

THE OBSERVER

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Einstein Summer Interns Chosen

by Sara Kosowsky

Elana Ungar and Francine Ziv, students at Stern College, have been selected to participate in this summer's Roth Institute Scholars program in bio-medical research at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine. The program is an eight week summer session in which the student works on a research project in the biomedical, social, or behavioral sciences. It is considered Honors Research and at the summer's end, after the student submits a written report of his or her research which satisfies the Committee on Summer Honors Research, the student receives three credits in Honors Research. In addition, a \$1000 stipend is given to each of the participants.

This year, 17 students applied for the seven places reserved for Yeshiva University students on this program. According to Dr. Lea Blau, Chairperson of the program, "There was no quota set from either school. The decisions were based on the quality of the applications. In addition, the committee looked at the grades, letters of recommendation, previous research, goals, and the courses the students had already taken." Though the program was open to both sophomores and juniors, basically only juniors were chosen, since sophomores generally did not have enough courses to equip them with a solid enough background.

This is the second year that this research opportunity has been offered, but it is the first year that it has been part of the Ernst and Hedwig Roth Institute of Biomedical Science Education of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine. "Each year the institute tries to find new ways to enhance science," says Dean Karen Bacon, of Stern College. "This is a cooperative venture between the three schools and it is the hope that undergraduate science study at Yeshiva University will be improved."

Dr. Albert Kuperman, Associate Dean for Educational Affairs at Einstein, echoes the same sentiments as Dean Bacon as far as interaction between the schools. He adds, "We want to make sure that students are not isolated in some corner of a building. We are trying to build it all into this program. The main job is to do summer research but it is nice to interact with other students." At present, possible lectures, seminars, and faculty sessions are being planned for the

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Drama Societies Stage Successes

by Diane Feldman

"Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat" sounds like something out of Sunday school—not a rock opera composed by Andrew Lloyd Webber (CATS)—but the Yeshiva College Dramatics Society adds sparkle and shine to this Biblical tale.

The story is familiar. Joseph, the envy of eleven brothers because he is the apple of his father's eye, is sold into slavery in Egypt. He is then falsely accused of having an affair with his master's wife and is thrown into jail. Because of his ability to interpret dreams, he appears before Pharaoh, predicts a famine, and becomes a government official. The brothers, who come to Egypt in search of food, prove they have truly reformed, and are tearfully reunited with Joseph.

However, this play includes visual and lyrical humor that the Bible does not. Each brother wears overalls with his first initial on them, and changes hats eight times. For example, when the time has come to tell Jacob that his favorite son is dead, they switch to country/western attire, and sing, "There's one more place at our table . . ." The butler wears a top hat, and the baker, an over mitt. The visual humor holds the audience's attention.

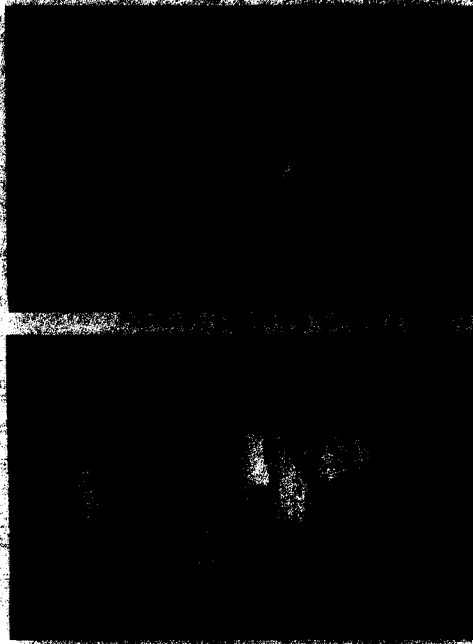
Alan Silverman superbly plays the narrator, which was originally a woman's part on Broadway. He looks as if he belong in every scene, whether he is reprimanding the brothers or cheering Joseph on. He talks to the audience, and makes the story come alive for them.

David Paul, as Joseph, evokes feelings of ambivalence from the audience. We see his ego overinflated as he relates his dream to the brothers, yet we feel sorry for him when he is imprisoned unjustly. The test of any Joseph portrayal is how well the actor carries off the solo "Close Every Door." If the actor can stir hearts with this number, as David Paul does, he has portrayed Joseph correctly. Paul wins us over, and makes the audience believe "children of Israel are never alone, for we know we shall find, our own peace of mind, for we have been promised, a land of our own."

Surely the highlight of the play is Jay Klapper's depiction of Pharaoh as Elvis Presley. Klapper, making his debut on the YCDS stage, obviously spent time listening and imitating The King to perfection, and emerges as the production's showstopper. One can expect more great performances from this bright, young actor in the future.

The large cast has a special rapport on stage, and the voices blend beautifully. Each actor, although part of the whole group, remains an individual, with his own characteristic gestures and facial expressions.

The costumes and props are truly necessary for this play's



Beatrice (Amy Gordon) in the role of Potiphar's wife (Diane Feldman)

success: Potiphar looks like Steve Martin singing "King Tut", with wild leopard-skin socks and coat, and pin-stripe shorts. Potiphar's wife is portrayed by a short man with a beard and mustache, a comic way of handling the one female role. The chariot of gold and the coat of many colors are spectacular. The theater is utilized to its fullest potential; even the floors are painted with Egyptian designs.

Another necessary element is the orchestra. From their opening medley to the finale, the co-ed members mix magnificently. Dressed in Egyptian garb, they really enhance the production.

This play marks the 20th anniversary of the direction of Dr. Anthony S. Beukas. Dr. Beukas comes to YU with a Ph.D. in Theatre from New York University Graduate School of the Arts and Sciences, as well as a vast background of theatrical experience. He teaches speech, acting, directing, and theater arts at Yeshiva College, and serves as full-time director for YCDS. According to Beukas, "This play took the shortest rehearsal time (five weeks) in twenty years, to do one of the most complicated shows in twenty years." The hand gestures, choreography, lighting effects, and sets are proof of just how complicated this production is.

All in all, the flashy appearance and lively spirit of the cast make "Joseph" an upbeat, entertaining adventure. The audience will prove to have as much fun watching as the cast does performing.

by Diane Feldman

"The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds" should have been called "The Effect of Poor Acoustics, A Part-Time Director, No Theater, and Poor Attendance on a SCDS Production."

For every production, the Stern College Dramatics Society is forced to work under barbaric conditions. Lights have to be tented and wired for each production, which is costly, but the Society cannot afford to install permanent lighting. Since the stage is small, the acting takes place off the stage, creating a visual problem for those seated in the back. The auditorium, where the play is presented, is a heavy traffic area, and rehearsals are often pre-empted by lectures and other school activities. Despite these hindrances, the show does go on. Fortunately, the Dramatics Society possesses rare, capable, talented members, as is evident by the Gamma Rays production.

When Beatrice (Amy Gordon) says, "Some people are born to speak, and others just to listen," we know which category she belongs in. She has a gift for acting. She talks on the phone frequently throughout the play, and makes the audience believe there is actually someone on the other end of the line. She can be comic and tragic at the same time. At one point, when Beatrice is being told the half-life of various elements, she comments that she is the biggest half-life of them all—the one who sings who has half a mind, another who is half a test tube, half a Nobel, a

house half full of rubble droppings, and half a Nobel. . . .
George pretends to be a pathetic figure—the teacher too much, takes in a border to earn extra money, volunteers her life as a lab rat, and tells others with a look at her if she attends her daughter's science fair. She respectfully threatens to withdraw if the teacher's not satisfied with her performance.
A classmate, Nancy, who is the only one who is not in her class, is picked by her classmates, and as sister eloquently puts it, "First they had Betty the Long, and now they have little the short." It is Tillie's science project—the effect of radioactivity on marigold seeds—which propels her to sudden popularity. Tillie's experiment makes her feel important, and after she wins first prize, she transforms, becoming more sure of herself.

Beatrice transforms, as well, she decides to work for life insurance, and she decides to leave home, marry, and have children, and make her daughter work. She somehow decides to feel more self-worth.

Sara Bashkowitz portrays the flashy, immature daughter, Ruth. With her neon clothing, bright lipstick, smoking, and constant hair-bruising, she not surprisingly succumbs to peer pressure. She provides many of the comic lines during tense moments, and sells out her own mother in exchange for the pet rabbit. Unfortunately, she never transforms or matures.

