



Stern College for Men

Rav Hamechaber

After eighty years of being known simply as Yeshiva College, the men's undergraduate college of Yeshiva University will undergo a name change. Following the donation by the Stern family of a large, unspecified amount of money to Yeshiva College, the college's board of directors decided to rename the institution Stern College for Men (SCM). President Richard Joel explained in a ystud/ssstud and in a video posted on the university's website that the combination of the university's dire financial situation and the Stern family's generosity warranted this unprecedented name change.

University board members were quick to deflect criticism of this decision. "In no way does the men's college's new name imply that the men's college is second in importance to Stern College for Women," commented one board member. Another added, "The name change will surely create unity between the colleges and will help dissolve the ridiculously high

levels of sexual tension between students. I mean, really, have you been to the Seforim Sale?!" An anonymous source reported that some Rashei Yeshiva are worried that this act of "unity" may actually be a strategic step towards fully merging the two colleges. Past proposals to merge the college formerly known as Yeshiva with Stern College for Women have met with great controversy. In early 2007, President Joel half-jokingly remarked that any merging of the colleges' campuses would happen only in the event of his death.

Students' reactions to the news have varied. One SCM student remarked, "I'm excited about the new name. People think I go to Stern, NYU's business school, and I have no reason to correct them." Other reactions have been less enthusiastic. One MYP student explained, "Shadchanim think I'm a girl, since I go to Stern and went to Shaalvim. I'm having a lot of trouble making it clear that I'm a top bachur. I hate the shidduch crisis!"

In Light of Recent Events

Shalva Shalom

In light of recent events [wink wink nudge nudge g4y p4n3l], Yeshiva University has instituted a new, long-time policy of enabling and ennobling euphemisms and imprecise language regarding topics of a questionable and inflammatory nature. YU's stance, says President Richard Joel, is an attempt to make Yeshiva students, alumni, faculty, staff and friends comfortable discussing, commiserating, meeting and enjoining, united in the goals set forth in YU's mission statement and inherent in the institution's positive accomplishments, highlighted in YU's illustrious history and serving as inspiration to this day.

"As a Torah U'Madda institution," commented an anonymous administrator, "we are responsible for protecting what we prophetically and democratically know to be Judaism from the extreme, illiterate ultra-religio control freaks on the right and from the sacrilegious, naked parades of liberals who write our T.V. shows on the left."

Purportedly, the altnu policy is designed to make all official comments say everything and nothing at the same time.

Jesus and Mohammed Sighted in Gottesman Library

Babylonia Carpenter

Jesus and Mohammed were recently spotted at Yeshiva University's Mendel Gottesman Library checking out a Passover cookbook. "I like matzo balls," Jesus told *The Unobservant*, "and I haven't met anyone who makes them quite like my mother."

"I like khoube [a meat-stuffed dumpling of Middle Eastern origin] better than standard kneidlach," said Mohammed, "as I'm Mizrahi."

Jesus and Mohammed are visiting New York after saving up travel money for 1,400 years. "Inflation over the past two millennia has been insane," complained Jesus. "Not to mention my unexpected death in 70 C.E."

"I'm going to visit Ground Zero," said Mohammed.

Moses, a recently hired rosh yeshiva at the Rabbi Issac Elchanan Theological Seminary, left the Beit Midrash for Gottesman when students informed him of the oc-

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Courtesy of Shifra Elzas

President Richard Joel will be addressing a moderately sized, pluralistic audience about "Jewish Values" at the annual International Martian-Earthling Alliance of Unidentified Feminist Objects for the Advancement of Beethoven, Bubamaischs and Bananagrams this upcoming March. The lecture will be followed by lox sushi and a special a capella performance of "This is the Song that Never Ends" by the Maccamunchkins.

The Commentator Upgrades by Becoming Back Section of TheYU Observer

Blondie Pinsky

The staff of *The Commentator* has voted unanimously to upgrade the status of the Yeshiva College student newspaper by making it a back section of its winner of a sister newspaper, *The YU Observer*, announced *The Commoner's* editor-in-chief Mickey Kinamon yesterday.

"We tried to make it on our own," explained Kinamon. "We even got the punctuation right a couple of times; *The Circumcisor* had some fun in the sun. But when it comes down to it, who wouldn't want to be part of *The Observer*?"

Observer staff has graciously greeted the opportunity to absorb *The Competitor's* staff. "The Capitulator has done a wise and hon-

orable thing," commented *Observer* editor-in-chief Yola Froglic. "I would encourage Yeshiva College students to look upon the upgrade not as a loss of their paper or autonomy, but as a chance to make the eligible writers and editors at Yeshiva University more efficient."

Some of *The Caput's* staff are using the new arrangement as a time to reflect. "I feel more masculine this way," remarked an anonymous *Commando* editor. "We're a back section. We're taking up the rear. We're looking behind us to make sure the rapists and muggers can't sneak up and attack News, Features, Opinions,

Being Four Sons in the Orthodox World

Goatee McMurray

The wise son, what does he ask? "What is this homosexuality panel to our university?" And you shall moderate the conversation and tell him none of the halakha and you shall say, "This is the homosexuality panel that our university held in December."

The wicked son, what does he ask? "What is this homosexuality panel to you?" And you shall grind your pearly white, radiant-with-a-touch-of-ivory-chic teeth and tell him about the homosexuality panel and say, "This is the homosexuality panel that got my university aflutter." For had he attended Yeshiva University, he would not have come out of the closet.

The simple son asks, "What is this?" And you shall tell him, "This is the homosexuality panel that took place at our university. And this is the transcript of the panel, and these are the videos of the panel and these are the 308,999 blog and website comments about the panel which we check on a regular basis in case we get wind that lesbians are coming to speak at Yeshiva University and someone from *The Observer* needs to cover the event in the next issue."

And to the son who does not know how to ask about the panel or sexual orientation in general because he attends a Jewish day school with no sex-ed in the curriculum you should say, "This is the homosexuality panel that the Tolerance Club and Wurzweiler held in December." (He's too young for you to know whether he's gay or straight, though he himself might already have an inkling.)

Israel, Science, Style or Arts and Culture."

Students and administrators have seen the fusion coming for years. "I think this is a wonderful investment for both papers," remarked President Richie Jolly. "The realization that becoming an *Observer* back section would benefit the student newspapers and the Jewish world at large will breath new life into *The Coroner*."

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THOUGHTS OF STUDENT LEADERS

Tales of Hama-dinejad and the Feathery Threat

Goatee McMurray, Entenmann's-in-Chocolate



Even though it is my custom not to proselytize, I believe that—here, now and in the afterlife—it is my divine right to use my monthly 613 words on the inside cover of *The UY Unobservant* to win you subtly over to my thinking, impressing and intimidating you with my flawless syntax and cleverly orchestrated, circular editorial style. But enough about me. (We'll return to me later, because you'll miss me and I crave your admiration.)

In recent years, my favorite Purim lessons have derived from the *mindrush* rather than the *peshat* of the *megillah*. As I settled last night into my trusty armchair, a mini-*mikveh* of Kedem whiskey resting on my lap and my pet parrot, Google Buzz, perched on

my shoulder, a particular passage caught my eye in "The Jew of Hardcore Chashivus: How One Gadol Preserved His Faith Frequenting the Abominable Snowminyan and Teaching Godzilla How to Bentsch." This volume is available for a 0.2% discount at the SOY Seforim Sale with the purchase of a deepening-voiced Miami Boys Choir member.

The Democratic Republic of the Congoer Rebbe cites a fascinating *ktav yad* from Rashid de Tehran, who discusses the political and economic turmoil of Old *Shushan HaBeera*, the location of the Purim story. The *ktav yad*, gleaned from the Gyro Genizah, reveals that in the years coinciding with the Esty-Mordy advocacy, dictator Hama-dinejad was busy enriching not only a collection of *treif* mutton sandwiches, but also a stockpile of aggressive, sharp-beaked turkeys. According to ancient sources, Mesopotamia feared that Hama-dinejad would unleash the turkeys on the densely populated JCCs of the Euphrates. Hama-dinejad, meanwhile, claimed that Persia was breeding the turkeys

for feastful purposes. The turkeys, he claimed, were to celebrate Thanksgiving, on which pilgrims to Persia had once faced famine and thirst only to discover lots and lots of oil, which they sold for camels and their offspring (the latter of which were processed into tasty camelburgers). Yet, when Assyria offered to take the stockpile of aggressive, sharp-beaked turkeys and return them in the form of edible poultry, Hama-dinejad refused.

The organization American Friends of Esty-Mordy for Peace lobbied for international sanctions against Persia, but nobody really cared—especially China, which harvested the organs of dissidents from both countries in exchange for a special Communist edition of Camel Fever, a new video game about belly dancing camels designed by Hama-dinejad's son, Bill.

