

Epistle



mass panic
page 54

A PUBLICATION DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS FUNDAMENTALISM AND POLITICAL EXTREMISM
Yesterday 1999 REVELATIONS CHAPTER XXL VERSE 613 Purim 5759

YU TO CLOSE EINSTEIN, CARDOZO Cites Lack of Funds: Ferkauf to Follow

M.T. POCKETS
Money Manager

The board of directors of YU has announced that the university will close both its medical school and its law school due to a lack of funds. The decision was made when administrators noted the increased enrollment at the university's undergraduate schools while its medical and legal programs lagged behind.

"This is an absolute tragedy for my future," said Perry Mason, a pre-law student with "borderline" LSAT scores. "I don't know where I will go to law school now."

A message from the university president, Dr. Sherman Ram, ensured students that the schools would not close immediately and that students planning to enroll in the fall semester would be able to complete their post-graduate education as scheduled.

"I'm so relieved," said Doc Hollywood, a former Einstein Sloth scholar who plans to attend medical school this fall. "I turned down three other medical schools to go to Einstein, and I'm really looking forward to spending the next four years in the Bronx."

The Sloth scholars program, which gives undergraduate students research experience to pad their medical school applications, will continue for at least the next year. The summer research experience includes a sizable

stipend and the opportunity to hang out in the lab with bio nerds of the opposite gender.

Alumni of the two schools have protested the closings, and the university has agreed to consider alternative plans, like selling Einstein to another fundamentalist institution and merging Cardozo with NYU law school. Opus Dei, the Catholic Seminary located at 34th Street and Lexington Ave. has reportedly entered a bid to buy Einstein, to be renamed Copernicus Medical School.

Ferkauf may be the next school to close. Insiders in the university point to a loss of money in recent years, and questions about how YU will best serve the mentally ill.

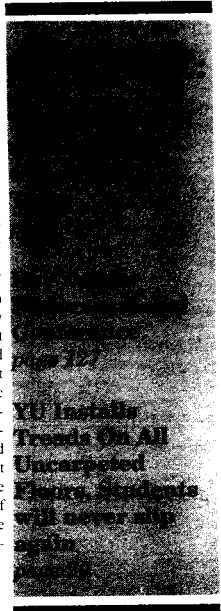
"There are many fine institutions that are training psychologists to serve the mentally ill," said David Chosen, director of YUBS. "We are evaluating if YU should be a part of that." Chosen pointed out that among religious fundamentalists there is a much lower rate of diagnosed mental illnesses, partially because of suspicions religious fanatics have about medical intervention. "It's not a problem in our community, and we have to ask if we want to muddy our hands to provide training that will not service our community."

Critics of the closing point to undue influence exerted by religious extremists among the board of directors. The announcement comes at a time when the university has announced that it will expand the yeshiva

component of the university to accept students who would prefer to learn full-time rather than earn a college degree.

"I think we've been much too hasty in our assessment of the kollel lifestyle," said Rabbi Status Quo. "After years of studying the insular model, we have discovered that it provides devoted students the strength they need to withstand the secular influences that abound in our day. While not as strong as the mimetic tradition of yesteryear, the Torah U Torah model, which assures the study of secular studies, appears to be the best way to preserve Yiddishkeit for the next generation."

More liberal elements in the YU community have blanched at the suggestion that its existing Torah U Mada philosophy does not adequately prepare students to buffet the winds of change. "At this time, we should be incorporating more secular studies, not less," said Rabbi Will Rabbinic. Rabbinic favors an expansion of the secular studies program to include classes in comparative religion and the study of ancient Greek and Roman art. When asked if these courses might present religious conflicts for students, he replied, "We must embrace the dichotomy. If we hide ourselves from the world, we miss the opportunity to enrich our religious experience."



On-Campus Military Recruiting Draws Fire From Rabbis Army, Navy and Marines capture 99.4% of Stern College population

LIBBY R.T. ORDETH
Freedom Fighter

Uncle Sam Wants You! All branches of the United States Military are seeking bright, impressionable, athletic, and ambitious women for a career option never before offered at Stern. The Stern chapter of the ROTC (Rebellion On The Campus) will begin actively recruiting eager future army cadets for the adventure of a lifetime and a chance to storm the gates of the Fort Okeewannekaballoom Military Academy, the last military-oriented school around that still makes it really, really tough for women to get in.

"We're gonna prove that there's more to a Stern woman than engagement rings and Macy's bags," bragged one junior who was, I suppose, "manning" the ROTC booth. "We're gonna show everyone what we're made of, and it sure ain't sugar and spice and everything nice! Ha Ha!"

Another junior, who was busy flexing her muscles before an impressed crowd, stated that she had been working out for weeks in the Shootingstein Residue Hall in order to reach the lofty fitness levels required for entry into the "U.S.'s Finest." "Dance Aerobics doesn't even come close to what these girls are gonna

deal with when they get to the training camp" remarked G.I. Jane, a recruiter from the Best Joint Military Academy. She added that a certain Stern College fencing instructor has already begun incorporating hand-to-hand combat drills in her course to prepare interested students for the live warfare simulations held to weed out those too weak to make the big time.

The Military contacted the Office of Career Services at SCW/SSSB with an offer they could not refuse. Faced with the daunting task of reviewing 478 transcripts, 341 personal statements, and 99.2 resumes in the next six hours, the OCS was receptive to inviting army personnel to hold a career fair in Blotch Auditorium. The army stated that it could place any graduating student in one of its divisions during the career day, thereby alleviating the heavy load of the

OCS. In fact, it made their position totally obsolete!

"People don't realize that there are many opportunities in the army for every career interest," said "Stormin'" Norman Schwartzkopf, another enthusiastic recruiter. "Let's say you want to go to medical school. Join the army and we'll pay your way, and then force you into accepting a position treating unheard of viruses in politically unstable countries for periods of up to 10 years to repay your debt. Aren't we generous?"

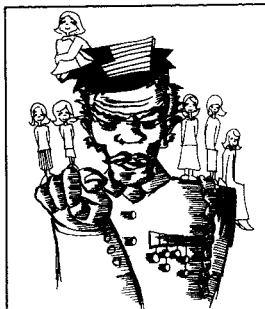
Schwartzkopf was pleased by the large turnout at the recruitment sessions. "Maybe it's because I have the same name as the president, you know, good publicity and all that" he said, chuckling.

