

# Miami Beach

By Herman Eager

1937

Translation by Dan Setzer

© July 2018



[Author's dedication]

For my loving  
Father and Mother

Originally published by:  
Myold Press  
161 Grand St., N.Y.

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# From Winter to Summer

In the city  
of iron and steel  
it becomes Winter  
all at once!

Winds howl  
so strong,  
In the heavens  
barren and gray...

In a snowstorm  
someone soaked  
falls to the street,  
windy-cold.

And a frost  
cuts like a knife,  
And to Spring –  
it's so far...

And all at once,  
From snow and cold –  
one falls into  
a Summery-world!

\* \* \*

The train winds for miles  
breathless cries:  
Miami, it is  
not far, already!

And soon, so soon,  
it will be Summer!  
Trees, flowers,  
sun shine!

To me what's frost,  
and what's cold!  
*A new* life,  
*a new* world!

The train rolls on  
swiftly, swiftly,  
away from snow  
away from wind.

Through villages, through towns,  
through fields and woods;  
through clouds of smoke –  
with great force!

There – Washington,  
There – Jacksonville!  
Oh, already there are  
oranges aplenty!

One already sees flowers,  
One can smell the fragrance;  
It is already  
Summer in the air!

Yesterday – Winter,  
Today – not a trace;  
How wonderful  
is Nature!

And in place of  
Winter clothes –  
Beaming about  
are Summer joys.

Light and sunbeams  
and ocean,  
cover the bodies  
of woman and man.

# Miami Beach

Miami Beach –  
is young and beautiful!  
And full of excitement,  
and full of charm!

Pure colors  
and clear sky –  
like a dream  
in fact!

Night – silvered,  
day – golden  
always green  
and always mild!

Eternal Summer  
heals and laughs,  
and the moon –  
watches by night.

Penetrating hearts  
deep inside,  
and excites  
like strong wine...

# **Miami Beach –**

## **The City with Everything**

Miami Beach –  
tourist town;  
even G-d is  
a tourist.

Jews have  
brought Him here –  
to sit and –  
nothing more.

“Kosher” signs  
on the streets –  
call to  
the masses:

Call out, awake,  
yell out loud –  
Jews, kosher goods,  
beef gravy!

Goulash, tzimmes,  
blintzes, knish,  
kishka, strudel,  
gefilte fish!

Whatever else one wants,  
one can get:  
Milk from nuts,  
Milk from goats.

Tropical fruits,  
snacks;  
be they for drinking,  
be they for chewing.

Hot dogs,  
bread with caraway;  
even – dishes  
from heaven...

It is Cony Island:  
ta-ra-rum  
with a Jewish  
bim-bam!

Such a spiritless  
Jewish life –  
without meaning,  
without struggle!

And day in day out  
all you hear  
is how they talk just  
about horses,

about dogs  
and slot machines –  
like people have lost  
their senses.

Dressed in white  
idle fops,  
gamblers, big shots  
speculators;

Pensioned ladies –  
perfumed,  
and with diamonds  
on display;

Live there –  
with zest and joy,  
in a voluptuous  
Garden of Eden.



## Otherwise...

Also there is  
a small number  
who never  
gamble.

They care nothing  
about the 'game,'  
that is not their  
life's goal.

They feel the struggle  
They see the strife –  
In the near,  
In the far.

And they sit  
on the sand –  
and speak loudly  
all fired up! –

About Karl Marx,  
Spinoza's ethics;  
about belief  
and aesthetic.

About Christians,  
about Jews,  
about war  
and about peace.

About Hitler  
and Aryans;  
and leftist  
proletarians.

About mankind  
and about the world  
and about the heat  
and about the cold.

About everything  
and about nothing,  
about what Man may,  
and may not do.

Theories fly  
like spiders,  
and – men get riled  
like dogs.

One goes this way,  
the other – that,  
and making sense  
is hard to come by...

\*                      \*

At night – there's  
a word-shortage,  
gone is the  
wordy tangle.

And one sits  
still and silent,  
in the darkened  
side streets –

And romances  
still and long –  
and refreshes themselves  
with the sea song.

And drink in the wind  
like wine,  
and dream  
through the night...

