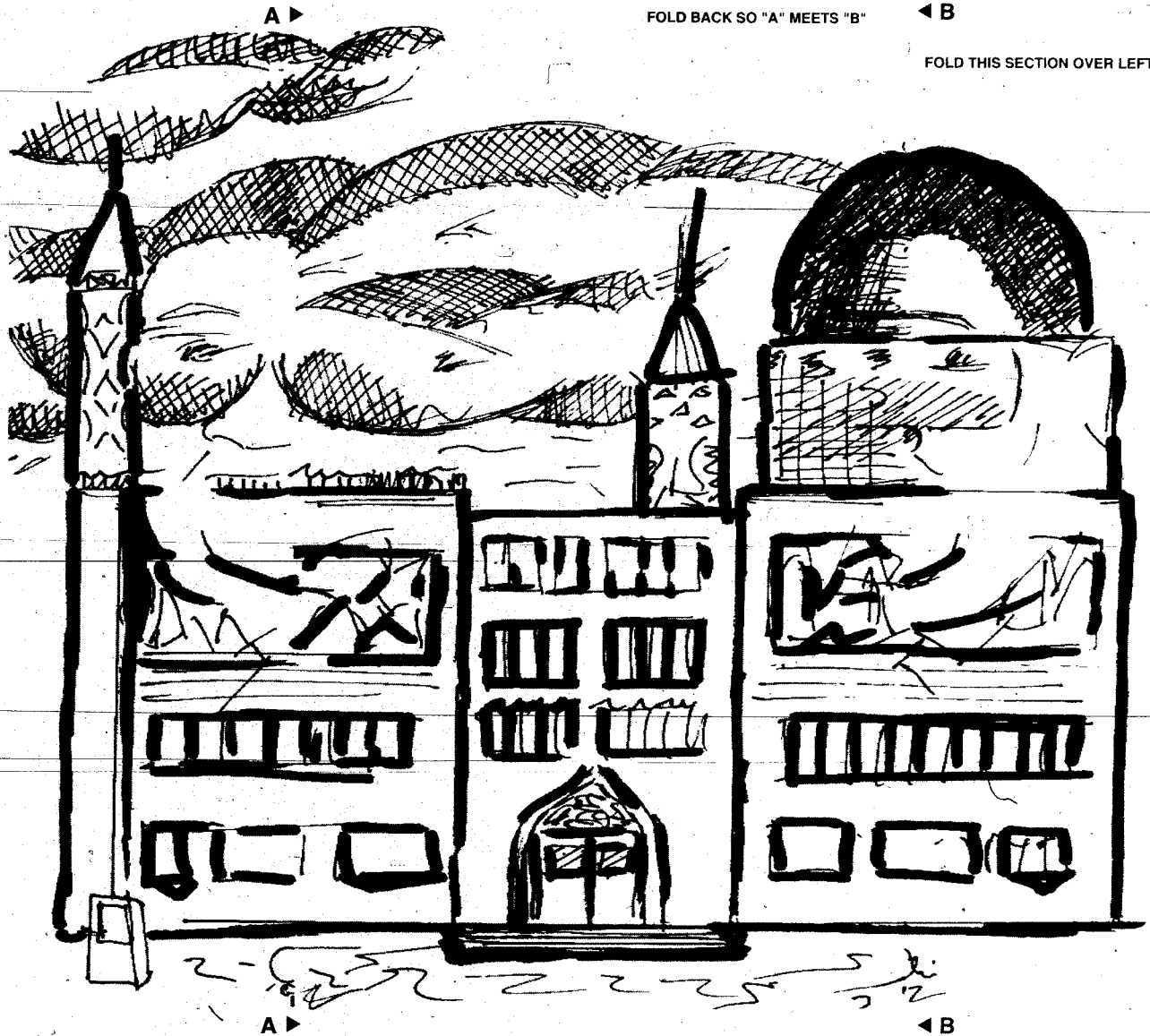


# HAMEVATEL

The Journal That Beats Going To Shiur  
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# Editorial

## On Language

One of the most lexically progressive trends we pundits of the English language have noticed of late is a tendency among highly intelligent people to substitute the words they intend to express with words of no synonymous relationship whatsoever. In what may be our decade's greatest contribution to the post-modern era, we are finally doing away with the demand for any consistency in meaning. And, as expected, we are proving it first in the development of our lexicon. Several days ago, while attempting to program a digital watch, my college-educated, generally articulate friend turned to me and requested that I hand him the "guy." He was, of course, referring to a paper clip.

But perhaps this example does not go far enough to convince the reader of the extent to which the movement towards absolute verbal chaos (my own "chaos theory") has taken us. By far, some of the most advanced contributions have come to us from those paragons of intellectualism, the academics. The academics provided in 1991 what is arguably the finest example of post-modern word substitution to date. Yes, this year's award for complete disregard for both denotation and connotation goes to those wacky administration members at Yeshiva University. Those multi-published, tenure-toting, conference-seeking, footnote-quoting, able-to-use-ontological-and-eucharistic-in-a-single-sentence, heretofore thoroughly straight guys have brought us reeling into the post-modern age with their brilliant replacement of the verb "close" with "restructure."

An excellent illustration of our phenomenon, this exchange combines aesthetics with creativity as it offers a positive term in place of the

negative and, quite frankly, rather bland one so rigidly maintained during the age of mere modernism. One might, in fact, go so far as to submit that the two words not only lack any definitional similarity but rather contradict one another. In a stroke of technical genius, then, "close" - to shut down, bring to a crashing halt - gives way to "restructure" - to change format with the intention of sustaining and improving.

With this precedent in mind, allow me to invite you to begin making this word substitution in any number of fun and exciting ways. For example:

Please restructure the refrigerator.  
Behind restructured doors,  
Restructured for renovation.

Of course, the possibilities are endless. Noting their initial success, the YU administrators themselves went on to substitute "streamline" for "destroy without remorse," as in Saddam Hussein may force us to streamline Iraq.

"task force" for "pacifier," as in We tried to quiet the infant by giving him a task force, and "negotiate with" for "threaten to blacklist," as in

McCarthy negotiated with hundreds of innocent people.  
Still in all, my personal favorite will always remain "restructure," as in

With that, this column comes to a restructure.

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# Letters

Dear Hamevatel:

I am shocked and dismayed at my continuous shock and dismay. I have already objected to this University's (notice, I did not say Yeshiva's) policies concerning lack of facilities for co-ed Chanukkah events during *Elul zman, shlita*. In fact, if one checks the *Mishne B'rura* it clearly states that there can never be any compromise on the issue at hand. The administration cannot continue to violate *clear issurei d'oiraisoh (Vehamayyin yovin)*. [Ed. translation: "You cowardly, simpering fools."]

Rebbe has repeatedly told Avrohom, Shalom, and Bernie along with myself that the Rav was violently opposed to the University on this issue. He has the tapes to prove it. Some people might claim that I sound holier-than-thou, but how can you argue with Rebbe?

You all know that I have no idea what I'm doing in YU. Clearly, I disagree with all it stands for: *P'ritzus* and *Avodoh Zoroh*. My letters are like bad dreams, only you keep having them.

In contempt,

Herb Evansman  
BRGS '91, CPR '92, JTS '93, HUC '94...

