

I can do the sing?

Yes, you can do it.

Roll four, slate six.

[YIDDISH SINGING]

I done.

And tell me how you came to be called.

Resele, because they love this song so much. And when I'm on the stage, I act like a little kid. And they loved it, because there were no children left.

We didn't have any children. They were all killed. And this brought them back the memories of childhood. Please, I'm terrible. I can't handle this.

OK.

[NON-ENGLISH SINGING]

OK.

[NON-ENGLISH SINGING]

Now talk to me for a minute. Tell me. You talked to Diana about a little skit that you did in the DP camps that made fun of Hitler. Is that right? Did you do a satire?

I don't think it was me.

No? Yeah?

Which camp?

You may have forgotten, but you told me about how you made fun of Hitler--

Did you make fun of Hitler--

--on the stage.

--on the stage? No?

I don't recall.

OK. OK, let's sing another song.

[NON-ENGLISH], "Eins, Zwei, Drei," Diana.

Can you stand? Can you bear to sing "Eins, Zwei, Drei"?

Shall I stand and do it?

No. I say, can you--

Oh.

--too much for you to sing [INAUDIBLE].

Yeah, it is. Wait.

No, don't stand.

[NON-ENGLISH SINGING]

I mixed up the whole thing. I'm too nervous.

[NON-ENGLISH SINGING]

No. Oh, I sang this part. What am I doing?

[NON-ENGLISH SINGING]

[CLEARS THROAT] Excuse me.

[NON-ENGLISH SINGING]

Eight [INAUDIBLE].

[NON-ENGLISH SINGING]

Tell me about that song. What does that song say?

It's "The Ghetto Song." We're standing near the walls. And our hearts are clamped up with heads that are bowed down like a weeping willow, like the branches of a weeping willow. And eyes that stare far look all the way outside of the ghetto with so much pain. It's like foreverness.

Ghetto, I'll never forget you. [NON-ENGLISH] is lamentations. It's the only song that we can sing in the ghetto. [NON-ENGLISH] is lamentations. I see your little streets in pain and in hunger. And I hear your cries.

What will be? What will the end be? I have no room in this narrow, little street. Ghetto, I will never forget you. It's like a vow. I'll never forget you.

Tell me about the other songs.

Yisrolik? This little kid was left alone. His parents were killed, his sisters and brothers. And he has to make a living. So he's selling saccharine and cigarettes in the street.

He has nothing to wear, a mantle and-- everything that he wears is like-- whatever the jacket he has is torn up. The pants are made out of rough material. He has no shoes, but only galoshes. Whoever is trying to laugh, I'll show it to them. In other words, don't you dare laugh at me.

Tell me again about Rosaline, "Little Rosie."

"Little Rosie"? It's a little kiddie song that was sang in my ghetto. And I brought it to the world. And I'm so glad that I did, because it's such a cute song. It sings about little Rosie.

She's a little girl. She got a little-- how do you say? Oh, god-- a little lamb with long ears, a toy with long ears and short legs. And she's trying to imitate this little lamb. And together, they make a whole play of it.

Why was that an especially important song?

Because there were no little kids. And it brought to us back childhood. All the kids, all the little ones, were killed in our town. This is why it was so important, this kiddie song, to memorize the little girls.

And the other song, tell me.

Pardon?

Tell me about the other song.

"One, Two, Three." I have to look.

OK. It's beside one and four.

"One, Two, Three." Where is this? I can't see without my glasses. Life called us, a life of sunny days. And yet everybody in the land was walking with a lot of courage. One, two, three, one, two, three, we were walking with happiness and courage to work.

Every step had a sound. And every sound-- and also a song, wherever you went. And you knew where you're walking and why.

And now, all of a sudden, they forbade us to walk on the sidewalk. We have to walk in the middle of the street. Only everybody else is allowed to walk, but us. We walk on the stones where not-- were paved in rocks. And it was very hard to walk on the streets, in the European, not like here, the cement street.

And we were hit while we were going. One, two, three, one, two, three, they only left us the street, the road. Every step has his sound and different kind of sound, a different kind of song, when you go and you're forced. Why? Where and why?

For a hundred generations, will lived with hope till a sword with these kind of people came and washed everything down of the Earth and led us like the sheep, like sheep. One, two, three, one, two, three, they led us like sheep. Where's your wife? Where's your child? Where's your whole family? They were leading us where? Why?

Can you tell me that one now without looking at the words, just sort of summarizing in your own words, without reading it and exactly translating it? You'll leave some out. Just sort of tell me it.

Still "One, Two Three"?

Life called us. And we were all walking, happy and sure, to work with a good-- with a sure step, with a lot of rhythm and sound, because we knew where we're going. But now, they forbade us to walk on the sidewalk. We have to walk in the street. And the sound, every sound is completely different now, because you are forced in your beat while you're walking.

For a hundred generations, we built our lives till a sword of this kind came and washed everything away. Where's your wife? Where's your child? Where is your family? They led us where? Why?

Yeah. We're almost out of film. I think we're--

It's not done. There's more to it. [INAUDIBLE].