



The Ordinary Potato

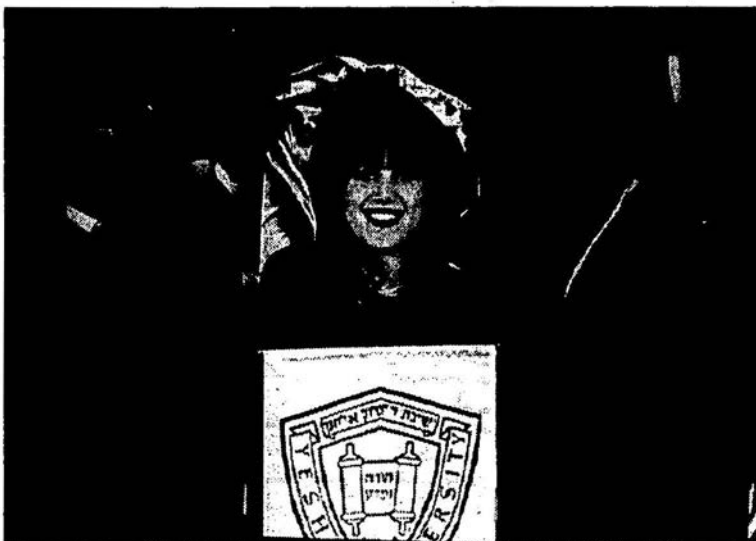


Purim 1998

The Official Side-dish of the Cafeteria of Yeshiva College

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Monica Lewinsky receiving Rabbinic ordination at the annual REETS-Chag ha'Smicha. Dr. Lamm is seen trying to concentrate on his notes. That's two Presidents down.

REETS Hires Chicks

Rabbis Charlop and Blau Transferred In Cost Cutting Measure

BY JAY DEAD

In a move calculated to slash operating costs and inject new vitality into Yeshiva University, Sheldon Socol, Vice-President for Financial Affairs, has announced that Rabbi Zevulun Charlop, Dean of RIETS, and Rabbi Yosef Blau, Mashgiach Ruchani of the Yeshiva, have been transferred to new positions in the Department of Facilities Management. The rabbis have been succeeded in their posts by two promising "rabbinic interns," Julie Mohel-Steinberg and Shoshana Bavli-Blatt, both of whom were chosen after a long and extensive search.

Both are alumni of Midreshet Lindenbaum in Jerusalem, graduated Barnard College magna cum laude, and were Drisha scholars. Mohel-Steinberg majored in neo-feminist studies, and concentrated on the early writings of Gloria Steinem, while Gemara-Rosenblatt did extensive research into the patriarchal underpinnings of the Get Law. Not only are the women working for a lesser wage than the men, the University is saving additional money thanks to certain Federal lawsuits that allow one to be covered by the health plan of her other.

The first official duty for the new spiritual stimulators was to deliver the regular Wednesday night mussar shmooze. In front of a packed Beis Medrash, (the last time a crowd of this size was seen in the main BM was for the infamous "fraternity" diatribe) the women expounded on deep moral and ethical concepts in a lecture entitled "Takkanat Rabbenu Gershom - The

Obligations of the Modern Male are not Merely Confined to Monogamy." Citing diverse sources and Halachic luminaries such as Rabbenu Yonah and Dr. Ruth Westheimer, the duo wowed the assembled masses with their mental and physical prowess. "I have never been exposed to such a riveting and arousing shmooze," said Boruch Purim Moses Mendelsohn, a stalwart pillar of the Beis Medrash. "I was unable to tear my eyes off them [the women], but I still don't understand what changing diapers has to do with Hafkaat Kiddushin."

The new leaders of the Beis Medrash have ambitious plans to revamp the holy atmosphere and curriculum of the Yeshiva. "Certain areas of development have traditionally been neglected by the male-dominated cabal that has controlled the Yeshiva," said Bavli-Blatt. "I just cannot understand how the men had such atrocious fashion taste. The paneling is bland, the Parochet is sooo passé, and all those white shirts and dark pants! In polyester! What in the holy name of Versace are these boys thinking?" She indicated that a committee would be formed to address the aesthetic issues of YU, consisting of herself, Mohel-Steinberg, and approximately twenty of their closest friends.

The feminine influence in the Beis Medrash is seemingly being well received by the Kahal. "Now I can finally get real answers to my Hashkafik dilemmas," said S'gan Mashgiach Jeremy (Don't Worry about the Torah, it's Only Allegorical)

Continued on page 5

Rabbi Lamm Resigns and Returns

String of Resignations Follow

BY INDY CISIVE

Rabbi Norman Lamm, Rosh HaYeshiva Unesiya of Yeshiva University, announced his resignation last Tuesday, effective immediately. He sighted "those damned stubborn Rabbeim" as the main reason for his leaving. He also complained about the constant drumming noises outside his office. His announcement sent shock waves throughout the University as people scrambled to find a successor.

The Roshei Yeshiva met in an emergency meeting to choose a new President. The choices were narrowed down to either Rav Aharon Kahn, of AEP fame, or R' Moshe Dovid Tendler, author of "In the Ways of the Shver." Upon hearing the choices, Rabbi Lamm immediately took back his resignation, saying, "Gimme that. You didn't see nothing, hear me?"

Unfortunately, this bold and sudden move happened too late to stop the string of resignations which followed Rabbi Lamm. Said Dean Efram Nulman, "First Rosen, then Schwartz, and now this? I'm outta here!" An exclusive interview with *The Ordinary Potato* revealed that Nulman's plans for the future included beach house in Hawaii and "hybernation." By the time Rabbi Lamm returned, Nulman had already cleaned out his office and was on the plane to a new life in Hawaii.

When asked by *The Ordinary Potato* how he felt about all the high level resignations, Sheldon Socol, Vice President of Business Affairs, responded, "Well, I guess it's just you and me. Mu ha ha ha ha ha ha!"

Also announcing their resignations this week were Michael Kranzler, Dean of Admissions;

Pujos, the guy in the basement of Furst Hall; Ira "Sruli" L. Tannenbaum IV, fearless leader of the Yeshiva College Student Council, and Henry, MIS employee and techno-chassid. "I don't see this as harming the unprecedented improvements that we have been making in Yeshiva College," said YC Dean Norman Adler. "I hope to discuss the psychological and physiological implications of the resignations at a future Dean's Coffee 35 Minutes."

Although the YU administration has significantly thinned out, this is not expected to adversely affect YU. The Board of Trustees has formed search committees to attempt to replace all the people who recently stepped down. Anyone interested should drop off a resume and urine sample at the Dorm Office.

Duuude, Keep Off The Grass

BY MARY WUANA

Is there a hideous correlation between the mysterious glaze in the eyes of administrators and the harshly enforced law barring students from treading on the magnificent lawn at the entrance to Rubin Hall? Highly placed sources claim that our much protected grass is in reality a cultivated field of marijuana. This reporter secretly conducted chemical tests verifying this claim. The testing showed that the "grass" had an inordinate quantity of THC and was extremely addictive. Our investigation led us to the office of Dean Adler who only responded "I've got the munchies." Dean Hecht commented "Wow, man, look at my hand move."

Our team perused clues, which led us to the highest echelons of the YU community. We unearthed a scheme code named "The Burning Bush," masterminded by Norman Lamm, to keep the administration and especially the Registrar office on a constant high. The idea to keep people "happy" was baked up when Dr. Lamm realized that in order to keep a quality staff contently underpaid while at the same time having to deal with an inordinate amount of annoying individuals, he would have to throw in a bit of an incentive. The result was that not only are the staff happy but they are

actually addicted to working at YU.

What Dr. Lamm did not foresee were the problems that he would encounter when implementing this audacious conspiracy. He did not bargain for the strange side affects that have taken hold of the staff. Shirley's loving nature and violent tendencies have surfaced as a result of being high as a kite. Dean Adler cannot be more paranoid, and Dr. Brill now believes he can levitate. Rabbi Shmidman, Rabbi Chaifetz, and Ceil Levenson due to constant toking, have had their beans permanently refried. Strangely, Rabbi Carmy has been feeling no affect what so ever. Dr. Beukas believes that 185 and Amsterdam has become Broadway. The whole of the Registrars office has become completely incompetent. Even the security guards have been exposed to the substance, yet they seem to have developed an immunity to the herb.

Just look what has happened. As a result of smoking the Magic Buddha, Neil Harris has stopped embezzeling in serious need of Hazala, and Dr. Bernstein claims that he is the true son of Mary and Joseph ("Its written in the dead sea scrolls"). Dr. Haahr believes she is Rapunzel, and Dr. Feldman walks around in a toga repeating over and over "Et Tu Brute?"

MYP Rabbis have not been

unaffected. When asked if he enjoys the ganja Rav Goldwicht responded "Its pilai pla'im, me'ein olam haba." When faced with these allegations Rabbi Charlop responded "Dude, just relax, man," and was heard making an exceptionally loud and emotional blessing of "boreh meenei besamim."

