

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 - 08 Mar 2013 21:13

[Dov wrote:](#)

So? Because *you* are bored it means *we* have to work? How is that fair?

No idea what you're referring to, dov. but sure!

Kol haolam lo nivra ela bishvili!

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by mr. emunah - 08 Mar 2013 21:24

I know,

Those Bukharians are trying to take over the world...

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by tehillimzuger - 14 Mar 2013 21:29

[Gevura Shebyesod wrote:](#)

What about JayZee?

Funny, there was a get in Milwaukee like fifteen years ago that had many Rabbis clutching umbrellas over a guy named OhZee. Anyone remember? Or am I the only guy reading divorce responsum .

I think the rest of the oilam is too deeply involved in the other even haezer teshuvos... I used to be involved in that too, and I know some [others that still are...](#)

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by mr. emunah - 14 Mar 2013 21:33

Methinks Jayzed ainy jewish yetm his jewish numen is maybe Yidzayen (and he could call his son Benzion)

BTW EVEN HAEZER TSHUVOS ROCK DA HOUSE!

but Da other chalakim got some good stuff too!

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by tehillimzugger - 15 Mar 2013 02:37

Should I start a thread on Choshen Mishpat?

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by mr. emunah - 15 Mar 2013 18:23

it can get rather dry...

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by tehillimzugger - 15 Mar 2013 23:32

totally not!

There IS no stirah in shach between siman ayin ches and pei aleph with regard to eidim

muchmanim... think about it!

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by mr. emunah - 18 Mar 2013 19:59

wazzat?

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by tehlimzugger - 19 Mar 2013 00:28

eidim muchmanim is a very interesting concept that throws off any preconceptions you might have about migu

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by Dov - 19 Mar 2013 21:53

U guys are a tough crowd. Must be New Yorkers....

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by tehlimzugger - 30 Apr 2013 19:57

C O M I N G S O O N . . .

Fated.

A short story based on historical facts, some of which actually happened.

By: Tanchum Zisha Derzehler

In Five parts:

Part I: Old Mika Dunlede's Farm

Part II: You Can Lead a Horse to Water

Part III: While You Can't Make It Drink, You Can Make It Sink.

Part IV: Let Them Jews Go Home.

Part V: What's A Man To Do?

Successfully plagiarized from over five books! And featuring a delightful cast of your favorite characters!

[The following list is based on the order of their appearance in the story]

Old McDonald, Giraffes, Emus, Green Elephants, Non-Enterprising Gentiles, Unassuming Pokichsaer Yidden, Chuna Feitel, Rochi Schwartz, TEHILLIM ZUGGER, KHALEED (what's with the CAPS allofasudden?), bARDICHEV!, Janek the Panhandler (of BNGE), Harry and Chani Friedstein, Dr. Seuss, Geezio (of Zemmy and Emu's thread), Haiku!, Yank the Cool Bumb, Amelia Badelia, Rabbi Meir Uri Gottesman, and of course, much much more.

Haskamos! See what delighted readers are saying,

Machshovo Tova says: "More Narishkeiten?!"

Mr. Emunah says: "Why isn't it printed yet? Aph ani ekach sepher echad bl"n bmchir asher yashis alai harav hamechaber kasher yeitzei mibeis hadfus."

ZemirosShabbos says: "A little long winded and confusing, but a greatly satisfying read."

Elazar Ben Durdaya says: "Wow! People still remember my story? Gevaldigggggggg."

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by Machshovo Tova - 30 Apr 2013 22:01

[tehillimzugger wrote:](#)

Part III: While You Can't Make It Drink, You Can Make It Sink.

Note: You can also make it stink. So be careful there!

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by tehillimzugger - 02 May 2013 18:15

Fated.

A short story based on historical facts, some of which actually happened.

By: Tanchum Zisha Derzehler

Part I: Old Mika Dunlede's Farm

Slubadchek wasn't remarkable as far as Eastern European villages went. Nestled between scenic mountains, its safek-shack/safek-huts miles away from the nearest yishuv and civilization were typical of the area. The village was populated by the Non-enterprising Gentile Population, the Unassuming PoBAD WORD REMOVEDer Yidden, and of course, the Poritz.

While Slubadchek on its own, would hardly be noteworthy, its Poritz was a very prominent personage and famous throughout the land. His name was Mika Dunlede, the reason for his renown was his age. Why, he was rumored to be over two hundred years old! And so it came about that people referred to Slubadchek as Old Mika Dunlede's city.

Of course, Old Mika Dunlede had a farm. On the farm he had cows that mooed, horses that neighed, sheep that baaed, and many other animal species [though this author doubts that he had giraffes and emus, much less Green Elephants]. Since Old Mika wasn't going to care for them himself, [the last time he stepped out of his castle being to honor the visiting prince of Bardichev back when he was a youngster of 80 years.] he hired a

Moshka to do the job.

For those readers that are not in the know; "a Moshka" translates as a simple, unassuming shtetl-dwelling PoBAD WORD REMOVEDer Yid, whom if fate had it was named Moshka, but more often was simply named, Zundel, Feivish, or even Mordechai. Moshka's job usually included but was not limited to, caring for the Kretchmer [which wasn't very good business when the gentile population was not enterprising and could barely recognize that a bottle of Woodford doesn't roll] and generally managing the properties belonging to the Poritz.