According to Rashid, during a three-day fast of prayer and repentance, Esty was inspired by her hunger. Without delay she rushed to her local Orthodox *posek* and explained that there was a way to

curb the Poultranian Threat: simply *eat the birds*. And thus was started the *mesorah* for eating turkeys. Soon after, Esty and her husband, Mordy, came forward to Ahasweatshirt about Hama-dinejad's plot to destroy the Jews. Ahasweatshirt happened to be a big fan of "Seinfeld" and "Meet the Fockers," and it was a no-brainer to get rid of Hama-dinejad by roping him to a tree, basting him and letting the aggressive, sharp-beaked turkeys do the rest. Ahasweatshirt then replaced Hama-dinejad with Mordy as the kingdom's Ayatorah.

A beautiful, inspiring story. But now, back to me. What can I implore you to learn from this tale? Firstly, never let a turkey in the way of your personal wellbeing. Secondly, tell all your friends that Goatee McMurray is sophisticated and reads complicated books about Yeti hunters; this will increase my chance of getting hired when I graduate. Finally, read *The UY Unobservant* religiously, because if you don't, someone else will, and capitalism mandates that that person will be better than you in every way.

The Yeshiva University
UNOBSERVANT

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Random Sophomore
jack-of-all-trades



The Observer is published monthly during the academic year by the Stern College for Women Student Council. The staff of the paper retains the right to choose newspaper content and to determine the priority of stories. While unsigned editorials represent the views of the Observer's editorial board, all opinions expressed in signed editorials, columns, letters, and cartoons are the opinions of the writers or artists and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of The Observer, Stern College for Women, its student body, faculty, or administration. All Observer content is copyrighted and may not be reprinted without permission.

Note from Your Jewish Mother:

Your thighs aren't fat. I baked you a parve cake you instead of visiting to my dying aunt. No need to thank me. Just eat.

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NEWS

Last Week's News Briefs

Rav Hamechaber

> Yeshiva College students have launched a new club called the YU Intolerance Club. The club's stated mission is to promote intolerance of all things leftist, liberal, or that start with the letter L. In response, the YU Tolerance Club issued a statement in support of tolerating the existence of the Intolerance Club.

> Assistant Writing Center Director Andrea announced that the Stern College Writing Center would be relocating to a space large enough to accommodate all of the students who have not been able to receive appointments. Just joking. The Writing Center will remain out of sight and out of mind.

> The Beren Campus Center for the Jewish Future (CJF) storefront will set aside room for nursing mothers as well as provide day care services. According to CJF Director Rabbi Kenneth Brander, "Students' infant children are the real Jewish future."

> Beyonce announced at the

Grammy Awards that the single women of Stern College were the inspiration for her hit single, "All the Single Ladies (Put a Ring on It)." Barnard students are shocked and disappointed. Rebbetzin Sobolofsky pledges to continue her fight to end the tragedy of singledom.

> Rabbi Blau moderated a panel discussion on the controversial topic of not having attended Shana Bet. Rabbi Twersky objected to the lack of tznius in publicizing one's flaws.

> 800 students attended a parsha shiur in Weissberg Commons; 200 more students were turned away.

> The Yeshiva College Dramatic Society produced its own version of the hit Broadway musical, "In the Heights." In the YCDS version, the protagonists battle their romantic feelings for their chavrusas and struggle to make it home to Woodmere in time for Shabbos.

> Sy Syms Business School Dean Ginzberg recommended that graduating students join the Is-

raeli army rather than enter the job market.

> "Wii: the Stern Version" was released. The video game primarily involves climbing stairs and navigating the YUConnects website.

> Dean Bacon announced her decision to enroll in Yeshivat Maharat. "I've always wanted to be a Jewish communal leader," she explained. "Now, I finally have the opportunity."

> Kushner Dining Hall staff discovered the reason for high caf prices: caf workers have been cooking money in food, which also explains certain feelings following certain portion sizes of macaroni. The Office of Student Affairs's response: fiber's good for you.

> Narcs shut down Brookdale after receiving a tip that "uptown" and "local" are actually code words used by drug dealers operating out of Brookdale's front lounge. Brookdale residents moved to all of the empty apartments in 35th Street that no one could afford.

Yeshiva University-
Yeshiva of Diversity

Estee Goldschmidt

Another meeting was held this week
To give women in Stern College a peek
Into the administrative leak
To have all voices heard; both strong and weak.

The name of the meeting was "Town Hall"
With President Joel throwing the ball
All students attended: large, small, short, and tall
Yagoda was packed—people stood by the wall.

President Joel welcomes Dean Braun
As the best friend in town
For those with a frown,
She lifts them up when they're down.

The new computer dean was introduced
And into the students, internet hope he induced
All the labs would no longer be used
Because of the environmental conservation that fused.

I have a question, said Tali Limore
As president of Ethics on Campus club, we want much more
Something must be done about the low attendance score
And cheaters should be thrown out of school for sure.

We take your words to heart, you raise a wonderful point
A new dean of academic integrity we must now anoint
In terms of attendance, we would hate to disappoint...
Maybe the programs for men and women can be joint?

Yael Talmudit was the next woman to ask
For a woman's Smicha Masters- a laborious task
So that in the light of the Talmud, women can bask
It's time to show the world what Stern really is, time to take off
the mask.

Shprintza Genendel jumped out of her seat
With her gargoyles sweater and skirt with a pleat
Stern should stop trying to always compete
We will never reach the level of the Rosh Yeshiva's feet.

More credit for classes, more bread and less fish,
Since girls are on diets, the caf shouldn't serve knish.
One club wants to start every day with a tish,
Someone expressed the pottery major wish.

Yeshiva University- Yeshiva of diversity, where all unite as one
Different people and different opinions join in learning and fun.

The Heterosexual Question

Anonymous

A recent survey of Yeshiva University's Yeshiva College (YC) student body, conducted by the Society for Campus Equality and Wellness (SCEW), found a surprising—and to some, disturbing—number of heterosexual men on campus.

"When I read the numbers, I was shocked," said one YC student, who wishes to remain anonymous. "I mean, where have they been hiding all this time?"

The SCEW survey found that 79% of YC students have seen a heterosexual man on the fourth floor of the Pollack Library; 83% have seen a heterosexual man walking into Golan Heights restaurant; and 92% have actually spoken to a heterosexual at least twice in the course of one semester.

"I think it's all a sham," said a YC student walking out of Belfer Hall, who wishes to remain anonymous. "If you ask me, it's just one guy, and everyone happens to know him."

With the latest discovery still fresh on campus, students are not sure how to react. Yeshiva University, a Modern-Orthodox institution, is generally accepting of open expression when it comes to student and teacher identities. However, the apparent heterosexual population has not voiced its existence since YU's founding in 1886.

"It's weird...it's like all of a sudden they're all over the place and we can't stop talking about them," said one student from Stern College for Women (SCW), who wishes to remain anonymous.

Indeed, the heterosexual students are making their voices heard. They've dominated headlines in the university presses, in several articles, such as *The Non-Gay Question, Relating to Heterosexuality, Circling the Issue*, and *Inside the Closet*.

"I'm really happy for them," said a YC reporter for *The Commentator*—YC's campus newspaper—who wishes to remain anonymous, "it's almost as if they've become a media sensation overnight. We can't get enough of them, and neither can our readers!"

Students are not the only ones to voice their opinion on the sudden emergence of a heterosexual population. As Yeshiva University is a Jewish institution, rabbinic authority has its say on the matter as well.

"Interesting. That's the first word that came to my mind when I heard about this," said MaHaRaT Sally Smith, shlita. "The public appearances might be assur, since m'meila proclaiming one's heterosexuality b'reshus harabim is mechzei k'yuhara, and the gavra will effectively be machti es harabim in the aveira of lo sachmod," she concluded. MaHaRaT Smith is a well-respected halachic authority among her peers, and hopes to graduate to the level of "Rabbah" within the year.

Yet the heterosexual lobby does not stop at newspaper headlines, despite the MaHaRaT's psak halacha. According to the president of the Torah Ideals that Keep Us Nourished (TIKUN) club, there may be plans to organize a heterosexual panel in the coming months in

Jesus and
Mohammed

continued from front page

currence. "So neither of you keep *gebrochts?*" questioned Moses, catching a glimpse of the matzo ball recipe.

"What's it to you, shepherdude?" Jesus purportedly scowled at the new rabbi, to which Moses replied, "You know, there's speculation about whether you even exist in the *Gemara*."

Jesus and Mohammed met for the first time when they turned down the 613 mitzvot and became friends during the first Crusade. They met randomly in Jerusalem, a city then in turmoil. "It was a relief when the Jews returned in '67," said Mohammed, "because then JC and I were able to start researching flights and hotels seriously."

"It was inevitable," explained Jesus of the friendship, once he and Mohammed were comfortably seated in Golan Heights with extra *tehina schwarma*. "After all, I'm god and Mohammed is my prophet."

After Jesus takes his long-awaited photograph with the Naked Cowboy in Times Square, the pair is planning to party it up in the deep South and along the India-Pakistan border.

order to really bring the issue to the forefront.