Ever wonder why there are always sandwiches in the deans office? Ever wonder why there is always catering for the dumbest speeches. For the students? We think not. David Rosen tried to quit but couldn't hack it in the real world. When students heard these rumors they expressed anger and disappointment at the administration for not adhering to the stoner etiquette of sharing. Avraham Finkle a student at YU remarked "Torah U'maddah, sharing and caring, wake and bake, these principles are synonymous."

Students who short cut their way over the grass have been causing huge losses to YU and to Dr. Lamm's personal stash. The security guards have been told to keep students off at all costs. However the language barrier prevented the implementation of these drastic measures. Consequently the administration, in their incessant quest to protect their plot, have erected the sign to ward off students. Maybe they should read it themselves and "keep off the grass."

EDITORIALS

You're Just Not Worth It

Well Leslie (name changed to protect the guilty), we tried. You did not ask for our help, and although it was philanthropically given, it remained unwelcome. You and others with similar views wanted to defend yourselves. The result is expressed succinctly in an old legal saying: a person representing themselves has a fool for a client.

We read in your newspaper about the difficult problems Midtown girls suffer through, such as the relatively small number of fat-free snacks in Milner's and the unacceptable taste and texture of Samantha somethings. Sorry to hear it.

We also had the opportunity to read about the clubs formed to hold events that benefit both Stern and its surrounding community. We are sure that "Tie-dye Night" was a memorable experience for those who attended, and we wait, with baited breath, for the next event of the "Meaningful Club."

Finally, we learned that intolerance afflicts girls at the Midtown campus. Numerous articles depicting the elitist attitudes of many of the students at the College for Stern Women document just how superficial and judgmental these girls can be.

Looking down on someone because they didn't go to the right seminary or because they wear the wrong clothes? You try defending that!

We give up.

Business Class Citizens

Some disturbing facts came to light last week regarding the administration's feelings toward the students of Yeshiva College. It seems this page erred earlier this semester when it insisted that they didn't give a damn.

"It's not that we don't give a damn," asserted Dean of Students, Effin' Dullman in an off the record conversation, "we just don't want to spoil our students and perpetuate the myth of the JAP. We would like to treat our students to the best of everything but because of our overriding concern about the JAP issue, we make sure everything is one step below what it should be."

An anonymous source in the administration, whose office is adjacent to Dullman's, revealed the inner workings of a system that has been in place for over twenty years.

The administration saves the best desks, chairs, and lounges for themselves. When they cater a dinner, it's on fine china with real silverware. We get Dougie's. Why? To prevent us from turning into JAPs?

The program appears much more severe at our sister school, College for Stern Women, although, obviously the concerns are justified.

However, this approach is not needed Uptown. The students should receive spacious chairs that fully recline and a wine-list at their functions. Everyone should also have a video screen built into the classroom desk in front of them so that they can choose for themselves what they want to watch in class.

This business class treatment must end.

Pictorial

Svei Vs. Lamm



The Ordinary Potato

Published, in an extraordinarily drunken stupor, and whenever the heck we feel like it, albeit gripes from Fran, Ira and other people absolutely integral to this paper. The views expressed within are everyone's views, especially those expressed by Adam Moses and Elisha Goldberg, two people who truly represent the *hamon ha'am*. As always, this paper contains many *diveri tora*, so treat it with the utter disdain that you usually do (e.g. take it into the bathroom, or just throw it out immediately). We endorse all products advertised within, especially the Kosher Caf food. Copyright - who needs a copyright, like anybody is actually gonna steal our stuff? One issue free, but if you're involved in YCDS, each additional issue will cost you \$10,000 (true its an old joke, but we needed just a little more).

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MESSAGE FROM THE YSCS DICTATOR

SURLY TANNENBAUM

From your President, Surly Tanenbaum

It is purim so maybe now some one will read my column. Probably not. No one has read this column all year. So why would you read this now? I don't know.

This year. We ran some really great events. For rosh hashana we served dougies. And then after yom kippur we served dougies. and then after after finals we served dougies.

It has been a really year. I am very proud of myself. I think that I am doing a good job as president. This is proof that I have served YU students, well.

I want to thank Jeffrey Socol for helping me. With my facility mangement. When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary. Four one person to score. Biréishis bara elokim es hashamyim vies dougies.

With the help of Hashem we palan to present some more really good events.

For Yom Ha'atzmaut we are planning to have danic'ng and Dougies. And then fro Yom Hashaoah we plan to have some more Dougies. And then for the Wednesday after Easters we plan to have some more dougies.

I am very proud to announce that I have spend the whole budget on dotgies. This is a big accomplishment. It is something that we should all be proud of. never before in history could a president bosat of such a great accomplishment. Food and circus. It is wonderful.

And the funny thing is that all of you reading this think that this is sincere. You are so stupid that you think that it is a big accomplishemeeent for Surly tanaanebaum to spend the whole budget. ignore all other costs. what is more impoertant hant food.

Thank you
love. Surly.

Ranting & S

From the
Village Idiots

Rush To Judgement

To the so-called Editors:

I am forced to write to you after being pained by your extremely judgemental article about the email death threats. I am usually very offended by what I read in your "newspaper," but this time you stepped beyond even your low and immoral standards.

In an article which is supposed to be objective, you should not have rushed to condemn the student who sent the letters. Doesn't the Torah teach us "*hocheach tochi-ach*," rebuke your fellow Jew? Why are the "professors" at "Yeshiva University" so

afraid of receiving *mussar*? My Rebbe once told me that every Jew should follow the model of Pinchas: if you see someone violating the will of the *Ribono Shel Olam*, never doubt yourself - kill him before it's too late. The "Rabbis" in "YU" should be grateful that this young tzaddik showed restraint. I would have popped them.

It is my sincere hope that the entire YU faculty will turn towards God and follow in the time-honored ways of the *tzdikim*.

With Love,
Reb Pinchas
Altercocker III

In All Fairness We Had To Print Adam Moses' Response:

To my Inutile Colleague,

It was to my great petulance that I read your contumely of my brilliant muckrake on the Agudah Convention. Despite your onslaught on my impeccable repute I assert that your defilement of my graphology is ingenuously enviousness of my premium deftness in the adroitness of journalism. You and your cohorts are flagitious and feeble extenuation's for humans and would be superior if you donned goatees and confabulated with a subterranean inflection. It is humans such as yourself, that vitiate the veridical savant's of this institution. It was only the other day, that the Dean approximated

toward me, and pronounced, "If only there were more students such as you, Adam, our institution would be an incomparable axis of erudition and we would transit to a superior plane on the U.S. cognizance and biosphere promulgation (or for you ignoramus's "The U.S. News and World Report)," I summarily resolved and wished the Dean a virtuous day. So it suggests that you should converge upon me to atone for your peccadillo's and hail me savior and maestro of all of Yeshiva University.

Guilelessly,
Adam

Additional Letters To the Editor

To The Editor:

Z Q W T Y

"It Is Peram, Share in My Simka"

To The Red:

Knuckled fists have slammed into my jaw, tyrannous drug lords have imprisoned me, nazis have thrown me from tanks, terrorist have tried to torture me, Azaerbaijanis have hijacked me, first ladies have longed to kiss me, gallons of water have charged toward me, monkey brains have been digested within me, the holy grail has saved me . . . but that was all in the movies. Nothing - absolutely nothing - can compare to my everyday life; I mean nothing can compare to living next to Dr. Lamm.

My name is Harrison Ford, and I live at 699 Park Ave. My next door neighbor is the expeemed Dr. Lamm, the author of *Torah U'mitta*, and *How Not To Take A Stand on Any Significant Issue*. A noted scholar, a polymath, a polyglot, a sesquipedalian, a physician, a wrestler, an Aristotelian peripatetic, and most of all a rappi of well rebuke, Rabbi Lamm, to me, is comparable to the 19th century Renaissance philospher Maimonides.

I assure all of you at Yeshivu University that it is an honor to live next to this noteworhty gentleman, but like all good things, Dr. Lamm too has his faults. Today, on this high holiday of Peram, I write you so that you too can share in my simka. And in my tzurus.

I do not want to pisdarage him, he is a good man, an honorable man, my best man, but sometimes - and very often lately - the doorbell has rung at the very late

hours in the night.

"Harrison, my bosom buddy," he says, "the Stern girls want to lane the megillah again!"

Or, he says, "Jeeepers! Harrison, there is a gay club at Cardozo! Now, Harrison, such proliferation of pedicatio, while augmenting callypigian pederasty, is unambiguously unhachik."

Or, he charges in to proclaim, "Orthodox women are having a conference on feminism. This is highly incongruous with the Torah U'mittah philosophy, yet the unsyntagmatic framework of the kakistocracy and gerontocracy currently ruling perhaps might do better with a genicocracy."

Or, he says, "Harrison, is it time yet for me to grow a beard?"

Well, to be honest, there is actually no point to this letter. It is a pleasure to live next door to Dr. Lamm. I welcome his late-night intrusions into my apartment, and I have a better understanding of the Torah because of it. And boy do I love Rabbi Lamm's vocabulary.

