

Journal of Synagogue Music

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JOURNAL OF SYNAGOGUE MUSIC, *Volume XXIII Numbers 1-2*
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*Articles and Letters to the Editor should be addressed to Cantor Jack Chomsky, Editor, Journal of Synagogue Music, 1354 East Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio 13205. Telephone is (614) 253-8523. Fax is (614) 253-6323. Articles should be typewritten and double-spaced. Music and musical examples should be photo-ready. Material can also be sent on computer disks as follows: IBM-compatible 5 1/4" or 3 1/2" using WordPerfect 5.1 software or Macintosh 3 1/2" using Pagemaker 1.2 software. For **further** questions, contact the editor.*

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FROM THE EDITOR

It is with mixed feelings that I introduce this edition of the *Journal of Synagogue Music* to its readers. I have chosen to end my tenure as editor with this issue, having found it increasingly difficult to **produce** the Journal in a timely manner. As I look back over the last five years, I am proud of the many different kinds of articles which I've **been** privileged to share with our readers. I have endeavored to make the Journal a place where worthy scholarship appropriate to the Hazzan's profession would be found alongside reminiscences of times gone by and people we can only remember, as well as a place where one might find challenging new ideas to help us to rethink our role as leaders in our congregations and communities. If I have succeeded on any level, it is of course because of those praiseworthy individuals who have submitted materials for publication. The world needs more such people, and it is my prayer that my successor will find such a blessing. I look forward to assisting future *Journal* editors and perhaps assuming an eminently active role again some years down the road.

In particular, I would like to thank the leadership of the Cantors Assembly, who entrusted me with the special privilege of being *Journal* editor. Thanks to Sam Rosenbaum for great patience and sound advice and to Bob Scherr for being Review Editor and helping to ease some of my burden. I am also particularly grateful to my dear friend Les Somogyi of Minuteman Press in Columbus, Ohio. Les has produced and printed the Journal since early in my tenure and has accepted all of the challenges of this multi-lingual multi-style publication with patience, humor, love and devotion.

Here's what you'll find in this issue...We begin with a reprint of an article by Rabbi Hayyim Kieval (z"l) which originally appeared in the Summer 1990 *Jewish Spectator*. Rabbi Kieval was one of the beloved teachers of the Cantors Institute and Cantors Assembly. He had begun a project of a series of articles on liturgical subjects for the *Journal* prior to his passing in 1991.

Lee Shai Weissbach's tribute to his mother reminds us that there are others who serve nobly in the pursuit of sharing our Jewish musical heritage. As you read his piece, remember all the people who teach and have taught music in our religious schools. They are blessed soldiers in the battle to preserve our traditions.

Charles Davidson and Jerome Barry have contributed articles relating their remarkable experiences visiting Europe during recent years: Charles

“returns” to Terezin, whence came the haunting poetry which he immortalized in his beautiful “I Never Saw Another Butterfly.” Jerome visits a hazzanut-starved Lithuania. Having visited Russia and other former Soviet republics myself in 1989, I continue to be fascinated (and often frightened) as Jewish and public life are m-defined in those lands.

Julie Blackman has written an affectionate and provocative look at the work of hazzanim from the perspective of a retired colleague who gets to watch many of “us” at work,

Sam Rosenbaum’s presentations at the Annual Meetings of the Cantors Assembly are always worth preserving and re-visiting. This issue of the Journal includes the 1992 Annual Report. The Memorials to departed colleagues always touch me and illuminate the impact which each hazzan has on his or her own congregation and community. This is particularly true of Hazzan Solomon Mendelson’s eloquent Hespel from the 1992 Cantors Assembly Convention. Most recently, the passing of our beloved colleague Yehudah Mandel precipitated two moving eulogies included in these pages,

As always, there are various review items as well. The Project Manginot series of the UAHC is a particularly significant **work**. Reviews of recent compositions by Paul Kowarsky and Jerome Kopmar are included, as are various musical pieces. From the songs of Miriam Weissbach to compositions by Charles Heller and Daniel Katz to the winners of Bob Scherr’s Hallel Song Contest, something of interest to all our readers, we hope.

Enjoy your reading, and many thanks for your constant support over the last five years.

-- Jack Chomsky

ECHOES OF HISTORY IN THE SIDTUR

By HAYYIM HERMAN KIEVAL

DEDICATED TO THE LUMINOUS MEMORY OF MY FRIEND AND EDITOR,
TRUDE WEISS-R• SMARIN

Abraham Joshua Heschel observed that the Jews in Christian Europe never tried to imitate the magnificent cathedrals they saw all around them: “No beautiful synagogues were built; instead bridges were built, leading from the heart to God.” The “bridges” that Heschel referred to were the prayers of many generations of pious men and women. The “blue-prints,” according to which these prayers were constructed, were those unique creations of Jewish liturgy - the **Siddur**, the **Machzor**, and the **Haggadah**, plus the many collections of **Piyyutim** and **Selichot** and **Kinot**. Rooted in the language and spirit of Sacred Scripture, enriched by the insights of the Rabbinic sages, and adorned with the piety of thirty generations, the prayerbook has served as the daily guide and companion of faithful Jews for more than a thousand years.

This prayerbook, popularly known as the **Siddur** (literally, order, i.e., of prayers), was an original creation of the Jewish genius - the first attempt in the history of religion to fashion a standard pattern of prayer for both public and private worship. All other books of prayer in the Western world have been influenced by the Siddur. Its impact on Jewish culture and consciousness is beyond measure. It is second only to the **Tanakh** (the Hebrew Bible) as the book most familiar to the average Jew. Its words, rituals, and ideas have helped to shape the thinking, behavior, and beliefs of Jews throughout the world during the 2,000 years of its existence. This achievement is all the more remarkable because this heritage was transmitted for many centuries only orally. The first written prayerbooks did not appear until the ninth and tenth centuries in Babylonia.

The essential function of the Siddur was to inspire Jews to communicate with God for every need of the spirit, every day of their lives. It served as the instrument for dialogue between the individual worshipper, or the praying congregation, and the Master of the Universe, to use a favorite phrase of the traditional prayers. Like a diamond with many polished facets, the Siddur has a number of facets. It is a classic of Hebrew literature.

RABBIHAYYIM KIEVAL was Rabbi Emeritus of Temple Israel of Albany, New York, and a long-time friend and teacher of the Cantors Assembly who died in 1991. This article was first published in *The Jewish Spectator*, Summer 1990, and is reproduced here with their kind permission. For more information about *The Jewish Spectator*, write Jewish Spectator, 439 Park Milano, Calabasas, California. 91302 or call (818) 591-7481.

It is also an anthology of memorable chapters and verses from the Tanakh and passages from the ancient Rabbinic literature, Most significantly, in a religion that lacks a systematic theology, the Siddur is a rare authentic statement of what Jews actually have believed.

It also reflects various historical experiences of the Jewish people. The Siddur preserves - sometimes directly, more often indirectly - memories of national achievements and collective disasters, triumphs and defeats, exile and suffering at the hands of the nations, and confrontations with other religions, as well as internal controversies with sectarian groups. It can be said that the most effective way to lock a historical experience of the Jewish people into its collective memory is to preserve that experience in the Siddur.

The most familiar example of institutionalizing such a historical memory is the crucial formative event in the history of Israel, which has left its imprint on virtually every page of the Siddur. That event is *yeti' at Mitzrayim*, the liberation of the Hebrew slaves from the bondage of Egypt and their passage to freedom as a nation covenanted at Sinai with the God of their ancestors. The historical memory phrased in the formula, *zekher li-yetzi' at Mitzrayim*, (in memory of the Exodus from Egypt) is not confined to the Pesach prayers. It resonates throughout the Torah and the rest of the Tanakh. It runs through the liturgy for all the festivals, not only Shavuot and Sukkot, which are closely linked to Pesach, but even Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. Nor are the prayers for Shabbat silent on the memory of the Exodus. The Kiddush recited on Friday night in homes as well as synagogues includes the phrase, *zekher li-yetzi' at Mitzrayim*. One does not have to wait for Shabbat, Every day, as part of the *Keri'ut Shema*, a direct reference to the Exodus is included, morning and evening.

The emphasis on *zekher li-yetzi' at Mitzrayim* has permeated the consciousness of the Jewish people down to the present day. Every Jew who has lived through the 40's, 50's, and 60's is familiar with concepts like "Exodus the DP Camps," "Exodus Yemen," "Exodus Iraq," and "Exodus Romania." Even those who have become involved with Jewish communal concerns only during the past five years have experienced "Exodus Ethiopia," and we are now witnessing "Exodus Soviet Union." It is reasonable to expect that, in time, all of these latter-day experiences of Exodus will be reflected in Siddurim of the future.

For the Miraculous Deliverance

Another example of the clear, direct reference in the Siddur to a historical experience is the summary of the events which led to the two

joyous holidays of Purim and Hanukkah. These experiences were recorded in the traditional liturgy by twin prayers, which follow the same pattern: *Bi-y'mei Mordekhai v-Esther* (In the days of Mordecai and Esther, etc.) for Purim; and *Bi-y' mei Matityahu*, (In the days of Mattathias, etc.) for Hanukkah. Both of these resumes are introduced by the brief prayer *Al ha-nissim*: We thank you (God), for the heroism, for the triumphs, and for the miraculous deliverance of **our ancestors**, etc. The most recent edition of the Conservative version of the Siddur, *Sim Shalom*, uses at this point a more accurate Hebrew text. Instead of the conventional wording (in the Ashkenzic minhag), *ba-z'man ha-zeh* - usually rendered (incorrectly) "at this season" - the corrected reading is *u-va-z'eman ha-zeh*, which yields an entirely different idea, namely, "in other days and in our own time." This liturgical form, *Al ha-nissim*, (as we shall see) has recently been adapted to create prayers which record the two most important historical experiences of the Jewish people in the twentieth century, the Holocaust and the reestablishment of the Jewish State.

Following the introductory prayer, *Al ha-nissim*, the Siddur provided a brief synopsis of the historical events associated with Purim and Hanukkah. The Purim story was familiar to our ancestors through the Megillah (Scroll) of Esther in the Bible. But the passage beginning *Bi-y'mei Matityahu*, "In the days of Mattathias, the Hasmoncan, etc.," was for many centuries the only information available to Jews about the complex political, military, and religious background to the struggle that resulted in the recapture of Jerusalem by the Maccabees. Because the Hebrew Bible antedates the Hasmonean period while the Talmud is almost totally silent about the Maccabees and has only a few skimpy references to Hanukkah generally, the Siddur was their only source of information on the Hanukkah story!

Not only victories and deliverances are recorded. Far more characteristic of its historical memories are defeats and subjugations. The supreme tragedy that befell our people in ancient times was the *Churban*, the destruction of the city of Jerusalem along with its Holy Temple by the Romans in 70 C.E. and the end of Jewish independence, which was to last until the rebirth of the State Israel in our time. There is, to be sure, a specific day in the religious calendar of Judaism to commemorate that catastrophe, namely, the fast of Tisha B'Av, but there are reminiscences of the cataclysm in the daily prayers as well.

Recalling the Worship in the Jerusalem Temple

The seventeenth *berakhah* of the daily *Amidah* / *Shemoneh Esrei* recalls the *Avodah*, the system of worship through ritual sacrifices offered up in the Jerusalem Temple. It begins with the word *R'tzei*, "Accept (the prayer of Your people Israel, etc.)." There are, however, two versions of that prayer. One, the form recited in the *pre-Churban* period; the other, following the destruction of the *Bet ha-Mikdash*. While the Temple existed, the *berakhah* concluded with the words *sheh-ot'kha I-vad'kha b-yir'ah na'avod*, (Praised are You Lord, You alone shall we worship in reverence). The word translated as "worship" is the Hebrew *ru'avod*, referring to the *Avodah*, the sacrificial offerings on the altar. This phrase, which has been obsolete in daily usage for the past 1900 years, is revived only on those occasions. especially rare in the Diaspora, **when** Kohanim go up on the Bimah to recite the Priestly Blessing in the Synagogue. This ritual is one of the few surviving remnants of the *Avodah* of the Temple. On all other occasions, the concluding words of the *berakhah* were changed to *ha-machazir shekhinato l-tzion* (Praised are You, Lord) who restores his presence to Zion. What is implicit in the *birkat Avodah* is made explicit in the central prayer of Musaf service on the *Mo'adim* (Festivals). *U-mip'nei hata'einu*, (Because of our sins were we exiled from our land. etc.). This prayer laments the destruction of the Jerusalem Temple. bemoans the loss of the opportunity to continue offering the ritual sacrifices, and, in the text of the classical Siddur, prays for their restoration. Siddurim of the Reform, Conservative, and Reconstructionist movements have not retained the traditional petitions for the restoration of animal sacrifices.

Creator of All Things

Another fascinating type of historical reminiscence in the Siddur are the echoes of theological controversy. There is a possible instance in the very first *berakhah* of the formal section of the Shacharit (morning) service, that is, after the Reader or Hazzan chants the call to public worship, *Barekhu* This first benediction before the *Shema* is called by the Talmudic sages *Yotzer*, (God) the Creator. It reads "Praised are You. Lord our God... who forms light and creates darkness, who makes peace and creates all things." These words are derived verbatim from the book of Isaiah. chap. 4.5, verse 7, except for the last two words in the Hebrew text and the translation. Instead of the original *et ha-kol* (all things). When we bear in mind the awesome reverence these Sages had for every letter of

Sacred Scripture, it is difficult to understand how they could have taken such a radical step. Would any Prayer Book Commission of our rabbinical associations today presume to do such a thing? The Talmud explains why the change was made:

What benedictions does one say (in the morning)? R. Jacob said in the name of R. Oshaia: "(Praised are You) who forms light and creates darkness. "Let him say rather: "Who forms light and creates brightness?" - We keep the language of Scripture. If that is so, (what of the next words in the text) "who makes peace and creates evil: "do we repeat them as they are written (in Scripture)? It is written "evil" (ra) but we say "all things" (et ha-kol) as a euphemism.

(Berakhot || a-b)

Unfortunately, the Sages did not explain why the word "evil" bothered them so much. There must have **been a** serious challenge - presumably from some competing religious philosophy - to induce these Sages to amend the revered, sacred text of the Scripture! The best guess of the scholars is that this theological challenge came from either the Zoroastrian religion of ancient Persia (whose followers still exist today among the Parsees of Iran and India) or, later, from the religious philosophy known as Gnosticism, which flourished in the Greco-Roman world. Both of these theological systems were dualisms. They taught that the control of the universe is shared by two primal powers constantly at war with one another, that all of reality is a struggle between light and darkness, good and evil, heaven and earth, soul and body. One of the first Dead Sea Scrolls discovered was "The War of the Sons of Light and the Sons of Darkness," a theme reflected in the architecture of the Shrine of the Book in Jerusalem, built to house the Scrolls.

The Rabbinic sages called this seductive philosophy Sh'tei *Reshuyot*. *The Two Realms/Jurisdictions* (see Mishnah Berakhot 5:3). They feared Gnosticism because it offered too simplistic an explanation of the perennial problem: how can evil exist **in a** world that God created and declared to be "good"? We need only think of our ongoing contemporary theological dilemma: "How could a just God permit the Holocaust?" Yet Judaism never succumbed to the heresy of a dualistic religion, insisting that there is only one God who "forms light **and** creates darkness, who makes peace **and** creates evil." The only reason the word for "evil" (ra) was softened to "all things" (*ha-kol*) was the perceived need for a more felicitous expression, suitable to the mood of prayer.

Lord, Who Revives the Dead

Another place in the classical Siddur where one hears the echo of sectarian controversy is the second berakhah of the Amidah. The Mishnah and Talmud both call this prayer *Gevurot*, Power, because it begins with the words **Attah gibbor. You** (God) are powerful. The prayer goes on to detail various “powers” of God, including that of bringing rain to the earth. There are also other powers: “your lovingkindness sustains the living...you support the failing, heal the sick, and free the fettered.” To these, the Pharisees added the power of God to “give life to the dead,” the weakest of all God’s creatures: “You sustain the living with lovingkindness; with great mercy you bring the dead to life again...Praised are you, O Lord, who revives the dead.”

This new emphasis did not come without a struggle. The Sadducees, who contested with the Pharisaic party for spiritual authority during the Second Jewish Commonwealth, rejected the belief of their opponents in *techil' al ha-metim*, the resurrection of the dead. We cite the well-known comment of the Mishnah on this issue, bearing in mind that the Mishnah represents the views of the Pharisees and that they were probably denouncing the Sadducees:

These are they who have no share in the world-to-come, whoever says there is no resurrection of the dead (prescribed in the Torah)...

(Sanhedrin 10: 1)

For Sectarrians, No Hope

The best-known expression in the Siddur of opposition to heretics and sectarians is the twelfth berakhah of the Amidah, called in the Talmud *Birkat ha-Minim*, the benediction dealing with sectarians. Our current text begins with the Hebrew word, (v)la-malshinim, for slanderers (let there be no hope); but originally - as the Talmudic name of this berakhah testifies - it began with a reference to *minim*, “sectarians” or *Notzrim*, “Nazarenes.” or *meshumadim*, “apostates.” or a combination of these uncomplimentary terms. They vary from one version of the Siddur to another. It is not hard to understand what agitated the Pharisaic teachers. In our own time, sectarian groups like “Jews For Jesus” are not welcomed into synagogues as members of the Jewish faith-community. What our ancestors did, according to the Talmud, was to amend an old berakhah in such a way as

to prevent Jews who had joined a heretical sect from leading the prayers in the Synagogue:

Said Rabban Gamaliel to the Sages: Can anyone among you frame a Berakhah relating to the *Minim* (sectarians)? Samuel the Lesser arose and composed it...If a reader (of the prayer service) made a mistake in any other Berakhah, they do not remove him; but, if in the *Birkat Ha-minim*, he is removed because we suspect him of being a *Min* (sectarian).

(Berakhot 28b - 29aj)

Note that there is no mention of the particular sectarian group that is being denounced. Nearly all popular books on the Siddur state that this berakhah was intended specifically to drive Jewish followers of Jesus from the Synagogue, but there is no hard evidence for this conclusion.

The Ten Commandments

A striking **example** of how theological controversy has affected Jewish liturgy is one that might be called “The Prayer That Isn’t There Any More.” If it is true that the Siddur is an authentic record of basic Jewish beliefs and doctrines, why is there no place in our Prayerbooks for the most fundamental expression of beliefs and doctrines in the Jewish religion, namely, the Ten Commandments? Many editions of the Siddur do print the Decalogue, but they relegate it to an appendix following the morning service along with several other passages from the Bible. How can we account for such cavalier treatment? How was it possible for the Jewish people, throughout the long evolution of its worship, to have ignored the Ten Commandments? Certainly not because the Rabbinic sages failed to notice their grandeur and significance! On the contrary, the *Aseret ha-Dibrot/Devarim* are lauded in the Talmud and Midrash in superlative terms and given equal status with the Shema.

