Hearing News from the Temple Mount in Salt Lake City

You know that conversation in the elevator in the Catskills: how one woman says, Oy, the food here is so terrible and the other and the portions are so small? It’s a variant on Jacob’s line to Pharaoh when he gets to Egypt — few and evil have been the days of my life. Naturally, he’s our chosen namesake: this Israel the Torah keeps forgetting and calling Jacob, as if it doesn’t trust his cleaned-up name. . . .

Obviously he’s the perfect guy for us — we’re always willing to take something over nothing — hence our lunatic attachment to that miserable pinpoint in the desert, where now, whether it’s Ishmael or Isaac on the altar, there’s an earsplitting crowd working to drown out every angel until Abraham fulfills his sacrifice.

It’s none of my diaspora-befuddled business, but I’m not in the mood to celebrate. Call me thin-skinned, but I can’t get used to the idea that all these hordes of people wish me dead. You have to remember: I’m Jacob’s offspring; I want as many evil days as I can lay my hands on . . . Thank God I live in Salt Lake City. Who’s
going to come looking for me here? In this calm Zion, where a bunch of blonde mishuginers think they’re the chosen people of God. Good luck to them is all I have to say; let them get the joy from it that I do.