To the Editor,

Over the past weeks and months, much fuss has been made over several "radical" (they even use non-yinglish terminology) views regarding girls (*chas veshalom* we should give in and call them womyn) expressed by readers in other Jewish Publications. I would like to take issue with this fundamental misconception in today's Goishy American Zionist Ultra-Hellenistic Pornographic society.

One of the greatest *Yetzer Horos* in America today is the Women's Rights (they even steal our direction) Movement. The women not only think, they actually pathetically attempt to express these thoughts. Did not Hashem clearly conform to the *Da'as Torah* attitude towards women when he told Moshe, "keep her concealed seven days?" When Miriam spoke out, Hashem put her in her place. Heh, heh.

Jewish women today must follow their pious foremother, Soroh, and realize their proper place: The Kitchen. Did not Avrohom Oyvinu run to Soroh and tell her, "Move your butt and prepare three breads," for the *Malochim*. Of course the Avos knew how to cook; after all they were

# HAMEVATEL

The views expressed in signed articles in HAMEVATEL can be revealed by your local Aish HaTorah Discovery Center, which determines our editorial policy by decoding hidden messages in the original text of *Beyond Good and Evil*. For unsigned articles, consult your personal medium. Additional copies of HAMEVATEL can be obtained on Tibetan mountaintops during regular business hours.

Mitchel Benuck  
*The Dalai Lama*

Eli Schick  
*The Bhagwan*

### THE TASK FORCE

Yitzo facti Ariel.  
Seth Berquawitz  
Yakov ex nihilo Blau  
Simitatio dei Chavel  
A priori Ferziger  
Ahamon Sequitur Fischman

A posteriori Greengart  
Yitz ex machina Hollander  
Miquod erat demon Segalum  
Rivky Tracticus Logicus Shuchatovicus  
Reuveni vidi vici Spolter  
Simma Qua Non Kraines

Benjamin cognito Samuels, editor emeritus

Eli Clarke diem, editor wont-go-awayus

### About the Cover

*Towers and domes we for attention against the back drop of an industrial face. The high lines of the arched dome and the tower are a stark contrast to the dark, industrial background. The image is a black and white photograph of a building with a prominent dome and tower, set against a dark, industrial-looking background. The text is overlaid on the image in a stylized, serif font.*

## A Critique of Pseudo-reason

Dear Hamevatel,

I've been dismayed by the .... in other words, let me explain as follows, the recent rash of obscenely intellectual articles which populate the pages of this venerable periodical. While I wouldn't say *sine qua non* that the phenomenon *per se* is deplorable, ...why, T. S. Elliot - or was it perhaps Kierkegaard...no, no, it was definitely Elliot? - once explicated, "There's no point in being intellectual if you can't show off at cocktail parties." However, your practice has evolved to the height of elitism wherein the stammering simpletons of the Rubin Pool Hall no longer comprehend, and we are no longer the voice of the masses. With my deepest hope that you quickly resolve, nay eradicate even, this heinous problem.

I remain yours,  
Ed "Epistemology" Edwards

- 1) See a further treatment in Steve Podias's seminal work "How To Sound Like a Fifth Floor Guy in Seven Easy Steps," Yeshiva University Press, in conjunction with the National Council for Potential Synagogue *Ba'alei Batim*, 1992.
- 2) Obviously reflecting his overall *weltanschauung*, I intend to dedicate my masters thesis to this very point.
- 3) The pithiness of his assertion is awe-inspiring.

perfect, and still Avrohom made Soroh do the kitchen work. In a similar vein, Rivkoh Imainu tells Yaakov, "Go and steal the lamb, and I will prepare it." So we see that Rivkoh also understood her vital role in the Jewish home, and also imbued Yaakov with the lesson that you should stab the other guy in the back before he does it to you.

Virtually all the Gedolim have spoken out vehemently against today's outspoken women. Why, when we were in Europe, we sent them all right off to college and never even looked at them. Boy, how times have changed! First we listen to them, and the next thing you know they're Rabbis in Reform Temples wearing *tefillin*! As the *she'eris hapleyta* of Torah-true Judaism, we must take a stand today, before things get too far out of hand.

Sincerely,

Dr. Alfred Ivry

# Filet of Soul

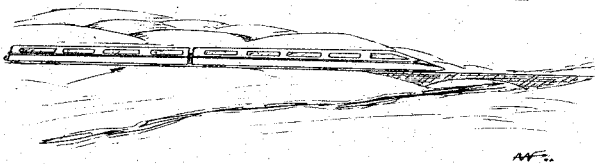
by Hanoch Tell-All

[Author's Note: All of the following stories are true. Liberties have been taken only with the facts. Nevertheless, I beseech forgiveness from my readers if the lesson of any of my stories is too subtle or complex to comprehend. I tried them all out on my Michlalah class, and even the airheads understood them.]

## Tzniyus

Breindel Bernstein was the paradigmatic Bais Yaakov girl. A paragon of personable purity, her punctilious love of Torah and *chesed* coupled with her dauntless dedication to the meaningful art of makeup created an aura of fashionable *frumkeit* that permeated her being.

Breindel brightly boarded a brown bus in Brooklyn, only to be growled at by the stereotypically salacious bus driver. "Woo-ee, Good-lookin'," he whistled. Breindel reeled back with hysterical fear which catalyzed her tear ducts, as images of her blood-



spattered corpse cascaded through her mind.

She dropped the exact fare which she had been calmly clutching in her hand and backed nervously out of the bus. The coins rolled merrily and confidently on the floor. "M-m-maybe I'll just walk to Monsey this morning," mumbled the model of maidenly *middos*.

\* \* \*

## Hashgochoh

Long before the invention of telephones, the Torah-true community found ways to communicate across far-flung distances which would have struck Alexander Graham Bell as innovative, novel and divinely-inspired. When there was *rechilus* to be spread, the wife of the sainted Reb Shneur Shnoodel of Shputsk, for instance, would yell out her window.

\* \* \*

## Hakoros Hatov

If you ever gambol through *Machane Yehuda*, you are certain to meet Moshe, the Sephardi mob chieftain. His jovial stature and smiling moustache belie the influential power and law-evading prowess which emanate from his being and spread his frightening reputation in the Israeli underworld. But Moshe's convivial camaraderie was unable to compete with the hypertense hystera of Shmulie Shmatskin.

"I'm in terrible danger," shrieked Shmulie, almost hyperventilating with fear. Drops of sweat tumbled down his payos and did a tapdance on his *kapota*. "You have to help me, Moshe," he bleated.

A wave of confusion filled Moshe's eyes. Who was this strangely costumed character? Then, suddenly, like a miraculous lightning bolt illuminating the back room of his mind, Moshe recognized Shmulie. He had changed a lot since the days when, as adventurous youngsters, they would light firecrackers in their *rebbe's* beard. What carefree escapades those were -- playing football, going to movies, burning down small villages! And now -- here was Moshe, a successful businessman and crime boss, and his old friend Shmulie was now a full-time denizen of the world of Torah and *mitzvos*.

"I - I - I have defaulted on a huge loan," sobbed Shmulie with undulating cadences. "And my creditor has threatened to repossess my wife, Rivkie."

Moshe was preparing to have Shmulie tossed out on his beard, when he remembered the saintly words of the holy Rav Zalmie Zeinivot: "If you take out the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh letters from the words 'good deed,' it spells God." Suddenly, Moshe knew what he had to do.