Yet, even when the classical pattern of public worship appears to require a passage from the Decalogue, some other verses from the Torah are substituted for no discernible reason. A case in point is the Amidah for Shabbat morning. The central prayer (*Kedushat Ha-Yom*), which deals specifically with the observance of the Sabbath, begins with an ancient poem, Yismach Moshe:

Moses rejoiced at the gift of his destiny...as he stood in Your presence atop Mt. Sinai. Two tables of stone did he bring down, inscribed with Shabbat observance. And thus it is written in Your Torah:

In view of the direct reference in the above poem to the Ten Commandments, the logical passage to quote at this point from the Torah would surely be one of the two Decalogue versions of the commandment to observe the Sabbath - either "Remember the sabbath day and keep it holy, etc." (Exodus 20:8) or "Observe the sabbath day and keep it holy. etc." (Deuteronomy 5: 12). Yet, for some reason that defies understanding, the ancient Sages selected instead the passage from Exodus 32: 16 17, *V-shamru b'nei Yisrael et ha-shabbat* (The people Israel shall observe Shabbat, to maintain it as an everlasting covenant throughout all generations, etc.) The careful observer can only conclude that there must have been some doctrinal reason for passing over the obviously appropriate citation from the *Aseret ha-Dibrot/Devarim*. The solution of this mystery becomes possible when we recall that the recitation of the Ten Commandments was originally an integral part of the oldest order of Jewish public prayer on record - the service that was held every morning in the Chamber of Hewn Stones in the Temple of Jerusalem, following the offering of the *Tamid* sacrifice on the altar. The Mishnah, in a passage considered contemporary with the event, describes the procedure:

The officer said to them (the Kohanim), "Recite one berakhah." They recited one berakhah (possibly *Yotzer* or *Ahavah*), and recited the *Aserefha-Devarim* (the Ten Commandments), the Shema, and *V-haya im shamo'a* (It shall come to pass if you hearken), and *Va-yomer* (The Lord spoke to Moses). They pronounced three berakhot with the people: *Emetv-yatziv* (True and certain), and *Avodah* (the cultic ritual) and *Birkut Kohanim* (the Priestly Benediction).

(*Tamid* 5: 1)

There is still further evidence that the Ten Commandments were once included in the Jewish liturgy. In 1903, a British scholar published a manuscript fragment of an early liturgy for Jews in Egypt from the second century C.E., called the Nash Papyrus. Before the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls, this was the oldest extant Biblical manuscript. This fragment contains the beginning of the *Keri-at Shema*, directly preceded by the *Aserethu-Dibrot*, exactly as the Mishnah tractate *Tamid* records! Both the

Babylonian and Palestinian Talmuds record persistent attempts to restore the recitation of the Decalogue to the daily morning service, just as it was practiced in the Jerusalem Temple.

Both recensions of the Talmud agree that the reason for omitting the Ten Commandments was *tar'omet ha-minim*, the insinuations of the sectarians. What these “insinuations” were is explained in the passage from the Palestinian Talmud: that “only these (Ten Commandments) were given to Moses at Sinai.” All of these ancient rabbinic comments tell us the same thing. The Jews themselves “censored” the Decalogue out of their daily prayers lest they seem to be acknowledging the claims of the early Christians, who accepted the validity of the Ten Commandments but rejected the other demands of the Torah.

True, none of these texts mentions the Christians by name as the proponents of this heresy. That may be due to persistent censorship of the Talmud by Church authorities in the Middle Ages, usually with the help of apostates from Judaism. References to Jesus (Yeshu) or his followers or Christians generally were removed and replaced by terms such as *minim* or *akum* (Pagans). But some manuscripts got by the censors: for example, *Machzor Vitry*, an important book on religious practice in the Franco-German communities at the time of the First Crusade. This twelfth century work by a pupil of Rashi. Rabbi Simhah of Vitry, identifies the sectarians who accepted only the Ten Commandments as followers of Jesus.

The Talmudic prohibition on reciting the Decalogue as part of the daily prayer was observed throughout the Jewish world, but there were exceptions. We find it again in use in the Palestinian synagogues in Fustat (old Cairo) throughout the Geonic period down to the time of Maimonides and beyond (121 I).

Our Duty To Praise the Lord of All

Perhaps the most familiar example of self-censorship in the Siddur is the case of one of its most prominent prayers, *Alenu l-shabe' ah*, which, since the thirteenth century, ends each statutory service in the Synagogue. This majestic declaration of Israel's allegiance to the supreme sovereignty of God was borrowed from its original place in the liturgy, namely the Rosh Hashanah Musaf service, where it serves as the prologue to the prayer-group known as *Malkhuyot*, Divine Kingship. *Alenu* has had a dramatic career. It dates back, possibly, to the days of the Second Temple in Jerusalem. It was subjected to persecution at the hands of medieval Church authorities. It served as a martyr's song for the Jews of Blois, France, in I 171. It has inspired moving refutations by, among others,

Menasseh ben Israel (in 1656) and Moses Mendelsohn (in the eighteenth century) of calumnies uttered by Jewish apostates and Christian divines. Since the sixteenth century, Ashkenazic Jewry has felt constrained to excise from their version of the Siddur a phrase which was attacked by the Church as insulting to Jesus.

The *Alenu* prayer opens with the words: "We rise to our duty to praise the Lord of all, to acclaim the Creator. He made our lot unlike that of other people, assigning us a unique destiny" (translation by Rabbi Jules Harlow). At this point, there is an abrupt transition in the Hebrew text which is obscured in most translations. The Hebrew reads: "**But, we** bend the knee and bow, proclaiming Him as King of Kings, the Holy One praised is He." The initial word "but" (Hebrew *va*) adverts to the preceding thought, which is no longer part of the text of our prayer, because the Jews themselves expunged it out of fear of Christian anger, however unjustified. For the missing passage we need turn only to the text of the *Alenu* prayer in the Sephardic version of the Siddur (which was not subject to Christian pressure) or to old manuscripts of the Ashkenazic. The disputed phrase is: "for they (the pagan nations of the world) bow down to vanity and emptiness and pray to a god that cannot save." Although these words are quoted from the Hebrew Scriptures (Isaiah 30:7 and 45:20), which antedate the rise of Christianity by centuries, and although the composition of *Alenu* proper is almost certainly pre-Christian, the word "vanity and emptiness" (Hebrew *va-rik*) were misconstrued by Church authorities - relying on malicious interpretations by apostates from the Jewish community - as cryptic, mocking references to Christian worship. Such malevolent exegesis was achieved by using the Talmudic method of *gematria*, assigning for homiletical purposes numerical values to the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Thus, the fourteenth century apostate, Pesach Peter, equated the word *varik* (and emptiness), the numerical value of whose letters is 316, with the word *Yeshii* (Jesus), which has the same value in *gematria*! Bernard Gui, who directed the Inquisition in France in the early fourteenth century, was aware of this accusation. The calumny was repeated by the elder Buxtorf, a Christian Hebraist of the sixteenth century, and the Jew-baiter Eisenmenger (seventeenth century). On such flimsy foundations were the towers of hatred reared!

The response of the Jewish authorities to such malevolence was, initially, to recite the objectionable words in an undertone, and, eventually, to remove them entirely. *Machzor Vitry*, the twelfth century manual of France-German halakhic and liturgical practice, which first mentions the use of *Alenu* in daily prayers, notes that it should be said silently, the custom later 'arose to recite the remainder of the text aloud in order to

satisfy Christian inspectors that the Jews were not clandestinely expressing objectionable ideas. This practice may have been **a reaction** to a decree of the Prussian government of Frederick the Great in 1703, which provided for inspectors to visit the synagogues in order to check on how Jews recited the Alenu prayer.

Since the rebirth of the Jewish State, there seems to have been a change in the traditional attitude of Jews toward their controversial doxology. New editions of even some Ashkenazic prayerbooks (e.g. the popular *Siddur Rinat Yisrael*) have restored the previously censored passage.

Such in brief is the tortured story of the prayer which R. Eleazar of Worms called, in his thirteenth century *Roke'ach*, “the Song of Songs of the liturgy,” and of which Solomon Schechter wrote:

We can easily lecture on the history of this prayer, and even make a guess about its date and authorship, but we would certainly fail were we to try to make one understand what the Kingdom of God on earth really meant for the saints of Israel, whose life was nothing else than a preparation for entering into the Kingdom. The ideal for which so many noble men and women suffered martyrdom...was the blissful vision of love triumphant, righteousness triumphant, truth triumphant.

Closely related to the centuries of conflict with the Christian church on matters of doctrine, was the long and brutal history of persecution of the Jews in the medieval world. The tragic record of contempt, cruelty, extortion, expulsion and outright massacre is reflected on many pages of the Siddur, not only the Ashkenzic version but those of the Sephardim, the Yemenites, Italian Jews and others. Every Jewish community suffered, in greater or lesser degree, the fate of a tolerated minority at the mercy of the host state-religion.

**May the Lord Be Merciful To Our Brethren
The Whole House of Israel**

This is a touching little prayer, recited every Monday and Thursday morning, for the rescue and deliverance of Jews in distress and in danger of their lives. Following the chanting of the first segment of the Torah portion for the week, four brief petitions are recited, each beginning with the phrase, *Y'hi ratzon*, May it be God's will, petitions for the welfare of Jews generally and Torah scholars in particular. **A** fifth petition begins,

Acheinu, kol bet Yisrael:

May the Lord be merciful to our brothers of the House of Israel, wandering over land and sea, who suffer persecution and torment. May He very soon bring them relief from distress and deliver them from the darkness of servitude to the light of freedom.

Even more poignant is the version of this petition in the prayerbook of the Italian Jews (*Machzor B'nei Roma*) because it includes a plea also on behalf of the Marranos, secret-Jews from Spain and Portugal, who had taken refuge in Italy. That text begins: *Acheinu Yisrael va-anusei Yisrael*, Our brothers of the House of Israel and the Marranos of Israel (the Hebrew word for Marranos is *Anusim*, literally, "those who have been forced" into apostasy). The same prayer is recited - in the Italian Rite - on the Shabbat when the coming of a New Month (*Rosh Chodesh*) is announced in their synagogues. We also have record of prayers, now obsolete, which were recited in Sephardic communities for their fellows imprisoned by the Inquisition and memorial prayers for those who were burned at the stake (*hashkavut ha-s' rufim al kiddush ha-Shem*).

This study has refrained from citing allusions to historical experiences which are found in Piyyut literature, that vast treasury of synagogal poetry composed through the centuries to embellish the older, mandatory prayers, notably the Shema section and the Amidah. Some of the most vivid examples of how historical events affected the prayerbook can easily be found among the thousands of Piyyutim, Selichot, Kinot and other forms of synagogal poetry. These optional poems differ from one Minhag/Rite to another - Ashkenzic, Sephardic, Yemenite, Italian, et al. All the Rites contain references to specific persecutions, expulsions, and massacres.

Merciful Father

In the Ashkenazic rite, the frequent theme of the Kinot (elegies for Tisha b'Av) is the massacre committed by the Crusaders against whole Jewish communities as they stormed through the Rhineland on their way to the Holy Land, and the incredible heroism of the Jews which all too often led to the self-sacrifice of *Kiddush Ha-Shem* rather than submit to apostasy. Many of these liturgical poems give specific locales, dates, and vivid details of the atrocities. A moving echo of the experience of martyrdom is the dirge recited (as part of the statutory worship service) on certain special Sabbaths in Ashkenazic synagogues, beginning *Av ha-rachamim*:

May the compassionate Father, enthroned on high, remember with sublime compassion, the good and the innocent, the holy communities who laid down their lives for the sanctification of His name (al kiddush ha-*Shem*).

May God Remember the Souls of the Martyrs

The horrors of the crusades led to the creation of the Yizkor memorial prayers for the dead, which became a prominent feature of the Ashkenazic Rite on Yom Kippur and, later, in the Polish branch of Ashkenazic Jewry, also on the Shalosh Regalim (Pesah, Shavuot and Sukkot). This service did not originate until the First Crusade, at the close of the eleventh century, when so many influential France-German communities were devastated. Yizkor (more accurately *Hazkarat Neshamot*) began as a memorial, not for individuals but for whole communities, the names of the martyrs being read in the synagogues from memorial scrolls. We are now witnessing a similar process. as rituals are evolving to commemorate the Holocaust.

Liturgical Commemorations of the Holocaust And Israel's Independence Day

A parallel liturgical format is evolving for Yom ha-Atzma'ut, Israel's Independence Day. Here the Conservative movement has pioneered some creative original prayers, patterned after the classical liturgy of the Siddur. Almost 30 years ago, the commission which produced the Weekday Prayer Book of the Rabbinical Assembly devised a striking prayer to commemorate both the Holocaust and the rebirth of the Jewish State. They were not aiming for another responsive reading to be recited in English as a supplement to the traditional service, but an original Hebrew prayer composed in a traditional style that would fit organically into the Amidah itself! They started with the classical formula, *Al ha-nissim*, the prelude to the resumes of the Purim and Hanukkah stories discussed above. The Commission then invited the distinguished Hebrew scholar-poet, the late Professor Hillel Bavli of the Jewish Theological Seminary, to compose a resume of the holocaust and the birth of Medinat Yisrael in the style of *Bi-y'mei Matityahu/Bi-y' mei Mordekhai v-Esther*. Professor Bavli's creative version of *Al hanissim* for Yom ha-Atzma'ut has **been** highly acclaimed and is now a fixture in prayerbooks of the Conservative movement.

The Conservative movement has similarly updated the traditional prayer for Tisha b'Av which is inserted into the Amidah as the conclusion

of the normal berakhah designated **in the** Talmudic literature as *birkat Yerushalayim*. The classical text begins:

Nahem, Adonai Eloheinu, et avelei Tziyon v-et avelei Yerushalayim, v-et ha-ir ha-uvelah v-he-charevuh v-ha-b' zuyah v-ha-shomemah, etc.

Comfort, O Lord our God, the mourners of Zion, and the mourners of Jerusalem, and the city that is in mourning, laid waste, despised and desolate, etc.

Ever since the rebirth of the Jewish State, and especially since the reunification of Jerusalem in 1967, even some Orthodox scholars of Jewish liturgy have called for changes in this text which would reflect the true contemporary situation of the ancient city which has become the flourishing capital of the State of Israel. A few have gone so far as to compose updated versions of *Nahem*, but only in the Conservative synagogue has an updated prayer for Tisha b'Av become standard practice. The 1984 printing of the Weekday Prayer Book of the Rabbinical Assembly (originally issued in 1961) included the revised version. as does the new *Siddur Sinz Shalom*, published by the Rabbinical Assembly and the United Synagogue of America in 1985. The revised text reads:

Nahem, Adonai Eloheinu, et avelei Tziyon v-et avelei Yerushalayim v-et ha-ir sheh-chareva hav' ta (“the city which once was so desolate in mourning”)...
Rachem, Adonai Eloheinu...al Yerushalayim ir'kha hanivneit me-charbanah v-ha-m'yushevet mi-shom' mutah (Have mercy, Lord our God, ___ for Your city, Jerusalem, rebuilt from destruction and restored from desolation), etc.

The new version of *Nachem* continues (in English translation):

Lord who causes Zion to rejoice at her children's return, may all who love Jerusalem exult in her, may all who mourn Jerusalem of old rejoice with her now. etc.

I Remember, O God, Jerusalem

One exception will be made in order to include a striking example of the updating of a medieval piyyut. (This is also the only instance taken from the liturgy of the High Holy Days.) During the Ne'ilah service of the Day

of Atonement, one of the most beloved poems in the Selihot section is *Ezkeruh Elohim*, composed by Rabbi Amittai ben Shefatiah in tenth century Italy. The poet laments the utter desolation of Jerusalem in his day, which he contrasts to the flourishing cities of other nations:

We witness the world about us, we see great cities flourish; and we recall great cities of our past in their devastation. 'Zion was a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation. Our sacred House of God so glorious, in which our fathers sang God's praises in ancient days, was burned to the ground, etc.

The Rabbinical Assembly *Machzor la-Yamim ha-Nora'im* (Prayerbook for the Days of Awe), published in 1972, prints the original *selichah* poem (the first stanza only); but follows it immediately with an updated version. Instead of the original opening words, *Ezkerah Elohim v-ehemayah* (I remember, O God, and I am deeply vexed), the parallel version begins, *Ezkerah Elohim v'esm'chah* (I remember. O God, and I rejoice). The revised poem is translated by Rabbi Jules Harlow:

We mourn its destruction. and the ruins of Jerusalem of old. And in gratitude and joy we celebrate Jerusalem of gold. Behold, says the Lord, I create new heavens and a new earth. Jerusalem I create to be a joy, her people a delight.

We have examined a number of cases of prayers in the classical Siddur that echo both positive and negative experiences of the Jewish **people**. Just as the classical Siddur has reflected these historical experiences in the past, so the evolving Siddur of our time has begun to reflect the seminal events of the current era. We may confidently expect that this process of liturgical updating will continue, and it should be encouraged. In this way, the crisis and deliverances that the people Israel passes through will remain fresh in the consciousness of Jews. That will happen only if these experiences, and the way Jews respond to them, will **become** part of the liturgy of the Synagogue. For the Synagogue (as our greatest modern Hebrew poet, Bialik, called it) has always served as Bet *ha-yotzer I-nishmat ha-umuh*, **the potter's shop** where the soul of the people is formed.

MIRIAM WEISSBACH AND HER MELODIES FOR TEHILLIM

LEE SHAI WEISSBACH

In the decades immediately after World War II, American Jewry was blessed with a considerable number of gifted educators whose formative experiences were unique to their time and whose very souls were tied up with the cause of Jewish learning. These men and women, many of whom received at least a part of their training in Europe or in Palestine, had a deep attachment to Hebrew culture, and they saw its dissemination as a true vocation. Their devotion to Jewish education was no doubt reinforced by the fact that they had witnessed some of the most momentous events in Jewish history: the mass migration of East European Jews to America, the flowering of Zionism, the trauma of the Holocaust, the creation of the State of Israel.

Most of the uniquely qualified and highly talented teachers who emerged in the post-war era are now either retired or deceased, but they should be remembered for their tireless efforts in the day schools and suburban afternoon schools that proliferated throughout the United States during the 1950s, 60s, and 70s. These teachers were responsible for spreading a knowledge of modern Hebrew, a familiarity with fundamental texts, and a love of Jewish culture among thousands and thousands of baby boom children all over America. Miriam Weissbach was one of these unique educators.

Born in Norfolk, Virginia, in December, 1909, Miriam was the first child of Menachem Mendel Frieden and his wife, Esther. In 1911, Miriam's parents took her to St. Paul, Minnesota, where her father hoped to establish himself in business. However, when Esther died soon after the birth of her second child, Miriam's father took his children back to Norfolk, where he soon remarried. Menachem Mendel would have three more children with his second wife, Rae. Miriam's father did quite well as an entrepreneur in Norfolk, first in the candy business and then in retailing, but as a traditional Jew who had grown up in Lithuania and an activist who had been won over to the cause of Zionism, he was not comfortable in the secular environment of the United States. In 1921 he sold everything he had and took his family to Palestine.

LEE SHAI WEISSBACH is Professor of History and Chairman of the Department of History at the University of Louisville. The author wishes to thank Hazzan Marshall Portnoy and David Silberman for their assistance in preparing for publication the scores that accompany this article.