## Money is Love...

Miami Beach –  
tourist town,  
where money is *love*,  
money is G-d!

A “dear guest”  
is one just the one –  
who has jingling coins  
and – a lot more.

Is he poor?  
Is he in pain?  
Leave him there  
don't let him in.

Miami's pomp  
and charm and glitter,  
makes for the rich man  
simply a dance.

But if your pockets  
are poor,  
you will only get  
a little – snack ...

# Gambling

Miami Beach –  
famous for gambling;  
more than one tourist  
loses his shirt.

Horses – by day,  
and dogs – by night;  
there will be fortunes  
lost!

No one rests  
and no one sleeps,  
one only plays  
and one only hopes!

One puts his last  
dollar down:  
the horse, the dog  
must – win!

One walks, one rides,  
one quickly runs;  
one – to the horses,  
and one – to the dogs.

One runs to  
Hialeah Park,  
it is Hialeah –  
the horse-playing market.

Pulses throbbing,  
hearts jump;  
and one gets  
behind in rent.

\*                      \*

No better  
are the slot machines,  
that gobble nickels  
mindlessly!

Wherever on goes;  
Machines – packed!  
One feeds them nickels  
and – someone wins!

Heaven, earth,  
and slot machines!  
Nickels buzz  
like bees!

The speculations  
flicker, burn;  
and they play  
to their last cent!

They play and play –  
never ever enough;  
everyone seeks – that  
jackpot.

The slot machines,  
coin eaters;  
they are a racket,  
they are a plague!

And a good and  
fat business –  
only rarely, rarely  
does someone win.

And thus  
does one rob  
from the tourist  
his money and repose!

# Real Estate Boom

In Miami Beach  
A stir, a boom:  
people speculate  
with pleasure and aplomb.

Sand and swamp  
by the edge of the sea:  
people buy and sell,  
a boom is blazing!

It's alive once again  
the real estate,  
which up to now  
had been dead.

Every hut  
becomes a *house*;  
every apartment  
becomes a *rose*!

Lots run  
from day to day,  
and – it flickers  
such a blaze!

Bronx and Flatbush  
strongly represented –  
in the city  
of sun and shadow.

Jewish money  
in every brick,  
every stone –  
a rich gamble!

And on every  
street, swarms,  
like mushrooms  
after a rain –

Springing up  
overnight –  
full of sparkle  
and full of grandeur –

Houses and palaces  
and hotels, –  
heavenly blue  
and sunshine bright!

The buildings –  
modernistic,  
richly colored  
and Cubistic.

And the patios  
truly Spanish,  
and the palms  
truly Cuban.

And neon signs  
flicker brilliantly,  
as if they wanted –  
to dance the hula!

And the stores,  
restaurants –  
filled with luxury  
as – of old!

They will gladly pay,  
the tourists, –  
from the North  
and from the East.

From the West  
and – from everywhere;  
there will be  
no empty rooms.

What Depression!  
No money anywhere?  
Miami Beach  
a world of its *own*!

It is a Klondike,  
a quiet boom,  
which gives Miami  
luxury, and room!

They build, they hammer,  
it is joy there –  
for a tourist,  
for a king!

## Bedsheets...

Miami Beach  
in the high season –  
like sardines  
in a can.

Eight to a room,  
three to a bed –  
some wander homeless –  
a hospital.

In many houses  
bed sheets – are walls,  
in order to get  
more rent.

A bed sheet is  
a wall, or a door,  
and bed sheets –  
totally without a song!

It is a season –  
busy and fast!  
Many lie  
as in labor...

The rich sleep  
in hotels,  
as for the customers  
it's a – mess.

They sleep in lairs  
like the mice,  
and for that  
they pay a high price.

Garages, attics,  
anything goes –  
all is merchandise  
on the market.

It is a life  
narrow and dismal  
for a poor  
tourist.



But just to be  
in Miami –  
for them is everything  
good and fine...

# Palms

Miami Beach  
Is palm tree land,  
It is the palm's  
kingdom!

Palm trees, palm trees  
everywhere –  
like a veritable  
museum!

Palm trees straight,  
palm trees twisted;  
and relaxed  
and pious.