The border, Nancy (Miriam Rosenberg) although given no spoken lines, provides the most comic relief. The highlight of her part is the background dancing from a "Boyz n the City" song. She constantly pokes her lips and gums her teeth while others are talking. Her presence relieves otherwise tense moments.

The highlight of the play is certainly Janice (played in turn by Lisa Lexter, Sophie Meyer, Miriam Rabinowitz, Ricky Holtzman, Bobbi Rankin, and Ethel Greenstone). Janice describes her science project in scientific terms, using a Valley Girl accent. She amusingly tells how she killed and skinned a cat by "dropping it into a pot of boiling water. She plans to do the same procedure with a dog. If there is a science fair next year, Janice explains that the picked such a project is perfect. She put something on her college application besides "being."

The play is under the direction of Michael Rotenberg. A graduate student in directing and playwright at Hunter College, he has directed and acted in numerous productions.

Despite the varying conditions, "Gamma Rays" is a fine production, and the audience can't wait and University can be proud of.

THE OBSERVER

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Last Will & Testament

by Diane Feldman

I, Diane Feldman, being of questionable sanity, hereby write my Last Will and Testament, and bequeath the following:

To Dr. Irving Levitz—birdseed, and a student body who appreciates him.

To Sara—a new hideaway for next year

To Fran—honorary vice-presidency in JAH

To my roommates—soundproof rooms

To Debbie B.—paper and pens to write articles with

To Amy R.—an eternal extension on deadlines

To Linda B.—an instruction booklet on how to load your camera

To Rotchel—Three chances to make up for the three mistakes, and a life sentence with Y.T.

To Room 10E—my temper . . . you'll need it next year

To the FBI—my notes from interviews with Socol and Rosengarten

To Rosengarten—a yenta, so you'll know what one really is

To Rotchel—another adjective as a last name . . . I like using "Gross" in a derogatory manner

To Debbie F.—an associate

To my Sunday breakfast club—bacon and eggs

To my Victrola—"Did you hug your Victrola today?"

To Frankeen—a newspaper named after her

To Sarah—one year as Car's station manager

To my staff—reservations for the next exciting Commie dinner

To Sara and Fran—bankruptcy

To Judith S—a divorce . . . from uptown

To Deena E.—Shalom S—somebody has to invite him for Shabbos next year

To Sara—may you find love on the Commie staff next year (Esther did)

To Dr. Neaman—Somnux

To Sara—6B's roach collection

To Doodles—A man (not a mouse)

To Mrs. Winter—the *Observer* typewriter—you'll never get one any other way

To Mrs. Turkel—early retirement—"How much is it worth to ya?"

To Pookey—Mookey forever

To Pookey—a wedding date

To Sara—AP newswires from me and Fish

To Sara—Mr. J. Whitford, instructor

To Rochel—a *Satmer* deli in Williamsburg

To S.S.—a muzzle, so you can't talk to students

To S.S.—nicer relatives

To S.S.—you can frisk me anytime

To the Commies—a laced-candygram, for the crack about me in the *Purim* issue

To the Commies—We're sorry your leaders keep dying

To Judy Z—everything you covet, but not Hoang Jr. or the Squash

To Judith S.—a secretary who types

To Judith S.—lunches a B.N.

To myself—a new identity from the FBI

To Fish—writers

To Fran-keen—a year's supply of veggie burgers

To Rebbetzin Jo—me, after you're married

To Nomi—nothing . . . we're finished!

Letters to the Editor

No Deliveries

To the Editor:

At 7:22 on Sunday morning, March 24th, most of you were probably sound asleep. I wish I could say the same. Unfortunately, at that ridiculous hour, my doorbell rang. Trying to control my language, I screamed, "Who's there?" only to hear a male voice answer, "Delivery." Oh, how nice. Someone who forgot my birthday sent flowers, or, better yet, a cake. Without the slightest trace of fear I frantically searched for my sweatpants and went to open the door. Standing there, balancing a large bag of food in his right hand, was a smiling, short, Oriental delivery boy from the Tivoli Restaurant, whose English, I daresay, fell somewhat short of the Queen's. I immediately realized something was wrong and tried to read the address on the bill. Not surprisingly, it read "50 West 34th Street, apartment 4B6. I will refrain from commenting on the fact that I live in 3B. Anyway, I felt quite sorry for the lad and explained that the building he wanted was down (up?) the block. I then slammed the door in his face and proceeded to get back into bed to sleep off some of the "Effects of Gamma Rays on the SCDS president's health and well being."

Ten seconds later, the truth hit me. Dorm security had let a man upstairs. Well, angered quite a bit by this thought, I ran downstairs. Alas, no guard in sight, but the door of the front lounge was open so I figured the guard was asleep on one of the couches. I was right. However, the momentary satisfaction with my brilliant observation did me no good. I needed an awake and functioning guard. In order to secure one in that state, I tried banging on the wall. It didn't work. I then looked for the light switch. As I was reaching across to turn the lights on, I saw the delivery boy trying to get out. (He had not yet mastered the art of handle tur-

ning.) Again I told him to go up the block.

I turned the lights on but the guard didn't stir. What was I to do? Fortunately, at that moment, Miriam Epstein appeared, and asked me if I wanted any "Rose bif." After it clicked that she lived in 4B and was therefore the first choice of our early morning visitor, I asked her to tell me what had happened. She said her doorbell rang 5 or 6 times and when she got up, got a robe on and got the door open, she found a smiling Oriental boy offering a package and asking "You wan rose bif?" I guess she didn't because after she closed the door and was satisfied that the intruder had left, Miriam went down to Rabbi Reich. She knocked lightly at first until she was confident that she heard movement.

"Good morning, Miriam. What can I do for you?"

"Some guy just tried to sell me roast beef."

"At 7:30 in the morning?"

This is when Miriam came down. The Rabbi followed soon after. Miriam and I didn't stick around for too much of the conversation but I did manage to overhear this choice exchange:

"Do you know that you left the door open and a man came in?"

"I let him in."

"How could you have let him in if you were asleep?"

"I opened the door for him."

"But you're not supposed to let people go upstairs if they don't belong here."

Miriam and I, having done our job, went back upstairs. (Miriam actually thought that the guy was still roaming around.) Now as I sit typing this I hear Miriam pacing above me. All this action has made me quite hungry. I think I'll call Deli-art and have them send up some roast beef.

Lisa Lerer

Commentator (Purim issue, *The Observer*) to print that picture of my look-alike on page 15. Is that any way to treat a dignified professor who has given "25 years of dedicated service" to this institution?

Dr. Fred Goodman

Papa Smurf

To the Editor:

I don't know who that look-alike on page 4 of the March 6th issue of *The Observer* is, but your artist caught the real me on page 15. Who is she? Do you think she would give me the original?

Papa Smurf

Sorry Guys

To the Editor:

Can you please print the following letter to clear up any misunderstandings?

To Whom It May Concern: "Behind Your Mind" in the Purim edition of the *Observer* meant to offend no one. My statements were not aimed at anyone in particular; rather, they were a parody of "Speak Your Mind," written in the Purim spirit. Sorry if I offended anyone.

Amy Rubin

Reader Reply

To the Editor:

This is in reply to Yocheved Grunberger Lindenbaum's article published in the last issue of the *Observer*. Obviously Mrs. Lindenbaum is extremely frustrated. Although she is carrying on the traditions of Orthodox Jewish women, she still feels the need to continue her education. Surely if Mrs. Lindenbaum had the proper support system, either a caring relative or a reliable sitter, she could pursue her career and would not be so

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Commie Goof

To the Editor:

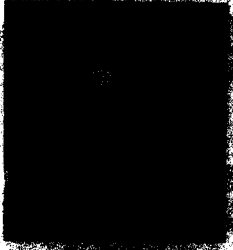
What *Chutzpah* of . . . *continued on p. 3, col. 1.*

Summer Interns

continued from p. 1, col. 1

Roth scholars, as well as the other undergraduates from other schools, and the students doing summer research.

This is only one of several changes from last year's program. According to Dr. Blau, last year's selections were made so late in the year, that by the time Yeshiva University students were shown the Directory of Summer Projects at Einstein, many of the desired positions had already been taken. Simply being accepted into the program does not place the student in a laboratory. The student must look through the directory for a research laboratory that interests him or her and then apply to work there. This year, selection was made early so Yeshiva students will



have more opportunities available to them.

This is very important, according to Susan Mandelbaum, one of the two Stern students on the program last year. Both she and Michelle Small, also on the program, found that the lateness of their notification hindered them at the beginning, but both found their summer experiences to be extremely rewarding. As Ms. Small comments, "If you can get the position, it is definitely a worthwhile experience."

