

NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by tehillimzugger - 29 Oct 2012 18:46

All this talk about names lead me to think about the halachic ramifications of say, Chuna Feitel calling himself TehillimZugger. I'm sincerely hoping this thread will schlep Dov into the Beis Medrash; Zeh hacheili, B'ezer tzuri v'goeili:

A. Say Chuna Feitel is getting divorced [gasp!], would he be required to mention the name TehillimZugger in the Rabbinic Divorce document *commonly known as Get- an acronym popular legend suggests stands for "Gittel Trayna"- a famous dear devoted- klavta, who led many a husband running for said document*, or not?

[i]Please don't comment that this particular Chuna Feitel is not engaged yet, so how can he divorce- this is a sensitive issue, we don't want to hurt Chuna Feitel's sensitive feelings...[/i]

[The Talmudic precedent for this question may be found in Tractate Gittin [Babylonian, Vilna ed.] folio 34b: "A woman named Miriam, some refer to her as Sara".]

B. Independent of above answer, in the event he is required to cite username in document, would he be required to write "T.Z." or "TZuggs" and other nicknames associated with said username, or not?

[A halachic precedent may be found (although arguably, the cases discussed are not completely similar) in Responsums: Mahara"m Schick (E.H. §163), Maharsha"m (Vol. III §187)]

I plan on returning to this thread to discuss these [and other] points, first let's hear what the oilam thinks.

P.S. Hurricane Sandy delayed me considerably in posting this post, and I'm not sure when I'll be able to continue, first, let's get Dov in here... HEH HEH [Khalled! Arois fin biss medrash, goyatz!]

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by tehillimzugger - 09 May 2013 20:48

Part IV: Let Them Jews Go Home.

As the fork touched the Rav's lips, Old Mika Dunlede suddenly fainted away.

The guards dropped their swords and rushed to revive the Poritz.

The Rav immediately put down his fork. Upon seeing this, Chuna Feitel put down his as well (*never mind that he had managed to shove in two forkfuls as the Rabbi was praying*). He smacked his lips with gusto. "Was delicious Janek" he complimented the befuddled panhandler.

Presently, one of the guards looked up from his position where he was bent over the Poritz. "The Poritz says the Jews can go home."

Relieved and not waiting around for anyone to change their minds, the Rav and Chuna Feitel got up and rushed out.

"Did you taste it Rabbi? It was delicious!" Chuna Feitel exclaimed.

"Well, now you'll be able to fulfill the dictum of the Talmud; 'One should not say I don't want pigmeat. Rather one should say I very much desire it, but what can I do, the torah forbids it.' I am quite happy though at not being able to say so, just as I haven't up until now."

"But Rabbi, if we are not allowed to, why did you let me eat it?!"

"The Torah is life. We are not meant to die by the Torah, but to live with it. If we are threatened with death we need not keep the Torah, though there ARE three exceptions..." and so the Rabbi resumed his role of teaching his unlearned brethren.

Why did Old Mika faint?

As the Rav had lifted the fork to his lips, the Poritz had suddenly seen the image of his friend Prince Khaleedowka, looking very much as he had when he was alive, though his face shone with an otherworldly glow. "WHAT DO YOUZE THINKS YOUZE DOIN'?" he had shouted. "YOUZE THINKS YOUZE GOOD YOUZE REALLY BAD, I CAN SEE IT. YOUZE VERY VERY BAD. LET THEM JEWS GO HOME".

The Poritz went up to his room with a pounding headache [compounded by the fact that he had left the kitchen to the sound of Janek's hearty rendition of some ridiculous song about a king sending all his troops to patch up some egg].

He paused before entering his room. "Amelia" he called to his maid, "Please take that new book from my night table, and kindle it."

"Kindle? Book?" Amelia Badelia repeated dumbly (*not being the sharpest crayon in the box*).

"Yes, Kindle, Fire, you know, burn the book, and immediately."

With that the Poritz got into bed and fell instantly into a deep sleep.

He dreamed... [M.U.G.?)

There were rivers flowing, rivers of tears, rivers of fire, crisscrossing. The world was upside down, everything was turning, blood was flowing, dogs were barking. So many sounds, so many smells. And through it all, like the roll of mighty waves, like the breaking of Lebanon's great

cedars. A voice rang out: "Bear witness!"

They all came, the emperors, the kings, the princes, their tearstained faces and tattered clothes signs that their status in society had greatly changed. And suddenly Mika heard his own voice ring out: "Rav Papiermeister kept your Torah, Moshka kept your Torah!"

There was Khaleedowka of Bardichev again, his shining countenance -like six hundred thousand candles- suddenly occupying the entire horizon. His voice rang out:

"One who prepared on Friday may eat on the Sabbath; the rest can sit in tabernacles." [Mika bit his tongue to keep from asking what a tabernacle is- everyone else seemed to understand.]

And so they all went, the members of nobility of three thousand years, and sat in their sukkahs, the sun's heat burning down on them. Choking like Zyklon B, bearing down like the weight of six million leather shoes.

Old Mika awoke.