Thin, fat,  
tall and taller –  
umbrellas,  
green fans!

Tops – with wings,  
slender – the stems,  
like well-dressed  
pretty women.

Royal palms –  
tall – gigantic!  
Young, proud  
slender dandies!

To the blue sky  
they reach –  
as if they wanted  
to reveal something.

Palms – the elders  
bow down deeply  
from the years  
bent and broken.

Many by crutches  
supported,  
they stand  
like cheaters.

Bottle-shaped  
right by the shore,  
loaded with  
coconuts.

Coconuts, like  
bunches of grapes  
hang ripe  
high above.

In hard shells  
brightly colored –  
sun-kissed,  
wind caressed –

They hang  
in bunches  
until they fall  
from the breezes.

\*       \*

All palm trees  
impress,  
and lead you  
into dreamland.

Comes a breeze –  
the palms mummer:  
quiet, secret  
psalms...

## Frivolousness...

Miami Beach  
is flesh and bone;  
erotic, play,  
and pastimes.

In every place,  
with every step;  
men search for – the girl  
and girls search for – the man.

It is a free  
and open field, –  
where everyone  
can be a hero.

One carouses  
and one flirts,  
and one loves,  
and one poses.

All have a  
*silent* language,  
and the *weaker*  
are conquered.

The old become  
young again,  
and – they babble  
with their tongue.

What me marry! –  
all are single;  
every grandpa  
becomes a youngster.

Every grandma  
becomes there – a Lady,  
and a mama  
becomes a maiden...

And all seek there  
loves – thrills,  
and all sin  
in the silence.

And one drinks  
of the sweet poison –  
and all fling  
the sin into the sea...

## Wine and Pain

Miami is  
divided in two:  
one part is joy,  
the other – woe.

One part is light,  
music and wine,  
the other – darkness,  
want and pain.

One side cries,  
one side laughs;  
one by – day,  
the other by – night.

And each part –  
is another world;  
on one side want,  
on the other side money.

One part by day  
plays in luxury;  
the other hungers  
in silence.

It's not a garden of Eden  
for everyone –  
in the city of  
desire and delight.

Those who work  
and produce, –  
toil there  
like slaves.

Music and dance  
is not for them,  
riches, luxury,  
beauty, brilliance!

Work –  
as much as they demand,  
without an end  
and without a goal.

Just don't demand  
too much money,  
and don't think  
about what you lack...

# Under the Sun

Miami Beach –  
where sunbeams  
attract tourists  
from everywhere.

Some come because  
of the cold,  
others – because  
of poor health.

Still others come  
to drown sorrows –  
get out of  
winter clothes.

A young girl comes  
to get a marriage proposal;  
a boy comes  
just for fun...

And everyone swims  
there and bakes,  
and they sweat  
like in a bath –

Until their skin  
is fire-red,  
and it begins  
to peel!

And the beach  
is full of bodies –  
boys, girls  
husbands and wives.

Half undressed  
they lie about – lazy,  
completely smeared  
in fats and oil.

And they bake themselves  
in the sun,  
even though they  
suffer for it later.



They can't sit!  
They can't lay down!  
But – to be tanned –  
is a pleasure....

## Rich and Witty

Miami Beach  
has a power,  
that brings joy  
to body and mind.

If you come once –  
you come back again;  
it draws you back  
in all your limbs!

One can not  
forget the palms;  
Each palm is  
a – princess!

Every breeze –  
like a mother,  
every night –  
a beautiful woman!

And the flowers –  
more vivid;  
dazzle, charm  
shimmer!

Heavens look down  
with a thousand eyes –  
richly colored  
like rainbows!

And the blue –  
hypnotizes the eyes!  
Masterfully fashioned  
and rich, exotic!

New and unusual  
is the sorrow,  
in the city of  
eternal summer.

A new stillness from  
light and shadow –  
birds sing  
new notes!

Magical corners  
laden with dreams  
how they sparkle,  
how they dazzle!

Enchanting sounds,  
wonderful flavors;  
like symphonic  
poems!

Flat landscape –  
no hills, no valleys;  
but so much  
there to paint!

It holds the artist  
like a prisoner,  
gives the poet  
new songs.

And the thinker  
feeds his spirit,  
in a world of  
steel and iron.

