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Kamikaze Hearts
In a Sealed Room
The Yenta Game



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Body Count

On the day the war with Iraq ended, a few bodies lay on the battlefield. They had no nationality, no rank or insignia. No parents had prayed for them, no lovers had wept for them, and above all, no country had cared for them. The bodies lie there now, as our soldiers go home victorious to their families in the strongest, most aggressive, dominant power on earth. If those cold neglected bodies had dog tags, or any identification at all, we could tell who they were. They represent the death of ideals, not names that will appear on any wall or memorial. Lying there dead is the concept of collective security, the hope that conflicts can be resolved regionally and the use of war as a last resort. A rational energy policy lies there in the sand, alongside a transfer to an American peace economy.

The war with Iraq was not a test of Iraq, or of Kuwait or Saudi Arabia. It was not a contest to see who could accomplish their goals with the least bloodshed, or the most. It was not about a "victory" that belonged to George Bush, or a "defeat" Saddam Hussein had to suffer. More likely, Bush achieved a maintenance of the status quo, while Hussein suffered a temporary setback.

This war now so thankfully over was a test for the strong, not for the weak. The test was to see how the United States would react to a very common and persistent sort of dictator. Saddam Hussein posed no new questions, but gave the United States an opportunity to give some new answers.

The world has fallen away from a past of cold-war frustrations. An American president no longer must consider what Moscow will think every time the Secretary of State scratches his nose. Two worlds were open to us, one with the United States as a partner in a multi-polar partnership of nations with divergent yet balancing interests. We did not choose this path. Instead we decided to exert ourselves as the leader of anyone who intended to follow. But the impetus for action was generated entirely in Washington. The multi-national force was a farce, the financial support we received from "allies" in the region and elsewhere was minimal and well over half of the troops committed were American. I suppose it is encouraging that we now pay lipservice to the ideals of multipolarity instead of balance of power, but that is scant comfort. There may even be some good ramifications from the war, such as Syria's decision to recognize Israel. Our actions may have also substantially reduced a serious threat to Israel, as well as a possible threat to the other

Gulf States.

But have we created a safer world? Have we contributed to the stability of democratic regimes and clearly stated our opposition to autocratic ones? Have we raised a generation of people to believe that war is an atrocity that can be tolerated only when every other option has been exercised and our moral foundation is clear and untarnished? Have we established a clear course of action for our citizens that includes both domestic concerns and international interests? And most of all, have we helped create a world where dime-a-dozen dictators like Hussein will be less likely to test us and see us fail?

The answer is no. Depressingly, saddeningly, and dishearteningly, no. We chose the wrong path and failed our test in Iraq. We can only hope that next time we have the wisdom not to do the same.

The weapons are bullet boards and multicolored flyers, and the battleground is the UCSC campus. In the last few weeks flyers have invaded the university. Some are very painful in that they accuse all Jews on campus of intentionally spreading misinformation about the ongoing Israeli-Palestinian conflict and call for the overthrow of the State of Israel. Tactics of this war are confusing to both those who are less informed about the conflict and campus politics. They are especially counterproductive to the fostering of education on these

issues. The posters are problematic on several accounts.

