

המנהל

הנהלת העיתון

עורך



ד"ר שולמן

דירקטור



ד"ר שולמן



ד"ר שולמן



ד"ר שולמן



ד"ר שולמן



ד"ר שולמן



ד"ר שולמן



ד"ר שולמן



ד"ר שולמן

אתר



ד"ר שולמן



ד"ר שולמן



ד"ר שולמן



ד"ר שולמן

דואר

Dr. Shaul Magid, YC Professor of Mysticism and Gastronomy presents



ALKA-BITS

The Cereal With Nitzotzos!



- *Fortified with Divine sparks scattered during Beriyas ha-Olam
- *No fat or calories—this cereal is pure ruchniyus
- *Listen to the Snap, Crackle and Pop of the Sefiros
- *Takes your neshama to a new Ramah!
- *Made according to the exacting specifications of Lurianic and Cordevaran Kabbalah
- *Give Chabadskers that extra burst of energy for Shacharis

And every box comes with a free Kameya!

Under the strict *Hekhsher* of Hakham Kaduri - Only for *Qkhlei Kitniyos* and non-Maimonideans

(Note: Not recommended by R' Shalom Carmy)

About The Cover: EDAH is proud to bring you our pictures of the rabbinic leaders of our time. While not all of these Gedolim are associated with our organization, we support wide diversity within Orthodoxy.

H A M E O R O T

is produced under the benevolent rule of
HRH Baron Mr. Stephen Matthew Tolany¹,
 reigning *Rosh ha-Iton u-Nesiah*
 and *übermensch*

Shivas Sarei Paras U-Madai

Benjamin Balint
Rachel Leiser
Yardaena "The Connector" Osband
Abigail Shapiro
Tamar Wadler
The Rebbe R' Yossi' Elimelekh me-Lizhejnk Ziffer
Gevalt! So much More Rice!

THE HOLY, HOLY PURIM CHEVRA

ve-ha-Kohanim ve-ha-'am...

("Not normal...")

Kohanim:

Moshe ha-Kohen Kahan—*Kohen ha-Gadol Me-Ekhuv*
 Dov Sieg's ha-Kohen Man—*HAMEVASER Correspondent*
 Yonason ha-Kohen Paganoff—*Sefiros Correspondent*
Adonenu Meqor Hokmah—Our Master, the Source of
 Wisdom

Leytim shlit'a:

~~Aharon Tzvi ha-Levi Yolkut—Editor-in-Chief~~
~~The Craig Kapulya ha-Levi Berkovich—Antinomian Editor-in-Chief~~

M. J. ha-Levi Nightingale—Secret

J. from Princeton re: Levi Stern's—Ivy League/Lakewood/
Moshe Hirsch Correspondent

El'ya Aharon ha-Levi Schorr—Husband of

Correspondent

Yissachor Douglas Ian Segal-McGillacutty—Gentile Correspondent/Nadvomer Rebbe

Mexican ha-Levi Man—Mexican Man

Moshe Refael b'R' Elya Aharon ha-Levi Schorr—Our Grandson

Metempsychosis Man—Astral Body Correspondence

Le-havdil, Assorted Zarim:

Duke—*Sar ha-Mashkim*
 "Yolkut, why do you say these things?"
 Daniel Ehrenreich, the *Rosh Av Grikki*—Scientist-in-Chief
 Aharon Frazer—HBF Correspondent
 My Pal Hurry—Bus Driver
 Larry Jacobs—Boarding House Runner
 Reb Yonathan Kriss—*Be al ha-Rif* Charlam, IDF

Additional Thanks:

Rahmana Leba Stark—Musical Research
 Aliza Rabin—Knapsack Correspondent
 Antinomian Man—Wants to be a Shabbos Tzvi
 Musical Accompaniment to the Writers provided by
 HaRav R' Shlomo Garfinkel ztl'a

[illegible]

Migdal Elokim Chai

The Convention, New York After repeated days of long conferences and inspiring *tefillah* groups, the feminists got really angry. Citing the intolerable abuse they receive from those (male) rabbis, the speakers directed their attention to the source of their complaints, the Holy One, Blessed Be He (sic). "The men have been misquoting *Kudsha Brikh-ha* for years, and it's time to find out ourselves," one strident protester declaimed. In a stirring address, Blu Greenberg said it was time to address God (Hashem to right wing obscurantists such as the Vaad haRabbanim of Queens) directly for an authoritative pesak. "For where there's a Divine Will there's no *bekhira hofshis*...or something-like that."

Once the applause died down, Blu unveiled her plan for the construction of a huge tower, aimed to reach heaven itself. The tower has been hailed by some as the perfect forum for Orthodox men and women to work together in perfect egalitarianism, and the site provides a perfect *mehitzah* for women's *tefillah* groups and separate male services (known formally as *Tefillah be-tzibbur*). Proposed sites for the tower included Efrat, proposed by Rabbi Shlomo Riskin, but that was voted down after Leslie Wexner pledged huge financial support if the project remained in the United States. Rabbi Riskin then suggested that the sunny island of Hawaii would be a wonderful place for the tower, but Manhattan was finally selected, albeit over strong objection from Rabbi Haskel (Hakkie to those on the right) Lookstein, who pointed out that "after all, all of Manhattan is a tower." Blu Greenberg suggested waiving some of the state seven day waiting periods for building permits, but Rabbi Saul Berman insisted that the construction of the tower must conform to God and Her will, and hence be conducted well within the bounds of halakha and American laws (much like Jewish tapes, but without songs stolen from R' Shlomo Carlebach). *Mezuzot* and *ma'akot* were hence to be installed as prescribed by the Shulhan Arukh, and all refreshments served on the site should strictly avoid *chalah* *stam*, *neveilos*, *chametz she'avar alav ha-Pesach*, and *shor ha-niskal*. Rabbi Shlomo Riskin suggested that to mark the sanctity of the structure, the women working on construction should dress in *Yom Tov* clothing, but a shortage of hamburgs and blue *bekishes* rendered this highly impractical. Even the blueprints themselves are said to have been designed by the Rav zt'l based on the structure of the Women's *Beis Medrash* of Brest-Litovsk, Lithuania, although the forepeople of the project have been cagey in showing these plans to outsiders. Scoffing, Rav Abba Bronspegel has expressed serious doubts as to whether the Rav had any familiarity with architecture at all, or even if he had ever been inside a building. Rav Mordechai Tendler claims to have similar designs drawn up by his grandfather, the late Rav Moshe Feinstein (known to those on the right as *Rav Moshe*), but they disappeared with his grandfather's collection of Neshama Carlebach CD's.

