

OH MY G-DISH! An Interview with Kol Hamevaser Associate Editor Ilana Gadish

BY: Alex Luxenberg

Author's note: This interview was conducted via Gmail video chat, though we were in the same room.

How are you?
Are you serious? (Taps heel...)

Women of the Wall?
(No Response)

Slaves?
As long as it is men being slaves and not women.

Actually, I have a question for you. I want to know the guys' perspective on why girls don't write for *Kol Hamevaser*. And I think I know why. It is all rooted in the fact that we live in a chauvinistic society. For instance, we basically do not have a library at Stern and I am not allowed to have a *makom* in the beis. And I walk up the escalator!

How do you feel about the ordination of women in Orthodoxy?
(Sigh) Do you know what it is like to be a woman?

(Silence)
Seriously, do you?

No, no I do not.
Imagine knowing more Torah than your male peers, being more passionate about Judaism in all facets, having no official *makom* in the beis – and still not be able to rise to the highest official level of religious authority! On that note, for the rest of this interview, I would prefer to be called “Rabbeinu.”

OK, Rabbeinu. Which living woman should be appointed a *rosh yeshivah*, in your opinion?
Tamar Ross and Gilah Kletenik, duh.

Both?
Well, YU has a bunch.

Did you hear that there was a petition to shut down this year's YU Super Bowl party?
Men have time to watch sports because they don't have to struggle for equality.

How do you feel about the panel that took place on homosexuality?
The Rashei Yeshivah made no statements about lesbians, which is clearly anti-feminist.

How do you feel about the new Glueck Building?
The reason why they built a Nagel Bagel uptown but not one in Stern is that they want

to make sure the girls have to come uptown for food, thus perpetuating the model of male as breadwinner, woman as child-bearing occupational therapist. It's really all a big conspiracy organized by YU and the OU – if Stern wasn't in Manhattan, all of the kosher restaurants within a 20-block radius would shut down, since the guys wouldn't have to come down to Midtown to take girls on *shiddukh* dates.

You seem to be contradicting yourself.

No, it fits into our capitalist society – Nagel Bagel is now competition. Additionally, the building of Nagel was a philosophical move, driven by the same hashkafah that comes out of the *pasuk* of “*Ve-Hu yimshol bakh.*” Stern being in Midtown in order to feed (no pun intended) the local kosher restaurants only makes sense from an economic standpoint.

Anyone who goes to Stern knows that the desks are tiny, ensuring that girls remain self-conscious about their weight when they don't quite fit into the chairs. This leads them to starve themselves so that they look good when they get sold on the meat market, fresh off the “*Shiddukh Shuttle.*”

What are your thoughts on the supposed “shiddukh crisis?”

I think merging campuses would solve the *shiddukh* crisis much faster than the proposed Shidduch Vision method, or the ELIMINATION OF THE AGE GAP CRISIS. And, refer readers to YouTube (if they go on such sites, *has ve-shalom*) and have them search for both “*Shidduch vision releases video*” and “*Shidduch crisis age gap.*”

Do you have any male friends that are feminist?

Of course... But he says things like, “But don't tell them that I'm still the bigger feminist” – what a chauvinist!

Have you heard that the Purim Hagigot will be separate this year?

Have I told you my feelings on the *shiddukh* crisis....?

Ilana Gadish is the Feminist-in-Chief of Kol Hamevaser and is writing her senior thesis on: “So, You Think You're Better Than Me?”

Alex Luxenberg is famous for his articles on pop-academics and controversial social issues. He can be reached at: tinokshenishbah@gmail.com.

Critical Studies: The Authorship of the “Documentary Hypothesis” Wikipedia Article

BY: Friedrich Wilhelm Benjamin
von Rosenzweig

A revolution has taken place in the academic world. For the first time in history, scholars are applying the tools of modern textual criticism to writings once held sacrosanct by significant portions of society. Nowhere has this revolution been more mind-provoking and thought-boggling than in a series of recent revelations revealed by a group of French, German, English and American scholars studying the famed Internet encyclopedia “Wikipedia.” Their research on the famous “Documentary Hypothesis” Wiki has led to the formulation of what has come to be known as the “Documentary Documentary Hypothesis,” or the “ADHD” for short. The ADHD has shown that the Documentary Hypothesis article found on Wikipedia is the product not of a single author, as previously believed, but of multiple authors – in some versions of the theory, as many as nineteen.

The earliest proponent of the ADHD was the man after whom some have christened the new theory the “Badehäuser Hypothesis” – German Wikipedia scholar Julius “Groucho” Badehäuser. Badehäuser first formulated his eponymous hypothesis in an 1883 monograph entitled *Prolegomena zur Geschichte des Wikidokumentarischens*, which took the academic world by storm and enabled Badehäuser, in 1884, to achieve what was at that time the world's single highest-scoring Scrabble play.ⁱⁱ

In the *Prolegomena* (now known in academic circles by the acronym ‘PzGdW’ⁱⁱⁱ), Badehäuser first set about identifying the primary narrative threads in the DH Wiki. These threads, besides their internal narrative continuity, were differentiated by certain unique grammatical and lexical features. “The most primitive stratum Julius discovered he referred to as ‘J’ – the Jewish author,” explains fellow Wikipedia critic and part-time keyboard player Martin North. “J's style is distinctive for his occasional VSO syntax,^{iv} in contrast to the typical Wikipedian SVO.^v This clearly demonstrates a strong Yiddish influence.” His writing

exhibits other clearly Judaic characteristics: J prefers the word “Torah” over “Pentateuch” and focuses his discussion on the contributions of Jewish scholars such as Richard “Dick” Friedman, Baruch “Benedict” Spinoza, and Harvard scholar James “Potato” Kugel. On top of this, “J's writing,” writes WikiCritic and part-time keyboard Albrecht “Ctrl” Alt, “is peppered with Yiddishisms such as *chutzpah*, *schmaltz* – and, of course, *kugel.*”^{vi}

A second narrative stratum was authored by “E,” a writer distinguished by his prolific use of endnotes:

“E is concerned first and foremost with textual organization. In addition to endnotes and references he makes extensive use of hyperlinks to other articles within Wikipedia and elsewhere. E's work, while most apparent in the later sections of the

article, is distributed throughout the Documentary Hypothesis webpage. This led Badehäuser to assign E a later date than J.”^{vii}

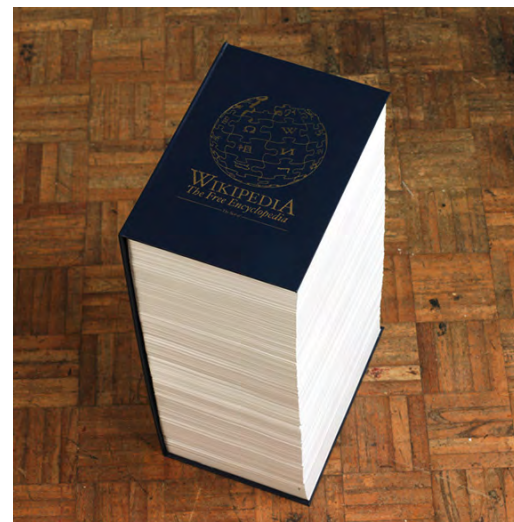
At some points, the J and E strata are so interwoven that they appear to have been combined by a later redactor, known as “R.”^{viii} R, or other redactors, is responsible for

the final compilation of the article as well as the introduction of further independent sources such as the third author, “P.”

P is distinguished by his distinctively prosaic style, complex yet pleasant sentence structures, and use of fancy words, such as “endeavor” and “antiquity.” “P's style,” wrote Badehäuser,^{ix} “is nonlinear and makes use of simile, metaphor, consonance, and even assonance. It is both prosaic and poetic, yet it maintains an overriding concern for technical detail.”^x

According to Badehäuser, an isolated section of the DH article under the subheading “Dating the Sources” was written by a fourth author. This author, “D,” “[...] was the most historically conscious of the four primary authors, though he shared many of his theoretical concerns with P. Like P, his narrative style [...] was [...] somewhat [...] [...] fractured.”^{xi}

Since Badehäuser, numerous scholars have expanded on his theories. They have discovered additional stylistically distinct content



in the Wikipedia article, such as “S,” an author who makes extensive use of subordinate clauses; “R,” one who tends to write in run-on sentences; “Q,” who puts everything in quotations; and “H,” who probably went to Harvard.^{xii}

The Documentary Hypothesis and its followers are not without their critics.^{xiii} Famed geneticist and part-time English person R. N. A. Whybray wrote, in the 1970s, a stinging critique of Badehäuser. Whybray pointed out a logical paradox inherent in Badehäuser’s theory: Badehäuser assumed that the article had been authored by internally consistent authors, yet redacted by internally inconsistent redactors. “It’s like Joyce writing Shakespeare,” Whybray was known to say frequently at cocktail parties.

Dr. Elman James, of the University of Oslo, has voiced a more serious concern. “I find it strange that the so-called ‘Documentary Hypothesis’ was posited solely in regard to a single Wiki,” he remarks. “Badehäuser and his followers were not trained in the full breadth of Wikipedia scholarship, and since their time not a single WikiCritic has applied these critical techniques to other Wikipedia pages. To even suggest that the Gilgamesh Wiki or the Enuma Elish Wiki, for example, were written by a dozen different people – it would be ridiculous! Clearly, these ADHD guys have something against the DH.” Continental scholars have also been critical of the ADHD. Princeton professor Rocci Raton-Laveurs has attacked the recent trends in critical Wikipedia scholarship on aesthetic grounds: “*C’est trop désordonné – J, P, D, Q – comme la soupe alphabet. Le plus gros problème de Badehäuser est qu’il n’est pas propre.*”^{xiv}

However, recent and startling archaeological evidence has come to light which supports the Badehäuser Hypothesis. The 2010 discovery by a team of British archeologists of the “discussion tab” located at the head of the webpage proved to be an unexpected windfall for Documentary Hypothesis scholars. “Not only do we now have concrete evidence that the text has undergone multiple redactions,” said WikiCritic and part-time alligator wrestler Joseph “Joe” Blanketsopp, “but we even have what appears to be a record of conversations between the redactors themselves.”

