

STANLEY M. HOFFMAN

At the Clothing Department

Words by

ABRAHAM KOPLOWICZ



KOPLOWICZ
26 czerwca



Stanley M. Hoffman

www.stanleymhoffman.com

At the Clothing Department (W odzieżowym, literally "In the Clothing Department")

(A Scene from the Lodz Ghetto)

Cast of Characters:

Lady (Soprano)

Old Biddy (Mezzo-Soprano or Alto)

Police Officer (Baritone)

Gentleman (Tenor)

Boy (Boy Soprano)

Doorkeeper (Bass)

The Queue (can be prerecorded crowd noise)

Lady *(coming towards the Old Biddy who is standing in the front)*

What is this line for, my old dear?

Old Biddy

Clothing. I've been standing here since the morning!

Lady

And what can one get here?

Old Biddy

Surely not ermine!

Lady

But what? Please, tell me.

Police Officer *(coming forward)*

Do you want to get one in the head?!

Old Biddy

Just return to the queue!

Lady

Just look, how enraged he is! *(to the Old Biddy)*

I'm not afraid of you at all. *(to the Police Officer)*

Police Officer *(with contempt)*

To the queue!

(he raises his baton threateningly)

Lady *(frightened)*

I'm standing. I'm standing . . .

(she goes to the end of the queue)

Lady *(to the Old Gentleman who is standing in front of her)*

And what are you standing here for, sir?

Gentleman

Me? I need a suit.
I will also take some “drawers,”
stockings, and a dress for my wife,
for her dress is torn. (*looking sad for a moment*)
And I will take leggings for the child . . .

Lady (*surprised*)

And will they give you such a collection?

Gentleman (*enigmatically*)

I have protection here.

Lady (*looking at her watch*)

It’s eight o’clock already and they are not opening.

Gentleman

Eight? They are letting us in at nine.

Lady

And there are already a couple hundred people.

Gentleman

Plenty of socks arrived!

Lady

How are things in the town, sir?
No rations? . . .

Gentleman (*impatiently*)

Idle talk . . .

Lady (*ruminating*)

No rations? . . . No rations? . . .
Apparently, a kilogram per head of pig fat arrived at the council.
And butter! Nobody can measure it!

Gentleman

Who is going to believe such rubbish?

Lady (*annoyed*)

I’ve heard from a washerwoman . . .

Gentleman (*self-assured*)

My good lady, those are just canards!
I do not believe what people are saying!

Boy (*running up to the protagonists*)

Ladies and gentlemen, you’re standing here in vain.
Our department is closed today.
That was the order from the council.

(The Boy runs away.)

(The Queue: shouts and protests; the curtain gradually falls.)

At the Clothing Department (*W odzieżowym*)

(A Scene from the Lodz Ghetto)

Words by Abraham ("Abramek") Koplowicz
(b. 1930, Lodz, Poland, d. 1944, Auschwitz-Birkenau)

Stanley M. Hoffman (BMI)

Translation by Sarah Lawson and Małgorzata Koraszewska

Adapted by Stanley M. Hoffman

♩ = 92

Boy

Lady

Old Biddy

Gentleman

Police Officer

Doorkeeper

♩ = 92

Piano Reduction

f

mf

Words: from the Polish by Abraham Koplowicz.

Translation by Sarah Lawson and Małgorzata Koraszewska.

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(coming towards the Old Biddy who is standing in the front)

5 *mf*

Lady

What is this line for, my old dear?

Pno. Red.

mp

7 *mf*

O. B.

Cloth - ing I've been stand - ing here since the morn - ing!

Pno. Red.

9 *mf*

Lady

And what can one get_ here?

O. B.

mf 3

Sure - ly not er - mine!

Pno. Red.

mf *mp*

11 *mf*

Lady But what? Please tell me.