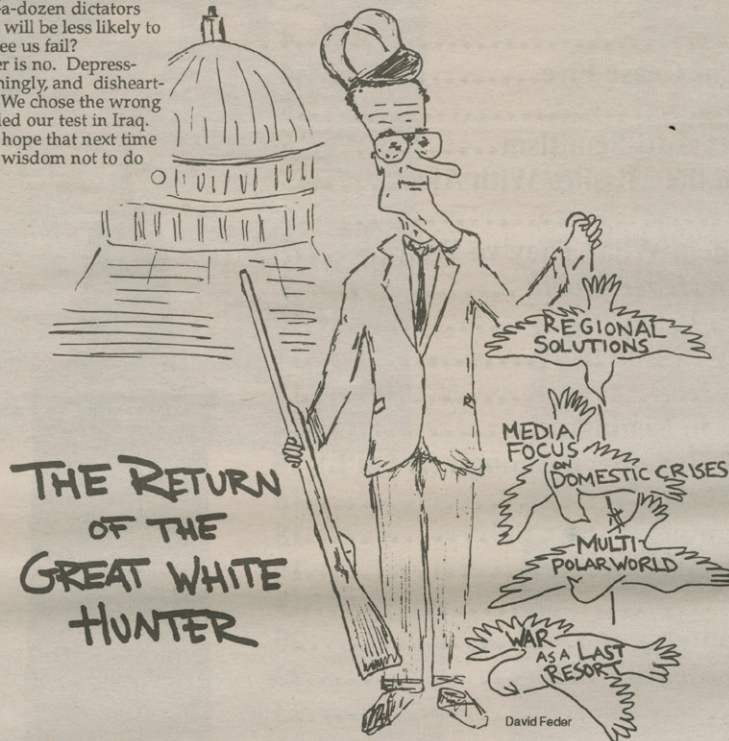
Many of the flyers do not list the name of the group or organization which distributes them. How is any kind of response or communication supposed to occur without these vital pieces of information? It is by no small oversight that the omissions have been made, but an intentional effort to further complicate the matter. Yet, Jewish groups, in an effort to clear their names, have been drafted into the poster war. The barrage of flyers is meaningless if it cannot be seen in the larger context of campus

politics. The only communication that one can hope to achieve when engaged in flyer combat is a disatisfying outpour of anger and misunderstanding. Filtered through rush hour busting and sideways glances, the flyers themselves become little more than campus gossip pages, not unlike the National Inquirer.

As painful as these flyers are, there are much more permanent ramifications. In an attempt to discredit ideologies, the flyers are guilty of libel. They insinuate that all Jews involved with Jewish organizations, are deliberately lying to the campus community in regard to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. The classic "Jews own the media" stereotype aside, they are misleading. National Hillel is a non-political organization, and the Progressive Jewish Student Union spells out in its statement of purpose that they support a two-state solution (see *Leviathan* Winter 1991). This does much to defame the organizations in the general public's mind when the posters become the only source of information the campus receives. How will these groups reestablish their reputations? The flyers can only be seen as a direct attempt to draw negative attention to Jewish groups.

While effective in their visibility, the offensive flyers, and those posted as a response, do little to establish a dialogue and expose to the campus community the current discord of a few student groups. They are not productive in achieving any type of resolution to either the conflict in the Middle East, or the one raging on the Santa Cruz front.

In calling for an open debate on the Palestinian-Israeli issue, no Jewish organization was approached. The only invitation received was the tattered flyer, rustling in wind at the shuttle stop.



This statement was issued jointly by Mapam, Ratz, Shinui and Shalom Achshav in November, 1990.

We Can No Longer Continue Like This!

Each day, we are witnesses to another murder and additional acts of violence. Fear and desperation have taken control of the streets, and the government is silent. There is no policy, no control, no progress towards peace.

There was once an illusion that time would run its course and the Palestinians would get used to being under our rule.

There was once an illusion that economic dependence on Israel would force the Palestinians to grow accustomed to the occupation and the settlements.

There was once an illusion that it would be possible to erase the Green Line. The illusions have been shattered. The Likud government has by its own making reestablished the Green Line.

It is clear to all of us: The time has come to separate from the territories. Neither closure nor fantasies about transfer will halt the violence. We and the Palestinians need the separation, politically and economically.

We call upon the government to implement the following steps, concurrently:

- Initiate political negotiations with the Palestinians regarding the establishment of a Palestinian framework alongside Israel.
- Work towards the gradual economic separation between Israel and the territories. By enabling the development of an economic infrastructure for the Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza Strip.
- Mobilize massive economic support from the international community for enhancing peace and welfare in the region.

The time has come to part from illusions and to part from the territories.

