Rabinovich gave me a wan smile and apologetically murmured that her husband didn't play too well any more. She explained that he had lost his sight and hearing in the concentration camp and his voice as well, and that with the loss of these senses, his music had, of course suffered. She told me that Rabinovich had been a teacher and composer in Hungary before the war and had played as a member of a string quartet.

I told Mrs. Rabinovich why I had waited to speak with her--how I had heard her husband play snatches from a new composition only recently premiered. I was interested in knowing how he had learned the new music.

Poor woman, she was as confused as I was. It was as if she could not really comprehend my question. Taking the chair under one arm, her husband's arm in her other hand, she started walking with him up Hamillah. I walked alongside wondering how to frame my question. "How do you communicate with your husband?" I finally asked.

"Through his hand," she replied. "I draw letters on his palm to spell out words and he writes out his answers on my palm." We continued up Hamillah, my question unanswered. Was it possible to communicate music in this way? I hummed a refrain from the Jerusalem Concerto, embarrassed by the encounter, wondering how to withdraw. Mrs. Rabinovich stopped, halting her husband beside her. "How do you know that melody?" she asked in a whisper.

"I heard it on the radio," I replied. "It is the tune I was asking about.

Mrs. Rabinovich looked at me for a long moment. "On the radio," she murmured to herself. "They played Yaacov's music on the radio?" There was a note of questioning wonder in her voice. It took a minute for her remark to penetrate. What did she mean by "Yaacov's music"? Then, the answer struck me.

"You mean your husband wrote that music?" I asked.

"Yes!" she replied. "He writes music from time to time. He sits with his violin and plays, and stops and thinks; then he writes out notes on my palm--we have a system--and I write them on paper. I sent some of it to the radio station. But I never knew they played it. We have no radio."

As she spoke she put down the chair, leaning it against the wall and took her husband's hand into hers. "Did you hear, Yaacov? This gentleman says he heard your music on the radio." As she spoke the fingers of her right hand were busy spelling out her words on her husband's palm.

Have you ever noticed how true it is that when you answer a riddle you find a bigger riddle? Now I know how Rabinovich knew the Jerusalem Concerto. But, I could not comprehend how it happened that he could have written it--a deaf, blind man, isolated on the streets of Jerusalem. He had never seen her stones, or heard the laughter of her children. How could he have possibly written that music--that music which is Jerusalem?

Of course, we contacted Kol Yisrael. They were delighted to discover the composer of the Concerto. They arranged a pension for the Rabinoviches so that he would no longer have to beg on the street and they looked over his other compositions.

This all took time. Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur, and Succot came and went. The first rains of the season fell upon Jerusalem, washing away the sand that had accumulated during the long summer. Little, brightly-colored flowers suddenly burst into bloom everywhere. It is like this every year--as if from nowhere, the flowers spring forth. It is always something of a miracle how water brings life to this parched soil.

The Rabinoviches moved from a one-room apartment in Katamon Gimel into roomier quarters in an abandoned Arab house in the German Colony. (The authorities have decreed that the German Colony be called Emek Hare'faim, the Valley of Giants, a beautiful name indeed--and apt--but to the inhabitants it remains the German Colony. I've probably called Agron Street "Ramtlieh" a few times. It is not that I'm not an admirer of the late Gershon Agron, olav shalom, but the old names die hard in this city.) I went to visit the Rabinoviches in their new home. We had become good acquaintances. Sitting in the sparsely-furnished living room, in the quick-descending dusk of a winter's day, Rabinovich agreed to play his Concerto for me. I sat and listened.

Sometimes there is a thin line between laughter and tragedy, between satire and sadness. For, as I watched this broken shadow of a man lift his bow across his violin and play his Concerto, it became a tragic travesty of that beautiful music. Since he was unable to hear, his fingers bent and gnarled by years of suffering, Rabinovich played a twisted, distorted, quavering version of his masterpiece. It was painful to sit there and listen to that tortured music coming forth from that tortured man. It was difficult at the end to murmur the usual words of politeness. As darkness settled outside, we sat there silently, Rabinovich and I, sipping tea.

"He does not play well, does he?" Mrs. Rabinovich asked me

timidly. "He usually will not play for strangers. You should have heard him...." she sighed. "He played beautifully then." She sighed again--a sigh of resignation. "Thank God, we survived and are here in Jerusalem."

We finished our tea. "You know," I broached my question, "when I first heard your husband's Concerto, it filled me with awe. He really caught the spirit, the flavor of Jerusalem. Now, Mrs. Rabinovich--" I turned to face her--"How! How could he have captured this city when he is so isolated from it?"

She sighed again. Sometimes, I think we could tell the history of our people by the sighs of our women. "He has always had Jerusalem within him," she answered. "As a boy, as a young man, as a husband and father, he never forgot Jerusalem. When an occasional traveler would come from the Holy City to our town, he would always go to the local Zionist meeting to hear him, and always his questions were about Jerusalem. 'Speak of the City of David,' he would say in his firm voice--you should have heard his voice--'How goes it in the city of our fathers?'" A sigh and a moment's silence. "When we came here, to Israel," Mrs. Rabinovich continued, "A broken couple, our children olav shalom, murdered, our bodies shattered, our hearts empty, wasting away in a maabarah," she pointed to her husband, "it was he who insisted we come to Jerusalem. Again and again, he would write it in my palm, 'Let us take ourselves to Jerusalem.'"

Another sigh. "You saw how we lived--begging, huddled in one room. Yet, somehow, he found peace here. He has been more content since we came. As he puts it, 'The storm within roars quieter here.'"

I walked out into the darkened streets of the German Colony, the darkened streets of Jerusalem. Who can tell what makes a city? In the tortured playing of my friend Rabinovich, I heard the tortured cries of my murdered people; in his wracked body I saw the twisted remnants of the concentration camps; yet, in his music, I heard a beautiful rhapsody to this beautiful city--a joyous reaching out of the soul as the bare stones of Jerusalem reach out to the sun and become transformed into works of beauty under its merciless blaze. Somehow, through the hell he had endured, Rabinovich's soul had survived and reached out to the stones and sinews of this city, drawing sustenance from them and finding a way to give voice both to them and to himself.

A new beggar replaced Rabinovich on Agron Street near King David. Life in the city continued, as life has always continued in Jerusalem. Man perishes but his cities endure. Or perhaps it is the reverse and man endures only as his cities endure. I do not know. But I know Jerusalem; and, as I've said, this is a story of Jerusalem. If I told you this story about Tel Aviv or New York or Johannesburg, you would laugh--"such a foolish tale!" But I tell it of Jerusalem, and you who have dwelt within her walls will recognize its truth.

VALUE --- PERSISTENCE (Nationalism)

A Student reads silently to himself.

B Students' Opinions and Comments.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- The Desire and Persistence for a "Homeland" has been a Crucial Factor in Strengthening the Jewish People Throughout Centuries of Persecution.

2- The "Homeland" as a Cultural and Spiritual Centre.

I The Desire and Persistence for a "Homeland" has been a Crucial Factor in Strengthening the Jewish People Throughout Centuries of Persecution.

a) What do you think is the main thought in this story?

i- The remembrance of the Jewish Homeland has throughout the centuries been so deeply ingrained into the Jewish heart, that even in distant lands, the Jew knows with great intimacy, the land of Israel and its features. This is clearly brought out by Mrs. Rabinovitch on page 433.
(Ask a member of the class to read aloud from "She sighed again" to "Let us take ourselves to Jerusalem."

ii- The Jerusalem Concerto symbolizes the flame of hope in the Jewish breast which no amount of suffering has been able to extinguish. This hope transcended Rabinovitches infirmities just as throughout our history we have transcended the infirmities of hostile environments.

On page 433 we read-
"In the tortured playing of my friend Rabinovich, I heard the tortured cries of my murdered people; in his wracked body I saw the twisted remnants of the concentration camps; yet, in his music, I heard a beautiful rhapsody to this beautiful city--a joyous reaching out of the soul as the bare stones of Jerusalem reach out to the sun and become transformed into works of beauty under its merciless blaze."

b) Do you think Mr. Rabinovitch was a courageous man?

i- In spite of the fact that he was broken in body by the Nazis, his soul managed to not only survive, but to surmount great obstacles in order to communicate its message to the world. Though, blind, deaf, and and mute, Rabinovitch nevertheless communicated his composition to his wife. On page 433 we read-
"Somehow, through the hell he had endured, Rabinovich's soul had survived and reached out to the stones and sinews of this city, drawing sustenance from them and finding a way to give voice both to them and to himself."

c) Where in the Liturgy do we find expressions of Jewish Nationalism?

i- At the very end of the Passover Haggadah, we find the line- "Next year in Jerusalem". Although this statement is in many ways outdated today in view of the establishment of the State of Israel, it was nevertheless repeated at the end of each Seder for many centuries. (It is still recited in many circles even today).

ii- In the Amidah (Eighteen Benedictions) which is recited three times daily by the orthodox Jew, we find the following prayer-
"Sound the great horn for our freedom,
Raise the ensign to gather our exiles,
And gather us from the four corners of the earth.
Blessed ort Thou O Lord, who gatherest the dispersed of Thy people Israel...
And let our eyes behold Thy return in mercy to Zion. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who restorest Thy Divine Presence unto Zion."

d) What is the Zionist Movement?

i- The Zionist Movement, beginning in the late 19th Century, is the Modern expression of the longing to return to Palestine. It is also the only movement since the destruction of the 2nd Temple in 70 C.E. which has succeeded in re-establishing the Jewish State.

ii- The Father of the Zionist movement was Theodore Herzl (1860-1904). Among his many writings, the following have been selected as examples of a man who dreamed and persisted in his dream against great odds, until finally, it became a reality.

1 There is no land in the world which was as desired as Eretz Yisrael... Only we, the Jews, believe that this ruined corner, somewhere in the Middle East, has not only a past but a future."

2 Perhaps Herzl's most famous line is- "If you will it, it is no legend."

2 The Homeland as a Cultural and Spiritual Centre.

a) Who was Louis D. Brandeis?
What was his relationship to the Zionist Movement?

i- One of the early leaders of the Zionist Movement in America was Louis D. Brandeis, Justice of the Supreme Court. In Zionism, Brandeis saw the hope of establishing a Jewish State and he made monumental efforts to bring this hope to fruition. In Giants of Justice, a biographical description is given of Brandeis's attitude towards Zionism- "To Brandeis, Zionism became the best hope of the Jewish people. He was not primarily concerned with the return of the Jews to Palestine. To him the chief purpose in Zionism rested in spiritual and emotional effect which the restoration of a Jewish homeland would have upon Jews and Jewish life throughout the world." (p.29)

b) Albert Einstein was a vigorous supporter of Zionism. In it he saw the hope of a Jewish Home serving as a Cultural Centre for World Jewry, a centre which "...shall help to awaken the Newr East to new economic and spiritual life."
(Giants of Justice- A. Vorspan. p.91)

c) Who was Ahad Ha'am? (1856-1927)

i- He was one of Modern Zionism's earliest and most vociferous proponents. Ahad Ha'am was the pen-name for Asher Ginzberg. For him the essence of Zionism was cultural and spiritual rather than political.
"He visioned Palestine as a 'spiritual center,' reconstructed by Jewish devotion to the historic traditions of Israel's cultural heritage, attracting and cementing the far-flung Jewish vestiges into a spiritual community. Palestine was to be the refuge of the Jew's soul rather than of his body. In Palestine his spiritual and intellectual aspirations might be realized unhampered by a hostile environment..."

COMMENTS

a) On page 433 we read- "She sighed again. Sometimes I think we could tell the history of our people by the sighs of our women."
What do you think the author means by this line?

i- The fact that our history has been one of such persecution, the sighs of Jewish women in every century weeping for their lost husbands and children as well as for their own tortures, gives us a continuous story of suffering and martyrdom.

b) Where in the Bible do we find expressions of Nationalism?

i- The Land of Canaan was promised by God to Abraham and his descendants.
"The Lord said to Abram, 'Get forth from your native land and from your father's house to the land that I will show you.
I will make of you a great nation,
And I will bless you;
I will make your name great,
And you shall be a blessing;"
(Genesis 12:1-2)

ii- The object of the Exodus from Egypt was the return to the Land of Canaan where the people could live independently in their own national home.

iii- The Biblical Books of Joshua, Samuel, and Kings deal with the building and development of Caanan into a powerful nation.

iv- "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord,
That the plowman shall overtake the reaper,
And the treader of grapes him that soweth seed;
And the mountains shall drop sweet wine,
And all the hills shall melt.
And I will turn the captivity of My people Israel,
And they shall built the waste cities, and inhabit them;
And they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof;
They shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them.
And I will plant them upon their land,
And they shall no more be plucked up
Out of their land which I have given them,
Saith the Lord thy God."
(Amos 9:13-15)

Biblical, Rabbinic and Other References to Persistence and (Nationalism.)

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period, each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- **The Return**

"Rabbi Buman explained the verse (Psalm 37:34): 'He will exalt thee to inherit the land.' He said: 'The Lord tells us that He will raise the people of Israel to a high place of fame among the nations before they will be fit to inherit the Holy Land. Let us, therefore, become great enough to arouse the admiration of the peoples, and we shall be ready to return to our land.'"

(S. S. R., ii, 18.)

b- **The Task of Restoration**

"The Shepser Rabbi wrote: 'It is the duty of every Jew either to migrate to Eretz Yisrael, or to help support the colonists. The Holiness of the Land is broadened as the number of Jews increases. In the Talmud (Kethubhoth 75), we are taught that one who demonstrates his yearning for Eretz Yisrael by aiding its Jews contributes to the broadening of its holiness, just as if he himself went to reside there.'"

(D.D. p. 193)

c- "Israel will never cease to exist."

(Menahot, 53)

d- "One Empire cometh and another passeth away, but Israel abideth forever."

(Derek Eretz Zuta, Perek Ha-shalom.)

e- "Our hearts are attached to Eretz Yisrael and its rocks and sand. The only people which can colonize Eretz Yisrael is the Jews. The land is poor and nobody can be attracted by it, but for us it is rich with memories and hopes."

(Theodore Herzl)

f- "That which the Jews were not able to obtain as individuals, the people can secure as a nation."
(Moses Hess, 1812-1875.
Rome and Jerusalem.)

g- "The Jewish State is essential to the world; it will therefore be created."
(Theodore Herzl)

h- "There is no land in the world which was as desired as Eretz Yisrael. Many people wanted it and burned and ruined it with their flame of love and desire. Only we, the Jews, believe that this ruined corner somewhere in the Middle East, has not only a past but a future. If any legal demands exist in any part of the world, all the nations who believe in the Bible must recognize the sovereignty of the people of Israel over the Land of Israel."
(Theodore Herzl)

A MATTER OF FAITH

by Dan Jacobson

Commentary- January/64.
Editor: Norman Podhoretz. Vol. 37, No. 1.
pp.38-42.

I was having supper later than usual, that evening, on my own; my wife was upstairs, putting the children to bed. A ring on the doorbell interrupted me. I was about to go and answer it when I heard my wife's footsteps coming downstairs. A few moments later she came into the kitchen, looking slightly annoyed. "Some people want to see you," she said. "Old people. I don't know who they are. I think they took me for the au pair girl, from the way they spoke to me."

Actually, my wife has reached an age when she should be complimented when callers take her for an au pair girl, but she never is; she is affronted every time it happens. And in this particular case, as things turned out, the error made by the callers was not just a tribute to her youthful appearance.

I went to the door, leaving behind me the bowl of stewed plums I'd just begun to eat. In the hall there stood a couple not quite as old as my wife's words had somehow led me to expect, but quite well advanced in years all the same. The woman took my eye first, with her beige suit, beige spectacle-frames studded with bits of iridescence, and a fierce, mannish beige hat with a brim, which sat well forward on her head. She was carrying a beige umbrella, neatly rolled. Her hair was gray; her expression was benign, almost patronizing. It contrasted oddly not only with her hat, but also with the anxious look on the face of the man, who stood in a humble way, his hat in front of his chest, and his head lowered slightly. He was bald, thickset, and round-featured; his suit was dark, his tie was sober, his shoes were highly polished. They were obviously man and wife, and were obviously Jewish. I had never seen either of them before.

