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 the medical school and its law school due to a lack of funds. The decision was made after a thorough examination of the medical school's undergraduate schools and its law school as its legal and medical programs lagged behind.

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

A message from the university president, Dr. Stern, to Mason noted that the schools would not accept students that planning to enroll for fall semester would be able to complete their postgraduate education as scheduled.

"We're gonna show every­

On-Campus Military Recruiting Draws Fire From Rabbis

Army, Navy and Marines capture 99.4% of Stern College population

LIBBY R. 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.

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The Epistle is published by the Christian Coalition. The staff of the Epistle retains the right to censor newspaper content and to determine the propriety of stories. If there are opinions expressed in signed editorials, columns, letters and cartoons, we apologize.

Unsigned editorials represent the views of subversive coal miner's daughter and definitely not the views of subversive coal miner's daughter. Unsigned editorials represent the views of subversive coal miner's daughter and definitely not the views of subversive coal miner's daughter. Unsigned editorials represent the views of subversive coal miner's daughter and definitely not the views of subversive coal miner's daughter.

The Epistle is published annually, until Judgement Day and the Second Coming.

Eve Tzipporah: Hyperbole in Defense of Self

It behoves me at this critical juncture to take up slings and arrows against my accuser and to impugn further insult against my formable constitution. Born of an interminable passage, it is reasonable to contend at this impasse that there are certain qualities that make me more poignant than my male contemporaries. I was struck, yes, dumbfounded, by the expansiveness of insults hurled so wantonly against me. However, I forsook 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 twisted text.

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.

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**Chemistry Majors Go Crazy**

**LABS STILL NOT COMPLETE**

BUNSEN BERNER

**Redox Reactions**

And reports of spontaneous combustion and exploding nail polish coming from the still-not-complete chemistry labs, the Epstein has learned that a number of chemistry majors have been diagnosed as criminally insane by students in the abnormal psychology class.

"This is a classic case of mass hysteria," said an eclectic psychology major. "The symptoms are similar to paranoid schizophrenia." The problem surfaced in a handful of students after spending a whole semester commuting to the dazedly, Mal. Ch. 002, which often led to the realization that they would have to continue rising before completion of their psychology major. They were living in the Psychology class.

When questioned whether they had ever considered going to the chemistry labs, one student, Molly Cule, SCW '02, replied, "I'm not that type of person. I can't imagine..." (Where is the science of it, I can't imagine?"

"We have no idea why they are not coming to the labs," said the professor. "They were supposed to be here at 6:00 p.m. on Tuesday." The professor, who is not named in this article to protect the innocent, said that the students have been hiding in the lab, hidden by the exhaust in the lab, which is filled with asbestos and other hazardous materials. "We have to be careful," the professor said. "We don't want to be exposed to any hazardous materials."
Bessie Makes 1,700 Tuna Wraps In One Day

Bessie Makes 1,700 Tuna Wraps In One Day
World records shattered; CNN and MSNBC clamor for interviews

C. FUDGE
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 regular 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 Blitch Auditorium gave her silent support with their stares. She carefully folded the edge of the wrap over, forming a perfect roll. A sprinkle of chives and a pickle were added to the tray.

"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. "message. Wrap it up, Bessie!"

Indeed, there was no lack of fans in Blitch 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 Wrap-Off held in the entire Tri-State area (the Tri-State area, according to Stern, includes New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Florida, Ohio, and Nova Scots.) 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 lunch wraps. "Bessie is here to us," whispered a Colombian fan in broken English. "I save my money to get her. 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 woman'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, sanit-eery engineers?) Well, this past February 1st, the 2798 year old John Jacob Jingle MCVIII 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 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 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 Stinking 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.
Obsessive Compulsive Painting Disorder

Turpin 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 tuna 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 fusia, 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. Brown, 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."

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

MARY DOFF
Success Story

I was one of those days when you can’t get to the third floor computer lab to check your email because each time you go there you end up staying. First Time On Campus So...but then you need to go to your classes. There is a catch. Close to Lubavitz say that he will soon hit the shock wavefront of the Virtual Beit Midrash. One of those days when the lines in the Caf are so long you decide to go to the grass on deck instead.

SCW administration has offered its support and 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 oursonline@ymail.yu.edu.

The free event, Monk Junk ‘n’ Fueil, will be held Tuesday, March 30 at 10pm in the Koch Auditorium, featuring the Live Monks, the monastery’s acoustic music band. Brother Joseph Smith, lead guitarist, has offered to play several Jewish tunes such as “Moibach” and “David Melech Yisrael” in addition to its national hit “Our Land Jesus” to encourage religious fraternization.

Military continued from page 1

this feeling, that if I joined the army, all I would do is run away, she said. “I can’t explain it, exactly.” She said that the scholarship money offered by the ROTC wouldn’t do her any good. “If I don’t have a Felkin, a Distinguished Scholars award, job as an R.A., and I waitess every Shabbos, so everything is taken care of.”

A. Wohl, however, is in the minority. At press time over 99% of the Stern populations 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. Trepeter, manager of the Sportsmen General Store, said that the required uniforms would be in stock short.