The time has come for us to reassume the real task of Zionism — absorbing new immigrants, improving the society, building a stable economy and solidifying relations based on equality with the Arab citizens of the State of Israel.

We can once again live in security.

Opinion

A Road to Peace

BY ELLIOT HOFF

Most agree that Saddam Hussein is a brutal leader who has little concern for those who stand in his way.

This was proven long ago with his attack on Iran in 1980 and his subsequent gassing of thousands of innocent Kurdish civilians.

But all of this was no surprise to Israel.

The Israelis repeatedly warned the U.S. that Iraq's growing military and abusive human rights records indicated that Hussein was leading a dangerous regime. Israel recognized Iraq's maliciousness in 1981 and bombed an Iraqi nuclear reactor. For obvious reasons the Israeli action, internationally condemned at the time, warrants invaluable praise today.

Among other things, the Gulf War proves once again that the root of the unrest in the Middle East is not the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. The Arab nations have long been at war with each other, but it has become fashionable to concentrate on the Palestinian question.

Nevertheless, the Iraqi invasion proves that there are hostile nations surrounding the Jewish state. The Arab States' refusal to negotiate and make peace with Israel, after forty-one years of declared war, is one of the most serious impediments toward peace in the region. Those who believe that the establishment of a Palestinian state will automatically bring peace to the region are wrong. We all wish it were true, but intra-Arab warfare and hostility toward Israel is a reality; these are all unrelated to the plight of the Palestinians.

Those who call for an independent Palestinian state are not insincere, nor are their desires unreasonable. The possibility of a Palestinian state cannot be the top priority of the Israeli agenda. The Iraqi invasion of Kuwait and the attacks on Israel prove this. If Hussein can occupy another

Arab country in a matter of hours alone, imagine what a combined Arab effort could do to Israel. Without the West Bank, Israel would surely be at a disadvantage. Military experts worldwide have long recognized the strategic importance of the West Bank to Israeli security. If territory like the hilly terrain and depth of the West Bank separated Kuwait from Iraq, there might still be an independent Kuwait today.

The PLO's unending admiration for Hussein's actions conjures up thoughts of future Palestinian-Iraqi cooperation in an attack on Israel. Jordanian intransigence and instability also worries Israel. Just when the Jews thought they had reached a *de facto* peace with Jordan, the "moderates" turned the other way and supported Hussein.

Israel's existence in the absence of peace with Arab states has been possible for several reasons: One is a determined and strong Israeli military that

meet with Levy, so Baker could understand the Israeli perspective on the crisis.

The implication of Baker's cancellation is that the United States, like the United Nations, is only interested in talking about the future of the Palestinians. The last thing that the State Department wants to hear is that Israel is too preoccupied with threats from Arab nations to deal with the Palestinians.

When things go wrong in the Middle East it is convenient to rely on classic scapegoats. In other words, when there are problems, blame it all on the Jews. Hussein's outrageous attempt to link the invasion of Kuwait to the occupation of the West Bank is typical of this phenomenon. Intra-Arab warfare exists with or without the State of Israel, with or without a Palestinian homeland.

The Gulf War has made some Arab states seem artificially moderate and dedicated to peace and stability. Saudi Arabia,

Among other things, the Gulf War proves once again that the root of the unrest in Middle East is not the Israeli-Palestinian conflict.

has proven to the Arab world that every attack on Israel will bring retaliation. American military and economic aid is also important. Finally, and perhaps most importantly, is Arab disunity and preoccupation with other internal and external problems. The most obvious examples are the ostracism of Egypt from the Arab World following their peace with Israel and the Iraq-Iran war.

Egypt has now regained acceptance in the Arab world and the Iran-Iraq war has ended. It is to Israel's advantage that Egypt and Syria are at odds with Iraq. However, Israeli security will never be guaranteed until the twenty states that are in a declared state of war with Israel give up their armed struggle.