Last summer Small worked in an audiology department and Mandelbaum worked in a neurology laboratory. This year Ungar hopes to get a project in psychiatry and Ziv looks forward to working in preventive medicine.

The Yeshiva College students chosen were Joel Laury, Jules Polonetsky, Joel Prager, Sam Weissman and Yan Wolfson.



Francine Ziv

OBSERVATIONS

Israel's 36th birthday will be commemorated by Y.U.'s "Yom HaYom HaShoah Celebration" on Wednesday, April 24. The events begin with a street festival at 6:45 pm on the main campus, featuring food booths and informational booths on various clubs. A concert by Yoel Sharabi and a *chagiga* will follow. The event is sponsored by the five Student Councils, the alumni, and TAC.

Students who wish to participate should contact their Student Council presidents. According to SCWSC President Judith Urbach, this is the last major event of the year and the first project this year involving all the undergraduate schools, including TAC.

On Wednesday, April 17, the New York *Yom HaShoah* Commemoration will be held at the Felt Forum (Madison Square Gardens). The keynote speaker will be Y.U. President Norman Lamm. Free transportation will

be provided for both Y.C. and S.C. students.

A special *Yom HaShoah* program has been planned for S.C. and Y.C. on Thursday, April 18. In the morning short films will be shown in the Koch Auditorium for those who do not have classes. Then, a *siyyon* will be sounded, followed by a moment of silence. In the afternoon, Rabbi Solomon Gann, Sephardic Studies at Y.U., will speak on "The Role of Sephardim in the Holocaust." Yiddish poetry will also be read.

The day of events was coordinated by Dr. Jeffrey Gurick, and is co-sponsored by TAC, the Political Science Society, and Speech Arts Forum.

Learn about careers in public administration on Monday, April 22, 6-8 pm in Brookdale Hall. Guest speakers will include Mr. Abraham Tublin, from the Internal Revenue Service, and Ms. Robin Tover, a Stern College graduate student and currently a graduate student in public ad-

ministration. Reservations for this session began on Monday with the library in the old building. Reservations between Y.C. and S.C. will be provided.

Previous lectures have covered topics such as the history of the library and trading insurance and real estate, and computers. All have been sponsored by the Career Services Department, Y.U. and have provided information about career strategies, guidelines, and opportunities.

Now that the S.C. cafeteria and Student lounge have been renovated, Dean Karen Bacon is working with an architect on the next major renovation. She is considering a plan to transform the library into the main part of the old building. According to Dean Bacon, also under consideration is a plan to transform the first floor of the old building into a "multi-functional theater, lecture, and *chagiga* hall." The plans, however, are in the preliminary stages, and are expected to take 3-5 years to complete.

Letters to the Editor

continued from p. 2, col. 5

"Puzzled." If her husband is working 40-60 hours a week, aren't they able to squeeze in a little help to allow for Mrs. Lindenbaum's studies and peace of mind?

In Biology at Stern, we did indeed learn about Prolactin, an essential-hormone produced by the Anterior Pituitary gland. There is such a device known as a breast-pump and if Mrs. Lindenbaum really had to work (i.e. if she needed to financially or if she was in law school), this would be the solution which many women use instead of staying at home. It is a very convenient system because you can put the milk in the freezer and use it at an inconvenient time or place or the sitter can give it to the child. Mrs.

Lindenbaum does not sound as if she maturely made the decision of marriage, and now that she has a family, is not willing to compromise.

I too feel that there is something wrong with our system. Orthodox women are pushed from a young age to date and marry in order to fulfill the role of wife/mother/homemaker because it is considered the paramount function of the Jewish by our tradition. Until this push is redirected towards higher education/careers, enabling Jewish women to make contributions to society in addition to children, and until the Orthodox community provides a nourishing support system, there will be great conflict. I am not advocating

narcissism but feel that if our religious upbringing put emphasis on higher education and postponement of marriage until an age of maturity when women are better equipped to deal with family life, many would not be facing this dilemma. As I look around my classes, I see some brilliant women, possible leaders, teachers, historians, artists and scientists. Yet how many will go to graduate school and quit in order to raise a family? Our community must allow for this generation of Orthodox women to have both careers and family and provide the support system that we need to back this up.

Sincerely,
Sharona Herzfeld
SCW 88

Election Procedures

It's time to start thinking about next year and how you can contribute to student life! Student Council elections will be held on Thursday May 2nd. There are many positions open to you. Each candidate must be in good academic standing and be attending classes at SCW during her term. The available positions are as follows:

- Executive board**
President—must be an incoming senior.
Vice President—must be either an incoming junior or senior.
Treasurer—must be an incoming junior or senior.
Recording Secretary—must be either an incoming sophomore, junior, or senior.
Corresponding Secretary—must be an incoming sophomore, junior, or senior.

typing skills as a necessity for the secretaries)

Senior Class
President, Vice President, Treasurer, Secretary, and two senators.

Junior Class
President, Vice President, Treasurer, Secretary, and two senators.

Sophomore Class
President, Vice President, Treasurer, Secretary and one senator.

Freshman Class
President, Vice President, Treasurer, Secretary, and one senator.

ELECTIONS FOR FRESHMAN CLASS BOARD WILL BE HELD IN FALL 1985.

(If you are interested in running for Treasurer, it helps to be organized and to know how to balance a check book. Adequate

If you are interested, or have any questions please see Judy Urbach 5E, Jan. Pion 4B, or Michelle Small 4E.

Belkin Awards

by Debbie Acrick
Three outstanding alumnae of Stern College will be the recipients of the Belkin Awards during the yearly Alumni Homecoming. Toby Hilsenrad Weiss, Assistant Director of University Alumni Affairs, explains that the Belkin Awards, founded in 1963, are given to outstanding alumnae in three fields: community relations, Jewish educational achievement, and professional achievement.
Ginger Frank Socol, SCW '59, is the recipient of the award for community relations. Socol, currently the President of the Queens Chapter of Yeshiva University's Women's Organization, has been honored with the Frank Taylor's Association of Queens

Dov Revel and is a former Treasurer of the Stern Alumnae. When asked how she felt about the award, she said "I was shocked and pleasantly surprised."

The award for Jewish educational achievement will go to Helen Stark, SCW '77. Stark is the Associate Principal of Bruner High School in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

The recipient of the professional achievement award is Dorothy Wilensky Belkin. Belkin is a real estate professional in 1962.

The three Belkin Award winners will be honored at the Alumni Homecoming on Thursday, May 2nd, 1985. For more information on the Belkin Awards, contact the Alumni Office at Stern College.

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Feature Teacher

by Rachel Landau

One of the individuals honored last month for 25 years of teaching at Stern is Dr. Fred Goodman. Dr. Goodman, a professor of Biology, began teaching at Stern in 1957 on a part time basis. He then left Stern for a short time but returned in 1960 as a full time instructor and has been teaching here ever since.

Dr. Goodman presently lives in Boro Park where he was raised. After receiving both a Bachelor's and Master's degree in Biology at Brooklyn College, he went on to attain a Ph.D. in Zoology from Columbia University. In the 1950's and 1960's Dr. Goodman did research on virus growth and reproduction, publishing articles in various scientific journals such as *Virology* and *Journal of Bacteriology*. His research was done at both Columbia University and Yeshiva University until 1971. More recently, Dr. Goodman has published philosophical letters to the editor in *American Scientist*, has reviewed various science books and films for *Science* magazine, and has also served as a consultant for setting up teaching laboratories in a nursing school.

Dr. Goodman's teaching experience outside of Yeshiva University encompasses UCLA, Brooklyn College, and Columbia University. He spent his last sabbatical giving lectures in Israel at Bar Ilan University. He hopes to be taking a sabbatical next year. If he does, he would like to spend time with his daughters and grandchildren in Israel. He would also like to become more involved in computer programming. Dr. Goodman writes computer software programs which supplement Biology courses and help students in their studies.

Many students wonder why a full year of laboratory science is

required of non-science majors at Stern. Dr. Goodman fights to retain this requirement for two reasons. Firstly, he feels that one "cannot be an intellectually functioning individual in society without understanding science." He states that one needs a basic background in science in order to be aware of its modern developments and to formulate opinions on the happenings in today's science world. "One should learn enough about science," Dr. Goodman emphasizes, "to be able to keep up with it." Secondly, he maintains that in a liberal arts college, science is part of liberal arts and "a basic area of existence." One needs science as well as other subjects like history, literature, and mathematics in order to be a "well-rounded individual."