I write to The Ordinary Potatoe only because it is Peram. We should be happy; and Dr. Lamm has just drinken a pottle of shnapps wit me. And I am a bit woozy (he is a bit tipsy too). So, goodbye and watch my next film.

Love,

Harrison

Defending The Syms Guy

To the Editor:

I was very insulted by you're article in the last Comentator about that people in Sy Syms are stipud. Not true! I know lots of people who are real smart. I got an A-in Management of Financial Accounting, and it was real hard because we had to kno a whole lot of stuff from this book with really big words. I mean, when am I gonna need to know about "stipulations"

anyway? I mean, I'm not like a doctor or anything.

You're editors should go take some Sy Syms courses before they go and rite about how were not smart because we are. Also I'll make more money than you so there.

Ariel Mauron
SSSB 99'

The Ordinary Potato

welcomes letters and comments from its readers,

as long as they are positive.

If they are negative, letters must include the writer's name, address, telephone, and social security number, so that we can come down there and beat the crap out of you.

Students should also include school enrolled in and tentative grades and graduation date.

The Ordinary Potatoe reserves the right to edit all letters for syntax, content, size, pure crap, and to put you in *cherem*.

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GUS'S
CORNERTHIS AIN'T
NEWSYU Announces Innovative
Student Web Page Plan

MIS to Provide Home Pages on Geocities

BY MEG A BYTE

In a bold move intended to move Yeshiva University into the twenty-first century, MIS announced that all students will be able to create their own web pages on the internet. "The internet is fast becoming an integral part of our society, and we wanted the YU student body to be part of it," said Arthur Myers, Director of MIS.

Starting next semester, MIS will be arranging for students currently enrolled in YC, Stern, and SSSB to set up a web page on Geocities (<http://www.geocities.com>). Geocities is a company which provides free web pages to anyone on the internet who wants one. The company makes money by placing ads on users' web pages, as well as by selling premium services. "We were very lucky to be able to arrange this unique cooperation with Geocities," said David Rosen, head of YUPR.

For years, the YU administration, along with the MIS department and YUPR, had expressed great reluctance at allowing students to post their own material on the web. As Rosen explained, "We can't have students putting up anything they want. Just look at the crap the Commentator puts out. Everything on our web site must follow our strict standards of accuracy and timeliness, such as the YU Today of April 1996. Due to these concerns, YU students, as well as student activities and publications, have been noticeably missing from the university's web site. Some student clubs have

already taken the initiative and set up web sites, often availing themselves of Geocities' free services. But those students stress that this was never officially sanctioned by the school. Ephraim Shapiro, whose College Democrats home-page resides on Geocities, said, "Our site has been up for years, but no one in YU ever wanted to acknowledge that fact, and much to our surprise, we have attracted very few visitors." The site can be seen at <http://www.geocities.com/CollegePark/Quad/Cornucopia/ValueJet/43563245/index.html>.

Shapiro was thrilled that the school had stepped forward to support student sites such as his. As he put it, "Although the site will still be in CyberYenemsveld, it warms my heart to know that the school wants it there."

But not all students were as ecstatic. One member of the YU Computer Society said, "Since anyone can get a free web page on Geocities, YUCS does not see the new web plan as fully supporting student sites. Ideally, the student pages and activities should have a home on YU's web server." When asked to comment, YC Dean Norman Adler replied, "That's exactly the kind of right-wing fanatic who will put up pictures of men engaging in homoerotic acts as soon as we give him the chance. Someone like him could destroy the Yeshiva."

Geocities web page creation kits will be available from MIS on the morning of the first Monday of the semester, from 9:45 until a quarter to 10.

Deli Messiah

Moshiach Found Hiding in Kasbah

BY RED EMPSHON

"Yechi Adonenu Morainu Verabainu Melech Hamoshiach L'Olam Va'ed." Even after the Rebbe's death these words can be heard throughout the world and especially in our very own Deli Kasbah. Since the Rebbe passed away, much rhetoric has been spewed as to whether or not he still exists or will return to redeem his flock. However, *The Ordinary Potato*, in an undercover investigation that has provided shocking results recently ascertained that the Moshiach still lives, though not in the form of Rabbi Schneersohn. The Moshiach ben David has been reincarnated in the form of Eyal Elkayim, the erstwhile manager of Deli Kasbah.

It has long been known that Mr. Elkayim possesses miraculous powers, such as the extraordinary ability to raise prices, the competency not to have most of the food listed on the menu at any given time, and the personality enabling him to chase students out of his restaurant. He was also known to have been *Mattir Assurim*, specifically encouraging students to eat in the Caf, notwithstanding the questionable Kashrut of some of the foods served there.

Eyal hails from Peoria, Illinois, a small military outpost in, well, Illinois. Many rumors surround his birth, with some informing *The Ordinary Potato*, (though off the record), that he was conceived immaculately. However several of the YU janitorial staff disagreed with this possibility, citing the Rambam that the Moshiach must be flesh and blood. One of the Facilities management insiders claims to have a video that definitively proves that Eyal's conception was anything but immaculate, but *The Ordinary Potato* was unable to verify this fact.

Eyal was then sent by his parents to the Marsha Stern Talmudic Academy, a school held in high regard in the greater New York Metropolitan Area. (Read: Washington Heights.) Eyal's entire high school career was spent wrestling, "a

good way to convince the non-believers that you are the Moshiach" as Eyal stated. His coach, Neil Ellman, told *The Potato* that "Eyal had amazing technique. He knew exactly what parts of his opponent to grab, and he would mumble kabbalistic incantations before hitting the mat."

After finishing high school, Eyal attended the Shabbtai Tzvi Academy for Messiahs in Crown Heights, Brooklyn. This institution is of course quite secretive, and some have linked it to the Halle-Bopp suicide cult. However, it evidently has proven to be a success as it has provided the world with yet another Moshiach.

In an ultra-secret interview with *The Ordinary Potato*, (so secret, that in fact Eyal is unaware of it himself), Eyal stated that "I have big plans for the world now that people have realized who I am. First off, I'm going to franchise Deli Kasbah around the world. Being the Moshiach and all, I'm going to need a source of income to supply me all those dollars that a Moshiach has to give out, and that pesky problem of my being the manager, well *that's* taken care of." He continued his pronouncements, saying "now that I am a celebrity, I'm going to need a spokesperson. Luckily, this religion comes equipped with a Moshiach ben Yosef, and not surprisingly he's been visiting my joint quite frequently throwing all sorts of crazy parties. His name is Yosef Levine and I think he's involved in that evil rag called *The Commentator*." During the interview, Eyal had to escort (rather forcefully) certain unnamed MTA students from the premises.

Meanwhile, Brooklyn is in an absolute uproar. Cries of "Eyal is the Rebbe" can be heard everywhere and for unfathomable reasons excessive alcohol consumption has accompanied the all the hysteria. However, alcohol consumption seems to accompany almost every event that transpires in these Hasidic enclaves in Brooklyn, so it remains up to the reader to decide whether this is a result of the unsurpassed excitement over the messianic coronation or not.

Cafeteria Woman Bears Septuplets
Doctors Around The World Are Amazed

BY JUSTIN LABOR

On Tuesday, March 10th, television crews from around the country, and doctors from around the world descended onto the main campus of Yeshiva University. Pocahantos, the nymphet of the YU Caf Store, had borne septuplets.

The birth of septuplets astounded the medical world for two reasons. The first is that it is only the second time in medical history that a girl under 12 had given birth to 7 children. The second reason why it this birth is so incredible is that the little babies actually came out speaking Russian.

Doctor Kevorkian, one doctor who

descended onto campus to view the phenomenon, said, "Incredible. I can't wait to get my hands on those little munchkins."

Dean Adler, the prolific author of animal mysteries of Yeshiva University, explained, "This phenomenon of children speaking right after they are born is actually very common in rats, after the mother ingests large amounts of sodium."

Nearly everyone, however, was confused by the fact that the children of Pocahantos came out speaking Russian. Dean Adler said, "This is an absolute scientific mystery. Usually there must be at least one parent who speaks the language in order for this to occur."

Are you feeling the anxiety that all guys feel when they realize they're running out of Stern girls to date and you still haven't found that special mate?

You want to impress your parents and friends with a beautiful girl, but you just can't seem to find one.

A solution to your problems has been found!

Select your next date from our bountiful batch of Barnard beauties.

Introducing the Barnard Babe Blowout. From now until March 25, discounts will be offered for all purchases with a YU ID card.

Cheap, plentiful, experienced Barnard beauties are waiting for you.

Call 1-800-4B-Babes

PR Director Charged with Fraud

YU Hurled From Rankings

BY FAYE KERR

The FBI, the CIA, the Chino, and the Burns Security officials came to YU on Thursday, March 12. They came to taste the cafeteria chicken schnitzel and to arrest YU Public Relations Director David Rosen.

"An acknowledged master of his craft," David Rosen was considered the gem of the YU administration. Under his leadership, YU rose from a 113 to a ranking of 45. Simultaneous with the rise in the polls, YU was also beginning to gain a little respect – numerous public relations successes brought recognition and fulfillment in outside circles.