The man cleared his throat deferentially as I approached and asked me if I was Mr. Jacobson.

I admitted I was.

"Mr. Dan Jacobson, the writer?"

"Yes."

"From South Africa?"

"Yes."

By this time I knew from his accent that my visitors, too, were from South Africa. He then introduced himself; he was Mr. ---------- from Cape Town, and this lady was his wife. He knew, he said, that they were taking a great liberty in calling on me in this way, but they hoped I would be good enough to forgive them. All they wanted was a few minutes of my time in which to consult me on a particular matter. If I could not see them then--and he was sure I was a very busy man--perhaps I would consider making an appointment for some other time. They wished to cause me as little inconvenience as possible; but the matter they wished to discuss with me was really rather an urgent one. That was why they were taking such an unpardonable liberty.

All this had been delivered in a curious, hushed, confidential tone, with much hesitation and great formality in the choice of words used. His wife, in the meantime, had

been nodding and smiling encouragingly at both me and her husband; she was clearly under less strain, she clearly felt more confidence in her evident respectability and good will than her husband did. And even he, having arrived circuitously back where he had started from, blew out his well-shaven cheeks slightly and stood a little less humbly.

"What is it you want to speak to me about?"

He dropped his voice even lower than before: so low that I had to lean forward to hear what he was saying. A personal matter. A matter of great delicacy. A private problem.

The puzzlement which must have registered itself on my face prompted his wife to say, "A personal matter that concerns us, not you." Her voice sounded loud and self-assured after her husband's and, having spoken, she nodded and smiled even more encouragingly than before. But her husband merely looked away at the wall and repeated, "A matter of great delicacy."

"We thought we'd ask your help," the wife said, and smiled.

"You may be able to help us," the man echoed.

"We're strangers in London, we really don't know anyone here."

"Strangers here...." the man again echoed discreetly. "A personal matter....great liberty....not your concern.... patience to listen to us....no one else in London."

Of course, my curiosity was roused, and so too was a feeling of sympathy for them. In spite of the woman's self-confident expression, they were plainly embarrassed; they were in trouble; I was conscious of the gap between my age and theirs, which made the fact that they were appealing to me for help seem almost a reproach to my conscience; I was touched even by the man's South African accent which, though he was obviously doing his best to speak "well," betrayed him at every other vowel.

So I said, "Well, if you'll let me finish my supper, I'll see you right away, rather than make an appointment for later."

"That would be very good of you," the man answered with alacrity. And his wife looked gratified: her confidence in me, she seemed to be indicating, had not been misplaced.

I showed them into the living room and went back into the kitchen, where my wife was washing up with an injured air. This made her look more than ever like the <u>au pair</u> girl. Washing up after supper is my job usually; but everything had been put out because of my lateness in beginning the meal, and the subsequent intrusion of the visitors.

"Who are they?" she demanded. "Have they gone?"

"No, they're in the sitting-room. I don't know who they are."

"What do they want?"

"To consult me on a personal matter."

"What do you mean?"

"That's what they said. A personal matter that concerns them, not me, they said."

My wife went back to her washing up with even greater dis-

satisfaction than before, and pointedly refrained from asking me any more questions. I ate my stewed plums.

2.

I found my visitors seated exactly as I had left them; the man with his hat in his lap, the woman with her umbrella leaning against the arm of her chair. They had the look of people who had been silent for some time. But when the man began to speak to me again, it soon became clear that he had been reflecting on what had passed between us, and that he had decided he had demeaned himself unnecessarily, he had been too humble, in the hall. Perhaps he had found me younger in appearance than he'd anticipated; perhaps the fact that our sitting-room is badly in need of redecorating had also given him courage. Anyway, he began by telling me, at some length, everything that he felt to be creditable about himself: his profession, his standing in the community, the many eminent people in Cape Town who were his clients, the things that some of these people had said about him, the positions he held on various committees. I was given to understand, altogether, that he was a man of standing. I was not to suppose that because he knew no one in London, he was friendless or helpless in Cape Town.

His manner had changed with these words, and so, too, had his appearance. Something hard and dry in him had emerged; it showed itself particularly in his smile, which was a mere quick, unamused retraction of his lips to reveal pale gums and small teeth; a perfunctory grimace which expressed rather than concealed resentment and self-assertion. And the more confident he became, the less cheerful grew his wife. She sagged in her chair, her mouth hung open slightly, she no longer smiled.

At last he began to get down to the business that had brought him to see me, and embarrassment returned; his wife sat forward. He and his wife, he told me, had three children: a son who was a doctor in Cape Town, a daughter who was married to a doctor in Johannesburg, and another younger son here in London. The younger son had qualified as a lawyer in South Africa, and was now doing his articles with a firm of solicitors in the city; he wanted to remain in England, to settle in London. He had also always been very interested in writing and the theater and arts and things like that; that was one of the reasons why he preferred to live in London. And also because of the political situation in South Africa, of course.

His name was Barry, the man said. Did I know him? Had I perhaps happened to have met him? He repeated the name several times, as if in hope of evoking some recognition of it from me. But I knew no one called Barry ----, and said so.

They exchanged a disappointed glance with one another. "We thought that perhaps you'd met," the wife said. "But

you never have? You haven't heard about him from others?"

"No."

"That's a pity," she said, with a faint trace of reproach; for the first time, I'd let her down.

"Well," the man took up the story, speaking in a diminished but dogged voice, "last week Barry wrote to us, out of the blue, that he'd got married. The girl he married is not--is not of our faith. Not of our persuasion." He added, as if afraid I might have been unable to understand the words he had used: "She is not one of our people. She is not one of us."

His wife took up the story. "He had mentioned her in a letter he wrote about four months ago, but then he didn't write about her again, so we thought there was nothing in it. And then, suddenly, we got this letter saying that they were already married. So we came straightaway to see what we could do about it."

A long silence followed. It was broken by the wife explaining simply, as if no more needed to be said, "That's why we need your help."

Her husband had been examining his hat. He looked up with another smile or grimace. "We're not old-fashioned people," he said. "We're not Orthodox, or anything like that. You mustn't misunderstand what we feel. We've got nothing against the girl. She seems very nice; just an English girl, very quiet, very ordinary."

"No beauty," his wife put in sternly.

"No," the man agreed. "She's no beauty. We met her the day after we came, and we've seen her once since. We had lunch together."

He settled down and examined his hat once more. He drew a deep breath. "What we want to ask you," he said, "is to persuade him that he should have this girl converted."

3.

The request was out: I had suspected for some time what it was going to be, but I could still not believe in it, even after it had been made; even though they were now staring fixedly at me with an expression of anxiety, hope and doubt. Before I could speak, he went on, "She's agreeable. She says she'll do it if Barry asks her. But he--he says no, he doesn't want to ask her to do it. He says maybe later on she'll be sorry if she does it. That he doesn't want it for himself. He says they're happy as they are. So what can we do with him?"

"I spoke to her," the wife said, "after lunch in the ladies' room at this restaurant. And she said the same thing to me. She was willing to be converted if Barry asked her to. But he wouldn't."

"We're not Orthodox," the man repeated. "We don't care what sort of a conversion it is, Orthodox or Reform, it makes no difference. So long as it's something. And what we

thought is that perhaps you will be able to use your influence on Barry and--er--persuade him that it would be the right thing to do."

"But why--what made you--?"

"Come to you? Well, Barry has always been so interested in literature and books, we thought you'd be a suitable person to speak to him. You see, we've read about you in the papers at home, and we didn't know anyone else in London we could approach; so I thought it's worth taking a chance, that perhaps you wouldn't mind doing this for us. You're a writer, Barry would have respect for your advice. We did think of going to a Reform rabbi, but Barry wouldn't listen to such a person in the way he'd listen to you. He wouldn't even meet a rabbi. But he'd be glad to meet you. I know how interested he is in all artistic things."

In my surprise and incredulity, another question had occurred to me. So I put it to them, having nothing else to say: "Have you ever read anything I've written?"

The man hesitated, obviously wondering whether or not it would be safe to tell a lie. Then he decided to tell the truth. "No," he admitted.

"And has your son ever said anything about me?"

He shook his head. "No, he never mentioned that he met you."

"Or that he'd ever read anything of mine?"

"No," he admitted again.

His wife felt he wasn't acquitting himself very well; that perhaps he was offending me with all these denials. "But I'm sure he's heard of you. We've heard of you, and we don't know as much about books as Barry does. He'd have respect for you, believe me."

Again we were all silent.

"Barry was the one person in the family who was really quite Orthodox, when he was a boy," the woman said. "He used to go to shul, he used to say we should keep up everything, all the old traditions. But then he stopped being like that. He took up other interests. He began to say that he'd rather be a writer than anything else. That's why I know he'd be glad to meet you. It would mean a lot to him. You could talk to him about all sorts of things, you could be his friend, you're older than he is and you could guide him. He'd be grateful. And then, when you gave him your advice on this matter, he'd listen to you."

The incredible simplicity and naivete of the fantasy they had erected for me and their Barry was positively imposing; it was so irrational I didn't know where orhow I could begin breaking it down. I wondered which of them, in their hotel room, had had the idea of approaching me; I wondered what other names they had canvassed among themselves: ballet dancers, actors, painters, poets. But the list couldn't have been too long, once they had decided they must find someone "artistic," South African, and Jewish, who lived in London.

But I had to begin somewhere, having let them go as far as they had. I spoke slowly, for my own sake as much as theirs. "Assuming that I'd agree to help you--I'm not saying I would, but just assuming I might--how do you suggest I should meet your son? Do you think I should phone him and say that you've called and--"

They were both signaling violent dissension. "No, no, that would be terrible, that would be the worst thing."

"Then--how?"

This was one of the details they had neglected. They considered it now. I reminded them that London was a very, very big city, much bigger than Cape Town. They agreed. Well, they said eventually, they had thought that in the first place I might just happen to know Barry; or that I might know some of Barry's friends, and so be able to meet him quite naturally--once I'd heard about him, once I wanted to meet him.

Who were Barry's friends in London? I asked.

Again they thought for a long time. Then they said that there was a Johannesburg boy he'd mentioned in some of his letters. Hymie Cohen: perhaps I knew him.

I didn't know Hymie Cohen of Johannesburg. Did they know the names of any of the others?

No, they answered, they really didn't know who Barry's friends in London were. But, they said more hopefully, "You're both South Africans, so surely you'll meet anyway."

4.

And that was it. That was all. That was as far as they were prepared to consider the practicality of even that part of their scheme. For the rest, they seemed almost to feel that meeting Barry was my problem, not theirs. And they reverted, with pleasure, to telling me how I would look after Barry, how I would help him, how I would eventually persuade him to have his wife converted. They praised Barry's intelligence and sensitivity, and suggested that I would find him a rewarding companion; they assured me that they were really broadminded and would welcome his wife "as a daughter" if she became converted; they thanked me effusively for the trouble they were sure I would take and for the success they were sure I would have. They were well-groomed, well-brushed, respectable, soft-spoken; but I began to wonder whether either of them was altogether sane. There was something almost megalomaniac in their apparent conviction that their distress was everyone's, was the world's, which the world had somehow to relieve. They were without shame. The quality of their self-absorption, the intensity of their demand that the injury they had suffered be attended to immediately, was such as to exclude for the moment any real awareness of others, let alone affection toward them.

And among these "others" was their son, Barry. As they talked on and on it became clear that they knew almost nothing

about him, or about his wife, and weren't interested in learning. They didn't know who his friends were, they didn't know the name of the firm for which he worked, they didn't know what his wife had done before her marriage or whether she was still working now. They hadn't bothered to ask. They had flown from Cape Town to try to nullify, so far as it could be nullified, a disgrace, a social disgrace. They were interested in nothing else. And it was curious to see that though they had been without shame in approaching me, the only reason they wanted Barry's wife converted was because they would be ashamed in front of their friends in Cape Town, of owning up to having a shiksa for a daughter-in-law. There was no other reason. They all but said so. This was the injury they had suffered. They spoke of the "embarrassment" they would feel; of the difficulty of her "fitting in" in Cape Town if Barry should change his plans and wish to return to South Africa; the man reminded me of what he had told me about his standing in the community.

But their problem touched me more intimately than they knew. This had irritated me almost beyond endurance with them; but it had also made me more hesitant in dealing with them than I might otherwise have been. I interrupted them and said, "My wife is not one of our people."

The man gave me the longest, grimmest, deathliest grin he had yet favored me with. And his wife stared at me with eyes that seemed even bigger than her spectacles. It was so grotesque a moment that I was almost sorry to have to qualify it in any way. But I added: "A couple of years after we were married she did go for instruction to a Liberal rabbi, and was admitted to the congregation. My father--not my mother, who didn't care--was very keen on her doing this, just as you're keen that your daughter-in-law should. So far as it's made him happier, I'm glad she did it. But it hasn't really affected the way we live, or how we think about things; it hasn't solved any problems for us. That's the one thing I want to tell you. The second is that I doubt if I'll ever meet your son. The third is, even if we should meet, I can't imagine that under any circumstances I'd ever feel it my place to tell him what to do in a matter like this. I don't know what should be done. Perhaps your son is right. Perhaps he's doing what I should have done. I really do not know."

But I was wasting my breath. They had recovered from the shock I had administered--more than recovered. What I had just said had proved that I was fully on their side, that I understood exactly what they wanted, that they had chosen better, far better, than they could ever have guessed. I had been through the same deep waters; now, safe and dry, I would rescue them. The man gave me advice on how to broach the subject with Barry, when I saw him. ("Let it come up naturally, the whole subject, as if it's by accident"); he told me they would look forward to seeing me in Cape Town one day ("Then we'll have a chance to repay the

hospitality you've been kind enough to give us"); he even suggested, delicately, that if I should succeed in persuading his son to have his wife converted, he would reward me suitably ("I'm sure it can't be easy to earn a living by writing, I appreciate that"). More than ever I doubted his sanity; more than ever it seemed insane to doubt it, when he was so polite, so genteel, so utterly and devotedly a slave to the conventions of his particular society.

And more than ever I wished they would get up to go. I looked at my watch: they had been there an hour already. The conventional gesture worked immediately. He rose to his feet, and his wife followed him. I saw them to the door, and shook hands with them. They said how pleased they were to have met me and how they looked forward to hearing from their son about me. They went away comforted, so far as I could see. And they left me profoundly depressed.

VALUE --- CONVERSION (and Intermarriage)

A 15 Minutes: Each student reads silently to himself.

B Students' Opinions and Comments.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- Judaism Looks Favorably Upon Proselytes and Proselytism.

a) On page 445 we read- "What we want to ask you," he said, "is to persuade him that he should have this girl converted."

If you were in the author's position and confronted with this request, what would you reply?

b) If Barry's wife did convert upon his request, would this be a meaningful conversion?

1- This conversion would actually be quite meaningless in and of itself. If the girl was truly interested in becoming Jewish, she would not have to wait for a request by her husband. That she was willing to do it only for his sake points out clearly that the conversion would be a mere formality.
(This does not however preclude the fact that later on she might become a devoted Jewess. In this sense the conversion would be meaningful.)

c) What should a person's motives be in coverting to Judaism?

i- His desire should be to accept the Jewish Religion because he believes it to be the one best suited to serve his own moral, ethical, and spiritual needs.

ii- His motives should be as pure as Ruth's when she said to Naomi-
"And Ruth said: 'Entreat me not to leave thee, and to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.'"
(Ruth 1:16-17)

d) Should intermarriages (marriages where one of the partners converts to Judaism) be encouraged?

i- They should be encouraged when the partner who is born a Jew feels a strong commitment to Judaism and wants his mate to become Jewish for this reason. Intermarriage should be discouraged when it is done only to save face in the community or for other social and secondary reasons.

e) Should mixed marriages (marriages where both partners retain their own religion) be encouraged?