Dr. Goodman explains why this full year requirement must be in a laboratory science as opposed to computer science or social sciences. He says that "laboratory sciences are essentially the only discipline



Dr. Fred Goodman

taught in college that are not anthropocentric." Other sciences are changed by people and, therefore, are centered around people. Laboratory sciences cannot be changed by people. People make new discoveries in laboratory sciences but they don't alter scientific facts. Students should learn that "there's a living fact outside of you that's not changed by you."

Over the years, Dr. Goodman has found a major change in his students. He feels that today's students are not as happy as the students he taught twenty five years ago. Today students feel too much pressure to be career-oriented. There used to be a time when a student would take some Biology courses, decide to major in Biology, and then choose a career. Today, the exact opposite occurs. Students enter college with a career in mind already. They then choose their major and take courses in that area.

It is Dr. Goodman's opinion that the goal of education is to "turn out a thinking, reasoning human being." He also believes that one of the most important aspects of education is the teacher/student relationship. "Having an effect on a student's life makes teaching worthwhile." One of the reasons that Dr. Goodman enjoys teaching at Stern so much is that at Stern, students are treated as individuals, not as numbers. He feels that there is a more personal atmosphere here than in other larger schools. He also finds that Stern students are "real people" with whom he can relate and talk to easily. He says that his relationships with his students have been the best part of his twenty five years at Stern. "The thing that's kept me sane and happy are my students."

Speak Your Mind Seniors Prepared?

by Amy Rubin

As seniors approach graduation and the end of their undergraduate college days, the *Observer* asks them: How has Stern prepared you for the working world? How and what could Stern do to improve it?

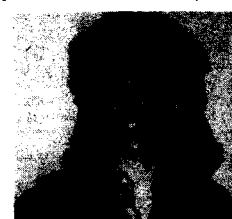
Jan Pion (Accounting major): I feel the accounting program has prepared me for the outside world, however the other programs are lacking in placement after the academic goals have been achieved.



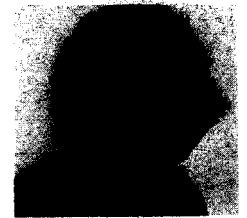
Suzanne Van Amerongen (Pre-health major): I feel that Stern has had very good guidance in terms of health-science career choices and that the science teachers have been extremely supportive and encouraging for all the pre-health majors.



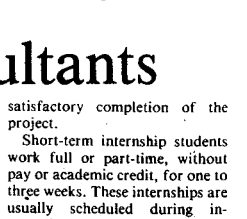
Cheryl Schwartz (Art major): Through FIT I've been exposed to many different aspects of the art world. Stern has not afforded me this opportunity within the institution itself. Stern faculty should make themselves more aware of the varying needs of each student and try to accommodate them as best they can.



Melanie Faber (Computer Science major/Pre-law major): I believe that Stern has not prepared us adequately for the working world. They have given us the basics, but they have not introduced us to many professionals in different occupations so that we can get a feel for the field we want to specialize in. All my jobs have come from outside sources and I feel that Stern should have helped me acquire jobs/internships.



Barbra Gidali (Computer Science major): In terms of dealing with computer science I am prepared. In terms of dealing with the "outside world" they could have been more helpful. Now, I think they are trying to remedy the situation with career guidance and counseling.



Infamous Experience

by Vicki Acriche

Famous Dairy Restaurant may well be famous for its terrific location, reasonable prices, and array of dairy dishes... but hardly for its food.

Under the supervision of the Rabbinate of *K'hal Adath Jeshurun* of Washington Heights, the restaurant is located in the heart of the vibrant West Side, at 222 West 72nd Street, between Broadway and West End Avenues. It resembles a coffee shop with its outdated, sparse decor, narrow, cramped entrance, short-order counter, and tables against the wall. A dining room is located in the rear and take out orders are available. A minimal number of waiters and waitresses wait on the tables and they are particularly absent-minded, or overworked, or both.

Famous offers reasonable prices. Counter service minimum is \$1, although between 11:30 a.m. and 8 p.m., the minimum is \$2. Separate appetizer and meal prices are provided. One may order a Greek salad as an appetizer at \$3.75 or as a meal at \$5.25. Sandwiches and omelettes average at \$4 each. Fish dishes are, at most, \$12. Desserts are approximately \$2.50 for a generous slice of cheesecake.

The wide choice of dishes is impressive. Salads; sandwiches; different soups each day; omelettes and blintzes; fruits served with sour cream; fish entrees like halibut and flounder;

Indeed, Famous' cheesecake is light, creamy and quite tasty. The cheesecake may well be the restaurant's only claim to fame. The Greek salad did not have feta cheese, and it did not resemble a Greek salad. It had a fourth of a head of lettuce, a thick slice of a large Spanish onion, a slab of anchovies, a token black olive, and a cup of mayonnaise coleslaw, all served presumably for one to make his own Greek salad. The fries resembled hash brown scrappings and were too overcooked to be savory. The Spanish omelette was served with its over-cooked vegetables and watery tomato sauce outside of the omelette. All the meals were presented without much regard for aesthetics.

If one should ever wander into Famous Dairy Restaurant, try one of their desserts; they are the least likely to disappoint the palate.

and other full course dinners like goulash, cheese ravioli marinara and salmon croquettes. Desserts include such tantalizers as eclairs, strawberry shortcake, and cream cheesecake for which they are allegedly famous.

Almost everyone is familiar with Moshe Peking, the kosher Chinese restaurant on 37th Street, off 5th Avenue. It has become the place for celebrating and commemorating a host of occasions. It offers an incredible assortment

of kosher food prepared in an authentic and flavorful Chinese manner and served by friendly Chinese waiters. The ambiance is simple, but nice and comfortable. The prices are decidedly higher than most of the kosher restaurants in the area but most certainly worth it. Beef with Chinese vegetables, veal in a garlic sauce, and sweet and sour chicken are just a few of the savory offerings at Moshe Peking... one must find a reason to go!

YU Career Consultants

by Debbie Fisch

Career Services is in the process of sending out 7,000 brochures and response cards to alumni as part of the Y.U. Career Consultant Program. The purpose of this program is to provide undergraduates with the opportunity to consult with Y.C. and S.C.W. alumni established in careers which may be of particular interest to the students.

The reply cards allow alumni to express their preferences in ways of helping students seek information and advice. Some methods include a telephone conversation for direct and immediate information; a letter, to which the alumnus might respond by phone, mail, or by meeting with the student; a "Day on the job," during which the

student has the chance to speak with the alumnus and to observe him in his work environment; and a career workshop on campus, at which the alumnus addresses students, usually at evening panel discussions.

Internships and short-term Internships are career consultant program options which give students insights into the career of their choice over a more extended period of time.

Internships students may earn "Independent Study" credit during the school year or summer. During the school year, the internship must be part-time; during the summer, it may be either full- or part-time. Credit is awarded by the Academic Standards Committee upon

satisfactory completion of the project.

Short-term internship students work full or part-time, without pay or academic credit, for one to three weeks. These internships are usually scheduled during inter-session or summer vacation.

Returned response cards are filed according to occupation of the alumnus and are representative of "a resource of people who want to help our students because they went to our school," says Phyllis Sivvin, Career Services.

Sivvin states that Career Services is relatively sure that Y.U. alumni can be counted on for help. Although many response card/brochures have not been sent out yet, there has already been a strong response by alumni who have received them.

Nurse's Notes

Dangerous Dirty Diapers
by Phyliss Samuels, R.N.

Why is she writing about "diaper rash"? I would venture to say that the majority of you are asking yourself this question. Well, the answer is simple. Most of us Stern students are either aunts, childcare workers (hotel and summer jobs), or babysitters—and more importantly, we are all future mothers.

Writing about this topic in *The Observer* is the perfect opportunity to reach out to such a population in order to do health teaching. Surprisingly enough, many people are ignorant of the fact that there are certain "do's" and "don'ts" for the prevention and management of skin irritations, and depend on their intuition or on "what they've heard." Guessing causes frustrated, helpless mothers and crying, uncomfortable children. The goal of this column is to eliminate uncalculated for unawareness and uncertainty.