First, in 1995, Amme Schneider donated 22 million dollars to Yeshiva University. According to *The Times*, she donated it because she believed "YU is a very good institution that represents American Jewry."

The donation by Amme Schneider was followed by the huge public relation success of the YU Community Literacy Club. Then, Aaron Feuerstein, a YU alumnus, kept paying his factory workers even after his factory burnt down. And then, an Einstein doctor, discovered a cure for something. And then PR was able to hire Hedy Shulman.

All of these great events made headlines in the newspapers. The Amme Schneider donation was covered on the front page of *The Times*' B section, while the Aaron Feuerstein philanthropic deed was covered on the front page of the *Wall Street Journal*.

But apparently all the putative successive stories that created headlines in prestigious periodicals were total rubbish, the fictitious inventions of a sick mastermind, David Rosen – in real life Derrick Kanstancyokoloputsznoifsky.

Derrick Kanstancyokoloputsznoifsky
Derrick Kanstancyokoloputsznoifsky came to America in 1962 as a young Bull System operating artist from Japan. The son of a Japanese manure manufacturer, Kanstancyokoloputsznoifsky was well trained in the art of public relations. His low beginnings also instilled him with an irresistible urge to succeed at all costs. Kanstancyokoloputsznoifsky knew what it was to be like at the lower tier, and he did not like it. One day in 1961, as his father was out shoveling humus, Kanstancyokoloputsznoifsky fled Japan.

Armed with only a plunger and a copy of *Yeshiva Today*, Kanstancyokoloputsznoifsky came to America unable to speak a word of American English, but well-versed in the

universalities of language. At Ellis Island, the immigration officer was unable to pronounce the "r" of Derrick's first name, so he changed Kanstancyokoloputsznoifsky name to David Rosen.

In a process that is still uncertain, David Rosen somehow came to Yeshiva University. In 1995, he inherited the post of chief mud slinger and defender of the faith – the head of YUPR.

It was about this time, administration officials say, that Rosen first noticed the beautiful woman who works as secretary for Rabbi Schmidman in the Dean's Office on the First Floor of First.

An administration official, who asked to remain anonymous because everyone else at YU tries to be anonymous, said, "I remember that day vividly -- Rosen was hurrying to have a drink with Rabbi Schmidman, when he banged into Shirley. Rosen was like standing there blinking his eyes like a flippin idiot . . . scratching his head, rubbing his eyes, wobbling his gremlins."

The administration official continued with his description of the events. He said that after Rosen banged into Shirley, Shirley picked up a clipboard, smacked Rosen over the head, and shrieked, "Who the heck do you think you are!?" As Rosen continued to blink, Shirley laughed and then gave him a big wet kiss on the cheek and said, "Get out of my office, you dunce. GET OUT before I kick you out with my heel."

At that moment, administration officials say, Rosen fell madly in love with Shirley. Along with Yechiel Bontag and the other bow-tied groveller, Rosen hung around the office trying to catch Shirley's eye. He reportedly performed amazing stunts. He stood on his head, he rolled his eyes, he wobbled his gremlins, he unzipped his sneakers, he stuck his nose up like a dolphin, he combed his hair the other way, but all for naught. Shirley failed to notice the Director of YUPR Director David Rosen.

Jeffrey Locos said, off the record, that David Rosen decided then that Shirley wanted a more successful man, a prominent man, a man of high standing, a man whose reach could be felt, a man who could afford to wear silk boxers everyday, a slick man, a tough man, a man with bravado, a man who could roll the dice with the big boys! The onetime Bull manure operator decided then that he could use his childhood talents to his advantage. So Rosen hatched an evil-minded, nefarious, salacious, lubricious, lecherous, yet absolutely

perspicacious plan to shoot himself into the eye of the public – and into the eye of his beloved Shirley.

First he invented the story of an old maid millionaire who had somehow accumulated 22 million bucks. To his surprise, the public and national periodicals believed. It was amazing. Rosen brought YU onto the front page of the B section of *The Times*. When Stern officials kept asking him where the money was, Rosen told them that they are all morons. And then he invented a story of how YU lawyers had temporarily fudged the inheritance, but, "Soon," he said, "we will have our money."

But Shirley still did not see Rosen. Rosen proceeded surreptitiously, slyly, smoothly, roughly, openly, and with great recklessness to invent an elaborate plan to raise himself from his shrunken status.

Rosen's Plot

Knowing full well that a YU alumnus is on the board of the *US News and World Report*, Rosen called him up and said that Rav Schachter said he is going directly to heaven if he puts YU in the first tier. The official agreed to raise YU if he received a written notice from Rav Schachter assuring him that he would go to heaven. Rosen told Rav Schachter that he would send him to heaven if he sends this guy to heaven. Rav Schachter agreed. In 1995, YU rose from the third tier to the second tier. And then Yeshiva stunned America by rising into the first tier in 1996, and Yeshiva stayed there in 1997.

Unfortunately for Rosen, Shirley still looked at only to her usual mates. In an uncontrollable, paroxysmical, fulminating fit of temper, Rosen teamed up with Nick Muzin to invent an "altruistic" YU club. Administration officials, who requested anonymity because they are pusillanimous punks, said that Rosen and Muzin were certain that no one in the entire universe would buy into that paradox. Jeffrey (I think I am cool and intelligent) Socol said, off the record, that Muzin said to Rosen, "Come on, who are you kidding? An altruistic YU club? Who is going to believe this? This is an inherent contradiction, a paradox of astronomical proportions. If this works, then I'll be damned if I don't get into Harvard Med."

It worked. In an unbelievable occurrence, television crews from channel 4 and channel 7 came down and televised the YU Community Literacy Club. Supposedly, YU students were helping students from the George Washington Highschool in their math and English.

Rosen and Muzin went out and had a beer. Jeffrey (I am a short fat idiot) Socol

said, off the record, "Rosen told me that no one will ever find out because none of those kids speak a word of English."

Rosen then hired Ceil Levinson to burn down Aaron Feuerstein's factory; Rosen paid Feuerstein to shut up, and he gave him money to pay his workers.

The Story of A Stout Hearted Woman

As Rosen finely weaved Bullvons Scathology on top of more Bullvons Scathology, his beloved Shirley continued to stay faithful, resolute, and firm with her faithful office mates. "My G-d," Rosen cried (administration officials say), "what in the world does this woman want from a man? I have money, I have my hair combed in the opposite direction, I have grown bigger and bigger everyday . . . nashim da'aton kalos haim! This is one stout-hearted woman."

It was in his state of perplexity and dumbfounded veneration that Rosen decided to risk all by confessing everything to Shirley. Dull-witted administration officials say Rosen said, "Maybe if I confess all to her, she will admire me greatly."

But the opposite proved to be the case. Shirley told Rosen that he better "haul his tuchus" out of YU or she will spill all to his wife, Diana. (Yes, Rosen was married the whole time.) It was a sad moment. The YUPR Director, who was the "Man behind the (fictitious) Message" for four years was leaving YU to take a job at the eminent public relations firm of Howard Rubenstein. *The Commentator* ran a headline proclaiming "Posen Pesigns," and *Yeshiva Today* said "Although YU is the best, Rosen says YU is the best."

But Rosen was gone for less than two weeks. The stout-hearted woman, Shirley, found a mellow spot in her heart for Rosen. Shirley told him he could come back. And Rosen and Shirley seemed to be gradually moving into a stronger and stronger friendship.

Could this be a sentimental romantic love story? Not with Shirley's two followers preventing it. Yechiel Bontag and his comrade did some investigative research on David Rosen, formerly Derrick Kanstancyokoloputsznoifsky. The two college investigators uncovered the whole mound of manure, the whole story of Kanstancyokoloputsznoifsky. It turned out that . . .

Bontag and his comrade alerted the national media. Before anyone at YU knew what happened, all the chicken schnitzel sandwiches in the cafeteria were gone, and Yeshiva and Rosen were unmasked in their sorry state.

Smicha Students Get Chicks

Continued from page 1

Weider. "Boruch Hashem, I no longer have to hear Blau telling me to take yet another cold shower, because I've taken so many cold showers that I have poor circulation in my extremities. I am certain that the ladies will have far more creative solutions to my problems." When queried as to what sort of creative solutions the holy new trailblazers have to the Ruchniusdik questions of the Bochrin, Weider said "Right now I'm really not sure. However, I can feel the circulation returning to my extremities already."

Sporadic opposition was voiced from various quarters of the Beis Medrash, with Rav Aharon Khan leading the charge against what he termed "prostitutes in the Mikdash." "In Volozhin," thundered the venerable rabbinic pundit, "the only

women brought into the Beis Medrash were solely there 'al taharas HaKodesh' in order to facilitate a higher level of pilpul and hasmodoh b'limud. But to bring women into the Daled Amos shel Halocho? And to pay them good money also?" Clearly infuriated by the encroachment of modernity into his private reserve, the rabbi was seen on his knees begging forgiveness from the Aron Kodesh while threatening to immolate himself in protest on the Danciger Quadrangle at high noon. When told of Kahn's plans, Rabbi Robert Hirt, Vice-President of RIETS, was overhead to say "good riddance."