Some of those who were not so pleased included many of Stern's religious faculty, who cited the Biblical injunction against women fighting in active combat. "This is absolutely assur!!!!!" exclaimed one rabbi. Rabbi Dice, a popular teacher at Stern, took a more positive view of the women in the army issue. "I always said that mashiach

would come the day girls in Stern volunteered to wear grungy, nondescript clothing and go six weeks without showering. And now they are! So perhaps this recruitment is really a sign that we are on the threshold of our redemption!" His views were not shared by most of the Stern rabbonim. In fact, the rabbis at Stern are beating the army fever with some of their own religious fervor. A counterattack has been launched by the Judaic studies faculty against the recruiters, and the rabbis hope that their aggressive forward march will throw the army into full retreat.

An on-campus anti-discrimination group, SAGA (Students Against Guns & Ammo) also hoped to halt the army invasion into Stern. When asked why they were against ROTC service, the president rolled her eyes at this reporter. "We're against guns and ammo, OK? And the army uses guns a lot, OK?" she sneered. She added that the army is inherently discriminatory, because it discriminates against the side that it fights against. "The other side is the only one that the U.S. army fights. Now, is that discrimination or what?"

A. Wohl is one Stern student that the rabbis and other protesters don't have to worry about. The army won't be receiving any signatures from her. "I just have



VIEWS

Campus of the Future

THE EPISTLE

ELVIS PRESLEY
the king

JESCOE WHITE
dancing outlaw

BILLY RAY CYRUS
achy breaky heart

ROBERT C. BYRD
living legend

DAVY CROCKETT
DANIEL BOONE
frontiersmen

CRYSTAL GALE
coal miner's daughter

TAMMY WYNETTE
stood by her man

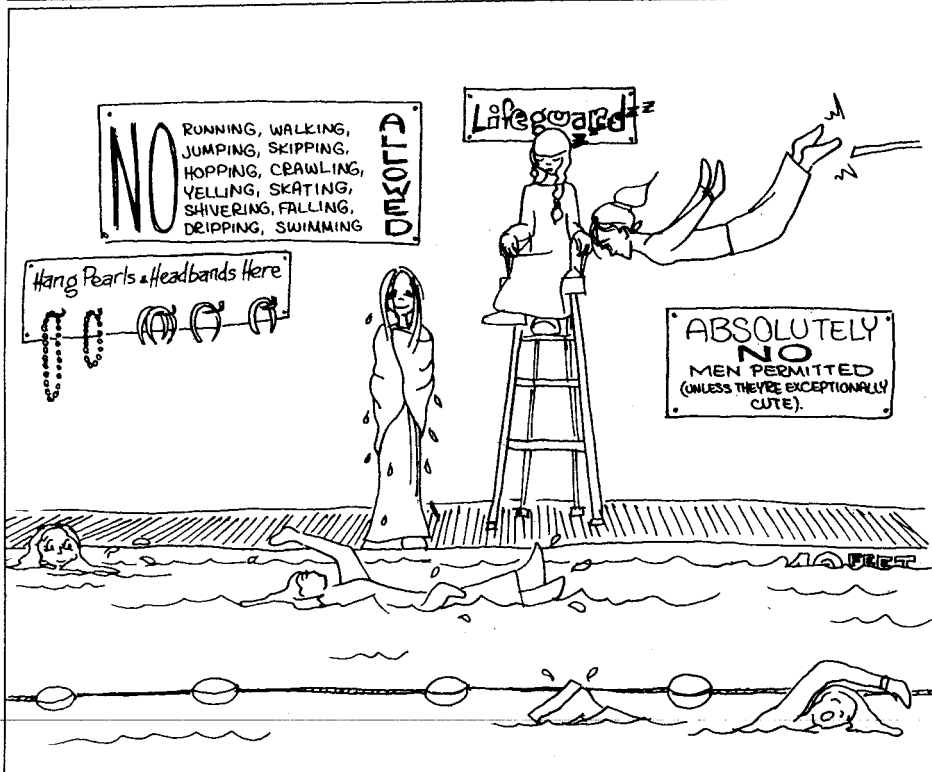
GUTTENBERG
the Holy Book

CHARLES MANSON
one crazy dude

HATFIELDS
matewan heroes

McCOYS

kentucky river rats



The new SCW swimming pool -- to be opened this fall along with other sparkling new facilities -- was generously provided by alumni and supporters with deep pockets. SCW students will enjoy the amenities of a jacuzzi, steam room and massage parlor, staffed by female professionals. Students contributed to the swimming pool fund by completing work study assignments on the Opus Dei construction site, where they found viable career options working with manly men.

Eve Tzipporah: Hyperbole in Defense of Self

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It behooves me at this critical juncture to take up slings and arrows against my accuser and to impugn further insult against my formidable constitution. Born of an internal sense to procure justice and to halt the perpetuation of rumor and speculation, I lay bare my noble reputation for the scrutiny of my detractors.

It was with bated breath and quickened pulse that I perused the litany of pejorative remarks so piercingly aimed at my vulnerable essence. I pondered whether such an enlightened moralist as Jane Austen might contend at this impasse that those of the female orientation experience insult more poignantly than their male contemporaries. I was struck, nay, dumbfounded, by the expansiveness of insults hurled so wantonly against me. However, I fortified my countenance and overcame my exasperation. I reminded myself that insult born of petty purpose cannot long endure. As my eyes indulged themselves in their own humiliation, a well of laughter rose up within me. Surely no reasonable man or woman would give credence to such insults. Surely the folly of my accuser's argument was evident from his own tainted text.

Just as the splinters of the malignant attacker subsided, a barrage of supporters announced their support of my imperiled reputation. Must I condemn myself to a defense of such scurrilous charges, or would I be relieved of my duties by this band of compa-

triot? It was then that, one after another, these selfless and irrepressible defenders of all that is faithful and good spoke up in my defense and sallied forth to be done with the great evil that had afflicted us. Though I might have pronounced in my own defense, such statements became superfluous as my kindred spirits retaliated, unmasked, on my behalf.

Might the lexicon-wielding foe who had attacked me back down from his undeserved moral pedestal? Would perhaps popular sentiment compel him to repent of this injustice? T'would not be so. Days passed, and no statement issued from his chambers.

I resumed my life of contemplation and erudition, never expecting, nor indeed hoping that such a wrong could ever fully be made right. I am as yet unconvinced that such venom can ever truly be ameliorated. But soon after a chance encounter with the very inciter of the pointed tirade against me, I received by way of formal pronouncement, an apology from the very source of my consternation.

Should I, I pondered, accept his penitence as sincere, or should I inflict grievance upon him, just as he so carelessly did to me? Would vengeance be the proper avenue for one who weighs reputation so lightly? Or would such action only condemn me to the status of my detractor?