The discussion tab sheds light on the contributions of the currently recognized redactors as well as redactors and editors whose words are not found in extant manuscripts of the webpage. “We’ve found a new redactor – we call him the ‘frum’ redactor – whose sole contribution to the article was the sentence: ‘*James Kugel is an appikoros.*’”^{xv} It seems to have been deleted only last week,” enthused Joseph Blanketsopp’s sister.^{xvi} The material recovered in the discussion tab is providing contemporary scholars a truly remarkable insight into the inner workings of the DH’s scribal community.

“Obviously,” admitted Blanketsopp, “there are many questions that must still be answered. We know practically nothing about the redactors themselves. We have their names – ‘Taiwan boi,’ ‘SlimVirgin,’ ‘PiCo’^{xvii} – but

these reveal little about who they were and what they stood for. Were they priests? Scribes? Political dissidents? Professors at Yeshiva College? Or members of the royal aristocracy? We may never know for sure.”

Friedrich Wilhelm Benjamin von Rosenzweig, the author of this article, is currently asleep. As far as we know he is not related to any YU Rashei Yeshivah. In addition, Mr. Rosenzweig would like it to be made clear that this article was authored entirely by himself, without the interference of any editors or redactors.

ⁱ “Documentary Hypothesis.” *Wikipedia, the Free Encyclopedia*. Accessed: February 21, 2010. Available at: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Documentary_hypothesis.

ⁱⁱ “*Wikidokumentarischens*” on two triple-word-scores. In 1890, was surpassed by Heimlich Magenschmerzen with *Constantinoplischendudelsackmachengesellschaft*. Needless to say, neither score has been beaten outside of Germany.

ⁱⁱⁱ Pronounced “PIZ-ge-doo.”

^{iv} Verb-Subject-Object. Also known, for insurance purposes, as Verb-Agent-Object.

^v Subject-Verb-Object. We bet you could’ve figured that one out on your own. Without looking at this footnote. Shame on you.

^{vi} Albrecht “Ctrl” Alt, *Gott der Väter: Ein Beitrag zur Vorgeschichte der Dokumentarischen Religion* (Stuttgart: IBM-Verlag, 1929), pp. 113-114, *supra*, *ad hoc*, *quod est et sequens* (s. l. et a.).

^{vii} Taken from the work *The Documentary Hypothesis and the Composition of the Documentary Hypothesis* (Jerusalem: Manganese Press, 1943) by famed WikiCritic and part-time opera singer Umberto “Moshe” Casuto. While himself highly critical of Badehäuser and the German WikiCritics, Casuto later remarked that “Richard Wagner wrote some pretty good tunes.”

^{viii} Or, when contrasted with later redactors, “JE.”

^{ix} In German, of course.

^x Later scholars have, after extensive research, discovered a sentence nearly identical to this one inside a fortune cookie.

^{xi} Badehäuser, p. 17.

^{xii} Or Gush – we’re not sure which.

^{xiii} Like any good hypothesis.

^{xiv} Raton-Laveurs, Personal communication: Brown paper bag, behind the dumpster on 42nd Street, 2009.

^{xv} More recent evidence has indicated that this author’s identity could be connected to the initials “MJB,” a moniker traced to other postings associated with his IP address.

^{xvi} And part-time alligator wrestler.

^{xvii} Actual names from the actual “Documentary Hypothesis” discussion page. Honest.

TORAH U-MEDIA: A SURVEY OF STORIES TRUE, HISTORICAL, AND CARMESIAN

BY: Rabbi Shalom Carmy

“There are three types of stories: true stories, truer stories, and truant stories.” The truest words ever said. To quote Carmy: “The author of the words in quotation is sitting in the room here right now as I solitarily write this in confinement in my Brooklyn apartment.”

In order to properly analyze these three categories of stories (or catestories, as some have termed it), we will take the assistance of a story. Once upon a werewolf, it was the last

Jay Leno, and Conan O’Brien rolled into one, except he never conflicted with himself about his time slot – and it was very exciting. They were switching off between *lomdus* and bashing Haredim and political philosophy and German philology, and Battle of Wounded Knee, and religious perspicacity. That was the knight that changed my life forever, when the riding horseman dove at the R-v but was parried expertly by the Torah u-Madda sword and shield. Of course, most people forget that knight, because it was the same night as the Miracle on Ice in Lake Spastic, 1980.

Some stories are best told not as stories,



The Police Philosopher

possible day to say *kiddush levanah* and everyone was congregating outside, waiting for the clouds to clear away. Finally, at the last possible moment, the sky cleared up, and everyone was able to say *kiddush levanah*, and then the werewolf came out in his full glory and threatened to eat them. Now, the story ends the way it ends, but what is important for our purposes is to note that this is a truer story. It may or may not have happened (as it happens, this one did take place, in Flatbush on October 13, 1986), but it is truer because it “can help dramatize and clarify whatever I [was] teaching” at the time.

I have skipped over the true stories for a certain reason, but I will definitely get back to them later.

Truant stories relate to my escapades that I undertook while missing school and evading my truant officer, Effie Urbach. Most of these stories involve intellectual history of Hazal, and you can hear about them in the Intellectual History class. The ones that do not involve intellectual history are not really worth hearing about anyway, so you can ignore them.

Anyway, not all stories are about me; some are about the R-v, Rabbi Joseph B., master educator of the past century, who taught people like me, was my Rebbe, Jam Master 3, drove an SUV, father of three, etc. Anyway, the Rav appeared on the Johnny Carson Show – he was the combination of David Letterman,

but as television shows. It is for this reason that I have memorized all four seasons of Police Philosopher, my favorite TV show. I hold public showings of the favored episodes from time to time in my apartment in Brooklyn. I have also memorized every line on the Simpsons, though I have never watched the show, by reading the transcripts online (I have similarly done this with 70% of the material aired on television over the past 70 years, especially British ‘50s comedy...). There are (Upper) West Side Stories, horror stories, and R-v stories – in short, lots of stories.

My favorite story involves a *Chasidische* Rebbe, the *Doyver Shekorim*, who is really a disguised vampire, and he tries to seduce a certain *eyshes chayyil*, but I do not want to give away too many details of that story in this forum. I also like the stories of hopscotch contests between all the Greek philosophers and R. Akiva on one side, and Mike Ditka and the Briskers on the other, captured on video on YouTube.ⁱ

I have recently begun working on a book that collects all of my narratives into one cohesive story of Jewish history. It is called “The Making of a Carmy,” and it hits bookshelves this coming May.

ⁱ Accessible at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ur5fGSBsfq8>.

Kol Hamevater: The *New Jewish Thought Magazine* of the Yeshiva University Student Body

BY: Chaya Citrin

A *kol kore*, signed by a number of prominent YU Rashei Yeshivah, has recently begun circulating around the Wilf and Beren Campuses. Citing the well-known biblical dictum, “*Ha-Kol kol Ya’akov ve-ha-mevasser yedei Eisav* (the voice is the voice of Ya’akov, and the herald is the hands of Eisav),”ⁱ the signatories have pronounced a *herem* against the editors and staff writers of *Kol Hamevater*, the so-called “Jewish Thought Magazine of the Yeshiva University Student Body.”

Male editors and staff writers are no longer allowed to receive *aliyyot* at YU *minyanim*, and female editors and staff writers will not be allowed to read the *megillah* at the women’s *megillah* reading on the Beren Campus.ⁱⁱ The *herem* affects not only the staff of the publication, but the readership as well. Due to the suspicion of *Kol Hamevater* may, *has ve-shalom*, agree with the “*apikorsusdik devarim betelim*”ⁱⁱⁱ printed in the magazine, Rashei Yeshivah have prohibited the consumption of meat slaughtered by readers of *Kol Hamevater*.^{iv}

Student response to the *kol kore* has been minimal due to the limited number of students aware of *Kol Hamevater*’s existence. One student, however, questioned the *herem*’s force, remarking that he does not think that *Kol Hamevater* has “*davening* types” on staff anyway. The Environmental/Energy Club released a statement online condemning the *kol kore* as a waste of paper: “As everyone knows, no one reads *Kol Hamevater* anyway. As such, the wanton killing of trees that was perpetrated in the publication of this *kol kore* was unnecessary and constitutes a violation of the biblical prohibition of *bal tashhit*.”^v The YU Tolerance Club also issued an official announcement on its Facebook page in response to the *herem*: “In the spirit of acceptance and understanding, we tolerate the Rashei Yeshivah’s *herem*, but we refuse to endorse it. We invite the staff and readers of *Kol Hamevater* to eat *fleishigs* with us at our club meetings in the Heights Lounge, unless they are vegetarians. In that case, we admire their self-discipline and ethical integrity and invite them to partake in our monthly tofu potluck dinner.”^{vi}

The official response by the *Kol Hamevater* staff has been uncharacteristically non-confrontational. It has simply officially disbanded. One former *Kol Hamevater* editor explained, “We respectfully disagree with the Rashei Yeshivah’s condemnation of our publi-

cation and their excommunication of us from the YU community. However, in deference to the Rashei Yeshivah and in the interest of re-joining the mainstream YU *velt*, we have decided to be *mevatter* and abandon *Kol Hamevater*. We anticipate that this decision will result in the immediate repeal of the *herem*, allowing our female staff members to read the *megillah* this Purim.”