The Selection Committee was chaired by YU clergymen Avi Weiss and Saul Berman, with vital input from Blu

Greenberg. Rabbis Charlop and Blau, while initially disconcerted when apprised of their vocational adjustments, observed, "Truth be told, there isn't that much of a difference." Blau was optimistic that "I will be able to infuse my new janitorial charges with the ruchnius that Jeff Socol has made legendary. Torah u'Madda demands no less."

"Sheer financial genius," were the words used by Socol Sr. to describe his new arrangement for the Beis Medrash. "In one great plunge we have managed to trim the deadwood, and bolster sectors of the University that were literally crying out for some fresh meat. I have great hopes for everyone to produce at the highest possible level, or we may be forced to resort to further transfers. I think

there are still positions available in the cafeteria." When asked why such radical measures have not been taken in other segments of the University, Socol answered "most offices in the University already have reached their peak performance. Just look at the Office of the Registrar."

Yeshiva University President Norman Lamm greeted the new arrangement by saying "Good. Now I can get some rich fool to endow another chair." Gladys Cherny, Lamm's executive assistant muttered "I make up all his quotes anyway, so I can say that I think its a lovely idea, and I like the fact that us women can now openly assert our control over YU."

Rabbi Professor Chaplain Admiral Sheriff Tendler

Rebbe Data Sheet

HEIGHT: 5'10"

WEIGHT: Ma'alim
b'kodesh v'ain
mordin

HAT SIZE: 10 gallon

AMBITIONS: Spreading
the word of the *Shver*

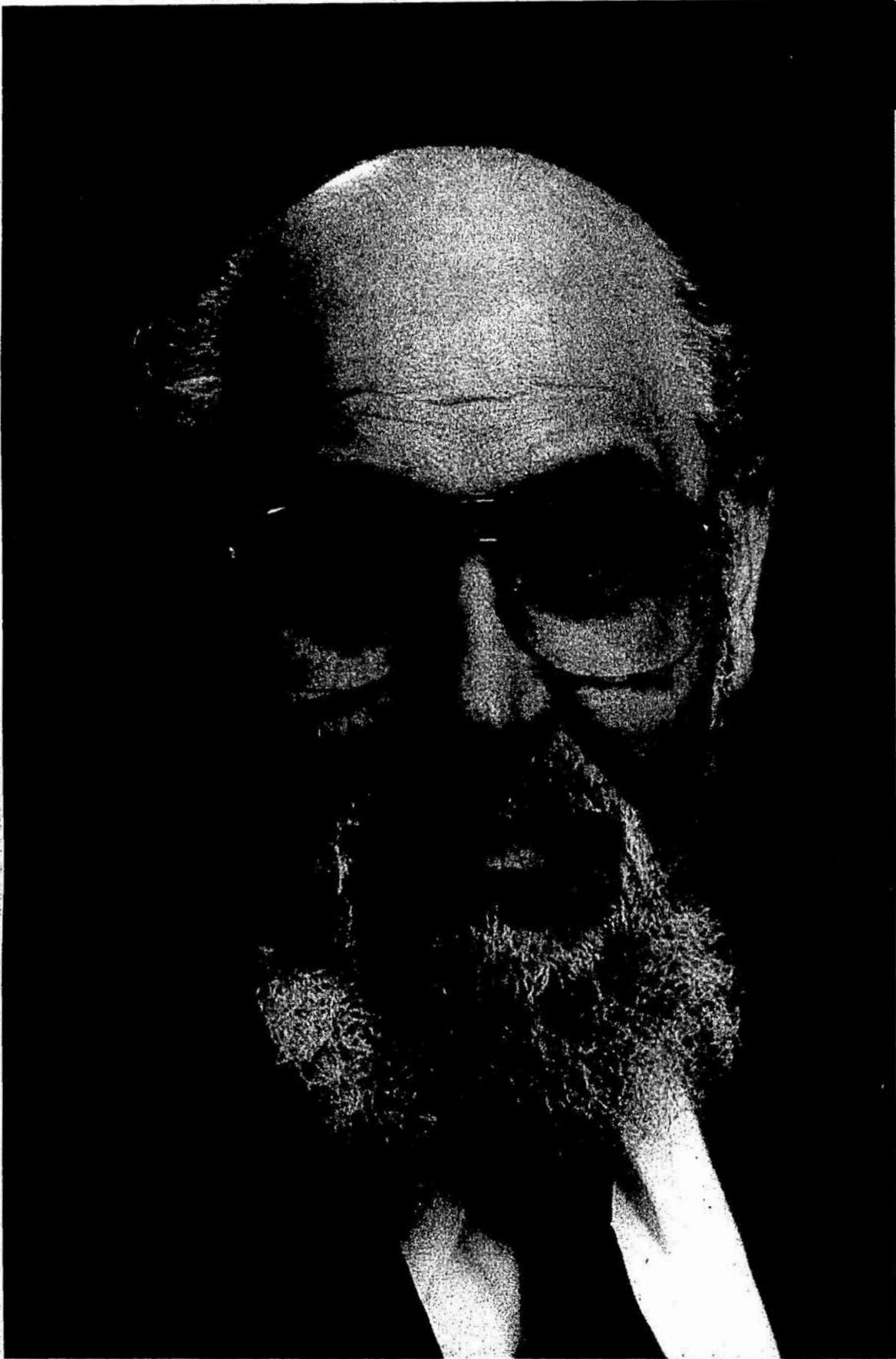
TURN ONS: Blended
Whiskey, MSAC hot
tub

TURN OFFS: Tuna fish,
RIETS, Agudath
Israel, Conservative,
Reform, Sepharadim,
Lubavitch, Satmar,
brain death, morons,
Thursdays, Jewish
shiksals, royal pros-
titutes, "Gedolim,"
oral sex (onanism),
Hungarians, MBATS,
Dor Yeshorim, the
rest of you *am aratzim*.

MEMORABLE
RABINIC MOMENT:
Japan 1974 – Kept
Shabbos for two
whole weeks while
sleeping on a tatami.

HOW TO WIN MY
P'SAK: Tell me some-
thing I haven't heard.

GEDOLIM SECRET:
You wouldn't want
your mathematicians
building bridges, you
don't want a Talmid
Chacham to give you
a p'sak



CENSORED

REBBE OF THE MONTH

Interview With El Presidente

BY B. B. Q. WING

Amidst his hectic schedule The Potato had the chance to sit down with elusive campus leader Sruli Ira Tannenbaum for a no holds barred interview.

Reporter: So Sruli we really appreciate you taking time out of your busy schedule to speak with us

Sruli: Yes it really is no problem...but I have a hatzolah call scheduled in a half hour so you have to hurry.

Reporter: Before we begin I don't suppose we could ask you to turn down your hatzolah radio, turn off your cell phone and put your beeper on vibrate?

Sruli: You must realize that these tools are an important part of my presidency. The radio keeps me in touch with six other nerds on campus. The cell phone is for Dougie's to get in touch at all times. And the beeper --- Its already on vibrate. Is it ever on vibrate!

Reporter: Whatever

Reporter: Let's Begin, How would you characterize your presidency thus far?

Sruli: Lots of free food and much more to come.

Reporter: Interesting...Do you feel this has managed to create a sense of unity on campus?

Sruli: I don't know....but there's been lots of free food and stuff!!!

Reporter: Yes I think we have already covered that. How do you see the remainder of the year shaping up?

Sruli: Well we have the NCAA finals Dougie's Party, Yom Ha'atzmaut barbecue, and plenty of free bagels during finals.....and if I have any money left we will throw in some wings.

Reporter: I see a pattern here. Care to elaborate?

Sruli: Yes I have a lot of money.

Reporter: There has been much criticism about the lack of tangible improvement on campus, how do you respond?

Sruli: Lack of tangible improvement? We got a weight room. I used one of the weights once to hold open the door as we brought in pizza for the midnight madness. They're really very heavy.

Reporter: Let's try some word association. I will throw out some words and you tell me the first thing that pops into your head. Don't hurt yourself now.

Reporter: SCWSC

Sruli: Second class

Reporter: Student Services:

Sruli: "Here to help us" Bull S*T !!!

Reporter: Jeff Socol

Sruli: Mentor

Reporter: Dougie

Sruli: Father Figure

Reporter: Chevra Hatzolah

Sruli: Get out of class free card

Reporter: YCSC

Sruli: Gold Mine

Reporter: OK Sruli, we must talk about your remarkable ascension to the thrown. How would you characterize

your election?

Sruli: Well it got really dirty towards the end when I thought I would lose to a write-in candidate because I only put up one sign on Morg lobby. But after a tight battle I pulled it off and spent the rest of the night getting wasted on Glenfiddich and Fire-Poppers.