He smiled magnanimously at Shmulie. "Fear not, old friend. Just tell me the address of your creditor. I'll have him bumped off."

\* \* \*

## Kibbud Av Va'eim

When Kalman Katznellenbogen moved out of Brooklyn, he expected things to be different. But he never thought he would see the glittering grandiloquence that adorned the streets of his new neighborhood in Westchester County. "Look around," he ecstatically urged his wife. "Green grass, great old trees, rolling hills, sleek satellite dishes -- all of Hashem's bounty is played out before us."

Surie Katznellenbogen, already five months pregnant, fervently fingered the fringe

of her shaytel. Was this the life she wanted for her children -- mindless materialism, egotistical self-aggrandizement, unbridled horseback-riding? Surie wasn't sure.

"Here's the house," exhorted Kalman, as he jumped athletically out of their Cutlass Supreme. Surie gulped melodramatically as her eyes wandered unwaveringly over their new residential abode.

Suddenly, an image materialized in Surie's skull of her mother sitting at home in Brooklyn, cutting Surie's face out of every picture in the family photo album and dropping the cuttings in sulfuric acid. A strangled cry squirmed out of Surie's throat. She turned to Kalman. "Let's go back to Flatbush," she said. And they did.

\* \* \*

## Anovoh

Once, while riding in a train, a young yeshiva *bochur* stood up as an elderly man walked by. The aged geriatric turned and said, "Don't patronize me, you little nit."

\* \* \*

## Tefilloh B'Tzibbur

Itchy Rosenrosen loved going to *minyan*. "Where else can I pray to Hashem, answer *Kaddish* and eat stale *kichel* -- all before eight A.M.?" he would say to his Gentile colleagues.

One morning as Itchy drove to shul, his brakes frustratingly failed, spinning the car like a drunken *draydel*. When Itchy woke up, he found himself lying limply in a hospital bed. With parched throat and a ten dollar bill in his palm, Itchy tried courageously to convince a nurse to let him creep out of bed at least for *minchah*. "Not even in your dreams, you little Jew," she said kindly. "Both your legs are broken." Itchy smilingly spat at her from his prone position. For good measure, he uttered a few choice words in Yiddish. But the nurse, who had studied classics at Princeton University and read Greek and Latin fluently, just laughed disingenuously.

"I must go to *minyan*," hissed Itchy to himself and to the Hispanic in the next bed. "My livelihood and the livelihood of my nine children in *kollel* will cease to be viable if I miss another business deal during *chazoras hashatz!*"

"Wha'd djoo say dere?" asked the Puerto Rican in the other bed. His name was Jose, and he smiled greasily in his broken English. "Dat min-yon t'ing, I know 'bout dat from my Jewish business partner, Chezkie Choskowitz. Maybe djoo know him?"

Itchy grunted. If this little old guy only knew how many Chezkie Choskowitzes there must be in Greater New York!

"Anyways, everyone knows dere's a great big Jew place down da block."

"There's a shul nearby," hollered Itchy, practically hurdling out of bed. "And I - I - I never knew!" He started sobbing uncontrollably, then immediately rediscovered his composure. "I must go!"

"Dat nurse, she not gonna like dat," observed Jose sagely.

"But...but...but" sputtered Itchy wetly.

"But dere's somet'ing I can do. I have gotta be discharged today. If djoo wanna go as me, I'd stay here as djoo. Like in dat book, *A Tale of Two Cities* by Charles Dickens."

Itchy glowed with enthusiasm. Surely Hashem had sent him a *maloch* in the unlikely guise of Jose to allow him to fulfill the beautiful *mitzvah* of *minyan*. The two men



quickly exchanged clothes and, faster than the speed of sound, Itchy was conveyed out of the hospital halls and into the beckoning sunshine.

In the Hispanic's barrio-scented clothing, Itchy felt slightly self-conscious, but he hurried to the shul address he had been given, only to groan verbally when he arrived at the right place.

"*Gevalt!*" he sighed. In front of his eyes stood a grand sign behind which stood an even grander building. But the sign read: "Temple of Zion" and underneath: "Reform Services Every Saturday."

Itchy's shoulders slumped. Then, suddenly, his *vetzer hora* began to whisper sinisterly into his inner ear. "Why not go in already? Who will know?" Itchy headed for the door, but then his eyes fell to the bottom of the sign: "Today's Sermon: Business Ethics." His eyes grew large, and a bright light, as if from heaven, ignited in his brain.

"*Rachmonah litzlom!*" he shouted angrily to himself. "A Reform temple is no place for a *frum Yid!*" And he turned resolutely away, heading back toward the warm embrace of his *shteibel*.

# YU TERRITORIAL EXPANSION HALTED

Special to Hamevatel

THE OCCUPIED WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, March 17, 1992 -- The violence in the occupied territories of Yeshiva University, formally known as the United (sic) Republic of Torah u'Madda, has reached unimaginable proportions. Consider the events of the past few weeks:

Two local residents, apparently on independent suicide missions, have driven car bombs straight through campus security barricades at the dormitories of the Yeshiva Defense League. (In both instances, thanks to the heroic efforts of Jeffrey Socol's handgun, the bombs failed to detonate.)

The infamous "Muss Hall Guerrilla," a former campus security guard, has only recently been apprehended. He was caught attempting to steal a copy of the brand new Mordechai Ben David tape, "Audubon Avenue is NOT For Sale," which he planned to play at 150 decibels on daily fly-by raids of the University at precisely 3:30 P.M.

Numerous mysterious projectiles have pecked the windows of the YU-Stern shuttle on its way through the occupied West Washington Heights, threatening the social lives of hundreds of frustrated young men and women.

This recent spate of dangerous events at Yeshiva University has raised serious concerns about campus security, provoking passionate ideological debate both in Israel and in the local community. Can the United Republic of Torah u'Madda survive the rigors of a protracted battle against existential terrorism? Hamevatel wants to know: Can these menaces be stopped?

### A Proposal To End All Proposals?

Believe it or not, it appears that somebody

in this administration thinks they can. In a stunning feat of investigative reporting, Hamevatel has learned that the Yeshiva University Security Council plans to adopt a new international security policy. The press release, obtained by Hamevatel courtesy of Rabbi Shalom Carmy, who requested to remain anonymous, reads: "Today, Prime Minister and Grand Poo-Bah of the United Republic of Torah u'Madda Rabbi Dr. Norman Lamm *shlita* announced a broad new initiative designed to avoid future lapses in national security. This policy, entitled 'Lamm for Peace,' will involve negotiations with the residents of Washington Heights geared towards establishing a harmonious, pleasant atmosphere in which our wonderful kingdom of Torah u'Madda can thrive." Yeshiva University, the oldest university in America under Orthodox Jewish auspices, is in its 105th year.

Details of the "Lamm for Peace" plan are still vague. However, a hopeful spokesperson for the local residents suggested that Dr. Lamm planned to designate areas of Washington Heights as Peace areas in a first step toward establishing local autonomy. In addition, the territories would host annual lectures by Dr. Lamm on "Chassidism, Chaim Volozhin, and Colombian Cocaine Cartels: A Triumphant Triumverate?" It is still unclear which specific blocks can be included in the deal, as any territorial concession risks dividing the University's current layout. However, Hamevatel has learned that several radical proposals are indeed on the table. For example, Rabbi Aharon Lichtenstein was overheard commenting to a Board of Trustees member, "Being far from the venue of action, I cannot fairly evaluate each and every initiative presented here. But... I would be willing to use a green card, if necessary, to obtain admission to Schottenstein."