They should not be encouraged. Such marriages usually lead to serious problems.
What are some of these problems?

i- When children are born, a decision will have to be made as to which religion they will be brought up in. Unless there is complete agreement between husband and wife, marital strife will ensue.

ii- If, for example, the girl is Catholic and the boy Jewish, each will probably have difficulty mixing well with the others friends and family.

iii- Differences in beliefs, values and traditions could soon break up the marriage. The woman, if Christian, would have to celebrate Christmas without her husband, while at Passover time, she would be a stranger at the Seder table.

Note- "Approximately three times as many interfaith marriages fail, as judged by the divorce records, as marriages where both parties have the same religious faith."
(Intermarriage- A Mixed Blessing, Jewish Digest. April 64.)

f) Should Jews try to convert others to their religion?

i- If a Jew believes strongly in his religion, he is justified in trying to convert others providing he does not use force.

ii- It was God's intention, according to Gen.12:3, that all the people on earth be blessed through us- "...and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

iii- The Talmud states- "Rabbi Eleazar said: God exiled Israel among the nations for the purpose of obtaining converts." (Pesachim 87b)
"Rabbi Simon ben Eleazar said: The day will come when the whole world will turn to Judaism."
(Berachot 57b)

iv- In an age dominated by war and strife, the message of peace, so integral a part of Judaism is a message well worth preaching to others.

v- The Rate of Conversion in the U.S.
"In 1953 David Max Eichhorn conducted a study of conversion to Judaism by non-Jews, in the United States by questioning 785 Conservative and Reform rabbis. Of the study financed by the Committee on the Unaffiliated of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, Dr. Eichhorn writes, 'I believe that the following are statements of fact--'

No less than 2,000, and perhaps as many as 3,000, non-Jews are being converted to Judaism annually in the United States.

The average Reform rabbi is receiving two converts annually and the average Conservative rabbi is receiving one annually. Statistics on the number of conversions by Orthodox rabbis are not available.

The overwhelming majority of conversions to Judaism, perhaps as many as 95 per cent, come about because of marriage.

Both the Reform and Conservative rabbis agree that the average convert is a more faithful adherent of the synagogue than the average born-Jew."

(Jewish Heritage- Summer/1963. p.6.)

vi- "Every Israelite should endeavor actively to bring men under the wings of the Shechinnh even as Abraham did."

(Ab. R.N.)

g) Do you agree with the statement that-"...the average convert is a more faithful adherent of the synagogue than the average born-Jew.?"

There are several reasons why this may be so.

i- The convert wants to "prove" his Jewishness and therefore becomes very active.

ii- The convert was not born into Judaism. He came to it of his own free will. He therefore does not take his Judaism for granted but tries to live up to the demands of the decision which he has made.

h) Some Historical examples of voluntary conversion to Judaism.

i- Rabbis Akiba and Meir, famous Rabbis of the 1st century- "...are reputed to have been of proselyte ancestory." (Judaism, Moore. Vol.I, p.347.)

Akiba was one of the main founders of Rabbinic Judaism.

ii- The Royal Family of Abdiene in the 1st century C.E. ("Abdiene embraced at this time most of the territory of Ancient Assyria east of the Tigris." Ibid. p.349)

iii- Aquila- 2nd century Christian who became a Jew. He is said to have been a pupil of R. Akiba. He is noted in particular for his translation of the Bible into Greek.

iv- Rabbis Shemiah and Abtalion-Pharisaic leaders of the 1st century B.C.E. Both men are believed to be descendents of proselytes. They assumed the leadership of the Sanhedrin.

v- Khazars- A medieval nation living near the Black and Caspian Seas, whose Royal Family converted to Judaism in the early part of the 8th century. In addition, many others of the nation became Jews.

vi- "Bodo, a former bishop of the Catholic church, and the confessor of Louis the Pious, king of France. Bodo was converted to Judaism at Saragossa, Spain, in 838. He adopted the name of Eliezer, and later married a Jewess."
(Universal Jewish Encyclopedia- Vol. 9, p.3)

COMMENTS

a) On page 446 we read-""Barry was the one person in the family who was really quite orthodox, when he was a boy," the woman said. "He used to go to shul, he used to say we should keep up everything, all the old traditions. But then he stopped being like that.'"

Why do you think Barry "...stopped being like that?"

i- We notice here that Barry had to keep on trying to convince his parents to practice what he learned in religious school. Not being too

Not being too successful, Barry rebelled against his parents, rejecting those things which they hypocritically demanded he learn. His marrying a Gentile girl was also probably a part of this rebellion. It made his rejection of his parent's conventions and allegiances, complete.

ii- The fact too, that his parents were more interested in their social standing than in Barry's happy marriage is brought out by the author on page 447 when he says- "As they talked on... his standing in the community." (This paragraph should be read aloud by the teacher on one of the class.)

b) It is rare in Jewish History to find instances where people were forcibly converted to Judaism. Nevertheless it did happen. When and by whom?

i- Between 135 and 104 B.C.E., John Hyrcanus, high priest and ruler of the Jews, conquered the Idumeans and forced them to be circumcised and become Jews.

ii- In 105 B.C.E. Aristobulus, successor to John Hyrcanus, conquered the Ituraeans and forced Judaism upon them.

c) Do you think that a Rabbi should officiate at a mixed marriage? (where both partners retain their own religion.)

i- Some Rabbis refuse to do so on the grounds that it is not really a Jewish marriage. Others feel that such a marriage will weaken Judaism.

ii- Some Rabbis feel that performing a mixed marriage enhances the opportunity to bring the couple completely over to Judaism. Refusal to officiate would simply alienate the couple altogether.

iii- It is sometimes suggested to a couple that they get married by a Justice of the Peace.

The Rabbi will attend and give his blessing to the couple but will not help officiate.

d) The final decision according to Jewish Law is that motivation is not to be considered in conversion. This is expressed in the following Rabbinic statement-
"They who desire to become proselytes from love of a Jewess or of a Jew are not received. Nor are would-be proselytes from fear, or because of worldly advantage, received. But Rab said: They are to be received; this is the Halakah (i.e. the established rule): they are to be considered as proselytes; they are not to be repelled, as would-be proselytes are repelled at the outset (to test their sincerity), and they must have friendly treatment, for, perhaps, after all, they have become proselytes in purity of motive."

(T.r. Kid. IV, #1 f. 65b)

e) There are three requirements for Conversion according to Jewish Law:

i- Circumcision.

ii- Immersion.

iii- Acceptance of all the commandments.

All three are incumbent upon men; the latter two upon women.

Biblical and Rabbinic References to Conversion.

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period, each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- "The stranger who resides with you shall be to you as one of your citizens; you shall love him as yourself, for you were strangers in the land of Egypt: I am the Lord your God."
(Leviticus 19:34)

b- "Also the aliens, that join themselves to the Lord,
to minister unto Him,
And to love the name of the Lord,
To be His servants,
Every one that keepeth the sabbath
from profaning it,
And holdeth fast by My covenant;
Even them will I bring to My holy mountain,
And make them joyful in My house of prayer;
Their burnt-offerings and their sacrifices
Shall be acceptable upon Mine altar;
For My house shall be called
A house of prayer for all peoples."
(Isaiah 56:6-7)

c- "But in the end of days it shall come to pass,
That the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established as the top of the mountains,
And peoples shall flow unto it.
And many nations shall go and say:
'Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord,
And to the house of the God of Jacob;
And He will teach us of His ways,
And we will walk in His paths';
For out of Zion shall go forth the law,
And the word of the Lord from Jerusalem."
(Micah 4:1-2)

d- "The souls of all future converts were at Mt. Sinai with the souls of the rest of the Jews when God made His covenant with Israel."
(Shabbot 39a.)

e- The names of the Proselytes are as dear to me as the wine which is poured out upon the altar."
(Lev. R. 1,2)

f- "If a man wishes to become a proselyte, but says, 'I am too old; at this time I cannot become a proselyte,' let him learn from Abraham, who, when he was ninety-nineyears old, entered God's covenant."
(Tanh. B., Lek leka, f. 40b.)

g- "(Why did the wise Solomon, who was filled with the holy spirit of wisdom and inspiration, marry so many heathen women? This was a puzzle to the Rabbis, and different explanations are given. One of them is as follows.) R. Jose b. Halafta said: The word 'love' in the passage, 'Solomon clave unto them in love' (I Kings CI, 2), means to make them love God, and to draw them near, and to make them proselytes, and to bring them under the wings of the Shechinah."
(Cant. R. I, #1, 10)

h- "Dearer to God is the proselyte who has come of his own accord than all the crowds of Israelites who stood before Mount Sinai. For had the Israelites not witnessed the thunders, lightnings, quaking mountain and sounding trumpets, they would not have accepted the Torah. But the proselyte, who saw not one of these things, came and surrendered himself to the Holy One, blessed be He, and took the yoke of heaven upon himself. Can anyone be dearer to God than this man?"
(Tanh. B., Lek leka, #6, f. 32a.)

i- "'The souls whom they had made (A.V. 'gotten') in Haran' (Gen. XII, 5). R. Elazar b. Simeon said: If all the inhabitants of the world came together to create even one single fly, they could not put life into it. How, then, can it say, 'the souls which they had made'? But these souls are the proselytes whom they converted. And why does it use the word 'made'? To teach you that if anyone brings near an idolater and converts him, it is as if he had created him. And why does it say 'They made'? (in the plural). R. Huna said: Abraham converted the men, and Sarah converted the women. Abraham received them at his house, and gave them food and drink, and dealt lovingly with them, and brought them under the wings of the Shechinah. This is to teach you that he who brings a man under the wings of the Shechinah is regarded as if he had created him."
(Gen. R., Lek leka, XXXIX, 14)

j- "Rabbi Simon be Elezar said: The day will come when the whole world will turn to Judaism."
(Berachot, 57b.)

THE OLDEST STORY EVER TOLD

by Romain Gary

From Esquire-
Dec/63, Vol. LX. #6-
H. Hayes, Editor.
pp.146-146;262.

La Paz is twelve thousand feet above sea level--any higher and it is impossible for men to breathe. There are llamas, Indians, arid plateaus, eternal snows, ghost towns, eagles, and below, in the tropical valleys, wander gold prospectors and giant butterflies.

Schonenbaum had dreamed of La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, almost every night during the two years he had spent in the Torrenberg concentration camp in Germany, and when the American troops at last opened the gates to what seemed to be another world, he struggled to obtain his Bolivian visa with that tenacity which only true dreamers can translate into action. Schonenbaum was a tailor by profession, a tailor in Lodz, in Poland, heir to a great tradition which five generations of Jewish tailors had made illustrious. He settled in La Paz, and after a few years of diligent labor he was able to set up on his own and soon enjoyed comparative prosperity under the sign: Schonenbaum, Paris Tailor. Orders flowed in, and soon he had to look for an assistant. This wasn't easy: the Indians of the upper Andes provide the world with an astonishingly limited number of "Paris tailors," and delicacy with the needle is not often one of their crafts. Schonenbaum had to spend too much time teaching them the rudiments of the art for such a collaboration to be profitable. After several attempts, he resigned himself to remaining alone, despite the mounting load of work. But an unexpected encounter solved his problems in a manner that, he was certain, revealed the hand of Providence, which had always shown itself well-disposed toward him, since of the three hundred thousand Jews from Lodz, he was one of the few survivors.

Schonenbaum lived on the heights above the town, and the llama trains passed under his window from dawn on. By virtue of an ordinance issued by a government anxious to give capital a modern aspect, the streets of La Paz are forbidden to these animals, but since they constitute the sole means of transport on the mountain trails, the spectacle of the llamas leaving the city limits at dawn, under their burden of crates and sacks, is and will doubtless remain for some time familiar to all visitors to the country.

Every morning, then, as he was walking to his shop, Schonenbaum met these llama trains; he was fond of the llamas, without quite knowing why: perhaps simply because there are none in Germany. Two or three Indians usually led toward the distant villages of the Andes caravans of twenty or thirty animals able to carry burdens amounting often to several times their own weight.

One day, when the sun had just risen, as he was walking down to La Paz, Schonenbaum passed one of these caravans, the sight of which always made him smile. He paused and held out his hand to stroke a passing animal. He never caressed a cat or dog, both of which abound in Germany,

and he never listened to the birds, which sing in Germany too. There is no doubt that his experiences in the extermination camps had made him somewhat reserved toward the Germans. He was patting the animal's flank when his eyes were drawn to the face of the Indian walking beside it. The man was barefoot, a staff in his hand and at first Schonenbaum paid him scarcely any attention: his casual glance almost left this face forever. It was a yellowish, fleshless face, with an eroded and stony aspect which seemed to have been created by centuries of physiological misery. But something known, something familiar, and yet terrifying and nightmarish suddenly stirred in Schonenbaum's mind and wakened in him an extreme agitation, while his memory still refused to help him. That toothless mouth, those large, gentle brown eyes opened on the world like a perpetual wound, that sad, long nose, that expression of permanent reproach--half question, half accusation--hovering on the face of the man walking beside his llama literally leaped upon the tailor when he already had turned his back. He uttered a muffled exclamation and whirled around.

"Gluckman!" he shrieked. "What are you doing here?"

Instinctively he had spoken in Yiddish, and the man thus addressed leaped to one side as if he had suddenly been scorched. Then he began running along the road, pursued by Schonenbaum, who loped behind him with an agility of which he had never thought himself capable, while the llamas, with their arrogant expression of disdain, continued on their way with deliberate steps. He caught up with the man at the turn in the road, grabbed his shoulder and forced him to stop. Gluckman: beyond a doubt. It was not only the similarity of features that convinced him--no, above all, it was that expression of suffering, of mute interrogation, which it was impossible to mistake. "Why, why are you going this to me?" the eyes were perpetually asking. Gluckman stood, cornered, his back against the red rock, his mouth open, revealing his naked gums.

"It's you," Schonenbaum shouted, still in Yiddish. "I tell you it's you!"

Gluckman shook his head.

"It's not me!" he howled back in Yiddish. "My name's Pedro, I don't know you."

"And where did you learn to talk Yiddish?" Schonenbaum screamed triumphantly. "In the La Paz kindergarten?"

Gluckman's mouth opened still wider. He glanced wildly toward the llamas, as though seeking their help. Schonenbaum let him go.

"But what are you afraid of, you idiot?" he asked. "I'm a friend. Who are you trying to fool?"

"My name's Pedro!" Gluckman whined in a shrill, pleading voice, still in Yiddish.

"Completely meshuga," Schonenbaum said pityingly. "So your name's Pedro....And this...." He grabbed Gluckman's

hand and looked at his fingers. Not one nail..."And this? I suppose it was the Indians who ripped off your nails, roots and all?"

Gluckman pressed still closer against the rock. His mouth closed slowly and the tears began running down his cheeks.

"You're not going to turn me in?" he stammered.

"Turn you in?" Schonenbaum repeated. "To whom? To whom should I turn you in?"

A hideous comprehension suddenly gripped his throat. Sweat burst out on his forehead. He was overcome with fear--the hideous fear that suddenly peoples the whole earth with hidden dangers. Then he managed to gain control of himself.

"But it's over!" he shouted. "It's been over for fifteen years! Hitler is dead and buried!"

Up and down Gluckman's long, fleshless neck, the Adam's apple moved spasmodically while a kind of cunning grin flickered across his face.

"They always say that! I don't believe their promises."

Schonenbaum took a deep breath: they were twelve thousand feet above sea level. But he knew the altitude had nothing to do with it.

"Gluckman," he said solemnly, "you've always been an idiot, but even so, make an effort! It's over! There is no more Hitler, no more S.S., no more gas chambers, we even have a country of our own, Israel, that has an army, a judiciary, a government! It's over! There's no need to hide any more!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Gluckman laughed, without a trace of gaiety. "That won't work with me."

"What won't work?" Schonenbaum shouted.

"Israel!" Gluckman declared. "It doesn't exist."

"What do you mean, it doesn't exist?" Schonenbaum thundered, stamping his foot. "It does so exist! Haven't you read the papers?"

"Ha!" Gluckman said simply, with an infinitely sly expression.

"But there's even an Israeli consul here in La Paz! You can get a visa! You can go there!"

"It won't work with me!" Gluckman declared. "Another German trick."