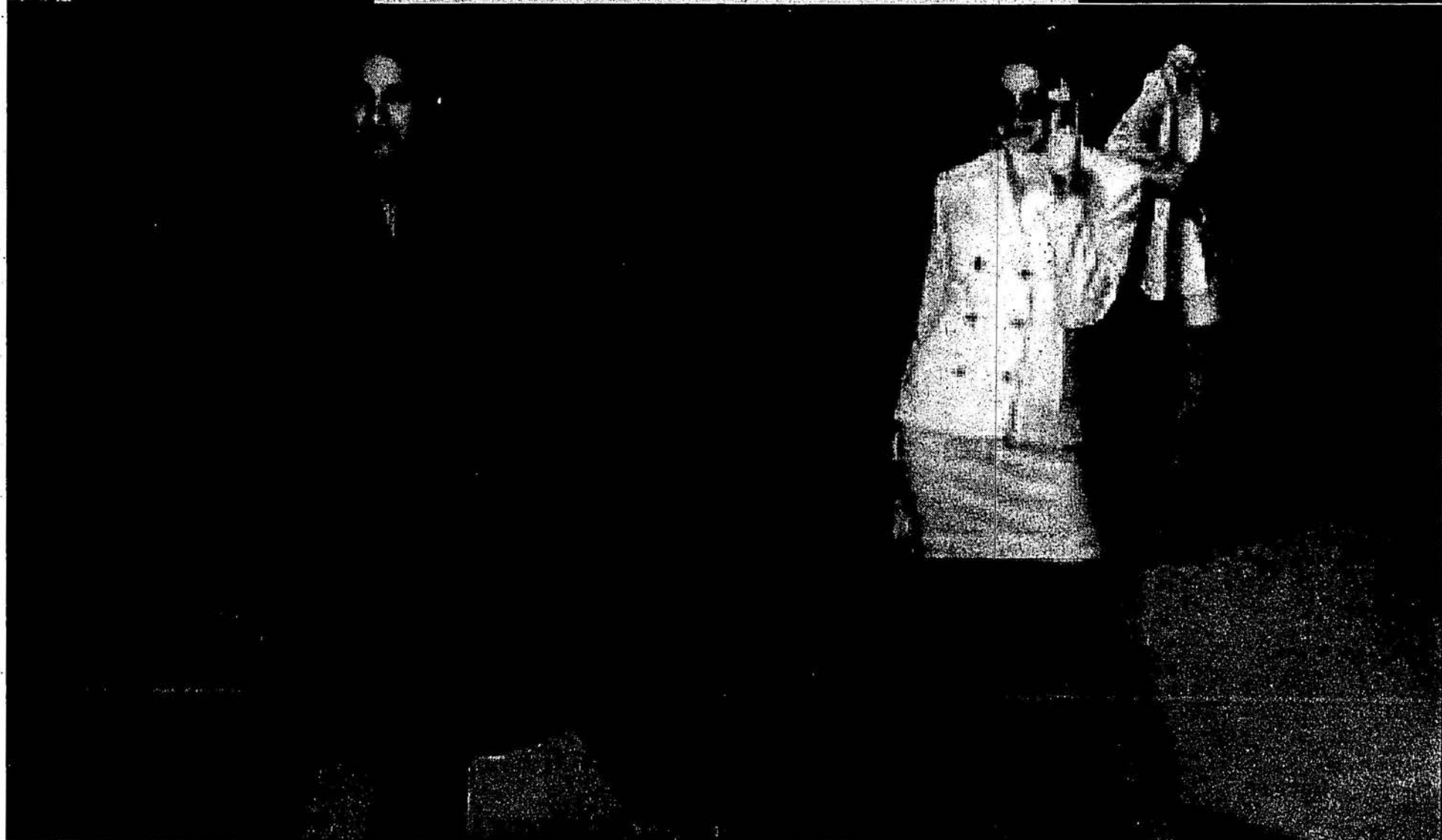
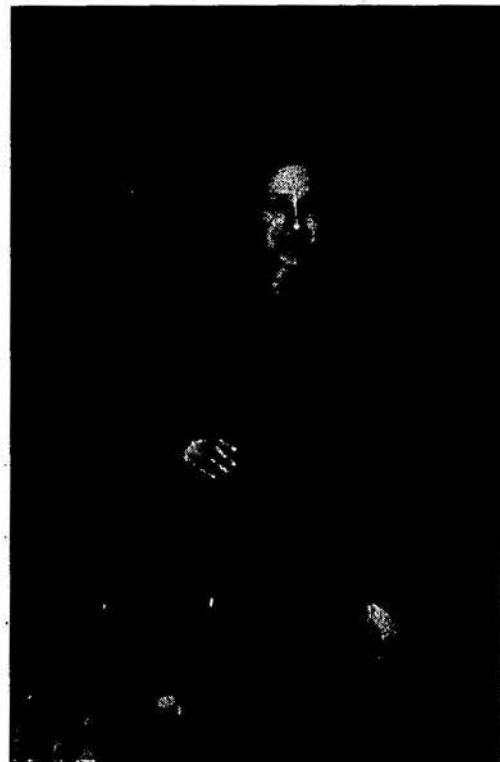
Reporter: Where do you see yourself in Ten Years?

Sruli: Fifth Floor first corner office...no no no just kidding I would like to have my own practice as a Nutritionist.

Reporter: Well what is student council up to these days?

Sruli: Well for information like that you would really have to get in touch with my staff...Oh wait Dror isn't around so I guess it will be a surprise. Well I got to run but you are welcome to stay and play solitaire on my new Cray 2 \$10,000 computer. It runs so much faster now. Hmm... I am thinking about getting a copy machine in my room. What do you think?

The Ordinary Potato
has obtained
classified photographs
from a closed door
ObserveHer
fashion show.





Attendees listen to a discussion on *Halacha l'Moshe m'Sinai: How Likely is That?*

Kiruv (Bassar) Richuk Style

BY OPIE CHORUS

One of the highlights of the year in the Manhattan Jewish community was the *richuk* shabbaton which took place this past weekend at Yeshiva University. The shabbaton was sponsored by NCSY (National Coalition for Secular Youth) and Torah Ha'aish (the foremost organization concerned with advancing Jewish book burning).

The shabbaton's dual themes were *shtiah* and *beiah*, and everyone seemed to really get into the program. Many participants found the function to be enlightening, "I was glad to finally be relieved of my burdensome *oyl malchus shamayim*," said Shloime Greenberg.

The shabbaton got off to a flying start as the participants arrived immediately following shkiah and were issued electric key cards for their rooms. Following registration, participants joyfully surrendered their primitive religious articles. Many foolish looking skullcaps and black leather straps were discarded.

Shortly thereafter, eager attendees took to the streets to disparage young Jewish women lighting candles in a neo-Satanic ceremony. On the way back to the hotel many encountered a bunch of darkly clad medieval Jews on the way back from their archaic chantings.

At 6:00 they returned to the hotel for the first of a series of seminars meant to ease participants out of traditional Judaism. H.L. Mencken delivered a stirring address outlining the pagan origins of Jewish liturgical services. Sruli Greenstein commented, "So why have I been getting up so early the past ten years? I'm getting a refund for my shana bet."

Dinner was catered by Red Lobster. The first course was a fish and meat platter which was eaten without *hefsek*. The main course was a savory *kid braised in the milk of its mother*.

Morty Goldberg remarked, "My friends had always told me that Burger King was good, hey is that a quarter over there!"

Many *zmilos* were sung during the course of the meal. Bob Dylan, who led the singing, reminded everyone that they were "not *zmilos*; they are Gregorian chants." The highlight of the singing was a resounding rendition of *Sonei Hashem Temimah* led by Norman Lamb. Many songs were led by attractive young

women who sang solo for everyone's enjoyment.

A series of group discussions followed dinner. The session was headlined by a discussion entitled "*Halacha l'Moshe m'Sinai: How likely is that?*" Other topics included "Niddah: A Medieval Superstition," "Natural Foreskin Restoration in Three Easy Steps," "The Cult of Animal Sacrifice and the Emotional Imbalance that Inclined P to Write About It," and "Lies, Distortions, and Fallacies: Morning Seder."

At this time, participants returned to their assigned rooms to partake of the evening's themes. Before returning to their rooms everyone was given a special *shatnez* blanket to keep them warm and cozy. Bill Kerry said, "I thought the blankets were a stroke of genius."

Morning wakeup was ignored (adhering to MYP guidelines) although most awoke in time for Saturday morning cartoons. Afternoon programming began with a priestly stroll through the neighborhood Jewish cemetery. The attendees then visited area synagogues for an afternoon of charity box pillaging and *mezuzah* tampering. Yechezkel Pennysnatcher commented, "It's much easier to make money on shabbos, whoops, I almost missed that nickel."

Shabbos was concluded with a moving *havdalah* ceremony. No candles were found so *havdalah* was deemed a rabbinic fabrication. Maury Heter explained, "If Hashem really wanted us to have *havdalah*, He would have let us find some candles."