In America, the "Lamm for Peace" initiative has been praised as a first step towards a solution to the area's troubles. Mayor David N. Dinkins has lauded the "Lamm for Peace" proposal as "the gorgeous mosaic in action."

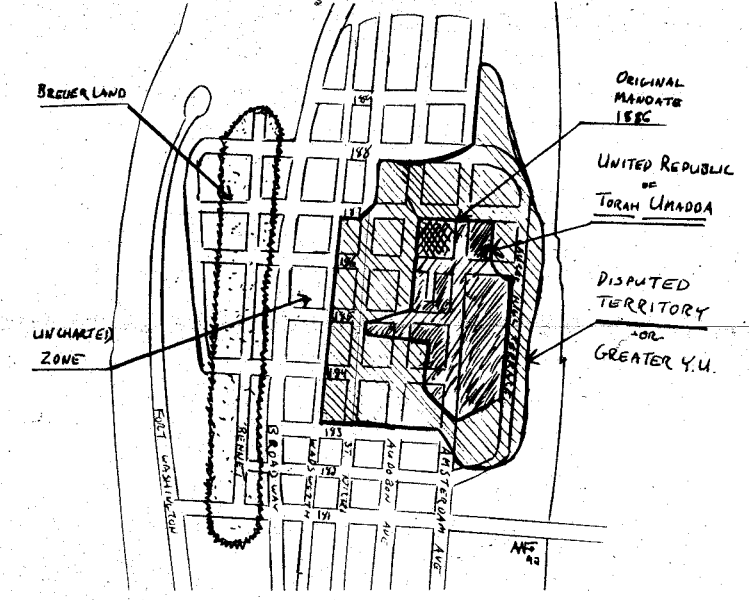
### Israeli Politics In Turmoil...Again

In Israel, the "Lamm for Peace" initiative immediately became a major issue in the current general election campaign. Reaction among politicians ranged from faith to doubt to disbelief. MK Reckavan Zeevi, who first learned how to drive in Washington Heights, attacked the proposal, saying, "Jewish souls have inhabited Washington Heights since the turn of the century. There is no logical reason whatsoever why Jews should give up their own territory for the benefit of people who did nothing to help synthesize the sector's scintillating sense of spirituality."

At the other end of Israel's political spectrum, MK Yossi "Wimp" Sarid of the Citizens Rights Movement told an enthusiastic gathering of supporters in Tel Aviv that the religious Jews of the Diaspora are coming around to their point of view. "At last," said Sarid, "American Jews will learn the same lesson-we are: if you're going to blow it, at least you should blow it BIG. Through their new policy, the viability of our Israeli 'Land for Peace' plan has been greatly enhanced."

### On The Home Front

Yeshiva University personalities have also had what to say on this matter. Rabbi Dr. Louis Bernstein, in his regular column in the Jewish Press, wrote, "Rabbi Dr. Lamm is the undisputed leader of the United Republic of Torah u'Madda. He has spent months exploring the notion of this compromise, and after intensive



research into the writings of Rav Chaim Volozhin, he has arrived at this brilliant and enlightened conclusion. I am sure that Rabbi Dr. Lamm understands exactly what he is doing, and has the best interests of the Yeshiva University community, and indeed all the citizens of the Republic, in mind. It is our obligation to support the Yeshiva University Security Council in whatever actions it takes, because only they truly understand the deeper long-term ramifications of their actions."

Hard-line representative Rabbi Leo "Land"man, however, opposed the plan on economic grounds. Quoting distinguished economist and financier, Dr. Burton G. Malkiel, "Land"man suggested that any conciliation of territory in the occupied West Heights will deprive the Republic of its share of the multimillion dollar annual cash flow through the area, an economic loss which could further damage, if not decimate, the nation's already strapped public education system.

### You Didn't Think The Rabbis Would Agree?!

As soon as Hamevatel made the "Lamm for Peace" proposal public knowledge, the Rabbis of Yeshiva University embroiled themselves in a bitter public debate concerning the halakic permissibility of such a venture. Rabbi Herschel Schachter contemplated, "We don't really need Lamm, so this we could give, but, *nu nu*, since we are involved in a *milchemes mitzva*, we don't want peace either. So, the question of 'Lamm for Peace' is one of *mitzva haba'a be'veira*. Is the *mitzva* here more important than the *aveira*? I don't know, could be... The *Yefeh Yadayim Veraglayim* has a wacky *pshtar* on a *kashit* in *Besamim* that the *din* of *yovel* applies in *chut la'aretz* in areas which grow *besamim* even if we don't know when *yovel* is. Maybe Lamm thinks *yovel* is coming now; if so, I guess this is as good a time to give back land as any..."

Rabbi Dr. M. D. Tendler readily opined, "If they want, eh-h-h-h-h, they can give back Belfer; the building is just not as suited to scientific inquiry as the basement of Furst Hall. As long as they keep their hands off Monsey. Eh-h-h, you want to know what I think of giving up Lamm? The idea is as brain dead as a tuna fish out of water! Didn't you see the latest Consumer Reports? I told you people about tuna fish, but you think that being a yeshiva *bocher* you can follow your own *da'as* *Toureh*. Remember, it's not that you have an inferiority complex; it's that you are truly inferior! The *shiver* always wrote in his *ishuves*... eh-h-h-h-h, actually, he told me personally, that it's better to be *machmir* on eh-h, if you'd come to my shiurim, you'd know what I mean."

Rabbi Michael Rosensweig hesitated before commenting, "I don't really want to get into

it now, but... To properly evaluate the ultimate consequences of a 'Lamm for Peace' transaction, we of course must define - in the most general possible terms - what we mean conceptually by Lamm and by peace. The most extreme formulation of Lamm in the *Rishonim* is a formal *din* of *chalos* synthesis *qua* synthesis; the *Beis Halevi*, for example, implies this clearly, but I want to get to him later - well, we did mention him last week... At the other extreme, Lamm may simply constitute a technical *din* in the guy who signs the checks. The middle approach, which I think is really the best, is a hyphenated *din* of Lamm slash Peace. The Rambam in *Hilkhos Melakhim* suggests this approach, provided that we reject the Rambam in the next line. Broadening our scope a bit, we can ill afford to ignore the ramifications of these options for Lamms couched in other contexts: sacrificial Lamms, the particularly unique Paschal Lamm, festive Lamms, and Mary's little Lamms, each of which bears a quirky relevance to the issue at hand. Again, it's difficult to put your finger on, but it does give us an opportunity to read all the *Shitot Hakadmonim*."

Rav Parnes, in a late night telephone strategy session with Barak, has decided to devote his entire Thursday shiur to a special shmooze on the issue. The *talmidim* in the *shiur* speculate that the shmooze will discuss how phenomena such as the Thomas/Hill hearings, "Lamm for Peace," and the skyrocketing salaries of professional relief pitchers directly result from the influence of the liberal, contemporary American culture that corrupts whatever *Toradik* values were in this country to begin with. David Saltzman will be selling time on the weekly Shmoozing sheet starting at *sefer* Sunday morning.