Long I pondered such thoughts. Even as I publicly pronounced that no defense would sufficiently right what had been so aim-

lessly wronged, I entertained myself with notions of his destruction, of avenging my honor with barbs as sharp as those aimed at me.

But no, I reasoned, though such attacks were certainly meant to inspire my ire, I had not truly been harmed by his scathing remarks. Indeed, blows against my homeland and my religious devotion, when read with the sarcasm surely intended, could be deemed humorous. In fact I had been bemused with some of those remarks even on a first reading. Would it be just to rally against one who only brings shame upon himself through his ill-intended remarks? Could I really curry the requisite anger for a pointed response? No, I concluded, such would be beneath my dignity and beyond my capabilities.

My decision has served me well, as supporters declare their allegiance to my cause and admiration for my forbearance. Some have pointed out the contradictions inherent in the essay devoted to such length to my devaluation. Many have noted the disgrace heaped upon my accuser, and the subsequent admiration composed for me.

And so, I have found space in my imperiled sensibilities to forgive the excessive verbiage hurled against me, and to move forward with the resilience and inner strength that becomes me, pausing only to invest my energies in a campaign of Purimfest humor.

Bessie Makes 1,700 Tuna Wraps In One Day

World records shattered; CNN and MSNBC clamor for interviews

C. FUDE
Professional Taster

Her aching hands gripped a spatula carrying a glob of tuna fish. She slapped the glob on a spinach wrap-bread and spread the tuna fish to the regulation thickness. Could she finish the job? Bessie looked up at the crowd in front of her, weary from her day's efforts, but the hundreds of Stern girls gathered in Blotch Auditorium gave her silent support with their stares. She carefully folded the edge of the wrap over, forming a perfect roll. A sprinkle of chips and a pickle were added to the tray. Only when Bessie tiredly covered the tray with a plastic cover did the room erupt in cheers.

"I can't believe she did it!" screamed a tuna-loving sophomore who had arrived at dawn to witness the first ever Tuna Wrap-Off held in the United States. She was joined in her enthusiasm by a junior who had made a sign of support out of posterboard and empty tuna fish cans. Its message: "Wrap it up, Bessie!"

Indeed, there was no lack of fans in Blotch on February 1, 1999, when Bessie's name was entered into the Guinness Book of World Records for making 1,698 tuna wraps in a twelve-hour period with only one two-minute Fresh Samantha break. "If it hadn't been for the Super Juice, I don't think I would have made it!" said an exhausted Bessie, who was having her hands massaged out of the clenched position they had frozen into

from hours of wrap-rolling. This reporter had to fight her way through dozens of reporters, microphones, video cameras, and hungry cats before reaching the now world-famous Bessie.

"I've always toyed with the idea of making enough tuna wraps for every girl in Stern all at once, but I never worked up the courage to present the idea to the administration," Bessie confided. Bessie chose the number 1, 698 because she wanted each student to have two wraps, the average number consumed per day per girl at Stern, according to a recent Gallup poll. When Bessie tentatively informed the Office of Prudent Services of her suggestion, they jumped at her idea. "This will put Stern on the map!" shrieked an excited student council member, who then leaped into the air and made "Victory" signs before an astonished Bessie.

Her tuna-wrapping marathon sparked an international news frenzy when it was first announced in December as an event of the "Mad Hatter Experience," a program designed to expose Stern students to New York City culture. Bessie wanted to open her audience to Stern students first because of all of the support they have given her over the years. "They say 'Spinach, and tuna lite, please' so nicely. They take it, they eat it, they don't complain. What more could I ask for?" said Bessie. However, tickets at the Mad Hatter raffle were given out within 43 seconds, leaving hundreds of disappointed girls event-less. "What am I supposed to do with these Les Mis tickets? I wanted to watch Bessie do wraps!" lamented one dis-

appointed freshman at the time. (Do not worry, this student scalped her Les Mis tickets and made a tidy sum.)

And she got to see the wraps done, too. When Deans Ham and Or-Lean heard about the spectator demand, they arranged for closed-circuit televisions to be installed in every classroom at 245 Lexington. Even these valiant efforts were not able to accommodate the overflow. Tuna lovers streamed into Manhattan from the entire Tri-State area (the Tri-State area, according to Stern, includes New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Florida, Ohio, and Nova Scotia.) Some scaled the walls so that they could catch a glimpse of Bessie through the window. A sizable international contingent was represented as well, showing that ultimately, we are all united by our love of quick, protein-filled lunches. "Bessie is hero to us," whispered a Colombian fan in broken English. "I save my money to get here. It is dream of my life!"

You have probably wondered about the significance of February 1 as the day to begin The Great Stern Tuna Wrap Race, as it will go down in Stern herstory. (Well, this is a women's college, isn't it? So why don't we demand that our events be reported in politically correct language? They can't treat us like garbage, er, sanitary engineers!) Well, this past February 1 marked the 239th year since Sir John Jacob Jingle MCXVII sailed into a tiny harbor of a tropical island somewhere in the Pacific. The natives greeted the starving sailors with strange rolls that emitted a decidedly unsavory smell. I won't tell you

what was in the original wraps, because you will most certainly lose your lunch. I will tell you, though, that Sir Jingle liked the basic idea and presented it to the Queen when he returned from his journey. He simply replaced the original, er, filling with tuna, and voila! The tuna wrap was born.

However, misfortune soon struck the kingdom. The Queen was beheaded, and her successor preferred soggy tuna bagels to tuna wraps (some people have no taste). Sir Jingle was lost at sea during a later voyage, and it looked like the tuna wrap idea would be lost too. It almost was. (So if you've never heard of this stuff before, don't feel stupid-revisionist history was at work.)

Centuries of tuna wrap ignorance have come to a close. With the advent of this tuna-wrapping celebration, more attention than ever will be focused on this once-maligned treat. February 1 will once again become a celebration of Sir John Jacob Jingle's discovery, marked at Stern with free tuna wraps for everyone.

As for Bessie, she plans to continue "wrapping" at Stern, even though corporate sponsorships from Starkist and Nike ("Just Wrap It") have given her more money than she could ever spend in four lifetimes. "Jordan didn't stop playing basketball even when he was worth hundreds of millions, so why should I stop making my wraps?" said Bessie.

Y E S H I V A U N I V E R S I T Y F A B R I C A T O R

A Gossip-Mongering Tabloid

RELIGIOUS DIVISIVENESS ERUPTS ON YU CAMPUS

BY HIP O'CRITE, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Religious divisiveness penetrates the bowel of Yeshiva University. Granted, if any religious warfare exists on campus it is because we, the governing bored on the Fabricator created it, but nonetheless, the right wing, the vicious sect that has the audacity to claim that YU is a religious institution, must be stopped.