The night activities commenced with a trip to the Village. One hot spot in the Village served an exciting variety of imported *yayin nesech* previously used by an actual *akum*. Entrees included the blood and entrails of various prohibited rodents, *neveilah*, and scallops. Many of the participants never made it back from the Village. Those who were able to return to YU under their own power were treated to *tevel* sundaes. Issur Zalman Rabinowitz, a dedicated RIETS student who was chaperoning the event, remarked, "I topped my sundaes with some *geshmach shrutzim*. Fortunately, a rabbi blessed all the *oychel* removing any *chashash* of *treifus*." The leftovers were given as *Mishloach Manos*.

Can you eat.....a lot?

Do you frequent a popular eating establishment on west 72nd street famous for its wings?

Are you a member of Hatzaloh?

Do you have a beeper?

...do you want one?

Do you have a cell phone?

...could you use one?

Do you have a walkie talkie?

...would you like one?

Perhaps you just want to accessorize

Perhaps you just want to dine out...a lot

Do you need a six figure budget?

Do you want to get to know the students of the midtown campus?

...don't worry you won't

Are you friends with Jeff Socol?

...do you want to be?

Do you look like Jeff Socol?

...don't worry you will!

Ever drive an ambulance?

...its fun you should try it.

Want a really nice computer?

Want a really big office?

Want an excuse to miss classes?

Want to stay a fifth year on campus?

Want groupies?

Well your dreams have come true!!!!

This is the job for you

(and you don't even have to have your resumes approved by Bob in placement)

Just run...for Y.C.S.C. President

I did, well sort of....

Ira "Sruli" Tannenbaum

YCSC President 97-98

(by default)

*special thanks to those who typed up this sign, thought it up, copied it, hung it up, also thanks to Doug S. for catering the late night brainstorming sessions



Dear Office of the Registrar,

We at *The Ordinary Potato* would like to apologize for any and all of our unwarranted attacks and criticisms levied against you. We now see things from your point of view.

Sincerely,
The Governing Board

Garbage, Junk, Crap,
And Anything Else You Will Read

PROFANEMENT

Midtown Girl

(To The Tune Of Uptown Girl)

(Dedicated to all those pretty women
who spend 4 years on the Uptown van)
(And their potential husbands)

Oy yoy, Oy yoy, yoy, yoy, yoy, Oy yoy,
Oy yoy, yoy, yoy,

Midtown Girl,
She's been living in a Midtown World
I'll bet she never had an Uptown Guy
I'll bet the Shaddchan never told her
why

I'm gonna try for a Midtown Girl
She's been living in her Brookdale
World

As long as anyone with I.D. can
Now she's looking for an Uptown Man
She's on the van

And when she knows what
She wants in a guy
And when She's made up
The ring she's gonna buy

She'll see it's not so bad
Being set up
With a Main Campus Uptown guy
Even if he does NCSY
Even though he never went to HASC
Doing her hair is such a tedious task
Just bring a flask

Oy yoy, Oy yoy, yoy, yoy, yoy, Oy yoy,
Oy yoy, yoy, yoy,

Midtown Girl

You know I can't afford to buy her
pearls
But maybe with her Dad's money bin
I'll know what kind of financial state
I'm in
And then I'll win

And when she's talking
I'm wishing she's a mime
And when she's crying
I'm trying to sympathize

She'll see I'm really worth
Spending time
Every night
On the Uptown van!

She is looking for a Black Hat man
One who learns in MYP
Though we know he always sleeps 'till
three
NOT IBC!!!

Oy yoy, Oy yoy, yoy, yoy, yoy, Oy yoy,
Oy yoy, yoy, yoy,

Uptown Girl WOMAN
The Shidduch Committee
Screwed up
TAC really sucks
The Elevator sucks
The CAF sucks
YU Sucks
The Guide really Sucks
The Guys really Suck
UPTOWN SUCKS
MIDTOWN ROX

No Alternatives So We Were Forced To Print This Instead

Interview with Adam Yauch of the Beastie Boys

BY HANS TIED

Being the coolest, modest, most alternative lounge on the block, I've recently had the envious opportunity to consort with Hollywood's shimmering stars. Below, are a couple of interesting snippets.

Interview with Adam Yauch, lead singer of the Beastie Boys

Mr. Yauch, pleasure to meet you.

Sniff, yeah, whatever man. Do you have a twenty?

Yeah. Mr. Yauch, is it true that you, the revered founder of the White rap movement which has brought us such stalwarts as Vanilla Ice, Marky Mark and Rico Suave, went to MTA for high school?

No. What the heck is MTA? I'm from the hood you know? PS 187.

But I read in a past interview that "You've gotta fight for your right to party" was a protest song written about Yeshiva University's policy to always give a final on January 1st?

No it's about youths eternal need to have fun. What have you been drinking man? Ripple?

Yes, speaking of ethnic beverages, what do you prefer? Keddem or Matuk?

What are those man?

C'mon, you're Jewish, we all know that No Sleep Till Brooklyn was about the "Freshy races" every night on the Flatbush bus?

Listen dude, I'm Buddhist I don't know about this Jewish stuff. Ask me a question about the Free Tibetan Festival or whatever it's called.

Okay, why do all assimilated Jews feel compelled to explore their spirituality through Scientology, Catholicism and Buddhism while goyim like Madonna look to Kabbalah?

I don't know. I guess we artists have a need to explore all that's out there.

How do you respond to the criticism that you and your bandmates are just three clever New York Jews who are parodying Black culture?

No, our music is original. We were there long before the Puff Daddy's and Snoop's. If anything, they are parodying us!

Interesting. So are you starting a war with Puff Daddy?

No, he's cool. Anyway, it's all about the children if you know what I mean?

Heh heh. So, who was your favorite teacher in MTA?

This Rabbi dude with a goatee and an attitude, Doolittle or something.

I think you mean Dulitz.

Yeah, whatever. I remember he once told me that I was going to do nothin' with my life. That I'd be homeless and stuff.

I guess you showed him.

Yeah, sniff ... do you have Visine? Yeah, I wonder how he's doing?

"Aseh L'cha Rav u'knei l'cha p'sak"

Tired of searching around for a good p'sak halacha?
Looking for a qualified Rabbi to give
you the answer you're looking for?

then call...

DIAL-A-P'SAK

at

1-900-4-POSKIM

A qualified voice mail machine with s'micha from RIETS
and an MA from Revel will ask you a few questions
so it can best tailor its p'sak to your needs.

ONLY \$1.95 for the first minute,
\$.75 each additional minute.

Must be over 18 or have Da'as Torah to call.

New...

Now you can get p'sak halacha even faster!

Visit the P'SAK-O-MATIC online at
<http://www.yucommentator.com!>

COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL MUSIC STORE...

The emotional story about a group of students,
and the revolution they can never win.



Featuring the songs:

- Do you hear the modems ring
- Server on a cloud
- On our own
- At the end of the day
- (seeing) Stars
- White and black (monitors)
- Dog eat dog
- Adlér's confession
- Shut down
- Master of the web
- No more 501
- Lovely ladies
- 501 day more
- Empty chairs and broken cables
- I dreamed a dream

Who Asked For Your OPINION

Reconstructing Moses

Editor's Note: As a service to our readers without a thesaurus, we have provided a running translation of the recent Moses piece entitled: Deconstructing Haredi - Rabbi Svei and his Culture of Hatred

BY MOE SAYS

The raging forces of theological elitism appear never to have occasion for lull from their pyrotechnic displays of intransigence (in-tran'si-gence n)

(Those black hat kik'ish hockers never stop ragging on us and won't make peace with us.)

We have only to observe the remarks of Rabbi Elya Svei, rosh yeshiva of the Yeshiva of Philadelphia, at the annual convention of Agudath Israel before some 3,500 delegates for confirmation that Jewish religious supremacists remain strident in their efforts to unleash communal discord and its attendant tumult.

(We only have to look at what the Grand Rabbi of Nasty said about us at the Super Hocker convention to see that all they want to do is cause rumbles among us) (Editors Note: I call him nasty in a most loving way, me and Elya go waaaaay back.)

Rabbi Svei, a member of Agudath Israel's Moetzes Gedolai HaTorah (Council of Torah Sages), took his time at the convention podium to unabashedly deprecate (dep-re-kayt) Yeshiva University President Rabbi Norman Lamm by characterizing him as a "sonhe Hashem," or "hater of the Lord."

(Grand Rabbi of Nasty a member of the Chief Hocker's group, Took his time ranking on my esteemed colleague and dear friend, Harav Hagoan Melech Hamoshiach Rabbi Doctor Norman Lamm calling him a Devil Worshipper and the anti-Christ.)

This appalling burst of incendiary invective (a violent attack in words, abusive language) has ignited a conflagration (A great and destructive fire (Oxford American Dictionary)) that threatens to consume the fragile shelter of Orthodox unity.

(All this stuff that he spouted is going to screw up the unity in our community) (Wait a minute What Unity? Whatever is sounds good next to the words fragile shelter)

Traditional battle lines have been redrawn in preparation for a return to legitimacy jihads that pit vanquishing rabbinic ayatollahs against infidels with the audacity to spout the value of moderation.