For Miriam, who was eleven years old when her family made *aliya*, the transition from an upper middle class existence in Virginia to the primitive conditions of post-World War I Jerusalem was not an easy one. In Virginia, her parents had owned not only a comfortable house in Norfolk, but also a summer home at Virginia Beach; in Palestine, the family's first residence did not even have indoor plumbing. Nonetheless, Miriam adjusted and in 1928, after her family had moved to Tel Aviv, she graduated from the Gymnasia Herzliya.

Miriam spent the next four years in the United States. A Hebrew teaching position took her to New London, Connecticut, and there she also studied at Connecticut College. Soon after she returned to Eretz Yisrael, she met her future husband, Maurice Weissbach, a young man who had grown up in the Jewish community of Alexandria, Egypt, and who had already spent time in Cuba and the United States before returning to the Middle East. Miriam and Maurice married in 1935 and settled in Haifa, where Maurice established a customs clearing service and travel agency. Their first son, Yehuda, was born in 1936. In 1947, after Maurice returned from World War II service in the British army, a second son, Lee Shai, was born.

In the early years of Israel's statehood, few people had money for imported goods or for foreign travel and Maurice's business suffered as a result. For this reason, among others, Miriam and Maurice came to the United States in 1952. After a year in New York, the family moved to Cincinnati, where Maurice continued in the travel business and where Miriam became the first-grade teacher at the newly founded Yavneh Day School. It was then that her career as a Jewish educator began to flourish. Miriam's older son returned to Israel on his own in 1955 and her husband died in 1964. Her second son married and left home in 1968.

During her more than twenty years in Cincinnati, Miriam established herself not only as a highly-regarded teacher, but also as an able administrator. She was one of the mainstays of Yavneh, which has just celebrated its fortieth anniversary as a community day school, and she also gave many years of service to the religious school of the Conservative Adath Israel Congregation and to the Cincinnati Community Hebrew Schools network. Miriam retired from her duties in Cincinnati in 1974 and soon after returned to Israel. She lived first in Haifa for nearly a decade, and then at the *moshav shitufi* of Yodfat, where her older son had settled and raised a family.

Miriam was in the United States on one of her frequent visits when the Gulf War broke out in January of 1991, and she remained in America with her younger son's family until after the war. She returned to Israel just in time for Pesach, and her end came only a few weeks later.

After a leisurely stroll around Yodfat on the Shabbat afternoon of April 13, she passed away quietly on her living room sofa. Born in the first decade of the twentieth century, she had lived to see the early part of its last.

Music had always played a central role in Miriam Weissbach's life. She grew up in a home where music was considered important. "My father had a beautiful voice," Miriam recalled shortly before her death, and she remembered that he was quite familiar with cantorial music. Before going to St. Paul in 1911, Menachem Mendel had been offered a post as hazzan in one of the synagogues of Norfolk, but, according to Miriam, "since he considered his music to be a hobby, he refused the position."

Miriam began piano lessons while still a child in Virginia, and she professed that in her last year of school there her teachers discovered that she had a wonderful singing voice. When the Frieden family moved to Palestine in 1921, one of its first acquisitions was a piano, so that Miriam could continue her training. She kept up her music studies and her singing both in Jerusalem and in Tel Aviv: when the Hebrew University was dedicated in 1925, Miriam was a part of the Gymnasia Herzliya choir that performed at the ceremony.

During her short period of study in the United States in the late 1920s and early 30s, Miriam supported herself with her music, as well as with her Hebrew teaching skills. When she came back to America in 1952, her musical abilities stood her in good stead once more. She very often employed music in conjunction with her various teaching responsibilities, first in New York, and then during her long career in Cincinnati. Miriam taught Hebrew classics and contemporary folksongs, she introduced her students to liturgical melodies, both traditional and modern and she organized dozens of musical performances. She even published two of the "cantatas" she prepared for various school programs and holiday celebrations; in the latter years of her life, Miriam collected five or ten dollars in royalties each year. An entire generation of Cincinnatians still remembers "Mrs. Weissbach" as the person who taught them the Hebrew songs and Jewish melodies that still remain with them.

After she retired from the classroom and returned to Israel, Miriam took up teaching piano in earnest. When she was in her late sixties and early seventies, she often complained that her piano teaching left her little time for anything else, but she always refused to cut back on the number of students she would accept. In her late seventies, after she had moved to Yodfat, Miriam began to concentrate on working with adult piano students, and their recitals on the moshav became major events in her life.

Throughout the many years Miriam was involved in music education, she had always shied away from composition, a field in which she had received no formal training. Nonetheless, in 1990, when she was already a grandmother of seven in the eightieth year of her life, she finally turned her attention to writing music. Confident that she still had many years before her, Miriam set

the goal of creating musical settings for selections from each and every one of the Psalms in the Book of Tehillim. By the time she died, she had composed only the five pieces whose scores accompany this brief biography. She was apparently already thinking about a sixth melody, however. When Miriam closed her eyes for the last time on that Shabbat afternoon in the spring of 1991, there was a Tanach on the table beside her. It was open to Psalm 116: "shuvi nafshi limmuchaichi, ki Adonai gamal alaichi; " "Be at rest, once again, O my soul, for the Lord has been good to you."

Five compositions by Miriam Weissbach are included in the Music Section of this issue of the Journal beginning on page 73.

THE BUTTERFLY COMES HOME

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By CHARLES DAVIDSON

On a drizzly, cold Thursday morning, October 17, 1991, I found myself in a darkened grove of chestnut trees, their black-branched fingers stretched against a gray sky which peeked through some few wet and drooping leaves I bent and picked up a knarled, brown walnut and rubbed its shine with my thumb thinking again how the past 24 years of my life have been shaped by a chance musical encounter.

I was in Theresienstadt, Czechoslovakia, the dreaded walled city itself, but would not have been there had it not been for my friends Jerome Kopinar (who initiated a special musical commission to memorialize the Holocaust) and Solomon Mendelson (who urged it to completion over the summer and fall of 1968).

Barely a month before this particular Thursday morning, just after Rosh Hashanah, Bob Frye, a television producer with Bolthead Productions of New York had called to invite me to go to Czechoslovakia as a guest of Vaclav Havel, The Terezin Initiative (an organization of survivors of European concentration camps), the Jewish Committees in the Czech Republic, the State Jewish Museum in Prague and the International Terezin Committee. I was to travel to the prison-city itself with a camera crew, the international tour choir of The American Boychoir of Princeton, its teachers and Music Director James Litton, and Mr. Frye and his staff, all of us to help dedicate the new Jewish Museum in Theresienstadt: This was the 50th year of its opening as a way-station for Jews on their way to dismal death at Auschwitz, and its use as a decoy and ruse for the International Red Cross visit there during World War II.

The American Boy Choir of Princeton, New Jersey would perform my song cycle "I Never Saw Another Butterfly" (which I had written to poetry of the children of Terezin), with symphony orchestra in Prague and in Brno and would also sing at the official opening of the Jewish Museum in Terezin. I accepted the invitation but with trepidation: It was an honor which both delighted and for some reason, also frightened me.

Ever since the music had been written, the work has seemed to live a life of its own, being performed widely, by all sorts of disparate groups and without promotional publicity. It had been nurtured by people I had not previously known, many of them from the **Princeton** Boy Choir School

HAZZAN CHARLES DAVIDSON of Adath Jeshurun Congregation of Elkins Park, Pennsylvania, is a well-known composer and frequent contributor to the *Journal of Synagogue Music*.

itself: former choirmasters Donald Hansen and John Kuzma, the exceptional humanitarian and dear friend Steven Howard and now by the current administrator John Ellis, by a staff of dedicated workers in the School, all of whom I had met and afterwards loved for their humanity and for their hope for a better world.

I had lived with the music and the poetry for many years and have always believed that it expressed my deepest feelings of sorrow at the destruction wrought upon the Jewish people and other peoples by the inhumanity of the Nazis and abetted by the apparent disinterest of the world. I had heard many recordings, been present at scores of performances that always left me in tears, had been told of thousands of performances by many choirs around the world, had received hundreds of programs from boychoirs, public high school choruses and church choirs, had heard of its several presentations before the Pope at the Vatican. the performances at the Rotunda in Washington, but I never had thought that I would, at some point, be forced to confront the reality of the poems and their authors in the place they last lived before they were murdered by the Nazis.

I didn't know what to expect from such a trip. I was now at the age that the authors of the poems would have been had they lived: One of the youthful poets even shared a birthdate with me. The poetry had become so much a part of my own persona and was so integrated with my music that, now, in retrospect after my trip, I believe that I expected to confront my own self in the barracks of Terezin.

I was unable to be at Smetana Hall in Prague on Sunday evening to hear the Princeton Boy Choir and the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra with James Litton perform "Butterfly" for the first time in Czechoslovakia. I left Kennedy Airport aboard a Czech Airlines flight and arrived in Prague in the early morning of Tuesday, October 15 in time to be met and driven to the Park Hotel in the heart of the city. There a special bronze plaque was being dedicated. Irony of ironies! The Park Hotel was the present site of the former "grouping area," where all the Jews of Prague had been forced to gather before their transport to Terezin.

With some photographers and relatives, I climbed a low retaining wall and looked down two levels of stairs at three hundred and fifty former inmates of the camp, standing in bright sunshine, gathered from all over the world for these three days in Czechoslovakia, now crammed together on the postage stamp-sized lawn waiting for the official government speeches, the inevitable band-playing and the unveiling of the bronze plaque; gathered on the same piece of ground where they had waited, shivering with fright, fifty years before; at that time waiting to be sent to God-only-knew where and to what end.

The hotel itself is built on the **corner of a** busy thoroughfare. Cars, buses and trucks added to the noises of greeting, the calling one to another as former friends were recognized beneath the whitened hair and thickened bodies, so very different from the thin, wasted frames of former years. The sobs and cries forced out by relived memories mingled with horn blasts and the gunning of engines: Unconcerned and disinterested pedestrians walked past the park site not pausing to peer through the scraggly fir trees. But I watched, very moved, as the men and women below wandered through the crowd, peering into faces, searching for the children they had once been.

The ceremonies completed, flowers, yahrzeit candles and Israeli flags vied for places with one another beneath the dark, bronze plaque, itself created by a survivor, showing elongated and pathetic figures struggling toward some unseen but all too obvious oblivion. I was, at the same moment, involved and yet dispassionate, a participant and yet set apart as an observer, a feeling that was to be repeated again and again.

Told that I had two hours before another filming session for the documentary film that would tell of our trip, I spent the time walking in the old Jewish Quarter, looking at the sidewalk displays on the Charles Bridge **and** seeing the famous (infamous?) statue of Jesus in its niche with other statuary groups on the bridge and reading its inscription *Kadosh, Kadosh, Kadosh, Adonai Tz'vaot* appended in bronze around the head. I learned that the inscription had been paid for by a medieval Jew as a fine for his "blasphemy" against Jesus. Why, I wondered, is this such a "must see" item for Jewish tourists? If anything, it reminded me of the tenuous position Jews held in medieval Europe where Jewish life itself depended upon the whim of the local rulers, the state of the economy and the good will of the townspeople.

I left the Charles Bridge and went on to the ancient Jewish graveyard attached to the Pinsker Shul which had been built in 1535. Centuries before, in the year 916, the city of Prague had given permission for the Jewish community to bury their dead on this small plot of land but only here, nowhere else. As spaces had been filled, the community added three feet of earth above each coffin and continued layering the graves until a very high mound was created. The built-up mound and the glacier-like jut of tomb-stones pointing in all directions make this holy place unique in the world. Many visitors wandered through the bewildering tumble of markers. Most of them seemed to be from Scandinavian countries, with some Israelis and some Germans. I was the only person with a kippah and I went from stone to stone saying *Kaddish*. Many visitors, both Jewish and Gentile, leave small notes on top of the stones, much, I would believe, in the manner of *kvittles* left in crevices of the Wall in Jerusalem.

I found the grave of Rabbi Loew, stood for a while and mourned the absence of a 20th century *Golem* who could have defended the Maharal's Jews in their time of greatest need. I left the cemetery and wandered into the small museum where, suddenly shaken and apprehensive, I saw some of the original poems from Terezin, neatly pressed beneath covers of glass, mute witness to their authors' existence.

I met the boys outside the famous Almeuschul, the "old-new shul." They were dressed neatly in their traveling outfits of maroon jackets and dark trousers, standing patiently in rows while quietly waiting for directions. They were superbly disciplined and throughout the trip showed uncommon maturity for young boys. It was soon obvious to me that this self-discipline was absolutely necessary. This touring choir of boys often finds itself in the most unusual situations and the youngsters needed the discipline to overcome adversity; much in the manner of the Terezin children who banded together in the barracks and presented a common front to the Nazis.

About the American Boy Choir School itself, it is the only boarding music school for boys in the United States, much like the Vienna Boy Choir, and the angelic quality of their choir singing is haunting in its beauty.

The interior of the Almeuschul is a contrast of stark hues; brilliantly white walls and dark oaken furniture. High wooden arches soar overhead, meeting in the center of the small domed chapel, thrust against the white, rough, hewn walls. The central Bimah and Shulhan are adorned with a silver crown fit for some medieval princess and the worn lectern of the Hazzan, set just to the right of the diminutive **Aron Kodesh** seemed wonderfully beautiful to me, touched and loved by age, hallowed by many hands. The shul was built in 1270 and remains the oldest extant synagogue in Europe. While the boys rehearsed and were filmed and recorded, I stepped down into the depression carved out in the floor at the base of the Hazzan's lectern Min **ha-Meitzar** ["Out of the depths have I called to Thee"] and quietly davened Minha and Ma'ariv. I felt as if I had been here and done this many times before. For some reason I felt comforted.

I spent the morning of Wednesday, October 16, walking through the old Jewish sector of Prague again, crossing the Moldau River and walking through the medieval streets. Jews had been in Prague since Roman times in 970 and lived comfortably until they were massacred by the Crusaders in 1096. Many were forcibly baptized, but the community eventually recovered. I returned to the bus several hours later to begin the journey

to Terezin.

I sat in the very last seat as we pulled away from the curb into the traffic of Prague and had a glimpse of the bronze memorial plaque as the loaded bus sped past the Park Hotel: I realized with a shudder that we were actually retracing the same route of those deported from that place fifty years ago. I looked out the windows as we passed block after block of gray buildings. Bob Frye and his assistants Marcy Lefkowitz from New York and Daniel Bergmann from Czechoslovakia were in quiet conversation in the front of the bus as I confirmed with a Czech cameraman near me that there was no other route; there was only one highway to Theresienstadt; this was, indeed, the very same road taken by thousands on their way to the death camps.

The rush of air through open windows ruffled the hair of the 25 young boys sitting in front of me, some sleeping, some looking at the beautiful farm lands that surrounded us, their teachers reading or catching up on **their** sleep. There was a general air of fatigue. They had arrived in Europe two weeks earlier to prepare for their concerts and it was obvious that all were tired. Almost as tired, I imagined, as those poor children and adults who had waited for days at the “gathering center” on the site of the Park Hotel, waiting to be sent on transport.

We were surrounded with luggage, books, extra clothing and equipment: How horribly like those earlier bus rides, with children and teachers so similar to these souls, on this same road, with the same fields of potatoes and newly turned soil flying by and with the same feelings of uncertainty about their destination. I felt part of what was happening and yet apart from it. I promised myself not to forget what it must have been like to know that the end of the line was Terezin, “the black town now,” as one of the children’s poems so described it.

Thirty-three kilometers north of Prague we slowed and turned to the right, past the Terezin cemetery and crematorium, now smelling the sharp odor of manure in the surrounding fields, our eyes suddenly assailed by the massive yellowish brick walls, with broad, buttressed ramparts, that suddenly loomed up to confront us. We drove through a massive dark portal, hearing our exhaust echo hollowly, and we emerged in the town.

Was this Terezin? Truly? I saw stores, wide open streets, a few people walking, children playing, schools in session. Where was the somber reality of the place? Where were the black crepe banners and the smells of death once removed? I was totally unprepared to see a small city with real people in it, inhabited as indeed it was in 1941 before the Nazis ordered the small population out to make way for the Jews who would

soon cram the streets, the houses, the barracks by the thousands. I knew Terezin only from the children's poetry; the small streets of their prose, the little houses and bunks of their fears: I understood the reality of the place from the fantasy-quasi-real pictures of a child's imagination.

We drove for several minutes in silence. No one spoke as we continued toward the center of the town, past the populated areas, toward the town hall whose unforgettable steeple is found in so many drawings made by **the** adult and child artists who died here and at Auschwitz-Birkenau. Opposite the park, where, as one of the children's poems explained, "a queer old grand-dad sat," we stopped at the former BOQ of the Russian army officers until recently stationed in what was now non-Communist Czechoslovakia. The bus door opened and we got off, each child carrying his belongings.

I was in the grip of *deja vu*, seeing in these youngsters other children who had stepped down from **their** buses, valises in hand, looking around for directions: Where do we go? What is this place? Where are my parents? I began to feel the weight of the place again as if the sight of these **young boys** evoked the ghosts of years past. It was true and this was real: This was Theresienstadt and I was back at the source of the "Butterfly."

We ate that evening in a public school and were given a lecture by a Czech boy scout on the history of Terezin, its establishment as a garrison town **in the** time of the anti-Jewish ruler Maria Theresa (1740-1780) who expelled the Jews from Bohemia and Moravia in 1744. The Jews of Prague returned four years later after they promised to pay high taxes. He explained how the Nazis used Terezin as a "model city" to fool the international community and the representatives of the Red Cross into disbelieving the stories and rumors of Jewish genocide. But our boys knew a great deal about that already, having been taught by their teachers at The American Boychoir School, Nancy Adair and Alison Hankinson, for the past half year about the Holocaust and specifically about Theresienstadt. Indeed, if this trip had the effect on these young singers that the music and poetry had already worked upon thousands of other young singers of the work, they would have a personal understanding and connection with the Holocaust that would remain with them for the rest of their lives.

I spent an uneasy night waiting for the grey dawn.

After a quick breakfast in the nearby school, we all walked through the wet streets to an imposing building which had served as a barracks for the Terezin children. Our boys and Jim Litton would rehearse in its auditorium. It was in this building that the new museum was to be

established **and** it would open officially in a few hours. The auditorium was, in fact, used for performances by the very children who had lived in this barracks. Following the war, the auditorium had been converted into a plush theatre for the now-ousted communist officials who had seen movies and shows there: It was sumptuous with wide, plush chairs rising sharply in velvet rows toward the rear of the room.

It was a small and perfect hall, now bright with klieg lights and bustling with camera people from our outfits well as from Czech Television. The doors were open to the damp, drizzle and cold because of the heat of the lights and the boys were again rehearsing under the direction of James Litton and his assistant Craig Dennison. Rain had been falling steadily and I went up to the first floor to hear the speeches delivered from the inside of the front foyer of the museum. A cardinal, a rabbi and government officials, standing on the marble steps inside, were speaking in Czech to the three hundred and fifty survivors now standing in the park, umbrellas raised and dripping, coat collars turned up against the cold. I listened for a while, took photos and then went below to get warm.