"I don't expect many people to come, since the topic is so taboo," said the TIKUN president, who wishes to remain anonymous, "but it's still a worthwhile endeavor."

Presidential Happenings

Rav Hamechaber

Yeshiva University President Richard Joel announced yesterday that he will challenge United States President Barack Obama in the 2012 presidential election. "Being president has been a longtime dream of mine, so I'm throwing in my hat," explained Joel. "It's about time America had a Jewish president. My experiences as commander in chief here at Yeshiva have taught me how to ennoble and enable a divided and diffuse population. I'm ready for the big leagues."

Presidential fellows will vie to be President Joel's successor as president of YU in a much-anticipated reality television show called "So You Think You Can Be President?"

NEW:

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NEWS

"Ani lo tedaberet Ivris"

Esperanza "La Talpa" Sanguinofsky

In a surprise move this morning, both the Hebrew Department and the Foreign Languages Department at Yeshiva College have merged, taking the name of "Hebrew is (truly) a Foreign Language Department." Members in the YC administration have lauded the change, explaining that it was laudable. Very much so. Really. "People were leaving their Hebrew courses so utterly confused that they began speaking a host of other languages - all but Hebrew, in fact," said a high-ranking administrator who spoke on condition of a salary rise. "The CIA, Scotland Yard, Al-Jazeera - everyone started calling us to ask if they can hire our student body for intelligence work involving Swahili, Thracian, Akkadian, Amharic, Huambisa, Waray-Waray, Khung, Kayardild, Bird, Elk, and many others...They must have realized that collective fluency in such a large host of foreign languages so diverse was uncommon and quite extraordinary...and it was all due to the Hebrew Department's efforts."

This new move takes an existing problem - that is, students not learning a damn word of Hebrew - and, by recognizing that Hebrew is the most foreign language of all, transforms it into a blessing. The Career Development Cen-

ter has already started displaying brochures to students containing informative tidbits about different cultures, such as crime rate in Nunavut. Not that everyone is happy with the way things are progressing. "Oy, am I worried," said a student's concerned grandmother. "Yes, traveling different parts of the world speaking in gibberish and doing intelligence work is wonderful, but what about my Yankele's heritage? Is there *ku-gel* on Baffin Island? Is there?!"

YU has never offered much incentive for the Hebrew Department to, well, teach actual Hebrew. "My dog earned more than me last month," complains one Hebrew professor. "And yesterday, I was able - after much persuasion - to exchange this month's paycheck for a button. By the time I come into class to teach, I'm so tired I'm not quite sure what I'm saying. Next thing I know, I'm writing a letter of recommendation for a student of mine to do fieldwork on a ranch in Greenland. Where *is* Greenland, anyway?"

Some students are of the opinion that the Hebrew Department should learn from other departments. "Of course, the Bible department is much, much better [than its Hebrew counterpart]," says Crucifix Finkelstein (YC, 11).

"Hebrew is simply beyond most people's comprehension. I mean, what would you more easily retain? How to speak a sentence in Hebrew, or how to deal with cohortatives, segholates, and monophthongization? It's a no-brainer."

Petrificus Maximus (YC '12) agrees. "Do you, like, know how hard it is to memorize all those Hebrew words?" he asks. "And there are, like, a zillion conjugations. It's, like, the hardest language out there." When told that a language like Arabic has many more conjugations than Hebrew, he replied, "Yeah, but Arabic is, like...cool. Dude."

A seemingly smarter student (Anonymous, SSSB(!) '12) is pleased with the change. "The YC administration has finally realized that Hebrew is untaughtable [sic] and come to terms with students' scope of intellectual capability," he comments. "I am glad."

A professor in one department who declined not to comment confessed, "Don't tell anyone, but I had a Kit-Kat bar today. My doctor said that I'm not allowed to have one. Psyche!"

So what will the future hold? Nobody is quite sure. The initiative, however, is commendable. Alhamdulillah.

The Odd Verser

Anna Nimus

Few there are in our community of brilliant and learned individuals who do not know of the Rav and his several iconic works. Fewer still, perhaps, manage to make their way through the thicket of the Rav's eloquent but dense verbiage. But only fewest of the few know the true reason that the Rav's prose presents such difficulties.

Through diligent research, I have managed to discover to trace the difficulty to its source—a source as logical as it is astounding. We possess the Rav's works today only in translation. You see, he originally wrote in verse. Limericks, to be exact.

Space is too short here to elaborate on how I stumbled upon this truth; suffice it to say that for many years, I have been engaged in the complex but rewarding process of historical reconstruction. Painstakingly comparing old manuscripts and unpublished letters to his publisher, reading the book as we have it, and tracing it back through its origins on a napkin in Dougie Doug's, I believe that I have come as close as anyone has or will to reconstructing the Rav's words in their original form. I am proud to present to you an excerpt from chapter one of my forthcoming critical edition of *The Lonely Man of Faith*. Without further ado:

The Lonely Man of Faith

Though surrounded by friends, I'm alone.
In my ears, like the turtledove's moan,
Rings, "My parents forsake me!"
The feeling may shake me
But its cause is, at present, unknown.

Is it personal worry and doubt?
Does Existence itself freak me out
For its frightening fragility?
Is the overcivility
Of Western life what it's about?

It may be that each of those three
Is true in some minor degree
But at root, one thing only—
My faith—makes me lonely:
For "being is believing" to me.

One last note: since the logical mind
Seeks knowledge, whatever its kind,
Though I may have no chance here
Of finding an answer,
I'd like the dilemma defined.

* * * * *
The Torah describes Man's debut:
Made like God; charged the Earth to subdue.
He has no need to wait
To be given a mate -
And that's when we get version two.

Man begins without partner or friend,
Made of dirt; charged the Garden to tend.
As for Eve, we await her
Until the Creator
Creates him a wife in the end.

The "Biblical critics", of course,
See a flat contradiction: Perforce,
The amanuensis,
They say, who wrote Genesis
Compiled it from more than one source.

Of course as traditional Jews,
We reject such heretical views,
But the twin view of Adam:
Each difference, each datum,
On these it's worthwhile to muse.

Between writing the odd verse, Anna N. is working on her forthcoming definitive biography of the Rav: *There Once was a Man of Halacha: The Life and Rhymes of Rabbi Joseph B. Soloveichik*.

Top Five Reasons for Going to RIETS

Esperanza "La Talpa" Sanguinofsky

5) You get to study in a building with someone's picture appearing everywhere. It's cool, if you liked the Soviet Union.

4) You never go hungry, as there's always delicious, nutritious food left for you on top of the garbage bins.

3) You get to be looked down upon by both Chovevei and Lakewood. Hey, it's good to be the center of attention.

2) Aforementioned building is joined to last year's Most Quiet Library Award recipient.

And lastly...

1) A major RIETS program is named after the same person who owns Victoria's Secret.

ARTS AND KISHKA

Black Shabbos

Habbinow "Rockin'" Robinow

The past hundred-odd years have been punctuated by prodigious accomplishments by members of the Jewish people—Jews are responsible for contributing everything from the theory of relativity, the polio vaccine, blue jeans, and the Oscars. Now, the Chosen People can add another achievement to the list—the world's first all-Jewish hard rock band, called "Black Shabbos."

Fronted by the lead singer and lead acoustic player, Moishe "Monster Mash" Greenstein, this group includes his brother Yossi "Snake" Greenstein, the bass player, Dovid "The Davening Dervish" Spiegelman, and the drummer Chaim "Cuddles" Levin. Not only are they the rock band that needs to have men's and women's mosh pits at their concerts, but also they carry a unique mission with them when they take the stage in concert venues all across the nation. Their sacred duty? To carry the light and sanctity of Judaism to the world through the strength of rock music.

"The first time I played a song on a guitar was when I was a *bochur* at Yeshivat Torat Shraga," says Moishe over a bowl of chicken noodle soup at Mendy's, a famous Manhattan deli. "I played the first three bars of 'Stairway to Heaven,' and I just knew that this was going to be how I was to find my purpose as a Jew in the world—to sanctify the profane. And how better to do that than through the holy power of rock and roll, man?"

While studying at Yeshiva for the year, Moshe befriended Dovid Spiegelman and Chaim Levin, and the trio began to experiment with different forms of music.

Spiegelman recounts, "At first it was mainly covers of the Moshav Band, you know, the usual stuff... Then, we started branching out into classic punk bands like the Clash, and the Sex Pistols... the guys all felt that that rock and roll could help them express intense emotions in ways that mellow, acoustic music couldn't." As their music matured throughout their year of study in Israel, the men of the nascent band knew that it was evolving into only one thing—the world's first Jewish rock band. "We knew we had something special right when we first played a cover of Metallica's 'Enter Sandman' in Hebrew," explains Spiegelman as he digs into his organic chicken *schwarma*. "The guys and I all felt like we were taking something that had been merely cool in the secular world and infusing it with the

uplifting power of Judaism, making it super-duper-über-cool."