Although the former *Kol Hamevater* staff members took an ostensibly conciliatory approach in dealing with their excommunication by shutting down their magazine, they immediately established a new journal, entitled “*Kol Hamevater*.” One *Kol Hamevater* editor provided justification, “In keeping with *Kohelet*’s teaching, ‘*ve-zarah ha-shemesh u-va ha-shamesh* (the sun rises and the sun sets),’^{vii} we, the former staff of *Kol Hamevater*, have re-

newed our mission to provide a forum for the free discussion of controversial and nominally interesting issues in Jewish thought.”

Interest in the first issue of *Kol Hamevater* is high, as Rashei Yeshivah wait to see how, if at all, *Kol Hamevater* will differ from its black-sheep older brother. Due to the unprecedented high profile that the *kol kore* gen-

erated for *Kol Hamevater*, conspiracy theories have already begun to abound regarding the true origins of the *herem*. One particularly popular theory is that the introduction of the *herem* was just a pathetically elaborate marketing ploy executed by the *Kol Hamevater* editors to create interest in their unpopular publication.

Chaya Citrin is a senior at SCW and is excited to graduate before any more haramim can be leveled against her.

ⁱ Genesis 27:22.

ⁱⁱ YU has decided to permit a women’s *megillah* reading this year in order to have a medium through which to exercise the *herem* against the female members of the *Kol Hamevater* staff.

ⁱⁱⁱ See the text of the *kol kore* posted in Nagel Bagel.

^{iv} See Estee Goldschmidt, “Chabad: Issues that Have Not Been Discussed on Campus,” *Kol Hamevater* 3,4 (February 2010): 11.

^v Deuteronomy 20:19-20.

^{vi} Available at: <http://www.facebook.com/group.php?gid=34947151003>.

^{vii} Ecclesiastes 1:5.



CJF WINTER MISSIONS FOCUS ON REPAIRING THE WORLD

BY: Noam Friedman

During the winter break, the Center for Jeopardizing the Future (CJF) coordinated several service missions to exotic North American locations. The unifying theme of the three trips was *tikkun olam*, loosely translated as “repairing the world.” One trip brought students to Bibb County, Alabama, an area with not only the third lowest high school graduation rate in all of Alabama but the highest national per-capita rate of devious husbands who prepare and send divorce documents only to subsequently nullify them, notifying neither the messenger nor the would-be divorcee. “We had no idea what we

were getting ourselves into,” said Orly Goyim, a SCW junior who participated in the mission, coined ODD (Operation Divorce Defense). “As soon as we landed at Birmingham International, we were horded into tiger trucks and told to patrol the streets, searching for conniving spontaneous divorce nullifiers.” The students spent the duration of the mission on patrols such as these, stopping only briefly to eat, sleep, pray, and gallivant about town with rubber hats on their heads. “It was hard work,” continued Goyim, “but we knew that we were making the world a better place.”

Across the continent, in Sheba, New Brunswick, another group of determined YU students was also trying to make a difference in the world. Sheba, a relatively quiet town, springs to life for three weeks out of the year for the annual Sheba University Book Sale. The sale, run in its entirety by undergraduate students, is the largest vendor of *sifrei Torah*, *tefillin* and *mezuzot* in North America. As such, Jews from the four corners of Canada flock to Sheba during these three weeks, eager to shell out exorbitant sums of money to meet the ludicrous prices the sale has set for these items. The YU mission, dubbed SSS (Stopping the *Stam* Swindle), was planned in an attempt to protest overspending for these sacred articles. Students set up outside the sale (between the booth collecting money for the Organization for the Ruining of the Aguddah and the booth selling tickets for the Gift of

“Life Cereal” raffle) and protested loudly. “I think we convinced some people that the *mezuzot* in those flowery cases were way overpriced,” said Sel M. Ello-Kim, an SSSB senior. “‘2 for 2 grand?’ You’ve gotta be kidding me. I could’ve spent my summer basking in the Miami sun, but I felt a moral obligation to come out here and repair the world, you know?”

A third mission travelled to Federal Correction Institute Butner Medium in Butner, North Carolina, the facility in which Bernie Madoff is incarcerated, to protest a group attempting to release Madoff from prison.

“We’re very proud of all the students who participated in these missions,” remarked Benny Lander, Dean of the CJF. “We try to in-

fuse the student body with a spirit of leadership and sense of responsibility to *Kelal Yisrael* such that they will help build and support communities that embody the vision and promote the values of Yeshiva University.” Added Lander: “We also want to inspire our students to force

joint slave-owners whose partners have already freed their partial share of slaves to relinquish their portion of these slaves as well. That’s really what Yeshiva University is all about.”

Noam Friedman is a Junior at YC majoring in Psychology. He has issued many pruzbols but has never participated in a CJF mission.



ELLEH VA-REKHEV VE-ELLEH VASUS IM.

ONE JEW, TWO JEW

By: Dr. Fish

One Jew,
Two Jew,
Me Jew,
You Jew.

Smart Jew,
Dumb Jew,
Fray Jew,
Frum Jew.

This one has a long white beard,
This one looks a little weird.

Yes! Some are Yeshivish,
And some are Chasidish,
Some are even Jews for Jesus!

Here are some who sit and learn –
They never look at girls from Stern –
From here to there,
From there to here,
They want to sit and learn in Mir.

Who am I? My name is Nat,
I used to wear a big black hat.
Until my friend said, “Don’t wear that!”

“Just wear your *serugi*, if you’re able
The last thing you want is a label!”

Say – what a lot of Jews there are!
They come from near, they come from far,
Some are new and some are old,
But all will eventually get pigeonholed.

Once we had a great big box,
It could hold all the Orthodox;
Side by side we slept and ate,
We learned to accept and tolerate.

But one day came a great divide,
We cannot live side by side!
If you don’t have sidelocks,
We can’t stay in the same big box!
And if you want to go to RIETS – ah,
We’ll have to make a big *mechitzah*!

They sadly left – the Modern Orthodox,
You see, they never had sidelocks.
Far away they built their box,
From the Charedim, who were throwing rocks.

My hands are cold,



My clothes are old,
When I went to the *shadchan* I was told,
“Where was your education?
What kind of denomination?
Bobov, Satmar or Boyaner?
Sefardi? Litvak? Galitzyaner?”

“I don’t know – I’m just a Jew!”
“Aha! You must be from YU!
From me, a *shidduch* you’ll never get
I know you go on the Internet!”

Did you ever think, my friends,
If our fighting ever ends,
Even if I’m not Chasidish,
And I can’t speak any Yiddish,
Could we unite,
Instead of fight?

Will we ever learn to love?
I do not know, go ask your rov.

*Dr. Fish (YC ‘79, AECOM ‘83) may or
may not bear any relation to Dr. Horse.*

DR. SEUSS’ THE MATTER WITH MADDA”

Editor’s note: The following is an annotated version of an article reprinted from Purim Hamevaser 5750 (the Phenomenavaser) 29,4 (1990): 4-5.

In this wide world from Grundoon to Granada
No one has ever seen Torah U’Madda.
Come with us North, with us South, West and East,
Together we’ll search for this mythical beast.

First we will visit Mt. Muddle-Dum-Dominick
Home of the last living Torah U’Madda-nik.
“Recall, I recall,” he says with redundancy,
“When Torah U’Madda was found in abundance.

“We’d pluck it off vines, fish it out of the sea.
We’d harvest it right off the Synthesis Tree.
Of course, the Torah-Onlies were oftentimes fumin’
Seeing us feasting on John Cardinal Newman.ⁱ

“They told us Philosophy Fruit could be harmful.
But didn’t Maimonides eat by the armful?
They answered ‘Your Monides may, but *ours*
would never
Engage in a non-Torah-only endeavor.’

“‘And what about Hirsch?’ we challenged that troupe,
‘He had a recipe for Synthesis Soup.’
‘He didn’t! He didn’t!’ cried the Breuer Boys Choir,ⁱⁱ
‘Anyone saying he did is a liar!’

“‘No Torah U’Madda! That beast is a myth,
No realer than Feeler-Fa-Zooms from Fa-Zith!’
But despite all the nays of those nay-saying sayers,
We placed Torah U’Madda – just without other players.”

Away from this mountain – Let’s head for the Gush!
Where Rav Lichtenstein tends to the poetry bush,ⁱⁱⁱ
Speaking of “But,” “While on the other hand,”
Dancing to an utterly Acharon-less band.

Then we are told, “The problematic is plural,
The tension’s two-tiered, the dilemma is dual,
God is our guide, the Torah totality,
Yet Dante^{iv} can deepen our spi-rit-uality.”

“I’d like to add,” says the Carmy-Army-Man,^v
“That Torah U’Madda is Kierkegaardian.^{vi}

“Now take the limo on a little Lamm ride,
Up to a penthouse on the Upper West Side,^{vii}
The President gives away books by the dozen,
On Torah U’Madda and Chaim Volozhin.^{viii}

“Where has that Torah U’Madda thing went...
Where has it gone, to where was it sent?
I think I can say, without confabulation,
That this office of mine needs more information.

“Our promising Project progresses apace,^{ix}
With lectures and lectures all over the place.
Refer to our journal^x quite stuffed with alotta Talkin’ and balking ‘bout Torah and Madda.”

“And what of the Ramim who roam around RIETS,
Do they look beyond the Ketzos to read Keats?”

We ask a Parnesian,^{xi} “Sir does your teacher Believe in a Torah U’Madda-like creature?”
But he keeps on learning, like he never heard.
He answers my question, not saying a word.

Now come take a ride on the Schachter Express.^{xii}
A tour of the Shas in two hours or less.
“Can we stop in Madda-Land?” I would like to know.
“No time, we have four hundred shitos to go.”

Next we will visit the Tendler-Lab-Lair,^{xiii}
Home of the Prince Pre-Med, the Quoter of Shver,^{xiv}
He says, “Queen Ester, your question has an easy solution,
More easy than ethics or than evolution.
Torah U’Madda means Law and Biology,
It doesn’t include that humanisticology.”

Maybe Rav Rosensweig^{xv} knows where to find it?
“First, we must count all the ways to define it.
Then we’ll examine the theories behind it.
Read all the rishonim, and then we’ll refine it.