I sat in a great comfortable chair, adjusted my camera, ready to photograph the survivors as they came in, listening to the boys sing, being stopped, starting again, rehearsing meticulously as they always did. Suddenly, without warning, as the boys sang the exact words "... only I never saw another butterfly, "a large, brilliantly blue butterfly, flew into the room through an outside door, out of 49-degree rainy weather, circled over the boys' heads as they sang. Still singing, they twisted their heads to keep the butterfly in view as it circled the stage again and flew around the outer periphery of the hall. I tried to find it with my camera as did the TV people but in spite of our efforts it eluded us and finally flew out an open door. The boys stopped singing and we all looked at one another. What was a butterfly doing outside in rainy, cold weather to begin with when it had absolutely no business being there? It was, after all, a cold and wet October in Czechoslovakia. Bob Frye hugged me and said that it was just as well that it had not been captured on film because its appearance would just not have been believed. Its significance became more important the longer we thought about its strange appearance. It was as if something or someone had visited us to bestow a blessing. We accepted it as such.

The small hall was filled as the boys sang and acted the work, performing the music as only they have been able to since the work was commissioned for them in 1968 when they were known as the Columbus Boy Choir. The audience had text sheets in Czech and in English and I believe that we all were moved in an extraordinary way. It was an experience that I shall never forget and for which I will forever be

grateful.

I had to leave right after the performance in order to catch a flight to Switzerland and from there to New York. Miraculously, the sun had come out during the performance and the rain had stopped. It was a beautiful clear day with blue skies and some few white clouds, the **first such** day in a week. While the driver **assigned** to me waited in his car, I walked to the grove of chestnut trees that had first greeted me the day before. I bent down and picked up a dark brown chestnut whose doe's eye had caught my glance, the dappled sunlight reflecting back from its shiny face. I closed my hand around it, enjoying the hard, tangible feel and put it in my pocket to bring home.

I looked around for the last time; viewing the broad, green plaza, the old church, the Town Hall and the new Jewish Museum, the parked buses that had brought the survivors from **Prague**, and I watched those former inmates of this place, now strolling casually, arm in arm, some in conversation, others quiet in their reflections as I recited aloud the poem "On A Sunny Evening," written in 1944 by children in barracks L318 and L417, Ages 10-16:

*On a purple sunshot evening under wideflow'ring chestnut trees
upon the threshold full of dust
yesterday the days are all like these
trees flower forth in beauty,
lovely too their very wood all gnarled and old,
that I am half afraid to peer into their crowns of green and gold.
The sun has made a veil of gold so lovely that my body aches,
above the heavens shriek with blue
convinced I've smiled by some mistake.
The world's a-bloom and wants to smile,
I want to fly but where, how high? I want to fly.
If in barbed wire things can bloom, why couldn't I?
I will not die, I will not die.*

A LETTER FROM LITHUANIA

By JEROME BARRY

At a meeting with Professor Josef Dorfman of Tel Aviv University in Israel in 1990, I was invited to participate in the First International Festival of Jewish Art Music, to be held in Vilnius, Lithuania in the Spring of 1991. It had to be postponed shortly before its beginning for a number of reasons, some of them quite obvious. The Festival did take place from April 27 to May 6, 1992, and I was privileged to participate. The Festival, sponsored by Tel Aviv University and the Lithuanian Philharmonic, consisted of chamber, solo and orchestral concerts, as well as symposia and special receptions.

Traveling through the Baltic countries was an unforgettable experience. This was a country, Lithuania, which had suffered under foreign domination for many centuries, from 1940 by the Soviets, then the Germans during World War II and until 1990 by the Soviet Union. The city of Vilnius (Vilna), formerly a part of Poland, had a very large Jewish population (app. 400,000), 90% of which was decimated by Nazis and local collaborators during the war. The city, which had boasted of many of the greatest Jewish scholars, the richest Jewish cultural heritage, called the "Lithuanian Jerusalem," is now Jewishly a shadow of its former self. For only 2,500 Jews remain. Most of the survivors emigrated after the war to Israel and the United States. It had counted 10 synagogues and a school of rabbis, but the National Socialists destroyed all but one synagogue, built in 1894. It is said the synagogue was spared because of its beauty. I was apprehensive how receptive the remnant of Lithuanian Jewry would be to Jewish musical culture, for so much of it had been suppressed in the postwar years. I could only imagine what a great civilization had existed here. I was moved deeply by what I later saw among the survivors of an annihilated society.

All the Festival participants were invited to Paneriai, the killing grounds of many thousands of our people in the early 1940's, for a special memorial service. There, the only Jewish member of the Lithuanian Parliament, Emanuel Zingeris, also the head of the Jewish Museum, gave a moving eulogy in Yiddish for the murdered men, women and children, who had been systematically shot and buried here. At the memorial service, I was approached by the ritual director of the Synagogue to officiate as their cantor that Sabbath evening. I accepted the invitation.

JEROME BARRY is a baritone, part-time cantor and arts advocate

aware of its significance.

The Philharmonic arranged for me and my fellow artists to be taken by bus that evening to the shul. I found the congregation members, mostly older men, with a sprinkling of adolescent boys, to be very reserved; they reminded me of the people in my childhood synagogue, most of whom must have come from this area. By the next day, when I again conducted services, I found the people much more receptive and spoke to them heart-to-heart about the great honor I felt leading them in prayer. I invited the Jewish community to come to my Yiddish concert at the Philharmonic the next day. Evidently, the word was transmitted throughout the community, for they attended in very large numbers and the concert hall was full. Many of them lacked the financial means to buy a ticket to any cultural event and they were allowed free admission. The editor of the Jewish newspaper (*Jerusalem* of Lithuania), Mr. Grigorijus Smoliakovas, had visited me in the morning and laboriously translated the synopsis of each of my pieces. I wrote them in German and he translated them into Lithuanian. The radio announcer read the translations and the effect of the all-Yiddish concert was quite powerful. My message was one of love and reconciliation and we all felt it together.

Two days later I was to appear again in the Synagogue on the eve of Memorial Day for the fallen soldiers of the Israel Defense Forces. Professor Eli Schleifer, head of the music department for the Hebrew Union College in Jerusalem, offered to assist me. The lack of piano and a real stage and the fact that the other cantors scheduled to appear were unable to come to the festival, placed an added burden on my shoulders. The “gala cantorial concert” was a perfect opportunity to communicate this message of love and reconciliation, but the conditions were far from perfect.

The day of the concert, it occurred to me that I would have to be as creative as I had ever been in order for the event to succeed fully. Staying in my room all afternoon, I devised a program which would hopefully achieve this effect. More than 50 years had passed since Jews could practice their religion in complete freedom and I now had the opportunity to bring this suffering into focus through the soul-searching music of our people. This music has been a great source of solace to many suffering generations and could not be lost. I had the awesome responsibility of communicating elements of a culture which had been neglected for so many years. It was a source of anxiety for me, but a noble challenge.

When I arrived at the Vilna shul, there was a bustle of activity. The entire *shul* was filled to capacity, women leaning over the balcony with kerchiefs and conservative clothing, men with caps and grey and black

clothes. A feeling of expectancy filled the air. Television cameras, microphones, radio, photographers were ubiquitous. The atmosphere had elements of surrealism - the drabness of ancient wooden benches and prayer stands against the backdrop of modern technology. It was almost as if the cameras were recording for posterity an endangered species. Zvi Markevich, an elder of the Synagogue, motioned me to start. Admittedly, I wondered what emotions I would evoke within the people and myself, but my courage did not fail me. I somehow opened my mouth and spoke Yiddish more fluently and unrestrained than ever before in my life, with philosophy, humor and love for my people. The inspiration of the moment, knowing that this was history, impelled me to give courage and solace to my people. I intoned the old folksong "Oif'n Pripetshok." They sang with me, at first timidly, then stronger as their memories of long ago were jogged. Each verse became a catharsis for all of us. Then I sang a prayer, invoking God's blessings on the community, reinforcing in **my and** their hearts, the joy of lifting off the yoke of freedom of expression. Sensing that they still might be holding back, I sang another folksong about a little call tethered, yearning to be free of its shackles (Dona Dona). This strophic song, known to many Western Jews, was strange to them: however, my translation into Lithuanian tickled them and subdued laughter set in. I had taken some phrases out of my dictionary, such as "Don't worry, everything will be fine! The day of freedom has come and things will get better." They got the message.

The memorial service that I conducted with Professor Schleifer had the inspiration I have always sought in the Synagogue. I felt transported into another world, a messenger of the word of the Almighty. The entire experience transcended human logic: it brought into focus a hope for reconciliation, peace and ultimate redemption for the suffering of humankind. The great Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel alluded to the fact that 10% of the time our prayers seem to reach the Presence of the Almighty **and we can feel the** spark igniting ~ maybe it is Divine inspiration. The spark ignited my heart and those of **everyone** around me. I no longer saw faces, but felt a spirit moving into people's hearts. I was told that people were weeping everywhere. It is a rare privilege to be an instrument for people to reach an emotional catharsis - I attribute it not to myself, but to the occasion and the moment **in history.** Mr. Zingeris embraced and kissed me, proclaiming that he had never had such a moving experience in the shul I felt the same myself.

The one hope I cherish is that one day humankind will **communicate on a** deeply sensitive, personal level to soothe the hurt we have inflicted on each other through greed, hatred and cruelty. The end of the

cold war and the division of Europe present a historic opportunity to start purifying ourselves through love, empathy and understanding. We must have the courage and humility to admit our shortcomings and to come together for the sake of healing and peace. To this, I honestly and truly say “Amen.”

THE HAZZAN – AS SEEN FROM A SEAT IN THE CONGREGATION

by JULIUS BLACKMAN

During my professional career as a full-time hazzan (18 years). I occasionally wondered how I appeared to my congregation. Oh, I knew that I had to be in good voice, had to have full command of Nusach *Hatefillah*, be it *Shabbat*, *Shalosh Regalim*, High Holy Days, or whatever. Even the mastery of *Nusach* for weekdays, *Shachnrit*, *Mincha* and *Maariv* - is a necessity.

Additionally, I was concerned by the challenges of knowing the cantillations, for *Torah*, *Haftarah*, *Megillat Esther*, *Megillat Eicha* - *Yamim Not-aim*. After all, these were the “tools of the trade” for a hazzan. You really couldn’t call yourself hazzan if you didn’t measure up.

Circumstances impelled me to change careers in mid-life. From being a full-time hazzan with all that went with it, I became an executive director for a Jewish communal agency-the Hebrew Free Loan Association of San Francisco. However, my interest in hazzanut never waned. On the contrary, I now was able to do what no pulpit hazzan *can* do - attend services regularly as a congregant, and *daven* as an ordinary worshiper. not just during vacation, but week in and week out.

I went and still go to Orthodox, Conservative, Reform, and Reconstructionist synagogues; have attended services at a House of Love and Prayer, Aquarian Minyan, Berkeley Hillel, services at a number of other college Hillels, and services conducted by gays and lesbians at a gay synagogue here. I have attended services at the Cantors Assembly Convention in Los Angeles in 1991 with both men and women cantors officiating; various types of *hasidic* services (Shlomo Carlebach comes to mind), services for military personnel at Vandenberg Air Force Base, and at Fort Ord, among others, services conducted by “lay cantors.”

These experiences have helped shape my own perception as I view our role as hazzanim for today.

My observations, then, are not an abstract “we should do this, or that, or the other.” Rather, they are a very subjective response to what I have seen or heard in these nearly 30 years since I stopped functioning as a full-time hazzan after those 18 years on pulpits.

First, I want to emphasize that I have been impressed with the high

JULIUS BLACKMAN, a retired Hazzan residing in San Francisco, is one of the founders of the West Coast Region of the Cantors Assembly

level of hazzanut, and the constant improvement in vocal quality, in knowledge of Nusach, in the overall musicality of our hazzanim. It is heartening and a source of real pleasure to hear and participate in these services. Of course, as the congregation joins in congregational melodies, I sometimes find myself wishing that a particular setting of a familiar text would be a melody more appealing to me, or more familiar, but this is a very subjective reaction.

I do venture a comment on one aspect of the services. I can understand different melodies-for settings that are meant to be chanted by or with the congregation. What I have difficulty with is that many of these melodies are sung in keys that are out of the vocal range of the average congregant. Again, as regards congregational involvement: I find it disconcerting, to say the least, to have a hazzan hold a note at the end of a phrase for an extra beat or two! While this allows the congregation to admire the pear-shaped tone, it effectively shuts down whole-hearted participation. In the same vein, the occasional slowing down or speeding up may get variety, but does little to encourage congregational participation. After all, the whole point of congregational singing is to elicit participation of the congregant in prayer.

It is a given that the average congregant has a limited vocal range, and usually has difficulty with more complex rhythmic patterns. I find many cases where congregants drop out or scratch around to sing an octave below the melody pattern as they try to sing along. There should be no problem, given the musicality of today's hazzanim, for a hazzan to modulate to a comfortable key when involving the congregation.

I should add here that my own approach to congregational involvement in singing prayer texts has changed markedly over the years. I grew up listening to and being enthralled by such masters of the cantorial art as Rosenblatt, Kwartin, Hershman, the Kusevitsky brothers, Oysher, etc. When I too became a hazzan, I felt that the hazzanic input was what gave the service that very special timbre, that special flavor. I still feel that way. However, over the years I have come to realize that a prayer service is not just a performance, be it a rabbinical sermon or a cantorial recitative.

The basic element in a service is the congregation. Prayers should be not just "at" or "to" the congregation, but also "with" the congregation. I remember vividly a conversation I had with Charles Sudock, of blessed memory, then President of the Cantors Assembly. This was at the Concord Hotel in the 1950's. Charlie emphasized his strong feeling that he always should involve his congregation. Even when he would do a hazzanic recitative, he would involve them at the beginning in a congregational melody, then develop the recitative; and finally end by bringing the

congregation in to the conclusion of the prayer. That was his style. Others may vary, as he agreed, but the basic **need to** involve the congregation remained a basic for him as it does for me.

I am aware that there will be differences with this approach. And that is as it should be in a healthy discussion. But I must emphasize my strongly-felt conviction that a religious service is just that: a religious service. In 1953, at one of the annual assembly conventions, I was asked to present a paper dealing with an “evaluation of a United Synagogue-sponsored survey of religious services in the Conservative movement.” This survey was conducted by Columbia University researchers. Part of the survey called “Setting The Tone,” reviewed the attitudes of congregants to the religious services.

I quote from my review of that report:

The congregants demand more music. They demand more traditional music and they want greater variety of musical selections. We can interpret this in only one way The congregants want a musical service that contains the moving interpretations of the 'Sheliach Tzibbur' the hazzan; they want a musical service in which they may participate via congregational singing; and they want a musical service (ideally) that will include choral selections in the great tradition of synagogue music.

The keynote speaker at that 1951 conference was our revered Max Wohlberg. In rereading his remarks I was fascinated at how timely even for today were his sage observations.

He pointed to the “past 100 years” as being “the golden era of hazzanut.” A little later in his talk he notes some “regrettable results of the period of virtuosity” that he called “theatricality and exhibitionism.” with “a frustrating and degenerating influence on.. colleagues and a disturbing effect on the congregations.” He added “another regrettable result of the period of virtuosity was the weakening of the choir in the synagogue.”

In touching on the evolution of synagogue services he pointed out that “experience has shown that under the guidance of a competent musician such [congregational] singing can become a source of beauty and inspiration; minus this guidance it is bedlam and [musical] anarchy. Here again the cantor is needed.”

My observations had to do not only with the role of the hazzan as a Sheliach Tzibbur, but of how I see his/her role within the congregation, and in the community. As stated, the hazzan is a Sheliach Tzibbur. But in my view, the hazzan is and should be much, much more. Put another way, the *Sheliach Tzibbur* should expand his/her role beyond just the pulpit.

To me the very nature of the role of the hazzan is tied up with what should be his/her status ideally as the authority as regards Jewish music for

the congregation and the community. This includes a knowledge of the evolution of the hazzan through the centuries; a knowledge of Yiddish, Hebrew, Ladino, folk and art songs. That is a big order; if not as yet attained, it's worth striving to reach. It is also good to see the Assembly moving to have some impact on the music of the Camps Ramah. Too often these camps produce hip melodies far removed from Sabbath or festival Nusach for their services. though the camp sing-alongs are undoubtedly lively and energetic.

I recall having attended congregational sing-along programs where the selections were dominated by popular American folk songs and show tunes to the absolute exclusion of Jewish songs. Sing-alongs are a great idea, and hazzanim should work hard to enable their congregants to renew their familiarity with or discover Oif"n *Pripitchok*, *Tumbalalaika*, *Am Yisrael Chai*. *Al Shlosha D'varim*, *Have Yakir Li*. *V'chol Maaminim*. *Hinei Ma Tov Tozhinkes*, etc.

The hazzan should be involved in the rituals of our religious expression.

I have witnessed *Shabhat* services where the *Torah* is taken out and handed to the Rabbi or to a congregant. while the hazzan chants the *Shma*. *Ecliad and Gadlu*. That dramatic raising up of the *Torah* always has been part of the function of the hazzan and should remain so.

Similarly. with the always compelling and dramatic *Hineni* -with the hazzan chanting that moving introductory to the High Holy Day Musaf service. I know there are the proverbial "mixed feelings" about the hazzan entering from the rear of the sanctuary as this is chanted. Some contend this kind of theatre is in contradiction to the humility which is the pervasive theme of this expressive prayer.

On the other hand. when it is done with the essential *Kavanah* and with humility. this prayer sets amovinp. stirring tone for the Musaf prayers that follow. As a matter of fact, and I am sure many harzanim would be somewhat less than enthusiastic about this - I think a dramatic expression of the *Hineni* would have: A) the Rabbi give a brief explanation of the history. meaning and content of the prayer; B) the hazzan chanting the first five or six lines; then. C) as the hazzan continues *mezza voce*, the Rabbi reads the translations, followed by D) the hazzan concluding the prayer in full voice and fervor leading directly to the always touching special Reader's *Kaddish* before *Musaf*. There is nothing wrong with including drama to enhance and give meaning to prayer. Witness the Levites as they led prayers in the days of the Temple.

The function of the hazzan in ritual should extend also to the final benediction, with Rabbi and hazzan providing the final *Yevarech'cha*

antiphonally in Hebrew and English.

Similarly for *Bur / But Mitzvah* celebrations and confirmation exercises. The hazzan should be involved in the ritual. I have written an antiphonal *Bruchim Habaim* (for confirmation) or *Baruch Habah* for a *Bar Mitzvah* (*Bruchah Habaah* for a *Bat Mitzvah*) just before the celebrants are called up or just after. A special *Mi Shebeirach*, after the *Bar/Bat Mitzvah* has chanted the *Haftarah* and appropriate blessings, also adds a special flavor to these rituals and involves the hazzan in the ritual of this most meaningful “rite of passage.” Similarly, a *Mi Shebeiruch* blessing of confirmands again would enhance that service. and bring the hazzan into that ritual of passage.