Hakham Bashi Don Mitchel Serels, though unsure of how women could construct a tower from their homes, was nonetheless dismayed at the lack of Sephardic women involved in the project. However, after speaking with Shas party officials, Serels felt assured that "everything would be taken care of." In an unrelated story, Rabbi Lamm has taken an impromptu vacation to an unnamed South American country. In yet another unrelated story, the Y.C. Sephardic club has expanded its programs to include the Arye Deri Deli Kasbah Night and the Elie Souissa *Meliah* Club.

The tower project, though, has met with stiff objections from leading Roshai Yeshiva.

"What do these women know about construction, or *halakha* realities, building a tower without the slightest knowledge of *gud usik* or *levud*. They probably think that a structure will collapse if there are three handbreadths (*tefachim* to those on the right) gaps in the walls. Fools." Posited one Rosh Yeshiva in an angry *Beis Yitzchok* article entitled *Apekhe Migdal ha-Shein*.

"What business do women have with bricks? The *gezeyra shava* to *avadim* can't be used to expand their role! Stick to being *mevaldos*— and leave the *chomer u-levayim* to those who know how to handle them." Responded RIETS Rosh Yeshiva, Rosh Kofel, and neighbor of Telshe-Riverdale, Rabbi Mordechai Willig (known to those on the right as *Remu*). "And what do they need their own buildings for? Any woman who doesn't understand *ishit ke-beis* really scares me." He was then horrified to learn that Deli Kasbah was negotiating to have a huge *hanukiyah*/VCR (based on the design of the Rambam) placed at the top of the tower, to be lit by the TAC chess squad. A leading opponent of women forming *tefillah* groups, learning *gemara*, receiving rabbinical ordination, making

waffles, leaving the house, and drinking tapes, R' Willig told Hamevaker that the tower was yet another example of feminist "edification complex."

Amused, Blu Greenberg *ke-lev* to those on the right, including Rav Schachter, Rabbi Dr. Norman Lamm (*Rosh ha Yeshiva u-Senahg* Rabbi Dr. Meir D. Tendler and the Radziner Rebbeberg), to point out that the Rabbis were merely dragging their heels, because where there's a rabbim, will daughters inherit... or something like that."

In order to shore up rabbinical support, R' his Weiss and Berman have established a foundation train rabbinical students in both the fundamental architecture as well as to orient them toward egalitarianism. The group, Modern Egalitarian American Rabbinic Architects (MEARA), meets weekly at the base of the tower and hears lectures from such history scholars such as Dr. Hayim Solovitchuk, who is lecturing on "Doors and Locks among Lithuanian German Pietists", dubious scholars such as Dr. B. "Yitz" Greenberg, speaking on "Who need a Wall? The Joint Synagogue-Mosque/Church Building Monastery Construction Plan," and Rabbi Robert H. on "Why does the Main Building look like a Mosque anyway?" The program is being underwritten by the Max Stern Division of Communal Services, who feel that the MEARA fellows will spice up Total Tours, although some more conservative voices have raised objections to the *hokhurim* being carried through the *ezras nashim* to be kissed during *hakafos*. Not surprisingly, the *Roshai Yeshiva* have reacted to this new development with typical restraint, only stating cryptically "the forces of the fourth floor are at work here."

Rav Rosensweig has prepared a comprehensive analysis of the situation, but soon became too bogged down in issues of *negae'i Batim*. He hopes to be able to discuss MEARA some time next semester, after he does *Parsha* from some time last year. (Upon hearing this, Rabbi Weiss was relieved that Rav Rosensweig had declined the position of building foreman for the project, as the tower was hoped to be completed prior to June *zman*.) Some students have taken to approaching him at home to discuss feminist issues, but his wife soon brought an end to this practice after Amichai Erdtaly was found sleeping on their couch at four in the morning.

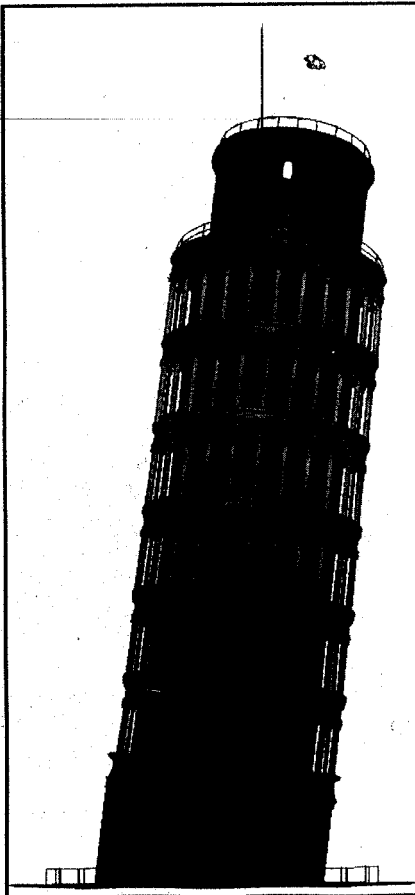
Rav Schachter, on the other hand, was more outspoken in his criticism. "One of these Rabbis was in the RIETS Sukkah building contest when I was judge, and let's just say that his canvas was all over the floor before *hol ha-Mo'ed*."

When questioned as to why someone with a staggeringly encyclopedic knowledge of *Shav*, *Rishonim*, and *Acharonim* couldn't find a more substantive objection to the tower program, Rav Schachter simply shrugged and responded, "I don't know. Could be."

With the added support of MEARA, the corner laying ceremony of the tower, was celebrated with tremendous fanfare. The ceremony, co-sponsored by the Israel Club, was to begin with men and women in elaborate blue and white costumes marching in with large Israeli flags. However, this was cancelled due to a fear that it may prompt an impromptu protest by AMCHA members in the audience.

The tower raising was preceded by a stirring

Continued on page 11



He brought us *THE GODFATHER*.
He brought us *THE LAST DON*.
Now, Mario Puzo brings us

All for the Boss

I received Papa's letter. It's been fifteen years since I've seen Papa. I had tried to visit him for years now, ever since he moved my husband, son, two daughters, and myself, to our new home in the Southwest. I'm not sure exactly where we live, but we're protected by a huge fence, bloodthirsty dobermans, and armed guards. Papa said we'd be safe there from the enemies of the Boss, but I still think that it would be nice to leave the property every now and then. Oh well, Papa knows best.

Memories of my childhood flashed before me.

When Papa hurried home from shul, he was greeted with a "Mazel Tov, it's a girl." Papa stared unbelievably. Are you absolutely sure? Papa was crest-fallen, and when I was born, he sold me as an *amah yevri'ah* for a few years.

Papa named me Ruchoma, but soon changed it to Ruchoma-mia. He said it was for the Boss. Everything he did, in fact, was for the Boss.