“Watch out for aspects that might undermine it.
And notice the shitos who like to malign it.
Then, if there’s time, we will try to assign it
To where God’s expecting us all to consign it.”

A SPECIAL TRIBUTE TO DR SEUSS THIS PURIM

Now we are done, yet there's so much to do,
Work that will fill up a lifetime or two.
Maybe you'll work on this after YU,
I can't imagine work finer. Can you?

ⁱ A 19th-century Catholic priest. The reference probably has no relation to the Seinfeld character, as this piece was originally written after only one season of the show.

ⁱⁱ The *shul* near Mount Sinai regularly has young *Yekkes* sing, in what is often a painful proceeding.

ⁱⁱⁱ See Rabbi Aharon Lichtenstein, "'The Woods are Lovely, Dark and Deep' – Reading a Poem by Robert Frost," *Alei Etzion* 16 (2009): 129-134. Obviously this article could not have been the intention of the author, but it is most definitely the closest thing to a poetry bush that one can find written by Rav Lichtenstein, *shlit*^a.

^{iv} This author has apparently not read much more than one page of Rav Lichtenstein's writings. In his *Leaves of Faith: The World of Jewish Learning* (Jersey City, NJ: Ktav, 2003), p. 114, Rav Lichtenstein mentions both Dante and a short analysis of Frost's poem.

^v Possibly a prophetic reference to the course R. Carmy will co-teach next semester on "Military Ethics."

^{vi} He's Soren.

^{vii} This refers to the apartment building that Han Solo and Indiana Jones live in.

^{viii} Nowadays, during the current presidential era, you can go to Riverdale and President Richard M. Joel will give away West Wing videos.

^{ix} This refers to the "Torah u-Madda Project," a creature specific to the late '80s that yielded many Club Hour presentations and somehow still managed to foster almost no Torah u-Madda-ism on campus.

^x *The Torah u-Madda Journal*, which first appeared in 1989, was a direct product of the Torah u-Madda Project. See R. Dr. J.J. Schacter's discussion of the history of this project in pp. 13-14 of the first *Torah u-Madda Journal* volume.

^{xi} This refers to a student of R. Yehuda Parnes, formerly a right-wing Rosh Yeshivah at YU who is now a Rosh Yeshivah at Lander College for Men (remind me what the difference is, again?).

^{xii} R. Hershel Schachter, then as now, moves in shiur at the pace of a speeding bullet.

^{xiii} The rabbi who has a Ph.D. in Biology and an M.D. in his name and teaches pre-Med courses in YC and has a permanent lair in the Furst Hall basement. (Not to be confused with the rabbi who has a Ph.D. in Jewish Philosophy and a J.D. in his name, who teaches law school courses... Wow, that was complicated!)

^{xiv} His father-in-law, Rav Moshe Feinstein, z"l.

^{xv} Jr., not Sr. Don't be confused, like you were over this past Shabbat.

"BISTU MODERNISH?" / "ARE YOU MODERN ORTHODOX?": A CAUTIONARY TALE (WITH A BIT OF SOCIAL COMMENTARY) FROM THE VIMSICAL VELT OF DR. SCHMUESS^{i,ii}

BY: Dr. Schmuess

Translator's Note: The following is a translation from the Yiddish of Dr. Schmuess's classic essay entitled "Bistu Modernish?" Originally published in the Fall 1922 edition of Tradition, this masterpiece quickly became a standard text for introductory collegiate through graduate studies of Modern Orthodoxy. Unfortunately, as the Yiddish language fell into disuse in the world of higher education, English texts replaced the old Yiddish sources and "Bistu Modernish?" became a little-known relic of the past.

The present translation – the first rendition of this essay into English – along with its accompanying footnotes, was prepared by Riley Chapman with help from Google® Translate™, an old and battered Yiddish-English dictionary, and some clever guesswork. Thanks go to Green Vault, Mountain Dew Code Red, Mike, and Ike for their assistance in refining and editing this work.

Yitzy was such a wonderful boy.
Oh, how he brought those around him such joy!
An Israeli yeshivah on a beautiful hill –
That was where, of Torah, he found his fill.
Daf after *daf*, he grew and he *shtayed*,
He sharpened his head and galoofed and *fur-mayged*!

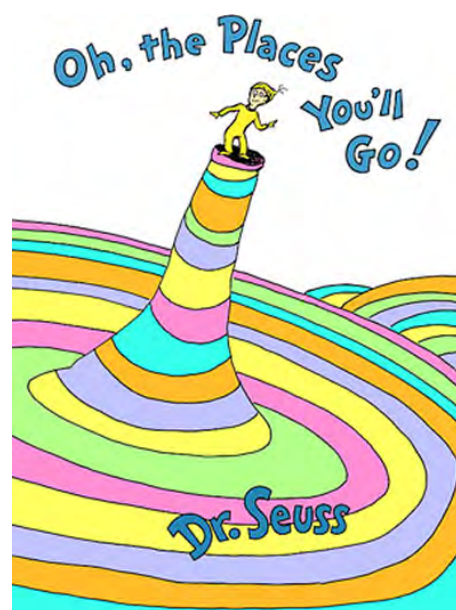
One day, it was time to go take on the world,
To seek his fortune and zadice some gumlurld.
So off Yitzy set, excited yet scared,
To deal with the "outside" for which he'd prepared.

Soon after he'd left, not even an hour,
Another approached with an expression quite sour –
A monocled man, quite tall and obese,ⁱⁱⁱ
Looking as if he would eat Yitzy's wheese!

Said the man, "I am General Zeeko^{iv} Fala,
And I demand of you, what is your Hashkafah?"
Relieved that his wheese was safe in his chest,
Yitzy replied, "My vocab's not the best,

But as sure as all Jews love bagels and lox,^v
I – yes, sir, I – am Modern Orthodox!"
Said Fala, "As I thought, a simple freshback!
A flip-out who's right on the *kolel* track!

"You mean what you say and you say what you mean,
But your mind's as complex as a soup tureen!
You say you are modern, but from hearing you speak,
I can see in your mind, your soul and your pleak,



"That despite all that you may say or do,
The definition of MO is unknown to you!"
With that, General Zeeko Fala turned aside,
Marched off to the distance (and, possibly, died).

Yitzy thought to himself, "The general's right!
For might as I try and try as I might,
I cannot – I cannot – clearly define
That which directs me and inspires my mind!"
So, being an honest and upright young man,
Yitzy came up with a brand new plan.
Right there and right then, not a moment's delay,
He set off on a quest (he's still on it today),

To gather the data as best as he could,
To make sure he truly understood,
That with which the general knocked off his socks –
The question, "What is Modern Orthodox?"

It was rather soon that Yitz made his first stop,

In a town well-known for its Judaica shop.
He approached one teenager carrying a box,
And he asked, "My friend, are you Modern Orthodox?"

The boy replied, "Dude, you got the right guy!
Yeshiva high school is where go I.^{vi}
We have shiur for an hour, and do Science and Math,
And we read Walt Whitman and Sylvia Plath.^{vii}

"On Shabbos, teen minyan's the place to be,
But of course Minchah's optional – anyway,
I'm asleep by three.
It might sound a bit strange, but as you can see –
It's modern and Orthodox, and it works for me!

"You'll have to excuse me – my cell phone is ringing,
And I'm going to a play where my girlfriend is singing!"
A bit disillusioned, Yitzy said, "Thanks,"
And held back his internal vomit tanks.

He thought, "This kid's in the community,
But he's clearly deficient spiritually!
Where is the passion, the drive, the resolve,
Which I saw in yeshivah? Around here, it's dissolved!
Yet perhaps, before I reject what I see,
I should ask some folks who are wiser than me."

A few hours later, Yitzy spotted a rav,
Dressed warmly, including a long coat and gloves,
A hat and a beard and a *sefer* in hand,
He thought, "Maybe this rabbi will understand!"

He said, "Sir, you look as clever as a fox!
Please tell me – are you Modern Orthodox?"
The rav smiled and chuckled, and said, "Certainly!
I believe in *parnasah* quite faithfully!

"I lead a *shul* that says 'Avinu she-ba-Shamayim,'
Though I don't say 'amen' (because that would be lying –
I don't think it's '*reshis tzmichas ge'ulaseinu*').
But why do you ask? What's it to you?"

Yitzy responded, "I'm trying to define
What's modern and what's not – where is the

line?”
The rabbi guffawed, amused and plurdawl,
“When you *chap* the answer, please give me a call!

“I know where I stand, but others debate,
And I’ve yet to meet one who can set everyone straight!
They want to say Madda is useful and good,
That to learn it is something a Jew can and should,

“But *Shas u-Poskim* say differently,
And yet they persist rebelliously!”
Yitzzy then questioned, “What makes you modern?”
The rabbi replied, “Are your ears full of klum?”

“I told you before – one should have a job.
It’s the one valid point in the whole mishk-abob.”
Downcast and forlorn, Yitzzy turned away,
Thinking, “My hopes were so high that it’d pay,

“To speak with him – yet he’s off the wall!
That man is not modern, not modern at all!”

While Yitzzy considered what to do next,
He spotted a professor, engrossed in a text,
A small *kippah serugah* gracing his head.
Surely this one would be more well-read!

Yitzzy cried, “Perhaps you’ll solve my paradox!
O, wise-looking man, are you Modern Orthodox?”
Pushing his glasses to the bridge of his nose,
The professor replied, “Just look at me – it shows!

“In all that I do and I think and I say,
I’m Modern Orthodox in every way!
I have no pretense of close-mindedness,
So I know that the monster who lives in Loch Ness,

“More likely exists than Creation occurred –
That silly thee-oh-ree has since been interred.
Evolutionists and Bible critics,
For our silly myths, are quite the fix!