The wealthy have  
their wine and women...  
the wealthy in spirit –  
the panorama.

## Cold and Warm

Miami Beach  
is very proud  
that it has  
no winter.

They advertise it  
at the top of their voice!  
The weather plays  
a “role” there.

When in New York  
it begins to snow,  
they beat the drum  
with great joy!

They spread the  
news far and wide –  
with big headlines  
on the front page!

They report the news  
completely backwards:  
From a snow –  
they make a blizzard!

And when a gentle  
breeze blows there,  
they scream out  
a – major frost!

A blizzard  
upturns the world;  
people dying  
from the cold!

It is a business  
to put into heads –  
fear for all  
the tourists...

They want them  
to remain a while –  
just another week,  
and another week more!

— — — —

And when it happens –  
that it is cold here,  
They stifle it  
in – shush and silence!

No one should ever  
know about it,  
when the sun  
fails to shine there!

There it *must* always  
be summertime;  
Always filled  
with sunshine!

# Negroes

In Miami Beach  
the dark-skinned citizens  
are necessities...

Pot washers,  
baggage carriers,  
shoe shiners,  
all – are Negroes.

And their manners –  
delicate  
Soft as silk,  
soft as cotton...

“Yes Sah, yes Sah,  
ah obey Sah!  
Yes Sah, yes Sah,  
You is OK, Sah!”

And the women –  
use there hands:  
washing, cooking,  
from the beginning.

They raise the  
white generations,  
and humbly  
they kneel...

The Negroes home is  
Colored Town,  
for most  
he is a clown...

They are amused by  
his tragedy;  
for them the Negro is  
a comedy...

They are lynched,  
and they are hung,  
with celebration  
and with song!...

Oh, if Lincoln  
only knew,

how his freedmen  
are torn apart –

He would there,  
in his grave,  
shudder  
in every limb!...

\* \* \*

Yet the Negroes  
are cheerful, happy!  
Not like slaves,  
more like kings.

In the ecstasy of song  
in jazz and dance,  
their sense of 'self'  
takes on a fresh brilliance.

In spirituals,  
in ukulele,  
lies his wine,  
his Eli-Eli.

In his Lord,  
in his faith  
is the Negro  
lifted higher!

He walks filled  
with delight,  
and forgets  
to question.

In his dancing,  
in his swaying;  
he forgets about  
his hard life...

In his joy  
there lies hidden –  
deep disquiet,  
heavy cares!

He cries by laughing,  
laughs through tears  
a mix of the  
two together...

# Holy Rollers in Miami

Holy Rollers  
a piety  
full of tragedy  
and comedy.

The Negroes believe  
in the Creator,  
and they have for Him  
great fear!

He is a sinner  
of course –  
and goes before Him  
to confess...

He beats himself  
for his sins;  
and he prays  
with pleading!

He seeks release,  
a comfort;  
for his sinful  
soul...

\* \* \*

The black “rabbi”  
gives a sermon:  
punish the sinner,  
the wicked!

He deals out instructions  
be fearful;  
read from the Bible  
and tremble.

And warm your  
mood,  
with a burning  
knight!

His words,  
like mountains  
fall upon  
the black heads!



And he paints  
images of Hell;  
and they become  
even more wild!

Like a stream  
his words work  
and they go  
into ecstasies!

A great cry  
and a wailing;  
and a tumult,  
a panic!

They tear their hair,  
they scream, they sing;  
they hit, they lament  
and they jump!

They shudder like  
having convulsions;  
their hearts pound,  
the pulse hammers!

A free-for-all,  
a clamor;  
a wild  
Saint Vitus dance!

Every one  
in their fashion –  
wants to purchase  
heaven for themselves.

Every one is  
in a fog,  
in a trance –  
be they man or woman.

The roll around  
in great ecstasy,  
like they were poisoned  
by gas!...

\* \*

Sunday night  
the Negro becomes  
an accuser,  
a complainant.

Before G-d  
he accuses the whites  
for his misery  
and for his mockery.

From his G-d  
he seeks redress  
his silent pain  
to relieve.

He is pained  
and he is chagrined,  
by the Southern  
Sadists...