(We are back to the same yelling and screaming as before, with the Nasty Rabbi's putting every little bee in charem because they had the nerve to bite them.....Or just orthodox rabbi's because they say you can date two women at once.)

The landscape of Orthodoxy bears the mar of a foreboding disquietude (Discotheque).

(Why don't all the Rabbi's just make up and go to have fun at an Israeli Discotheque.)



Dear Yappie;

I've been going out with the same girl for three weeks, and now that I'm about ready to make the big commitment I'm wondering what she's thinking. I thought I knew her implicitly, but after speaking to her once or twice I'm not sure I understand what she means by "I'd rather clean Penn Station with my tongue." Obviously she knows that there is a sanitation crew that already cleans the place, so are we having a communications break down or is this just one of those "men are from Mars" issues?

"No mind reader" NY

Dear "No Mind,"

You may be experiencing some problems talking to each other, and in today's day and age people are having more and more problems expressing their true feelings. Sentiments like "go suck an egg" and "shut up and die," are confusing and ambiguous and never seem to express the real hidden issues. So to help all those other "clueless" daters, as well as yourself, I've included a collection of things that might tell you that the date isn't going so well. Here they are:

1. "Wow! That's my father's favorite tie!"
2. She keeps looking at the guy at the next table.
3. She keeps looking at the girl at the next table.
4. She keeps looking at the silver ware at the next table.
5. She asks the maitre d' for the check before the seat reservation.
6. She's thrilled about your choice in restaurants, and asks where you'll be eating.
7. "Nice Eyebrow."
8. "That's great.... How old is your brother?"
9. "Oh,... That's your nose!"
10. "Is that your natural walk?"
11. "Do you always laugh like that?"

Dear Yappie;

I'm being pressed into dating by my Grandmother's neighbor's cousin's sister's milkman's uncle's step sister (twice removed), and I'm really not sure I understand how dating works. Specifically, when asking for information about different girls I've received flattering descriptions that don't always match up to reality, when I finally meet them face to face. I'd really like to know what I'm getting into before I get there. Can you help me?

"Great Yichus", Peoria, Illinois

Dear "Related to a Jewish Accountant (laid-off)",

In today's day and age people are having more and more problems expressing their true feelings. People are confusing and ambiguous and never seem to express the real hidden issues. So to help all those other "clueless" daters, who may be experiencing some problems, I've included a collection of things that might tell you that the date isn't going so well.

What they said: What It Means:

Very Intelligent (guy)

-Can count to 20 with their shoes on.

Very Intelligent (girl)

-You don't have to bring a bag along (better safe than sorry)

Beautiful (girl)

-She's learned not to use the white-out on the computer screen, but she still copies with the paper shredder

Handsome (guy)

-He can't count to 10 with his shoes on (shouldn't own power tools)

Handsome (girl)

-read: Ellen Degeneres

Intelligent

-Poster child for planned parenthood

Great personality

-“when he sits around the house...”

Good Middot

-physically statuesque (prominent personality)

A real catch

-Yeah, like syphilis or VD

Great find

-“for a good time call...”

Petite

-Anorexic

Healthy

-See "Great Personality"

Sensitive

-Says "excuse me" before he spits out her window

Caring

-Gives point values to animals before he hits them with the car

A little forward

-Like a pit bull in a meat market

Nice hair

-on her dog

Great Learner

-Zack the lego maniac

Perfect Match

-Absolutely nothing in common with you

Dear Yappie,

I'm an avid reader of your column. To date I've read both your letters and I can't tell you how much they've helped me. But now I have a problem. I'm an incredibly popular person; people are banging down my door to go out with me. And due to my incredibly modest and humble nature I find that I'm unable to deal with the guilt involved in telling a girl she just doesn't have "what it takes". Could you find a way for me to let them down easy without me having to watch the histrionics that will surely follow when they find out I don't want them anymore?

TOP 10 WAYS

TO END A SHIDDUCH DATE

1. Wipe your nose on your date's sleeve.... repeatedly.
2. Twitch spastically every time someone says your name.
3. Stare at your date's neck and grind your teeth audibly.
4. Repeat every third third word you say say.
5. Stand up every five minutes and circle the table while flapping your arms and making airplane noises.
6. Order a bucket of lard.... To go.
7. Sacrifice French fries to the great nose god. (You figure it out.)
8. Drool: A lot.
9. Undress your date verbally.... use a bullhorn.
10. Excuse yourself to use the restroom. Ask for a new table, then order an entire new meal. When your date shows up ask them "Where were you? Why did you take so long?"

You Might Be a Haredi...

- If your idea of casual dress is wearing a tie.
- If someone takes your blood for Tay Sachs testing and the needle comes through the other side.
- If your idea of Torah Umadda is reading the Rambam.
- If your wife shaves her head so she can better cover her hair.
- If you talk to someone on the highway who is going 90 mph because of the car.
- If you go on a murderous rampage because of a girl's look regarding who is black.
- If you maintain an Arad on Shabbos and then apologize saying, "Sorry, I thought you were Jew."
- If you buy a TV card for your computer because owning a TV is good.
- If you marry a second wife to enhance your image.
- If you need an extra SAT score report to send to your college.
- If you have a ninth son just so you can have your own minyan.
- If your idea of shedding a Lamm has nothing to do with George Peck.
- If you start smoking pot because it makes better atzeret.
- If you hold up a convenience store to further your sons' education.
- If you plan your daughter's wedding before her Bar Mitzvah.
- If your website has a notice that says the internet is good Sammar only.
- If your shul has a two drink minimum.
- If your idea of a "barden to society" is someone holding a paying job.
- If you think 'Men In Black' is a documentary about hasidim.
- If you need sunglasses to take off your clothing.
- If your bus has a smoking section and a women's section.
- If you think the Great Wall of China was put up so Asians could see.
- If you replace your beat up '86 Oldmobile station wagon with the newer, '88 model.

Purim, 1998 - Fall 2002
(If we're lucky)

Due to printing
problems and
budget
cuts, we are unable to
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Please trace one in
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Yeshiva HarEtzion and Midreshet Lindenbaum do not present

Hamemissing?

Apathy Examined

**Shetika K'hodaa
A Philosophical Approach**

The Four Faces of Rav Kook

**An Irrefutable Scientific
Proof of God's Existence**

Ba'al Tashcit

**Gratuitous Use of the
Word "Existential"**

Feminism: Can't We All Just Get Along?

P E R S O N A L S

Matza supplier, 53, seeks coth bag manufacturer. Let's play "hide the afikoman." POB 545

Breslover intellectual, 23, 6'1", dark hair, long beard and side-locks. Seeks same in woman. POB 722

Drisha graduate. Looking for submissive JM to support her learning and bear children. POB 376

SJAP seeking someone to pamper me. High paying job a must. Send picture of car and Star-Tac. POB 22

Couch potato *latke* in search of the right apple sauce. Let's try for eight days. Who knows? POB 8

MW Chasidic male. Seeking pilegish for shalom bayit. Blondes only and no in-laws, please. POB 247

Worried about in-law meddling? I'm an orphan! Write POB 46

Very pretty, slim lulav would like to meet fragrant, squeezeable etrog. Let's do hoshanot together. Pitum a must. POB 677

80 year old bubby, no assets, seks handsome, virile Jewish male under 35. Object: matrimony. I can dream, can't I? POB 667

Female graduate student, studying kaballah, Zohar, exorcism of dybbuks, seeks mensch. No weirdos please. POB 666

Shochet, 54, owns successful butcher shop in Midwest. Doesn't believe women should be treated like a piece of meat. Seeks glatt kosher maidel for marriage. POB 21

Sensitive, caring, SW Charedi male. Looking for someone to share long walks along the airport terminal, maybe even a soda. POB 13

I've had it all: herpes, syphilis, gonorrhea, chlamydia and four of the ten plagues. Now I'm ready to settle down. So where are all the nice Jewish men hiding? POB 68

Sincere Rabbinical student. 27. Enjoys Yom Kippur, Tisha B'av, Ta'anit Esther, Tzom Gedalya, Asara B'Tevet, Shiva Asar B'Tamuz. seks companion for living in the "fast lane." POB 90

Kiss me, kiss my mezuzah. Sincere Jewish female, 29, looking for honest, hard working, observant Jewish male to share Shabbat, yom tov, mikvah. POB 49

Are you the girl I spoke with at the Kiddush, after shul last week? You excused yourself to get more horseradish for your gefilte fish, but you never returned. How can I contact you again? (I was the one with the chulent stain on my tie). POB 242

The Commentator

500 West 185th Street
New York, NY 10033

Printed by

Jewish businessman, 49, manufactures Shabat candles, Chanuka candles, havdalah candles, yahrtzeit candles. Seeks non-smoker. POB 787

Staunch Jewish feminist, wears tzitzit, seeking male who will accept my independence, although you probably will not. Oh, just forget it. POB 435

I am a sensitive Jewish prince, whom you can open your heart to. Share your innermost thoughts and deepest secrets. Confide in me. I'll understand your insecurities. No fatties, please. POB 321