“Adam and Noah and the Fathers three
Are brilliant creations of J, E, P, and D,
Though of course all inspired by the Lord Above,
Which is why I study their works with love.

“My son, I am thrilled that you’ve asked me this question.
(The answer, of course, may need some digestion.)
For all roads must lead to the academic,
Who’ll fill your mind with his brilliant polemic,

“And tell you the truth, with not one bit of lie
On those things distorted by your rabbi.
The Talmudic sages were miserable quacks,
Who couldn’t quite tell their fronts from their backs,

“And basically all that we have in our day
Is Hammurabi’s code, read the Jewish way!^{viii}
By the way, did you go to Yeshivat Har Etzion?
I’m trying to get a job in their Machon.”^{ix}

Yitzzy could tell something here was amiss,
So politely he did himself dismiss,
And, glad that he knew when something was wrong,
He ever-so-quickly moved right along.

After that troubling communication,
Yitzzy broke off for a brief vacation,
And entered a building of wood, glass, and stone –
A *yeshivish* Beis Medrash, to learn on his own,

To do some *chazarah* and calm his poor mind.
But he was cut short by a tap from behind:
“Excuse me, dear *bochur*, I simply must ask,
(Though it is a somewhat unpleasant task):

“From your clothes, and the accent of your voice-box,
It seems to me that you’re Modern Orthodox!”
Yitzzy spun around to see who had spoken,
And saw an old rabbi looking heartbroken.

Yitzzy just nodded and asked, “What is wrong?”
The rabbi replied, “You’ve been fooled all along!
I was the best *talmid* in the Rav’s shi’ur,
I drank from his Torah year after year,

“I took in each gem that he had to say;
Twelve decades in all I spent in this way.
The modern world quotes him as their inspiration,
As if loyalty to him is their motivation,

“But let it be known, he’d have never approved,
Of the direction the movement has moved.
He never held of the Israeli *Medinah!*
Torah u-Madda is not *le-cha-tchillah!*

“He’d never allow a mixed *kiddush* in *shul*,
And he didn’t found Maimonides School.
Last night, the Rav came to me in a dream!
He said, ‘Shmiel Yankel, it’s truly obscene,

“‘The way that the world misuses my name.
The things that they do – they put me to shame!’
So if you had thought to follow this track,
I beg you – to true Torah, please do come back!”

His head spinning from what Reb Shmiel had said,
Yitzzy barely managed, “I must clear my head.
I thank you most kindly for the input,
But if I seek truth and not giddywhoot,

“I cannot allow one man’s word to prevail,
Especially not with a *mechudishe*^x tale.
But if I hear more folks agreeing with you,
I’ll listen to you more – I promise! I do!”

Yitzzy now knew he could not pause his quest,
He couldn’t get one precious moment of rest.

“If so,” thought our hero, “I have not a choice,
I must hear an authentic Modern-O voice!

“I must journey to the Modern world’s center;
The monster’s labyrinth is where I must enter!”
And so, intending to split wrong from right,
He set off to Washogezuntingon Heights.

Glancing around in this brand-new context,
Yitzzy was shocked, confused and perplexed.
For rather than one uniform type of Jew,
Each one was different, through and through!

He asked one student sporting T-shirt and Crocs®,
“Dear *talmid*, pray tell – are you Modern Orthodox?”
The fellow replied, “My name is Sam,
But you can call me Lamm-I-Am!^{xi}

“I spend several hours each day in the ‘Beit.’
There isn’t a night I don’t go to sleep late.
And yet more important in my own worldview,
Is that secular studies – Madda, mind you –

“Is not just the icing on top of the cake.
This is the philosophy of my namesake!
Only through Madda can we serve the Lord.
Torah and Madda are like the Megazord!TM,

“Uniting together to form a great whole,
Like lettuce and tomatoes in a great salad bowl.
I would not eat green eggs and ham,
I would not eat them with strawberry jam.^{xii}

“But I would study them seriously,
Compare their values to a tree,^{xiii}
Criticize them morally,
And analyze them scientifically.

“I would not eat them in the shower,
I would not eat them with a flower.^{xiv}
I’ll just use them to make a *kiddush Hashem*.
The Torah-only folks – well, I’ll show them!

“I’ll write and talk, philosophize,
Show that they’re all a pack of lies!
Torah u-Madda will carry the day,
And blast its enemies out of the way.

“I will not eat green eggs and ham.
I will not eat them, Lamm-I-am!”
Slightly confused by this fancy oration,
And (in his mind) questioning his motivation,

Yitzzy said, “I thank you for this *Musar schmooze*.
But I must ask more people – what have I to lose?”

Yitzzy continued to wander around,
Seeing the sights and absorbing the sounds.
As he watched one fellow after another,
Yitzzy heard, “I’m Duvie.^{xv} How are you, my brother?”

Speedily finding the one who’d said hi,
Yitzzy could not quite believe his two eyes.
A beard and long *peyes* surrounded a face,
Topped by a large *srug*, slightly off-place.

The neck and below were enshrouded in silk.
Tzitzis hung down, gleaming white as pure milk,
With one light-blue string attached to each group.
The whole picture threw our dear Yitzzy for a loop!

Yitzzy said, “*Baruch Hashem*, I am fine!
And if I may have just one minute of time,
I must ask you that which does gore my mind’s ox.^{xvi}
Dear brother, are you Modern Orthodox?”

Duvie replied, “But of course, can’t you see?
I am one thousand percent *Tziyyoni!*
Science and Math – that’s not at the center;
Our main goal is Eretz Yisrael to enter.

“Finding a way to make *aliyyah*,
Is right at the crux of our dear Hashkafah.
Clothing and such – these are all just external,
(Though they may help us to serve the Eternal.)

“But when you get down to the basic *yesodos*,
Just look at all the essential *mekoros* –
Ein Ayah and *Likkutei Moharan*,
Lev ha-Shamayim (it’s so high, my son),

“*Orot* by Ha-Rav^{xvii} and *Kol Dodi Dofek*.
Get the truth straight, for all of our sakes!
Of course, don’t forget about Am Yisrael;
We must take them out of this *Galus* jail-cell.

“With music and dancing and small Breslov books,
We’ll soon bring *Mashiach!* For joy! Oh, gaddooks!^{xviii}
Caught off-guard by Duvie’s exuberance,
Yitzzy joined Duvie for a brief dance.

Then Yitzzy said, “My friend, I must go.
My journey is long; please don’t say no!”
With that, the two newfound friends parted ways,
Perhaps to meet, following many more days.

Thinking he’d found what was there to be found,
Yitzzy decided to travel downtown.
A subway ride later and two dollars lighter,
Yitzzy emerged to a world that seemed brighter.

Buildings were taller, with grand architecture.
“This must be Midtown,” Yitzzy did conjecture.
Combing the turf for some Jewish sign,
Hoping for luck – that his stars would align –

Yitzzy perceived a great gaggle of girls,
Skirts and long sleeves, a couple in curls.
Trailing them, Yitzzy found out their home base.
If there was what to learn, this was the place!

On a street corner, two women in hats –
One wearing heels, the other in flats –
Stood looking angry, engaged in debate.
Yitzzy hoped that one of them could set him straight.

Yitzzy asked them, “Can you pause for a bit?”

There is just one question I'd like to submit,
Heavy as those buildings dotting these blocks.
Please tell me – are you Modern Orthodox?"

One woman laughed at Yitz's inquiry.
The other one smiled and said, "Yes, times
three!

I am a trained *yo'etzet Halachah*.
Each day I field questions in *Hilchot Niddah!*

"I do *daf be-iyyun* and I teach Tanach,
(Although my true passion is Rambam with
Grach).

I am living proof that in today's age,
Women have roles to play on Torah's stage.

"While my dear family is my true treasure,
Spreading the Torah is such a great pleasure.
This is enough to fill my life with light,
But my dear colleague thinks I can't be right –

"That this type of role is just not enough.
Yet I disagree – it's already tough,
To mother and wife, to instruct and reply
To questions. Who needs to be a rabbi?"

The other one burst in, "Oh, pay her no mind!
It's just those Haredim^{xix} – they've rendered
her blind!

In our modern world, the glass ceiling must
crack,
Letting each person pursue the grand track,

"Of being a rabbi, regardless of sex.
Traditionalists can bite their own necks!^{xx}
True women's rights must come to the fore,
Whereas gender bias must exit the door!

"Empowerment – yes, that's the way of the fu-
ture.
The wounds on our women – for them, it's the
suture.

When I was still young, they said, 'You're in-
sane!
Your dream of the rabbinate's truly inane!

"Just learn Tanach, Halachah and Musar,
And, as a good wife, you'll go oh-so-far!
Mothering – that's where your true mission
lies.'
Well, I sure showed them – yes, I got my prize!

"You see, my dear child, you now do lay eye,
On Orthodoxy's only woman rabbi!
My new position, rabbinically cleared,
By at least two folks each of whom has a
beard,

"Will pave a new road, to be followed by lots,
Who want to be Mahoxerozovalats!^{xxi}
With these responses, which they felt sufficed,
The two then resumed. How they fought,
blurred, and quiced!

Somewhat afraid to remain in this setting,
Yitz ran away, fast enough to start sweating.^{xxii}

Stopped at a corner to wait for a light,
Yitz saw a young man who looked rather
bright,
Stuffing a *kippah* into his briefcase,

Managing this without breaking his pace.

Racing to follow this entrepreneur,
(Though he did not seem so *frum*, to be sure),
Yitz caught up and gave a loud call,
"Excuse me – yes, you, you young pro-feh-
sho-nawl,

"I must ask – are you Modern Orthodox?"
"Yes," he replied, "and I work here in stocks.
Each day's 16 hours, clock-in to clock-out,
With just a lunch break – for ten minutes,
about.

"My family doesn't get much sight of me,
But off to yeshivah I'll send my kids three,
Preschool and day school (which cost too
much money),
High school, and Israel, where it's oh-so-
sunny.