Diaper rash may develop from numerous causes: heat; infrequent diaper changes; the use of plastic pants or plastic-lined disposable diapers; food allergies; diarrhea; inadequate removal of detergent from cloth diapers; and sensitivity to paper disposable diapers. Rashes can vary from mild red dots (pinpoint size) to large weeping, red-patched areas. Prevention is the key to this problem. There are some pointers that go hand in hand with every day care.

1. Do change diapers frequently to keep area clean and dry.
2. Do use thick diapers as absorbent pads, but they should be changed regularly.
3. Do good cleansing at changes—this prevents feces, ammonia and other breakdown products of urine from causing irritation.
4. Do use milk or mild soaps (Basis soap, Lowila Cake, Aveeno soap) and water with hand or washcloth.
5. Do use cotton balls, with mineral oil (baby oil) or baby lotion to clean.
6. Do pat area well (dry) in order to prevent a moist, warm environment that fosters bacterial growth.
7. Do use THIN layers of powder after cleansing; water-absorbing and anti-fungal powders seem to work best (i.e. Zeasorb and Desitin).
8. Don't use "cornstarch"—it tends to cake, cause irritation,

and it is a good medium for bacteria to grow.

9. Don't mix creams and powders.
10. Don't use perfumed soaps, creams, or powders.
11. Do apply protective cream/ointment at first sign of redness (i.e. Desitin, A&D Ointment), Zinc Oxide paste. Remember not to "glob" on cream—this prevents skin from breathing and deters healing. Apply "just enough".
12. Do not use petroleum jelly (vaseline), it tends to be irritating too.
13. Do take proper care of cloth diapers: borate solution soaking; washing with milk soap and borate powder added to wash, double rinse cycle, dry in sun if possible.
14. Do be aware that plastic pants promote diaper rash by increasing warmth and preventing air circulation.
15. Do be aware that sensitivity to disposable diapers differs from diaper rash—sensitivities follow the outline of the irritant and diaper rash is confined to the genital-anal area.

To tackle the problem of diaper rash once it has appeared:

1. Do continue good diaper change care.
2. Do increase exposure to air or sunlight, place child on an absorbent pad without a diaper; change the child's position in bed frequently.
3. Do rinse off all creams and ointments well while diaper area is exposed to allow for proper aeration of skin.
4. Do use one layer of cloth diapers, loosely attached.
5. Do use two layers of cloth diapers at night if the child sleeps long periods.
6. Do change diapers at night while sleeping—for severe rashes.
7. Don't use rubber pants or disposable diapers.
8. Do increase fluids in diet to decrease concentration of urine, making it less irritating.
9. Do wash hands well with soap and water before handling child; before and after diaper changes.
10. Do maintain phone contact with physician and schedule a visit if rash doesn't improve within two weeks.

References: Primary Health Care of the Young by Fox; Nursing Care of Infants and Children by Whaley and Wong; A Conceptual Approach to the Nursing of Children by Wiczorek and Natapoff.

Yum Behind the Scenes

by Vicki Acrich



Art of Celebration: Facade of a Temple

The Yeshiva University Museum, located at the University's Main Campus is a teaching museum whose purpose is to enrich, preserve and interpret Jewish life as it is reflected in art, architecture, anthropology, history, literature, music and science. Established eleven years ago by Erica and Ludwig Jesselson to be "an oasis of art and aesthetics within the University as well as to further public knowledge and appreciation of Jewish culture," the museum presents multidisciplinary exhibitions, prints scholarly catalogues, has a gift shop and offers an array of workshops on Jewish arts and crafts.

YUM opened in 1973 with ten commissioned models of historic synagogues along with explanatory audio visual presentations and a cybernetic map. John Canada, in a review in the *New York Times* described the models as "works of art themselves..."

The museum later broadened its focus to include Jewish life as reflected in the humanities as well as the arts. Artists, whose work has been shown, have included Moritz Oppenheim and Isidor Kaufman, 19th century European genre painters and Ilya Schor, 20th century Polish painter and silversmith. Multidisciplinary exhibits have explored the following themes: the traditions and ceremonies of the Jewish wedding; the dual nature of the Purim holiday; the history and meaning of Jewish symbols; a survivor's record of Terezin;

biblical history depicted in the daily life of ancient Israel; and original art from children's books on Jewish themes, among others.

Every major exhibition is accompanied by an illustrated catalogue detailing the show, often including pertinent essays by noted scholars. The catalogues are sold by mail all over the world and are available for sale at the YUM gift shop which also has a wide variety of Jewish arts and crafts items.

Workshops have been developed for each major exhibit, for special children and adult tours. Other programs related to an exhibit include a Kippah and an exhibit on the history of the Kippah.

Sylvia A. Harskowitz has been director of YUM for the past ten years. She has her own degree and experience in Jewish education, writing, and programming have helped her in the position she describes as being "very challenging."

Still, she is enthusiastic about the museum's progress. YUM's current permanent collection now includes ceremonial objects and textiles recovered from the Nazis after World War II, an important Sephardic costume collection, and an impressive collection of paintings and graphics of early Israeli artists. In addition, two galleries have been designated for the display of Jewish thematic art by contemporary artists whose works are in a variety of mediums, among them, papercuts and stained glass.

The goal of YUM in its second decade is to expand its role as a teaching museum through an

augmented program of cultural events. Mrs. Harskowitz discussed plans to open satellite galleries at other Yeshiva University campuses. She also mentioned that "imaginations" are presently available with the Museum for Stern students. Upcoming exhibitions are: "The Art of Celebration," 1984-1985; "Ashkenaz: the German Jewish Heritage," 1985-1986; and "The Lights of Creation—Sight and Insight," using state of the art computer and laser technology sets in the interpretation of Jewish theory in cooperation with Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Center for Advanced Visual Arts.

YUM CURRENT EXHIBITS

The Art of Celebration is an exhibition of original environments for Jewish holidays, comprising 10 rooms, each in a different home of imaginary Jewish families as they prepare to observe *Rosh Hashana*, *Sukkot*, *Shavuot*, *Hanukkah*, *Purim* and *Passover* as well as the *Brit Milah* and the *Yihud* room. The photograph illustrates a *Seder* table, wherein a young, recently turned observant couple, prepare their first seder.

The exhibition on Sir Moses Montefiore is designed to perpetuate his memory. Organized by the Jewish Historical Society of England in July, 1984, the exhibit features the life story of this exceptional private and public figure.

Yeshiva University Museum is located at 2520 Amsterdam Avenue (185th Street). Admission is \$2; free for students of YU.

Center for Continuing Education

by Sharon Haley

Yeshiva University is providing the community with an excellent service: the Center for Continuing Education. This program, which has been functioning for the past six years, offers a wide array of courses. The workshops, lectures and seminars cover a broad spectrum of topics, satisfying spiritual and practical needs.

The Judaic Enrichment program is comprehensive. Two classes, "The History and Development of Jewish Law" and "Jewish Leaders and Their Legacies", are led by Dr. Wallace Green, a former faculty member at Stern College. The "Judaism and Science Interface" is a series of lectures discussing halachic

views regarding vital, contemporary issues in science. A lecture by Dr. Moshé Tendler focused on "The Ethics of Organ Replacement". Upcoming sessions will discuss marriage counseling and sex therapy, genetic engineering, psychotherapy, and involuntary medical and psychiatric treatment. There are several courses that focus on Judaism in America, including a lecture series on the "American Jewish Experience", "Themes in American Jewish Literature", and "Guided Walking Tours Through American Jewish History".

Any Stern student wanting to participate in a Judaic studies course is offered a fifty per cent

discount on the tuition, which ranges from \$30-\$125, depending on the course. However, there is no credit granted toward your undergraduate degree, as is the case with all the courses taken in the Continuing Education program.

Another area of the program is the courses offered for learning or sharpening of skills necessary for survival in the competitive and complicated business world. "Business and Tax Record Keeping" explicates computerized bookkeeping, and "Personal Financial Management" results in a certificate for those successfully completing the program. Also offered in this area are reality

courses, of which a number of Stern and Yeshiva College students are already taking advantage, and courses in the field of taxes.

Various other course offerings include "Connoisseurship in Art, Antiques, and Collectibles" and a seminar on "The Current Jewelry Scene: What's In, What's Out."

There are currently between 200-300 students engaged in the program, each one taking an average of two classes. The Center for Continuing Education, led by Dr. Abraham Stern, provides a vital service to the community, while at the same time increasing the visibility of Yeshiva University in a positive manner.