Through piety  
he seeks justice  
from the whites  
from the wealthy.

And yearning for  
peace and happiness  
he tries  
wild-pious shtick.

\* \*

A young girl dances  
insolent and wild, –  
a pathetic,  
gruesome picture!

She shudders –  
she bites herself;  
she plucks and tears  
the hair from her head!

She falls and falls  
and gets back up,  
and exhausts  
her black body.

Up from the path...  
become blind...  
She prays to G-d  
for her sins!

And in a trance  
she falls down,  
like someone drunk  
from wine!

\*            \*

And so, crying,  
they give thanks  
for the whole  
black community.

And they are led  
away from sin  
those who  
were blind...

## Who is Who?

In Miami Beach  
it is hard to say –  
who is this?  
Who is that?

Who is poor?  
Who is rich?  
All are dandies –  
all the same!

Be a genius,  
and decide –  
when everyone goes around  
dressed in white.

Everyone there  
is a dandy –  
all dressed up  
and elegant!

Pauper, wealthy,  
or in between –  
each one is a  
Don Juan!

Each one  
a tourist;  
whether he hungers,  
or feasts.

In bathing suit  
it is hard  
to tell  
who is who?

And the faces –  
all the same:  
burned  
by the sun's rays.

Among the girls,  
even harder –  
to decide  
who is who?

Whether the one – who  
talks a lot about her joys?  
Whether the one – who  
quietly dreams?

With a Packard,  
with a Ford –  
each one is  
a sport!

A mix –  
paupers, lords!  
The ladies are  
in despair...

\*       \*

A girl catches  
a gentleman!  
She thinks – she has  
a perfect man...

He is handsome,  
his face is shaved;  
well dressed –  
a magnate!

Later she takes  
another look;  
and the boy,  
too bad, has faults...

Instead of taking her  
to cabaret,  
he only takes her  
to – museums...

He borrows a dime  
from her;  
and shows her  
a – good time...

## Miami's Residents

Miami's residents –  
Jew and Christian,  
are mostly from  
the East;

From the West,  
and from the North –  
their homes  
were there.

It was life  
that forced them –  
To become  
businessmen.

Becoming Southerners  
from there to here,  
But the coming  
was full of effort.

Arriving in  
the new land;  
they were planted  
with new roots.

Provincials  
they became there,  
and spiritless hours  
beset them.

They move  
phlegmatic, slow,  
their blood has turned  
thin and cool.

Many, many,  
who are rich,  
and in luxury  
deeply engaged.

Now long  
from time to time,  
for the 'old days'  
there, so far away.

For the 'old days,'  
for an old glance –  
and for a first  
love's dance...

There where youth  
burnt bright,  
and their dreams  
had bloomed!

Old and gray  
they've grown there,  
and have their  
youth no more...

Their dreams back there  
did not work out,  
and now here  
they were not to be found.

They are drawn there  
back into the past, –  
to lost,  
old happiness...

In spite of more  
frost and snow,  
back there, back there –  
they still long for it...

\*       \*

Very different is  
the younger generation,  
for them their dreams  
there – come true.

They don't long  
for 'elsewhere' –  
for them, here is  
their happiness and peace.

But deep in hearts,  
in the quiet,  
they don't like  
the many tourists –

But upon them  
he builds his hope!  
They are his  
bread and butter!

The more guests!  
The more money!  
What does he care  
about the whole world!?



# The Bowery

In Miami Beach  
there is a street,  
the street is  
great – and small!

And it is poor,  
dark, pale –  
the Bowery  
is what they call it.

The whole street  
a 'block' – no more;  
but the tumult is great,  
and the traffic!

And even the  
wealthy classes,  
come to visit  
this street.

And what do people want –  
just here;  
in the street so  
so great – and small!

Ham and eggs,  
and herring, borscht;  
and also to  
quench their thirst...

Drinks one whiskey,  
drinks one wine;  
until the break  
of day...

One can weigh themselves,  
and be measured,  
and have their  
blood pressure tested.

And their body  
massaged,  
and lose the  
corporation!

And lay there,  
and sit there;  
and sweat in  
solariums!

And for fans –  
boxing fights,  
where they break  
one another's neck!...