When I was a young girl, I always thought my father was a *shohet*. Every morning, he went off to the *Mikveh*, with his *Tallis* and *Tefillin* under one arm, and a gleaming knife in the other. Puzzlingly, though, Papa would only refer to his occupation as "a soldier of the Boss." I didn't realize what that meant until I was seven, when I first saw Papa use his knife on one of our neighbors, who had been smoking outside on *Shabbos*. I immediately burst into tears.

Papa took me onto his lap and said, "Ruchama, do not cry. It was what the Boss wanted."

Many people suffer throughout their lives, Papa would tell me. Some of them need money, others protection, others love. They all turn to the Boss, and he always answers their pleas. If you have a dispute with your neighbors, he will politely speak to them, and make them an offer they can't refuse. In the end, everyone is happy. In fact, they're so overcome with gratitude towards the Boss that they always feel obligated to return the favor.

I once visited one of Papa's gentle associates, a gentle fellow named Louie the Barber. Louie handed me a beautiful doll. I was so happy, but fearful that Papa would not let me keep it.

When I arrived home, Papa asked me, "Ruchoma, where did you get that from?"

I stuttered, "F-F-F-From Louie, Papa."
Papa frowned, "Ruchama-mia, the Torah prohibits us from having idols."

He took the doll and smashed its head against the floor. As I cried, Papa pulled a small bag of white powder from out of its head and slipped it in his pocket.

He looked at me sternly and said, "Ruchama, we must always follow the bidding of the Boss."

Another time, I bought myself a doll and hid it from Papa. "Ruchoma-mia, give me your doll," Papa said firmly. "You must obey the Torah. No idols in a Jewish home." But I would not yield, and I hid my doll in a shoe box underneath the bed.

The next morning, I awoke to find the doll's decapitated head next to me on the pillow. I never bought a doll again.

One winter day, when I was six years old, I

became sick, and developed a deep rash. The doctor told Mama that I had scarlet fever. The red blotches itched terribly. Mama watched over me with deep concern to prevent me from scratching myself. Papa took over my care at nights, so Mama could rest. "Make sure that Ruchoma-mia does not scratch her face. It could leave marks," Mama warned Papa.

Papa had my hands chained to the wall, so I could not scratch myself. It was only years later that I appreciated how wise Papa had been.

Papa always made sure that we were safe and healthy. One day, I got into a fight with Shira, one of my classmates. Papa saw my black eye. I was crying. Papa said, "Don't worry. Daven hard and the Boss will protect you." And he was right. Shira never bothered me again. In fact, I davened so well that Shira's family moved to Baltimore a week later.

Papa's method of punishment was unique. When I misbehaved, he escorted me into the bedroom, took off his leather belt, and brought it down heavily on the bedpost. Then, someone brought in a small child, and Papa would strike him hard, repeatedly. I screamed each time really loud. This way, Papa never hit me once, but I still feared him.

Papa was very strict with us. He never allowed us to read any books from the local library, and he discouraged us from attending the local movie theater. But I loved reading, and I would sneak books out of the library. I would also take Mama with me to the movies. When Papa found out, he was furious.

The next day, the library and theater closed. Papa smiled. "The Boss always helps me, he said."



Papa loved performing *mitzvos*, and especially enjoyed encouraging others to do the same. One morning, I went to visit Papa in his study, and a man was walking out hiding something under his shirt. I asked Papa what this man was doing. With a big smile on his face, Papa explained that the man was carrying his *lulav* with him everywhere he went, just like they did in *Yerushalaim*. I was very happy with this answer, I told him, except for the fact that it was the middle of the summer. "Ruchonamia," said Papa in an angry voice, "I don't like you questioning the Boss. It's those 'goiyish' books that cause this insolent behavior. Your school should not permit you to read any books!"

And once again, the Boss answered his prayers. The next day, P.S. 42 announced its new policy: No more books. I was very upset, and it wasn't until years later, when I entered college, that I realized how wise Papa had been.

Papa was very concerned about *tzniyus*. One day, he was informed that at the beach, men and women would swim together. Papa had someone walk back and forth on the beach wearing a sign, which read: It's against Jewish law for men and women to swim together. The Boss is very upset about this.

Papa's sign was so convincing that even the non-Jews stopped attending the beach until they enforced separate swimming hours for men and women.

Papa was very active in providing Jews with reliable Pesach products. We had a *shemura matzah* bakery. Papa supervised the milking of *cholov yisrael* milk, and starting in the 1920's, we also started to make our own wine. However, for kabbalistic reasons, Papa was very *makpid* not to let a gentile see the wine, and so when one of the neighborhood policemen was in our house, Papa would not only seal the wine in opaque bottles, but would even keep it sealed in a special room in the basement.

One day, Mama found a strange looking *pupik* in one of the chickens. She asked Papa to go to the Rav, and ask a *shaylah*. "But make sure to tell him that there were 24 chickens, and only one questionable *pupik*," screamed Mama.

I went with Papa to the Rav. "Please examine this *pupik*." The Rav looked for a while, and finally paskened that it was *treif*. "That's it," exclaimed Papa, "I'm throwing out all 24 chickens."

"But," said the Rav, "in a case of *hefseid merubah*, I can be more *meikel*."

"Nope," said Papa, "I don't look for *kulos*."

On the way home, I asked Papa, "But what will we eat on *Shabbos*? What about all the *orchim*?" But Papa was obstinate. "We have to follow the Torah, and if we do, then I'm sure the Boss will help us out."

Sure enough, right before *Shabbos*, a truck-load of fresh chickens, all cooked just hours earlier, came by our house. They had many extra chickens, and they gave it to Papa as a gift. They even kissed his hand.

The *orchim* were a very important part of our lives. Our home was always open, even to non-Jews. In fact, many Italians ate at Papa's table along with various *Mesluachim*, *Roshei Yeshivos*, and *schnorrers*. The Italians developed a real love for

Yahadus, specifically Mama's *knagel*; in fact, they would often even sleep in Papa's private Beis Medrash in the basement, the one behind the false wall.

The special atmosphere the *orchim* created was a backdrop to my entire youth. There was Reb Barukh Ber Leibowitz, who taught me the significance of *Talmud Torah*, Mordechai "the Garteil" Abramowitz, who showed me how to make the *berakha* "ha-Tov ve-ha-Meitiv" with *hislahavus*, and Vinnie "the Atarah" Cappucino, who taught me how to be *yerei Hashem be-Seser u-ve-Galui*, but especially *be-seser* when he was hiding out in our basement.

I once asked Mordechai why he was called the Garteil. He explained that as a Yeshiva bokhur, he would use his garteil to hang a dummy of Haman from the roof on Purim. Strangely, he seemed to start trying out his noose on local cops in Tammuz.