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by Rochel Gross

Finale

There are many important events in the world today that we should be worrying about. For example, people are fighting wars. There are others who are starving. On a more personal note, there are many things which I should be thinking and pondering over: what I want to do with my life, what my plans are for next year, and so on. However, on the rare moments when I am able to pause in the midst of my hurried existence, I find a very different question occupying my thoughts.

Actually, this particular subject has been on my mind for years. When I was a writer on the features staff of the *Observer*, I wanted to do an article dealing with it. Then I decided that perhaps being only a freshman, I wasn't qualified to write knowledgeably on the topic. When I began writing a regular column I toyed with the idea, but always put it aside for just a little longer. Now, after four years, I am ready (drum roll, please):

What is a "Stern girl"? I've come to the conclusion that this question can't be answered in a specific sense. Contrary to popular belief, and even the fact that you can spot one a mile away, there is no "typical" Stern girl. At last count, there are over 500 students here, and I can assure you that we're all different. We come from many different backgrounds, cities, even countries. We dress differently. Some of us wear jeans, other put on makeup for a 9:00 a.m. class, and still others cannot be parted from their sweatshirts. Beyond the common denominator of two eyes, one nose, and one mouth, we don't even look too much alike. And yet, there is something (or a combination of somethings) bonding us together under the general heading of "Stern girl."

(I suppose I should be using the term "Stern woman" but for some reason it just doesn't feel intuitively right. What would you call the constituents of a place where a sizeable percentage of the graduating class has just barely reached the age of 20?)

So there is not really a "typical" Stern girl. But that doesn't mean that there is no stereotype. Here's a quick exam-

ple (read; caricature). She is 5-5 1/2 feet tall, is in her late teens, has medium length brown or blond hair, contact lenses and at least three Izod or argyle items of clothing. She's perpetually in a state of dieting, and Thursday nights mean more to her than just the end of classes for the week. As with any stereotype, all, some, or none of this may apply to specific individuals, but please don't take it personally if it does (or doesn't).

The best way to view "Stern girls" is to deal with Stern itself, and Stern can best be seen in terms of syndromes. The first one that comes to mind is the one about Thursday nights, or as it is popularly known, the "Meat Market Syndrome". However, I will not say too much about that, as two years ago I wrote a column dealing exclusively with the subject. It is still relevant today. (Where were you on March 21, the night of the Many Blind Dates?) This social consciousness is the first thing that comes to people's minds (both outsiders and insiders) when our school is mentioned. Back in high school, a friend of mine expressed it quite well when I asked her why she didn't want to go to Stern: "Everyone there is so worried about dating and gets married before they graduate." After long years of observing (and on occasion participating) I can only say that the Syndrome is no myth, but a living, breathing reality. There is tremendous pressure to go out, and when the decorations start popping out on the doors, there is pressure of another sort. We make jokes ("Brookdale Hall for the Unwed's!") and we laugh about it, but it's still there. When you think about it, it's quite logical, actually. To quote the Associate Editor of the *Observer* of 3 years ago, "*Torah U'Mama*" has been deeply ingrained in us all as a top priority.

Another thing about Stern is the "JAP syndrome." Even an unbiased observer would agree that for a school of our size, we've definitely got our fair share. Maybe more than our fair share. But who's to say that this is wrong? If people want to look nice, can afford it, and it doesn't hurt anyone else, why not? Maybe they're people in search of

Sophistication who've just gone a bit too far. Or, if they're very sincere, we can always admire their dedication. They can also provide nice diversions while riding the elevators or sitting in boring classes.

Since this is Stern College, another aspect is the "Grub Syndrome." There are many studious, hard-working girls here who do not treat the educational process as a joke. The other night I was out studying in the hall late at night (or, depending on your vantage point, early in the morning) and I was surprised at the sheer numbers of people I found out there as well. We've all heard (and probably made) disparaging remarks about the quality of the learning at Stern. There are "fluff" courses here like at any other University. But for the most part, I think that if a girl takes good courses, is serious about her work and hangs out with like-minded people, she can get a lot out of this place. As a bio major, and even more importantly, as a senior who's too busy studying to have a case of "senioritis", I defy anyone to tell me this is not a "real" college.

Not everybody likes Stern, it's true. I spent my first semester hating it. By the second semester I was down to a case of mild dislike. And then I loved every minute of my sophomore year. Last year in Israel I missed this place very much. I spent so much time talking to people about Stern and answering questions that the PR office should've put me on the payroll. This year? I think I'm enjoying myself, even though I don't think I've had the chance to mentally catch my breath since last September.

I came to Stern as a 16 year old early admissions. I was young, and there was a lot to get used to. But Stern is a good place in which to grow up. My memories are filled with so many experiences, both the good and bad that have happened here, I think about the friends I've made, and the things I've done. For four years I have been a "Stern girl", a unique individual in some ways, and very typical in others. For four years I've been trying to understand just what that means. And now this chapter of my life is drawing to a close.

TAC Notes

A Woman's Role

by Esther Koenigsberg and Esti Rabinowitz

Recently, we've been hearing a lot of talk about the role of women in the Jewish community. Whether you have discussed the issue or not, here is some food for thought that is also particularly relevant to the month of *Nisan*. *Chazal* stress that the Jewish nation was redeemed from Egypt through the merit of the righteous women of the generation. Certainly, the words are beautiful; but, to understand the true import of *Chazal's* declaration we must evaluate the accomplishments of the righteous women in light of the challenges of their time and in light of the qualities of the nation against whom they are being contrasted.

Golden calf? Indeed! The women were those who, in the face of unknown dangers and burdening concerns, gave the nation the support they needed to reach the Land of Israel.

Clearly, the power of Jewish women to influence the nation is no small quality. Particularly during our times of tremendous challenge to the continuity of the Jewish nation as we know it, we, as educated Jewish women, must remember that our strengths and our actions have a profound impact upon the future of the Jewish people. Let us attempt to mirror the accomplishments of the women of the *Geulat Mizraim* and hasten the arrival of the final *Geula*.

After years of devastating and demeaning slave labor and continuous threat to the very survival of the Jewish people, *Moshe* came to his people and promised them redemption. Miracles clearly seemed to support his message until travel through a barren desert to an unknown land became a harsh reality. Yet, even after having reached the forty-ninth degree of impurity, the nation was able to rise to the forty-ninth degree of purity and merit receiving G-d's most precious gift, his Torah. Of this very select group *Chazal* proceeded to single out a further select group. The women were those who thought to bring musical instruments to celebrate the miracles they felt certain G-d would perform. The women were those who later refused to succumb to the enticing sin of the

TAC Update:

Our Purim Chagiga was a tremendous success! Thanks for your *ruach* and helping us raise over \$1000 for *Tzedaka*. Thanks for delivering *mishloach manot* to the hospitals and nursing homes. Hope you read our Purim Choveret! Did you see the *mishloach manot* we sent before your roommates ate them? We are sure you didn't miss the *Tzedaka* phonathon or the *Tzedaka* Newsletter!

Stay Tuned:

Those who thought to bring musical instruments to celebrate the miracles they felt certain G-d would perform. The women were those who later refused to succumb to the enticing sin of the

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President's Column

by Judith S. Urbach

Just a quick update on what Student Council is planning for the next few weeks. On April 24, all of the undergraduate councils together with the Y.U. Alumni are sponsoring a *Yom Ha'Arz-maut* Celebration. The event will be held at the uptown campus and will include a street festival, a concert featuring Yoel Sharabi, and a subsequent *chagigah*. There will be lots of fun, food, and music. It is going to be the best event yet, so be sure to come. It is also the first joint event of IB-CSC, JSSSC, SCWSC, SOY, TAC, and YCSC.

On Sunday May 19, SCWSC is sponsoring all-day seminars and a dinner, at Stern. The event is being sponsored with "Lekach" and the topic is problems in the work-world, faced by young Orthodox professionals. It's an important issue most of us will have to deal with. More information to come.

May 2, is the Student Council

Thanks For The Memories

election date. Start thinking about it over Pesach. Getting involved is the best way to contribute to student life.

Monday, May 13, is our Student Council Dinner. We will be honoring many student leaders, giving out awards (maybe you'll get one), inducting students to the Aishel Honor Society, installing new student leaders, and... roasting our favorite administrators, faculty, and student leaders—all done in good taste, of course! It's guaranteed to be a fun and memorable evening. See Jan Pion 4B, or Edie Nussbaum 15B, for reservations. Cost is \$5. R.S.V.P. deadline is May 10.