And cards, dice,  
play and play;  
and also “love” –  
for those who want it.

They play 'numbers'  
roulette;  
they play through  
the night til late.

Throughout the day  
it's still and quiet,  
only when night comes –  
do the games flare up!

Everyone gambles –  
it's a festival!  
Young and old,  
Christian and Jew.

Out in the open  
the games go on,  
and *dearly* costs  
the – “Lots of fun”...

\*       \*

And not far –  
right close by,  
under the blue,  
open sky –

Couples go  
for a stroll  
to the Million  
Dollar Pier –

Where burlesque  
like from Times Square,  
charms and excites  
and awakens desire...

And the dog track  
across the way  
glistens and sparkles  
as in a fever.

And the customers yell:  
come on in;  
this is where  
the *best* dogs run!

\*            \*

And Jews live  
all around –  
poor Jews,  
pious Jews.

And a shul  
is not far,  
for the pious  
tourist people.

Sabbath, holidays,  
it always seems –  
as if the neighborhood  
is a prayer hall...

And from small,  
narrow apartments  
on the Sabbath  
you hear Shabbat Table songs.

## An Indian Village

On the Tamiami  
Trail,  
near sunny  
Miami –

Far below,  
more south;  
deep swamps,  
wasteland and poor.

Wild plants –  
thin like figs!  
Enclosed  
in desert silence...

In a corner  
in a dream, –  
between palms,  
sand and sky –

Between cactus,  
crocodiles;  
wild birds,  
and reptiles –

Stands a village  
as if by magic –  
a little Indian  
settlement.

And they are  
small in number,  
from the tribe:  
Seminole (\*)

In round cabins  
with wood planks,  
like gypsy  
caravans –

Topped with straw  
from palm leaves,  
to protect them  
from weather –

-----

(\*) See also page 65

From there they  
spin out a living:  
woodcuts, carving,  
knitting, weaving.

Their houses –  
home factories –  
where they sew  
and knit.

Where they create  
quietly and calmly  
for the white  
tourist masses.

Right there in  
the open,  
their handiwork  
they sell:

Bows and arrows,  
satchels, boxes;  
wood carved  
bowls, cups.

Little colorful  
handkerchiefs,  
and embroidered  
women's shoes.

All in loud  
colors  
which blind you  
like sapphires.

Wreaths, pearls,  
play toys, hoops, –  
souvenirs  
to sell.

Souvenirs  
of all kinds –  
for tourists,  
the experts.

\*            \*

And the Indian  
women, young girls,  
barefoot, in  
grotesque clothing –

Dark eyes,  
dark hair;  
their pain  
alabaster clear –

Being dressed up,  
hung  
with corals,  
like snakes...

\*            \*

And papooses –  
little children;  
sickly, barefoot –  
dirty;

Play with  
little toys;  
bathe in dirt  
like geese...

They stick out  
their palms,  
and beg:  
Mo-nee, mo-nee!

\*            \*

And the Chief –  
already old and gray,  
in a hat  
of straw –

On his balding  
head,  
with a tuft of hair,  
like a braid –

Carves from wood  
a canoe,  
and pensive  
he looks – where...

And who are  
by his side,  
sit sad  
and silent –

And on their  
faces –  
lies a sorrow  
like a poem...

They are longing  
for another time,  
for the old fame  
now long past!

For old  
primitive pleasures,  
for the old days –  
of their grandfathers!

For their land,  
for their happiness!  
Which will  
never return.

Back then, back then –  
they were rich;  
back then, back then,  
when they were equals!

Then the Whites  
with their swords  
drove them  
from their land!

They hate him  
still for that;  
they despise  
the White master!

They want to be  
left alone, alone...  
Now – when they  
are small.

Give their hand  
to the enemy?  
No, they can not  
forgive!

No peace with  
the White dogs! –  
conquerors of  
a continent.

The Seminole's  
pride is steel;  
they remember  
the past!...



## Cures (\*)

In Miami Beach  
there are many cures –  
either from Jews  
or from gentiles.

Every patient  
goes around  
with his packet,  
with his defect.

With his cut  
and with his “Oy”  
he reaches  
for a straw...