"I just hope that they
don't decide to flip
out.

That would be so
tragic. Why, I'd
kick them out!
In any event, as you
might have
guessed,
Shabbos is my one
day when I can
rest.

"Honestly speaking,
I'm mostly asleep;
I spend the whole
night and day just
counting sheep.
Don't think, of
course, that to *shul*
I don't go!
(I just might get there
a little late,
though.)

"If I did not, my week
would be lacking,
A fully-formed Jew-
ish spiritual back-
ing –
Which is not to say
shul is no fun and
games.

For *shul* is an enterprise with several aims:

"To say *Shemoneh Esreh*, not just once but
twice,
To let children play (I hope they don't catch
lice),
To catch up with friends on the latest sports
news,
Predict who'll win next, and who's gonna lose,

"To have a quick drink – maybe two, maybe
more,
To talk about our rabbi; he's such a bore!
I'd tell you much more, but I have to go.
My meeting's in here, in suite 15-O."^{xxiii}

With these sudden words, he turned to the right

And entered glass doors, which slammed shut
with might.

Ere Yitz managed to take this all in,
He heard a call which around made him spin.
"You there, young Jew, would you mind if we
talked?"

I heard what you heard from that man that you
stalked.

"I am quite sure that you've taken some
shocks.

Let me tell you about Modern Orthodox!
My name is Rabbi Joe Yankelweissram.
I've made my job to uncover each sham,

"Whether it comes from the left or the right.
I'll work hard all day, and I'll work hard all
night,
Spreading the message which just must be



spread.
Our great community has to be led,

"To far greater heights than it's been 'til now.
Leaders with courage – they can show us how,
To balance these frustrating Orthodox rules,
With all the modern things taught in our
schools.

"We must have the courage to pave a new road,
Modern and Orthodox – both lines being toed.
Social justice, interfaith conversation,
Secular studies, women's ordination,

"Throwing our standards for *geirus* away,
Letting anyone in Halachah hold sway,
Uniting with Jews, no matter how *fray* –
This way the path of true progress does lie.

"A light to the nations is what we must be
(Our nation excepted, obviously.)
Come, join with me on a marvelous quest.
Of God's true servants, we'll surely be best!"

Yitz replied, "Thanks, but we're on different
planes.

Well, if I'm honest – I think you're insane!
Our precious Torah – it tells us what's right.
Frauds just like you – it's just not worth the
fight.

"With little respect, I bid you adieu,
Hoping I'll never again witness you."^{xxiv}
Shocked at these words, Rabbi Y. said, "Har-
rumph,"
And walked off with anger and lollagalumph.

Weary from all of his travels that day,
Yitz knew now that there was just one way,
To reach the real truth that had started this trip.
From Torah's waters he must drink and sip,

Letting its beauty envelop his heart.
So from busy Midtown he then did depart.
Setting his sights for his previous stop,
Where his poor head at last he could drop,

Into a good *sugya*, late-night in the Beis,
Yitz returned to his previous place.
In the Beis Medrash, he found a good spot,
And he started reading, "*Chezkas ha-Batt*-"

But before he reached "*im*," a great kindly face
Appeared out of nowhere and swallowed the
Beis.

Now all was quite dark, with but one thing to
see:
A Cheshire-cat smile, as tall as a tree!

Out of this smile materializing,
A wise-looking creature, constantly rising,
Appeared and said gently, "You've fallen
asleep.
You've fallen asleep, asleep, so deep.

"You might be wondering what's going on.
Well, I am here to help you, my son.
Due to my great size, they call me the SNORT.
Do you want *pshat*? Well, here's *take the vort*:"

"Modern Orthodoxy,' as you call it,
Is just like money inside of your wallet.
Assuming you have some, spend it as you
please.
No one can stop you, or tell you to freeze.

"I'm not quite sure if you got this at all,
So let me try a slightly different *mashal*:
M.O.'s a term that has no real meaning,
Like 'army intel' or even 'dry cleaning.'

"(Honestly, what can you clean just with
'dry?'"^{xxv}
But now I digress. Alright, where was I?)
Ah, yes, I was helping you sort it all out.
And thus I do tell you, without any doubt,

"That M.O. cannot, just cannot, be defined.
How one applies it is left to each mind.

Each unique person, in his or her way,
Interprets the term as seen fit on that day.

“Now let me untie this grand human knot.
Some are sincere, while others are not,
Instead motivated by private concerns.
This is the truth, as sure as the world turns.

“Ay, yet, here – yes, here, my boy – here is the
rub,
These words of the Sages you surely shan’t
snub:
“Who is the wise one? Who learns from each
man!”^{xxvi}
You must include this in your great learning
plan,

“For whatever, whyever, each dear *Yid zugs*,
There’s what to learn from his or her ideas,
Whether they’re wrong or whether they’re
right,
Whether they’re green, blue, mauve, fuchsia,
or white!

“How can you choose which path you will fol-
low?
Here’s the idea – please chew it and swallow –
Aseh lecha rav, ve-chaver keneh lecha!
Learn all you can from Hashem’s great Torah!

“Study the breadth of *Machsheves Yisrael*,
Across the whole spectrum, from Brisk to Beit-
El!
This is especially true for one man,
Whose words are often distorted and canned.

“I speak, of course, of Rabbi Soloveitchik.
Some things that they’ve said in his name are
quite sick.
If you would like to know his true outlooks,
Your real best bet is to read through his books.

“One last advice bit which I’ve got to offer,
Before I move on to the next whipper-
snoffer,^{xxvii}
Is how to choose friends. This is *chashuv
me’od!*
Seek out those people who’ve realized this *sod*
–

“Those of pure heart and pristine motivation,
Those faithful to the Divine revelation,
Those who completely and fully revere,
The great basic truths which a Jew must hold
dear.

“Even if you and they aren’t the same,
You must team up to succeed at this game.
Now that I’ve said this, I really must go.”
And so the SNORT vanished, with green^{xxviii}
afterglow.

Yitzy awoke with a start, and thought, “Wow,
This SNORT guy is right! It all makes sense
now!
General Fala missed out on this lesson,
(Maybe because he was so busy *fressin*’).

“The problem lies all across M-O-doxy!
It’s so undefined – what does he want from
me?

I meant what I said, and I said what I meant;
I’m Modern Orthodox, one hundred percent!”

Yitzy no longer travels the world,
Since seeing how the debate has unfurled.
With so many options plainly laid out,
Yitz has become rather briggly-skout,

On finding his answer – though the question
stays;
“What is Modern Orthodox?” in his head still
plays.
For Yitz has concluded, after deliberation,
That it should not be his sole vocation,

To find his answer – for there’s no *nafeka
minah*,
As each individual will keep his own *shittah*.
All Yitz can do is find his own place,
And do his best, with God’s good grace,

To fix the world however he can –
To learn and grow and fulfill God’s plan.
But every so often, Yitz gets in a mood,
Where all he can do is sit and brood,

About these grand questions that once filled his
mind,
And the quasi-answers that he left behind.
He thinks, contemplates, considers, reflects,
And tries to see if it all connects.

And invariably – with innovation and flair,
He emerges with an article for *Kol Hamevaser*.

ⁱ The original printing of this essay included
the following introduction:

I would like to thank the inspirations for
this piece: the many volumes composed
by Theodore S. Geisel, the works of P.D.
Eastman (particularly the classic *Are You
My Mother?*), various rabbis in America
and Erets Yisrael, community members,
and friends. On legal grounds, it should
also be noted that all similarities to real
persons or institutions, living or dead,
should only be considered intentional if it
would not count as grounds for a lawsuit.
Also, they are all extremely exaggerated.
Every last one.

ⁱⁱ Some words were best left in their original
Yiddish and Hebrew. Hence, the following
translations may be helpful in understanding
this piece: *chap* – understand; *Shas u-Posekim*
– the Talmud and its commentaries; *Reshis
Tzmichas Ge’ulaseinu* – the beginning of the
flowering of our redemption; *Parnasah* –
livelihood; *Beis Medrash* – Jewish study hall;
Chazarah – review; *Talmid* – student; *Medinah*
– state; *Le-cha-tchillah* – ideal; *Mechudishe* –
novel; *Kippah Serugah/Srugi* – knitted skull-
cap; *Peyes* – side locks; *Tziyyoni* – Zionist;
aliyyah – immigration to Israel; *Yesodos* – ba-
sics; *Mekoros* – sources; *Daf be-Iyyun* – daily
folio page of Talmud with in-depth study;
Rambam – Maimonides; *Grach* – R. Chaim
Soloveitchik; *Geirus* – conversions; *Fray* –
non-religious; *Sugya* – Talmudic topic; *Beis* –

short form of “Beis Medrash” (see above);
Pshat – explanation; *Vort* – idea (lit., word);
Yid – Jew; *Zugs* – Anglicized version of the
Yiddish word for “says”; *Aseh Lecha Rav, ve-
Chaver Keneh Lecha* – distorted form of *Avos*
1:6, meaning, “Assign for yourself a rabbi, and
acquire a friend for yourself”; *Machsheves Yis-
rael* – Jewish thought; *Chashuv Me’od* – very
important; *Sod* – secret; *Nafeka Minah* – ram-
ification; *Shittah* – opinion.

ⁱⁱⁱ The obesity of the general may be an indica-
tion of his breadth and depth of Torah knowl-
edge, a la the phrase, “one who has filled his
belly with *Shas u-Posekim*,” used in various
halachic sources.

^{iv} This may be a subtle, Ashkenized reference
to the concept of *zikkah*, which refers to the re-
lationship of a *yevamah* to her dead husband’s
brother. The author may have intended to in-
voke this idea in order to foreshadow Yitzy’s
upcoming loss of grounding and his ensuing
search for the sense of direction in life which
he once had. Alternatively, it may reference
the general’s imminent, untimely death.