It would help dramatize the hazzan’s special function if he/she would chant the *Shirat Hayam on Shabbat Shirah*, and/or *Aseret Hudibrot* when that portion is read. Each of these is a dramatic portrayal; the congregation rises, there is a special focus. What better time to assure that these significant words receive the best performance and what better way to dramatize the role of the *Sheliach Tzibbur* !

The Shofur Service is a dramatic and significant moment in the High Holy Days services. Too often, in the interest of “saving time.” moving prayers are omitted. *Lamnatzeach Livnei Korach* and *Min Hametzr* come to mind. And I recall being moved as the cantor intoned the *Tekiah-Shevarim-Teruah* before each blowing of the *Shofar*.

Lately, I have noted more and more rabbis seem to take this over and with all due respect. a) chanting is the special role of the hazzan. and b) too often the rabbi’s voice or lack of musicality fails to give proper flavor to this ritual.

I would urge that hazzanim help develop Jewish Music Councils within their synagogues. These councils would be involved in planning for concerts of Jewish music. liturgical, folk and art songs, both on adult and youth levels. In turn, these music councils would involve persons interested in Jewish music and help create and expand an audience. They also can encourage involvement of Jewish professional musicians on what their tradition has to offer. Ideally, these councils can help encourage composers to write in what some might call “the Jewish tradition.” though obviously that phrase is open to varied kinds of interpretation. However Prokofieff’s “Overture on Hebrew Themes,” Achron’s “Hebrew Melody,” Bloch’s *Baal Shem Suite* - Bernstein’s “Jeremiah Symphony” - Ravel’s *Kuddish*- all point to positive meaningful advances in that “Jewish music idiom” idea.

Hazzanim can initiate and/or participate in musical dialogues with members of other faiths. sharing our various music cultures (liturgical,

folk. art) to widen the areas of mutual understanding. A program where groups of different religious backgrounds share their music and even perform together can bind communities in ways which words simply cannot. Moreover, Jewish participants in such programs often discover how much they really do love **Jewish** music!

Hazzanim should attempt to develop “Scholar-in-Residence” programs utilizing hazzanim. Such programs could develop illustrated lectures on music of the liturgy – Nusach **Hatefillah** through the Jewish year – folk and art songs-discussion and illustration of liturgical settings (this could be an ideal way to present great settings of prayers that too often are omitted from today’s services – **Rozo D’ Shabbos or Atah Hivdalta come** to mind. Too often the effort to streamline services leads to elimination of such prayers, either in part or in total

Hazzanic “scholars-in-residence” can help draw attention to this rich heritage that otherwise may fade from memory-and at the same time give the hazzan the opportunity to give expression to these; and at the same time to stir in the minds of those attending a greater awareness of the rich heritage that has suffused our liturgy. These scholar-in-residence weekends can involve some knowledgeable retired hazzanim who could add much; their experience and know-how would enhance a weekend – and enhance the stature of the pulpit hazzan as well, and would enable the community to benefit from the treasure trove of experience and knowledge these hazzanim have accumulated over the years.

I have previously indicated my growing admiration for the vocal and musical qualities of this generation of hazzanim. I must touch on one aspect, however, which I find troubling. Ironically, some of what I find unsettling is due to the very virtuosity of the presentations. This was dramatized for me at a master class session on hazzanic techniques, which I attended.

The Hazzan-presenter gave a magnificent presentation of various **coloratura** techniques. He then encouraged and guided several younger hazzanim in presenting their own interpretations of various prayers. What struck me at the session was that so much of that session had been devoted to the various **coloratura** styles that there was no time to stress emphasis on the words. Yet to me the entire meaning of the prayer, the ebb and flow, the development and grandeur of a liturgical setting is bound up entirely in the meaning of those eloquent and fervent words. The **coloratura** style may be used to emphasize, to underscore, to give more meaning-not, in my view, to serve as an exercise in vocal agility, no matter how pear-shaped the tone, or how agile and flexible the delivery. At one time, it could be assumed that hazzanim possessed an intimate, lifelong understanding

of the nuances of the prayer texts. Today, however, this may not be so true. with hazzanim having grown up in a far more secular culture. We must never lose sight of the meanings of the tefillot, which lie at the heart of what we stand for as hazzanim.

As we approach the 21st century there is a real potential for a tremendous flowering of hazzanut, but **our profession** calls on us in this day and age to fulfill more than the single dimension of being a performing artist. Our roles as *Shlichei Tzibbur* for this generation and succeeding generations challenge us to much more.

We should develop or redevelop choirs – there is an alarmingly low level of synagogue choirs. We need to develop Jr. hazzanim – and junior choirs.

I recall one year when I had a 40-voice volunteer choir. For the Neilah service, I had that choir sit in the congregation. while my junior hazzanim (10 voices) assisted me with that final service on Yom Kipur. I had a fine volunteer choir; but it was the clear young voices of the children that evoked the rhapsodic enthusiastic response from the congregants. Those fresh, young voices, singing the traditional responses to the *Neilah Kaddish and Avot* -joining in *M' chalkel Cahayim* and *Ptach Lonu Shaar and Enkat M'saldecha* evoked a heart-warming response; and added more than just symbolic meaning to those ancient, yet appropriate, cadences that are a part of our liturgical heritage.

The previous generations of hazzanim had an audience that understood and responded to the Rosenblatts, the Hershman's, the Kwartins, the Ganchoffs. We need to train, to cultivate, to build again for our time, a congregation that can appreciate and respond to the great tradition of hazzanut and of Jewish music in all its beauty.

From my seat in the congregation, or at a synagogue concert, or Assembly concert. I have heard and reveled in some magnificent presentations. I look forward with keen anticipation to the expanding role and growing recognition of our hazzanim as true *Shlichei Tzibbur* in every phase of synagogue musical expression. be it liturgy, folk and art song, cantillation, or whatever – *ken Yehi Ratzon*.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT

by SAMUEL ROSENBAUM

MAY 12, 1992
 BONAVENTURE HOTEL
 MIAMI, FLORIDA

By now you must all have had an opportunity to become familiar with the Souvenir Book which is being distributed at our concerts. In addition to the concert programs, and the fine collection of ads — for which we are truly grateful to the hard-working men and women of the Southern Region and their friends in the community -- you may have noticed a letter from Nathan Lam and myself welcoming our guests and inviting their full participation in our Convention.

If you, like most people, skipped over that opening page, let me call your attention to two short paragraphs in that letter around which I would like to weave my report to you today.

“We are meeting for the first time in this beautiful community as part of an ongoing effort to widen our national scope and service and to acquaint you with our founding goal of preparing a young generation of hazzanim to serve the ever-widening needs of the American congregation as *shlikhey tzibbur*, as pastors, as counselors, as teachers, and as the guardians of our sacred musical heritage.

“Our role, as we approach the 2 1st century, is to impart to our younger hazzanim the rich Jewish culture of the past that has bound us together as a people and to equip them with the techniques that will enable them to transmit the essence of *Yiddishkayt* to their congregations.”

That is the heart of what the Cantors Assembly is all about; and that is what I want to talk you about, particularly to you, our younger members. About the duty we have to transmit the essence of *Yiddishkayt* to the congregations you will be serving well into the 2 1st century.

Nate has already spoken enthusiastically and exuberantly of the progress we have made as an organization and of his hopes for the future for continuing and enlarging our role, our influence and our visibility; and it needs no commentary from me. His leadership and the cooperation he has elicited from the men and women in the ranks has been dynamic, exciting, innovative, vigorous and boldly creative.

And we must be truly grateful for it.

But, in the interim between the toast and the wine, should we not give thought to the future? Should we not be thinking of and planning for how the individual hazzan will need to deal with the explosion of continuing change in the world in which most of our younger members will be living and serving? How will the issues of world politics, world ecology, world economy, of the growing pervasive influence of the media, the rise of evangelism, not only in the Bible Belt, but in the Catholic Church as well, and in the neo-hasidism that springs from Eastern Parkway and seeks to envelop the world — this world and the world to come — how will this affect us and our successors? And what of the dramatic changes in our own lives which the new electronic-computer advances are sure to bring?

That they all will impact on the coming generation is a certainty. What we need to consider is how this impact will affect the attitudes of Jews, to their family life, to their attitudes toward the synagogue, toward prayer, toward the need for prayer, toward their faith and toward their sense of peoplehood.

These social revolutions have already manifested themselves in our daily lives and it is not within our power, nor within the power of any single person or institution or nation to stop them. But that does not relieve us of the responsibility to try to deal with them.

What are the techniques, about which Nate and I spoke so bravely in our letter of welcome? What are the techniques that we can develop, or what are the already existing techniques that we could enhance, with which we can prepare ourselves to assure the continuity of the traditions we have inherited and which we hold dear?

The officers have talked among themselves with individual members of our Long Range Planning Committee and with many of the members of the Executive Council about what we might be doing to prepare the membership for the challenges of the future.

We are not without experience in dealing with change. Since our founding in 1947 we have succeeded in making the transition from the primarily Orthodox-oriented cantorate of the pre-World War II days to the Conservative cantorate, even in the face of the attempts of individuals in our Movement to put a damper on the emerging role and on the persona of the Hazzan.

We learned the hard way to deal with the student revolution of the 60's and 70's and the resulting loss of faith and respect on the part of young people for tradition, for anyone over 30, for established traditions and institutions and for parents.

We struggled through the thankfully short-lived rock era in synagogue

music; and we are gradually learning to perceive and to act to control the long-term damage to Hazzanut and to the tone and purpose of a prayer service which the contemporary neo-Hasidic revival has wrought. We have fought and won three major legal battles in the Federal courts which established the now undisputed principle that a Hazzan is indeed a clergyman in the eyes of the agencies of our government. From these court victories flowed the benefits of parsonage, social security and special clergy status from Selective Service.

At the same time, our programs of publications, concerts and conventions have cast a new light on the music of the Synagogue and the status and stature of the Hazzan.

And while we have hardly reached the millennium, these are some of the challenges and successes that have brought us with renewed **vigor** to this 45th anniversary.

But, let us always keep in mind that all of this has been accomplished primarily on the shoulders of our first and second generation of leaders and members. And now, as the third generation moves ahead to assume leadership in **the Assembly**, as it should, we must not forget neither the debt we owe our predecessors, nor the duty to build on and to strengthen the work they have done; to honor it and to uphold it.

We are not required to be clones of the past, but we are committed to meet the future with the same dedication and *mesirat nefesh* as they did. Younger members will surely face different congregations and different challenges, and hopefully, they will have the courage and the wit to meet them in a manner best-suited to their needs, while keeping in mind that they bear the same responsibility as did their elders: to hold firm to the authentic Hazzanic tradition, to enhance and enlarge it and to pass it on to the generations that will follow. Having said all that, let me “go back to the future,” to borrow a phrase from the movies.

It seems to me that the greatest threats to the continuity of Hazzanut as a viable and potent force in Jewish **life, at least** for the near future, are (1) the recession, (2) the shortage of well-trained, confident and competent hazzanim and (3) the fraying of the bond of love and yearning for the Yiddishkayt of the 500-year European Jewish experience; for its ambience, for its memories, for its learning, for its faith and for its Jews who prayed three times a day as regularly as they ate and slept — whether they were *talmidey hakhamim*, or unlettered *amararatzim*.

All three, economics, shortage and alienation from the past have led all too many congregations to do without a professional hazzan, whenever one of these factors could be used as an excuse. Even before the recession

hit with full impact, many congregations were forced to make do without a hazzan because they could not find one to suit their needs, in spite of the heroic attempts of the Placement Committee to convince them that doing without a hazzan would do the congregation more harm in the long run. than having a hazzan with a modest voice but who was authentic, cared about Jewish life and committed to work hard in their service.

It is my feeling that this damage to the synagogue structure is almost irreversible. even if and when the recession passes. When you get accustomed to doing without something because you cannot afford it. even when finances improve, the tendency is to continue to do without a hazzan and to spend the increased resources on something new on the agenda.

I cannot guarantee that what I am going to suggest to you will solve all the problems that may arise. but I can guarantee that if we do not reconsider and rearrange our priorities, we most assuredly will fail. What I suggest is not revolutionary, nor new. nor in conflict with halakha or hazzanic tradition. My suggestions come from my own experience and from the cumulative experience of watching and listening to how the most successful, the most respected and the most dedicated colleagues I have known during the last 35 years have interpreted and practiced their calling as *shlihey tzibbur*.

The first and most important quality which anyone who hopes to lead must have or develop is Presence. The ability to convey the sense that they know what they are about and know where they want to lead their followers. This is not arrogance but confidence. And confidence is what the hazzan must have and demonstrate by his or her demeanor to lead with authority. Presence is identified by the way you stand at the *bimah*, by the way you perform your job. by the way you enter a room.

How does one acquire presence?

Those hazzanim of whom I spoke have had that sense of Presence. You can tell it the moment you meet them. Some people are just born with it. but I think it may be acquired and I would like to suggest how you might go about it.

First, by establishing your personhood as a hazzan: You must make it known and felt that as an able hazzan you have the right and duty to present yourself as a gifted, highly-trained and developed artist. If not pursued to excess, this is not ego but self-respect. It is we who must define our own role and not permit others to define it for us. This requires ability. tact and the fine art of being able to communicate this to the congregation without arousing antagonism.

Second, you must try to make full use of your Jewish knowledge and

background, not only in davening and cantillation, but in every sphere of Jewish learning in which you have some knowledge and expertise. If you do not have such knowledge or expertise that extends into the broad areas of Jewish culture, it is up to you to you to acquire it. You cannot hope to impress a sophisticated congregation to honor and to look up to a person with a limited general and Jewish background and education.

There are a number of public forums in every Jewish community that will be glad to have you demonstrate your knowledge; and the congregation and general community will come to respect you for this. above and beyond the respect you earn as a *shaliah tzibbur*. Such a demonstration can go a long way to equalize the spheres of influence between a hazzan and a rabbi.

Now, I am not seeking to incite a battle for power between hazzan and rabbi. Thankfully, that plague has faded considerably in the last years: but for too long many of us have hidden our extra-synagogal talents in fear of being perceived by the rabbi and the congregation as an attempt at a power play. Again, tact and the vital skills of communication are a must.

Can it be done? I can name you at least two dozen colleagues who have widened the horizons of their careers without damage to the relationship between themselves and their rabbis. Widening the hazzan's sphere of activity does not require encroachment on any other staff member's sphere of influence or responsibility. It is adding to the pool of knowledge, expertise and artistry which you are making to the community.

Third, many of us have a great interest and knowledge in other music than the music of the synagogue. You can widen your visibility in the general community by making contact with whatever musical forces and institutions exist in the community: the symphony orchestra, the local opera company, the local chorus (work on a campaign, become a member of a committee, or of the board.) If there is a music school or a college or university in **your** community with a music department, make contact with them. They all have choruses, orchestras, string quartets and voice students.

All too often, hazzanim are held back from doing a major Jewish work of quality because of the lack of funds with which to engage the personnel. School forces are most happy to join you in such presentations at a minimum cost, if any. My own relationship with the Eastman School has provided me with musical forces, large and small as needed, for over thirty years; to the satisfaction and the pleasure of my congregation, the school and the community.

A few years ago the Cantors Assembly gave a Kavod Award to the

Eastman School for just such unusual cooperation. The President of the School displays it **proudly** in his office to this day and remained supportive through the years of any musical project in which we could cooperate.

Look around. See how many musical organizations in your community, to say nothing of Jewish organizations, are crying out for volunteers. And **don't** be afraid of getting involved with **your** local Jewish Federation. They have events and projects which can use your talents and expertise. But you cannot stand back and wait to be recognized. You must make the contact with an idea, or a plan to offer, which will serve their purposes and yours.

In my own community I have been a Federation campaign worker for 20 years. I sit on the allocations committee, take cards and call on prospective contributors. Many of them my own members. It is a good feeling to be on the other side of the bargaining table and helps equalize the balance of power between me and the layman I am soliciting.

More and more colleges and universities offer a wide selection of courses in every subject imaginable to the general community in one kind of adult study program or another. Regular study is a mitzvah often neglected. It is a discipline which should be encouraged and pursued.

It would seem to me that hazzanim might enroll in **courses** in music theory, poetry, literary analysis, since we deal constantly with prayer and poetry. Most of us **could** benefit from courses in public speaking, in computer skills, in education, in general psychology, pastoral psychology and in child development. To say nothing of Torah study. If your university or college has a Judaica department, get to know the chairperson, either as a student or as a possible part-time faculty member. Knowledgeable teachers of Jewish studies are not easy to come by, especially in communities outside of the larger metropolitan areas.

Teaching and hazzanut are two sides of the same coin. Both seek to inculcate worthwhile values in the student. It would certainly not harm your standing in the community to teach Judaica on the college level. Cantors Institute graduates, in particular, have credentials which could win them such an appointment.

One caution. You do not spring this news on a congregation cold. Your arrangements with any outside-of-the-synagogue institution or organization, whether for pay or as a volunteer, must be made carefully, in advance. Be well-prepared and must be introduced to the officers of your congregation with a well-thought-out proposal which shows why your acceptance of such a job or position would benefit everyone concerned.

And most important, you must take great pains to assure the congrega

tion that such an outside obligation would not interfere with your responsibilities to your synagogue. Those must come first.

Even if I could, I would not involve myself in such an obligation during the first year or two in a new position. That time should be spent proving yourself to your congregation, to making them feel that they chose wisely when they called you to serve them.

There is one more area in which I think a hazzan could extend the meaning of his shlihit, his hazzanut. And that is volunteer work in Senior Centers, homes for the aged, hostels for terminally ill, cancer wards and the like. Places where men and women, too old or too sick to take care of themselves, are relegated to, and are all too often forgotten.

I am indebted to Edmond Kulp and to Jack Chomsky who spoke on the subject of "Wider Horizons for the Hazzan," at our 35th annual convention, on Monday May 3rd. 1982, 10 years ago almost to the day.

Edmond Kulp told of how rewarding and uplifting his volunteer work was to him. to say nothing of the support and pleasure he gave to a community in which more than 40% of the population was over the age of 60; the national average at that time was 12.4% He was led to working with this segment of the population by earlier work he had done as part of the Brookdale program, while he was a student of the Cantors Institute.

There was much to do in that setting. Regular visits to hospitals, nursing homes, and the like, during which he got to know the residents or patients, singing for them and with them. arranging Sedarim, making regular visits each erev Shabbes. at which time he would gather the Jewish residents, light the Sabbath candles with them. make Kiddush and share some hallah. Sounds simple when put that way. but Kulp spoke movingly of the many different people, at the end of their rope and neglected by their families, whose spirits were lifted.

He told of instituting a program **of** Bar-Bat Mitzvah for the elderly. His first group consisted of 15 students. all over 85. Three were restricted to wheel chairs. 3 were women who had enjoyed long marriages, raised children and married them off. and after the death of a husband found themselves in the home. One woman was 90 years old. Most of them knew no Hebrew; or had forgotten what they had once known. With the aid of some USY students he set up a tutorial program to provide a primary refresher course.