The machinations and belligerence of the be-hatted Charedi contingency agitate the serene equilibrium of YU's inner sanctum. A courageous Fabricator reporter infiltrated their organization. He went where no member of the Fabricator governing bored has gone for years -- Minyan. He reported that the

moment ten students arrived, they began chanting strange incantations--indubitably part of a greater plot. Additionally, the Commie staffie overheard one of these stu-

Anyone who wears jeans is clearly the Satan's child," said the student, who shall remain nameless. (He shall remain nameless because he doesn't have a name-

we made the quote up. Sure it's bad journalism. But hey, if we were actually journalists, we would have to be objective too).

I am beyond exasperation! How many opuses must I compose before each and every one of you come to the epiphanous conclusion that we, the governing bored of the Fabricator are the epitome of religious perfection. We exemplify what Judaism is supposed to be. The perfect balance of illogic and irreligion. Only we are truly open-minded--and everyone who doesn't

agree with us is close-minded and wrong!

dents, so brazenly unaware of his own narrow-mindedness and preposterousness, speaking.

"I am holier than thou.

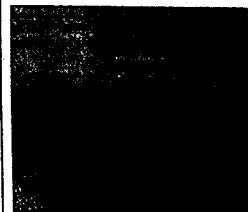


Right wing religious fanatic attacks fellow student over religious practices.

In This Issue:

CAMPUS NEWS

Nice Day: Narrow-Minded Frummies to Blame



Commie Runs out of Targets on Main Campus, Moves on to Stern-Charedi Plot

Fabricator exclusive: SEX, DRUGS, ALCOHOL FOUND in dictionary ON YU CAMPUS Black Hatters Responsible

Obsessive Compulsive Painting Disorder

TURP N. TINE
Smells Good

Dr. Sausage's Experimental Psychology class recently diagnosed a particularly vexing strain of Obsessive Compulsive Disorder. This new variation, Obsessive Compulsive Painting Disorder, seems to affect Stern's unionized workers. Workers speak of a need to paint every stairwell, every step, floor, ceiling, and wall - each week. If they don't get to paint, as one worker said, "my day just doesn't go well. I feel nauseous, I feel like I've had too much Stern pasta. I feel like I'm leading a meaningless life."

As students have complained, this constant painting often interferes with their lives. As

one art major noted, "Their color schemes are pathetic. Grey on peach? Come on. How about some fuschia, magenta, and chartreuse! Be creative, painters!" A special education major said, "By permitting them to paint we are enabling their painting behavior. We must discipline them, each time they take out a paint brush, we should send them to time-out." An accounting major recommended that all students should be allowed to paint. "Look, if we could post our announcements in paint, think how less crowded the bulletin boards would be!"

Mrs. Brawn, using brains, decided the best solution to rescue Brookdale from yet another coat of pistachio and lemon was to send the painters to paint Opus Dei. "Frankly, I think they will be happier there. This is a win-win situation. Opus Dei needs paint, and we need peace."

A Song for the Epistle Hymnal:

(To the Tune of "Closing Time," a song familiar to the author only because of her frequent trips on the YU van.)

Dinner time
Time when we're no longer in an eternal tuna mood
Dinner time
Time to wish we'd go out with a guy who pays for lots of food
Dinner time
One last call to make sure all your friends aren't ordering in
Dinner time
You don't have to eat here but the card is part of tuition...

I know where I want to eat the food
I know where I want to eat the food
I know where I want to eat the food, eat the food...

Dinner time
Time for you to decide on the salad bar or turkey drum
Dinner time
Processed bird from Empire or grilled chicken on a bun
Don't hang up your jackets
Or they may find an exit
Remember that Tami's your friend
Dinner time
Every night's leftovers come from some other dinner's end

I know who I want to ring me up
I know who I want to ring me up
I know who I want to ring me up, ring me up

Dinner time
I think that the ketchup pump is empty again.....

I know I have no money left
I know I have no money left
I know I have no money left, no money left

Dinner time
Every night's leftovers come from some other chulent's end.

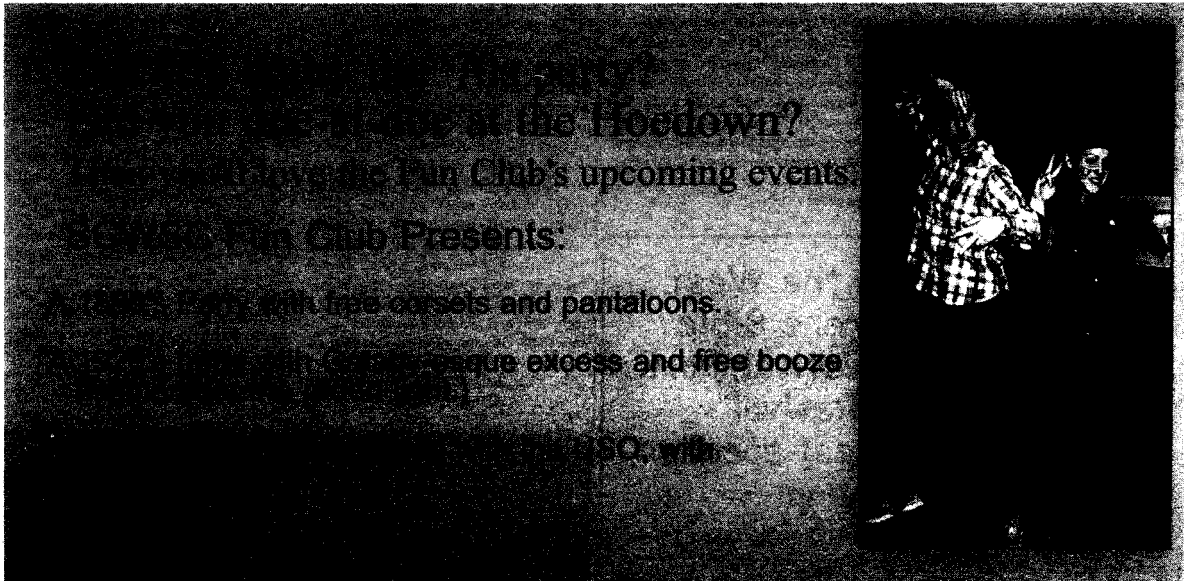
Applications are now being accepted for RA positions at Opus Dei.