Then, the trio returned to America last year to start their sophomore year of college at Yeshiva University. Greenstein's brother Yossi, then a senior in high school, asked if he could join them in their twice-weekly jam sessions. The band "Black Shabbos" was born. Yossi Greenstein explains, "We named the band because we wanted to take the devilishly awesome music of Black Sabbath and put some good old-fashioned Jewish mojo into it." Then he adds, "Plus, one time, we were jamming together at Moishe's apartment *motzei Shabbos*, and were having so much fun that we forgot to clean out the *chulent* pot. When we finally remembered it was still there and plugged in, the *chulent* had turned, y'know, black and crusty-ish... if Pink Floyd had written an album about it, it would be called 'Dark Side of the Chulent Pot'."

The *chulent* was eventually thrown away, but the name stuck. Throughout the semester, the young men played their music for a wide-ranging audience both in their school and in their hometown of Far Rockaway. They played for everyone from their fellow students at Y.U. to guests at Spiegelman's second cousin's brother's nephew's son's bar mitzvah party. According to Spiegelman, "Yeah, getting the gig was tough work, but when you have connections, we got our foot in the door. The kids had a great time, especially when we rocked them with 'Adon Olam' to the tune of 'Smells Like Teen Spirit'—we brought the house down, and the kids got to have slammin' *farbren-gen*." However, the praise from all quarters has been effusive, because of the band's use of rock music to bring Jewish *midot* to an audience raised on bands ranging from ACDC to Angels & Airwaves.

These yeshiva *bochurim* have only been an official band for a year, but they have high hopes for the future: to the 92nd Street Y and beyond. Moishe Greenstein relates, "We're going to open for Guy Elbaz at a charity concert for Haiti on the Upper West Side in two weeks, and after that—who knows? Wherever the Jewish people need a little rock n'roll in their lives, that's where we'll be." The band's roots blend modern rock and traditional *frumkeit*; their contributions to the Jewish world, however, will be uniquely theirs. After all, where would Jews be if not for Shabbos?

NON-DENOMINATIONAL
KINDERGARTEN...

Book Review

The Sins of Our Forefathers: A New Biblical Commentary

Goatee McMurray

If innocent displays of affection in the Bible trouble you, then you're not alone. In his new volume of biblical criticism, Rabbi Dr. Q. Gottizme explains just how sinful sinners like Miriam the Prophetess, Yaakov Avinu and that little kid resurrected by Elijah really were.

"People over-focus on Miriam's sin of *lashon hara* against Moses, even though everyone knows a little slander never hurt anyone," writes Gottizme. "What our community should really be concerned about is the blatant affirmation of women's creative powers in Miriam's tambourine charade after the crossing of the Red Sea."

According to Gottizme, if young, starry-eyed *haredi* girls get the impression that there is no biblical prohibition against crediting females for their own work, all hell will break loose. "We're going to start witnessing ladies' names being printed on the CDs of instru-

mental music they compose, rather than only the first initial of their names, or their husbands' names," shudders Gottizme's pen. "Today, artistic recognition; tomorrow, sexual encounters orchestrated by Craigslist. *Shirat HaYam* [The Song of the Sea] must depart from the *siddur*."

Weaving together anecdotes, *pesukim* and 14th century European propaganda, Gottizme creates a splendid image of cleanness muddied, and holiness turned touchy-feely. "Why did Rachel have to wait 14 years for Yaakov to marry her?" argues Gottizme. "It is because when he kissed her at the well, he totally destroyed her *shidduch* prospects. A peck on the cheek from one's cousin and everything goes asunder. Enough with the *midrashim* who say it was innocent; keep your kids away from their relatives at the *Pesach seder*, and everyone will win."

Gottizme indicts a total of 157

biblical heroes in this long-awaited work, and is busy composing the next volume. One of the accused wrongdoers is the child in Kings I, ch. 17. In the biblical narrative, the child of Elijah's widowed hostess dies suddenly, at which point the widow implores Elijah for help. "Why is she talking to Elijah?" asks Gottizme. "Did anyone ask her to talk to Elijah? The child is clearly responsible. The text does not indicate that aspirin was unavailable to this boy. He should have quietly popped a pill; the talking going on between the two unmarrieds should not have taken place."

Professor Henky Chasveshalom Penky, director of the Anti-Love Institute of Don't-Want-to-Know-Don't-Tell-Me College in Svalbard, has fervently endorsed Gottizme's research. "Adam knows Chava?" rages Penky. "I don't want to hear about it. Dr. Gottizme's work is an important addition to the corpus of authentic societal scholarship."

Come hear Lady Graga'

give a special performance of "Disco Shtick"

at Madison Square Gan

on ShushanP.

ARTS AND KISHKA

Eliminating Evil, One Note at a Time

Johann Sebastian Eisenbach

This past week, the highly anticipated Annual International Conference for Nice Jewish Music (AICNJM; also known as SUNTAN, "Society for the Unproliferation of Neveilusdike Tum'adike Arayosdike Niggunim") took place in San Francisco, cosmopolitan city of fruits and nuts. "Our goals are very simple," stated Chairman and acclaimed *ba'al menagen* Feivush Friedman. "We hope and want to ensure that the songs on the Jewish market stay within the geder of *t'mimus*. We can't have things like the saxophone, drums, or triple-meter threatening to destroy the *neshamos* of our *yiddishe*

kinder. I mean, I'm a *ba'al teshuva*, and I KNOW how evil music can be - even the Greek *kofrim*, *yimach sh'mam*, realized this a long while ago - though we're not talking millions of years, of course. That's *k'neged halacha*," he hastened to add.

The conference hosted speakers who lectured on a variety of topics pertaining to Jewish music. One lecturer offered helpful tips and advice on how to keep the number of chords in a song below three. Another held a workshop entitled, "Staying Pure in a World of *Pritzus*: Coping with C minor."

The conference also held a sym-

posium in which the *kashrus* status of various instruments was debated. "Personally, I think the electric guitar is the *yeitzer hara bichvoidi u'v'atzmoi* [sic]," said Aharon Volkenkrechzt passionately. "This instrument only brought *churban* to the *oilem*. We should ban the acoustic guitar, as well. *Oy lerasha v'oy lishchenoi* [sic], no?"

Other participants, however, were not so kind. Mendy Eisenhoysen, CEO of the Coalition Against *Treif* Songs (CATS) was quoted as saying, "I simply can't go to *chasunahs* anymore because of the *matzev*. Last time I went, I was with my grandson, and when they

started playing, he started dancing in a very *unbakavodike* way, because of the music. My blood boiling, I right away walked over to the singer and punched him hard in the gut. I'm happy to have had this opportunity of *Asei Tov* fall into my hands." When asked whether he thought his response was a bit extreme, Eisenhoysen replied, "I didn't punch him anywhere else, did I?"

Minutiae were on the table, as well. "Since when did someone who plays the flute all of a sudden become a 'flutist?'" exclaimed Gavriel Feldspar, who requested to remain anonymous. "Everything - down to *mamish* the musicians' titles! - must be *k'das Moshe v'Yisrael*. A person who plays the flute is a *ba'al ruach*, just as one who plays the piano is a *ba'al yadayim*. Language is extremely important. I never go on a 'trip' upstate to the country; I go on a *'nesiah*."

Another trivial issue mentioned

was the role of ladies in music, if any. While some people thought that ladies *could* contribute in some way by supporting their husbands while the latter schmoozed in *kollel*, others were more hesitant. "I once saw a lady playing the bass at a *Yiddishe* event," recalls hoary Mattis Dulcimer. "The combination of seeing a woma--sorry, lady--involved with something creative, *loi aleinu*, while seeing her onstage, in a place of *chashivus*, was too much for me. I fainted on the spot and have been in a coma ever since."

So is this really a crackdown on the music that is going to be played and sold in Jewish stores?

"*Avada*," states Friedman heatedly. "It's not enough to have control OVER the media, but within the types of media as well." When told that "the media" does not refer to Jewish music, Friedman mumbled something incoherent and said he needed to call his mother-in-law.

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A New Song for the Maccabeats

(Sung to the tune of "One Nation" by the London Girls' Choir)

"I go to Har Etzion"
"And I go to Shalavim"
Different schools still we can all sing together.

"Reishit" "Ner Jake" "KBY"
"And I go to D-E-C"
Different schools still we can all sing together.

CHORUS:
"Chaveirim Kol Yisrael (3x) V'Nomar Amein".
Coz we are - one nation all together
Different children in one big family
And we're at - one table all together
In Rubin's basement, all in unity - Achdus

"Schechter", "Willig", "Rosensweig",
"Wieder", "Simon", "Sobolofsky",
Different rebbes still we can all sing together.

"Meir", "Michael", "Julian",
"Noey", "Ari", "Yonatan",
Different names still we can all sing together.