Though sun and sea  
is a remedy,  
for the majority –  
a salvation –

Still many search  
for old-wives things:  
perhaps a miracle  
will happen?

And people try  
every means,  
though they  
view them with contempt...

Everyone there is  
a doctor!  
Even though he has  
just one medicine.

It seems like everyone:  
perhaps, has a true  
remedy  
for the plague?

---

(\*) Sickness

Perhaps he really  
is a specialist?  
People listen to  
every joker...

And theories  
like spiders  
dangle in front of  
men, women.

No one agrees  
with the other,  
and the patient  
remains a fool...

The patient seeks  
salvation;  
from a Cossack  
instead of a medicine...

## Dr. Naturopath

In Miami Beach –  
on the beach, in the street,  
curious types –  
full of amusement.

For example a doctor  
a Naturopath,  
who can make you  
fat or thin.

Do you have asthma?  
Hens-eyes?  
Is your stomach  
distended?

Are you hurting? Burning up?  
Gas pressure?  
Bad digestion  
and not eating?

Do you want to be  
younger? Prettier?  
Be attractive to  
men? Women?

Are you already gray?  
Are you old?  
He will have a medicine  
for you right away.

The doctor knows  
every illness,  
and he heals all of them –  
so he says.

Physical exercise  
citrus juice –  
in them lay  
the healing power.

Limes and oranges,  
and grapefruit  
will give you  
a fresh start.

Will get you back  
on you feet,  
and make your  
life sweet...

Thus sayeth  
the doctor,  
and the whole gang gapes:  
“Aye, aye, he said it!”

And the all follow  
his advice –  
and carry money to him  
without question.

And for that  
he massages the bodies –  
be they men,  
be they women.

He has them drink  
juice for food,  
fast daily  
and – exercise.

Meanwhile the people  
buy fruit like crazy!  
And the traders  
make *money*...

## Exercise

And every day  
without spirit, without effort,  
people do  
exercise.

People wallow  
in the sand –  
covered in sweat  
and heated up!

Old, young,  
youth groups –  
they drill  
like soldiers.

And the doctor  
on a table –  
gives orders,  
brisk, crisp –

Everybody:  
One, two three!  
And the group  
follows energetically.

Papa, mama,  
grandpa, grandma –  
thin, fat,  
sallow, rotund.

Tall beanpoles,  
chunky wives –  
all of them  
move their bodies.

Many – slowly,  
many – fast,  
even though  
the order backwards.

Sweaty, exhausted,  
and without spirit –  
as the teacher says –  
it is probably good...

## Two Sports

An old woman  
in bathing suit,  
wants men's glances again –  
to take heart...

Can hardly lift a foot,  
hardly move a hand –  
“Oh, gee, doctor,  
It's hard, I can't!”

And a woman  
without taste, without salt,  
who wants to lose  
pounds of schmaltz –

Her movements are lazy,  
phlegmatic, heavy –  
“Oy, he wants it so,  
how can I do more!”...

What will one do  
because of a pound?  
One will even sacrifice  
their health...

Do it like this  
every day –  
for less or  
more weight.

And the result?  
A wonderful one!  
Fat – fatter,  
thin – thinner...

## Water ...

Another doctor  
around here –  
his remedy  
is the faucet.

Water, water,  
it heals everything –  
a medicine  
with a thousand virtues!

And so it is,  
his hat spins,  
that water is  
the best medicine –

For the lungs,  
for the stomach;  
the smallest child  
can take advantage.

Water can  
do no harm –  
not to mothers,  
not to fathers.

Good for young  
good for old –  
lick it up hot,  
warm cold...

Water will  
give you youth!  
With water you will  
live forever!

Water is good  
in the cold or heat,  
and for a bath  
and for a sweat...

And he preached  
with fire and flame  
that medicine is  
pure poison...

If you bought  
his bottles of water,  
you would become  
paler and paler...



# A Hairy Vegetarian

A man of thirty  
thereabouts,  
goes around  
like a bear...

He says the secret  
of long life,  
lies but in  
long hair.

Long hair is  
the sap of life –  
the longer – the more  
power, strength!

And for food he eats  
fruit and nuts,  
and he values  
every bite...