Saddam Hussein's terrorist attacks against Israel are very troublesome for the Jewish state. While Israel has certainly confronted more significant threats than conventional Scud missiles, the nature of the allied coalition is inhibiting Israel's defense strategies. Israel has the right to defend itself as any other nation does, but it is again in a bind.

Thus, the war is timely for Israel. Just days before Secretary of State James Baker was scheduled to meet with Israeli foreign Minister David Levy to discuss the peace process, Hussein's forces rolled into Kuwait.

Although Baker's attention was undoubtedly focused on the Iraqi situation, it would still have been appropriate for him to

Kuwait and Syria may have publicly denounced the Iraqi invasion, yet they are all sworn to the destruction of Israel. Even Egypt has recently shown signs of rising Muslim fundamentalism that could threaten their established government. While the threat to Israel may not concern the average American, the prospect of a Middle East in 1991 without Israel is frightening. Hopefully the Bush administration realizes this, and therefore will not sell emergency arms to these countries.

Perhaps more Arab states will realize that Israel is a nation that will be around for a while. Establishing diplomatic relations, as Egypt did, may cause outrage, but that is the price of peace. Only after the Arab states make peace with Israel and Palestinians in Gaza stop terrorizing Israeli soldiers and civilians, can negotiations on Palestinian autonomy begin. While Arab disunity as a result of the Gulf crisis appears good for Israel, the fact that Arab leaders view Israel's destruction as imminent must never be forgotten.

By relying on Israel as a universal scapegoat, and by linking the Palestinian issue to all problems in the Middle East, we only confuse the real impediment to peace: the inability of Arab regimes to accept Israel's right to exist.

This piece was written on February 13 to meet Leviathan's deadline.

UJA Responds to Missiles with Aid

The United Jewish Appeal (UJA) is a non-profit, non-religious, service and fundraising group. UJA is currently raising emergency funds for social services in Israel hurt by Iraqi Scud missiles and to help resettle incoming Soviet Jews. The organization is basically the fundraising/financial aid leg of the Jewish community. It is one of the largest Jewish organizations in the world as well as the top non-profit, money-raising organization in the country.

The organization has hosted Jewish Community meetings and is planning a CPR fundraiser as well as Jewish Film Festival to be part of Jewish Awareness Weeks, for Spring Quarter.

The group welcomes students with various political views. UJA is supportive of Israel, being that it is Israel's Jewish financial resource in the United States. The organization works to insure Israel's survival as a Jewish homeland.

For more information, or if you would like to get involved, please call Sarah Ginsburg at 458-1630.

Coalition Against Anti-Semitism

We are a coalition of UCSC students from the UCSC chapters of the Israel Action Committee, the Progressive Jewish Student Union, the American-Israeli Public Affairs Committee and Hillel. Although each of our groups has a different perspective and agenda, we are all concerned about the recent rise in anti-Semitic incidents on campus. Anti-Semitism can be as blatant as a swastika on Hahn Student Services, or as subtle as the perpetuation of common stereotypes, such as Jewish American Princess (JAP) jokes. As Jews, we have come together to take a stand against anti-Semitism at every level.

Although the word anti-Semitism is used often, it is frequently misunderstood. This misunderstanding is not surprising, considering that there is almost no education about Judaism and Jewish history at UCSC. The fact that this is probably one of the first pieces of information that you have received on this campus about anti-Semitism is indicative of the problem itself. The time has come to start defining some terms. We experience anti-Semitism in our daily lives in the following ways:

*Israel-bashing:

We have a wide range of views on the Israeli government's policies. Some of us actively oppose them and some actively support them; others take no stand on them. We are all committed to the secure existence of the State of Israel, and we feel that Israel and Zionism are attacked in ways that reflect hostility towards Jews and a lack of understanding on the part of the perpetrators.

Zionism is the movement which sought to establish a Jewish homeland in Israel. Based on historical experience, many Jews consider Israel's existence and survival essential to the survival of the Jewish people. Thus, we take outright attacks on Israel and Zionism

very seriously.