We've given out directories and notebooks, had pizza parties, movie nights, falafel parties, and now we are seriously considering purchasing a television for the dorm. The requests for a T.V. to view educational programs (the

news, 60 Minutes, 20/20, G.H., Y.'R.) have been numerous!

This being my official last column as Student Council President, I feel it only natural to reflect on the past academic year. The year has been a great one for student life. The Executive Board has worked hard together to achieve one goal: to create an upbeat mood within the student body. This was not an easy task. 533 students have 533 different wants and needs!

We asked for feedback and did we ever get it! We asked our clubs to be more active; every club-run event has been a success. All of our projects have involved a lot of hard work but it has all been a lot of fun. Financial negotiations and constitution revisions haven't exactly been fun, but they will make significant and positive changes in student life here at SCW.

All of the student leaders have

put 100% of their energy into their work. The administration has done its best to work with us. The Executive Board could not have asked for more. I believe that the key to our many successes has been the attitude that we are all in this together and in order to succeed, it is essential that we work together.

There are so very many people to thank; so many people who have taken the time to advise and to listen. Several deserve special mention:

Mrs. Zuroff—for the wisdom of experience.
Dr. Levitz—for bringing new ideas from uptown. You are a real friend to the students of SCW.

All student leaders—there are just too many of you to list!

There remains one person who deserves our thanks. Her door has

always been open to all students. She spends most of her time seeing that we are provided with what is best for us and has willingly gone beyond her "official" responsibilities as Dean of SCW. Dean Bacon is much valued and appreciated, to say the very least. Personal thanks for caffeine injections!

It is hard to believe that my term is almost over. Has it been worth all the work? People keep asking me this, thinking I'll say no. If I can honestly say that I would do it again, then it has been worth every moment. Well, I can, so it has.

We may be nearing the end of the school year; many of us may be graduating, but this is only the beginning—of our futures and of future student councils.

Thanks for the memories—they are good ones.

Exiled For Torah

MY YEARS OF EXILE

THE MEMOIRS OF A TORAH ACTIVIST

Free translation from MeAchorai Meseg HaBarzei (From behind the Iron Curtain)—the personal narrative of Rabbi Raphael Kahn, now residing in Eretz Yisroel, of his three years imprisonment for his efforts on behalf of Torah Education.

PART III

successful in his mission.

On the 10th of Elul, a Friday morning, the eve of the sacred Sabbath, the other prisoners and I were informed that the next day we would be exiled to Swerdlowsk in the Ural Region.

A few hours later, I was told to go meet my family. It was the established custom that exiled prisoners could have a final meeting with their families before being sent to remote imprisonment. I was not aware that my wife had been informed that I was being sent away the next day. I was not told that in the headquarters of the G.P.U. a list had been posted of all the prisoners being exiled. When my wife saw my name, she had requested permission to see me.

I was led through dark cellars and long corridors into a very large room. It was divided into two parts: on one side stood the prisoners, and on the other side were their relatives. Two iron gates divided the room, and between them armed guards marched to and fro, to make sure that no contraband changed hands and that Russian was the only language of communication. There were small windows in the gates marked by corresponding numbers for both prisoner and visitor. I was told to approach Window Number 20, as were my relatives on the other side. Both my wife and I were forewarned about the above regulations. The encounter was limited to twenty minutes. Because of the large number of people, there was a great tumult in the room and we had to shout in order to be heard. The inner emotions were even more disruptive.

I approached my assigned window and tried to grasp a last glimpse of my family before I was exiled. My wife told me later that she was ill that day. Her fever had been 40°C. and in this condition she had come with our four children to bid me farewell. She held our seven-months old baby in her arms; the bundles she had brought for me were tied to her back. Our two older daughters, aged nine and seven, stood at her sides. Our youngest daughter, two-years old, clung tightly to her mother's dress so she would not be separated. The dimness of the rooms she had passed through, and the sight of the soldiers marching back and forth with bayonetting at the people frightened her; our little girl wept without a stop.

A G.P.U. soldier marched up and down the room constantly repeating the command: "Do not speak in a foreign language! Speak only Russian! Do not speak in a foreign language!" Nevertheless, I addressed my wife in Yiddish: "Warn these six people to flee from Moscow quickly," and I enumerated the six names the interrogator had asked me about. All this took place as the guard, his rifle leveled, kept calling out his order forbidding conversation in a foreign tongue, but I succeeded in imparting the information to my wife. I had already given the very same names to a gentle cellmate who had been released, but I could not know if he had been

As we spoke, my seven-year old daughter kept trying to see my face, but she could not reach the window opening. She kept jumping up again and again, trying to get a fleeting glimpse of her father. I was discussing with my wife plans for accompanying me on my journey. As we spoke, shouting so that we could be heard, I heard another voice exclaiming: "Look, children come to take leave of their father. See, a father of small children is being sent into exile. How great is the pity for the tragic family! Small suffering children!"

The words shattered my heart but I managed to maintain my self-control. It was only when a strange woman approached my family and lifted up my two-year old daughter, saying: "Let him say good-bye to his daughter!" that I could no longer contain myself and broke down, crying out loud uncontrollably like a small child. My wife and the children also wept.

The time allotted for the meeting ended and I returned to my cell. However, my crying did not stop but grew even stronger. My family outside could hear me crying in my cell. To them it seemed as if the entire edifice wept, the walls cried, the roof itself cried, and the windows emerged outward and could be heard from afar.

My wife later recounted that when she left the prison with the four children, her sister met her, took our baby from her arms and asked incredulously how she had diapered him. In her confusion, my wife had tied the diapers around his neck. All the way home they were drenched by a driving rain. It was cold and there was a very strong wind. The baby became sick with an ear infection that swelled and the pus reached his brain; an operation was necessary. Then my wife took ill. My oldest daughter was deeply disturbed by these events and the separation from her father. At night, she would cry in her bed; she would shriek out in her sleep.

In later years, my wife related that she never thought things would decline to such a state. She prayed to G-d to permit her to remain alive until I returned from exile and could securely bring up our children.

The Return of our Money

Thirty-eight people were being sent to the Ural Region. We were brought to a large room underground, where we were given our belongings. I received two large packages. Suddenly an announcement was made that prisoners for whom money was entrusted in the office should come to the window with their receipts and the money would be returned to them.

It was the night of the Sabbath. I saw that each person signed his name when he gave his money. In order to avoid the unnecessary transgression of writing on the Sabbath, I turned to a gentle fellow prisoner who was my prison-mate in cell 10. I led him to a quiet corner and told him that I was a Torah-observant

No Parking Anytime

by Sara Kosowsky

When I first came to New York seven years ago, one of the first things my parents told me was to learn the bus routes very well since they would be my means of transportation. Coming from a town where everyone drove everywhere since there was no bus system to speak of, this was rather new to me. I asked my parents why New York had such a vast bus system and they answered that it was because no one drives anywhere in New York. If this was the case, I wondered, I could not understand why we seemed to have such a hard time finding a parking space. Those were my first impressions of New York.

Over the years, I learned the bus routes very well and even learned how to get around on the subways by myself. (Those that remember me from back then probably remember my famous last words, "You will never catch me, Sara Kosowsky, on a New York City subway by myself.") Within two months I had proven myself a hypocrite.) One mode of

transportation I really enjoyed though, was the car. I had never owned one and I didn't have to pay for it. It was dropping off. I guess all of this made me forget just how hard it is to park in New York.

During vacation a friend and I decided to see New York. I had to make things easier by not being able to get a car. At first this sounded great—not having to wait for subways or buses, not having to put up with mobs of people on the platform with you, what could be better? Well, it wasn't too long before we learned the answer to that. Sure, having a car was great to get us where we wanted to be, but then having to find a place to put the car until we needed it again was enough to drive a person crazy! It only took one day—half of which was devoted to looking for parking space—for us to return to Manhattan Transit the following day.

Several weeks ago a group of friends decided to do something

with the car. I had never owned one and I didn't have to pay for it. It was dropping off. I guess all of this made me forget just how hard it is to park in New York. During vacation a friend and I decided to see New York. I had to make things easier by not being able to get a car. At first this sounded great—not having to wait for subways or buses, not having to put up with mobs of people on the platform with you, what could be better? Well, it wasn't too long before we learned the answer to that. Sure, having a car was great to get us where we wanted to be, but then having to find a place to put the car until we needed it again was enough to drive a person crazy! It only took one day—half of which was devoted to looking for parking space—for us to return to Manhattan Transit the following day.