After six months they held a Bar-Bat Mitzvah service at one of the local synagogues in which the 13 residents participated as a group, singing the *brakhot* over the Torah, the *Shema, En Keloheynu and Adon Olam*. Not much in our eyes, but so meaningful to them. He is now directing an

ongoing weekly music program at a new residential facility, and has established a Bar-Bat Mitzvah program in a day-care center for the elderly, as well.

Such a program is light years away from the perfunctory. “**Hello-Goodbye**” visits most clergy make in hospitals or in houses of mourning. Just consider what a difference he has made in the lives of almost half of his community; without fanfare and without seeking praise or approval. He does what he does only to know in his own heart that he is, in a small way, giving back some of the care and attention he got as a child from his own grandparents.

Jack Chomsky, too, spoke movingly of a similar experience, but in a different setting. He points out with poignant examples, the value of the hazzan as a music therapist. He learned first hand from that experience that the music of the hazzan has a mystical quality about it; that there is something in haraanut which transcends the spoken word, that it enhances our ability to touch human emotions.

He, too, had his first experience in this kind of volunteerism as a student of the Cantors Institute.

During the first few visits he limited himself to what he knew best, music. So he sang for them and led them in a few songs each time he came. After a bit, he decided that he needed to feel closer to them, so that they would be more secure in his presence. He began by making it a practice to shake hands with each resident every time he visited them. He found, in that way, that **touching, physically**, is a great form of therapy. Not being a trained therapist he could only guess, correctly it would seem, that touching a patient in a friendly manner, convinces him or her that they are, for the moment, normal human beings engaged in a normal social experience. And this served to create a physical as well as a spiritual bond between patient and “therapist.”

He urged us all, at that time, to explore the infinite possibilities of music as therapy. His most moving experience was in the cancer wards of several hospitals. It is not easy to be friendly or sociable with cancer patients. Their anger and frustration make it difficult to communicate with them. But he, nevertheless, tried singing for each patient in his or her room. Some responded positively, others refused to listen. After a while, he and his other student colleagues managed to break down the wall of anger and the patients became positively involved.

Not in all cases did they succeed, but they learned to understand and to accept the reasons for their failure. Yet they did not give up and continued to make every effort, aware of the reasons for the refusal of the patient to

participate, but learning all the more deeply how important this therapy was to those who still wanted to be helped.

He suggested that it would be worthwhile for colleagues to study music-therapy to help them in their pastoral duties.

I agree wholeheartedly. And, I ask you, what, if not music therapy, was the power of the hazzan to elicit tears and sobs from the women's gallery in the old shul when he would chant a particularly emotional *tefillah* which the worshipper sensed as being personally relevant. Many of them could not read or understand the Hebrew. but they responded to the urgency of the harzan's prayer and allowed themselves the release which tears bring. Not knowing the literal meaning of *Sh'ma Koleynu*, the hazzan's chant nevertheless. led them, somehow, to remind them that their own lives were ebbing away. And so, the hazzan's voiced prayer touched their souls and they were comforted in the knowledge that someone was petitioning the Almighty in their behalf.

Why did our grandmothers and grandfathers, as far from sin as the North pole is from the South pole. identify with Umpiney *Hataeynu*? Somehow, they sensed that the hazzan was begging forgiveness for them for some error or omission in the way they performed or did not perform a certain mitzvah. and so they cried, and in crying confessed, and in confessing were comforted.

To sum up briefly what I have been saying, any hazzan who permits himself or herself to remain in a narrow valley of specialization in the days ahead, doing just what the contract calls for and no more, or finds himself or herself operating only as a functionary, a mechanic, is living in a self-imposed isolation. To a great extent we construct our own self-definition. Many of us could have a lot more leeway in how we function than we imagine.

The only way for a hazzan of the next century to earn the respect and approval he or she needs to remain viable is to be prepared to meet the ever-changing and ever-broadening scope of the hazzan's concern and activity; the hazzan needs to break out of self-defined isolation and to think through possibilities which they may not have allowed themselves to consider.

We cannot, in the future, restrict our conception of ourselves as singers of sacred songs, alone.

The ultimate purpose of Judaism is more than prayer alone. It is much more than that. The ultimate purpose of Judaism is to teach humankind to deal with its humanity. Human mortality and the short span between birth and death are not easy concepts to accept. To help teach that vital understanding. Judaism has accumulated a sacred literature, the insights

and wisdom of centuries; a set of mitzvot/action symbols and a mystical dialogue between us and God, in which we confess the distance between what we are and what we want to be.

And perhaps our most unique heritage is our unique history. We are a historic people that lives intoxicated with a sense of history; a people that has been shaped by history as much as it has helped to shape history. That history has endowed us with a culture rich in art, philosophy, literature, music and folklore. Varied, multi-hued, exotic and naive, beautiful and ugly, complex and simple, gathered from every corner of the world, and the sum total of the interaction of all of these facets of our heritage is the Jewish People itself, of yesterday, today and for all eternity.

These are the treasures into which we must dip if we are to be able to make of Judaism a living heritage for ourselves and our congregations, with our talents, our minds, and our hearts.

If we fail to make it meaningful to the next generation, if we do not expand our roles to bring all of Yiddishkeit under the wings of our concern, others will do it in their own way, and we will remain in the valley of our own default.

I realize that for many years the Cantors Assembly has worked very hard to build an image of the hazzan as a spiritual leader, as a Hazzan-Minister. No one can deny that this stance was crucial in raising the status of the hazzan in the American Jewish community. What I am suggesting may seem at first to go counter to that stance, but that is not so. When the hazzan, who has been developing as a sacred artist of the Jewish people since the time of the destruction of the Second Temple, becomes involved in teaching or building a post-Holocaust Jewish religious, cultural and artistic life, that to me is true spiritual leadership.

Furthermore, it is that which will give the hazzan the place due him and the influence due him in Jewish life.

You understand. I am sure, that by the foregoing I am in no way denigrating our role as *shaliach tzibbur* and as hazzan-artist. That is first on our agenda, but it should not become the only item on our agenda.

Hazzanut, as we have seen over our 45 years and beyond is an evolving profession, responding to the changing needs of the time. If it is to continue to survive, hazzanut, like *Halakha*, must evolve if it is to be viable.

There may be risks in doing some of the things about which I have spoken. There may be some who simply will not or cannot accept such concepts, but progress always involves change and risk.

I am comforted, however by the advice of that distinguished American philosopher, Yogi Berra, who taught: "You can't steal second with one

foot on first base.”

If the vision that I have proposed seems like an impossible dream; if the future seems bleak and uncertain, we need only to look back and see how far we have come on a vision. That vision carried us from a day in April 1947 when IO hazzanim reached for a vision that inspired a fragmented and fearfully small group of professionals to grow to become the largest, the most prestigious, the most effective international organization of hazzanim in our history.

Now, we too, stand at the doorway to a new century and a new era. Having survived sacrifice and success, disappointment and victory, I have faith that strengthened and united, we too, will move hazzanut into a new era of progress and achievement.

We cannot allow new challenges to frighten us. We are part of a people that has cherished a vision of a Messiah, who many secretly believe will never come. Yet we have continued to dream and continued to cherish that vision and to survive. Even after the greatest tragedy humankind has ever known.

So shall we.

HESPED 1992

by SOLOMON MENDELSON

This assignment, which seems to have become a hazakah of mine over the past several years. grows more difficult. With the passing years the names grow more and more familiar. more and more personally painful. and make me increasingly aware of the diminishing ranks upon whose shoulders and energy. we. all together. have built the largest and most influential cantorial organization in the world.

What makes the task even more difficult is the extraordinarily large number of colleagues we mourn today. This year they number eleven the largest number in one year in our 45-year history.

Whether by pure chance or whether you see in it the hand of the Almighty carrying out some mystical grand plan, these eleven men---each in his own way unique. talented, dedicated and beloved -- when you consider them as a group. a havurah, are as homogeneous a cluster as one could imagine.

Years ago. each one of them stood. when they were choosing their life's work, at the point of which the great American poet, Robert Frost. speaks in his poem "The Road Not Taken."

Frost tells of coming to an intersection in the path of his life where it converges with two major trails. One is obviously well-travelled. the leaves trodden down by the many steps that walked there. He did not choose that path. but chose rather the other one. the less-travelled one. "because it was grassy and wanted wear." Its leaves were green and fresh and dewy untrodden. And he concludes:

"I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
I took the one less travelled by.
And that has made all the difference."

Martin Adolf, Gabriel Hochberg. Jacob Kleinberg. Morris Levinson. Philip Marantz, Allen Michelson. Morris Schorr. David I. Silverman. Joshua O. Steele and Carl Urstein. zikhronam livrakhah, at some point in their young lives, made a choice and they. too. did not choose the well-

traveled path that leads to law, medicine, business, science and the like. They chose, instead, the *lesser-trodden path* that led to Hazzanut and to eventual leadership in the American Jewish community.

There must have been some who had also taken the less-traveled path, who looked upon them with alarm: “Don’t go that way,” they cautioned: “We have tried it.”

Huderekh usher ararnu vu, derekh okhelet halkheha hi! The path which you are about to take, we have tried it, and found it to be a path that consumes those who walk it. It may look like it is going somewhere, but it goes around in circles and leads only to endless disappointment and frustration. It is a lonesome, lonely road; you will not have much company. Take the other road. Don’t become a Hazzan.

But there were others. And they, too, had some advice. “True,” they said, “it is a hard road. But there have been trailblazers before you, and the number of travellers **is** growing. and they need scouts and guides. In the long run we are confident that *"Tovah haderekh ni 'od m 'od."*

And thankfully, each of these eleven, at his own moment of decision. took the road that **led** to service to the American Jewish community. It was an act of faith and of optimism. Faith in a community in which there was great potential, and optimism in their ability to bring out that potential, in themselves and in their congregations.

Choosing the road they took was for these eleven beloved colleagues an act of commitment which they never failed to fulfill.

Each of them became true *kley kodesh*, serving their constituencies on the pulpit, as teachers, as counselors and comforters, as leaders in their community’s cultural undertakings, as role models, as scholars, as dedicated members of the Cantors Assembly and all that this implies; and above all, they delighted in the study of Torah and in observing its commandments.

Al eyle anu hokhim:

Martin Adolf, a founder of the Assembly, was also a lawyer who was of great help to the fledgling organization with many of its practical problems. When he retired from Hazzanut he returned to the practice of law where he specialized in matters dealing with the welfare of the community.

Gabriel Hochberg was a talented Hazzan and educator who succeeded because he loved people, particularly children, and they, adults as well as children, responded to that love. He leaves a large generation of students, after 39 years of service to Temple Emanuel of Newton Centre. inspired and uplifted by what he taught them.

Jacob Kleinberg began his career as altosoloist in Yossele Roscnblatt's choir, directed by Meyer Posner. He grew up, determined to be a Hazzan, studied and was called to serve the Laurelton Jewish Center on Long Island. He remained there for 29 productive years. Always ready to help the Assembly, he served on many committees and was in charge of cataloguing the treasure of music we purchased from Zavel Zilberts' widow. He retired to San Diego where he remained active in harzanut and in hazzanic affairs.

Humble, gentle and unassuming, he was a true exemplar of a *sheliah tzibbur*.

Morris Levinson was an unusually talented and learned Hazzan. He had a long career in two major eastern synagogues, was a highly-regarded concert singer, a Hebrew scholar and an active Zionist in the days when Zionism could use all the help it could muster. He served two terms as Vice President of the Assembly and was active in its leadership for many years.

On the occasion of his retirement from Beth El of South Orange, New Jersey, the Tribute Concert program marking that event contained the following brief, but pithy testimony:

"The magnificence of his voice and the sincerity of his lifelong devotion to Judaism have been an inspiration to our worshippers and have left an indelible impression upon our children."

Philip Marantz served Congregation B'nai Zion in Chicago for more than two decades **with great love** and distinction. After 20 years of outstanding service, failing health forced him to retire to Florida. There he continued to be active in the affairs of the Region and in the work of the Assembly on the national scene. He was always gracious, kind, unassuming and truly devoted to his calling and to his colleagues.

Allen Michelson was for 32 years the outstanding and beloved Hazzan of North Hollywood's Adat Ari El. During those years he achieved a national reputation as a *sheliah tzibbur*, educator, concert singer and conductor. He set a standard of musical excellence on the pulpit and in music programming for synagogues across the country to follow.

For his colleagues he was an innovator, a master-teacher of many hazzanim who now serve congregations all over the country. Long an active proponent of egalitarianism, his efforts helped to move the profession in that direction. Most of all, he was a loving and caring human being, with a smile permanently etched into his face; a friend who lit up the meaning of that word.

Morris Schorr was one of the most revered founders of the Assembly and a devoted Jewish community servant. He was the Hazzan of Temple Israel of Elizabeth, New Jersey, where he served with great dedication for

more than 50 years. His influence for good touched the lives of hundreds upon hundreds of young and old with whom he came in contact.

He served for almost two decades as Chairman of the Placement Committee and was a life member of the Executive Council, an honor otherwise reserved for past presidents. It was his choice not to be nominated for the presidency, preferring to assist his colleagues directly in their most critical moments. He was the talented son of the renowned Cantor Israel Schorr. Soft-spoken, modest and concerned, he was always ready to serve in whatever capacity he could to help colleagues and congregants in moments of need or distress.

David I. Silverman served as Hazzan for more than 50 years. The son of Cantor Samuel Silverman, he began singing at the age of seven in the choir of Arye Leyb Rutman. At 23, he served his first congregation and remained a full-time Hazzan for the rest of his life.

He served as the test case in the suit of the IRS, which sought to prove that a Hazzan was not a clergyman in the legal sense of the word. He was a perfect subject, and with the aid of our attorney, Herbert Garten, we won the second of two cases against the IRS, which resulted in the acquiescence of that body to the fact that a Hazzan was indeed a clergyman. Every Hazzan, of whatever movement or persuasion should be grateful to Hazzan Silverman, who helped to assure the continuity of the Parsonage Allowance and the clergy status of the Hazzanim.

He served Beth El Synagogue in Minneapolis for 23 years where, in addition to the obvious duties, he was responsible for the production of over 40 first-rate concerts of Jewish music during his tenure. He was an accomplished choir director and possessed an outstanding knowledge of Synagogue music.

After retiring from Beth El he moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico, where he resumed his career and served faithfully until one month before his death.

Joshua O. Steele served Congregation B'nai Israel of Milburn, New Jersey for more than 25 years. Born in the Rhineland, he began singing in synagogue choirs at an early age. He was able to escape the Holocaust and fled to Israel where he was a scholarship student at the Jerusalem Conservatory of Music. There he studied under famed hazzanim, Y adlovrk and Rosows ki.

His beautiful tenor voice led him also to the Hebrew National Opera, where he sang a number of leading roles. He fought in Israel's War of Independence and in 1956 came to the United States to begin his service to B'nai Israel. In spite of his many vocal and musical talents, he considered his greatest achievement to be the formation of his Sabbath

Youth Choir, a group of special young boys and girls who accompanied him at each Sabbath service, and who were led to love the Synagogue and its music because of his warm leadership. To him, hearing his **Youth Choir** sing was an ongoing token of Israel reborn, which more than repaid him for all the hard work he invested in it.

Carl Urstein was a distinguished hazzan and liturgical composer who served Los Angeles' Sinai Temple from 1947 to 1972. Upon his retirement he was made Hazzan Emeritus, continuing to serve the spiritual needs of his congregants as friend, counselor and teacher for almost two more decades. He lent his talents to the development of an elegant musical tradition at Sinai Temple and in the community at large. His liturgical compositions are known and sung all over the country and his students serve in some of our leading congregations.

Exceptionally humble and unassuming, he nevertheless left his mark upon the lives of the thousands with whom he came in contact. His spirit and creativity will surely continue to serve untold numbers of synagogues and Jews for years to come.

Here, very briefly, are the life stories of our 11 friends and colleagues. If we are to look for some appropriate phrase to sum up their lives we might take a hint from our folk tradition of Gematria. The number 11 is in *Gematria*. *Aleph, vav, dalet, Ud.* a firebrand. These 11, these firebrands, served to light up the path to *Yiddishkayt*, which they took and on which they led us along with the men and women they taught and served.

We of the Cantors Assembly are eternally in their debt, grateful that they chose the less-traveled road, fortunate that they helped blaze the trail that led us to this moment, and certain that their light — now passed into our hands — will continue to burn and inspire through the many generations still to come.

They leave a void in the fabric of their families not easily repaired, but they leave us exemplary tokens of dedication to Hazzanut which will remain as models for those with the wisdom to learn from them. May their loved ones be comforted in the memories and love they have stored up through the altogether-too-few years they spent in their company.

They nishmoteyhem tzrurot bitzror hahayim ut'hey memuhatam shalom. May the souls of our departed colleagues be bound up with the souls of the living in an eternal unity. May their repose be serene and peaceful.

EULOGY FOR HAZZAN YEHUDAH MANDEL January 9, 1994

Delivered by DAVID F. TILMAN

I have come before this holy congregation today both as the chairman of the Delaware Valley Region of the Cantors Assembly and as a close personal friend of Hazzan Yehudah Mandel, for almost twenty years.

Let me say first that we all truly loved him, and we treasured each and every moment that we spent in his company. In both his professional and personal life, Hazzan Yehudah Mandel epitomized every value that all of us constantly strive to attain. We all chant the Shabbat and Holiday prayers according to the correct Ashkenazic Nussah, but Hazzan Mandel's improvisations ascended directly heavenward to Sha'arei Shamayim, to the gates of heaven. We all study voice in order to sing our prayers in a beautiful fashion, but Hazzan Mandel's voice touched the souls of all who prayed with him. We all study Jewish texts, Bible, Rabbinic sources, liturgical works - in order to be knowledgeable and literate Jews. Hazzan Mandel, however, had it all memorized!! He would quote a *pasuk*, a verse from sacred sources for every conceivable inquiry and situation. How do you feel, Yehudah? - A verse from the Torah. What's new in the placement committee, Yehudah? - A quote from the Mishnah. How are Lilly, Zvi, and the grandchildren. Yehudah? - Another quote, and so on and so on!

And then there was that speaking voice, that accent which he brought with him from Hungary with such pride so many years ago. If we all accept the undeniable fact that imitation is the highest form of flattery, then we Cantors flattered Yehudah *without* end whenever he was with us. Yehudah told me many times that among our colleagues who attempted to speak as he did, Hazzan Benjamin Maissner, of Holy Blossom Temple in Toronto, who formerly served the Germantown Jewish Center, captured that special lilt, the music, the poetry, the charm, of Yehudah's speech better than any of us. Yehudah would say that when Benny spoke like him, he would hear himself and **he would have to** check who was in fact speaking.

I want to share with you a wonderful story that occurred almost twenty years ago. Yehudah called Hazzan Harry Weinberg, of blessed memory, formerly Cantor of Beth T'fillah of Overbrook Park, and a past national officer of the Cantors Assembly. Yehudah began in his own inimitable style, "Good morning, Harry, this is Yehudah." Harry answered impa-

tiently, “What do you want, Benny? I’m very busy.” Eventually, Ychudah convinced Harry that it was truly he.