Rabbinic Permission Provided Citing Myth of Issurei Negiah

SHIRI NEGIAH
The student councils have been hard at work planning the coed dance, slated to take place in Schwitzer Commons. Sources tell the Epistle that the dance will have a country/western/cross-dressing theme. Female students are asked to wear cowboy hats, boots and bails. Male students will wear gingham dresses and pig tails. A band has not yet been chosen for the event, but plans are already in the works for the Yeshiva College Arts Festival 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 excise working beginning with the Passover Special this March should contact Father Thomas Brown in Room 1209, of the Catholic Monastery, conveniently located next door to SCW. Father Brown, seeking to promote interf-fa­hance, is happy to be assisting with this project. SCW women will have a chance to meet new friends among YC men and to seek out a suitable male companion. SCW women may access the program by calling 1-800-FOR-MONK, or by emailing oursonline@ymail.yu.edu.

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

Q: Right, but what about the outfit?
A: Well, the partners 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?
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 shy and new, like a, like a.
Q: Whoa, Madonna, we can’t print that.

Q: Did I say something wrong?
A: No, didn’t I 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 breaking 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: Oosh, 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 Mordchai 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: Oh, 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.

Q: Whoa, Madonna, we can’t talk 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 recently 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 companion to the 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 next assignment were to review My Fair Lady.) 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. Mitz, 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

*Subsidies available for audience members with inadequate vocabularies.
The Search for A Husband: Year Two

S o far it is, one year later. I’ve been dating for exactly one year, following every single piece of advice given me, and do what do you know? My life is still unadven- turated one in the Schottenstein halls. It hurts! My mother has put her gown back on once more: my grandmother has started giving me my 15-year-old brother’s num- ber atunchas instead of mine, and at shall on Shabbos, I can hear all the stuff in the room when I walk in around: some people actually get up on their toes to see if there’s ruching on my finger yet. Some look a little funny. My community, my friends, my family, they’ve all abandoned me in my hour of darkest despair. And what of my grandmother? I’ve written a testament from the ages, my veritable mentor in a printed tome. Ladies, even the heaven-sent "Survival Guide to Shidduch Dating" seems to have failed me! True story: sometimes around Pesach last year Shain 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 to me. I don’t think grandmother’s on the warpath for granddied son yet. But anyway...

What was an eligible, beautiful, intelligent chick like myself to do? Well, last year. I remembered the SBOYREN Salon. Service, with all those lovely boys wearing black and white (they were the from Lord of YL’s) suits that said “Ask Me Out.” Well, maybe it was time for a more direct approach.

I walked into the salon, looking for guidance. I followed my nose to the music sections. They were placing Bernstein, but what do they know? No ask me out shirts to be found! So I turned to the next one: a Silent Prayer to Harshon to any trans, sad, fabulous, 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, already picked out the music to walk down to when I was in second grade it was the last one. I, you know, the cover had really nice colors. First thing, I saw the letter from the Bnaim Rebbe about the two authors. They are Men. No reply. They’re men! They ask! NOW THEY CAN I take advice from. And so I read. Read. And read. I cried with Chava and David (page 40), who broke up when they couldn’t agree where to live. I mourned for Helena, who loved French provincial but decided in modern to make Barry happy (page 90)! And (after all that, he dumped her! Men!). I confessed with Reuven, who felt she was too young 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 in the West Side. He decided to stop focusing on having fun and instead find a wife (page 114) I read about Elana, who needed to gotten therapy (page 114). I read about Yosef and Chaya, who went to a therapist (page 28). I read about Leora, who went to a therapist (page 62). Elisevah, a therapist who went to a therapist (page 94). 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 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 appreci- ably changed... you feel stuck and say:” (page 118-cool! Chai!). If so, 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 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, time for Rabbi Hochberg’s class on marriage now. I’ve got to get to work! I pulled out my trusty dusty yellow pages. Now the smell of books must be the smell of next year’s. I checked the directory. My therapist. And then looked away. Well, I think they were playing Air Supply (my favorite). His eyes found a high class enough gemach to I walked into Yoni’s office. “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. Myself. Lowly, grasping at straws to lead to school unadventure, no hafridus, no direction, no prospects, no self, no real tachtels or even personality. I find it hard to know how to treat you, when your very illnesses doesn’t reflect my own.

My heart (still in my throat from before) left me. Yoni was crying out for me, to complete his sol, to be his bet- ter dressed half, to help him actualize all his potential in the world. How could any maiden has remained staunch against such please? 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 muscle 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 Marma, with strolling violinists and this really great shnurke. He was dapper in his Parisian suit, 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 aishim at the wedding (okay, so he lip-sync-ed to the words of the 42 piece band’s three lead singers) I knew that I had found my place as a Jewish woman. It is. As Mrs. Pauppor, I have status, prestige and a really big rock on my hand. But more importantly, I have a home with other less cool, like Yoni. And we, 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 one only of them—don’t worry, there are plenty more! (Just check out next year’s fitness 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 Moshiach, bimmers bya- man, beshalach tove- amen, selah, cain yishu!”