"Chaveirim Kol Yisrael (3x) V'nomar Amein"
Coz we are - one nation all together
Different children in one big family
And we're at - one table all together
In Rubin's basement, all in unity - Achdus

"I am blond" "And I have red hair"
"I'm dark-skinned with short dark hair"
Different colours still we can all sing together.

"I love singing" "I love sports"
"And I love looking after the kids"
Different types still we can all sing together.

"Chaveirim Kol Yisrael (3x) V'nomar Amein"
Coz we are - one nation all together
Different children in one big family
And we're at - one table all together
In Rubin's basement, all in unity - Achdus

SHIDDUCHIM

YUDisconnects: Solving the Shidduch Crisis

Rosie the Riveter

With YUConnects, the illimitable Center for the Jewish Future secured the dating prospects of YU's students. Now, proving once again that anything can be taken to the Internet, the CJF is unveiling their revolutionary new program, YUDisconnects. Recognizing the awkwardness inherent in breakups, the CJF seeks to save students from discomfort and tears, as well as to generate business for YUConnects. The program's initiator, Mrs. Mishelofsky, explained to the Observer that the CJF had been working on this concept for quite some time, almost as soon as they released the YUConnects website. "We are hoping that this will be one solution to the Shidduch Crisis," explains Mrs. Mishelofsky. "Increasing the number of breakups will increase the number of available singles."

The concept is quite simple. As soon as a couple decides to start dating seriously, they jointly register with YUDisconnects. Mrs. Mishelofsky compares this to the prenuptial agreements signed by many before marriage. "This doesn't suggest that the couple will break up," she explained, "Rather it is a protection against future heartache." Upon registration, each couple is paired with a DisConnector, personally trained by the CJF in post-breakup counseling. If either individual decides that the relationship must end, they merely press a button online, and the DisConnector will contact the other party.

In addition to their breakup ser-



VICES, YUDisconnects offers immediate Facebook "Relationship" status updating, as well as a mass text sent out to friends and family informing them that "Ploni and Almoni's relationship has been terminated." This prevents uncomfortable questions from well-meaning individuals, such as "How

is your boyfriend/girlfriend doing?" Additionally, upon breakup, the ingenious website self-directs to the YUConnects website, where the newly-single can register to meet their *bashert*.

The program has generated both positive and negative feedback among YU students. One ladies

man of the YU library expressed his blatant enthusiasm by saying, "I hate breaking up with clingy girlfriends! This is awesome!" Simcha Zissel, a YC junior, explained that "Breaking up with girls uses up all of my phone minutes," and stated hopefully that now he will have some left over to phone his

family before Shabbat, which is "very important to me."

Freidel Brafts, a SCW First Time On Campus student just back from Michlalah, hopes that YUDisconnects will eliminate "any unnecessary conversation with boys who are no longer *shayach*, i.e. that I just broke up with."

Others, however, have expressed their reservations for YUDisconnects. "What if YU wireless blows out?" stated one skeptic. "Then you might be stuck with someone for a whole week. That would be awful. Plus, I would probably miss Glee."

Gndel Berkowitz, a SCW senior, is nervous about how to broach the topic of YUDisconnects registration. "Like, when do you talk about it? On the fifth date, or the sixth? I mean, like, that's kind of an awkward thing to say to someone over coffee at Starbucks."

Mrs. Mishelofsky's colleague at YUConnects, Mrs. Doubleofsky, states, "This might lead to an easy way out of fruitful relationships that could potentially lead to marriage. We don't want to make breaking up *too* easy for people."

Despite these naysayers, the CJF plans to open the YUDisconnects website shortly after Purim. Mrs. Mishelofsky anticipates that the drunken revelry at Purim parties will dramatically increase the need for "such a worthy service," and intends to advertise at the YU Purim party in the Heights. It will soon be as easy to make the disconnection as it is to make the connection.

YU DisConnects *Extreme*: Your Resource for Extreme Situations

Yaira Dubin and Mollie Sharfman

YU Connects is there to help you when you want to meet a cute guy, and YU Disconnects when you've hit a dry spell. But what about when you just want to get rid of that boy who stalks you night and day, who's sent you dozens of Facebook messages begging you to call him back, who knows when you change your profile picture and comments on it every time, that boy whom you just can't shake off? YUDisConnects *Extreme*, headed by Yaira Dubin and Mollie Sharfman, is here to help. To all those out there who are sick of the "shidduch crisis" and the rampant talk of desperate girls, who feel like they have more of a problem getting rid of dates than finding them, YUDisConnects *Extreme* is for you. To all those girls who meet a guy once at the Seform Sale Extravaganza and are thrust into a situation where you're supposed to date him/get engaged/get married in a six month span, but truthfully you

can't stand the way he wears his pants, YUDisConnects *Extreme* is for you.

YUDisconnects *Extreme* Mission Statement:

To save you from awkward situations when you're "just not that into him."

Services Provided:

Extreme DisConnectors available 24/7 to help you with all of your breakup needs. Single, unmarried women who spend many of their waking hours dealing with just this situation, with advice for dealing with any creeper you can find. Those nauseating Facebook chats? Over. G-chat status stalking? Never again. Conveniently being in the Heights Lounge the minute after you walk in? Crisis averted. Our *Extreme* DisConnectors will change your lives.

Genetic Testing:

In extreme situations, we will provide you with counterfeit Dor Yeshorim testing results, to tell the true long-term stalker that

you're not "genetically compatible." Non-negotiable, easy, and fast.

Suggested List of Perfect Breakup Spots:

Firstly, a big no-no is breaking up near a bridge, ocean, or river. For the true stalker, breakups can be highly traumatic and we don't want any "accidents."

Good breakup spots include Golan Heights - no one can make a scene in front of half of YU. You can slip out the door with a shwarma in your hand and head down on the next shuttle. Make sure you call in advance because the shuttles have been crazy full recently, and there's nothing worse than being stuck in the Heights waiting for a shuttle with the guy you just broke up with.

Another hot choice is on the shuttle itself. This maneuver is a bit tricky, though; you need to have perfect timing and know traffic conditions in advance. Breaking up takes approximately three minutes, allowing for brief peri-



ods of hysteria. By the time your three-minute window is over, you need to be out of that shuttle, safely in the doors of your dorm, with a security guard blocking the doorway. Avoid scenes at all cost. For novices, we advise attempting this tactic on an earlier shuttle, since they're usually less crowd-

ed, making the situation slightly less embarrassing for all involved.

For more information, contact Breakups-R-Us@gmail.com. YUDisConnects is a non-profit service provided by Yeshiva University and the CJF, in cooperation with its graduate schools and alumni. Register NOW!

SHIDDUCHIM

A Segula Worth Checking

Ahuva "48" Carritt

The recent buzz on the Beren campus over the new housing regulation plans is in response to increased opportunity for personal preferences on the housing application form. In addition to allowing students to pay more money for the same dorms, the Office of Housing and Residence Life has included the option of selecting a specific bed.

"I met my bashert only six weeks after taking the bed of my recently married friend," said Fruma Frumstein (SCW '12). "It is about time they officially incorporated this custom into the official housing application." The institution of segula beds has been informally implemented for many years, but it is only this year that the administration has finally recognized its import.

Segula beds, informally known as "huppa bringas", are the beds of recently engaged girls. Time and again, segula beds have been proven to increase a girl's chance of engagement in under the three month time limit by almost four



hundred percent. "I had lived with many segula roommates before finally trying a segula bed. While

the roommates helped me find shidduchim, it was only the bed that brought me to the chuppa. My

corresponds to an online database sponsored by YUConnects. The database gives the details of

chossen and I have implemented the custom of segula beds in our bayis n e e m a n " remarked Tichel Goldstein (SCW '11).

The incorporation of segula beds into the new housing application utilizes diagrams of basic room setups in each dorm. On the diagrams, each bed is labeled with a letter which

how many girls got engaged while sleeping in each bed and how long they were in the parsha before finding their zivug. Beds can also be selected based on the hashkafah of the chossen.

"We are very excited about this new initiative," said Nancy Johnson-Steel, director of University housing and Residence Life on the Beren Campus, "this has really brought unity and excitement to our campus." This new initiative has already sparked a dramatic increase in undergraduate enrollment for the 2010-2011 academic year. Rabbis all around the world are attaching haskamot to the new housing application and encouraging young women from their communities to pursue this exciting opportunity.

"Segula beds are shtark," said Rabbi Segula Mizron, Chief Rabbi of Frumlingtown, NY, "it's the frum thing to do." So next time you pick up the housing application, be sure to do your research before selecting your bed. You too can be married within three months.

Finding Your 'Mate

Avi Varnai and Leah Peyman

It all starts the usual way. A mutual friend, who happens to already be taken, brings up the idea. You've both heard of each other before, but never formally met so you ask for more details. Your mutual friend goes on and on about how great you guys would be together because your personalities match, you have the same hashkafa, and you secretly both love Miley Cyrus. So, you both think about it, and finally say yes. The first encounter is awkward, and it all seems like an interview. How many siblings do you have? Where are you from? What camp did you go to? After you get past the interview, talking about which classes you're taking, and comparing schedules becomes a recurring subject. After a few weeks, you slowly but surely begin to feel more comfortable. You begin to develop a routine with each other. Dinners together become more of the usual thing, maybe pretty soon you will become friendly with their friends, and bathroom trips aren't awkward anymore.