Applicants must wear regulation-length habits and refrain from eating meat on Fridays.

Girls with Charles Maddens* need not apply.

*Yeshiva University Rabbanim have poskined that Charles Maddens are assur for the following reasons:

- a) contain shatnez
- b) contain basar v' chalav
- c) are made by a cohen married to a divorcee'
- d) are bought by NCSYers who marry advisors



Want to have fun at the Hoodown?
Want to have the Fun Club's upcoming events?
Be the first to know! The Fun Club Presents:
FREE party with free cassettes and pantaloons.
FREE dance lessons, league excess and free booze
FREE drinks and more! Tickets only \$50. with...

SCW and YC to Hold Coed Dance

Rabbinic Permission Provided Citing Myth of Issurei Negiah

SURI NEGIAH
Shomeret Mizvot

To the shock of students and administration alike, a YC posek has declared that mixed dancing is no longer prohibited according to Torah law. In response, the presidents of the undergraduate student councils have organized a coed dance.

Rabbi M. Lubavitz declared that issurei negiah are no longer enforceable in this day and age because they are derived from a misunderstanding of traditional

sources and were created at a time when physical contact between the sexes was deemed inappropriate.

"Show me one guy who would find the female touch arousing these days," said Lubavitz in an exclusive interview. Lubavitz has published his p'sak halacha in a well-respected journal of halacha with the endorsement of several major rabbinic authorities.

"His halachic analysis is incredible," said Rabbi M. Fishy, one of the foremost halachic authorities on issues related

to women. Fishy's own writings have received wide acclaim for their articulate insight into the halachic condition. He is said to be authoring a halachic work with his tatch, President Sherman Ram. Sources close to Lubavitz say that he will soon announce major halachic variations in the observance of kashrus. "The traditional sources cast doubt upon the inclusion of fowl in the prohibition of eating basar bechalav," said a spokesman for Lubavitz. "Rabbi Lubavitz permits eating chicken with milk in certain circumstances."

The student councils have been hard at work planning the coed dance, slated to take place in Schweitzer Commons. Sources tell the Epistle that the dance will have a country/western/cross-dressing theme. Female students are asked to wear jeans, cowboy boots and hats. Male students will wear gingham dresses and pig tails. A band has not yet been chosen for the event, but participants in the Yeshiva College Arts Festival are expected to participate.

Love your Monk

SISTER MARY IGNATIUS
Higher Order

SCW women tired of waiting for YC men to arrive on the YU van will have to wait no longer. All those interested in a new escort service beginning with the Passover Special this March should contact Father Thomas Brown in Room 1201, of the Catholic Monastery, conveniently located next door to SCW. Father Brown, seeking to promote interfaith harmony, seeks to match willing SCW women with shomer negiah brothers of the monastery as soon as possible, commenting on the unique advantages monks have over YC men.

"I believe that the religious fervor found in our brothers will compliment the spiritual nature that SCW women are known for," explained Father Brown. "Our young men are hardworking individuals more than willing to share their religious views and participate in stimulating conversation. This sort of spiritual energy is not frequently found among YC men and is unique to our members of the brotherhood. This is an opportunity SCW cannot pass up."

Several young brothers volunteered to kick off the new program and expressed their excitement at the possibilities in such endeavor.

"I would love nothing more than

the opportunity to meet young Jewish women in a relaxed atmosphere," commented Brother Michael McCulligan. "I think we monks have a lot to offer, and it would be a shame if this program did not work out."

Brother Isaiah Nowers, originally from Idaho, is also very excited about the prospects of the new service. He explained that his dream of sharing religious ideas with a nice orthodox Jewish girl (none were available in Idaho) just might come true with this cutting edge religious venture.

SCW administration has offered its support and has held three meetings in the past month to facilitate what SCW Dean Schwartz calls "a delightful idea."

The escort service will be available through a variety of ways. SCW students may access the program by calling 1-800-FOR-MONK, or by emailing loveyourmonk@gmail.yu.edu.

The first event, Monk Junk n' Funk, will be held Tuesday, March 30 at 10p.m. in the Koch Auditorium, featuring the Live Monks, the monastery's prized music band. Brother Joseph Smith, lead guitarist has offered to play several Jewish tunes such as "Moshiach" and "Dovid Melech Yisroel" in addition to its national hit "Our Lord Jesus" to encourage religious fraternization.

Military

continued from page 1

this feeling, that if I joined the army, all I would want to do is escape," she said. "I can't explain it, exactly." She said that the scholarship money offered by the ROTC wouldn't do her any good. "I already have a Belkin, a Distinguished Scholars award, job as an R.A., and I waitress every Shabbos, so everything is taken care of."

A. Wohl, however, is in the minority. At press time over 99% of the Stern population had registered with the ROTC. The remaining 0.6% were declared too physically or mentally unfit (or both), were not American citizens, or could not get that army salute just right.

N. Trepner, manager of the Shootingstar General Store, said that the required uniforms would be in stock short-

ly. The uniform includes a black sweater and gray pleated skirt that ends just below the knee. "We expect them to go as fast as Calcium-enriched Tropicana," she boasted.

In the meantime, the battle of the Stern ROTC chapter has just begun. Will the rabbis convince the students that it is immoral for them to join the army? Will SAGA persuade everyone to become "conscientious objectors"? Or will the training just make them unconscientious? Visit the Stern ROTC website at www.usmilitaryforces.org/stern/chayelet/himom.html to find out more. At this point, however, Stern ROTC does not look like it's going to surrender.

The Night I Got Stoned: An SCW and YC Dating Story

MARY DOFF
Success Story

It was one of those days when you can't get into the third floor computer lab to check your email because each time you go those First Time On Campus Students, most of them Hideous Back From Israel People, have taken over all available consoles to surf the Hamevaser web site or download shiurim off the Virtual Beit Midrash. One of those days when the lines in the Caf are so long you decide to go to Roma instead. One of those days when the elevator operator refuses to stop on the floor you need even though you protest that it's your birthday, that you have a quiz, that you're six months pregnant with septuplets. The elevator operator, staring pointedly at your flat belly, says, "you don't look like you're pregnant at all." Ugh!

Shmuli decides we should go out tonight to celebrate our three week anniversary - of having met, that is. After my day, I say, "well, it better be a nice night." He says, "why don't you come Uptown on the 7:30 van - there's a brand new four star restaurant called D'vash VeCheilev. The hechsher is great; I've personally seen them check each lettuce leaf."

"Frankly, all we ever do when we go out Uptown is hang out on the fifth floor," I say. "Are you sure we're going to have fun?"