### The Locals Are Vocal

Not all local residents are rejoicing at the prospect of self-government. In response to the "Lamm for Peace" initiative, Burns Security guards have threatened a walkout over a projected decrease in I.D. checking positions. The Washington Heights Chamber of Commerce, representing local bodegas, supermarkets, and Bolivian herbage resellers, has hired well-known attorney Alan Dershowitz to appeal to higher authorities in an effort to prevent the "Lamm for Peace" plan from coming to fruition. The lawyer was unconcerned about potential conflict of interest resulting from the honorary degree in Jewish High School Disruption which Yeshiva University recently awarded him.

Local 1199 will be organizing a rally next week in Tenzer Gardens, where Yeshiva employees who may be affected by the "Lamm for Peace" plan can vent their frustrations. Some have been heard practicing their rallying cries in the halls: "Not Lamm; his plan's a scam!" A spokesman for the union threatened further job action, such as spontaneous swimming pool drainage or halting elevator service to the twelfth floor of Belfer, if a compromise is not reached soon.

### What Next?

Student leaders at both the Joel Fabianski and Midtown Campuses of Yeshiva University are beginning to organize their reaction to these events. Future developments seem to be entirely unpredictable. Although reactions to the "Lamm for Peace" proposal vary, the current intrigue and controversy has ensured that everyone now wants a piece of Lamm.

## Mighty Hirt At Bat (With Apologies to Ernest Lawrence Thayer)

It looked extremely threatening for women's ed that day;  
Rav Kahn's shiur just is not the Gush; Rav Flaum's showed not the way.  
So when Rav Haym's class got mired in manuscripts galore,  
The scholars down at Stern cried out, "There must be something more!"

A few went off to marry, abandoning the rest,  
And some opted for *semikha*, uptown in JTS.  
But some thought: "If Hirt would pull some money from his hat,  
Endowments could then fund us all, with mighty Hirt at bat."

When Kanarfogel had his chance to put the ball in flight,  
He couldn't get it airborne, though he tried with all his might.  
Still, the fans were skeptical 'til Bacon came out cheering,  
"Rabbi Hirt is on his way; the program's start is nearing!"

Salvation glimmered in their eyes; 'twas now the women's turn.  
They waited at his doorstep and their hearts began to churn.  
He came in his designer suit, his silver hair slicked flat;  
Finally from the fourth floor, mighty Hirt had come to bat.

He opened up a checkbook and inquired, "What do you need?  
Perhaps you'd like some *sefarim*, or a *kollel*, guaranteed?  
The money isn't mine, you know, but I will sign the check  
If someone takes our picture as we save this place's neck."

"Recession!" cried the moneyed class, and the alumni answered "True!"  
But promised plaques from Hirt and the objections they withdrew;  
The donors took a campus tour, Hirt led them down the block,  
And they never once suspected that it was all a crock.

To Benefactors' Wall they went, photographers in tow,  
A record of this moment to the world they had to show.  
Together they would join to save the world of women's Torah,  
And guarantee continuance of our holy *mesorah*.

They confidently struck a pose, their faces all a'smiling,  
Rabbi Hirt whipped out his pen from in his jacket lining.  
He placed it on the dotted line, his name from it did flow,  
And then their eyes were blinded by the flashbulb's mighty glow.

They blinked their eyes in puzzlement; 'twas what they all had feared;  
When the mist cleared from their eyes the check had disappeared.  
The people were confused and Hirt kept on apologizing;  
He stayed there working through his guilt, until the sun's arising.

Oh, somewhere out in *Derishaville*, the sun is shining bright  
And Brovender-types have *lomdus*, and there their hearts are light  
But in one place the women can but grumble, sit and pout;  
There is no joy in Brookdale Hall; mighty Hirt has struck out.

# SOLOVEITCHIK EXPOSES SHARFMAN

In a shocking discovery, Dr. Haym Soloveitchik has discovered that the *Mesilat Yesharim* was not written by the Ramchal, but rather by Rabbi Label Sharfman, *shlita*. Said Soloveitchik, "I was sitting at breakfast, eating my Provence *puifs* [the breakfast of obscure *Rishonim*], when out of my *D'veykus* 4 tape fell a leaflet of the *Shu'ar Hazerizus* of the *sefer*." After checking the first printing, it became obvious that it was really printed in Sanhedria.

Responding to the accounts of the Gra using the *sefer*, Soloveitchik said, "I discounted the story about the Gaon not finding any extra words, because by count there were no less than three utterly superfluous words." This finding disproved the only source dating the *sefer* prior to this century. He also rejected Professor Leiman's contention that it was written by

Rav Yonatan Eyebeshitz because "the man (Leiman) obviously has an axe to grind; he even claims that the *Beis Halevi* was a Sabbatean." Although Soloveitchik allowed for the possibility of another *sefer* with the same title, he felt that "if a *sefer* with a snappy title like *Yechose Tana'im Ve'amora'im* never got repeated, it's unlikely that this one was." The scholarly world is in an uproar and, as one Hebrew University professor said, "I guess we can't blame this one on the *Savoraim*."

In related news, Soloveitchik has put out the first edition of Raabadian Studies. Articles include: "Anthropomorphism: Hey, You Never Know?"; a critique of "Rav Zerachya of Catalonia;" and "Where the Hell is Posquieres Anyway?"

"Book of the YU Centennial!!!" -- Dr. Herbert Dobrinsky

## Nine Questions People Ask About YU

by Ceil Levinson

- Can I sleep all morning and still do well in M.Y.P.?
- Why do they need a moderator at dorm talks?
- Why does Rabbi Reichman's *minyán* start at 9:15?
- Why do good jobs go to bad people?
- Why Louis Bernstein?
- Why does Rabbi Reichman's *minyán* end at 10:30?
- Has anyone ever been rejected from *Semikha*?
- Why shouldn't I marry someone from Stern?
- What would Y.U. be like without Rabbi Bronstein?

### Other recent releases from Yeshiva University Mess:

**Young Nachum** by: Rabbi Abba Bronspiegel

-- Chassidic tales of Rabbi Lamm's youth.

**How to Lie with Statistics** by: Dr. Sheldon Socol

Introduction by Banji D. Latkin

**Zen and the Art of Facilities Management** by: Jeffrey Socol

-- A cult masterpiece

**The Closing of the Jewish Mind** by: Rabbi Shalom Carmy

-- Excellent for meals

**The Mashgiach** by: Mario Puzzo

-- The sordid story of the Blau family, its humble beginnings and rise to prominence in Washington Heights

**Puzzled. Angry. Confused.** by: The Commentator Staff

-- A retrospective of the Bailey editorial era.

**Immaturity in the Bible** by: Dr. M. J. Bernstein

-- Traces childhood development in adults in biblical times. With a newly annotated Ugaritic text. Includes sections on thumb sucking and sulking.