Things have been going pretty well until now, but you still have your doubts and eventually the little things start to bother you. You are on different schedules, and all you want to do is go to sleep a little earlier. When you're together hanging out, there is no initial "spark" anymore. You begin to wonder if it will last until next year, let alone next semester. You've become good friends, and definitely see you are compatible with each other, but could you find a better one and move

on. And that's when you being the search for your next roommate.

If you thought this whole time we were referring to finding a *shidduch*, congratulations, you have officially become the epitome of a Stern girl.

Everyone thinks they are the ideal roommate, for the obvious reason that they are able to live with themselves! But

let's be real girls, there is a reason they created single rooms. Roommates play a big role in your college experience, so you want to be sure to choose wisely; however, did you ever think that maybe you're the girl that no one wants to live with? If you said yes, you're lying to us. If you said no, you're lying to yourself. We have come up with what we believe are the basic fundamentals of being an ideal roommate.

Even though you got stuck with a 9 a.m. class four days a week, doesn't mean your roommates did. Everyone hears the alarm.

If you're the first of your roommates making a trip to the caf, it is your responsibility to report back which type of chicken is for dinner: edible or non-edible.

If your roommate is nice enough to lend you her sweatshirt, it doesn't give you permission to wear it for the rest of the month.

When people respond with the words "It's fine," it never means that it's fine. Example situation: "Is my music too loud?" "It's fine"... It is not fine; turn down the volume.

If you have to ask your roommate if it is your turn to buy toilet paper, it probably is. But hey, look on the bright side; it gives you an excuse to go to the Heights and visit the YU caf store.

"You've both heard of each other before, but never formally met so you ask for more details"

In-towners: just because you are out of the room for three days a week, doesn't mean you have any less responsibility. Take out the garbage once in a while.

Out-of-towners: The rules apply especially to you. You want your roommates to fly in for your wedding, don't you?

Just because you live in a single, doesn't give you permission to bash people or talk about your dates. You're not the only one in the building, and the walls are paper-thin.

Just because your roommate is fully stocked with every toiletry that you so happen to need, doesn't mean it's a free for all when she leaves. Duane Reade is on every corner.

If all of your roommates are dating, that's your cue to start looking for new roommates for next year (see above for the process of finding a new roommate)

But remember, it's not only about how you live but where you live.

If you have enough patience to wait for an elevator that is being

used by over 300 students for 20 floors, you belong in Brookdale.

If you want a daily stair-master machine, the elevator-less 36th street is the place for you.

If you hate people, enjoy company in the bathroom, and enjoy long walks (not on the beach, but the Indian district of Lexington Ave) then Schottenstein is the place for you.

If you want to feel like you actually own an apartment in the city,

Lexington Plaza is calling your name.

If you have always dreamed of living in a palace, head on over to 35th street, but don't be deceived; there is a price to pay—literally.

So remember, while it is still early on in the semester, it is never too early to think about roommates. And if after reading this article you find you relate a little too well, you might want to consider a single.

A message from a higher power...

Yeshiva University

Stern College for Women

Beren Campus 245 Lexington Avenue

New York, New York, 10016

To: Stern College Pre-Marrieds, c/o L. Harbinger

From: Stern College Administration

Subject: New Major

A new degree, the Master's in Reproductive Sciences, will be offered at Yeshiva University in time for the Fall 2010 semester. The two-year curriculum will combine intensive study in hilkhos kashruth, Shabbat, and taharat hamishpaha; emergency home economic situations; and specialized biological reproductive studies. Course readings will include Kama Sutra: The Kosher Way and How to Turn Your Loved Ones Republican.

OPINIONS

Stop the Harassment

S. Stud

For a long time I've deliberated whether to write this article. What will people think of me if I express my opinion? Should I write it anonymously? Should I submit it to *Kol Hamevaser*? Finally, though, I reached my limit. I decided the time has to come to just let it all out. Maybe then I can live in peace.

You see, the problem began on my very first day of seminary. As advised by my high school's Israel Guidance department, I decided to take sign up for the S. Daniel Abraham Israel program. Get a jump start on my Stern credits, compete in the choir competition, get my 3rd YU *mincha* card. What could be bad about it? Then I sat down, that very first day of my year away from America, to write an email to my parents saying that I arrived in Israel in one piece. I took a look at my inbox and saw that it had 287 new messages, give or take.

Now I know the whole flying process has gotten much slower, with the 4 hour security checks for secretly hidden bombs (in places not befitting a seminary girl to speak of), the 2-hour delays due to snow in Florida and then the extra 2-hour El Al delay as the seating is rearranged with a *mechitza*. I did not, though, expect that it had gotten that slow that my email numbers had overnight graduated from my pitiful high school numbers to that of a Wall Street CEO. I could not imagine how every person I had ever been to camp with or played Little League against had now gotten my email address or why they were inviting me to eat dinner with them every night of

the week.

Then, through my jetlag-induced exhaustion emerged the vague memory I had of forwarding my new university email (which, let's be honest, feels really cool to have at first), to my normal email address. And, of course, as I began to examine the plethora of unwanted emails, I noticed that each and every one of them was addressed to my university email, *sstud@yu.edu*, rather than *studmuffin218@aol.com*. I immediately stopped the forwarding of emails and vowed never to do so again.

The year in Israel was great. I enjoyed emails exclusively from my family, close friends and *torah.org*. When I arrived for my first day in Brookdale, I had nearly forgotten about the forwarding fiasco of the year prior. During the Academic Computing orientation I listened carefully to their urging that I check my YU email at least daily, if not hourly. (Their rules over what can be brought into the computer room did not penetrate as well.) However, after the first week I got tired of having to check both email addresses. What is Squirrelmail, anyway? Since when do we look to squirrels as our role models in efficiency in correspondence? Without his jet pack, Rocky is just as slow as Bullwinkle.

I caved. I forwarded my YU email to my email, *s.stud@gmail.com* (I mean really, who has AOL anymore?) and awaited the deluge that was sure to come. And come it did! Invitations to a *shiur* arrived first, followed by more invites to a *shiur* with ice cream, a *shiur* with belly dancing. These were followed

by emails from clubs I never knew existed asking me to come to their opening and only event of the semester. After that came emails from the registrar telling me about all the ways to get out of taking the classes I just started taking (these continued until Reading Week). And so it went on and on all that fateful night.

It was not long before I turned to the dark side. I became president of a club, where I was forced (out of my own free will, I tell you!) to send the *sstuds* myself. This is not a fact that I am proud to admit, but I will do so for the sake of honesty. Fearing backlash from others I am told are displeased with the magnitude of emails that I have sent out (this really pains me), I have kept my role in this process silent. Some may have been suspicious of me when my name, Shira Studgoldlevinbergstein, is called in class. But no one has called me on it directly (at least not yet).

In speaking to my twin brother, Yisrael, I found out that he too has had a similar problem his entire time at YU. He is now ready to speak up and End the Madness. As I graduate this May, I will at last be able to sever the connection between the *sstuds*. Gmail and the Squirrel will forever part ways. I will hang up my Moderator crown. Inboxes all throughout Midtown and the Heights will breathe a sigh of relief. Carrier pigeons will come back into fashion as all YUMS squirrels will be liberated.

Oh shoot, I just got into Caradozo. And YUMS is transferring to Gmail. All I can say is, *s.stud@gmail.com* is taken!

Join the Party

Lela Harbinger

In this day and age, people are complicated beings, especially during the transitional college age. YU students are fickle, and most times they can't even make up their minds about what they want to do with their lives. However, there is one major and oft-overlooked classification that can actually help students classify their peers, and that is to find out to which political party they ascribe. You can tell a lot about a person based on their political affiliations, and for those students who can't decide, and for anyone on a student visa who can't understand what those darned Americans are talking about, whether you're Democrat or Republican, here's a guide just for you.

Democrats:

- Are the vocal minority
- Are applauded for their non-racist leanings
- Do not mention abortion in YU
- Arrange panels in order to discuss issues
- Associate with donkeys

Republicans:

- Support the NRA
- Are vehemently pro-life
- Are anti-gay marriage
- Associate with elephants
- Dress sharply

A Minus to My Life

Prudence McPerfect

I cannot fathom the despair I encountered on the 5th of January, 2010, the day so ever etched in my memory. It was on this morning that I received the typical YU automated email sent from the registrar. The subject title: 'Your Academic History Grade Has Been Filed.' I opened the email and read that a grade was submitted for my Hebrew class. I became excited, no, enthralled! It was my last grade, the final cherry to my oh-so-beautiful cake called, 4.0, the *crème de la crème*, a final sprinkle to my caf frozen yogurt. I knew what my grade had to be, what it should be, and what it deserved to be. I could hardly wait to press on the blue underlined words, the link that would lead me to my beautiful paradise. I clicked on the linked and goose bumps radiated my arms. My fingers ferociously typed away my ID number, and then my password. Several more clicks lead me to my destination, the Internet page that would bring about my incipient happiness.