Schonenbaum was beginning to get gooseflesh. What frightened him most was Gluckman's superior expression. And what if he were right? he thought suddenly. The Germans were quite capable of such a trick. Present yourself at such and such a place with papers proving you're a Jew and you'll be taken to Israel free: you present yourself, you let them put you on the ship, and you find yourself back in an extermination camp. Gluckman was right: there could be no Israel. It was only another German trap.

My God, he thought, what's happening to me? He wiped his forehead and tried to smile. Then he realized that Gluckman was talking, still with that sly and knowing expression.

"Israel's a trick to get us all together, the last ones, all those who managed to get away, and then to gas us.... It's pretty good. The Germans are clever. They know how to do things like that. They want to get us all there, just like last time, and then once we're together, a Rakhmonas!.....I know them."

"We have our own Jewish state," Schonenbaum said gently, as one speaks to a child. "The Prime Minister's name is Ben Gurion. There's an army. We sit in the United Nations. It's over, I tell you."

"It won't work," Gluckman declared. "I know the trick."

Schonenbaum put his arm around his friend's shoulders.

"Come," he said. "You come and stay with me. We'll go see a doctor."

It took him two days to make some sense out of the victim's incoherent remarks: since his liberation, which he attributed to a temporary disagreement among the anti-Semites, Gluckman had been hiding in the upper plateaus of the Andes, convinced that things would return to "normal" from one moment to the next, but that by passing himself off as an Indian llama driver of the Sierra he might escape the Gestapo. Each time Schonenbaum tried to explain to him that there was no more Gestapo, that Streicher, Rosenberg, Himmler were gone, that Germany was a nice democratic republic, he merely shrugged his shoulders, with a sly, knowing look: he knew better, he wasn't going to let himself be trapped; and when Schonenbaum, lacking any further arguments, showed him photographs of Israeli schools and army units with their happy, confident and determined young men, Gluckman suddenly intoned a kaddish for the dead: he mourned these new innocent victims whom the enemy's guile had managed to assemble in Israel in order to make their extermination easier, as in the days of the Warsaw ghetto.

That Gluckman was simpleminded Schonenbaum had always known; more exactly, his reason had resisted less well than his body the nameless torments he had endured. At the camp, he had been the favorite victim of S.S. Commander Schultze, a sadistic brute carefully chosen by the authorities and altogether worthy, as he soon proved, of the confidence that had been shown in him. For some mysterious reason, he had made the wretched Gluckman his scapegoat, and none of the prisoners, connoisseurs though they were, supposed that Gluckman could emerge alive from his hands.

Like Schonenbaum, Gluckman was a tailor by profession. Although his fingers had lost some skill in wielding the needle, he rapidly recovered enough agility to return to work, and the "Paris tailor" establishment could finally catch up with the orders that continued to flow in. Gluckman never spoke to anyone, worked in a dark corner,

on the floor behind the counter, hidden from the eyes of visitors, emerging only after dark to visit the llamas whose coarse-haired flanks he stroked for a long time, and his eyes still glowed with ghastly comprehension, a kind of total knowledge occasionally accentuated by a cunning and superior smile. He knew, and that was all there was to it, and the exact nature of that knowledge was something Schonenbaum tried not to think about. Twice he had tried to run away: the first time when Schonenbaum casually remarked that the day was the sixteenth anniversary of the fall of Hitler's Germany, and the second when a drunken Indian began shouting in the street that "a great leader would come down from the mountains and take things in hand."

It wasnot until six months after their encounter, during the week of Yom Kippur, that a perceptible change seemed to occur in Gluckman. He gave the impression of being surer of himself, almost serene, as though delivered. He no longer hid behind the counter, and one morning, as he came into the shop, Schonenbaum heard something almost incredible: Gluckman was singing. More precisely, he was mumbling under his nose an old Jewish tune from the borders of Russia. He glanced up at his friend, raised the thread to his lips, licked it, threaded his needle, and continued to mumble his old, sad, tender tune. Schonenbaum had a moment of hope: perhaps the victim's terrible memories were finally fading. After lunch, Gluckman usually went to lie down on a mattress he kept in the back room of the shop. Yet he slept very little, remaining for hours at a time crouched in his corner, staring at the wall with an hallucinatory gaze that invested the most familiar objects with a quality of terror and turned each sound into a cry of agony....But one evening, returning unexpectedly to the shop to look for a forgotten key, Schonenbaum surprised his friend furtively stowing a cold meal in a basket. The tailor found his key and left, but instead of returning home he waited in the street, hidden in a doorway. Then he saw Gluckman creep out, the basket of food under his arm, and vanish into the night. Schonenbaum discovered that his friend disappeared this way every evening, always with the basket of food under his arm, and when he returned, a little later, the basket would be empty, and his face would have a cunning and complacent expression, as if he had just made an excellent bargain. The tailor was tempted to ask his assistant about the purpose of these nocturnal expeditions, but knowing his retiring nature and reluctant to frighten him, he decided not to ask him any questions. He waited patiently in the street after work, and when he saw a furtive silhouette creeping out of the shop and gliding toward its mysterious destination, he followed.

Gluckman walked quickly, keeping close to the walls, sometimes turning around as if he were trying to shake a possible pursuer. All these precautions brought the tailor's curiosity to its peak. He leaped from doorway to doorway,

concealing himself each time his assistant turned around. Night had fallen, and several times Schonenbaum almost lost track of his friend. Despite his corpulence and a rather weak heart, he nonetheless managed to catch up with him each time. Finally Gluckman turned into a courtyard off the Avenue of the Revolution. The tailor waited a moment, then ran in on tiptoe behind him. He found himself in one of the courtyards of the great market of the Estuncion, from which the llama trains set out each morning toward the mountains. Indians were sleeping on heaps of straw in a stench of manure. The llamas stuck their long necks out of crates and shop fronts. A second exit, opposite, opened onto a narrow, dimly lit alley. Gluckman had vanished. The tailor waited a moment, then shrugged his shoulders and prepared to turn back. In attempting to cover his tracks, Gluckman had taken the longest way. Schonenbaum decided to return home directly, crossing the marketplace.

He had no sooner started down the narrow passageway than his attention was attracted by the glow of a kerosene lamp that filtered through the skylight of a cellar. He glanced casually toward the light and saw Gluckman. He was standing in front of a table and taking food out of his basket, arranging the items in front of someone sitting on a stool with his back to the skylight. Gluckman set out a sausage, a bottle of beer, red pimentos and bread. The man, whose face Schonenbaum still could not see, spoke a few words and Gluckman quickly rummaged in the basket for a cigar which he also set on the tablecloth. The tailor had to make an effort to wrench his eyes from his friend's face, for it was terrifying. He was smiling, but the enormous, fixed, burning eyes lent this strangely triumphant smile something maniacal. At that moment, the man turned his head and Schonenbaum recognized the S.S. commander Schultze, the torturer of the Torrenberg camp. For one desperate second, the tailor clung to the hope that he might be the victim of an hallucination, or that he had been mistaken; yet if there was one face he was in no danger of forgetting, it was indeed the monster's face. He recalled that Schultze had vanished after the war; some people said he was dead, some that he was living in hiding in South America. Now he saw the man with his own eyes: the arrogant, heavy jaw, the cropped hair, the mocking smile. But there was something more frightening still than the monster's presence: Gluckman's. By what hideous aberration could he be there, in front of the man whose favorite victim he had been, the man who had tortured him so relentlessly for over a year--what was the logic of the madness that drove him here every night to feed his torturer each night instead of killing him or turning him over to the police? Schonenbaum felt his mind go blank: what he saw exceeded in its horror all the limits of the endurable. He tried to cry out, to call for help, to alert the population, but all he could do was open his mouth and wave his arms: his voice

refused to obey him, and he stood there, staring with bulging eyes at the victim, who was opening the beer and filling the executioner's glass. He must have stood for a good minute in total unconsciousness: the monstrous absurdity of the scene taking place before his eyes finally robbed it of all reality. It was only when he heard a muffled exclamation beside him that he managed to regain control of himself: in the moonlight, he saw Glueksman standing by his side. The two men stared at each other a moment, one with outraged incomprehension, the other with a cunning and almost cruel smile on a face in which the eyes gleamed with all the fires of some triumphant madness. Then Schonenbaum heard his own voice: he could scarcely recognize it:

"He tortured you every day for over a year. He martyred you, he crucified you! And instead of calling the police you bring him food every night? Is it possible? Am I dreaming? How can you?"

On the victim's face, the expression of profound cunning grew more intense, and from the darkness of time rose the age-old voice that made the hair stand up on the tailor's head and froze his heart:

"He's promised to treat me better <u>the next time</u>!"

VALUE --- HOPE

A 15 Minutes: Each student reads silently to himself.

B Students' Opinions And Comments.

Insights to be Emphasized

1- Hope Has Sustained the Jewish People Throughout Their History.

2- When Hope Dies, Life Becomes Empty and Meaningless.

I Hope Has Sustained the Jewish People Throughout Their History.

a) Where in the Bible do we find expressions of Hope.

1- Following the destruction of the Temple in 586 B.C.E. a great visionary, often called Second Isaiah, rallied to uplift a depressed and defeated people. He promised a future time when Israel would again be exalted and a descendent of King David sit on the throne of Israel.

"And there shall come forth a shoot out of the stock of Jesse.
And a twig shall grow forth out of his roots.
And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him,
The spirit of wisdom and understanding,
The spirit of counsel and might,
The spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord."

(Isaiah 11:1-2)

ii- In Second Isaiah we also find reference to a future time when violence and hatred will disappear from the earth and all creatures will live in peace.

"And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb,
And the leopard shall lie down with the kid;
And the calf and the young lion and the
fatling together;
And a little child shall lead them.
And the cow and the bear shall feed;
Their young ones shall lie down together;
And the lion shall eat straw like the ox.
And the sucking child shall play on the
hole of the asp,
And the weaned child shall put his hand
on the basilisk's den.
They shall not hurt nor destroy
In all My holy mountain;
For the earth shall be full of the
knowledge of the Lord,
As the waters cover the sea."
(Isaiah 11:6-9)

iii- Just before and during the destruction of the 1st Temple in 587 B.C.E., the Prophet Jeremiah held out hope for his people who were about to be taken into Babylonian captivity. His hope was for a return to Israel after many years of captivity.

"Withhold your voice from weeping
And your eyes from tears,
For there is a reward for your labor, God says.
And sons will return to their borders
And they shall return from the land of the foe."
(Jeremiah 31:15-17- As translated by Sheldon Blank in Jeremiah, Man and Prophet, p.219)

The return was something very much to be desired.

"Lo! days will come, God says, when I will establish with Israel and Judah a new covenant, not like the covenant which I established with their fathers when I took them by the hand to bring them from Egypt's land, which covenant they broke although I was master to them, God says. For this is the covenant which I will establish with Israel after those days, God says: I will put my law in their inward parts and will write it on their heart, and I will be their God and they will be my people, and they will not need to teach any more each his fellow and each his brother, saying: 'Know God!'

for they will all know me from the least of them to the greatest, God says, for I will pardon their guilt and no more remember their sin."
(Jeremiah 31:31-34- Translation, Ibid. p.210)

iv- The Prophet Ezekiel, in exile with his people in Babylonia, heard them cry out— "Our transgressions and sins have overtaken us; in them we waste away. How can we live?" (This was soon after 586 B.C.) Their situation seemed hopeless—"Our bones are dry, our hope is lost, we perish all."

In answer to his people's great despair, Ezekiel related to them a vision, a vision of dry bones becoming once again alive. (Ezek. 37:1-14. The teacher may wish to read this passage to the class.)

Was this a vain hope or did these bones indeed come alive?

In about 516, the Temple was rebuilt once again and Israel became a prosperous nation.

v- "Hope is a Duty" (Prophetic Faith in Isaiah, Blank, pp.171-186)

What do you think this statement means?

Man must never give up hope. Despair is the greatest obstacle to rejuvination.
"Hope was not so much a heavenly gift as a divine requirement. God commanded these prophets to clear the way, and they, faithful to their charge, decried despair, demanded hope." (Ibid. p.186)
"Cast up, cast up, prepare the way,
Remove the obstacles from the way of my people."
(Isaiah 57:14)

b) In what ways was the establishment of the State of Israel, the fulfillment of a 2000 year hope?

Ever since the destruction of the 2nd Temple in 70 C.E., the Jewish people have hoped for the re-establishment of a Jewish Homeland. The following are some ways in which this hope has manifested itself:

1- Poetry-- Themes in Jewish Poetry have dealt extensively with hope. Some examples of this are:

Immortal Israel

by Judah Halevi
(Spain, 1085-1140)

"The sun and moon, that ceaselessly obey
The unchanging ordinance of night and day--
For you, O Jacob's sons, these signs on high,
Nation eternal, ye shall not decay.
If with His right hand doth He draw you nigh,
Say not: 'We languish: we are near to die,'
But know your strength immortal.
So shall ye
Endure till day and night shall cease to be!"

(From A Treasury of Jewish Poetry- Edited by Nathan & Maryann Ausubel. p.19)

Sail Peacefully Home

by S. Frug
(Russia, 1860-1916)

"Ah, flow on, flow on
Thou sanctified oil
Through our embittered
And sore wounded heart;
Bring soothing and balm
For our woes and our pain;
Drive out our sorrow
And ease us of smart!
Give strength and of hope
That we may live on
Till calmer and happier
Day for us come.
Oh, let our frail vessel
Storm-tossed and beaten,
Be free of the storm,
Of thunder and lightning;
And let it at last
Sail peaceful home."

--Translated from the Yiddish.
(Ibid. p. 16)

My Heart Is In The East

by Judah Halevi

"In the East, in the East is my heart,
And I dwell at the end of the West;
How shall I join in your feasting,
How shall I share in your jest;
How shall my offering be paid,
My vows with performance be crowned,
While Zion pineth in Edom's bonds,
And I am pent in the Arab's bound!
All the beauties and treasures of Spain
Are worthless as dust, in mine eyes;
But the dust of the Lord's ruined house
As a treasure of beauty I prize."

(A Treasury of Jewish Poetry- p.119.)

"By the rivers of Babylon,
There we sat down, yea, we wept,
When we remembered Zion.
Upon the willows in the midst thereof
We hanged up our harps.
For there they that led us captive
asked of us words of song,
And our tormentors asked of us mirth:
'Sing us one of the songs of Zion.'
How shall we sing the Lord's song
In a foreign land?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget her cunning.
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,
If I remember thee not;
If I set not Jerusalem
Above my chiefest joy."

(Psalms 137:1-6)

11- False Messiahs-- Throughout our history there have been men, who, thinking themselves Messiahs, sought to lead the Jewish people back to Palestine. These men always found followers, so deep was the hope for return. The following are a few of the more famous examples of False Messiahs:

1 One of the first know false Messiah appeared on the island of Crete in 431 C.E. What follows is an excerpt from the Greek Historical work Ecclesiastical History of Socrates Scholasticus.

"About this period a great number of Jews who dwelt in Crete were converted to Christianity through the following disastrous circumstance. A certain Jewish impostor pretended that he was Moses, and had been sent from heaven to lead out the Jews inhabiting that island, and conduct them through the sea: for he said that he was the same person who formerly preserved the Israelites by leading them through the Red Sea. During a whole year therefore he perambulated the several cities of the island and persuaded the Jews to believe such assurances. He moreover bid them renounce their money and other property, pledging himself to guide them through a dry sea into the land of promise. Deluded by such expectations, they neglected business of every kind, despising what they possessed, and permitting any one who chose to take it. (In the Messianic era everything would be plentiful; money would not be needed.)

When the day appointed by this deceiver for their departure had arrived, he himself took the lead, and all followed with their wives and children. He led them thorfore until they reached a promontory that overhung the sea, from which he ordered them to fling themselves headlong into it. Those who came first to the precipice did so, and were immediately destroyed, some of them being dashed in pieces against the rocks, and some drowned in the waters. And more would have perished, had not the providence of God led some fishermen and merchants who were Christians to be present. These persons drew out and saved some that were almost drowned, who then in their perilous situation became sensible of the madness of their conduct. The rest they hindered from casting themselves down by telling them of the destruction of those who had taken the first leap.