**Making My Way to the Top** by: Assistant to the Dean David

Rosenberg

## POOL TO HOLD SEFORIM SALE

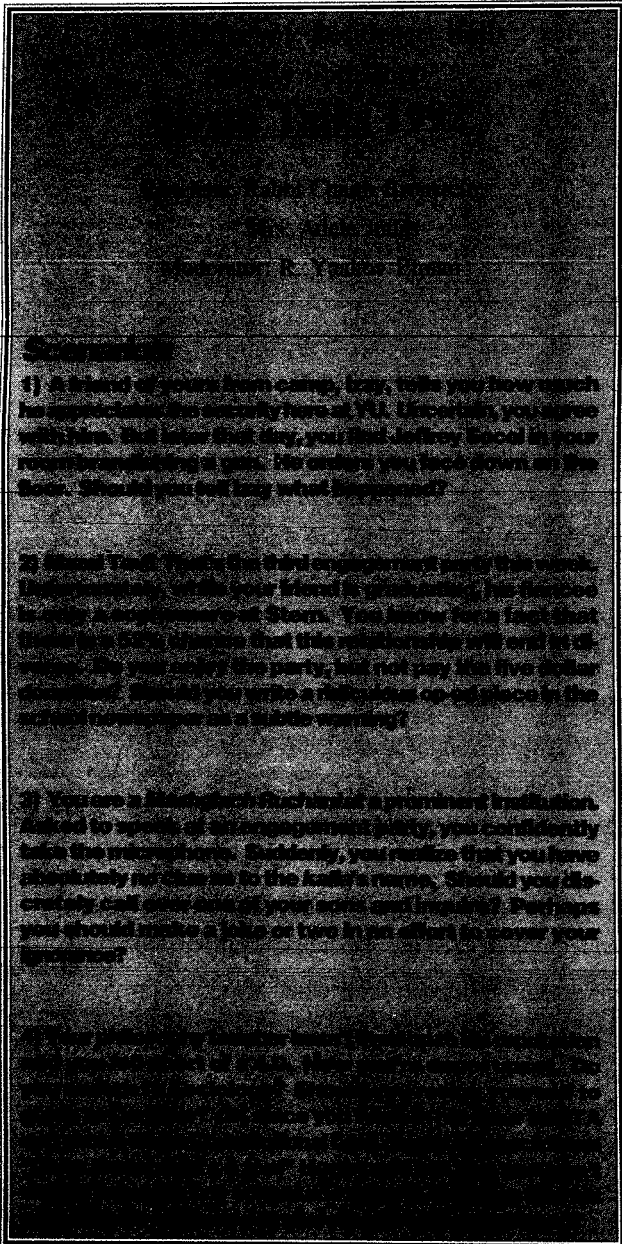
The resounding success of this year's *seforim* sale has prompted its organizers to reserve the larger and newer Benjamin Gottesman Pool for next year's sale. An additional impetus for the relocation was the Dean's decision to adapt Belfer 502 to house state-of-the-art practice facilities for the Yeshiva College Olympic Biathlon Team.

While the pool would have to be drained to accommodate the huge volume of *seforim*, Shmuel "Just because I have a beeper doesn't mean I am a *macher*" Pollack, organizer of this year's sale, says that the buoys and ropes would be left intact to prevent unnecessary mingling of the sexes. Additionally, visitors to the sale would actually see the much-heralded *mikvah* (ritual pool) that was built concurrently with the pool, but is unfortunately relegated to secular use as a whirlpool. "Finally, one will be allowed to be *mekadesh* the *chol* via the whirlpool-*mikvah* synthesis," says Pollack, "a concept truly among the ideals of Torah u'Madda." Monographs of the pool's history and *seforim* about the whirlpool-*mikvah* synthesis throughout the ages will be available at the sale.

However, not everyone is happy with this proposal. In a scathing letter to *Hamevatel*, the women of Stern College complained that the pool sale will be used to increase learning at the men's campus, while they still must suffer with an understocked Hanoach Teller library. Fruma Blima, President of S.W.I.M. (Sophomore Women Interested in Matrimony), claims

that this is further indication of the University's blatant disregard in advancing women's Judaic studies. "We have many copies of *The Mikvah* by Aryeh Kaplan *z"l*, but so few copies of *Mishnayot Mikvaot*," lamented Fruma Blima. "Furthermore, a *mikvah* would be put to better use in a girl's school... as we could *tovel* the glassware we get as engagement gifts." Pollack has attempted to quell the waves of controversy by stating that the women should be grateful for being allowed to enter the pool area at all; "even the *Kohen Gadol* was only permitted to enter the *Kodesh Kodashim* once a year." However, for the sake of unity, Jeffrey Socol has acceded the use of the sauna to the women as part of their Physical Education courses during the weeks of the sale. No males will be granted use of the facility during that time.

*Hamevatel* applauds the decision to use the pool/whirlpool to truly quench the students' thirst for Torah. The verse "*vehabbor reik, ein bo mayim*" - "And the pit was empty; there was no water in it" prompts the *Midrash Says* to comment, "There was no water, because it had already been drunk, for the Talmud teaches us: '*Im ein mayim, ein Torah*' - 'If there is no water, there is no Torah,' so Yosef, who wanted to learn Torah, quickly drank all the water in the pit." Following this midrash, the *seforim* sale, by coupling the water of the *mikvah* to the Torah in the pool has successfully synthesized the ultimate environment for Torah study.



# Mushroom Synagogues of the Sixties

## A Report From the Yeshiva University Archives

The Jewish community of New York lay under a dread spell. Listless and lifeless, the community struggled through the early years of Vietnam. The completely unexplained increase in enrollment in rabbinical training programs was little consolation. In the face of the reality that the synagogue was little more than a hollow shell of the place that used to hold ecstatic worship, an idealistic few embarked in a new direction. Their bold search for spirituality did not go unnoticed and others followed in their ways. Yes, the spread of the "mushroom synagogues" continued unabated throughout the sixties.

The mushroom synagogue. Even today, more than twenty-five years after they began, mention them in casual conversation and they evoke impassioned responses. Flashbacks. The shakes. Middle aged doctors and lawyers check their arms for reminders of the past and unconsciously feel for the long hair and goat-

ees they so proudly sported. Your professor drops his pipe and sits cross-legged on the floor repeating "I can see the stars through my hand," over and over again.

Mushroom synagogues in the sixties began as transient places to worship within the larger framework of commune life. Solly Berkowitz explains, "There was so much love and mushrooms had their natural place." Despite opposition, the little bands grew, and with them, a true mushroom ideology. One of the early leaders and visionaries was Rabbi Carl Bach. "It was an opportunity to get into my holy, holy children through mind expansion. They are so beautiful and holy."

Not everyone, however, shared such sappy sentiment for these shrines of worship. "These fungi of phantasmic pontification are a poisonous evil which must be uprooted," seethed the Orthodox Union. "Mushroom synagogues are nothing more than cheap produce stores which

serve as a religious front for businessmen interested in cornering the French black truffle market." Many people saw only one solution to the problem: the elimination of these telepathic toadstools. "No honest representative of the Jewish institution of prayer would prostitute his people's religious welfare for the brain-dead goal of mind expansion. Synagogues today don't need more spirit and mushrooms; they need *ba'alei batim* who give a lot of money."

In the face of heated opposition and a barrage of antifungal cream, Rabbi Bach continued to plant the seeds of his religious revolution. He conducted seances in hotel lobbies of the Catskills, invoking the spirits of famous macrobiotics around the world. He often conducted impromptu services as he passed out yellow fliers and brownies in New York subway stations.

While Bach may have touched millions with his music, the guitar wielding, mushroom

munching Rabbi Bach ultimately found only a small group of followers. Years after his religious experiment ended, psychologists still debate his effectiveness. "The mushroom ideology did take men where no man had gone before, and where no one has gone since. They did have a five year mission. They were strange life and new civilization," said one. "How can that be considered a failure?"