"Rifikie, this will be an unforgettable evening."

So, I go up on the 7:30, after dutifully showing my ah-dee card. Shmuli meets me at the bus stop, and, in a bout of daring bravado, we walk on the grass outside of Rubin Hall. We nonchalantly wave at all the people heading towards the Sefarim Sale, happy to own - for free - our most recent issue of Hamevaser, "Jewish Women: Reclaiming our Modesty after Monica" for which others are now paying exorbitant fees. D'vash VeCheilev isn't what I expect; it's fishy. I'm not just referring to the stench of halibut, salmon, lox, and cod, in a peculiar reiach nichoach, but to the tacky decor, something like Brookdale Hall - one wall peach, one mint, one vanilla, one techeilet, and the lighting, that curious florescent white. D'vash VeCheilev has a spoof of the rebbe adoration mystique: it features pictures of the rebbe next to a picture of his or her yeshiva. About 30 are attached the Yeshiva College Beit Midrash. Hmm. We both order fish, basically because that's all D'vash VeCheilev offers.

As a classical concerto plays Dedi pieces (the electric violinist, an absolute virtuoso, resembles Shabtai Zvi), Shmuli and I talk about the next issue of Hamevaser, about the newest YU scandals, and the different missions of the Observer and the Commentator.

As I already said, I was happy to see Shmuli, but a bit worn out, so at first I thought I was seeing things when the waiter, with a flourish, started bringing us our dishes. The waiter began to sing, "Here Comes the Fish," and the Shabtai Zvi violinist began to play along. I wouldn't have overreacted, except that they were headed towards our table and the fish - it was alive, and its eye was - gleaming - "Aaagh! This restaurant serves eiver min hachai! We're leaving!" I scream so loudly and jump so quickly that not only do all the other patrons stare at me, but I accidentally spill water all over the place, creating a veritable mabul on the floor. Even though I'm totally shomeret negiah, I'm reaching over to grab Shmuli's arm, lest it get too close to the offensive fish, until - Shmuli falls down on his knees, in the middle of the mabul. "Rifikie," he says, "that fish it's for you. Look at its eye again." The waiter, composed, as if something like this occurs every day, proffers the offensive sea dish. Guess what - just like Yosef Mokir Shabbat - in the eye of the fish is a diamond ring!

"For me?" I ask with wide eyes.

"Yes," Shmuli says, his eyes brimming over.

I sit down again, totally overwhelmed. "Wait - does this mean we're engaged? Are we getting married?" I begin to bawl.

The patrons all dance (mechitzta, separate circles, of course). The Dedi classical orchestra plays a rousing Carlebach rendition of "Od YiShama." D'vash VeCheilev breaks out the schnapps. The Sefarim Sale people come and dance the hora.

By the time I get back to my room, at three in the morning, Shmuli's door has been decorated (he snuck me up to his Rubin room in a laundry basket so I could see it myself), my door has been decorated, both sets of parents have been notified, and finally, I'm stoned, a beautiful five-carat marquis diamond ring, and when I walk down Park Avenue, with the T.J. Eckelsberg eyes of the fifty-foot androgynous Gap model trailing me, I finally feel like I fit in at Stern.

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ARTS

Truth or Kabbalah?

Madonna Reveals All

BABY LOURDES
Who's that Girl?

World renowned Madonna agreed to grant an interview to the Epistle in honor of her newfound interest in Jewish mysticism. Madonna requested to hold the interview at Cafe 4-5-6, claiming that Larry, the manager, provides the finest service in Manhattan. Madonna arrives comfortably dressed in a pleated, knee-length gray skirt and a baby-blue sweater-set. She holds baby Lourdes, clad similarly, with a butterfly barrette protruding from her head. Both are decorated with henna.

Q: You look radiant. Where did you get the outfit?

A: Since I've started studying the Kabbalah, I've taken an interest in other areas of Judaism as well. I've started attending a shiur-that's Jewish for a soul-searching session where the cosmos align

briefly enough for an individual to gain a true sense of their purpose in the universe, with a certain Rebbetzin Jungreis. She is something of a mind and body healer, she's really just incredible.

Q: Right, but what about the outfit?

A: Well, the partakers of the session are all very intimate, there's a sense of unity between these people, it's like materialism isn't important to them, it's all about what's inside, and so everyone tries to dress alike so that their externalism no longer matters.

Q: And the outfit?

A: A girl there suggested I go to this really quaint shop where the clothing is hand-picked by people who wish to promote a greater sense of Judaism. The prices were a bit exorbitant, even compared to my Versace things, but I was willing to do it because I needed to shed my own exterior.

Q: Oh, Brenda's?

A: Right.
Q: How has studying the Kabbalah changed you?

A: I feel like I've been touched for the very first time. I feel all shiny and new, like a, like a-

Q: Whoa, Madonna, we can't print that.

A: Did I say something wrong? Ooops, I didn't know I couldn't talk about-

Q: Madonna, I'll walk out right now and leave you with the tab.

A: Sorry, sorry- I feel like I'm on Conan. (To Larry) Could you please shut the freaking shade? There's a ray of light in my eyes.

Larry: Shut up and eat your portabella mushroom sandwich.

Q: Let me ask you something on a different topic. Are you aware that Stern is the sister school of Yeshiva College?

A: Oooh, Brother and sister stuff.

Q: Um, no. That wasn't literal. I just want to know-what do you think of the dating potential between the two schools?

A: Well, I hear there's a certain Mordechai there who really knows how to express himself, hey, hey, hey, hey.

Q: I'm not sure I know what

you're talking about

A: I heard that if he had it his way, he'd be a material girl.

Q: Ok, now I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about. I don't really read the Commentator. I don't understand all the big words.

A: I hear those guys are serious learners. You know, I have my own sewer out, have you heard of it? It's called "s-

Q: I don't think they'd be interested.

A: You don't know what you're talking about.

Q: No, you don't know what you're talking about. You change hair color more often than Rabbi Weiss is absent. And why the hell do you speak with a fake English accent?

A: Why the hell do you talk with a fake Brooklyn accent?

Q: Your sweater set looks like it came from Topaz.

A: What? I'm not leaving until I get an apology.

Q: Madonna, learn to say goodbye.

The Pompous Food Critic

SURI L. BOWL
Julia's Child

When the editors of The Epistle approached me about reviewing breakfast cereals, I was taken aback. As a culinary critic, or as any Stern student with a boyfriend, I was accustomed to dining in such fine establishments as Abigail's or Ve Bene. However, being a student, I was drawn to the prospect of sampling free cuisine.