When at length the Jews perceived how fearfully they had been duped, they blamed first of all their own indiscreet credulity, and then sought to lay hold of the pseudo-Moses in order to put him to death. But they were unable to seize him, for he suddenly disappeared: which induced a general belief that it was some malignant fiend, who had assumed a human form for the destruction of their nation in that place. In consequence of this experience many of the Jews in Crete

at that time, abandoning Judaism, attached themselves to the Christian faith."
(The Jew in the Medieval World- J.R. Marcus. pp.225-226)

2 David Alroy-- (About 1146) A Persian Jew who tried to bring the Jewish Mountaineers of Northern Persia back to the Holy Land. Following is an excerpt from the account of Alroy by the Moslem writer Sammuel ibn Abbas.

"They procured green garments for themselves, and they came together that night on the roofs, waiting for the moment, when, as they hoped, they would fly from there to Jerusalem on angels' wings. (Green is the symbol of resurrection and of God's mercy.) The women began to scream because of their suckling infants, for fear that they would fly away before their children, or their children before them, and thus the little ones, because of delay in getting suck, might suffer hunger. The Moslems there were amazed at this, wondering what could have happened to the Jews, and did not oppose them until they discovered to what unbelievable assurances the Jews had surrendered themselves. (Later on the Moslems and Christians laughed at the Jews for trying to fly without wings.)
(The Jew in the Medieval World- J.R. Marcus. p.249.)

3 Sabbetai Zevi (1166)-- The most famous of the false Messiahs was Sabbetai Zevi. Hundreds of thousands of Jews in Europe and Asia Minor flocked to him. In the end however, when threatened with his life, he converted to Mohammedanism. Many of his followers followed suit, while others turned back in bitter disillusionment.
The following is an excerpt from the History of the Turkish Empire by Sir Paul Ryeaut, an English Diplomat and contemporary of Sabbetai Zevi.

"And now all the cities of Turkey, where the Jews inhabited, were full of the expectation of the Messiah; no trade or course of gain was followed. Every one imagined that daily provisions, riches, honors, and government were to descend upon him by some unknown and miraculous manner. An example of which is most observable in the Jews at Thessalonica,

who now full of assurance that the restoration of their kingdom and the accomplishment of the times for the coming of the Messiah was at hand... applied themselves immediately to fastings; and some in that manner beyond the abilities of nature, that having for the space of seven days taken no sustenance, were famished. (The Jews did penance to speed the coming of the Messiah.)

Others buried themselves in their gardens, covering their naked bodies with earth, their heads only excepted, remained in those beds of dirt, until their bodies were stiffened with the cold and moisture. Others would endure to have melted wax dropt upon their shoulders; others to roll themselves in snow and throw their bodies in the coldest season of the winter into the sea, or frozen waters. But the most common manner of mortification was first to prick their backs and sides with thorns and then to give themselves thirty-nine lashes. All business was laid aside; none worked or opened shop, unless to clear his warehouse of merchandise at any price. Who(ever) had superfluity in household stuff sold it for what he could..."

(The Jew in the Medieval World- J.R. Marcus. pp.263-264.)

2 When Hope Dies, Life Becomes Empty and Meaningless.

a) What point is this story trying to make?
(Ask each member of class to answer this question.)

i- It is trying to show that for the Jew there is never any real hope. The most he can hope for is better treatment from his tormentors. This is expressed in the last line of the story when Gluckman says--"He's promised to treat me better next time!"

ii- In contrast to the above, this story may be trying to show that there is indeed hope for the Jew. In spite of the horrors of the 2nd World War, the Jews nevertheless established a new state, a new hope for a persecuted Jewry. On page 463 we read:

"'Gluckman,' he said solemnly, 'you've always been an idiot, but even so, make an effort! It's over! There is no more Hitler, no more S.S., no more gas chambers, we even have a country of our own, Israel, that has an army, a judiciary, a government! It's over! There's no need to hide any more!'"

b) What was it that sustained Schonenbaum during his two years in the Torrenberg concentration camp?

i- He was sustained by the hope that one day he would be free and able to again live a normal life. See page 461 "Schonenbaum had dreamed--- translate into action."

ii- Gluckman's answer--- "He's promised to treat me better next time" is a blanket condemnation of mankind. It is a statement which says that the Jew can never hope to be completely secure and free. He must always be on his toes, ever on his guard.

Do you believe that Gluckman is right?

Are there forces at work in the United States which threaten the security of the Jews living here? (See Comment a)-)

COMMENTS

a) Examples of some Anit-Semitic Organizations and Publications in the United States.

Ku Klux Klan- Opposes Negros, Catholics, Jews, and foreign born Americans.

i- From an interview with Robert N. Shelton, Imperial Wizard of the KKK- <u>The Invisible Empire</u>:

"Did he go along with the teachings of his church?

'I fall out with 90 per cent of most of them.

They teach alien ideologies like the Judeo-Christian heritage. They talk about whiskey and hurting people's feelings. But race--here's where I fall out with them--race is more important than whiskey. They've been brainwashed by the Jews in the National Council of Churches. They don't even want to talk about the race issue.

Did he think, then, that the Jews should be feared as much as the possibility of a Negro revolt?

"We all know that the nigger ain't smart enough to manipulate the moves he's making. It's the Jews who are in back of this. Did the K-Doulbe-A-C-F ever have a nigger president? No! I don't hate niggers, but I hate the Jews. The nigger's a child, but the Jews are dangerous people. All their pseudo-intellectuals from Harvard and their low moral standards. All they want is control and domination of the Gentiles through a conspiracy with the niggers."

(From Ku Klux Klan- The Invisible Empire. p.56.)

11- "Sometimes identifying their groups as hunting-and-fishing clubs or county-improvement associations, the Klansmen collected arms and manufactured their own ammunition. Under the tutelage of ex-G.I's, they practiced judo and karate and crawled through swamps on 'maneuvers,' getting ready for the inevitable day when the Jews and the Communists would give the signal and the Negroes would rise to destroy the white race in the South.

Passage of the Civil Rights Bill in June of 1964 brought the Klan boldly into the open. All over the South crosses blazed at public rallies. Fierce-eyed preachers, most of them self-ordained, began to shout in public the twisted doctrine they had proclaimed in the secrecy of the Klaverns-- that Jesus Christ was not a Jew, that the Pope of Rome was anti-Christ, that the Negro was a beast who must be destroyed. 'Oh, God,' prayed one, 'please put grace and grit into the white race and let us wipe out this black-ape race before it is too late.'"

(From The Saturday Evening Post- January 30, 1965. p.28)

American Nazi Party.

1- Quote from George Lincoln Rockwell, Leader of the American Nazi Party:
"We shall investigate, try, and execute all Jews proved to have taken part in Marxist or Zionist plots of treason against their Nations or humanity."

Christian National Crusade- Founded by Gerald K. Smith.

1- From The Cross and the Flag- One/35.
"Preserve America as a Christian Nation, being conscious of the fact that there is a highly organized campaign to substitute Jewish tradition for Christian tradition." (The 1st of the "10 High Principles" of the Christian National Crusade.)

Note-- various other organizations and publications could be cited. For a further list, contact the American Jewish Committee (AJC) or the Anti-Defamation League of the B'nai B'rith.

Do you think, as Jews, we will ever be free from these Anti-Semitic forces?

Some concrete examples of work of Anti-Semitic Forces- Bigotry in action.

"Between November 1957 and May 1958, there were six bombings or attempted of synagogues and Jewish centers in the South. In Charlotte, N.C., on November 11, 1957, a dynamite bomb placed outside the synagogue, where a meeting was in progress, failed to go off. On February 9, 1958, another unexploded dynamite bomb was found in a valise outside the temple in Gastonia, N.C. On March 16, the religious school of a Miami synagogue was bombed in the early morning hours, while on the evening of the same day, in Nashville, Tenn., the Jewish Community Center was bombed. Fortunately no loss of life or limb resulted. Again, on April 28, two terroristic acts were aimed at Jewish houses of worship. Early in the morning, a synagogue in Jacksonville, Fla., was bombed, followed within an hour by the blasting of a Negro school..."
(Bigotry in Action- organized Anti-Semitism in the U.S. Today. pp.11-12)

b) Was Gluckman Mad? (Insane)

1- View 1
The author at times gives one the impression that Gluckman was indeed mad. We may infer this from such passages as—
1- "'Ha, ha, ha!' Gluckman laughed, without a trace of gaiety. 'That won't work with me.'"

2-"'Israel!' Gluckman declared. 'It doesn't exist.'"

3- "'Completely moshuga,' Schonenbaum said pityingly.

4- "'Israel's a trick to get us all together, the last ones, all those who managed to get away, and then to gas us...'"

5- "'He was smiling, but the enormous, fixed, burning eyes lent this strangely triumphant smile something maniacal!'"

View 2
In other parts of the story however, one begins to wonder whether Gluckman is really mad or whether he has a much more profound insight into the events than one is at the outset ready to give him credit for.

1 For example, at one point in the story, Schonenbaum himself begins to wonder whether Gluckman might not be right. On page 463 we read- "Schonenbaum was beginning... sly and knowing expression."
During the Nazi Massacre of the Jews, the proceedure often was to tell the Jews they were being taken to labor camps where they would be out of danger. When they arrived there they were executed. Many devices were used to keep the Jews in ignorance concerning their fate. In one concentration camp for example, a brass band met the box cars stuffed with Jews, many of whom died en route. They played tunes of welcome to alleviate excessive anxieties. The following is an excerpt from an account given by a maiden of one of the concentration camps.

"Otto Stadie, a former warden told how Jews shipped to the camp often were found dead when the transports were opened. He recalled one of the 4,000- 'half of the dead, the others half-dead from the long journey without food or even water.' When they were unloaded, he said, they were told to undress and be bathed and disinfected in large communal showers, after which they would be sent to labor camps.
The 'showers' were gas chambers."
(National Jewish Post and Opinion- Oct. 30/64. p.2)

c) On page 464 we read- "he mourned these new innocent victims whom the enemy's guile had managed to assemble in Israel in order to make their extermination easier, as in the days of the Warsaw ghetto."

During the war, in Warsaw Poland, all the Jews were forced to live in a walled section of the town. It was known as the Warsaw Ghetto. When living conditions became unbearable, the Jews revolted. Though they held out for many days against the overwhelming odds, eventually they were defeated and destroyed.
Glueckman therefore has good reason to be suspicious of any movement which sought to concentrate Jews in one geographical area. The fact that he had been out of contact with news media for years only accented his suspicions.

d) Glueckman was well acquainted with Jewish history. When he answered Schonenbaum's horrified questions on page 467 "He tortured you every day for over a year. He martyred you, he crucified you! And instead of calling the police you bring him food every night? Is it possible? Am I dreaming? How can you?"
He was answering not just for himself, but for every persecuted and martyred Jew in our long history. He was answering with the awareness that for 2000 years we hoped constantly for relief from our oppressors- from the edicts of the early Christian Emperors, through the Spanish Inquisition, through the Russian Pogroms of the 18-20th centuries, through the Nazi holocaust, plus other incidents too numerous to mention. Seldom were we left in peace. Even in those periods when we were relatively secure, the question always lingered- How long will it last?

Perhaps then, we may better understand the authors description of Gluckman and his answer at the end of the story.

"On the victim's face, the expression of profound cunning grew more intense, and from the darkness of time rose the age-old voice that made the hair stand up on the tailor's head and froze his heart:

'He's promised to treat me better <u>the next time</u>!'"

Biblical, Rabbinic and Other References to Hope.

(To supplement class discussion. At end of period, each student should receive a mimeographed copy of the following material which he should be permitted to keep.)

a- "Only for God wait thou in stillness, my soul;
For from Him cometh my hope."
(Psalms 62:6)

b- "The Lord is my portion saith my soul,
Therefore will I hope in Him.
It is good that a man should hope,
And quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord."
(Lam. 24,26.)

c- "It says, 'I hoped for the Lord, and He heard my cry' (Ps. XL, 1). There is nothing left for Israel but to hope that God may deliver them. So it says, 'Hope in the Lord, yea, hope in the Lord' (Ps.XXVII,14); one hope after the other. 'Be of good courage and let your heart be strong' (ib.); if you have hoped, and have not been saved, hope and hope again... And it says: 'He set my feet upon a rock' (Ps. XL, 2). Why did He do so? Because of the hope which I (David) hoped. For God has pleasure not in burnt offerings or in peace offerings or in sacrifices, but in hope."
(Midr. Ps. on XL, 1)

d- "Whatsoever is brought upon you, take cheerfully,
And be patient when you are changed to a low state."
(Ecclus. (Sirach) 11-4)

e- "Hope in a brighter day, based upon ardent faith in God's justice and in His special friendship for the descendents of Jacob, has been the stay and consolation of the Jew throughout the ages. The darker the present, the brighter appears the future."
(Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. 6, p.466)

f- "While there is life, there is hope."
(Y. Berakot 9,1).

g- The Power of Hope

"A king was betrothed, and soon after he set forth on a long journey.

Days, months and years passed, without any word from him.

His intended waited for him sorrowfully but without abandoning hope for his return.

The girl's companions then said with pretended compassion and spiteful glee, 'Poor girl! It seems your love has forgotten all about you and will never come back.'

Disconsolate and stung by their gibes, the girl wrapped herself in her grief and wept much when she was alone....

She then picked up the last letter the king had sent her, in which he swore that he would ever remain true and faithful to her. Rereading it her heart once more became serene, her spirits lifted and she continued to wait patiently for his return.

After many years the king came home. Amazed, he asked his intended, 'How was it possible for you to remain faithful to me so long?'

'My King,' she answered rejoicing, 'I had your letter and I believe in you.'

And thus too it has been with Israel and the nations of the earth. These say mockingly to the Jews, 'Your God has abandoned you.'

Israel, thereupon, yields himself to solitude. Sad and lamenting he reads in the godly pages of the Torah the sacred promise of redemption, consoles himself and derives strength from it.

When the day of redemption comes God will surely turn His face to the abandoned and will ask, 'How could you have remained true to me for so long?'

And Israel will answer, 'Your commandment was your pledge to me.'"

(From A Treasury of Jewish Folklore- Edited by Nathan Ausubel, p.570)

h- The Secret of Israel's Immortality

"What has prevented this constantly migrating people, this veritable Wandering Jew, from degenerating into brutalized vagabonds, into vagrant hordes of gypsies? The answer is at hand. In its journey through the desert of life, for eighteen centuries, the Jewish people carried along the Ark of the Covenant, which breathed into its heart ideal aspirations, and even illumined the badge of disgrace affixed to its garment with an apostolic glory. The proscribed, outlawed, universally persecuted Jew felt a sublime, noble pride in being singled out to perpetuate and

to suffer for a religion which reflects eternity, by which the nations of the earth were gradually educated to a knowledge of God and morality, and from which is to spring the salvation and redemption of the world.

Such a people, which disdains its present but has the eye steadily fixed on its future, which lives as it were on hope, is on that very account eternal, like hope."

(H. Graetz, 1853. A Book of Jewish Thoughts. p.56)

1- In the Union Prayer Book, Vol. I, following the return of the Torah to the Ark, the following prayer of hope:

"May the time not be distant, O God, when Thy name shall be worshiped in all the earth, when unbelief shall disappear and error be no more..."
"O may all, created in Thine image, recognize that they are brethren, so that, one in spirit and one in fellowship, they may be forever united before Thee..."
(pp.150-51)

CONCLUDING LESSONS

Essays: 300—500 words

During these lessons, each student should read aloud the essay he has written. Five to ten minutes discussion should be allowed the class for each essay. The teacher should comment on each essay after it is read.

All the essays should be mimeographed, enough copies for each student. Then bound copies of all the essays may be presented to each student at a special ceremony marking the end of Post-Confirmation study.

Some Suggested Essay Topics

1) The Universality of Jewish Values.

2) The Most Important Value in Judaism.

3) Ways in Which Jewish Values Can be Made More Meaningful in the Religious School.

4) What Jewish Values Mean to Me.

5) How Jewish Holidays and Festivals Represent Certain Values.