*The Yeshiva University Archives is located on the sixth floor of the Benjamin Gottesman Swimming Area. The collection is a resource for poolside reading on subjects ranging from The Influence of Elvis Presley on American Chazanut to How Dunkin' Donuts Fooled the OU. The Archives is open to students and researchers from Yeshiva College only. For more information on the Archives, contact Eric Melzer or Ronnie Aranoff.*

# Reflections of a Belkin Scholar

Around five years ago, a fateful letter arrived in the mail, informing me that I had secured a Samuel Belkin scholarship at Yeshiva College. The word "secured" is a little misleading here, because it implies that some effort was expended on my part to obtain it. Nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, I did everything I could to wash my hands of the whole thing: I placed calls, wheedled secretaries, hounded deans; I even tried to waylay President Lamm, but all was to no avail.

You're probably wondering: why would anyone want to squander a six thousand dollar academic scholarship, which even carries some prestige? I'll explain. You see, everybody knows that the Max Stern scholarship "is a cruel joke to lure exceptionally gifted students with a commitment to Jewish studies into an intellectual dead end." What everyone doesn't know is that the Belkin scholarship is merely a cruel joke.

A little history is in order here. The Belkin scholarship was intended -- from its very inception -- to single out the student who had the potential to be a Max Stern scholar, but fell just short. The University aspired to provide such a student with the unique opportunity to synthesize Max Stern failure and Torah study. Apparently,

while the scholarship was still in gestation, a task force was enjoined to hammer out a curriculum which would help effect this synthesis for Belkin scholars. Unfortunately, for some unfathomable reason, the task force's recommendations were ignored. The special curriculum's abortion left the ill-fated Belkin scholar without the requisite framework to respond to his/her unusual calling.

I trust that it is, by now, painfully clear why I would not be bamboozled into yielding to a Belkinship. My hopes were totally dashed, however, when I discovered that a Belkin scholarship is non-negotiable. I fled to Israel, where I spent two tortured years, trying to -- somehow -- escape the ineffable reality of Belkinship.

When the time came, I struggled on a plane and returned to America. After a fitful week of sleep, I drove to YU, moved into the Muss dormitory, and began my first semester. Morning *seder* and shiur were wonderful; I felt totally anchored in the raging sea of the Talmud. But I could not rid myself of the disquieting feeling that the afternoon would be disastrous. My knees shook as I walked to lunch -- little did I know that I would find lasting peace of mind in the cafeteria.

I had decided at some point during my stay in Israel that if Yeshiva University would not help me synthesize Torah and Max Stern failure, I would try to go it alone. I decided to shamelessly expose myself to my failure. I followed Max Stern scholars around, sat at their table, and intruded into their discussions, until I began to see dividends. At lunch, thank God, my failure began to reveal itself to me in all its hideousness, when the Max Stern scholars spoke about "their exceptional gifts, their commitment to Jewish studies, their knowledge and appreciation for Jewish scholarship in general and scholarly research and critical thinking in any area." I drew it all in, pleaded for more, got down on my knees and begged for it to continue, but lunch was over.

I got by on two forty-five minute doses a day, for a few weeks. But, by nature, I'm a perfectionist; I needed more. I wanted to maximize my potential to realize the outrageousness of my failure. Even more importantly, I wanted to synthesize my failure with Torah, which is what the Belkin scholarship is all about.

I thought I'd never get a chance, until one day, Deans Hecht and Landman allowed a certain Max Stern scholar to enter

the BA/MA program despite his lack of prerequisites. They divined that Revel was the logical realization of his Max Stern award, and, for him, a dream come true. Incredibly, twenty Max Stern scholars flocked to follow his lead, obviously, in order to justify and follow up on the claims of the Max Stern scholarship.

I realized immediately that the events had been divinely ordained in order to allow Belkin scholars to pursue their dreams. No classes, even in Revel, would ever address Max Stern failure, or Torah U'Max Stern failure, but the concentration of so many Max Stern scholars in such a small program could only mean for Belkin scholars (if allowed in as well) constant and intense schooling in failure.

Which brings us to the distressing events of the past few months. The proposed lobotomy of Revel may or may not dig the grave of the Max Stern scholarship, but it will inheritarily collapse the Belkin scholarship. With the dispersion of Max Stern scholars over the tens of available YU departments, Belkin scholars will be left without the unremitting jog to the memory, which the presence of Max Stern scholars provide.

## Justifying Theological Spinelessness (J.T.S.) Limericks of the Left Wing

To spark a religious revival  
Ezra took legends thought liable  
To be viewed as Godly,  
Redacted them oddly  
And titled his mishmah "the Bible."

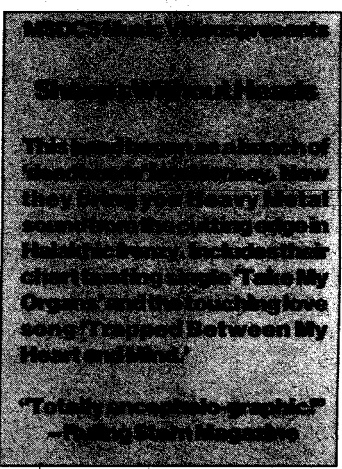
Who needs a rabbinic opinion  
Which assures an all-women's minyan?  
Until girls named Sarah  
May join in hora'ah,  
Halakha is just male dominion.

If prayer's the goal that is given,  
On Shabbas a car may be driven.  
The Law's antiquated  
Unless it's updated  
To fit the new age that we live in.

There once was a great Bible critic  
Whose methods were most analytic.  
He said, "I have proven  
The redactor of *Ketuvim*  
Was left-handed, bald and arthritic.

We all know halakha is changing.  
That rabbinic power's wide-ranging.  
So let's just eliminate  
Laws that discriminate  
It takes just some slight rearranging.

With so many gays who are Jews,  
It's time we updated our views.  
If they wish to marry  
No rabbi should tarry  
Unless they have not paid their dues.



# TWO SCOOPS OF HALAKHA: A Guide to the Dietary Laws of Breakfast

Most modern medical authorities advocate the daily consumption of a well-rounded breakfast. Of course, halakha has long supported the importance of eating a large meal or five in the morning. If yeshiva *bochrim* skipped a well-rounded breakfast, they would experience great difficulty in maintaining the perfect shape of their well-rounded yeshiva bodies. However, as with all aspects of food and halakha, the breakfast ritual must conform to the exacting standards of the Oral Law, not to mention the guidelines of The Jewish Catalog, Vols. I, II, III, and IV.

The Torah first alludes to the importance of breakfast with a warning. When Korach comes to Moshe after committing halakhic improprieties, Moshe cautions us, "In the morning, G-d will make known what he had." Noshi, the twelfth century French pastry gourmet who also enjoyed chewing his words, asks, "The 'he' in the verse refers to Korach; but what could he have had?" Noshi finds his answer in the words "In the morning." At such an early hour in the morning, all Korach could have had was breakfast. Thus, Moshe warns that if we eat breakfast in an extrahalakhic manner, like Korach, G-d will make known to everyone what he had for breakfast, i.e., by having him throw up in public. And lest anyone think this notion to be outdated, G-d has induced recent instances of public nausea to reinforce the application of this law to our day.