Chuna Feitel dreamed...

They looked sort of like gad seeds though they were white. Hungrily, he grabbed a handful and stuffed it into his mouth. It had sort of a mixed flavor of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast. He looked for more, but it had all melted away. In their place he saw a tiny man singing in an unusually loud voice "The itsy bitsy spider went up the garden spout..."

"Grow: Itsy Bitsy!" Chuna Feitel commanded.

And there stood before him Janek, expertly handling a pan of bacon. "Do you want it?" he asked before suddenly turning into a green serpent swallowing green eggs. The serpent glared at him

with flaming green eyes and pushed him into a boiling cauldron of green ham...

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by tehillimzugger - 09 May 2013 20:51

Part V: What's A Man To Do?

Dismissing his strange dream as a result of the previous day's tumultuous events, Chuna Feitel was back at work the next day. Feeding the cows who were quite hungry (*not having been properly fed the day before*), he began feeling hungry himself.

Remembering Janek's delicious cooking he decided to go down to the kitchen. On the cold stone steps he saw beautiful Chana Friedstein sprawled, looking just like a Barbie doll, but for the fact that her shoulders were heaving with sobs. Ordinarily he would offer some words of encouragement, but he was too hungry for that right now.

Ignoring the sounds of Janek's hearty voice lustily singing: "Ole Mika Dunlede had a farm. Gee why ee? Why? Oh." He briskly entered the kitchen "Say Janek, I'm faaaaaamished. Anything to eat?"

"Sorry" was Janek's reply, "just this bacon I'm grilling."

Chuna Feitel's face fell, he was really hungry. Suddenly his face lit up:

"Ooh. I know what! Yesterday, the Rabbi told me that if I'm forced to eat it, I can. Would you call some of those guards that were here yesterday?"

"How would that help" Janek asked, perplexed.

"Well they can come with their swords and their menacing grimaces (*this part is very important, they need to grimace menacingly*) and you'll tell them to kill me if I don't eat it".

Janek's face brightened as realization dawned, "YIPPEEE! I get to act old Mika?"

"Yes".

"Wow! It'll be a great play... I need to write a script. Can we do a musical?"

"Do whatever you want Janek. But fast. I'm hungry."

That first time wasn't so great as far as the playacting went; the guards were almost as confused as Janek had been on the previous day. Janek had only been able to throw together a half of his Mika costume. The colorful satin half draped on his old worn out patched up sweater, the pince nez not quite keeping to his nose, combined with the pan he was try to professionally handle- all made him look sort of like a cross between a schnorer, a rebbi, a therapist and the-guy-in-charge-of-putting-away-all-the-sefarim having a gastrointestinal snafu. But it improved- these plays were happening more and more often, as Chuna Feitel's taste for forbidden meats expanded. Eventually Janek had

a whole routine where he dressed as a wolf threatening to huff and puff until little piggies fly into Moshka's mouth...

Moshka had gained the services of a great panhandler and he lived happily ever after...

The End

Epilogue

Some things are Fated- Our upbringing, where we lived, whom we lived with all had an impact on the way we think and even act. We cannot simply pass by Harry's wife sprawled on the steps crying, even had we not eaten for three days (*and not because we are such caring individuals*). Something is desperately wrong.

Chuna Feitel can blame the Poritz for forcing the delicious meat on him. He can blame Rav Papiermeister for letting him eat it. He can blame fate.

He can also blame himself for calling the guards in day after day.

We can be the nine year old boy [or whatever] if we want to blame fate.

We can also become adults and begin to live life.

HEH HEH, YOU'Z GOTTA FESS UP,

TZ.

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by Dov - 28 May 2013 06:48

THis is incredible stuff. Who'd have ever guessed that Chuna-feitel would have ever came out of the closet on his problems...with a name like that, yet!

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by tehylimzugger - 27 Jun 2013 20:28

Tricycle?

Treacle?

Trickle.

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by ZemirosShabbos - 27 Jun 2013 22:42

Triathlon

Triaminic

Trionthebekeshe

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by belzeruv - 10 Jul 2013 02:37

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by belzeruv - 11 Jul 2013 00:06

oh r dov! this was long ago! YOU werent even born yet

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by mr. emunah - 18 Jul 2013 22:54

is this the part of the gilgul thread?

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by inastruggle - 18 Jul 2013 23:16

GYE's school of witchcraft and wizardry

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by tehylimzugger - 01 Aug 2013 01:08

Happy as a witch in a broom geictory

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by Dov - 01 Aug 2013 01:12

The gilgul thread? Again?!

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by mr. emunah - 01 Aug 2013 23:36

It's a recurring theme

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by tehillimzugger - 28 Aug 2013 00:11

Is Dov a gilgul of the RebbeRebBer? Can any of the kabbalists here help me out? It is imperative that I know for certain, there is a certain tikkun that only the Mezritcher Maggid can help me accomplish. It's a secret mission but if you help me out with finding his true identity I may let you in on the secret.

Thanks.

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by ZemirosShabbos - 28 Aug 2013 00:32

is he a Packers fan?

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