Meat and fish –  
barbarian foods;  
he only eats greens  
and brown rice.

Would you be  
like him?  
Eat a fig  
and chew a carrot.

Avoid meat  
and avoid fish,  
and he wants to be!  
Healthy and fresh!

And he himself –  
is like a thin boxer,  
and he is weak  
like a mosquito...

## A Curious Type

Another type  
is around here:  
a curious  
young man.

He goes around  
on all fours –  
make grimaces  
that make no sense.

On his head  
and on his nose –  
he jumps around  
like a hare...

There – in the ocean,  
there – in the sand;  
he moves about  
nimble, excited!

In a bathing suit  
day in, day out,  
he plays around  
like cat and mouse...

One thought is he  
is unbalanced  
because a girl  
jilted him...

Another opinion,  
is his head is clear;  
just that he has less  
good sense than hair...

A third one jokes:  
“I’ll make a bet,  
that this clown  
is a poet...”

And so people  
make fun and joke,  
like you expect of  
vacationers.

Carousers come  
full of fun;  
not buried in  
mankind's pain...

# Nature's Caprice

In Miami it is  
mild as summer,  
but often Nature  
turns vicious!

A tornado –  
a demon of destruction,  
a flood –  
a torrent.

Rips out palm trees,  
damages houses,  
and destroys  
food and markets!

All year long  
from effort and struggle –  
to build up,  
to live –

Will floods come  
and cover everything,  
carry it away  
and sink it...

\*        \*

Only when the storm  
passes on;  
with its shudder,  
with its fright –

Again the oranges  
smile,  
desire returns for  
singing, dancing!

Everything brightens  
and people stir –  
shamefully they pray  
for forgiveness...

## Citrus Fruits ...

Around Miami –  
fruit trees can be seen:  
laden with fruit –  
big, small.

Citrus fruits  
slumbering, quiet, –  
hang golden  
from the branches.

But the fruit  
is expensive;  
high prices –  
monstrous.

The best fruit  
is sent out,  
the worst – there  
gets sold out...

If you desire  
a good orange, –  
it's on a push-cart  
in the East ...

## Fish ...

In Miami Beach  
on every table –  
people eat fish,  
they gobble fish!

Cooked fish,  
chopped fish,  
gefilte fish,  
baked fish,

Wherever one goes –  
fish and fish!  
So much that it  
confuses the mind ...

Blue fish,  
yellow fish,  
red fish,  
white fish.

By every shore,  
by every bridge –  
stands someone with  
a rod and line.

Old, young,  
children – fishermen,  
and all day long  
it is coming fresh.

And by everyone  
on their table –  
sits a lexicon  
of fish.

On wonderful  
days and nights,  
the young girls  
catch – pike (\*)

\*[translator's note: the Yiddish word “hekht”  
meaning the pike fish is also slang for a sucker  
or a gullible person.]

# Landscape

Miami Beach  
palaces sparkle:  
a play of colors –  
a magical dance!

A sun that shines;  
a wind that caresses;  
a sea that charms,  
calls to you and speaks.

And the sea is rich  
in all kinds of colors –  
in crimson-red,  
and blue, and green.

Palm trees – sway,  
jasmine – fragrant,  
and the wind is full  
of enchantment!

Islands, yachts,  
sailboats, whisper –  
In truth  
a beautiful dream!

Light and shadow –  
a magic act!  
Paints pictures  
in the silence.

Paints masterpieces  
constantly –  
but few  
look at them!

How many see  
their beauty?  
A sundown,  
a silvery night!

Desires are  
young and intense,  
one doesn't hear  
the magical harp.

One doesn't see  
the charm and beauty –  
They submerge themselves  
in women and wine...



# **Seminoles**

(cf. page 44)

The Seminole Indians had been persecuted for many years by the Americans, beginning right after Florida had been purchased from Spain. They drove them from their homeland – the warm Everglades (swamps and wild tropical woodlands) far, far into the western lands where most of them died from the cold climate. For many years they fought for their land and for their way of life, like they did under the Spanish rule. Finally the Florida legislature granted a reservation of a hundred thousand acres in the Everglades. But by that time there were no more than 600 souls left. Up to this day most of them are hostile to the Americans – their persecutors.