One Purim, I wanted to play at my friend Beila's house, but Papa knew it was more important that I learn about the *ahavas reym* that is such an integral part of Purim. He took me to the vat of grapes in our basement and took off my shoes. "The *Orchim* are thirsty, Ruchama," he said, "Get busy."

Papa was very concerned about the welfare of others. He loved all Jews. He loved all people. In fact, he spent hours every day helping out the sanitation workers. I once heard him say that he was afraid some other business would come and take over. Obviously, Papa was worried that some of the workers would lose their jobs.

On my sister's wedding invitations, Papa added the then-unheard-of phrase, "Ladies, please come dressed according to Jewish Law."

Papa stood at the door with a bushel of sweaters for female guests attired immodestly. When Aunt Rifka refuses to cover her sleeveless arms, though, Papa neatly chopped off her arms with his sharp knife. While this caused an uproar among the guests, Papa smiled, "The Boss wants women to dress modestly," and wiped the blood off his knife.

Although it took weeks of scrubbing before Mama could get the blood out of my new dress, there is no doubt that Papa did the right thing.

Sukkos was always a wonderful *yom tov* in our house. Papa spent a lot of time selling his *mehudar lulavim* and *esrogim*. He also used the opportunity to sell his special *besamim*, but he was *makpid* not be

over on *bol tosf*. Therefore, he had us grind the green leaves into a fine powder and wrap them in rolling paper.

When I was 15, I worked at Reb Michel's pawn shop. One evening, as I was leaving work, a young gentleman asked me cordially if he could escort me to the subway station. I nodded in the affirmative. It was gratifying to have a young man, rather than one of our more elderly *orchim*, pay special attention to me. We walked several blocks when I saw Papa walking towards us.

"Ruchama, who is this young man?" Papa's tone showed his rage as did his instinctive move to his shoulder holster.

At this the man seemed slightly flustered and began to run.

I screamed as Papa shot him in the leg. Papa turned to me and said, "Ruchama-mia, you know this is no way for a *yiddishe tochter* to act."

Although I didn't realize it at the time and watched the young man screaming in agony, Papa was clearly right. It is only a shame that Papa had to waste so many bullets before I realized that.

One late evening soon after, Papa had a serious talk with me.

"Ruchama, you are 15 years old. It is time to get married."

"Papa, I don't feel that I'm ready for marriage. I have to wait at least another few months until I'm sixteen."

Papa took me onto his lap, pinched my cheeks roughly and told me I was engaged to Mickey the Litvak, a loyal servant of the Boss, and we would soon be moving to the Yeshiva Gedolah in Sicily so that he could deepen his Torah studies.

As Mickey was missing three fingers, I was deeply saddened by this. It was only after he was mysteriously found floating in the Canal Street *Mikveh* that I realized what a special *chossan* Papa had chosen for me.

I remember the years in Sicily as some of the most inspiring in my life. Mickey would go off to the Beis Medrash every morning with his Gemara, and while I awaited for him to come home I learned to make wonderful tomato basil pasta *kreplach*, which Mickey would hungrily wolf down while I cleaned his gun, and then he'd grab his ski mask and run back for night *seder*.

One Shabbos shortly after we were married, Mickey invited a young bokhur, Lucky Aryeh, to join us for our *Suedah*. Unfortunately, I had forgotten to put any water in the Cholent that week, and it turned into a charred black mess. Aryeh started laughing, and I fled the table in tears. Needless to say, Mickey never brought Aryeh home again. Come to think of it, I don't think I ever saw him again.

While Papa always spoke of his love for Eretz Yisroel, he shocked all of us one day in 1949 when he told us that he and Mama would be leaving for Yerushalayim immediately. "With all of the *Yiddn* now in Eretz *ha-Koydesh*," Papa explained, "The Boss needs someone there to organize them."

After high school, I had wanted very much to go to college. Papa would not hear of it. When I was a mature woman, I needed to take certain courses in order to obtain a teacher's license. I registered for an ethics course.

The first session dealt with the immorality of killing.

This was against what I had learned all my life from Papa.

My hand flew into the air.

"The Ten Commandments," he said, "do not allow *murder*, which means 'for Him, you shall not kill.' The students snickered, and the class erupted in conversation.

I then knew how wise Papa had been in preventing me from attending college.

People don't seem to fear the Boss these days. Assimilation, television, the FBI, the costs of cement, and gun control have taken the life out of our time honored faith in The Boss. But Papa was as well, and me and my family live by the Boss, and after *meah ve-esrim shana*, will find the true bliss of *Misah al yedei Neshikah*.

Cloning - Continued from pg. 11

Realizing the great potential for conspiracy theories connected to the existence of multiple Ravs, Oliver Stone is developing a movie around the story. In keeping with the tradition established in his "Nixon" of casting actors looking nothing like the original figures portrayed, the Rav is to be played by the Lonely Man of Faith.

Meanwhile, now that YU's cloning abilities has come to light, the student body has begun discussing its various ramifications and applications. In what was thought to be a brilliant move, SOY leaders announced that they were willing to fund the cloning of the *gabbai beis medrash* to help complete the 7:45 *beis medrash* shacharis minyan. This idea, however, was immediately opposed by the gabbaim, who argued that no one had ever davened in Reb David's minyan, and they weren't going to start now. Interestingly, the idea of cloning the *gabbai beis medrash* was also strongly opposed by the rest of the student body.

So, if you're walking one late final evening down shadowy Amsterdam blocks, and you think you see the silhouette of a bearded man with an accented voice carrying a large amount of sefarim, you may have encountered one of the many Rav clones in the world. Or, of course, it could have been one of the Breslover *mishulachim*, lurking in the shadows.

Personals

We are proud to offer this new service, which will allow our many readers to advertise for *shidduchim*. Good Luck!

A Lot Younger Than My Parents: Idealistic Shidduch for new learning in Baltimore looks for capable, energetic, *bachula* girl now in Breuer's semi-finish.

Beis Medrash: *Hamashe* girl from Boro Park seeks *bachur* who can work for father in diamonds and *chassidim* family in Boro Park. Hungarian ancestry and *shidduch*.

Beis Le-Litvak: YU grad who worked for *Chassidim* in NY, *Yachad*, *Carmel*, *Sinicha*, *Torah Tours*, and *Beis Le-Litvak* seeks Stern girl who also gave up on *learning* someone that way.

Still Not Engaged, and Starting to Get Panicky: Outgoing, pretty Stern College senior, 5'4", who is going for O.T. and always smiles and laughs at boys' jokes is looking for YU or Queen's College guy who's pre-Med or pre-Law or pre-Accounting or pre-Semicha or anything.