In attempting to define the parameters of an halakhic breakfast, several question deserve treatment. First, how should breakfast be served? Our Fathers answered this question in Tractate Avot: "Bon Bon Bag Bag said: Turn it over and turn it over, because everything is inside." Commentators argue over the meaning of Bag Bag's suggestion. The Egross Moshe claims that Bag Bag urged everyone to eat two eggs, over easy, every morning. If one turns them over properly, the yolk - which contains all the nutritional value - will be inside; hence, "everything is inside."

Others disagree fervently. The Rollbag insisted that Bon Bon Bag Bag felt breakfast could consist of whatever an individual desired, just as



the Manna, which came down in the morning, could taste like anything its eater wished. However, the key to an halakhic breakfast is that it must be served by pouring it out of a double bag. In fact, the Rollbag, who was born Bon Bon Bag Bag XVII, changed his name to reflect two very important halakhic developments. First, the conservationists began persecuting Jews because they used so many trees for their breakfast bags, so Rollbag issues a lenient decree permitting one to eat breakfast from a single bag. Second, Rollbag vehemently despised bonbons. (Note: Many prove from Rollbag's name change that Rollbag was a prophet, for only prophets use names to reflect G-d's wishes. Others simply contend that he was a maladjusted, claustrophobic child whose parents fed him too much chocolate.)

Today, we accept the Egross Moshe's opinion as halakha. However, Rabbi Soloveitchicken, who painstakingly trained his chickens to lay their eggs *lishma* in fulfillment of this most important precept, sympathized with both opinions and insisted on having his eggs served in a paper bag.

Must the prototypical halakhic breakfast consist of eggs? Many yeshiva *bochrim*, at-

tempting to emulate the Rav and the Egross Moshe, destroyed several microwaves and toaster ovens while attempting to cook eggs while still in their bags. This can be very dangerous, and could lead to situations where lives would be endangered. Despite claims that "this is how they did it in Europe," the Bible specifically allows that one should eat an improper breakfast rather than die while preparing it (*ya'avur ve'al yeharegg*), as we read, "My life is to G-d more than those who guard their breakfasts" (Psalms 130:6). Thus, Rabbi Moshe Muffenstein, author of the Egross, decreed that the eggs in one's breakfast may be consumed in any form, even *lekhatchila*, provided that the all-important yolks are included in the preparation. Using Rabbi Muffenstein's name for inspiration, and remembering the opinions of the Rollbag, the Rabbi Isaac Elchahan Gastronomecal SEminary (GRIESE) developed the muffin-in-a-bag breakfast, which immediately became the halakhic fare of choice for morning consumption.

If one still chooses to have eggs, they must receive proper training from women who know how to cook them. However, they must never

allow a woman to cook the eggs unobserved, for too many women follow the misguided teachings of Dean Bacon&Eggs, and will cause their husbands to transgress this commandment. Apparently, the feminists under her tutelage began this practice so that husbands, who will throw up every morning because they consume improper breakfasts, will empathize more readily with their wives who contract morning sickness during pregnancy. Despite this worry, however, it is always permissible for men to allow Grandmas to prepare breakfast, because Bon Bon Bag Bag taught that we can trust anyone who serves breakfasts that contain chocolate chips.

Where should one eat the proper halakhic breakfast? Some *acharonim* have suggested setting aside a cafeteria area in *yeshivot* to enable students to obtain their breakfast easily. However, it seems that the Rabbis of GRIESE have forbade their students from eating in the Yeshiva University cafeteria, presumably because of the prohibition that one may not spend more than one-fifth of his money to fulfill a *mitzva*.

This leaves two options: one's dormitory room and the *beis midrash*. Since the Shulchan Aruch teaches that one should not eat in a place of Torah study, and Rabbi Norman Lamm teaches that most *bochrim* learn in their rooms, it follows that everyone should endeavor to eat their breakfasts in the *beis midrash* whenever possible.

Upon concluding this article, I take particular delight in noting that most of the students of our yeshiva appear to obey all the laws of breakfast quite accurately, which makes me wonder whether I should have written about something else. But then I recalled that it is our job to accept the mantle of teaching others to follow this important precept. So, my friends, take your muffins to Mir, your bagels to Breslav, and your pancakes to Punoovitch, and let us all fulfill our Rabbis' mission of *lehagdil Torah uleha'akhila*.

## A Hamevatel Exclusive: Interviews With CPR Parents

*Hamevatel* has been granted exclusive interviews with the parents of the Committee for the Preservation of Revel's (CPR)'s inner circle. The following excerpts provide a unique look into the psyche of the rabble-rouser:

Yitzchak Blau, the vocal leader of CPR, showed potential as a rabble-rouser early in life. "I remember," said Rabbi Joseph Blau as he enjoyed a morning cup of coffee in the back of Grandma's, "when Yitz was five, he stood up with his Fisher-Price bullhorn and rallied the children of the neighborhood to storm the office of our local toy store's president. He remarked to me then that existentialism has close ties to rabble-rousing."

So too, apparently, did Sally Rosen. "When Sally was young," observed her mother, "she'd always cheer, 'We love you Mom and Dad,' before complaining. I found it very peculiar at the time."

Not all parents felt their children harbored the natural instincts of a rabble-rouser. "Hillel (Novetsky) only began to realize his potential as a CPR leader quite recently," confided his mother. "He was trying to set up a new international organization, Yeshiva and University Students for Underprivileged Rumanian Fundamentalists (YUSURF), when he decided to stop

sleeping in the *beit midrash* and do something constructive."

Some thought their children acted on ulterior motives. "I never thought Robert (Klapper) would do something like this," explained his father, "but I knew he would never get on the radio as a DJ." Added Beth Zuckerman's mom, "I'm not sure why she got involved either, but it was the only way for her to get into the *beit midrash* building."

Some leaders reached for the new cause at a particularly critical juncture in their personal lives. "I've recently realized that NCSY just doesn't do it for Jeffrey (Saks) any more," admitted his mother. "He hasn't cried at a *kumzits* in months. He needed something new to give his life purpose." Concurred Uri Cohen's father, "When he was young he was threatened with his job as school monitor. I thought he was traumatized for life."

"I wasn't happy," added Seth Berkowitz's father, "that he was spending his time putting up signs. But it beats having him sitting crosslegged in a German forest quoting footnotes from *The Lonely Man of Faith*."

Other parents found their children's previous behavior inconsistent with their current roles. "Michael (Segal) was always musically inclined, but he was never particularly tal-

ented," said his mom. "However, he has been terribly bitter since Louie flunked him in Ezekiel for not trusting a *peshat* from his *Rosh Hayeshiva*."

Rabbi Blau was on his second muffin by the time he got to his youngest son, Yakov. "He

was enthralled with Yitzi's leadership abilities, but on the other hand, back then he found Kierkegaard less rebellious." As the good *meshgiach* ordered a brownie and opened to the business section of the morning paper, he continued, "Of course, my son Binny..."

### BOOK ANNOUNCEMENTS

**The Unauthorized Biography of Yitzchak Blau** by Gladys  
-- The inside-out story of one of YU's most notorious power brokers, from his undergraduate days to his bitter struggle at the front lines of CPR.

**How Revel was Saved** by Dr. Jeffrey S. Gurock  
-- The inspiring account of how Rabbi Dr. Norman Lamm single-handedly fought the students, professors, and Board of Trustees to keep the school open.