Next, there was a matter of how to proceed with my assignment. First, and foremost, I had to learn exactly what constituted breakfast. (You must be aware of it; the meal you would eat if you weren't already 10 minutes late to your nine o'clock class.) Like many Stern women, I

was under the false impression that a cup of cappuccino sufficed for the first and most important meal of the day. I was also shocked to learn that caffeine wasn't among one of the four food groups or part of the food pyramid or however food is classified these days.) I finally settled on sampling the new Oreo's Cereal. As these delectable, cream-filled cookies have only been Kosher since one year prior, I was intrigued by the prospect of eating them for breakfast.

As the dining environment is paramount to the whole culinary experience, I tried to recreate the dining environment to which the average Stern student is accustomed. Next there was the matter of choosing the appropriate dairy accompaniment to my cereal. As I am not aware of any college-aged female who drinks whole

milk, I selected a container of skim. (After all, I have to watch my weight! Just because I am eating cookies for breakfast does not mean I should sabotage my whole diet! I would rather wait until my Thursday night date for that!) I reluctantly decided to forgo the linen tablecloth and fine china and silverware that I preferred to eat with. Instead, I settled on a white Styrofoam bowl and plastic spoon. However, I was comforted to note that the black color of the cereal contrasted nicely with the white color of my utensils. While tempted to eat my meal by candlelight, I had to do without for several reasons: Firstly, the average Stern student does not whip out the candlesticks for breakfast. Secondly, the use of fire is strictly prohibited in the dormitories. I discovered a far more appropriate and familiar environ-

ment: In a packed Stern elevator during peak usage times.

I thoroughly enjoyed the cereal. The Oreo's were the perfect texture for optimum crunching and the skim milk was a pleasant accompaniment to the chocolate flavor. As my culinary colleague, Perry A., said, "If the prospect of your morning classes doesn't get you out of bed, this cereal will!" However, my friend, N. T. Minz, echoed my sentiments when she asked, "Where the heck is the cream filling?"

While I was pleasantly surprised by the Oreo's, I hope that The Observer does not make it a habit of having me sample such common edibles as cereal. In fact, if my next assignment were to review My Most Favorite Dessert Company, I would not be too discontented.

Journalistic Ethics for Religious Fundamentalists: Workshop and Debate

Epistle and Fabricator* editors face off in a debate on the topic "How Important is the Truth?" The debate will be moderated by the staff of Hashem-Assur, a publication aiming to integrate liberalism and fundamentalism.

Break-away sessions will be held on the following topics:

1. The Future of Religious Fundamentalism
2. Public Relations and Tabloid Journalism: Can the two be reconciled?
3. Issuing Religious Dictates: Are opinions expressed in college newspapers authoritative?
4. When the Truth is Boring
5. How to Create Campus Divisiveness
6. Creating Sources

*Subtitles available for audience members with inadequate vocabularies.

The Search for A Husband: Year Two

So here it is, one year later. I've been dating for exactly one year, following every single piece of advice given me, and what do you know? My door is still the undecorated one in the Schottenstein hallways. It hurts! My mother has put her gown back into storage, my grandmother has started giving out my 15-year-old brother's number at simchas instead of mine, and at shul on Shabbos, I can hear all the mumbling when I walk in around 11: some people actually get up on their tiptoes to see if there's a ring on my finger yet. Some look a few times! My community, my friends, my family, they've all abandoned me in my hour of darkest despair. And what of my guide, my testament from the sages, my veritable mentor in a printed tome? Ladies, even the heaven-sent "Survival Guide to Shidduch Dating" seems to have failed me. (True story- sometime around Pesach last year Shani Stein sent me the last chapter that she didn't publish, by mistake she said. It was called: "When to Completely Give Up." I'm glad she sent it- I gave it to my other grandmother, who's on the warpath for granddad number seven! But anyway...)

What was a an eligible, beautiful, intelligent chick like myself to do? Well, last year, I remembered the SOYBEAN Seforim Sale, with all those lovely boys wearing black and white (they were the frum kind of YU boys) shirts that said "Ask Me Out." Well, maybe it was time for a more direct approach.

I walked into the sale, looking for guidance. I followed my nose to the music section- they were playing Besamin- but what do you know? No "ask me out" t-shirts to be found! So I turn to the boy next to me, whisper a silent prayer to Hashem to act in a tznius, aidel fashion, and ask him where can I find a husband? At first he reached for some cd... Higher and Higher, something like that, but I told him, I already picked out the music to walk down to when I was in second grade (I was the last one in my class to do it too)- I needed the man! So he pointed me over to a table with books on it- all kinds! Hebrew, English, Artscroll- even a tznius coloring book! And then- I saw it. No more of this babyish bright yellow cover for me! Now an attractive, mottled colored volume from Targum. Adult! Helpful! Heck, who needs tetrahedron or personal growth- I now own "Talking Tachlis- A Single's Strategy for Marriage."

I got the book home, locked my door, turned the ringer off on my phone, and having laid in a stock of Sour Sticks and Arizona, sat down to read. Okay, so this book didn't have any pictures like the last one, but gosh, the cover had really nice colors. First thing, I saw the letter from the Bostoner Rebbe about the two authors. They are Mrs.'s! They're married! They won! Now THEM I can take advice from!

And so I read. And read. And read. I cried with Chaya and David (page 40), who broke up when they couldn't agree where to live. I mourned for Helena, who loved French provincial but decorated in modern to make Barry happy (page 90) (and after all that, he dumped her! Men!). I empathized with Rena, who felt she was too fat to get married (page 74). Maybe I should stop with the Sour Sticks... would-n't want that to happen to me! I cheered on Dave from the West Side when he decided to stop focusing on having fun and instead find a wife (page 114). I read about Elana, who needed to go to a therapist (page 114). I read about Yosef and Chaya, who went to a therapist (page 28). I read about Leora, who got therapy (page 36). Tzippy, who went to a therapist (page 62). Elisheva, a therapist who went to a therapist (page 91). Sandy (page 109), Erica (page 120),

and Susan (page 124)- they all went to therapists.

Well, I never was one to miss an obvious hint! This book was sending me a real clear single-signal. And then- Chapter 8- "When You Need a Therapist." It says that if you find yourself in this situation... well, I'll quote: "Nothing has changed. You have read this book and have performed the suggested exercises and techniques as well as you can. Nevertheless, you feel that your social life has not appreciably changed... you feel stuck and angry" (page 118- ooooh! Chai!). If so, then it says, "we strongly recommend that you consider therapy with a trained mental-health professional." CHA-CHING! The light bulb has gone off! I need to find me a therapist!