613 Torah Avenue — Vol 2540

You remember me, I'm your friend Chayim
I'm back from 2 years, in Yerushalayim
There I learned Torah, Day and Night
And learned how to tell, wrong from right
And now, after a summer stay at Torah Avenue
I'm off for new adventures, at a place called YU
My Kibbutz warned me, not everything there is fun,
some of the professors are downright *kiam!*
But I'll be real careful, my *nevinim*, they won't get,
After all I did stay for *shana yet*.

I learned that davening in Yeshiva is a big *inyan*,
but in Israel we never had to wait to get a *minyan*.
Oh yes, I just left to get a coffee at the store,
and now there are no seats left on the *Beis Medrash* floor!
I'll learn in the library, run by big spenders,
Computers and stereos but what about shenders?
They say that upstairs is where they have seforim;
I feel myself in need of a *Mesilas Yesharim*.
Wow! There are sets of *Gemara*, *Rambam* and *Tur*,
could it be a *Beis Medrash*, on the fifth floor?
Those people are learning, they must think it's a beis;
but there are girls and English books all over the place!
Boys and girls study, it seems like for pleasure;
haven't they seen *Igoris Moshe*, *Siman Samekh*, *Even HaEzer*?
That man with a chumash must be doing *shnayim mikra*;
but he tells me he's writing a paper on the source of *Vayigra!*
"Hello Chayim" chirps out that sheaf of dog-eared paper
Can you enlighten me, to these *kefiru-dig* capers?
Mr. Notes, you seem filled with much that's not pure,
Why are "Intro to Bible" notes not strictly *assur*?
"My name is Mesorah, soon you'll know me well,"
I don't want to! I'm too scared of hell!
"Chayim, sit down, just hear my sweet tune,
and you'll be studying *kefiru* with the best of them soon!"

The Intro Song

(to the tune of "Its time to learn Torah")
Its time to teach Torah today,
Lets look at Chumash, What does it say.
Now please follow my directions,
By dividing Bible into sections:
Look for *Havayah* and *Shem Elokim*,
Know what was written by the *Kohanim*,
Study what the *choikrim* wrote,
The *Rishonim* just missed the boat!

Its time for lunch, lets try the calf,

<http://www.toldosahron.com>

Welcome to the
Toldos Ahron Website!!!!
The ONLY Tziyoinus-Free
Website on the Net!!!

Click on any of the following menu items...

- * To listen to a clip of *Be-shilton ha-koyfrim* (Requires Real Audio)
- * To throw a virtual stone at cars (requires MPEG)
- * **Aveydas Teyman** — The REAL STORY of *acheyni Br'ai yisrael* from Yemen
- * **Yossele** — Interactive video game, where YOU save the Shumacher kid from *shmad* at the hands of the *Tziyoinim*, Y'sh

Links to Zionist organizations:

- * www.aguda.com
- * www.betz.com
- * www.toldosavromyitzchok.com

I've heard you can meet there, some of the staff
"That's Rav Carmy", they say, making a racket
He is a rabbi? Where is his jacket?
Hello, Professor, my name is Chayim,
Do you believe in *Torah min ha-shamayim*?
This Rabbi Carmy speaks of many strange things,
Its like reading a chapter of *The Juggler* and the King.
"Listen up Chayim, I tell you, you ought'er!"
Oh hello there, Mr Tall Blue Glass of Ice Water.
"You'll learn so much from this lunch before very long,
Eat your scallops and yogurt, while I sing Rav Carmy's song!"

The Carmy Chorus

(to the Carlebach *David Melekh Yisrael*)

Truman, Gout, and Hay Fever,
Kierkegaard, and Jewish Believers,
Baseball, Yitziblaui and Golden Retrievers
Welcome to R' Shalom's Magical World

With lots of Monty Python,
And the Rambam and Ramban,
Its varied like a maze
You'll be left in a Daze
In Rebbe's Magic World.

Sit down with Rebbe, at his Table
Accept the Carmy Chossid Label,
Stay for as long as you are able
Lunching in Rebbe's Magic World
Stories from Reb Yoshe Ber
Irish Drinking Songs and the history of chairs,
Tales of Oliver Sacks,
Weird Books culled from the Stacks
In Rebbe's Magic World.

I don't know, This stuff just isn't right
It's not what in Israel they call *frumkeit*.
I want to be a good Jew, to take my *neshama* higher
maybe you can help me out, Mr. Huge Fiery Pyre
"Hi, Chayim, I am Molekh, and soon I'll let pass
a new great *golem*, made of dirt and grass.
Taught by a mystic, versed in ways of magic,
hopefully this trick will get us all ecstatic."
"Isn't this assur? It's like worshipping the *Ba'al*!"
"Why no, my boy, it's from the Mahara! to Ramchal!"
"This seems like a hefty Issur, the Torah tells us them to kill!"
"But we have a *hetter* from our *Posek*, Rabbi Alan Brill."
Rabbi Brill, I don't want to seem weird

But shouldn't a *Mekubal* have a beard?
Can I really learn Kabbalah before I'm forty
I think that I'd rather take *Iyov* with Mordy.
Everything in this place is against our *mesorah*
Next thing you'll tell me, is to marry a *Sefer Torah*.

The Nistar Ditty

(to the *niggun* the *goyyim* call "Oh Susannah")

Nigleh is very nice but it doesn't fit the bill,
We've been Modern far too long says Rabbi Alan Brill.
So throw away your Hirsch and go back to the source,
With the proper *Sheimos* you can ascend to use the Force.

Chorus:

So learn Kabbalah, its secrets are so great,
From the Rambam to the Vilna Gaon, Jews did meditate.

Verse:

Chassidus is so very deep, it cuts you like a knife,
You can be so exalted, if you find the Besht's old pipe.
But even the Litvaks knew the Secret Shining Path
Only Yekkes and Neo-Briskers incur the Mystic's wrath.

Chorus:

So learn Kabbalah, its secrets are so great
Leave all your preconceptions at the Revel building gate.

— The Making of a Gabbai

What a long, confusing day!
I need to relax before Seder — I know, I'll see the play.
But what is this? From monkeys we come?
Doesn't the mashgiach care what plays are done?
Hi there Mr. Monkey, maybe you can enlighten me?
Who's behind this hideousness, which certainly frightens me?
"Come meet Dr. Benkas, he's quite a *tsaddik*,
at least this play isn't erotic."
This is awful, Mr. Monkey, though your fur is brown.
"We also have our own Rov, in real laboratory gown.
He knows Biology cold, and's a real Torah mentor
Just don't tell him you learn by R' Herschel Schechter."
He stands there speaking, of Tuna and Tekheles and Cloning.
From him, I'll learn if the actors are *chayav* stoning.
Isn't Evolution *kefiru*? Don't the gedolim forbid it!
"Don't you know who my *shver* was, you bumbling idiot?
Reb Moshe hattered it, I have an outright statement,
I'll find whenever I clean up my basement.
And what do they know, these self-proclaimed *Gedolim*,
They can't tell the difference between *Meysim* and *Choylim*!"