6) The Bible as a Book of Values.

7) The Value of Being a Jew.

8) Values I will Teach My Children.

Model Discussion

The following is a hypothetical class situation which is intended to be used as a guide for all lessons. Hopefully this will give the teacher an idea of how to carry on the class discussion. This model is to be used in conjuntion with the material presented in the lesson Reverence for Life.

Teacher: David, your point that a man must not kill is very good. Could you explain in a little more detail just what you mean?

David: Well, I mean that a person shouldn't kill another human being. I think this is what the story is trying to say. That's about all I can think of right now.

Teacher: How is this idea brought out in the story?

David: Well, the father doesn't carry any guns and he seems to dislike killing anything at all.

Teacher: That's right. In fact if the class will turn to page . (wait for the class to find page) we read that the soldier asks the father "'And how do you travel in the woods without guns: I am very curious?' "That you could never know" my father said, almost sadly!'" Why could the soldier never know? (This question is asked to the class in general).

Debby: He was a soldier and his life was always in danger. He felt he needed a gun to protect himself against the Indians and couldn't understand how any white man could walk about in Indian territory without a gun.

Teacher: That's right, Debby, but why could the father walk about without fearing for his life?

Brian: Because the Indians saw that he didn't have a gun and therefore wasn't trying to harm them.

Teacher: So?

Brian: So they weren't afraid of him.

Teacher: And what can we learn from this?

Susan: I think we learn from this that if you don't try to harm another person, he won't harm you.

Teacher: Do you think this principle would apply to nations as well?

Susan: Yes. If nobody had guns there would be no wars.

Teacher: Very good Susan. Do you know where in the Bible it says that exact same thing?

Class: (No answer or inaccurate guesses.)

Teacher: The Bible expresses this ideal in many places. One of the most famous is by the prophet Isaiah where he says:

> "And they shall beat their
> swords into plowshares,
> And their spears into
> pruning-hooks;
> Nation shall not lift up
> sword against nation,

neither shall they learn
war any more."
(Isaiah 2:4)

Teacher: Do you think it is possible that we will ever reach a day when nations will not learn war any more?

Ken: It's a long way off.

Teacher: As Jews, what can we do to help bring that day closer?

Jack: I suppose we should try to understand people more and not try to destroy them.

Teacher: Good. If we all obeyed the 6th. Commandment "Thou shalt not kill", it would make a great difference in the world today and in the future. Now David, you mentioned the word "kill". As a matter of fact, on page , we read "Men do not kill for the sake of killing." Could you explain this statement? (This question may develop like the previous one.)

Some Suggested Projects to Accompany Lessons.

Lesson	Project
God	a) Invite a Professor of Philosophy to class to discuss various God concepts. b) Invite a Hindu or Bhuddist to class to discuss their ideas on God.
Education	Tour of University or other Institute of Higher Learning.
The Sabbath	Spend one entire Sabbath together in retreat. This may be done at temple or out of city. A program of worship, discussion and music should be worked out. A theme for the day would help.
Universalism and Brotherhood (Tolerance)	a) Attend religious service of another faith. b) Attend religious school class of another faith. c) Sponsor a party or picnic for a group of needy children from a Neighborhood House or other similar institution.
Marriage Weddings	Talk by a Marriage or Family Counsellor.

Lesson	Project
Respect for Parents	Visit a home for the aged. Have the director speak on problems of the aged.
Reverence for Life	Obtain films on a- Albert Schweitzer. b- Henrietta Szold. c- Youth Aliiyah.
Humility	Write a short report on the humility of one of the following: a- Any Biblical figure. b- Albert Einstein. c- Henrietta Szold.
Honesty	a) The whole class (or volunteers) makes a pact to keep an Honesty Diary for two weeks. Every dishonest word, thought, or act is to be written down. Then the class meets and each reads aloud the list he has accumulated. (The teacher should begin with his own list in order to make the class feel at ease). Following the reading by each member of the class, the teacher should address each member of the class as follows: "Jack (Name)— Have you been honest in including everything in this list? Are there some-things you have not included?" (If the student replies yes, he should not be required to give the information he has admitted to not including, unless he willingly volunteers this information.

	b) See the movie- "The Visit," or read the play. The point of this work is that every man has his price. Every man can be bought.
Charity	Raise money for some Charity. This may be done through a Purim Carnival or any other project.
Compassion Hope	Visit a children's hospital.
Mercy Justice	a) Talk by a Judge. Examples of court cases depicting Justice and Mercy- similarities and differences.
	b) Visit one or more Social institutions in order to see Social Justice in action. e.g. Welfare Agency. General Hospital or other type where needy receive care whether they can pay or not.
	c) Talk by a member of Peace Corps.
Freedom	Talk by Psychiatrist on Psychological aspects of Freedom within the individual himself.
Individualism and Idealism	Play record- "The World of Sholom Aleichem." Contains: Hodel The High School. Bontsha the Silent.
Martyrdom	Each student should: Check his newspaper every day for one week for items of self-sacrifice. Bring these to class and have them passed around.

Lesson	Project
Remembrance	Tape recorded interview of George Lincoln Rockwell, leader of the American Nazi Party. Tape obtainable from American Jewish Archives, Hebrew Union College, Cinn. 20, Ohio.
Persistance (and Nationalism)	a) Talk by Zionist leader. Suggested topics: 1- The Zionist Motif in Jewish History. 2- Zionism and Dual Loyalties.
	b) Debate between a representative of the Zionist movement and a representative of the A.C.J. (American Council for Judaism) opposed to Zionism. Have each person present his position and then allow for questions from the class.
	c) Movies on Israel.
Conversion	a) Talk by a Psychologist or Psychiatrist on Dynamics of Conversion.
	b) Discussion on chapter on Conversion in Varieties of Religious Experience, by William James.

Bibliography (1)

Recommended Short Stories for Supplementary Reading.

Key: * Fair

** Good

*** Excellent

Value	Story	Rating
UNIT		
The Search for God		
God	"Sinai." David Frishman. Yisroel: The First Jewish Omnibus.	**
	"Tobtohe-The Teacher of the Ghetto." Rachmil Bryks. Reconstructionist, June 12/64.	*
Education	"With the Aid of the One Above." Yuri Suhl. A Treasury of American Jewish Stories. Harold U. Ribalow (ed.).	*
	"Mr. Kaplan: The Magnificent." Leonard Q. Ross. Ibid.	**
	"Ph. D." Wallace Markfield. Ibid.	*
	"The Calf." Mendele Mocher Sforim. A Treasury of Yiddish Stories. Howe & Greenberg.	**

Value	Story	Rating
Education	"The Eighth Circle of Gehenna." I.L. Peretz. In this World and the Next: (Selected Writings.) I. L. Peretz.	**
	"The Wise Men of Wentworth." Stanley F. Chyet. Chicago Jewish Forum. Fall/57.	**
	"The Ordination." Harry Sackler. The Bar-Mitzvah Treasury. A. Eisenberg (ed.).	***
The Sabbath	"The Threefold Laugh." The Legend of the Baal-Shem. Martin Buber.	*
	"The Sabbath Keeper." Max Awner. Chicago Jewish Forum. Summer/61.	**
	"The Sabbath Breaker." Israel Zangwill. Yisroel: The First Jewish Omnibus. Joseph Leftwich.	*
	"The Broken Sabbath of Rabbi Asher." Eternal Light. Wishengrad.	*
Universalism & Brotherhood (Tolerance)	"A Passover Eve." Heinrich Heine. A Golden Treasury of Jewish Literature. L.W. Schwarz (ed.).	**
	"The Kiss." L. Shapiro. Ibid.	**
	"Two Legacies." M.J. Lands. Yisroel: The First Jewish Omnibus. Joseph Leftwich (ed.).	***
	"The Heresy of the Water Taps." Jean Richard Bloch. Ibid.	**
	"Edmee." Vladimir Jabotinsky. Ibid.	*

Value	Story	Rating
Universalism & Brotherhood (Tolerance)	"The Scroll of Antiochus." Translated by Charles Reddock. The Jewish Forum, Dec/61.	*
	"The Slander." Y.C. Brenner. Israel Argosy #3.	*
	"The Other Cheek." Jay Kaplan. Commentary, Sept/53.	***
	"Dutchman, Jew, Piccanin." Dan Jacobson. Commentary, Sept/53.	**
	"Perfidia." Norman Friedman. Chicago Jewish Forum.	*
	"Just a Little Jew Boy." Shim'on Sam Samogd. That's How It Is With Us.	*
	"My Name is Hayim." Moshe Prager. The Bar-Mitzvah Treasury. Azriel Eisenberg (ed.).	**
	"An Orthodox G.I. Fights A War." Gottfried Neuburger. Ibid.	*
	"Bar Mitzvah in Spain." A.A. Kabak. Ibid.	**
	"The Sergeant and the Snake." Naomi Boudayi. Jewish Digest, Mar/64.	*
	"A Christmas Story." Miriam Biskin. Jewish Heritage, Fall/63.	*
	"The Night My Brother Came Home." Ralph Kaplan. A Treasury of American Jewish Stories. Harold U. Ribalow (ed.).	*

Value	Story	Rating
Universalism & Brotherhood (Tolerance)	"A Bitter Farce." Delmore Schwartz. Ibid.	*
	"Shock Treatment." Irwin Stark. Ibid.	*
	"The Loudest Voice." Grace Paley. Breakthrough: A Treasury of Contemporary American-Jewish Literature. Malin & Stark, (editors.).	**
	"The Sabbath Guard." The Land of Sheba: Tales of the Jews of Yemen. S.D. Goitein, (ed.).	***
UNIT		
The Family		
Marriage	"From the Naked and the Dead." Norman Mailer. Breakthrough: A Treasury of Contemporary American-Jewish Literature. Malin & Stark, (editors.).	*
	"The Soul Which Descended." The Legend of the Baal-Shem. Martin Buber.	**
	"The Magic Barrel." Bernard Malamud. The Magic Barrel.	*
	"The First Smile." Miriam Yalan-Stekelis. Israel Argosy #7.	*
	"Latifa." Moses Smilansky. A Treasury of Jewish Literature. Leon W. Schwarz (ed.).	**
	"It Had To Be." David Pinski. Yisroel: The First Jewish Omnibus. Joseph Leftwich.	**

Value	Story	Rating
Marriage	"The Three Halutzot." A. Hameiri. Yisroel; The First Jewish Omnibus. Joseph Leftwich (ed.).	**
	"The Adulteress." Edmond Fleg. Ibid.	***
	"A Lady of My Own." Michael Selde. A Treasury of American Jewish Stories. Harold U. Ribalow (ed.).	**
	"And Then He Wept." A Treasury of Yiddish Stories. Howe & Greenberg (editors).	*
	"The Girl." Zalman Schneour. Ibid.	*
	"Smoke." Lamed Shapiro. Ibid.	**
	"The Rebbe and the Rebbetsin." Lamed Shapiro. Ibid.	**
	"The Wife Killer." I Bashevis Singer. Gimpel the Fool and Other Stories. I.B. Singer.	*
	"The Mirror." I. Bashevis Singer. Ibid.	*
	"Man and Wife." Yehuda Burla. Tehilla and Other Israeli Tales.	***
	"Folks." Yigal Mossinsohn. A Whole Loaf; Stories from Israel. Sholom J. Kahn (ed.).	*
Weddings	"A Wedding in Brownsville." I.B. Singer. Commentary, March/64.	**

Value	Story	Rating
Respect for Parents	"Isaac Bound." Medad Schiff. Commentary April/64.	*
	"The Son." I.B. Singer. Jewish Digest. Feb/64. (from Reconstructionist. Jan/64.)	*
	"The Americanization of Shadrach Cohen." Bruno Lessing. A Treasury of American Jewish Stories, Harold U. Ribalow, (ed.).	**
	"A Quiet Garden Spot." Sholem Asch. A Treasury of Yiddish Stories. Howe & Greenberg (editors).	***
	"The Little Shoemakers." I. B. Singer. Ibid.	***
	"Gilah Has a Father." Yehuda Ya'eri. Israel Argosy. Autumn 1952.	***
	"The Snuffbox." Jack Lurie. Commentary. Aug/54.	**
	"The Decision." Sarah Gertrude Millin. A Treasury of Jewish Literature. Leon W. Schwarz, (ed.).	*
	"Mr. Bones." Sholom Stainman. Commentary. Nov-Dec/63.	*
	"The Safe One." E. V. Seigel. Jewish Life.	*

Value	Story	Rating
UNIT		
Virtues		
Reverence for Life	"Second Lieutenant, U.S.A. Res." Shlomo Katz. A Treasury of American Jewish Stories. Harold U. Ribalow (ed.).	**
	"The Pair." Sholom Aleichem. A Treasury of Yiddish Stories. Howe and Greenberg (editors).	***
	"Revenge." Zalman Schneour. Ibid.	**
	"The Wanderer." Hayim Hazaz. Tehilla and Other Israeli Tales.	***
	"In Marburg." Asher Barash. Ibid.	***
	"Doctor Schmidt." Moshe Shamir. Ibid.	*
	"The Seven." Nathan Shaham. Ibid.	**
	"The Daughters Grave." Selected Stories of Sholom Aleichem.	***
	"How Maimuni Conquered His Adversary or Imagination Kills." The Land of Sheba-Tales of the Jews of Yemen. S.D. Goitein (ed.)	**
	"The Stone Shall Cry Out." Israel Argosy #6. M. Stiko.	***
	"In the Wilderness of Ziph." Joseph Haefrati. Israel Argosy #4.	**

Value	Story	Rating
Reverence for Life	"The Pious Cat." I.L. Peretz. In this World and the Next. (Selected Writings). I.L. Peretz.	***
	"Three Who Ate." David Frishman. The Bar-Mitzvah Treasury. Azriel Eisenberg (ed.).	***
	"The Poor Jews." André Maurois. A Golden Treasury of Jewish Literature. Leon W. Schaaz (ed.).	**
	"Duvik." Chayyim Zeldis. Jewish Frontier. Sept/64.	*
Humility	"The Eighth Circle of Gehenna." In this World and the Next. (Selected Writings). I.L. Peretz.	**
Honesty	"Gimpel the Fool." I.B. Singer. A Treasury of Yiddish Stories. Howe & Greenberg.	**
	"Higher and Higher." Posach Marcus. Ibid.	**
	"Guards." Selected Stories of Sholom Aleichem.	*
	"The Prison." B. Malamud. The Magic Barrel. B. Malamud.	*
	"The Tobacconist." Dannie Abse. Commentary, Mar/57.	**
	"From the Riviera." Stories and Satires. Sholom Aleichem.	*
	"The Day We Fired Addie Fay." Ruth Brodsky. Jewish Digest, Oct/64.	*

Value	Story	Rating
Charity	"Rabbi Yochanan the Warden." I.L. Peretz. A Treasury of Yiddish Stories. Howe & Greenberg (editors).	**
	"The Loan." B. Malamud. The Magic Barrel. B. Malamud.	*
	"Four Generations and Four Wills." In this World and the Next. (Selected Writings). I.L. Peretz.	*
	"Highway of the Homeless." Erwin L. Herman. American Judaism. Vol. 13 #2. 1963-64.	**
	"Morris--the Motorcycle Man." Edith Guttmann. Jewish Digest. July/64.	**
Compassion	"The Sick Goose." Jonah Rosenfeld. A Treasury of Yiddish Stories. Howe & Greenberg.	***
	"The Werewolf." The Legend of the Baal-Shem. Martin Buber.	*
	"The Kerchief." Samuel Joseph Agnon. Great Jewish Short Stories. Saul Bellow, (ed.).	***
	"The Highest Awareness." Shin Shalom. Israel Argosy #7.	***
Justice	"Hadrian and the Aged Planter." Work. Great Jewish Short Stories. Saul Bellow (ed.).	*