I scrolled down the page, wide eyed at the illuminating screen, ready to embrace the letter 'A'. But suddenly, my eyes were baffled. "Was there a smudge on my screen?" I thought. "What is that little dash doing next to the 'A'?" I tried rubbing off the apparent smudge, but it refused to come

off. It was only when I scrolled down a bit farther and read the number, 3.96, that I realized what had happened: My professor had given me an 'A-' for the course! How could this be? How could my brilliance be demoted to such a low standard, my self-worth suddenly lessened? How could I ever function as a normal human being, one who never leaves campus in place of studying? This could not be. There must be a mistake. Surely, I must have read it incorrectly. I scrolled back up to double check, but the smudge still rested in its place. An 'A-'? But, why? What did I do to deserve such cruelty, such a horrid, evil punishment? Why Hashem? Why me?

My life has changed tremendously since this moment in time. I believe that this is a defining moment for me, one by which I will be able to separate my life into a 'before' and 'after.' I have learned to cope with stress and to be resilient through tough times. But, most importantly, I have learned the art of persuasion. I have learned the techniques of complaining and of getting my way. It was rough; it was challenging, but I have learned that with words (and tears) getting a grade changed to its rightful spot as 'A' is oh-so-very possible.

Trust me, I have been though it all.

A Call for YUHookups

Stan Durd Plummerman

Since 2008, Yeshiva University's Center for the Jewish Future has been helping marriage-minded singles find their soulmates through YUConnects. Every guy or girl goes out with three people and, if interested, eventually narrows the selection down to one lucky person.

But what if I'm not ready for that kind of commitment?

I don't want to lead on anyone from the YUConnects network, but that still leaves me in a position of finding members of the opposite sex—especially Jewish ones—appealing or hot, depending on their attributes. Many rabbis and friends of mine would tell me to wait until I'm ready to date seriously and then enter the world of YUConnects—pure, unsullied and not needing to repent or explain away any wrongdoing to a prospective match.

However, I was thinking this over last week when I was drinking beer and watching the superbowl, and I had an epiphany. There has to be another way. And then it came to me: the CJF can just create another online service: YUHookups. YU students and their peripheral acquaintances can relieve the hormonal itch through three casual encounters. Unlike with YUConnects, they could keep all three without ever having to narrow down the search.

There can even be a "platonic friends with benefits" Shabbaton at Stern, and people like me could go.

I don't really know why I'm writing this for the Stern paper. I don't even go to YU. I once spent Shabbos there with a friend from camp and it was fun, but I haven't really spoken to him in a while and I suspect he unfriended me on Facebook three weeks ago. But I know that if I were in YU I would appreciate this option, and I think other people would too. Who knows; maybe YUHookups would even have the highest internet networking success rate yet.

SCIENCE AND HEALTH

Diagnosis of the Pre-Medstruel Syndrome: A Taste of Their Own Medicine

Tamara Freiden

Some might say those lurking in the hidden stairwells of the science wing at Stern College for Women are of a different breed than your average student who walks the halls in the more centrally located Stanton Hall. Of course, every major, every department, has its stereotype: if you wear trendy clothing, you are *so* Sy Syms; if you like to hear yourself talk, you're taking English classes where participation is 75% of your grade. Those in the sciences, however, specifically the pre-meds, have an aura about them that is difficult to pinpoint. Like a true science experiment, they can only be fully understood through a keen observation of their tendencies, an extensive research of all that comes hand in hand with being pre-med.

It begins the first day of their sophomore year in Intro Biology. They arrive precisely an hour and a half early, looming by the doorway while the previous class finishes up: With a mad dash, they race toward the front row to mark their territory. It's this coveted front row seat that becomes an area of conflict for the rest of the semester. One pre-med decides to take it one day, and the whole equilibrium is thrown off. Tensions rise, and an awkwardness fills the room. Not only will the professor not notice them in the second row,

but the sound waves may take that much longer to travel, and half the notes will be missed.

Seating arrangements and waking up abnormally early for class are not the only trademarks of the typical bio major. One can actually learn a lot more about them by planting themselves on the 12th floor in the early mornings of registration week. Especially fascinating to watch is the Canadian with no APs. The amount of tissues and tears spent on the situation may be deceiving. But no worries, no one has died or taken seriously ill.

The registrar simply hasn't learned that offering two different four-hour labs on consecutive days of the week just won't work. And while we all love SCW, putting organic chemistry and physics and every other requirement necessary to get into medical school in the same slot may cause some tension in scheduling if we don't plan on staying here for the next twenty years.

Another problem in the scheduling department actually extends beyond the sciences. Ask any pre-med student what they think of 'Biology for Non Majors,' or 'Chemistry Essentials' and they'll hardly shy away from telling you that it's not exactly comparable to the real thing. Most of their bitterness stems from the fact that they are the only majors that're so dif-

ficult as to require a lesser version for others who don't want a career in it. Where's the 'Philosophy for Non-Majors,' 'American Literature for Dummies,' or 'Art History for those who will actually not need to interpret a painting a day in their lives?'

Those who decide to major in Biology, Chemistry, Biochemistry, or whatever more complicated name they can come up with for their shaped major (is there a way to combine all four pre-med requirements?), may find the above frustrating. But there really are those who do care about the fine arts, and so *what* if it has to distinguish them from the pack? They sincerely appreciate history, and find the extra six courses to get the minor riveting. And if all goes well, their interviewer at Einstein will too.

And why is it all about Einstein? While we thank Anne Schreiber for her generous donations, we know there are medical schools beyond that one which is directly connected to YU. True, most of the women in pre-med probably based their SCW attendance solely on the fact that they're pulling for the scholarship, but should that dictate the happiness in our young lives? In fact, I'd have to say it does the opposite. The x-chromosome does enough to stir up unfriendly competition among comrades

with similar goals of healing mankind, but throw in hundreds of thousands of dollars in loan-free schooling, and, well, that'll about do it. The science wing becomes a breeding ground for the rivalry already inherent in a school made up of 19 to 22 year old Jewish women.

The competition amongst students has made the lack of need for the "infamous year off" a status symbol, a mark of distinction for those pursuing a medical career. It separates the women from the girls; the physicians from the physician assistants; the students taking calculus from the students taking computer science. When these over-achievers look to the future, they see one thing and the quickest route to it: the white coat. Traveling the world, liking other things besides science, all that could come afterwards - being a certified surgeon married with kids, because then they'll have time.

What goes on in the minds of these future physicians is truly remarkable. As an outsider, one may not fully comprehend the unusual propensities that drive these human beings. Nonetheless, the group members amongst themselves seem to have come to a mutual understanding that seems to unite them in their own. It's the little things: the test tubes they'll

share the entire year when their lab partner broke hers the first day of Gen Chem so she'll avoid being charged; the 'cool outfit' compliment though their peer's only wearing a sweatshirt, because she's been wearing the same one all finals week too; the responsibility upper-classmen feel as they guide a lost sophomore out of the labyrinth-like science wing; the fact that these same upper-classmen only slightly, instead of doubly, overcharge that naïve sophomore for the 1983 edition of *Principles of Biology*; the willingness to lend a printing page or two because 600 doesn't come close to cutting it. The list goes on.

And so if you find your pre-health advisor is booked until your second semester of medical school, and you have a question which absolutely must be answered now or your chances of getting in are reduced by half, ask your fellow soon-to-be-MD. She'll help, despite the competition, for reasons anyone outside of the stress, the tension, and the pressure simply won't understand.

The author of this article realizes that while most of these stereotypes don't apply to all other pre-med students, every single one applies to her. Therefore, no offense should be taken.

Scientific Justification for Shemirat Negiah

Rosie the Riveter

Although contagiously dangerous for many, the recent outbreak of swine flu has given new life to an abused *halakha*. In a recent study released by Einstein College for Medicine's prestigious Center for Epidemiology and Public Health, researchers found that *mahmir* levels of *shemirat negiah* were positively associated with lower levels of swine flu infection. The study, sponsored in part by the Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary (RIETS), has many wondering about the intuitive genius of the *rabbanim* who crafted these *halakhot*.

The impetus for the study came when high-up YU officials, who wish to remain nameless, began to fear that the security and popularity of *shemirat negiah* was waning amongst the student population. Galvanized by a controversial series of articles in a certain undergraduate publication, they began

to wonder about the health benefits of being "*shomer*." As one anonymous source reports, "Any reduced level of intimate contact has to be positive on some level."