^v In this line, Yitzy demonstrates his limited fa-
miliarity with world Jewry; few and far be-
tween are the Sephardic Jews who appreciate
bagels and lox.

^{vi} This type of talk was way cool in 1964. Trust
me.

^{vii} Sylvia Plath (1932-1963) was a poet who
committed suicide at a young age. This refer-
ence may hint at Yitzy’s perception that this
form of Orthodoxy is essentially self-destructive
and cannot last.

^{viii} As with other exaggerated examples in this
piece, it seems that this is meant as a typecast
extreme rather than an actual characterization
of all academics, some of whom may actually
be completely religious.

^{ix} This seems to be a reference to the stereotyp-
ical perception of Gush and its attached Ma-
chon, one which might be accepted by this
particular academic, rather than a real expres-
sion of the author’s own perception of the
yeshivah.

^x This may be a paraprax on Yitzy’s part; he
implies that the very man who wishes to cast
the Rav as a more classically-oriented figure is
actually himself an innovator.

^{xi} This is definitely not meant to refer to Rabbi
Dr. Norman Lamm. The author does not have
enough *chutzpah* to caricaturize him, nor is
there any particular motivation to do so.

^{xii} This may be an attempt by Lamm-I-am to
express that he is punctilious about mitzvah
observance, such that he would not eat straw-
berries for fear of consuming insects.

^{xiii} While his reference is most likely to a phys-
ical tree, Lamm-I-am may be subtly implying
that he feels a need to compare green eggs and
ham with Torah, the Tree of Life.

^{xiv} It is unclear whether Lamm-I-am means that
he would not eat green eggs and ham while a
flower was present, or that he would not eat
green eggs and ham with a flower as part of
what was being eaten.

^{xv} We all know someone like this. But no real
person fulfills all the criteria.

^{xvi} The idea of goring oxen brings to mind the
halachos of *tam* and *mu’ad*, as discussed in

Tractate *Bava Kamma*. Through this refer-
ence, Yitzy simultaneously implies that he is a
tam (simpleton) regarding the hashkafic issues
at hand and that he is *mu’ad* (prepared) for a
discussion of these questions.

^{xvii} As a member of the *Dati Le’umi* commu-
nity, Duvie refers to Rav Kook as “Ha-Rav.”

^{xviii} Believe it or not, the word “gadzooks” is at
least 300 years old. See [http://www.merriam-
webster.com/dictionary/gadzooks](http://www.merriam-
webster.com/dictionary/gadzooks).

^{xix} Pronounced “hair-dim.”

^{xx} It is unclear why this character chooses to
compare traditionalists to both Ya’akov and
Esav, based on *Be-Reshis Rabbah* 78:9.

^{xxi} Some later versions of this text read,
“Rabloxomonkengurbahs.” However, investi-
gation of old manuscripts indicates that the
word given is the correct original form.

^{xxii} By discussing sweating unnecessarily, the
author seems to be referencing *Pesachim* 24b,
which describes fruit juice as “mere sweat.”
The obvious implication is that through all his
experiences, Yitzy is beginning to see results,
to squeeze the juice out of the experiences to
which he is being exposed.

^{xxiii} O is the 15th letter of the alphabet. It is un-
clear if this combination of letter and number
is intended to be symbolic in some way.

^{xxiv} Although Rabbi Yankelweissram seems
much closer to Yitzy’s Hashkafah than most of
the other characters, Yitzy reacts far more ve-
hemently in this situation than in any other.
This may stem from a feeling that, as opposed
to a less serious but fundamentally religious in-
dividual, or a more right-wing person, Rabbi
Yankelweissram represents a clear and present
danger to the upkeep of the *masorah* within
Yitzy’s community.

^{xxv} This joke was blatantly ripped off of: Jerry
Seinfeld, *SeinLanguage* (New York: Bantam
Books, 1993).

^{xxvi} *Avos* 4:1.

^{xxvii} The SNORT may be Israeli, leading to a
mispronunciation of the word “whippersnap-
per.” This might occur because in unpointed
Hebrew, the letter “*peh*” may be pronounced
“p” or “f,” and vowels are left for the reader to
infer. Hence, the pronunciation “whipper-
snoffer” would be a perfectly understandable
mistake. The hypothesis that the SNORT is in-
deed Israeli may garner further support from
his usage of the term *chashuv me’od* in the next
line.

^{xxviii} The green glow may hint that the SNORT
is some sort of alien life form. (This would ob-
viously contradict the hypothesis, put forth in
the previous footnote, that it is Israeli.) Alter-
natively, since green is the color of plant life,
it may suggest a moment of growth for Yitzy.

PANEL CONVENED ON THE TOPIC OF COVETING WIVES

BY: A Newswriter With No Bias

This past Monday night, following a concerted effort on the part of R' Twersky to convene such a forum, a group of three not-so-discreet individuals held tish in the Belfer Commons to a crowd of 8.3 million people, and that's not counting the 200,000 left outside to freeze in the cold. The topic of the day was "Sachmod: Wife-Coveting in Yeshiva University," and it presented the autobiographical stories of these three very proud individuals.

The meeting started off with Rabbi Blau stating, clearly for the record, that "We all know that holding panels on homosexuality is an *issur de-oraysa*. It is for this reason that we are instead holding a panel on coveting wives, which, though obviously extremely comparable, is not as bad because it's much less dangerous." Following his wise words of introduction, there was wild clapping and cheering, followed by beer-chugging (\$2 for the uncoveting, a reduced \$1 For coveters!) and raucous cheers.

The three speakers at the event were, Rabbi Leib Tropper, former head of the Eternal Jewish Family organization, famous polygamist and recent convert to Sefardic Judaism Tom Greene, and a current YC student who founded the Sachmod club. Though not represented in person, the Dead Yavam Society also sent a letter in order to be represented at this panel (a new code word for gathering-panel).

Reactions by YU Roshei Yeshivah to the panel were varied. Some Roshei Yeshivah published a letter that we should have compassion for these people, but there should be no event. A *sihah* by other Roshei yeshivah said that there should be no event, but we should still have compassion for these people. Richard Joel and Rabbi Reiss also signed a letter, saying that compassion was called for,

but the event should not have happened. Also, there was a petition that said that the event should not have happened but we should still have compassion. Among all these variegated responses, there might have been a common theme, but it wasn't fully clear what that theme was.

The entire YU administration viewed the whole experience as a major success, and intends to hold many more such panels in the



future. At the advice of R' Twersky shlit"a, events have been planned for those who covet animal's wives and those who struggle with finishing shenayim mikra on a weekly basis.

Cholent: A Short Story

BY: Yossi Steinberger

Midnight Madness! In a flash, the YU men rushed towards that hallowed sanctuary, leaning forward, walking purposefully, as if trying to blast off. In crazed, kinetic motion, their neurons buzzing furiously, they flew forks-first for the mounds and mounds of steaming goo. The large stampeded the small, the small out-maneuvered the large, each seeking unity with the turbulent blend of brown hues. Lifting their bowls high, the victorious flashed distorted, stretched smiles, high-fiving battle-worn buddies. But reflected in the victors' gleaming eyes were the masses' scattered limbs. Woe! At that time, students stole from under their classmates, ignoring pitiful reminders of friendship past. The very heavens cried...

Year One, Garden of Eden. God created Adam from earth, Eve from his rib, and

warned them both, "Now, this tree, you must not eat from." Eve ate an apple and fed Adam some. God decreed, "From now on, you will have a desire for any strong-

smelling combination of meat, potatoes, beans, and rice. You will worship this strange foodstuff, but from it you will suffer dreadful afflictions." Evicted from Paradise, they wandered, hapless victims of insane yearning for *cholent*; and afterwards they would gnash their teeth painfully.

For thousands of years, Jews have suffered too much to describe. Writing from Vienna in 1180, R. Yitzchak describes how *shtetl Yidn*, driven by angry demons, would bring uncooked *cholent* to the communal oven on Friday nights, to which they returned, the next day, in happy anticipation.ⁱⁱ In 1998, Israelis gathered at the Dan Panorama Hotel in Haifa. 131 semi-finalists waited anxiously, as thirty judges chewed and swallowed their way through enough *cholent* to feed a small army. Esther Israel, 39, of Kfar Saba got first prize for her spinach-flavored *cholent*. Overjoyed, she commented, "I've fulfilled a dream. I've always wanted many people to eat my cooking, because my children don't appreciate it."ⁱⁱⁱ Even the farthest-flung soul knows no peace

from *cholent* cravings. Christian Heinrich Heine, one of the most significant romantic German poets (1797-1856), born a Jew but baptized as a child, gushes (using the German word "*schalet*" for *cholent*):

"*Schalet, ray of light immortal!
Schalet, daughter of Elysium!*"
*So had Schiller's song resounded,
Had he ever tasted schalet.*
*For this schalet is the very
Food of heaven, which, on Sinai,
God Himself instructed Moses in the secret of preparing.*^{iv}

Thus, the nations speak sadly of the Jewish people, whose intestines and hearts bare the trauma of their compulsive *cholent* consumption.

Midnight Madness was the last straw, causing God to convene with the angels to review the situation. It was readily apparent that the situation on earth was spiraling out of con-



trol; the Jews were worshipping *cholent* with wild abandon. Feldheim Publishers had just published a hugely popular coffee-table book on *cholent*, filled with large glossy photographs of *cholents* from communities around the world, a scratch-n-sniff section, and a page explaining the molecular composition of *cholent*. *Kol Hamevaser* staff-writers were hotly debating the correctness of "*khulent*" versus "*xulent*." Philosophers had excitedly announced their conclusion that *cholent* by definition could not be defined. The most-discussed halakhic topic concerned whether or not a person is permitted to eat *cholent* now, if it will certainly detract from the person's *oneg Shabbat* later. Jews just could not get enough of *cholent*; from the humid, greasy basements of Vizhnitz, to the airy, expansive halls of the Conservative Community Center; from the gas stations of Monsey, to the *bikkur holim* room of New York-Presbyterian hospital.