Slubadchek's Moshka [whose name was Chuna Feitel] was a werdyger yeedle (a worthy Jew), but not terribly well educated in Jewish ilm, or knowledge. On occasion, when Rav Papiermeister, the Rav of the Glilus, would pass by [Chaim Yankel the Road-Kill butcher of Bardsville Kentucky, heard from his Mechuteniste Etka Ruchi Schwartz, who heard from her sister Sprynca Gittel Reich, that he was the Elte Zeideh of Rabbi Chuna Feitel Papermaster, the frontier Rabbi in Nordakota], would be one of the most vibrant (in fact, one of the only) participants in the Chok Lessons the Rabbi would give. But that was the extent of Chuna Feitel's Jewish knowledge. And as we know, the reason they're called lessons is because they lessen from time to time, and so; Chuna Feitel was a poBAD WORD REMOVEDer yid who could barely qualify as a Tehillim Zugger.

Old Sir Dunlede never [throughout all his many years!] cared much for the Jews, largely ignoring them. While some attributed his lack of anti-semitism to his wonderful relationship with Prince Khaleedowka of Bardichev, scholars [See, Werses Shmuel, Uiber Das Wesen Der Joseph Perl, University of Meah Shearim Publishing, 1997, pp. 318-29. Meir Yonatan, Ha'Adon M'Slubadchek B'sifrei Perl, Galicia Publications, 2012, Chap.1-3.] point out that the two were unacquainted until the time of the latter's visit when the former was already eighty years old.

Whatever the case, all this changed when Johann Perl of Tarnopol sent Old Mika a copy of his rabidly Anti-Semitic book "Uiber Das Wesen Der Judentum". Old Mika, sufficiently goaded by what he read, left his castle for the first time in over a hundred years, in search of a Jew to harass.

Not surprisingly, the first Jew he came upon was his very own Moshka!

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Re: NAMES! NAMES! NAMES!

Posted by tehillimzugger - 06 May 2013 19:01

Part II: You Can Lead a Horse to Water

Chuna Feitel was feeding the cows when he noticed Rav Papiermeister's coach approaching just over the horizon. Excitedly he dropped whatever he was doing and began to run toward his beloved Rav. For you see, as uneducated as he was, he knew Kvod Chachamim is at the very core of Yiddishkeit.

"Yo Moshka!" he suddenly heard an agitated voice call out, "Where do ya think yer going?!"

Chuna Feitel stopped in his tracks. There stood Ol' Mika Dunlede, in the flesh!

"I'm very sorry sir," Chuna Feitel replied somewhat contritely, "but I just noticed that our esteemed Rabbi is arriving, and was rushing to greet him. Of course, if milord needs anything, I'll stay right here."

The Poritz got a faraway look for a moment, then adjusted his pince-nez and focused on Chuna.

"You don't say, the Rabbi, ay?" he rubbed his hands in glee. "Well, I'll wait for him all right, there's something I want to know about Judaism."

"Well then sir," said Chuna Feitel, "It's great that the Rabbi's on his way over, he'll certainly be able to answer your questions (which is more than I can say about myself)."

The pair stood together and waited as Rav Papiermeister's carriage slowly approached. As it got a little closer the door of the carriage was suddenly flung open. Rav Papiermeister jumped out and began running towards them. "To what do I owe this honor?" he asked excitedly.

Oh, if only the Jews had some way of knowing the Poritz's nefarious designs.

The Poritz ignored the question, motioning for the Jews to follow him into the castle. As they passed through the gate, the Poritz whispered a few words into the ear of the guard, who then nodded and rushed off.

Down to the basement they followed Mika, and into the kitchen of Janek the panhandler. Janek was the Poritz's cook and would handle the pots and pans, keeping the warm ones warm, the cold ones cold, and getting the dirty one's clean [so says Chana, the Tzadeikes Nisteres who would hide (that's why she was called nisteres, you know) in the Poritz's basement when her husband Hershel the Jeweler would come home dry-drunk and was frightening to be around].

"Janek!" The Poritz bellowed with all the strength his rumored-to-be-over-two-hundred-years-old voice could muster. Behind them, five armed guards with their swords drawn, silently entered the kitchen.

Janek's eyes widened in fear, as his hands nervously traced the pattern of the patches dotting his worn out shirt. "I-I p-promise never again to sing that s-song ab-bout the ca-"

"Don't worry Janek" the Poritz said evenly, "I'm not here to discuss your silly cat that wears a hat and is named Sam I am, though I do appreciate the promise to never sing the, ahem 'song' again."

"I'm here" the Poritz continued, "because I want you to offer these two fine gentlemen some ham (I do doubt you have any green eggs handy)."

Janek quickly found the correct pan (in his typical professional manner). Handling it gingerly he walked over to where the Rav and Moshka were standing, furtively glancing at the guards who stood still at attention with swords drawn. To the Jews he said, "Gentlemen, can I offer you some ham? Geezio I am".

"Oh Janek! When are you going to stop with those mindless rhymes already!" (Old Mika's voice was getting quite some exercise today.) "And now, Rabbi and Moshka: EAT THAT HAM!" ["see Bards, I used caps"]

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