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My Years of Exile As A Torah Activist

continued from p. 7, col. 2

Jew and that it was prohibited for us to write on the Sabbath. I could therefore not sign for my money now; would he do so for me? He consented and helped me wrap my hand as though it had been injured, and we rejoined the line. When my turn came, I showed the official my wrapped hand and told him that it was injured and my friend could sign for me. The official saw through my ruse and angrily said he was not naive and knew that the artificial drama was entirely for the purpose of my evading writing on the Sabbath. He firmly asserted that he would withhold the money until I signed.

When I heard this I lost all self-control and acknowledged the pretense. I swiftly removed the covering from my hand, raised my arm and cried out: "Here, gaze upon this hand; healthy, thank G-d, as you surmised. But on the Sabbath this hand will not write." I lowered it and declared that if he were willing to give me my money for the other prisoner's signature, good enough, but should he deny me this then the money would remain unclaimed.

The official was unyielding and did not return the money. At that moment the religious gentile Polushkin, who had been a factory owner, came over, kissed me on my brow, and said that this was the first time he had seen a Jew so steadfast in his faith. The line proceeded. The official continued in the disbursement of the funds to those who had stood in back of me. Time passed. Suddenly I heard my name called. I went over and he said to me: "Listen, I too am a Jew and I am aware of the law prohibiting writing on the Sabbath. I work here against my will, for I too am a prisoner and this is the task that was imposed upon me. Are you aware where you are being sent? Without money you will perish. You have 88 rubles to your credit. It is a matter of actual peril to your life and under such circumstances it is permissible to write on the Sabbath."

Heatedly I answered that I was adequately informed of the law and there was no need for his display of erudition. Under no circumstances would I violate the law. He was evidently not the final authority in the prison; someone was surely his superior. I demanded to see the prison

warden and hear what decision he would render about it.

The official did not reply. He closed the window and I could no longer see him. I stood there without a reply and without the money. All night the prisoners busied themselves with their possessions, arranging and tying up their few belongings. I too tried to rearrange the things in my package efficiently. I took out everything I had received: a small amount of food, underwear, shirts and other useful items, and placed them in an orderly manner in my bundle.

At about four in the morning we heard a voice calling my name: "Kagan Raphael Boruchovitz! Kagan Raphael Boruchovitz! Come immediately to the window." I went to the window and there received the money. A gentile signed in my stead.

SWERDELOWOSK

In Prison

We were transferred on the holy day of Shabbos in the morning. There were thirty-eight prisoners and I did not know any of them. Our belongings were taken from us and when we arrived at the train station they were returned. Attached to each suitcase was a label with the full name of the prisoner. We were led into our train, which looked like any other train with one critical difference: the windows were very small and covered with steel bars. Each person sat with his suitcase next to him. There were guards from the G.P.U. on both sides of the train in addition to the guards walking up and down the center aisle. We were under very close scrutiny; they did not leave us for one moment, accompanying us even to the washroom.

At last our train began to move and was linked up to a train going to the Ural region. Ours was the last car. The journey to Swerdelowosk took two and a half days.

The prison was far away from the train station and we were brought there in a very large truck. This prison itself was merely a way station which served as a transfer point for the permanent prisons. Once a day, or minimally once every second day, new prisoners would arrive and larger transports would be sent on to more distant points. The

duration of the stay there was a few weeks at the most. Everyone was psychologically prepared for the continuing journey. The conditions in the prison were abysmal and frightening. I will remember our commenting to each other, "Better a month in the Buterka Prison than a week here." The food and the procedure for its distribution were far worse than in Buterka. Our virtually inedible daily rations were distributed at three in the morning. All of this was meant to oppress and shatter the spirit of the prisoners.

From the day of my arrest I had neither Tallis nor Tefillin. In the prisons of Lubenka 2, Lubenka 14, and Buterka, I prayed without these necessities. My Siddur and Tefillin had also been taken away from me; I was forced to pray by heart. I must admit that my memory was not that perfect for the recitation of all the prayers. When reciting *Etzehu Mekomawn* and many other prayers, I would get confused, but what choice did I have? There was no one to ask and so I continued to pray this way. In the Buterka prison I had had an additional problem trying to find a place to pray which was acceptable according to Jewish law. It was forbidden to pray in the cell itself because of the sanitary facility and its terrible stench. I tried to find different ways to deal with the problem, and generally, I would pray during the morning walk which usually lasted for twenty minutes. When it came time for Minchah (the afternoon prayer), Maariv (the evening prayer), and Birchah HaMazon (grace after meals), I would leave my usual place, go to the window where there was fresh air and thus stand in prayer before G-d. But I was not always successful in this effort.

Once a Jew was brought to the prison who knew the entire lengthy Psalm 119 by heart. I asked him to dictate the complete chapter to me, transcribed it, and would repeat those verses whenever possible.

Now, however, I was beset by a new anxiety: how would I pray during the approaching High Holy Days without a Machzor—the special prayer book? But G-d provided a solution. Among the prisoners was a Jew from Moscow named Ginzburg. He was an observant Jew who had

served as a cantor in his synagogue for Rosh HaShanah and Yom Kippur and had thus mastered most of the prayers by heart. We would wait until the other prisoners had left the cell for work, and then Ginzburg would dictate the High Holy Day liturgy to me. In this way I prepared for the Days of Awe with my handwritten manuscript.

Tefillin! This was my greatest frustration. I sorely missed them and could think of no way to solve this very troubling problem. One of the day before Rosh HaShanah my name was called. As I accompanied a guard to answer the summons, I was unable to fathom the reason I was being called and was very anxious about the future. Suddenly I saw my father, who had followed me to the Ural as soon as he heard of my destination. He had arrived a few days before, applied to the local G.P.U. for permission to see me, and now we were briefly reunited the day before Rosh HaShanah.

To our good fortune, the discipline here was not as stringent as in Moscow. We met in a simple room. An officer sat at a table and the prisoner and his visitor would sit at either side of the table. As we sat conversing, a young woman entered to speak to the officer. My father seized this opportunity and asked if we could stand together. Distracted by his visitor, the officer was lax about enforcing the prison rules and permitted me to go over to my father's side. He was only concerned that we not disturb him. Next to my father was a long bench and once again he asked if we could sit there together. Again permission was granted.

We sat and conversed at length, although prison regulations stated that visits could last for only twenty minutes. After approximately an hour had elapsed, the officer cried out, "Enough." Again my father begged for permission to give me some necessities he had brought from home, some clothes and food. The official insisted on inspecting the suitcase and my father opened it, displaying a cake, underwear, etc. The officer, preoccupied with his private conversation, did not make a thorough inspection, and to our great surprise did not examine the suitcase with the usual close scrutiny, contenting himself with a hasty overview.

Expressing approval, he summoned another guard to lead me back to my cell. I took leave of my father, not knowing if I would ever see him again.

In my cell, I composed myself from the emotional effects of the meeting with my father, and then opened the suitcase he had brought me. I was deeply startled to discover in it my Tallis, Tefillin, Siddur, the book of Psalms, my Tanya, a prayer book for the High Holy Days, and lastly—a shofar—a ram's horn!

I took my Tallis and enfolded myself in it. Though I had already prayed that morning, I was so ecstatically happy . . . Then I took my Tefillin and placed them upon my arm and head. Garbed in my Tallis and Tefillin, I took my Siddur and read: "Hear O Israel, G-d is our G-d, G-d is One." When I finished, I hid the religious articles deep within the suitcase.

On the morrow was Rosh HaShanah. Many of the prisoners went out to their work. I came over to Ginzburg and told him I had a shofar and planned to blow it. He looked at me incredulously as though I had lost my sanity to think of doing anything so perilous. I insisted that I would sound only one blast. I was afraid that should they hear the sound they would confiscate the shofar, and the Tallis and Tefillin as well. Ginzburg was completely terrified and shouted at me that it was forbidden to do something so dangerous, and I was risking my very life. When he perceived that nothing would sway me from my intention he fled to another corner of the room and hid himself there.

I picked up the shofar, thrust the edge between my lips and blew a single blast. At that moment my soul had a great sense of freedom. The incident passed undetected and I hid my shofar.

The next day, the second day of Rosh HaShanah, I did not content myself with just one blast. This time I was not afraid of their confiscating the shofar. I blew the sequence of Tekiah, Shevorim, Truah, Tekiah once. This time too my actions passed undetected.

(These sounds of the shofar were of course not halachically acceptable as fulfilling the obligations of hearing the shofar on Rosh HaShanah.)

(To be continued)

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