Fortunately, "Talking Tachlis" didn't let me down. Under the subheading "Selecting a Therapist," it says, "...it is very important that the client and therapist click" (page 129). Well, DUH! If I'm going to marry my therapist, I should certainly hope we click!

Day One: Okay, no time for Rabbi Hochberg's class on marriage now- I've got to get to work! I pulled out my trusty dusty yellow pages, blew off the dust, spent a little while figuring out where the section is (fortunately, the girl across the hall is an education major, and they just covered the alphabet), and turned to the page. So many choices! Let's see... World's Largest Body Art Emporium? Ooops, I'm on the 'tattooing' page. Flip... Escort services? Male bodybuilders... Well, that can be my back-up plan. Flip... Ahh, 'Social and Human Services.' Let's accent on the social part here. Ugh, my fingertips are all black! Anyway, so we've got Day Care Services, Health Services, Literacy Services... Here we are! 'Marriage Services.' One listing: The Jewish Home for the Aged, Mentally Deficient, and Datingly Challenged. Just kidding! No, really, I found a whole list of mental health professionals and social workers. Now I just have to find one that sounds promising...

Day two: So I've narrowed it down to a few likely options... Several Cohens (Josh, Pinchas and Samuel), a couple Rosengartens (Yitzy and Marty), a Jose Cruz (he sounds so foreign!), and a Pauppor, Yoni. Let's make some appointments!

Day three: So the Cohens totally struck out. Josh was married (can you imagine?), Pinchas had a cold, and Samuel... well, old Sammy was around 65. Jose Cruz just wanted to talk about himself. Yitzy didn't even offer for me to lie down on the couch! Oh yeah, and Marty. Well, Marty seems to be a nickname for Martina. Not interested. So, about \$700 lighter, I have only one prospect for the morning....

Day four: Okay. It's Thursday. I told my mom we could hope to see some action by Shabbos- I would hate to let her down! On to Mr. Pauppor.

Let's review the entire situation. I was dressed in my latest J. Crew sweater set, black skirt, hair done perfectly but slightly off, to emphasize my neediness. I would hate to appear like one of those

totally self-sufficient women, wouldn't you? I think we all know if Rachel could've handled those shepherds herself, she never would've nabbed Yaakov!



Man O' My Dreams

From the moment I walked into Yoni's office, I knew things were going to be different. On his bookshelves, there, next to "Grant's Anatomy," "Manic Depression and You" and "Our Bodies, Ourselves," there was an entire row of top of the line shidduch hashkafa, advice and how-to's! Way beyond "The Survival Guide," there was "Two Halves of a Hole," "The River, the Kettle and the Blueberry Muffin," "Made in Brooklyn," "Dear Mancaia," "The Idiot's Guide to Shidduch Dating," "A Hedge of Petunias," "The 1999 Guide to Kosher Restaurants in NYC," "The Chafetz Chaim Practical Guide to Lashon Hara," "Mawwage- That Dweam Within a Dweam," "The M a g i c A c c i d e n t a l Bump in the H a l l w a y," "Doesn't Anyone Wear Blush Anymore?" "To Become One Bank Account," and of course my current bible, "T a l k i n g Tachlis." Finally, a guy who thinks the way I do!

I sat down, stomach in my shoes, heart in my throat (and we're not even going to talk about what this had done to my eye makeup). I was careful to let the corner of my copy of "TT" stick out on the street on the way to his office. As he got his notepad together, imagine my surprise when I saw the YU diploma on his wall! And look- his office was painted the same color as my room in Brookdale last year! If that wasn't a sign direct from Hashem (cause really, how many places outside Stern do you see those colors?), I don't know what is!

He began to talk, to explain what the limits of this first session would be. I cut him off, saying I wouldn't mind as many sessions as it would take to get my problem solved! I said it with a straight look into his eyes, and then looked away, demure, lest he think me less than the aidel maiden I knew I was. But hey, sometimes you HAVE to take a little action!

I lay back on the couch, careful to arrange my skirt just over my knees and the sweater set buttons done just so, and he

started asking me questions, about who I was, my family, and what I thought I wanted from life. That was a sign too! We were talking tachlis and we had just met!

Now we all know every successful couple needs one funny dating story. I'll be honest- I fell asleep there on the couch, as excited as I was about meeting Yoni. But I woke up with a start to find him standing with his back to me, looking out the window. "Yoni," I said, forgetting all formality, "what's wrong?" I mean, Dr. Pauppor, what's wrong with me?"

"I'm sorry," he said, turning back to me. "It's just that you coming to me like this, wanting help, wanting me to remain professional, and all I can think about is how much you remind me of myself. Lonely, grasping at straws, afraid to leave school unattached, no hadraha, no direction, no prospects, no life, no real tachlis or even personality. I find it hard to know how to treat you, when your very illness so reflects my own."

My heart (still in my throat from before) began to melt. Yoni was crying out for me, to complete his soul, to be his better dressed half, to help him actualize all of his potential in the world. How could any maiden have remained staunch against such pleas? "Yoni, you don't have to explain. You don't have to help me. I think you already have."

He looked me in the eye. Suddenly, the office muzak came pumping in- I think they were playing Air Supply (my favorite!). His eyes started to fill with tears as he saw me anew, and I must admit, if it weren't for the mascara, I might have gotten emotional too.

And so, loyal Stern or YC reader, I married him. It was a beautiful wedding at the Marina, with strolling violinists and this really great shmorg. He was dapper in his Parisian kittel, and my dress? I haven't found a high class enough gemach to donate it to yet. We had four hundred guests for the meal, and an additional eight hundred for the chupah (what, I shouldn't invite the whole school? That would be rude, don't you think?). But most importantly, when he sang me aishes chayil at the wedding (okay, so he lip-sync-ed to the 42 piece band's three lead singers) I knew that I had found my place as a Jewish woman in the world. As Mrs. Pauppor, I have status, prestige and a really big rock on my hand. But more importantly, I have a home where other lost souls, like Yoni and I were, can come, meet others, and receive advice. Let's face it- the world of shidduch dating is a scary one. But there are tools to overcome it. "Talking Tachlis" is only one of them- don't worry, there are plenty more! (Just check out next year's seforim sale.) And my message to you- don't give up! If I can get married, anyone can! And so we should all be zoche to build a bayis ne'eman beyisroel (or maybe just a summer home there) and thus merit the coming of Mashiach, bimhrea biyaminu, beshaah tova- amen, selah, Cain yirbu!

The Epistle

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