The team of researchers at Einstein, headed by Dr. Won Ton, began their study last June. Through undercover sources, they enrolled 15 "*shtark*" undergraduates, along with their more *halakhically* lax counterparts. These students were tracked over the course of the flu season. The influenza vaccine was withheld from the study participants in the name of scientific research. "We tried in every way possible to avoid confounding variables, like keeping kosher," Dr. Ton explained to "The Unobservant." "Clearly, swine flu is a much bigger problem for people who eat *chazer*—I mean, it's not called 'swine flu' for nothing."

Dr. Ton accompanied his tracking research with informal surveys propagated through Facebook. Af-

ter collating their research, he and his team found that levels of *shemirat negiah* were positively associated with lower levels of contracting swine flu, as well as with lower levels of AIDS, HPV, and herpes. Dr. Ton was "pleasantly surprised, but not shocked. I had suspected that we would find something of this nature. According to the CDC, swine flu spreads orally from person to person. Clearly, it makes sense that people who avoid intimacy also avoid germs and cooties."

In accordance with Einstein's policy of community outreach, the team now plans to implement a *shomer negiah* program in local Bronx high schools. "We really believe that we may have stumbled onto something that could be of benefit to the global community," explains Dr. Ton's assistant, Dr. Loos. "We are also submitting a proposal to the UN for implementation in Africa. They have some

real germ problems there."

The study's RIETS sponsors were delighted with the team's findings. One *rav* explained that "this will be a real blow to those seeking to get rid of *shomer negiah*. Additionally, it also proves that all *mitzvot* have deep and scientific roots." Authorities are currently seeking to capitalize on the swine flu hysteria and publicize this important finding. They are considering several venues, including the distribution of facial masks with the slogan "Why wear a mask when you can be *shomer*?" They are also hoping to publicize this at the Seferim Sale, which one Rabbi believes is a "particularly apropos venue."

Although school authorities may be excited by the new findings, the student body is divided in their response. Basha, a SCW sophomore, believes that "the only way to avoid germ transmission is not to be in the same room as someone. Clearly, Shidduch Vision

is the only solution to the swine flu problem."

Others have noted that this particular protection only works for unmarried couples, thereby excluding a good portion of the Orthodox community. However, the findings have gained popularity with some. Yanky, a YC junior, hopes that this new study will "strengthen some of those who have fallen into the temptations of the *sitra achra*, i.e. women."

The Einstein team's paper, entitled "A Novel Protection Against Swine Flu," is currently in the peer review process for publication in June. Dr. Ton hopes that this paper will lead to grants to fund his other projects, which include an exploration into the effects of *kisui rosh* on lice transmission. "Tizku l'mitzvot," said one YU *rav*. "This is clearly *Torah UMadda* as Rav Soleveitchik intended it to be."

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STYLE

Retraction

Talia Kaufman

My popular, recent article, "Shtark at Heart: How the Frum-shanista Goes Searching For Love" has gotten quite a buzz. In its first day alone, the article exceeded 650 hits and became the top-read article of the year, only to be later topped by President Joel's response to the panel on homosexuality (leave it to the gays to steal my spotlight!). Even since its release it has been read by thousands and has an overwhelming response. Anyone who knows me is well aware that the one thing that I love more than making a difference is the attention that comes along with it. But it was not until the aftermath of the madness that I realized the completely and utterly *untzniut* nature of my ways.

The article had left many of the uber *frum* uber offended. YUguy commented on the Observer's website, "The casual attitude (s) towards halacha exhibited in this article...are shameful." Which got me thinking, maybe I am a little shameful. Perhaps my idea of looking to a person's *middot* and not outfits makes me a kind of *apikoresset*. So I have abandoned this individuality nonsense and began to embrace the *gamshmiut*, and you can too!

As I was raised on the rural plantations of the South, apparently my training as a Southern Belle must be undone in order to call myself a true *Bas Torah*. I was taught that there are various different ways to dress like both a lady and a nice Jewish girl that reflect one's individuality. But as I met the more worldly in-towners, I came to realize that most Southerners have not progressed past slave breeding and mullets to be trusted authorities on style or the *shidduch* world. They have taught

me that one of the main *halakhot* of frumkite is not to flaunt one's individuality, instead, opting for a more than *mahmir* dress code. This is the only way to becoming 'Onlysimchas-appropriate' distance from the arm candy.

I knew that my first step towards Madeldom was embracing the argyle look that I had taunted so shamelessly. And I must say that I have never worn a more modest or flattering pattern. Now, I wear sweaters that cover up both my *neshama* and femininity. I have learned to use the phrase "*Baruch Hashem*" as an adjective, verb, and order for my salad at Mendy's.

For inspiration for my new look I have begun to look away from the filthy fashion world. Currently the designers and style magazines are presenting a 90s trend, glamorizing the era that brought us nothing but an overabundance or denim and Midrif-bearing popstars. *Pritzut much?* So I have decided to model my makeover after the Golden era of the Shtetle period. This Romanic age was a high point not only in fashion, but in *shidduchim* as well. Sure, we were pillaged and raped a bit, but the simple shtetle life is one that is looked back upon fondly by so many. Our little *shmatas* were never questioned in the courtships between cousins.

Our ancestors often skipped the Starbucks, Marriot Lobbies, *L'chaims*, *vorts* and trips to the florist and went straight to the *chuppah*: the ultimate first date. They were not love-stricken by silly conversations or smitten with meaningless natural interactions. Surely, if you did not buy your apron from the proper tailor or your skirt did not cover your ankles, your uncle would shun you

for your younger sister.

I must also ask *teshuva* for making fun of the gentleman in Yeshiva University who are incapable of interacting with females. We must learn from the boys who lack the masculinity and self-confidence to approach their lady counterparts. These are truly the most civilized young lads on campus, following a sixty-something *shadchan's* advice to find out important things like her skirt size and length and not following his eyes or animalistic nature. He will not be forced to resort to a decision based on superficialities such as chemistry, personality and compatibility.

They are able to look exclusively at the Torah when making their decisions. They learn not from our fore parents, who might have avoided the strife in their lives if they had paid a little more attention to the details of dress. Perhaps it the apparently unqualified *shadchan* Eliezer had been a bit more cautious of Rivka's all too enthusiastic acceptance of her nose ring, Yitzchak may not have had his hooligan son tainting our lineage. And Yoseph flaunted the ostentatious coat of many colors and look where that took him: doing business with goyim!

We must look at our Torah learning, clothing and mate shopping with the same philosophy: if it ain't black and white, it just ain't right. And so I would like to once again ask forgiveness for the many that I have offended. I am now a proud Aidel Maidel Knaidel who has truly seen the error of her ways. Perhaps we all need to learn to judge a *sefer* by its cover and then we will not have so many problems with *pritzut*. *Tizku L'mitzvot!*

YU Roshei Teivot Explained

Rav Hamechaber

YC= Young and Curvaceous
(hence YC's gym requirement)

YU= Yale University
("You mean I haven't been at Yale for the past 3 years?!")

SCW= Short, Cute and White

CJF= Center for Jaded Fun-seekers

BRH= Breaking Religious Hearts

SSSB= Sephardic School of Shady Business

MYP= More Yeshivish than Ponovitch

RIETS= Radical Infidels
Encroach on Torah Study

Disney's New Jewish American Princess

Talia Kaufman

Once upon a time there was a magical anti-Semite named Walt Disney. In his wonderful world, he had produced Princesses out of many minorities pure-of-heart. Soon Asians, Native Americans and Mermaids alike began to demand Cinderella stories of their own. And with the release of his newest film, "The Princess and The Frog," which tells the tale of a black princess, there was only minority female left that has yet to meet her prince: the Jewess.

And so a wonderful PR spell was cast and she was created: Rachel, the Jewish American Princess. In the script for her upcoming film, Rachel is a sweet *Bas Torah* from a little town in New Jersey. But an evil curse is put on her kingdom on the night of her bat mitzvah that strikes horror throughout the land, for it is a terrible crisis. A *shidduch* crisis. And the only way for it to be broken is for the prince to find his true bashert.

On the eve of her eighteenth birthday, Rachel is sent away from the cursed kingdom. During her Shana Aleph she grew very beautiful, the Adelest Maidel in all the land. Immediately upon her return, she meets her Fairysad Chani. Chani invites her a grand ball given by Prince Frumly, the most learned lad in all the Five Kingdoms. The Prince had heard many wonderful things about Rachel, and spends the entirety of the night looking for her.

But the Mechitza reaches towards the sky and serves as a great barrier. Once he does find her, outside by the garden, she has fallen into a deep sleep. As everyone knows, the only way to wake a sleeping princess is by true love's kiss, but both Rachel and Prince Frumly are shomer negiah. And so Rachel remains in her coma.

The script is still in progress, but if any one can break the curse it's Walt. Then Rachel, the Prince and the rest of us will be able to live happily ever after.

Note from Your Jewish Mother:

Today I went to school to pick up Avi, and I ran into that boy who liked you back in junior high. He's gotten taller and he's pre-med. Use this information as you I see fit.

The Official Drink of Stern Champions.



**Because there's always one more
left on the shelf.**