Deciding that enough was enough, the heavenly tribunal removed the *yetser ha-ra* for *cholent*. The guys in that sanctuary, finally

able to see, embarrassedly avoided the eyes of their friends, with whom they were sharing second and third-hand bowls. That Shabbat, the *gabba'im* announced, "After *davening*, there will be hot garbage and drinks downstairs, in honor of the *simhah*." At the Sattmarer Rebbe's *tish*, the Rebbe's *shirayim*, ten beans organically glued to *kishke*, circulated aimlessly amongst the apprehensive Hasidim. The next Shabbat, everyone stayed home. Breslov Hasidim stopped bouncing.

Tens of millions of Jews faced the heavens and voiced their fundamental belief in *cholent*. They yelled in unison, "We all love *cholent*!" One man in the crowd said, "I don't. I like *Kugel*," but Dr. Bernstein quickly slew him. They yelled and yelped, and yelped and yelled, "We all love to eat *cholent*!" But they could not penetrate the highest levels of the heavens. The organizers spied one little boy, named Yossele, who was reading a book, off to the side. Red-faced, they bellowed, "Your family, town, and nation, are in danger! Now help us, you must!" Yossele whispered, "I love *cholent*!" Then, the heavens finally heard the Jews' cry.

...Just in time for the world-famous Yeshiva University *Cholent* Cook-Off.

ⁱ Rough translation of *Be-Reshit* 2:7.

ⁱⁱ "Cholent." *Wikipedia, the Free Encyclopedia*. Accessed Feb. 15, 2010. Available at: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cholent>.

ⁱⁱⁱ Helen Kaye, "Strong to the Finish, Spinach Dish Wins Cholent Contest," *JWeekly*, February 13, 1998. Accessed: February 15, 2010. Available at: <http://www.jweekly.com/article/full/7597/strong-to-the-finish-spinach-dish-wins-cholent-contest/>.

^{iv} Heinrich Heine, "Princess Sabbath," in *The Works of Heinrich Heine*, vol. 9, *Romancero, Third Book: Hebrew Melodies*, transl. Margaret Armour (London: William Heineman, 1905), pp. 7-8.

Ultra-Orthodox Meets Ultra-Orthodox tree

BY: Moishie Dokterlawyerstein

When Halakhah puts life at risk, *pikkuah nefesh* (the saving of a life) nearly always takes precedence. Although we are all familiar with the three major exceptions to this rule (making sure your *tsitsit* are out, pronouncing *birkat hamannah*, and being seen at the Seforim Sale), do we consider the other mitsvot for which we sacrifice life all the time? Yes, I am talking about the *arba'at ha-minim* (four species).

Every year, Jews slice down thousands of thriving *lulavim* and *etrogim* and an even greater number of prospering branches of *hadassim* and *aravot*. The arboreal community quivers in fear as the human *Yamim Nor'aim* approach. For them, "*Mi yihyeh u-mi yamut?* (Who will live and who will die?)" has more impact than it does for most people. The yearly massacre of these lovely growing things is a glossed-over atrocity on par with the unprotested cruelty of the popular custom to eat dried carob on Tu bi-Shevat – another inhumane practice chalked up to religious observance.

This year, though, a group of ultra-Orthodox trees has wised up and decided to take action. After spending two days in *shul* on their Rosh ha-Shanah, Tu bi-Shevat, then repenting with their leaves all a-shaking ten days later, the trees have decided that fifteen days after their Rosh ha-Shanah must be their Sukkot. Humans – beware!

Based on the *pasuk* of "*Ki ha-adam ets ha-sadeh* (for a human being is a tree of the field),"ⁱ the tree community has reinterpreted the *pesukim* pertaining to the *arba'at ha-minim* as referring to human limbs and organs. As their mantra, they have adopted the Midrashⁱⁱ about the *minim* representing spines, hearts, lips, and eyes, and they mean it in a whole new, far more gruesome, way. The grisly *ma'aseh ha-mitsvah* (act of the mitsvah) that the trees have been *mehaddesh* (innovated) means that humans are in danger of being sliced, bound, and shaken.

Rabbis across the world are engaging in discussions questioning whether our centuries of tree cruelty were too much. The liberal Rabbi Poppel R. Opinyun asks, "Perhaps we were meant to find some way of being *mekayyem* [fulfilling] the mitsvah without

hurting any trees?" But hard-liner Rabbi Letdan Vironment Eatmaishortz maintains a tougher stance: "If the trees want to shake us, let them try. If they want trouble, we'll start using paper for *Sifrei Torah* instead of *kelaf* (animal hide). That'll show 'em." The battle

being spared. "We had it nice when we were forgotten for a millennium and a half," explained some of the snails. "Then, some rabbis come 'round looking for *tekhelet*. Now, we know we've got the stuff, but our neighbors, the cuttlefish, are always having these parties late at night – and they keep us up. So we told the rabbis it's the cuttlefish they're looking for, and that kept us safe for a while. But of course, the rabbis went and learned organic chemistry and now we can't come up on the beach without being cracked open and cooked up by some science-rabbis for their *tsitsit*."

In response to these grievances, some community leaders are urging their followers to reexamine their customary practices to avoid problems like this in the future. Among the institutions under scrutiny is the ubiquitous Friday night cranberry-crunch *kugel*. A mitsvah-food according to many, widespread preparation of this delicacy entails the excessive destruction of cranberries.

In a proactive move on the part of the rabbis, Rabbi Vutter V. Gunnadoo approached the chickens to discuss the sticky issue of *kapparat* (atonements). Surprisingly, the chickens were okay with the ongoing practice. Gordon Fliegelman, negotiating on behalf of the chickens, explained, "The chickens are sympathetic to your needs, and they are willing to offer their ongoing cooperation. But they still want to be allowed to poop on your heads occasionally." Rabbi Gunnadoo acceded to their demands.

This era of heightened environmental awareness presents interesting, if slightly minor, obstacles in many areas of Jewish practice. Maybe, out of *hakkarat ha-tov* for that enormous tree that let Haman hang, we can ask the *etrog* tree nicely before we pick next year's specimen.

Moishie Dokterlawyerstein is currently Undeclared, but he excels at gauging the frumness of his peers based on their style of clothing.



rages on, but as Sukkot le-Ilanot approaches, the trees are getting restless, and people who live near trees face mounting danger.

In light of the trees' vocal rebellion, other creatures that are consumed in the practice of Jewish rituals have mounted their own revolts. For instance, *parot adumot* (red heifers) have found the courage to unite against the Jews. Carmen Bovinitas, spokeswoman for the Red Cow Initiative, complains, "This mitsvah doesn't even make sense." In general, their claim is that Jews have been burning the rarest specimens of red cows, and then they complain about how it is so hard to find a good *parah adumah* – "Maybe don't burn us up so much," many *parot* have been heard complaining.

Murex snails, the mollusks whose life-juices dye our *tsitsit* blue, expressed their distaste at being rediscovered, too. Interestingly, further inquest into their story revealed that this is not the first effort they have made at

ⁱ *Devarim* 20:19.

ⁱⁱ *Va-Yikra Rabbah* 30:12.

Besides Purim issues, *Kol Hamevaser* also occasionally publishes semi-serious issues. Get a head-start on writing for these exciting upcoming editions of the paper. Please send all submissions, letters-to-the-editor, and queries to:

kolhamevaser@gmail.com

Torah, Literature, and the Arts

Possible topics include: The Use of the Bible in English/Hebrew Literature; The Relationship between Torah and Literature; The Use of Literature in Learning Torah; Literary Approaches to Bible and Talmud; The Value of the Humanities and Artistic Expression in Judaism; Beauty and Aesthetics; Jewish Art History, Art in the Synagogue, Beit Midrash, and School; Art in Halakhah; and much more!

Submissions due: March 2, 2010

Halakhah and Minhag

Possible topics include: Methodologies of Pesak (*Yere Shamayim Yetse Yedei Sheneihem, Mah Tov, Kohah de-Hetteira Adifa, Ha-Mahmir Tavo Alav Berakhah*); Sefaradic, Mizrahi, Ashkenazic, German Jewish, and Hasidic Halakhah; *Minhag ha-Makom (Lo Titgodedu)*; When is *Minhag Oker* Halakhah?; *Minhag Yisrael Torah Hi (Ve-Al Tittosh Torat Immekha)*; Philosophy of Halakhah; History of Halakhic Development (Tamar Ross and Rav Kook); The Concept of a Universal Law Code for all Jews (*Shulhan Arukh*); Kabbalah in Halakhah; *Minhag Shetut*; Innovation in *Pesak*; The Power of *Beit Din*; and much more!

Submissions due: March 22, 2010

Judaism in America

Possible topics include: So-Called "Minhag America" (Hanukkah Presents, Lack of Hair Covering for Women); American Religious Zionism; The Impact of the Year in Israel on American Orthodoxy; *Aliyyah* to Israel vs. Staying in America; Jews and Sports; Interdenominational Relations; Unique Challenges to Jewish Life in America; America vs. "the Old Country" as Diaspora Communities; Affluence in the American Jewish Community; and much more!

Submissions due: April 19, 2010



R. Moshe Meiselman

R. Yehuda Parnes

R. Abba Bronspiegel

R. Michel Shurkin

R. Chaim Ilson



R. Moshe Twersky

R. Steven Greenberg

Gilah Kletenik

Rabba Sara Hurwitz

R. Avi Weiss



R. Joseph Telushkin

R. David Hartman

R. Eliahu Ben-Haim

The Lubavitcher Rebbe

The Spinka Rebbe



Bernard Madoff

J. Ezra Merkin

R. Mordechai Kaplan

R. Chaim Pinchas Scheinberg

The Satmer Rebbe

~ והיו עיניך ראות את מוריד ~