Last spring, the Cantors Assembly honored Yehudah Mandel at our annual convention here in Philadelphia, but Yehudah could not attend. Only a few weeks ago, Yehudah felt well enough to attend our weekly meeting. We were so overjoyed to see him that we rose to our feet and cheered and applauded. Ychudah smiled broadly and stayed with us for the entire meeting. He was so proud that we were carrying on the sacred work which he and his colleagues had bequeathed to us!

After a long life and an overwhelmingly successful career, beyond measure, Hazzan Yehudah Mandel has been called by the Almighty to his eternal reward. That vast treasure of information, wisdom, scichel, reminiscences about the Cantors of old, about Budapest, the Rombach Temple, the Klomatzka Street Temple of Warsaw, the Seitenstettenpasserl Temple of Vienna, the music of Sulzer, and all the other great masters, the verses from our sacred texts - these treasures which he so willingly and eagerly shared with us are now sealed forever.

We shall never again be able to “come forward” as we answer his summons to daven shacharit at our conventions or be moved by his bravado interpretation of Hazzanic masterpieces, or benefit from his wise and loving counsel. We all miss him and we are all better people and hazzanim because of the time we spent with him. May his memory be for a blessing.

EULOGY FOR HAZZAN YEHUDAH MANDEL January 9, 1994

Delivered by **DAVID B. KATCHEN**

A few weeks ago we read the Torah Portion of Vayigash which begins: "*Vayigash elav Yehudah vayonier bi Adonai y' daber na avd'cha davar b'oznei Adoni.* And Yehudah came near unto him, and said, Oh my lord, please let your servant speak a word in my lord's ear." A decade ago. Hazzan Yehudah Mandel came near to me, and it became increasingly pleasant for me to hear his words spoken in my ear. Hazzanim from far and wide had known of his notable accomplishments and erudition. but the nearer I came to him. the more enthralled and hungry I became for his spoken word. Having been fortunate to grow up at my father's table, this exposure to his greatness became reminiscent of formative years which I cherished.

Hazzan Mandel's warmth. understanding, insight, dignity. grandeur, propriety, encouragement. and so much more have been my guiding light since coming to Philadelphia ten years ago. Hazzan Mandel had the great knack of quoting the perfect *pasuk* at will, which always elicited great joy. It always was a joy for me to go with him together as it is written of Avraham and Yitzhak:

"Vayelchu shneihem yachdav - And they went both of them together." Wherever we went. for me it was at least as much fun going to and coming from the place. as what it was we were embarking upon. The little anecdotes of the Golden Age of Hazzanut. personal contacts with the famous Leibish Miller, and the Koussevitsky family. life in Hungary and Riga, his extensive travels, the private recitals featuring his glorious and well-disciplined voice, the interpretations. the intonations. What an experience, what an education. what a thrill. what a "Mensch!"

Hazzan Mandel was a fountain of knowledge, and was most appreciative of whatever was done for him. He spoke of his rich legacy with relish. and spoke of his family with great love. "*Vayelchu shneihem yachdav - And they went both of them together.*" Yes, he was so very proud to walk together, side by side, with Lilly, his *Eishet Chayil*. He was so proud to have so **ca**ring a partner, so cultured a woman, so gracious a lady. so loving a wife, to share his life and enjoy all that they had. He was grateful to Lilly for all the little things she did to help perpetuate his lifestyle.

HAZZAN **DAVID KATCHEN** serves Oxford Circle Jewish Community Center in Philadelphia.

Hazzan Mandel spoke of Manny, who he always called Tzvi, and his family - Adrian, Lisa, and Dale, David and Judy, Zachary, and Gabrielle - how proud he was of all their achievements - how jubilant he was when he and Lilly went to Washington for the *simchah* of naming his great-granddaughter about a year ago.

His elegant presence inspired and will continue to inspire all in his sphere. In Parashat "Ki Tavo - When you come" - we find the Verse:

Hashkifah mim'on kodsh'cha min hashamayim uveirach et amcha et yisrael l'et ha-adamah asher natata lanu ka-asher nishbata lavoteinyu eretz zavat chalah udvash. "Look forth from Thy holy habitation, from Heaven, and bless Thy people Israel, and the land which Thou hast given us, as Thou didst swear unto our fathers, a land **flowing with milk and honey.**"

When Hazzan Mandel came, he looked forth from his perspective, and served as a blessing for his people in so many places and opportunities, in his untiring dedication to make our lives more fulfilling and sweeter.

"HaRav HeHazan Yehudah Leib ben HaRav Avraham, alav hashalom, serve for us all as an interceder in Hashem's Heavenly Court.

T'hei nishmato tz'rurah bitz'ror hachayim - May his soul be bound up in the bond of eternal life" and let us say Amen.

BOOK REVIEW

P R O J E C T MANGINOT Guidelines for Music Education

Reviewed by ROBERT S. SCHERR

In 1992, the collective efforts of talented *hazzanim* and educators came to fruition in the publication of *Project Manginot* published by the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. The publication itself is geared specifically to the UAHC William and Frances Schuster Curriculum Guidelines, but is most useful for every school program. **As** Cantor Samuel Dov Berman, Project Coordinator, proposes in the introduction:

“Manginot...will expand the ability of students to grasp Jewish values, ideals, and history as Jewish learning comes alive...”

Manginot really consists of two parts. *Project Manginot* is the curriculum guide. It is supported by the companion *Manginot, 201 Songs for Jewish Schools* which contains the sheet music: for all the songs.

The curricular guidelines are divided into “Preschool.” “Primary” and “Intermediate” grade levels. Musical activities, with specific songs, are suggested for particular curricular goals. In the Preschool section, for example, there is a unit on how growing up and changing are recognized in homes, synagogues, and schools. It is suggested that children can sing *Yom Huledet Sameach* and hear the cantor chant a *Yevarechecha* as might be heard in the synagogue for a birthday blessing. Reference to “It’s Your Birthday” and “Next Year I’ll Be One Year Older” from *Torah Connection* by Ida Rose Feingold (Lettercraft, 1985) and *Hayom Yom Huledet* from *The New Children’s Song Book. I 10 Songs for the Young* by Velvel Pasternak (Tara Publications, 1981) enable the teacher/music leader to support the curricular goal with age-appropriate material. In this curricular section, suggestions are given to support units on Marriage, Aging, and Death, in most appropriate and imaginative ways. Units on Brit, Israel, Hebrew, Tefila, and Shabbat are among the useful suggestions of this preschool path to learning through song.

In the Primary Grades, lifecycle events include Brit Milah (sing or listen to *Eliyahu Hanavi, Rozhinkes Mit Mandlen, Shehecheyanu*), Circumcision (chanting *Sh’ma, Aleph Bet*, Prayer is Reaching, *La-asok B’divrei Torah*) Bar/t Mitzvah (discuss responsibility, learn to sing or listen to Ani

HAZZAN ROBERT SCHERR serves Temple Israel of Natick, Massachusetts.

V'atah) and so forth. In the intermediate section, students are encouraged to investigate how Jews have prayed over the centuries by comparing musical settings of various prayers. hearing recordings or singing the melodies themselves. There's a lovely lesson plan where it is suggested that children enter the sanctuary and turn to the Torah service. reciting the prayers without music. Following the discussion of "what it felt like." students will learn the melodies themselves. as well as hear a variety of settings of the texts.

The bibliography and discography are extensive and clear to follow. The Index of Core Songs is organized by unit, and cross-referenced by age level.

Some who will use Manginot will recognize, through its references to the Union Prayerbook or Gates of Prayer. or through the abundance of English language material. that it comes from the orientation of the Reform Movement. However, hazzanim, music teachers. and educators should in no way find this a limitation of the curriculum. Rather, many who are not otherwise well-versed in some of this material. particularly the songs for young children. will benefit from the imagination of the curriculum. In some schools, which might prefer more Hebrew texts or other melodies for tefilot. this material will nonetheless be a useful guide for using music in an imaginative way.

The long list of talented editors and contributors should be acknowledged because their collective imagination produced a distinctive and successful collaboration:

Cantor Samuel Dov Berman. Project Manginot Coordinator
 Rabbi Daniel Freedlander, Commission on Synagogue Music
 Rabbi Lawrence P. Karol. Project Manginot Revision Editor
 Cantor Stephen Richards. Project Manginot Music Editor
 Dr. Judith Tischler. Transcontinental Music Publications
 Cantor Vicki L. Axe. Project Manginot Intermediate Guidelines
 Cantor Janece Erman Cohen. Project Manginot Primary Guidelines
 Cantor Mark Elson. Project Manginot Preschool Guidelines

Manginot clearly will guide young people to learn and appreciate important themes in a spirited and spiritual way. Cantor Berman's goal is admirably fulfilled. to "enhance the classroom and the Jewish home with melodies that arouse curiosity. excite the soul. and kindle the flame of learning."

Project Manginot and *Manginot* are published by the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. and are available from Transcontinental Music Publications.

MUSIC REVIEW

SYNAGOGUE MUSIC FOR CANTOR AND CHOIR

By Cantor Paul Kowarsky

Reviewed by JEROME B. KOPMAR

With the apparent demise of the synagogue choir as a functional aspect of the synagogue service, one's first question is, why another anthology of choral music? Who will perform it? But after perusing this new volume by Paul Kowarsky, two feelings go through one's mind. First, what a shame there are so few synagogue choirs in North America that can utilize the many treasures in this wonderful collection. The second thought is that even if one can't utilize this volume as a practicing vehicle, it should be in every cantor's library as a resource volume.

The reputation of Hazzan Kowarsky as a performer is well known, but his talents as a composer are to many a surprise. When looking through this volume the first feeling one gets is that this is the work of someone who knows his craft as a hazzan. Aside from possessing a wonderful gift of melody, Hazzan Kowarsky is able to notate his thoughts in a logical and meaningful manner. One can see the years of pulpit experience on every page. It should be said from the outset that this volume throughout is in the traditional style. If one's taste in synagogue music is the contemporary style, this volume will not be their cup of tea, although I believe everyone can learn from it.

There are so many treasures that one doesn't know where to begin. Perhaps the most adventurous selection, and perhaps one of the most difficult, is the *Mimkomcha*. This piece adopted from "oriental motifs" and brilliantly arranged by Charles Heller, is truly a gem. The infectious rhythms pulsating throughout the piece make it not only a toe-tapper, but one of wonderful musical creativity. Maintaining the *Ahavah Rabah* mode throughout, the harmonic structure, although unchanging, fits the piece like sunshine in summer. Because of the rhythms, this is not for your average amateur choir; but, if it can be done, the rewards will be multiple.

Another piece worth special mention is the *V' hasienu* from the *Shalosh Regalim* musaf amida. What makes this piece so special is the fact that it is even there. There are so few choral selections for this text that when you see one, you look at it with different eyes. From the very opening, in a

HAZZAN JEROME KOPMAR serves Beth Abraham Congregation in Dayton, Ohio. He is a distinguished composer and concert artist

surprising major, one's interest is never dulled. From the wonderful interplay between the cantor and choir throughout the piece to the charming melodies, especially the *Kadsheinu* and the virtuoso cantorial solos. this piece keeps your attention throughout.

One can examine many more selections for special mention, but space doesn't permit this. There is something for everyone. If your taste is in the more classical style, there is the beautifully structured Torah service (En *Kamocho*, *AvHarachamim*, *Vay'hibinsoa*). **If you** I can toward the hassidic style. and not ersatz hassidic. you will find immediate joy with the *Yismechu* and *Al Hanissim*. For sheer melodic beauty there is the Shema B'ni, *Shim'i Vat* and the already very popular *Shir Hama'alot*, to mention but a few. Throughout the volume the hazzanic lines arc in the classic and florid Eastern European style. Unfortunately this may not be accessible to everyone's range or abilities. And yet. there are many selections suited to anyone's abilities.

Again. one must bemoan the fact that because of the paucity of synagogue choirs. much of this repertoire will go unheard. One must also be regretful that there aren't more who can write like Paul Kowarsky. This volume should be a cherished possession for anyone who has a love for traditional synagogue music.

MUSIC REVIEW

SHIRAT LIBI Liturgical Selections in Classical Style for Voice and Keyboard Jerome B. Kopmar

Reviewed by ABRAHAM LUBIN

Hazzanim today are constantly challenged to preserve the traditions and forms of the classical Hazzanut literature, and at the same time to speak to worshippers of the 90's who have not been steeped and attuned to the rich liturgical and musical nuances of the classic East European recitative.

Shirat Libi by Hazzan Jerome Kopmar, beautifully published by Tara Publications, is an attempt to bridge the gap of classical Hazzanut to the contemporary worshipper. In lieu of the free improvisational technique. Kopmar set the pieces in *Shirat Libi*, in strict meter and tempo, to lovely lyrical melodies which immediately capture the musical taste buds of the average listener and worshipper. With the exception of the declamatory opening measures in the *Sh'ma Yisrael* of the Musaf Kedisha and an occasional *ad libitum* marking, all the pieces are set to clean, tuneful and uncluttered melodies.

Six of the seven pieces, namely: *Sh'ma Yisrael*, *L'dor Vador R'tse Vimmuchatenu*, *M'chalkel Chayim*, *Kohanecha* and *Sim Shalom* will flow quite readily in the context of any contemporary service. An additional seventh piece, *Hine Mu Tov* is arranged to include, as an option, the use of flute and harp in the accompaniment.

The piano accompaniment to the pieces makes this collection a useful and wonderful addition to be rendered on the Bimah as well as on the concert stage.

One final word. These are not sing-along melodies to be sung in summer camp - guitar-accompanied style. They are set to be sung and interpreted by a professional Hazzan in a formal and dignified setting, within the synagogue or on stage.

RECORDING REVIEW

FAMILY SHABBAT AND FESTIVAL MEDLEY

Reuven Frankel, Baritone

Gerald Rizzer, Piano

Reviewed by **STEPHEN FREEDMAN**

For too many Jews, the performance of even the simplest rituals is an enigma, so that it becomes easier to ignore or discard them, rather than having to feel embarrassed and uncomfortable with one's lack of knowledge.

That reality was one of the driving forces which impelled Reuven Frankel, cantor turned rabbi, to develop the tape "Family Shabbat and Festival Medley." It focuses mainly on the "seder shel Shabbat" for Friday night and Shabbat day, while including a number of original Shabbat and holiday songs we well.

The ritual at the Friday eve table is presented in music, from candle-lighting through Birkat Hamazon. While not comprehensive - only the opening paragraph of Birkat is heard, and only brief excerpts from the *zemirot* are presented - the tape conveys a wonderful sense of Shabbat menuchah, a feeling of serenity and peacefulness. The Shabbat day Kiddush, followed by additional *zemirot* is included as well, though oddly, *Havdalah* is not.

The melodies which Frankel has selected tend toward those with which the greatest number of people would be familiar. And yet, he has included some lovely, albeit lesser-known settings as well, such as Janowsky's "Eishet Chayil," in Hebrew and English, Davidson's "V'shamru," and a hauntingly beautiful melody for the *zemirah* "B'nei Heichala."

The question, though, is "Ma Nishtana?" What makes this tape different than the dozens of other shabbat recordings on the market today? As noted earlier, it is in no way unabridged textually. In addition, there is no orchestral accompaniment, no "commercial" arrangements, no dazzling technical effects, nor does it feature "star" performer.

The beauty of this recording lies in its simplicity. Originally conceived as a teaching aid, this tape offers enough, but not so much so as to be overwhelming. All of the pieces are set in comfortable keys for the average

singer.

Rabbi Reuven Frankel is blessed with a wonderfully rich baritone voice. His pianist, Gerard Rizzer, composed most of the accompaniments; they are at once tasteful and engaging. They are more than background to the vocal line, having an integrity all their own, yet they are never overbearing.

The second side of the tape is devoted to Frankel's original compositions, in Hebrew and English, on shabbat and holiday themes. His "Chag Sameach" and "Sing Hut-ray, Sing Hurray" are delightful participatory songs for children. "Modeh Ani" and "I Love Shabbat" are geared toward younger children. "Welcome, Shabbat Angels," which uses the music of Israel Goldfarb, is a lovely mood-setter for the Shabbat table. The two Haggadah pieces, though, are less effective.

Technical purists, take note: The background hiss on side one (originally recorded in 1977) might be bothersome. but the sheer elegance of Rabbi Frankel's presentation far outweighs that small consideration. The second side, recorded in 1992, displays a more sophisticated level of technical quality.

In short, Reuven Frankel merits our gratitude for sharing his dual talents vocal and creative, through the vehicle of his marvelous tape. As a teaching tool, it is invaluable; as artistry, it is wholly satisfying.

"Family Shabbat and Festival Medley," with accompanying song booklet, is available through Tara Publications.

RECORDING REVIEWS

FOR THE RECORD

Reviewed by SHIMON GEWIRTZ

Three diverse recordings offer a rich and varied menu of musical selections. While only one contains strictly cantorial selections, the other two provide many treasures that can be enjoyed or used in performance,

In the latter category is *I My Beloved's - Music for the Modern Jewish Wedding* - chanted by Cantor Edward Fogel, of Congregation Shaare Emeth of St. Louis, Mo.

The recording contains some 25 selections, the majority of texts being from *Shir Hashirim*. (The Song of Songs) - Some of the familiar texts have two or more musical settings, offering the listener an interesting choice of styles and arrangements.

Cantor Fogel possesses a beautiful, lyric tenor voice, and his musicianship is expressed by allowing the meaning of each song to emerge in a fluid, natural style.

The selections include popular settings including: "Rise Up, My Love" by Gershon Kingsley. *Ana Dodi* by Charles Davidson. "Entreat Me Not To Leave Thee" by Max Janowski. *Ana Dodi* and *Sh'neyhem* by Michael Isaacson and *Al Tifg'i L'azveych* by Lawrence Avery. There are lovely arrangements of Israeli "standards," such as *Erev Shel Shoshanim*, *Dodi Li* and *El Ginat Ego*.

Another composer whose work is featured is Ben Steinberg, represented here by two selections. The first, *Vevrastich Li*, is sung in both Hebrew and English, and features a beautiful choral background as well. The second is an extended setting of the *Sheva B'rachot*, sweetly chanted by Cantor Fogel.

There are some unusual inclusions as well, such as two Ladino love songs, a father's hymn of love to his daughter. (*Biti* by Michael Isaacson) and a musical setting for *Shalom Aleichem* (also by Isaacson). I'm not certain how these latter two fit the theme of the recording, but they are welcome additions to our storehouse of Jewish music.

Finally, additional praise must be given for the marvelous accompaniment given to Cantor Fogel, as well as the elaborate and extensive liner notes included with the recording. They include text references, transla-

tions and even a list of places and publishers where the music might be obtained! Quite unusual and most thoughtful.

Cantor Avi Albrecht of Shelter Rock Jewish Center, Roslyn, L. I. has a new recording called LIVE FROM ISRAEL . . . CANTORIAL CONCERT, containing six selections in - more or less - traditional hazzanic style. Two of the numbers, *Mimkomcha* and *Ata Hu*, are original compositions, and are performed with both charm and passion. They both contain a folk-like quality, as well, which helps draw the listener in. As for standards like *V'liy'rushalayim Ircha* by Abe Ellstein **and** *Av Harachamim* by Pinchik, Cantor Albrecht's cultured lyric baritone flows through them easily. The minor reservations that I have are more of a technical nature . . . such as the minimal liner notes the selections - including who accompanies what number and where and when this "live" recording was done. (The liner note states that it was recorded and mixed at Eshel studios, in Israel). Some clarification would have helped. Otherwise, a hearty **yasherkochecha**.