Too often in the UCSC community, those who criticize Israel make no distinction between Zionism, Israel's right to exist, specific policies of the Israeli government and Jews in general. This can create an atmosphere where being Jewish puts us immediately on the defensive, having to justify our cultural and religious identity.

*Invalidating Jewish Experience:

-We are repeatedly told that we are not truly oppressed, that we have an inflated view of anti-Semitism and that we are paranoid and obsessed with our own victimization.

-We are told that we should "stop complaining" and "stop whining" about our oppression.

-We are told that we should "get over" the Holocaust.

-The Holocaust is often equated with other genocides in a way that invalidates the specificity of the annihilation of European Jewry.

-We are told that we are not victims of anti-Semitism because we don't experience systematic or institutionalized discrimination.

-Our history is invalidated; our victimization is belittled.

THIS IS ANTI-SEMITISM

As Jews, we are feeling an increasing sense of urgency. Hate crimes and anti-Semitism are currently on the rise here at UCSC, on American college campuses and all over the world. This rise suggests that anti-Semitism must be addressed and confronted now. Finally, as Jews, we place this rise in anti-Semitism along a broader continuum. The current economic and political crises make all marginalized groups more vulnerable to attack. We are asking for support from all people who want to learn, study and live in a world free of violence, discrimination, and hatred.

Leviathan, an independent Jewish voice of students of the University of California, Santa Cruz, is published three times a year. *Leviathan* is not an official publication of the university, its Board of Regents or its administrators. All signed articles represent the opinions of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors and staff. Editors reserve the right to edit all articles and letters. Submissions should be mailed to *Leviathan*, Student Center Box 13, University of California, Santa Cruz, CA 95060

Staff Poetry

MY COUSIN MOSHE

Alexandra J. Wall

i am numb
and in shock
from the news
i heard this morning

dad called
and as soon
as i heard his voice
i knew
that someone had died
dad's voice is always
clear and resonant
but this morning it was
broken and shaky

moshe was only 53 or so
he had a stroke
a few years ago
leaving him unable
to work
but he did not
lose his ability
to laugh
at others or himself
nor his capacity
to love

now wife nava
children yifan, oren, nirit
son-in-law boaz
grandson nadav
have to go on
without his wonderful presence
in their lives

he had a weak heart
and so
when the sirens
sounded
he ran up
the three flights of stairs
to put on his gas mask
and be protected
within the sealed room
but something
went wrong
with his heart
and when
the all-clear
sounded
he was rushed
to the hospital
to die

i saw him
for the last time
almost
exactly
one year ago

he took nirit and i to ben-gurion
(we were going to paris)
i kissed him goodbye
thinking that
i would see him
again soon
(within the next few years)

i didn't know
there
would be
a war

Of Brown Cardigans

Helen Polyak

Yellowed photographs with
zigzag ridges
Abound in Aunt Klava's photo
album.

1949, *Uncle Grisha at the opera.*
1953, *your father with a pompadour.*

Oh, I forgot about this one...

Holding an oversized photo
retouched

By a professional brush.
The man in the picture is distin-
guished in his
Stalin-era uniform.

His expression is kind
And I find a familiarity in the
thick eyebrows
Outlining eyes of icy intensity
Like black onyx set in antique
silver.

Magnetically, my hand stretches
to touch the paper of
inferior technology
As tears leave Aunt Klava's
black onyx eyes and
Land in the corner of her "Gypsy
Red" mouth.

Who is he?

Papa, a month before...

Caught in the memory of her
preadolescence
When she belonged to an ideal
family.

Stealing into the bathroom,
My face appears smooth,
Not the Hockneyesque image I
am used to
As I stand next to Grandpa.

I am five years old,
Holding on to a wrinkled hand
Walking past old war buddies in
the park.
Or at ten
When I skin my knee
From a rollerskating accident
Running into loving arms
covered by a brown cardigan.
I borrow my fantasies from
Geritol commercial
For the only silver hair I knew
was tied in a bun.