Value	Story	Rating
UNIT		
Between Man and Man		
Freedom	"The Citadel." Moshe Carmel. Israel Argosy, Autumn 1952.	*
	"The Times of the Messiah." In this World and the Next. (Selected Writings.) I.L. Peretz.	*
	"The Bird." Frances Fox Sandmel. Ladies Home Journal, May/64.	**
Individualism and Idealism	"The Bond." Sylvan Karchmer. A Treasury of American Jewish Stories. Harold U. Ribalow (ed.).	**
	"The Plough." Eliezer Smoli. Selected Readings in Hebrew Literature.	*
	"Afternoon at the Sisterhood." Herbert Swartz. Chicago Forum, Fall/61.	**
Martyrdom	"White Chalah." Lamed Shapiro. A Treasury of Yiddish Stories. Howe & Greenberg, (ed.).	***
	"A Country Passover." Selected Stories of Sholom Aleichem.	*
	"The Martyrs and the Revenge." The Legend of the Baal-Shem. Martin Buber.	*
	"The Three Gifts." I.L. Peretz. In this World and the Next. (Selected Writings).	***

Value	Story	Rating
Martyrdom	"The Martyr." Cecil Roth. Yisroel: The First Jewish Omnibus. Joseph Leftwich (ed.).	*
Remembrance	"The Sewing Machine." Leonard Tushnet. Jewish Digest, Nov/63. (From Jewish Frontier.)	*
	"Mister Paper Bag." M. Hirsh Goldberg. The Jewish Forum, Shavuot/62.	*

UNIT

The Future

Persistence (and Nationalism)	"Not With Our Fathers." Abraham Rothberg. A Treasury of American Jewish Stories. Harold U. Ribalow (ed.).	**
	"After All I Did For Israel." Meyer Levin. Ibid.	**
	"The Promised Land." Dan Jacobson. Commentary, Oct/57.	**
	"The Heroism of the Jewish Brigade." Pierre von Paassen. The Bar-Mitzvah Treasury. Azriel Eisenberg (ed.).	**
Conversion (and Intermarriage)	"Ruth." Sholom J. Kahn (Play.) Israel Argosy, 1954.	***
	"The Forgotten Story." The Legend of the Baal-Shem. Martin Buber.	*
	"The Slave." I. Bashevis Singer. The Slave.	***
	"Onkelos-Legend." A Treasury of Jewish Folklore. Nathan Ausubel (ed.).	*

Value	Story	Rating
Conversion (and Intermarriage)	"Pope Elhanan." Ibid.	*
	"Tarnished Gold." Baruch Glassman. Yisroel: The First Jewish Omnibus. Joseph Leftwich (ed.).	**
	"The Three-Fold Circumcision." Yehuda Yaari. Jewish Heritage.	*
Hope	"Wear it Well." David Frishchmann. Selected Readings in Hebrew Literature.	**
	"The Dancer." David Frishman. Israel Argosy. Autumn 1952.	***

Bibliography (2)

Other Recommended Short Stories Not Directly Related to the Lesson Plans

Story	Rating
"The Yarzeit." Samuel I. Cohen. Jewish Digest, June/64.	*
"Bar Mizvah." Leonard Kriegal. Reconstructionist, April 3/64.	*
"Resurgam." Louis Zara. A Treasury of American Jewish Stories. Harold U. Ribalow (ed.).	*
"On Account of a Hat." Sholom Aleichem. A Treasury of Yiddish Stories. Howe & Greenberg (editors).	***
"The Search." Sholom Aleichem. Ibid.	***
"Dreyfus in Kasrilevke." Sholom Aleichem. Ibid.	**
"Ne'ilah in Gehenna." I.L. Peretz. Ibid.	*
"Cabalists." I.L. Peretz. Ibid.	***
"The Golem." I.L. Peretz. Ibid.	***
"The Big Succeh." Abraham Reisen. Ibid.	*
"Mazel Tov." I.M. Weissenberg. Ibid.	**
"Repentence." I.J. Singer. Ibid.	***
"A Page from the Song of Songs." Sholom Aleichem. Ibid.	**
"My First Love." Moishe Nadir. Ibid.	*
"To the New World." Isaac Metzker. Ibid.	*

Story	Rating
"The Man Who Slept through the End of the World." Moishe Nadir. Ibid.	*
"A Ghetto Dog." Isaiah Spiegel. Ibid.	*
"By the Light of Memorial Candles." I. Bashevis Singer. Ibid.	**
"Joy." I. Bashevis Singer. Ibid.	**
"From the Diary of One Not Born." I. Bashevis Singer. Ibid.	*
"Fire." I. Bashevis Singer. Ibid.	*
"The First Kiss." Moshe Shamir. Tehilla and Other Israeli Tales.	**
"The Party." Aharon Meged. A Whole Loaf-Stories from Israel. Sholom J. Kahn (ed.).	***
"The Roll of Canvas." Benjamin Tammuz. Ibid.	*
"The Latehorn." Yehoshua Bar-Yosef. Ibid.	*
"A Prayer for Dew." Paul Goodman. Breakthrough: A Treasury of Contemporary American-Jewish Literature. Malin & Stark (editors.)	**
"King Solomon." Isaac Rosenfeld. Ibid.	**
"The Day Before Yom Kippur." Sholom Aleichem. Selected Short Stories of Sholom Aleichem.	*
"The Miracle of Hashono Rabo." Ibid.	**
"The Revelation." The Legend of the Baal-Shem. Martin Buber.	*
"The Return." Ibid.	*
"The Language of the Birds." Ibid.	*
"The First Seven Years." Bernard Malamud. The Magic Barrel. B. Malamud.	***
"The Mourners." Bernard Malamud. Ibid.	**

Story	Rating
"Angel Levine." Bernard Malamud. Ibid.	**
"Protected Comrades." The Land of Sheba—Tales of the Jews of Yemen. E.E. Goitein (ed.).	*
"The Lord Helpeth Man and Beast." Great Jewish Short Stories. Saul Bellow (ed.).	**
"The Rabbi's Son." Nachman of Bratzlav. Ibid.	*
"If I Were Rothschild." Sholom Aleichem. From The Bewitched Tailor. Sholom Aleichem.	**
"An Enigma." Benjamin Tammuz. Israel Argosy #7.	**
"Two Deathbeds." I.L. Peretz. In this World and the Next. (Selected Writings). I.L. Peretz.	*
"A Conversation on a Hilltop." Ibid.	**
"A Journey in Time." Ibid.	*
"The Twenty and the One." Shelomo Ben-Israel. Jewish Children's Book Club, 1944. N.Y.	*
"Pepper and Salt." Irwin Stark. Commentary, March/54.	*
"The Trip." Bruce Jay Friedman. Commentary, June/57.	*
"The Heart of a Chauffeur." I.D. Berkowitz. Commentary, Feb/63.	*
"The Golden Years." Sylvia Rothchild. Commentary, March/58.	*
"The Winter Soldiers." Dorothy Kobak. Chicago Jewish Forum, Fall/59.	*
"White Wings." Jack Luria. Chicago Jewish Forum, Summer/59.	*

Story	Rating
"On American." Sholom Aleichem. Stories and Satires. Sholom Aleichem.	**
"Agents." Sholom Aleichem. Ibid.	*
"Peace of Mind." Joshua Loth Liebman. The Bar-Mitzvah Treasury. Azriel Eisenberg, (ed.).	***
"The Three-Fold Covenant." Yehuda Yaari. Ibid.	*
"The Test of a True Friend: Midrash." A Treasury of Jewish Folklore. Nathan Ausubel (ed.).	**
"The Saint of the Umbrella Store." A Golden Treasury of Jewish Literature. Leon W. Schwarz (ed.).	**
"Egypt, 1937." Meyer Levin. Ibid.	**
"The Fast." Edna Ferber. Ibid.	*
"Mr. Kaplan's 30-AND-30-" Leonard Q. Ross. Ibid.	**
"A Modern Parable for Jews." Isaiah Katan. Jewish Digest. July/64.	*
"The Old One." Louis Paul. Jewish Digest, May/64.	**
"The Bridegroom of Blood." E. Hazaz. Yisroel- The First Jewish Omnibus. Joseph Leftwich (ed.).	*
"The Rabbi and the Siren." André Spire. Ibid.	*
"The Bat Mitzvah of Rosemary." Elaine Denholtz. Recall, Vol. III, Nov/63.	*
"Three Midrashim." Shlomo Katz. Midstream, Summer/58.	**
"The Window." E.V. Seigel. Jewish Life.	*
"Mama's Boy." Irene Paull. Jewish Currents, June/64.	*

Story	Rating
"The Career of Ludek Kalous." Jakub Markovics. Jewish Currents, April/64.	*
"Wunder Rabbi." Sanford H. Margalith. Jewish Frontier, July/64.	*
"From What a Litvak Makes a Living." Joseph Tunkel. A Treasury of Jewish Humor. Nathan Ausubel (ed.).	*
"The Shofar Blower of Lopinishok." Aaron D. Ogus. Ibid.	*
"Statistics." Ibid.	**
"The Academy." Sholem Asch. Ibid.	**
"Nuttose and Protose." Moishe Nadir. Ibid.	*
"My First Deposit." Moishe Nadir. Ibid.	**
"The Loan." Abraham Reisen. Ibid.	**

Bibliography (3)

Other Short Stories Read in Preparation for this Course.

"The Yarzlet." Samuel I. Cohen. Jewish Digest. June/64.

"Boris." Deirde Levinson. Commentary. June/64.

"The Man Who Talked to the Shoes." Fania Kruger. Jewish Digest. June/64.

"Lag B'Omer Night in Meron." Shin Shalom. Jewish Digest. April/64.

"The Sergeant and the Snake." Naomi Doudayi. Jewish Digest. April/64.

"Between Life and Death." Elmar Rivesh. Jewish Digest. Feb/64.

"The Last of the Forest Jews." Stanley Vincenz. Jewish Digest. Jan/64.

"A Christmas Tree for Nancy." Mignon L. Rubenovitz. Jewish Digest. Dec/63.

"George Washington and the Hanukah Candle." Jay Bushinsky. Jewish Digest. Dec/63.

"Uncle Tom on Freeman Street." Irwin Stark. Jewish Digest. Dec/63.

"The Day I Smashed the Pushka." Julius Horwitz. Jewish Digest. Oct/63.

"The Betrothal." I.B. Singer. Jewish Heritage. Spring/64.

"Nichum Avelim." Zalman Schachter. Mimeo-Original.

"My Father's Death." Yehuda Amichai. Jewish Frontier. Oct/60.

"Wineдrops on the Eyelashes." Zalman Schachter. Original.

"Red Necktie." Upton Sinclair. A Treasury of American Jewish Stories. Harold U. Ribalow, (ed.).

"A Lady of My Own." Michael Seide. Ibid.

"The Old Man Had Four Wives." Frank Scheiner. Ibid.

"Death of An Actor." David Bernstein. Ibid.

"Under the Dome: Aleph." Waldo Frank. Ibid.

"The Minyan." Alexander Klein. Ibid.

"The Kinnehorreh." Jerome Weidman. Ibid.

"Nasty Kupperman and the Ku Klux Klan." Louis Berg. Ibid.

"Yisgadal" Jenny Machlowitz Klein. Ibid.

"Maurie Finds His Medium." Meyer Levin. Ibid.

"Return to the Bronx." Robert Markewich. Ibid.

"Nobody Can Beat Freidkins Meats." Arthur Kober. Ibid.

"The Purification of Thelma Augenstern." Arthur Kober. Ibid.

"The Night My Brother Came Home." Ralph Kaplan. Ibid.

"A Memorial Synagogue." Paul Goodman. Ibid.

"The Americanization of Shadrach Cohen." Bruno Lessing. Ibid.

"My Mother's Love Story." Albert Halper. Ibid.

"Mrs. Rivkin Grapples With the Drama." Ethel Rosenberg. Ibid.

"Man in Israel." Philip Ferl. Ibid.

"So Help Me." Nelson Algren. Ibid.

"One of the Chosen." Hortense Calisher. Ibid.

"The Victory." Max Schwartz. Ibid.

"The Plan." Sidney Sulkin. Ibid.

"The Bride." Sam Wohl. Ibid.

"Adam and I." Irving Kristol. Ibid.

"Carmi." Deborah B. Karp. Ibid.

"The Prophet." Nelson Appet. Ibid.

"Monte Saint Angelo." Arthur Miller. Ibid.

"Eternal Life." Sholom Aleichem. A Treasury of Yiddish Stories. Howe and Greenberg (editors.)

"The Dead Town." I.L. Peretz. Ibid.

"The Mad Talmudist." I.L. Peretz. Ibid.

"Kola Street." Sholem Asch. Ibid.

"The Poor Community." Abraham Reisin. Ibid.

"The Recluse." Abraham Reisin. Ibid.

"Father and the Boys." I.M. Wassenberg. Ibid.

"Competitors." Jonah Rosenfeld. Ibid.

"May the Temple Be Restored." Joseph Opatoshu. Ibid.

"The Adventures of Hershel Summerwind." Itzik Manger. Ibid.

"The Eternal Wedding Gown." Joseph Opatoshu. Ibid.

"The Return." Jacob Glatstein. Ibid.

"The Gentleman from Cracow." I. Bashevis Singer. Ibid.

"The Old Man." I. Bashevis Singer. Ibid.

"The Unseen." I. Bashevis Singer. Ibid.

"Tehilla." Samuel Joseph Agnon. Tehilla and Other Israeli Tales.

"Barhash." Moshe Smilansky. Ibid.

"Hamash." Yitzhak Shami. Ibid.

"The Shepherd and His Dog." Yehuda Yaari. Ibid.

"David's Bower." Yitzhak Shenhar. Ibid.

"The Living and the Dead." S. Yizhar. A Whole Loaf-Stories from Israel. Shalom J. Kahn (ed.).

"The Lord Have Mercy." Hayim Hazaz. Ibid.

"Metamorphosis." Samuel Joseph Agnon. Ibid.

"Shaitana." Moshe Smilansky. Ibid.

"Reb Shmelker of Safed." Yaakov Churgan. Ibid.

"Country Town." Yitzhak Shenhar. Ibid.

"The Whole Loaf." Samuel Joseph Agnon. Ibid.

"The Plough." Eliezer Smoli. Selected Readings in Hebrew Literature.

"The Country of the Crazy Horse." Wallace Markfield. Breakthrough: A Treasury of Contemporary American-Jewish Literature.

"The Town of the Little People." Sholom Aleichem. Selected Stories of Sholom Aleichem.

"The Inheritors." Sholom Aleichem. Ibid.

"Two Dead Men." Ibid.

"The Clock that Struck Thirteen." Ibid.

"Home for Passover." Ibid.

"In Haste." Ibid.

"Hannukah Money." Ibid.

"You Mustn't Weep-It's Yom-Tov." Ibid.

"I'm Lucky-I'm an Orphan." Ibid.

"The Fiddle." Ibid.

"Three Little Heads." Ibid.

"Convoy to Kfar Etzion." M. Meged. Israel Argosy, Autumn 1952.

"The Swimming Race." Benjamin Tammuz. Israel Argosy, Spring 1953.

"Sunbeams." Dvora Baron. Israel Argosy, 1954.

"The Prince of Fire." The Legend of the Baal-Shem. Martin Buber.

"The Heavenly Journey." Ibid.

"Jerusalem." Ibid.

"Saul and David." Ibid.

"The Prayer Book." Ibid.

"The Judgement." Ibid.

"The Psalm-Singer." Ibid.

"The Disturbed Sabbath." Ibid.

"The Conversion." Ibid.

"From Strength to Strength." Ibid.

"The Call." Ibid.

"The Shepherd." Ibid.

"The Girl of My Dreams." The Magic Barrel. Bernard Malamud.

"The Bill." Ibid.

"A Summer's Reading." Ibid.

"The Magic Barrel." Ibid.

"Cracker or Because of the Calf and Something More." Ibid.

"Yih'ya Tabib." Ibid.

"Horse Thief." Joseph Opatoshu. Great Jewish Short Stories. Saul Bellow, (ed.).

"Gedali." Isaac Babel. Ibid.

"The Story of My Dove Cot." Isaac Babel. Ibid.

"Awakening." Isaac Babel. Ibid.

"Goodbye and Good Luck." Grace Paley. Ibid.

"Steam Baths." Mendele Mocher Seforim. Travels of Benjamin III.