Last, there is an exciting recording by Cantor Mayer Davis of Congregation Kehilath Jeshurun of New York that manages to combine folk, pop, and hazzanic elements into a unique flavor rarely displayed in current Jewish records. Cantor Davis was ace-founder (along with Mati Lazar) of *Tayku*, an experimental folk/rock/jazz ensemble that pioneered the expression of Hebrew and Israeli music in a new direction. He has been a guest soloist with both Zamir Chorales, and possesses a dynamic tenor voice, brimming with personality. Because he has not limited his choice of songs or arrangements to one style, area of music, or type of accompaniment, Cantor Davis is able to infuse his selections with a great deal of spice and taam. He is backed by the wonderful Neshomah Orchestra.

Beginning with a Hasidic-style resetting of the *Shehech'yanu* blessing, Cantor Davis next presents a poignant ballad of hope and longing - written by David Burger - called "My Chiefest Joy," which is as contemporary as today's headlines. His original *Od Yishama* could move one to dance, and his rendition of "Papa, Can You Hear Me" (from "Yentl") instills that classic with new insight and emotional texture. Other personal favorites include an original *Avinu Malkeinu* and folk-oriented *D'ror Yikra*, in which the singing style becomes simpler and more direct. The liner notes are elaborate and well-planned, and another bonus is the printing of all the lyrics. Indeed, an impressive first record by a talented and dynamic cantor, Mayer Davis.

MUSIC SECTION

HA-SHAMAYIM M'SAPRIM K'VOD EL

Psalm 19: 2-4

Music by
MIRIAM WEISSBACH
(1909-1991)

Moderately

Am Am/G F

HA - SHA-MA - YIM M' - SA - PRIM K' - VOD EL K' - VOD

E Am A⁷ Dm Am

EL U - MA - A - SEI YA - DAV U - MA - A - SEI YA - DAV MA -

B^b Gm E E

GID HA - RA - KI - AH HA - SHA - MA - YIM M' - SA -

HA-SHAMAYIM M'SAPRIM K'VOD EL, p.2

Am Dm G⁷ C A⁷

PRIM K' - VOD EL U -

Dm Em F G F E

MA - A - SEI YA - DAV MA - GID HA - RA - KI - AH

rit.

Dm B^b Dm B^b Am C

YOM L' - YOM YA - BI - AH O - MER LAI - LA L' - LAI - LA Y' - CHA -

Dm E^b D Dm D Gm B^b

VEH DA - AT. YOM L' - YOM YA - BI - AH O - MER LAI - LA L' - LAI - LA Y' - CHA

HA-SHAMAYIM M'SAPRIM K'VOD EL, p.3

Slower

Gm F B^b mp Gm B^b B^b

rit.

VEH DA - AT. EIN O - MER V' - EIN D'VA - RIM B'LI NISH -

rit. *mp*

Gm B^b > p Gm B^b Gm B^b Gm B^b

MA KO - LAM B' - LI NISH - MA KO - LAM *echo* KO -

p

Gm B^b Gm C⁹ pp G Dm⁷/G C⁷

LAM *echo* B' - LI NISH - MA KO -

pp

1. F *rit.* E⁷

2. F *rit.*

LAM LAM *8va* *PPP*

rit. *decresc.* *rit.*

TORAT ADONAI

Psalm 19: 8-11

Music by
MIRIAM WEISSBACH
(1909-1991)

TO - RAT A - DO - NAI T'MI - MAH M' - SHI - VAT - NA - FESH EI -

DUT A - DO - NAI NE - EH - MA - NAH MACH - KI - MAT - PE - TL PI - KU -

DEI A - DO - NAI Y' - SHA - RIM M' - SAM - CHEI - LEV - MITZ -

VAT A - DO - NAI BA - RAH M' - I - RAT - EI - NAI - YIM YIR -

AT A - DO - NAI T' - HO - RAH O - ME - DET LA - AD, O - ME - DET LA -

AD MISH - P' - TEI A - DO - NAI E - MET TZAD - KU - YACH - DAV -

MI - ZA - HAV U - MI - PAZ - RAV U - M' - TU - KIM - MI - D' - VASH

V' - NO - FET TZU - FIM. FIM.

Chord symbols: Em, Am, Em, F#dim7, Em/G, Bm/D, Bm, Em, C, D, Asus A, B, B7, Bm, Em, Am, Em, Bm, B7, Em, C, Bm, Am, D7, G, C, Am, Bm, Am/C, Am, B7, Em, Bm, Em, Em, Bm, D7, G, Faster G, Am, A7, D, D7, G, C6, Bm, E, Am, D6, D7, 1. G, 2. G, D, D6, D7, G, Piano, rit.

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AD ANA

Psalm 13: 2-4, 6

Music by
MIRIAM WEISSBACH
(1909-1991)

Slowly Cm Fm G7 Cm Eb

AD A-NA A-DO - NAI TISH-KA - CHEI - NI NE-TZACH AD A-NA TAS-

Ebmaj7 Cm Eb A^b Fm B^b

TIR PA - NE - CHA MI - ME - NI AD A - NA A - SHIT EI - TZOT B^b - NAF -

Cm F Cm/G G7 Cm Em Eb

SHI YA - GON BIL - VA - VI YO - MAM AD A - NA YA - RUM OY -

D7 G Fm B^b/D Fm/C A^bm Cm

VI A - LAL AD A - NA AD A - NA AD A - NA HA - BI - TA A -

Fm Fm⁶/D Gaug Gm Cm

NEI - NI A-DO - NAI EH - LO - HAL A - DO - NAI EH - LO - HAL VA - A -

B^b Eb A^b Eb Fm B^b7 Eb Cm A^b B^bm

NI VA - A - NI B^b - CHAS - D' - CHA VA - TACH - TI YA - GEIL LI - BI BI -

Cm Fm G Fm A^b Fm G7 Cm Cm C G7 C

SHU - A - TE - CHA, BI - SHU - A - TE - CHA, A - SHI - RA, A - SHI - RA, A - SHI - RA

B^b A^b G A^b D^b G Fm G7 Cm

LA - DO - NAI KI GA - MAL A - LAL, KI GA - MAL A - LAL

rit.

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HARIU LADONAI KOL HA-ARETZ

Psalm 98: 4-9

Music by
MIRIAM WEISSBACH
(1909-1991)

HA - RI - U LA - DO - NAI KOL HA - A - RETZ - PITZ - CHU - V' -
 RA - NE - NU V' - ZA - MEI - RU. ZA - M' - RU - LA - DO - NAI B' - CHI - NOR V' - KOL ZIM -
 RAH. BA - CHA - TZOTZ - ROT V' -
 KOL SHO - FAR - HA - RI - U, HA - RI - U LIF - NEI HA - ME -
 LECH A - DO - NAL YI - RAM HA - YAM U - M' - LO - O
 TEI - VEL V' - YOSH - VEI VAH. N' - HA - ROT YIM - CHA - U CHAF
 YA - CHAD HA - RIM Y' - RA - NEI - NU. LIF - NEI A - DO - NAL, KI VA - KI
 VA - KI VA LISH - POT HA - A - RETZ YISH - POT TEI - VEL B' -
 TZE - DEK V' - A - MIM B' - MEI - SHA - RIM, V' - A MIM B' - MEI - SHA - RIM.

Chords: E^b, A^b, E/G, Fm, B^b7, E^b, Cm, E^b, Cm, Gm, Fm⁷, A^bm⁶/F, B^b7, A^b, E^b7, A^b, A^bmaj⁷, Fm, Cm, F⁷, B^b, B^b7, E^b, B^b, E^b, Gm, Cm, D^b, E^b7, A^b, G⁷, Cm, F⁹, B^b7^{ma}, B^b7, B^b9, G⁷, Cm, Cm, E^b, G⁷, Cm, G⁷, Cm, Gm, Fm⁷, G⁷, Cm, A^b, G⁷, Cm.

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ASHREI HA-ISH

Psalm 1: 1-3

Music by
MIRIAM WEISSBACH
(1909-1991)

Freely

A - SHREI HA-ISH A-SHER LO HA-LACH B'-A - TZAT R'-SHA-IM

UV'-DE-RECH CHA-TA-IM LO A-MAD UV'-MO - SHAV LEI-

TZIM LO YA - SHAV KI IM B' - TO - RAT A-DO-NAI CHEF - TZO U - V' -

TO - RA - TO YEH - GEH YO-MAM VA-LAI - LAH, YO-MAM VA-LAI - LAH, YO-MAM VA-

LAI - LAH V'-HA - YAH K' - EITZ SHA - TUL AL PAL -

GEI MA - YIM A-SHER PIR - YO YI-TEIN B'-I - TO V'-A-LEI-HU LO YI-

BOL V' - CHOL A - SHER YA - A - SEH YATZ - LI - ACH V' - CHOL A -

SHER YA - A - SEH YATZ - LI - ACH.

SHIRU SHIR CHADASH

The winners of a Hallel song contest

By ROBERT S. SCHERR

In the fall of 1991, under the auspices of my synagogue's Fine Arts Fund, we created a contest to stimulate interest in creating new melodies for congregational song in the Hallel service. The concept of the contest was that by advertising through the Cantors Assembly, American Conference of Cantors, Guild of Temple Musicians, and others, interested musicians would submit offerings. Perhaps stimulated by the small monetary prize offered, and probably more significantly by the creative muse which motivates most composers, many entries were received. A committee of three hazzanim (Charles Osborne, Robbie Solomon, and myself), and Dr. Lee Rothfarb, from the Music Department of Harvard University, evaluated the entries and awarded prizes. The following compositions were premiered for Temple Israel of Natick on the first day of Pesach in 1991. They have become a beloved part of the repertoire of our Hallel.

The compositions appear here with the permission of their composers, Emil Berkovits, Shimon Gewirtz, and Yossi Zucker.

PITCHU LI

Hazzan Emil Berkovits

Andante

PIT-CHU LI__ SHA-A-REY PIT-CHU LI SHA-A-REY TZE- DEK__ A - VO A - VO VAM__

A - VO VAM O-DEH YAH. PIT- CHU LI__ SHA-A-REY PIT-CHU LI SHA-A-REY

TZE - DEK__ A - VO A- VO VAM__ A- VO VAM O-DEH YAH. ZEH HA-SHA-AR

LA - DO- NAI TZA- DI- KIM-YA-VO - U VO__ ZEH HA-SHA - AR LA- DO-NAI TZA

DI - KIM YA - VO - U VO. *DC al **

EMIL BERKOVITS is Hazzan of Beth El Synagogue, Omaha, Nebraska.

ADONAI Z' CHARANU

Shimon Gewirtz

Moderato

V-DO- NAI Z'CHA- RA- NU Y' - NA RECH Y'-VA- RECH ET BEIT YIS-RA-
 EL Y' - VA - RECH ET BEIT A-HA-RON Y'-VA- RECH YIR- EI A-DO
 NAI HA - K'TA - NIM IM HA- G'DO - LIM IM HA- G'DO
 LIM YO- SEF V-DO-NAI V-LEI CHEV V-LEI CHEV V' - AL B'NETI CHEM B'-RU
 CHIM - V - TEM LA - DO - NAI O- SEY SHA-MA-YIM V-A-A- RETZ V - RETZ

E^m D E^m D E^m A^m D
 G G⁶ B E⁷ A^m B^m B⁷ C D A^m D⁶ B^m
 E^m G A B E^m G A B E^m G E^{m7} D
 G F D^{m7} E^m A^m C^{maj7}C B II

ADONAI Z'CHARANU 2

HA-SHA-MA-YIM SHA-MA-YIM LA-DO-NAI V'-HA V'-RETZ NA-TAN LIV-NEI V'-DAM

LO HA-MEI-TIM Y'-HA-L'-LU-YAH V'-LO KOL YOK-DEI DU-MA

V'-A-NACH-NU V'-VA-RECH YAH MEI-V-TAH V'-AD O-LAM
V'-A-NACH-NU MEI-A-TAH MEI-A-TAH

MEI-V-TAH V'-AD O-LAM HA-L'-LU-YAH

SHIMON GEMIRTZ is Hazzan of congregation Torat Yisrael, Cranston, Rhode Island.

HAL'LU ET ADONAI

Yossi Zucker
Ps. 117

Moderato

HA L'LU ET A-DO-NAI KOL GO - - YIM
SHAB - CHU - HU SHAB-CHU - HU KOL HA - U - - MIN.
KI GA - VAR A - LEI - NU CHAS-DO. A-LEI - NU CHAS - DO VE-E
MET A- DO-NAI L' - O- LAM. HA- L' - LU - - YAH.

HODU LADONAI

Yossi Zucker
Ps. 118

HO - - DU LA - DO - NAI KI TOV
KI L' - O- LAM. KI L' - O- LAM CHAS - - - DO.
YO - MAR NA YIS - RA - EL. KI L' - O- LAM CHAS - DO.
YOM - RU NA BEIT A-HA-KON KI L' - O- LAM CHAS - DO.
YO - M' - RU NA YIR - EI A - DO - NAI
KI L' - O- LAM. KI L' - O- LAM CHAS - - - DO.

YOSSI ZUCKER, a graduate of the Cantors Institute, is a resident of Kibbutz Hanaton, Israel.

A M A R R A B B I E L A Z A R

Text: End of Musaf

(Berachot ^{1/4})

Music:
Charles Heller

parlando

SOLO (BOY) A-mar Rab-bi El-a-zar, a-mar Rab-bi Cha-ni-na: Tal-mi-dei cha-cha-mum mar-bim sha-lom ba-o-

ORGAN (optional)

lam she-ne - e-mar: v'-chol ba-na-yich li-mu-dei A-do-nai, v'-rav shlom ba - na - yich.

Al tik-ra "ba-na-yich" e-la "bo-na-yich". Sha - lom rav l'-o- ha- vej to-ra-te-cha, v'- ma-an a-chai v'- rei ai a-

Andante

ORGAN OR CHOIR ("ah")

ein la - no - mich - shol, v'- hi sha- lom b'- chei - lech, a- dab- ra na sha- lom bach, l'- ma'an beit A-do-nai E-lo- hei - nu a-

CHARLES HELLER is Director of Music at Beth Emeth Bais Yehuda Synagogue, Toronto.

1. shal-va b' ar- m' no - ta - yich. L' - 2. vak-sha tov lach. A - do -

1. 2. 1. 2.

rubato

nai oz l'a- mo yi- ten, A-do-nai y'va-rech eE a-mo va-sha- lom.

ORGAN (optional)

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Note from the composer

This piece has been sung for many years at Beth Emeth Bais Yehuda, Toronto. It affords an opportunity to give the cantor a rest at the end of Musaf and also to feature a boy chorister. The relatively long phrases require some training for a boy to sing them properly, and this gives the boys a goal to work for. It is a matter of great pride when a boy sings this solo for the first time; his photo and biography are printed in the *shul* bulletin. In this way, participation in the choir provides musical, educational and social rewards.

PSALM 93

FOR ELIZABETH SIMON BERKE

DANIEL S. KATZ
JERUSALEM, SEPT. 1989

ANDANTE MAESTOSO ($\text{♩} = 63$)

mp

OPRANO

mp

ENOR

R- DO- NAI MA- LAKH GEI- UT LA- VEISH, LA- VEISH A- DO- NAI,

A- DO- NAI MA- LAKH GEI- UT LA- VEISH, LA- VEISH A- DO- NAI,

4

CRES.

OZ HIT- AZ- AR, AF TI- KON TEI- VEIL BAL TI- - MOT _ _

8

CRES.

OZ HIT- AZ- AR, AF TI- KON TEI- VEIL BAL TI- - - MOT _ _ NA-

7

mf

CRES.

NA- - KHON, NA- KHON _ _ KIS- A- KHA MEI AZ,

9

KHON KIS- A- KHA _ _ MEI- AZ,

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PSALM 93

DANIEL S. KATZ

9

MEI- O- LAM A- TAH.

MEI- O- LAM A- TAH. MEI- O-

11

NA- S'- U N'- HA- ROT A- DO- NRI.

LAM A- TAH. NA- S'- U N'- HA- ROT A- DO- NRI, NA- S'-

14

NA- S'- U N'- HA- ROT QO- LAM. YIS- - U N'- HA-

U N'- HA- ROT QO- LAM. YIS- - U

PSALM 93

DANIEL S. KATZ

16

ff *mp* DOLCE

ROT DOKH- YAM. MI- QO- LOT MA- - YIM RA- BIM

CRESC. *ff* *mp* DOLCE

N'- HA- ROT DOKH- YAM. MI- QO- - LOT MA- YIM RA- BIM

19

mf CRESC. ALLARGANDO

AD- DI- RIM MISH- B'- REI_ - YAM, MISH- B'- REI_ - - YAM, AD- - DIR BA- MA-

mf CRESC.

AD- DI- RIM_ - MISH- B'- REI_ - - YAM, AD- - DIR BA- MA-

21

f *mp* MENO MOSSO

ROM A- DO- NAI EI- DO- TE- KHA NE- EM- NU M'- OD, L'- - VEI- T'- KHA_

f *mp*

ROM A- DO- NAI EI- DO- TE- - KHA NE- EM- NU M'- OD, L'- - VEI- T'- KHA_

25

TEMPO I *mf* CRESC. RIT.

NA- VAH QO- - DESH. A- DO- NAI, L'- O- - - - REKH YA- - MIM

mf CRESC. RIT.

NA- VAH QO- - DESH, A- DO- NAI, - - L'- O- - - REKH YA- - MIM

HANEI ROT HALALU

FOR RABBI MORTON LEIFMAN

DANIEL S. KATZ
NOV. 11, 1990

MODERATO (♩=69)

HA- MEI- ROT HA- LA- LU A- NACH- NU MAD- LI- QIN- AL HA- NIS-

3
SIM V'- AL HA- MIF- LA- OT V'- AL HA- T'- SHU- - OT V'- AL HA- MIL- - CHA-

5
RIT. A TEMPO
MOT- - SHE- A- SI- TA LA- A- VO- TEI- - - - - NU BA- YA- MIM HA- HEM- - BA- Z'-

8
MARCATO
MAN- - - HA- ZEN AL Y'- DEI KO- HA- HEN- - KHA HA- Q'- DO- - SHIN. V'-

11
KHAL SH'- MO- NAT Y'- MEI CHA- NU- KAH HA- MEI- ROT HA- LA- LU QO- DESH HEM V'-

14
RIN LA- NU R'- SHUT L'- HISH- TA- MESH BA- HEM EH- LA LI- RO- TAM BIL- VAD, K'-

16
RIT.
DEI L'- HO- DOT U- L'- HA- LEL- - - - L'- SHIM- KHA- HA- GA- DOL-

19
A TEMPO
AL- - MI- - SEH- - KHA V'- AL- - MIF- L'- O- TEH- KHA V'- AL V'- SHU- A- TEH- - KHA.