The chin
The nose
Are not my own,
Nor my father's
They come from further in the
past.
Reflected in mirror are my own
tears
Streaking burning flesh like
water color.
I have been cheated out of
Geritol moments.

Headlines of "Twelve Combat
Troops Killed in Ground War-
fare"

Flash across the 50 year old
photograph
As my mother's words echo in
the background.

Another generation will grow up
without fathers

And the one after that with a
surplus of brown cardigans.

YOU are to BLAME

Marissa Greenberg

you Smile
You are so proud of Yourself
YOU made a young girl Cry
YOU made Her doubt her
person
YOU are to blame for Her
feeling INsufficient
not NORMal
when it is yOu who should feel
badly
that young girl DiD NoT instill
you with

PREJUDice and HATE
YOU are to blame for harboring
those thoughts
but it is that YOung girl who
feels guilty

GUILTY for being a jew
She feels GUILTY and ashamed
for You

YoU with YOuR can of spray
paint and

YOuR warped mentality of
SUPREMACy

who said You are better than that
girl

once SHE felt proud to wear a
Mogen DAvid

around her neck
now
because of YOU

She feels ashamed
She not You
She wishes she could erase
herself from

JUdalism
you are the one to BLAME
you and all YOUR kind
who placed the POWer in YOuR

hands
not me
nor the girl

nor any other person YOU
make to feel INhuman and
INvalid

it is YOUR problem
not theirs

it is time MY society
MY world
sTooD uP and said

NoMOre NoMOre NO MORE
this has got to
SToP

starting with YOU

Greetings One and All!

Are you sick and tired of seeing the same few names on almost all the articles, illustrations, and staff box. Well, you're not the only one. The staff of Leviathan is a very small number of people, who are very much interested in your input, time and energy. We know that Leviathan must mean something to you, since you are not only using it to line your bird cage, but you are actually taking the time to read this paper. Guess what? You are the one we've been looking for. We are in great need of anything you can contribute to the only paper that serves to represent the campus Jewish Community. Whether you are interested in working on production or in writing an article or poetry, or want to draw for Leviathan, drop us a note in our box at the Student Center (box #13), or call Helen, Marissa or Alix at 426-9563, or David at 425-0938. We'd love to hear from you. (Don't forget, we do publish Letters to the Editors!)

Hannah, Show Them What They've Won...

The Yenta Game Comes to U C Santa Cruz

BY HELEN POLYAK

My mother called me the other day. Not that this is in and of itself

some kind of phenomenon, (I am sad to report that despite my 20 years, my mother still inquires as to my whereabouts on Saturday nights) but she was about to partake in a ritual that all Jewish mothers have performed since the beginning of time: Matchmaking. Being her only daughter, and one who has recently come back to my Jewish heritage, she must have felt that it was her duty to give me a sense of a real Jewish mother. She was clearly treading on new turf.

"So what's new?" she began. No signs of her plan yet. (All our conversations recently have begun with this "What's new?" game.)

"Nothing."
"Nothing new? What kind of a person has nothing new?"
"No Mom, no new boyfriend," I hissed into the receiver. My mother is of the frame of mind

that a woman my age cannot truly be happy without a boyfriend.

"Well, since you bring up the subject of boyfriends, I was thinking...I know of a nice young man who happens to live in Cupertino and I—"

From my grandmother I might have expected this, any other meddling relative, perhaps. But my mother, never!

"Don't be a Yenta. I'm not interested in going on a blind date. When have I ever wanted to go on a blind date?" I said, moderately irate.

"Date? Did I say anything about a date? I thought you would like to meet a nice Jewish guy who lives up there. You could go out, get some coffee, talk...I didn't say a date," she said sheepishly through her thick Russian accent.

"Mom, I know what you meant."