"The Pot." The Bewitched Tailor." Sholom Aleichem.
"The Luckiest Man in Kodno." Ibid.
"Methuselah-A Jewish Horse." Ibid.
"A Warm Nike." S. Yizhar. Israel Argosy #5.
"Sultana." Yehoshua Barzilai. Israel Argosy #6.
"In Agrippa's Vineyard." Saul Tchernichovsky. Ibid.
"The Year of Abundance." Moshe Stravsky. Israel Argosy #4.
"Shtraimel." I.L. Peretz. In this World and the Next. (Selected Writings.) I.L. Peretz.
"The Reincarnation of a Melody." Ibid.
"Reb Noah and the Rabbi of Brest." Ibid.
"Miracles on the Sea." Ibid.
"Ne'ilah." Ibid.
"The Messenger." Ibid.
"A Marred Holiday." Ibid.
"The Bass Viol." Ibid.
"Morning in a Basement." Ibid.
"The Magician." Ibid.
"The Treasure." Ibid.
"Seven Years of Plenty." Ibid.
"A Woman's Wrath." Ibid.
"Beryl the Tailor." Ibid.
"The Miracles that Failed." Ibid.
"All for a Pinch of Snuff." Ibid.
"A Teacher's Tales." Ibid.
"Thou Shalt Not Covet." Ibid.
"Hope and Fear." Ibid.

"Do Not Follow Me." Ibid.

"Eternal Peace in the Land of Somewhere." Ibid.

"The Colleagues of Mr. Chips." Samuel Sandmel. Prairie Schoner, Vol. 33, #4. 1959-60.

"Traitl." I. Bashevis Singer. American Judaism. Vol. 13, #2, 1963-64.

"The Young Samson of Galilee." Eliezer Smoli. Jewish Children Book Club, 1944. N.Y.

"The Young Wanderer." Eliezer Smoli and Moshe Smilansky. Ibid, 1945.

"The Box." Dan Jacobson. Commentary, June/53.

"The Others." Alfred Memmi. Commentary, Nov./55.

"Celia in the Garden of Eden." Sylvia Rothschild. Commentary, Feb./58.

"An American Fairy Tale." Delmore Schwartz. Commentary, Nov/58.

"The Winners." Meyer Liben. Commentary, Apr/54.

"The Pharmacist." Meyer Liben. Ibid.

"A Family of Four." Sylvia Rothchild. Commentary, Feb/54.

"The Secret Profession." Ruth Stone. Commentary, Oct/55.

"The Break." Dan Jacobson. Commentary, Oct/54.

"My Father's Life." David Raphael Klein. Commentary, Apr/55.

"The Tree." Abraham Reisen." Commentary, Feb/55.

"The Ascalon Light." A.A. Davidson. Commentary, Jan/57.

"The Snuffbox." Commentary, Aug/54. Jack Luria.

"Homage to Benny Leonard." Meyer Liben. Commentary, June/59.

"Children of Two Houses." Elaine Gottlieb. Commentary, Dec/52.

"Thicker Than Water." Sylvia Rothchild. Commentary, Jan/55.

"Morris and Celia." Charles Angoff. Chicago Jewish Forum. Fall/59.

"A Party for Zilbershtein." Benjamin Wintroub. Ibid. Summer/60.

"Once Upon a Saturday." Max Robin. Ibid. Fall/60.

"Newspapers." Zalman Shneour. Ibid. Winter/6-61.

"A Short Ride." Hassel B. Sledd. Ibid. Spring/62.

"Benny the Schneiders Friends." Leonard Kviegel. Ibid. Summer/62.

"Nileh." Chaim Grade. Ibid. Winter 1958-59.

"Mottele Berger's Horse." Herman M. Weisman. Ibid. Spring/59.

"The Fence." Alyce Ingram. Ibid. Fall/62.

"Birth." Stories and Satires. Sholom Aleichem.

"At the Doctors." Ibid.

"The Very Presence of God." Abraham Rothberg. The Bar-Mitzvah Treasury. Azriel Eisenberg, (ed.).

"Three Men." Mordecai Ben Yehezkel. Ibid.

"Honest Scales." Asher Barash. Ibid.

"The Man Who Knew No Sorrow." Hillel Zeitlin. Ibid.

"The Tallit Weaver of Bagdad." David Frishman. Ibid.

"The Prayer Book." Martin Buber. Ibid.

"The Two Brothers." M. Ben Eliezer. Ibid.

"The Messenger from the Holy Land." S. Y. Agnon. Ibid.

"Bar Mitzvah Joy." David Cohen. Ibid.

"A Caucasian Bar-Mitzvah." Yehuda Burla. Ibid.

"A Bar Mitzvah Speech." Sholom Aleichem. Ibid.

"Bar Mitzvah on Thursday." Charles Angoff. Ibid.

"An Extraordinary Bar Mitzvah." Philip S. Bernstein. Ibid.

"The Steer and the Ram." Rabbi Nachman of Bratzlav. Ibid.

"Story of the Ant. - Midrash." A Treasury of Jewish Folklore." Nathan Ausubel, (ed.).

"The Downfall of King Solomon." Ibid.

"The Sorrow of Jeremiah." Ibid.

"The Trials of Jonah." Ibid.

"King Ptolemy and the Seventy Wise Jews." Ibid.

"King Solomon and the Worm." Ibid.

"How High--That High?" Ibid.

"The Golem of Prague." Ibid.

"The Misers Transformation." Ibid.

"The Man Who Married a She-Devil." Ibid.

"The Fox and the Leopard." Ibid.

"A Herring for My Uncle." Albert Halper. A Golden Treasury of Jewish Literature. Leon W. Schwarz (ed.).

"How Many Angels." Irving Fineman. Ibid.

"The saint of the Umbrella Store." Michael Gold. Ibid.

"Manasseh." S. Lieben. Ibid.

"Heder." Henry Roth. Ibid.

"Rachel and Her Child." Myron Brinig. Ibid.

"Aarons." Edwin Seaver. Ibid.

"Holy Land." Ludwig Lewisohn. Ibid.

"The Haunted Cinema." Louis Golding. Ibid.

"Safe Harbour." G.B. Stern. Ibid.

"The Apparition." Arnold Zweig. Ibid.

"Mendel Hertz." Meir Aron Goldschmidt. Ibid.

"The Zaddik." Ilya Ehrenbourg. Ibid.

"From Bodena's Diary." I. Kipnis. Ibid.

"The Graves of the Maccabees." David Shiminowitz. Ibid.

"The Decision." Sarah Gertrude Millin. Ibid.

"Joseph Caro." J. Opatoshu. Ibid.

"A Letter from American." Leon Kobrin. Ibid.

"They're Leaving." Simeon Yushkevitch. Ibid.

"Glass." I.D. Berkowitz. Ibid.

"Military Service." Judah Steinberg. Ibid.

"A Tale of Barnow." Karl Emil Franzos. Ibid.

"Escapade." Max Brod. Ibid.

"On to Berlin." Solomon Maimon. Ibid.

"Zipporah's Wedding." Glueckel of Hameln. Ibid.

"Passover Fugue." Sholom Aleichem. Ibid.

"Before I Was Born." Joseph Cotler. Ibid.

"A Pot Story." Samuel Joseph Agnon. Ibid.

"Mrs. Gross Remembers." Arthur Kober. Ibid.

"Michel." David Pinski. Ibid.

"The Sinner." Sholem Asch. Ibid.

"That Speck." S.N. Behrman. Ibid.

"From Greek." Isaac Babel. Commentary, Feb/64.

"Faukeleh Thinks About Heaven." Jack Ansell. Jewish Digest, July/64.

"The Challa Roll." Sylvan Karchmar. Ibid, July/64.

"They Called Her Jossa." Herbert Freeden. Ibid, May/64.

"Cohen of Trinity." Amy Levy. Yiezrael: The First Jewish Omnibus. Joseph Leftwich.

"The Bread on the Waters." Alfred Sutro. Ibid.

"Death." S. L. Benusan. Ibid.

"Ave, Amor, Moritur Te Salutant." W. L. George. Ibid.

"The Horse Thief." Hannah Berman. Ibid.

"The Boomington Wanderer." Louis Golding. Ibid.

"The Greatest Funeral in the World." Herman Bernstein. Ibid.

"The Silent Woman." Leopold Kompert. Ibid.

"Thumbling and Sapling." Theodore Herzl. Ibid.

"The Death of a Bachelor." Arthur Schnitzler. Ibid.

"The Hunter Gracchus." Franz Kafka. Ibid.

"Death is a Passing Weakness." Max Brod. Ibid.

"Mendel Hirsch." Lion Feuchtwanger. Ibid.

"Jerusalem Dehidred." Arnold Zweig. Ibid.

"A Story." Glucke of Hamelin. Ibid.

"A Tale." Rabbi Nahman of Bratzlav. Ibid.

"The Exchange." Mendele Mocher Seforim. Ibid.

"The Rich Poor Man." Abraham Reisen. Ibid.

"Journeying Through the Milky Way." L. Shapiro. Ibid.

"Tears on Stones." Peretz Hirshbein. Ibid.

"The Return Home." Jonah Rosenfeld. Ibid.

"Citizen Wolf Brenner." David Bergelson. Ibid.

"Salt for the Soul." Moysheh Oyved. Ibid.

"The White Shadow." Leo Konig. Ibid.

"King David's Cave." Chaim N. Bialik. Ibid.

"Shnaitnez." Saul Tchernichovsky. Ibid.

"The Immortal Orange." Zalman Schneour. Ibid.

"Sabbathai." S. J. Agnon. Ibid.

"The Traveller." Benjamin Crémieux. Ibid.

"The Last Kopek." S. Frug. Ibid.

"Moses Montefiore." Sh. An-Sky. Ibid.

"In a Bolshevist Market Place." Simeon Yushkewitch. Ibid.

"The Rabbi's Son. Isaac Babel. Ibid.

"Seder Night." Carry Van Bruggen. Ibid.

"A Romantic Boy." Samuel Goudsmit. Ibid.

"Weesperstraat." Siegfried Van Praag. Ibid.

"How Rezi Baked Matzas." V. Rakous . Ibid.

"The Fly." Marc Rukeiski. Recall, Vol. III, No.1, 1963.

"The Folk Singers." Ruth Fagel. The Jewish Forum, Hanukah/62.

"Sabbath." Eliezer Rosenthal. Yiddish Tales, translated by Helena Frank.

"No Escape, No Return?" Max Robin. The Jewish Forum, Rosh Hashanah/62.

"The Hebrew's Friday Night." Selected Works of Israel Zangwill.

"The Hyams's Honeymoon." Ibid.

"Ben, son of Margol." Commentary, Jan/55.

"After the Riot." Dan Jacobson. Ibid, July/58.

"The Congregation of the Dead." Jacob Zilber. Ibid, Nov/57.

"Galya." Julius Margolin. Ibid.

"Usher from Brownsville." Arthur Granit. Ibid, Feb/56.

"The Cave at Machpelah." Paul Goodman. Ibid.

"The Big Giver." Wallace Markfield. Midstream, Summer/58.

"Three." Jewish Digest. Aharon Appelfeld.

"The Challenge." Gershon Marinbach. Jewish Life, Set-Oct/64.

"The Great Moroz Merchant." Israel Poleyeff. Jewish Life, Mar-Apr/63.

"The Dispensation." I.B. Singer. Jewish Digest, Oct/64.

"The Quarry," Mendel Mann. Jewish Spectator, June/64.

"Take It Easy, Ahmad." Edwin Samuel. Jewish Frontier, July/64.

"Two Sisters." Yehuda Burla. Ibid, Oct/64.

"Mr. Silverzweig." David Evanier. Ibid, Sept/64.

"The Yolk of the Torah-A Memoir." Mordechai Amer. Commentary, Aug/64.

"Three Tales." I. B. Singer. Ibid, Oct/64.

"Street of the Prophets." Gloria Goldreich. Ibid, Nov/64.

"Ruined by Success." Moshe Nadir. Treasury of Jewish Humor. Nathan Ausubel, (ed.).

"The Pious Cat." I.L. Peretz. Ibid.

"The Temptation of Reb Mottel." Leon Kobrin. Ibid.

"A Conquest." Moritz G. Saphir. Ibid.

"Two Pleasures." Z. Wendroff. Ibid.

"A Nogid's Luck." Israel J. Zevin. Ibid.

"A Glass of Tea." Joseph Tunkel. Ibid.

"He Wouldn't be a Jew." An Elder of Zion. Ibid.

"The Immortal Orange." Zalman Schneour. Ibid.

"The Gramophone." Z. Wendroff. Ibid.

"Yente Telebende." B. Kovner. Ibid.

"Mushrooms in Bronx Park." Michael Gold. Ibid.

"The Loan." Abraham Reisen. Ibid.

"Avrom the Cobbler." Abraham Reisen. Ibid.

Bibliography (4)

Books, Periodicals, and Articles

American Jewish Yearbook, Vol. 63, 1964.

Ancient Israel, H. Orlinsky.

Apocrypha, The

Book of Jewish Thoughts, A. Selected and Arranged by Dr. J.H. Hertz.

Bar Mitzvah Treasury, The A. Eisenberg.

C.C.A.R. Journal, Apr/63.

C.C.A.R. Journal, Jan/64.

C.C.A.R. Journal, Apr/64.

Code of Jewish Law, Vols. 1-4. Ganzfried-Goldin.

Di Yiddishe Heim, Vol. 2, #2/60.

Di Yiddishe Heim, Vol. 3, #1/61.

Di Yiddishe Heim, Vol. 5, #1/63.

Discrimination-U.S.A. Jacob K. Javits.

Giants of Justice. A. Vorspan.

Hidden Persuaders, The. V. Packard.

Jeremiah, Man and Prophet. S. Blank.

Jewish Community Organization in the U.S. Karpf.

Jewish Digest, The, Apr/64.

Jewish Encyclopedia, Volumes 1-10.

Jewish Forum, The. Dec/61.

Jewish Forum, The. Rosh Hashonah/62.

Jewish Forum, The. Shavuot/62.

Jewish Forum, The. Hanukah/62.

Jewish Heritage. Spring/62.

Jewish Heritage. Summer/62.

Jewish Heritage. Fall/62.

Jewish Heritage. Spring/63.

Jewish Heritage. Summer/63.

Jewish Heritage. Spring/64.

Jewish Image of Man, The. National Hillel Summer Institute, 1959.

Jewish Information. Vol.3, #1/62.

Jewish Information. Summer/60.

Jewish Information. Vol.4, #3/64.

Jewish Life. June/54.

Jewish Life. Vol. 27, #6/60.

Jewish Life. Aug/61.

Jewish Life. Apr/63.

Jewish Life. Vol. 4, #3/64.

Jewish Spectator. May/64.

Judaism. Vol. 12, #1/63.

Judaism. Vols. 1-3, G.F. Moore.

Judaism and the Scientific Spirit. G. Plaut.

Justice and Judaism. Vorspan and Lipman.

Mosaic. Vol. 2,#2/61.

National Jewish Post and Opinion. Oct. 30/64.

Only in America. H. Golden.

Our Religion and Our Neighbors. S. Schwarzman.

Prophetic Faith in Isaiah. E. Blank.

Rabbinic Anthology. Montefiore and Loewe.

Recent Reform Responsa. Solomon B. Freehof.

Reconstructionist. Mar. 6/64.

Reform Responsa. Solomon B. Freehof.

Religious Factor, The. G. Lenski.

Talmudic Anthology. L. Newman.

Torch, The. Summer/63. (National Federation of Jewish Men's Clubs Inc.)

Treasury of Jewish Folklore. A. N. Ausubel.

Treasury of Jewish Humor. A. N. Ausubel.

Treasury of Jewish Poetry. A. Nathan and Marynn Ausubel (eds.).

True Confessions. Sept/64.

Universal Jewish Encyclopedia. Vols. 1-10.

Way of Judaism, The. National Hillel Summer Institute/60.

Where Judaism Differed. A.H. Silver.

HEBREW UNION COLLEGE - JEWISH INSTITUTE OF RELIGION - LIBRARY - CINCINNATI, OHIO