The Goses Grammin

(to the tune the *goyyim* call Head and Shoulders)
Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes
Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes
Eyes and ears and mouth and nose
But still, but still, they're all brain dead.

Its time for night Seder, back to the Bais,
Oy Vey! Where is my mace!
The Van stop is swarming, with hideous *nush*,
who quote unquote *bokhurim* are trying to touch.
I can't bear to watch this, it *mamash* breaks my heart!
This is worse than the filth which they show us in art.
Mr. Van, Mr. Van, What's going on?
Why hasn't anyone told this to Rabbi Kahn?
"Oh Chayim, you have to learn,
Where better to find a *shiddukh* than on the van to Stern?
For NCSY, *hetter kiruv* is great,
but *hetter kiruv bassar* will find you a mate!
Listen to my song, and soon it will be clear,
that visible affection is the way some do things here.

TIRED OF INSIPID JEWISH MEDIA FOR KIDS?

The Bernard Revel Graduate School is proud to present

Rapping and Rupturing
with Rabbi Dr. Haym ha-Levi Soloveitchik

♦ *Dance to the reknowned rich Brisker
baritone that makes his students cry*

♦ *A sophisticated, yet spirited, merry romp
through the four Halakhic cultures for
children of all ages!*

♦ *Featuring Authentic Brisker and Talner
niggunim—learn all the hit songs and
latest dances for Morg parties!*

Some preparation required

Mazal Tov to...

Eliyohu "Shluffy" Juni on becoming a *chosson*
Yonina Caplan on helping

Gedalyah Berger and Miriam Davis
on their recent marriage
L'Cha'am! L'Cha'am!

Fritz de St. Moritz and Deborah Walder
on their recent engagement

Tzeiskhem le-Shalom

to our longtime coorespondent R' Eli Clark on
ending a decade of service to Purim Hamevaser
and moving on to the RJJ Journal and *le-havdil*
some other magazines *r'l*

Negiyah

(to the tune of Moshiah, Moshiah, Moshiah (sic))

Verse:
"Thursday Night, Going to Stern,
To see your Girlfriend again.
Give her a kiss, hug her goodbye,
You think God really cares?"

Chorus:

Negiyah, Negiyah, Negiyah
[Oyoyoyoyoy]
Negiyah, Negiyah, Negiyah
[Oyoyoyoyoy]
Although it is *befreyrush assur*,
It goes on at the Van Stop
Every week again and again
And Again
And again and again and again....

Verse:

Holding hands, at the van stop,
That's dating for me and you,
Fooling around's *Halakhically* sound,
If you're a Modern Orthodox Jew...

Chorus:

Negiyah...

My rebbeim were right, YU is *chazir-treif*
I miss Eretz Yisroel, where my mind was so safe!
My yeshiva had no art, no vans and no *nush*,
to compete with my brain turning into mush.
I'll get out of here quickly, without making a stink,
As long as I don't *chas ve-shalom* have to think.
In the meantime I'll stay here, all bitter and spiteful.
At least the Beis Medrash minyan is so very delightful.

I saw a girl walking the other day with her soon-to-be mate. There was a bounce in her walk, a smile on her lips, a joy in her voice, and an immediacy in her step. I could tell that she thought that life was just perfect. After all, she was full of excitement, pursuing a special feeling of deep relationship, and seven bottles of cheap Carmel wine. It was at this moment that he turned to her and offered to share his life with her forever. She was hesitant at first, since he was a little overweight, about twenty-three years older, and already had a wife. But after thinking as best as she could under the circumstances, she finally agreed to be his.

Dear Pilegish

I wanted to walk over to her right then and share my thoughts with her. "You are truly fortunate," I would say. "You will be staying your *bayis ne'eman* on a truly positive note. Hashem has sent you a beautiful *ba'al*, considering, and he will provide you with the opportunity to reach the highest levels of *Avodas Hashem*, and will provide you a lovely home and more cable TV than you can imagine." But before I could say anything, she had passed out on the park bench, her eyes bloodshot, her clothes covered with vomit. I knew that when she would awake on this bench, she would feel disgusting and embarrassed, but imagine her joy when someone told her what holy relationship she had just committed to!

I decided to write a book collecting thoughts and recommendations that I can share with all *pilagshim*. They are from my many interactions with loving husbands, faithful *pilagshim*, jealous wives, scared children, and neglected goldfish who I have advised and sometimes, institutionalized. I have taken the time to go through Torah sources on the topic of *shalom bayis* with a *pilegish*. I haven't found much, but it's all *tiflus* to me, anyhow.

◆Commitment

You are at the very beginning of a wonderful relationship. Until now, your *neshama* has been incomplete, but soon you will acquire a new wardrobe. Remember, you can help make his marriage much more meaningful.

Message 1: Marriage is destined from Heaven, and it combines genuine love with deep religious worship. Also, man is a depraved animal, and I'm here to help him with that, *bli 'ayin ha-ra'*.



Yehudis has been Moshe's *pilegish* for over a month, and assumes that only she can provide that extra happiness for *shalom bayis*. One day, she notices that Moshe is interviewing some younger women to be his second *pilegish*. Yehudis runs into the room, and yells at Moshe for ignoring her.

Yehudis made two mistakes here. First of all, she initiated conversation with her *ba'al*, and didn't even bring him food! But in addition, she romantically envisioned herself as his one true supplemental love. Besides the fact that she is making up her own rules (it's no coincidence that we don't write a *kesubah* for a *pilegish*), she arrogantly dismisses the idea that perhaps she has not been sufficiently loyal to his wishes.

Message 3: Stop reading those ultra-feminist books which are putting these crazy ideas in your head, like *Tzena Ur'ena*.

◆Be Creative

Many people have conveniently misinterpreted this. Obviously, all creativity must be directed toward the *ba'al*'s best interests.

Bracha enjoys eating supper with her *ba'al*, but sometimes is unsure whether or not he wants to eat with her. So, with the *ba'al*'s permission, she crafts a golden scepter, which she gives him as a gift. From then on, when she comes to the dinner table, if he puts out the scepter, she knows she can stay. Otherwise, she returns to the island.

Message 4: Am I using my knowledge of *Tanakh* for the right purposes?

◆Creating an Island

Right after the *laylah rishona*, you will be given an island. Sometimes, the *ba'al* will force you to go there; other times, he will ask you politely. But a good *pilegish* must know when it's time to go, without being told anything.

Devorah looks forward to shopping with her *ba'al*, enabling her to both spend quality time and his money with him, and also leave the house. But he is very busy drinking beer. Devorah should take time to consider how uncomfortable her *ba'al* will be with her narrow, self-oriented plan. Then she should return to the island.