(coming forward)

P. O.

Pno. Red. (*mp*)

13 *f*

P. O. Do you want to get one in the head?!

Pno. Red. *sf*

15 (to the Old Biddy) *mp*

Lady Just look, how en -

O. B. Just re - turn to the queue!

Pno. Red. *mp* *p*

17 *mf* *mp* half-spoken/half sung

Lady *mf* *mp* *6*
 raged he is! I'm not a - fraid of you at all.

Pno. Red. *mp* *p* *6*

19 *mp* *f* *mf*

Lady *mp* *f* *mf*
 I'm stand - ing. I'm stand - ing.

P. O. *f* (with contempt) *mf*
 To the queue! (he raises his baton threateningly)

Pno. Red. *sf* *sf* *mf* *mp*

21 **In tempo**
 (she goes to the end of the queue)

Lady **In tempo**

Pno. Red. *mf*

(to the Old Gentleman who is standing in front of her)

23 *mf*

Lady

And what are you stand - ing here for, sir?

Pno. Red. *mp*

25 *mf*

Gent.

Me? I need a suit. I will al - so take some

Pno. Red.

27 *strained (embarrassed)*

Gent.

"drawers," stock - ings and a dress for my wife, for her

Pno. Red.

29 *(looking sad for a moment)*
breve *mf* *poco riten.*

Gent. *dress is — torn. And I will take leg-gings for the*

Pno. Red. *breve wistfully*
mp 3 *poco riten.*

31 *a tempo*
(surprised) *mf*

Lady *And will they give you such a col - lec - tion?*

Gent. *child . . .*

Pno. Red. *a tempo*
mp

33 *mp (enigmatically)* *ten.*

Gent. *I have pro - tec - tion here.*

Pno. Red. *ten.*
p

Come prima (♩ = 92)
(looking at her watch)

35

Lady

f

It's eight o'clock al-read-y

Pno. Red.

mf

37

Lady

and they are not o-pen-ing.

Gent.

f

Eight? They are

Pno. Red.

mf

39

Lady

And there are al-read-y a

Gent.

let-ting us in at nine.

Pno. Red.

f

41

Lady
cou - ple hun - dred peo - ple.

Gent.
Plen - ty of socks ar - rived!

Pno. Red.

43

Lady
How are things in the town, sir? No ra - tions? ...

Pno. Red.

45

Lady
(ruminating) *mf* < *f* > *mf*
No ra - tions? ... No ra - tions? ... Ap -

Gent.
mf (impatiently)
i - dle talk ...

Pno. Red.

47 *molto*

Lady par - ent - ly, a kil - o - gram per head of

Pno. Red. *p* *molto*

49 *ff* *mf*

Lady pig fat ar - rived at the coun - cil. And

Pno. Red. *f*

51 *f* *mf* *f*

Lady but - ter! No - bod - y can mea - sure it!

Pno. Red. *mf* *mp* *mf*

53 *f*

Gent. Who is go - ing to be - lieve such rub - bish?

Pno. Red. *sfp*

(annoyed)
mp half-spoken/half sung

55

Lady

I've heard it from a wash-er wom - an ...

Gent.

mf (self-assured)

My good la - dy, those are just ca -

Pno. Red.

p

mp

6

57

Gent.

nards! I do not be - lieve what peo - ple are say - ing!

Pno. Red.

breve

breve

breve

59

Boy

Subito $\text{♩} = 120$
(running up to the protagonists)

Subito $\text{♩} = 120$

la - dies and gen - tle - men,

Pno. Red.

mf hurriedly, detached

3

3

61 **Subito** ♩ = 102

Boy
you're stand - ing here in vain, in vain.

Pno. Red.

63 **Subito** ♩ = 92
mp pausing, enigmatically

Boy
Our de - part - ment is closed to - day. That was the or - der from the

Pno. Red.

65 **f** (The Boy runs away.)

Boy
coun - cil

Pno. Red.

67 **mf sub.** **ff** **fff**

Pno. Red.

(The Boy runs away.)
(The Queue: shouts and protests;
the curtain gradually falls.)