Message 2: Learn a hobby for your spare time.

◆Expectations

Many *pilagshim* enter their sacred union with absurd expectations, and it places an unfair burden on the *ba'al*, who is always very attentive to all needs of his *pilegish*.

◆Every *Ba'al* is unique-avoid comparisons

Tzvi always refers to Shani as *Shifcha*. "Shifcha," he says, "tie my shoes," or, "Shifcha, go put on *tefillin*." Shani is very upset, and one day blurts out: "Why can't you be like Dina's *ba'al*? He calls her *anah*."

The following message should be repeated whenever one starts making mental comparisons:

Message 5: I should just be lucky that my *ba'al* doesn't sell me to a *menuval* or *mukeh shkhin*.

◆1+1=1

The ultimate goal of this hallowed institution is to form a unit, to break the pattern of rugged individualism, to realize that we have to identify ourselves with someone else. It requires training to think this way, but the goal is to adapt and always keep in mind the following formula:

$$1(\text{me}) + 1(\text{he}) = 1(\text{he})$$

There are two major problems that make this equation difficult to work out as it should. The *pilegish* enters the union with a different background and personality than her *ba'al*. This is compounded by the fact that he is always trying to hide her from family, friends, and the IRS. It's very hard to identify oneself with such a *ba'al*, but it gets you nice jewelry and Nintendo.

Message 6: If not for the *ba'al*, the only companionship you'd find is a women's *tefillah* group.

◆Love and affection

Forget it.

◆A recommendation

There is a simple technique that can help make it easier to respect and appreciate your *ba'al*. Upon waking up in the morning, you should say, "Thank you, Hashem, for sending me such a wonder-



◆Maintaining your island

The island, in olden days, was kept tidy, and all furniture and amenities should not be too costly. Clean up once a week, and don't make too many long distance phone calls. You can invite your friends, as long as they meet the *ba'al*'s approval. Sometimes, your *ba'al* will bring some new, strange women to the island, and tell you, "These are your new friends from now on." Don't let this upset you; you probably don't have too many friends, anyway.

Message 9: Your island isn't your right, it's a privilege.

◆Relationship with the *Tzara*

The *Tzara*, or as she will call herself, the *'Akeres ha-Bayis*,

may be a little unfriendly, and might do a few unkind things to you. For instance, she might force you to do extra laundry or she might swing an axe at you. A thoughtful *pilegish* will stop and think, and she'll realize that it's nothing personal. Remember, your existence emphasizes how lousy her marriage is. And there's no chapter in Dear Kallah on how to deal with a *pilegish*!

The best idea is to avoid eye contact.

Message 10: Buy an axe of your own (with the *ba'al*'s permission, of course).

◆A message to *pilagshim*

I once gave a class for *pilagshim* on the topic of *shalom bayis*. I asked the women there to think of ten positive qualities their *ba'al* possessed. I expected them to be nervous, and to ponder for a long time. But they immediately began throwing around all sorts of descriptions. "Powerful," "Dominating," "Imposing," "Always in Control," "People fear him," "Drinks more beer than a camel drinks water," and other impressive superlatives. I realized that all of them had healthy relationships, and I dismissed the class.

Continued on page 10

Continued from page 9

Message 11: Some people are better off being *pilagshim*.

◆ Conclusion

Remember, the union of *pilegsh* and *ba'al* is an intimate, fulfilling, meaningful, inspiring, and enriching experience for someone like you. Yes, it's full of rough times, shaky moments, tumultuous incidents, spats, condescension, subser-

vience, locking in closets, swallowing goldfish, etc. But on the other hand, you can make great strides in your religious development. You see, your tefillos will improve like you never imagined. Every day you will pray for Divine revelation and mystical, otherworldly experiences. The leap of faith will take on new meaning for you. And when your *ba'al* sends to you to the other room when guests come over, and tells them that he's just playing dreidel,

you'll realize all too well that *ein ka-Hashem elokeinu*.

It's a difficult road ahead, but the rewards are incomparable. After years of counseling and serious medication, you will learn to appreciate your enviable lot. If you keep the proper goals in mind, you can build a *bayis ne'eman* and have tremendous *nachas* from all your children, at least until the *ba'al* sells them for new window shades.

BORED BY *NIGLEH*?



Ch'en Media is proud to present

THE LITTLE ZOHAR SAYS™

Every *yingel* needs a little *geshmakeit* in his *chinukh*!

- ◆ *The Little Zohar Says* restores that magic you can't find in today's *Chadorim*.
- ◆ Frolic in the playground of Holy Apples!
- ◆ Don't let your *kaddishel* discover Kabbalah through *Scholem shr'y* — keep him *al taharas ha-Kodesh*!

Coming soon... *The Little Moreh Nevukhim*™ and *My First Ketzos Coloring Book and Tape Set*™

The Little Zohar Says is a project of the Prisha Early Childhood Education Program

Soloveitchik Park: Adventures in Cloning

After news of the cloning of Dolly the sheep shocked the world, YU leaders began to ponder the ramifications. Renowned scientist Rabbi Dr. Moses D. Tendler commented, "I don't see what the big deal is. A lot of people around here have the brain matter of sheep, and each one is as big an idiot as the next." Other scientists immediately announced that the procedure had already been performed years ago on primates. Now, the science faculty of Yeshiva University has announced that, decades before, they dared to experiment with one of the more complex species known to mankind; they successfully cloned a Soloveitchik. "The idea was that more than one Rav was needed," explained Rabbi Dr. Norman Lamm, a renowned scientist and inventor of the famed "rocket bullet." "Combining my skills in chemistry, that of Rabbi Moses Tendler in Biology, and that of Dr. Alan Brill in Alchemy, we proceeded to produce a man for all seasons, a Rav for every spot on the political spectrum. While we were able as well to genetically engineer every clone to our preference, we resisted the temptation, although my *talmid* Jeffrey did beg us to mix the natural Soloveitchik athleticism with the brains of Red Sarachek to make a seven-foot Soloveitchik center."

The result, of course, was thousands of Rav clones, each with a different personality, outlook, and *hashkafa*. While the clones were virtually genetically identical, the particular identity of each Rav could be told by the makeup of his beard, be it black, white, full, or goateish. In one scientific slip-up, assisting

pathologist Rabbi Shalom Carny accidentally added a beard-eating virus to the mixture, resulting in a clone looking nothing like the original. This clone, however, turned out to be extremely photogenic, and was therefore later pictured on the cover of "Lonely Man of Faith."

Historians have culled together the huge amounts of evidence and subjected them to rigorous scrutiny. The main objective: identify which Rav matched which clone, and thus resolve the apparent inconsistencies in his personality and activities. They began their research with the Rav's various talmudim, who were, as always, eager to assist in accurate documentation of the Rav's life.

"Come to think of it, there did seem to be more than Rav around...I think..." said Rabbi Avi Weiss. "I seem to recall that one day the Rav came in to shiur...I'm pretty sure it was the Rav...anyhow, he came in wearing a red tie, then went out to get a *Rambam* and came in wearing a *black* tie! It was a clone! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE, AND WE CAN'T STOP THEM! JEWISH BLOOD IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK! NEVER AGAIN!"

Rav Hershel Schachter heartily concurred with his colleague Rabbi Weiss. "You can read all about it in my new forthcoming encyclopedic magnum opus, to be published in this year's *Beit Yitzchak*," he said. "I call it '*Nefashos HaRav: tzen lachem beikvei hatzon*.' In it I recount thousands of *machlokesim* between the various Rav's, and it shows from here how

all the seemingly bizarre stories were really Torah, from Sinai from Moshe Pabbim to *teheleva* from the Rosh to the Tur, from the *Queret* *Levaya* to the *Chivaron* *Mannan* to the *Minchah*, *Pachas* to the *Griker Rav*. This is the Rav's *nefesh*, the *Chav*, *Min Hashamayim*! Not that any of you should desire any of this stuff."

The scientific account of the cloning story was greeted excitedly by Aguda leader Rabbi Moshe Sherer. "This proves what we have maintained all along, that the *gedolim* never came into contact with that *Roshi Yeshiva* of Yeshiva University. That picture of Rabbi Soloveitchik with Reb Moshe and R. Aharon Kotler—that wasn't him at all, but his *trummer*, better younger clone! And it was R. Aharon's evil clone that gave the shiur in YU. And it was the Torah *Temma's* evil clone that wrote that hideous book. And it was *an* evil clone that...um, never mind."

In contrast to these cheerful endorsement of the scientific story, the idea of Rav clones met with strong opposition from Rabbi Moses Tendler, who delivered a scathing attack on the scientists. "In an interview with *TIME* magazine, he announced that he opposed the entire concept 'on biblical grounds.' When pressed to clarify what that meant, he explained, 'meaning I don't like it.'"

The tale has fascinated Hollywood as well

Continued on page 5

Migdal - Continued from page 3

speech by R' Meir Goldvicht, who regaled the audience with his bold words and various insights from R' Shleimech Zalman *z"l*. When one person in the audience nudged his neighbor and pointed out that R' Meir seemed to be speaking against the raising of the tower, he responded, "yes, but he speaks such a beautiful Hebrew and wears such a beautiful *strigie*."

Meanwhile, just as the tower raising was about to begin, Jeffrey Socol came on the scene flanked by his Daihatsu riding commandos. He had to inform the crowd that the entire tower building enterprise would have to be moved to Schottenstein Hall. When he was informed that the tower could not possibly be built inside of an existing building, he responded by loading the tower building materials onto a Daihatsu and driving them to Schottenstein.

As many in the crowd, including President Lamm, began to protest, the elder Socol reminded everyone that it was probably best not to upset Jeffrey if they didn't want any rabbinical school's budgets getting misplaced. In the end, it was probably best that this project never got off the ground as all the groups working on it turned out to be speaking different languages.

Bechina's got you down?

Can't remember that last Rashbi's?

No time to study for the M-BAT's?

The place for you is

R' Aryeh KAPLAN'S TEST CENTER

Don't mess with Mesorah notes—Get the answers straight from the *Malokhei ha Shareis*

Why spend hours reading other people's diagrams?

Guaranteed to raise your score—Rav Rosensweig will never know what hit him.

We also do Koflei Elyon entrance *bechinos* and Wexner Interviews.

A project of OU-NCSY—Some Meditation required

*Some knowledge of garbik and heretical meditation helpful.

BETH JAKOB SEMINARY LUZERN / SWITZERLAND

Applications for the School Year
5757/58 – 1997/8

At the pleasantly situated Swiss Beth Jacob Seminary of Luzern your daughter will find the *heymishe yiddische* atmosphere to absorb her intensive preparations for life in the 2 years course, starting *next* Ellul 5757 / September 1997.

The following interesting allround program is offered:-

Chumash, Meforshim, Midrash	Rav A.A. Rabinowitch
Halacha lema'aseh, Hashkafa	Rav Kalman Rosen
Tefila, Tefila K'lalis, Megilas	Rav Avraham Karmowski
Priskei Avos, Tehillim, Mishlei	Rav Kalman Rosen
Milchos Schabbos, Mussar	Rav Binjamin Rosen
History, Method of Teaching	Rebezzon Schula Sternbach
Nevium Rishonim	Mrs. Hudy Weiss
Kindergarten Teaching, English	Mrs. Sandy Bloch
Computer Course-2 years	Mr. Shimon Dalozsinsky
Secretarial course with Diploma	Migros-Klubschule Luzern
Family helping / Sewing courses / Regular swimming	

For application and further information, please contact now
Rav Kalman Rosen, Bruchstrasse 26, CH-6005 Luzern
(+41) 41 240 9039 / Fax (+41) 240-9075

WE NEED YOU—A MUSICAL DIALOGUE

(DEDICATED TO YERACHMIEL BEGIN AND THE STARVING CHILDREN OF MIAMI BOYS CHOIR)

The Women:

The shul is packed with people who have
come to pray,
But unfortunately women cannot stay
Oh they insist,
those chauvinists,
on running the minyan
Well no more
Hear us roar

The noise of the Queens Vaad just won't die down
Fueling that convention going on uptown,
Try to Repress,
Just cause more stress,
For those poor *nushim*,
Well no more,
hear them roar

Chorus:

We need you,
we need
women's
tefillah,
each and every
girl can have
bat-mitzvah

Vaad:

don't be *frum*,
just cave in,
so Mike
Steinhart can
be your friend

Vaad:

How can anybody justify,
who knows what else they're apt to try?
Saying *Borchu*,
Kedusha too,
Is *Befeyrush assur*,
Have you no shame? this is no game?

Women:

But think how it could be if all of those men
could find a way for women to relate to Hashem.
With *Frum* Gemara,
We'd leave *Drisha*,
No more *krumkeit*,
Such a cry, can you deny?

Chorus: We need you....

Stern Hanhalah:

It's only based on
hashkafa,
To say it's *assur* for
women to read the
megillah,
It's *muttar altz* the
halokhoh,
But let's pretend that it's
not

Chorus: We need you...



Rabbi Isaac Elchonon
Theological Seminary
2540 Amsterdam Avenue
New York, NY 10033

Non-Profit Organization
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
New York, NY
Permit No. 4729