"Okay, so maybe I did mean a date," she admitted grudgingly. "But what's so wrong about wanting my daughter to go out with a nice young man? I only want you to be happy. Did I mention he's an engineer," she added as a last sales pitch. It failed.

After my initial agitation, I began to think about what my mother was getting at. If one out of five students on this campus is Jewish, why did my mother call me from Los Angeles to try to fix me up with a Jewish man elsewhere. Seriously, it appears as if Jews at UCSC just aren't interested in one another. With all the painful stereotypes surrounding both Jewish women and men, it is no surprise that they wouldn't get together.

So I propose a Santa Cruz version of the Dating Game hosted by any well-known Jewish personality.

Picture the scene: An immaculate television studio with three chairs behind a high plywood board with a large Mogen David of silver and blue tinsel in the center. The three bachelors enter the studio as *Matchmaker*, *Matchmaker* plays in the background.

Bachelor #1 is a psychology student dressed in shorts, a silk-screened T-shirt and Birkenstocks who plays Ultimate Frisbee on Shabbat.

Bachelor #2 is a fifth year senior in Modern Society and Social Thought (Mod Soc — sounds like matzah if you say it fast enough). He is wearing jeans, a black turtle neck and has the beginnings of a goatee.



Tama Goodman

Bachelor #3 is an Economics major from Stevenson who enjoys reading *The Wall Street Journal* over a chewy bagel. Not knowing whether to dress formally or not, he has opted for the J. Crew tan slacks and blue Oxford shirt. (By the way, he doesn't drink Manischewitz.)

Now our Bachelorette. She gets to choose from one of these eligible young men, even though none of them will ever be a doctor. She is a Literature major, writing her thesis on Sri Lankan Jewish poets and the American

through her stack of questions written on blue and white recycled note cards.

"Okay," she says upon finding one. "Question number one: If you were to own a bagei store in Santa Cruz what exciting new flavor would you feature?"

Bachelor 1: Well, being in Santa Cruz, I'd have to say hemp, right?

Bachelor 2: Flavor is such a relative term, can you clarify that? Do you mean flavor or variety? Curry, I'd say curry, but you really should be more

Bachelor 1: Well, being in Santa Cruz, I'd have to say Abbie Hoffman, right?

Bachelor 2: Woody Allen, I think it's self-explanatory.

Bachelor 3: Ed Koch. He's a real New Yorker. Incidentally, did everyone know he lost 35 pounds, and he looks great.

"Hm...interesting," she says with a wry smile. "The last question is 'Who is the most important person in your life and why?'"

Bachelor 1: Well, being in Santa Cruz, I'd have to say my

The three bachelors enter the studio as *Matchmaker*, *Matchmaker* plays in the background.

psyche.

"Welcome to our 'Yenta Game,'" begins our host. "I'm glad you are all able to join us. I hope you are all in good health, although personally, I've been having some trouble with my back, eh, but you should worry about my back? You have troubles of your own."

"Today, *Baruch Hashem*, we have the opportunity to send the winners of our game for a vacation to the corner of Pico and Robertson. They'll spend seven days and six nights at the luxury hotel, Motel Kamzoil. Arrangements have been made for kosher meals, and taxi service will be provided for them to attend Shabbat services at Temple Beth El. I'm sure our contestants are anxious to begin, so let's make a match!"

The Bachelorette fumbles

specific about what you mean.

Bachelor 3: A decent one. A little flustered by Bachelor #2's response, it takes the Bachelorette a few moments to regain her composure before whipping out another blue card.

"What is your favorite Jewish holiday and why?"

Bachelor 1: Well, being in Santa Cruz, I'd have to say Tu B'Shvat because of the environmental significance, right?

Bachelor 2: Tisha B'Av. If you think about it in terms of importance, it really is largely ignored. I'm for the downtrodden.

Bachelor 3: I don't really have a favorite. One that doesn't interfere with my daily trips to the deli.

"Next question," mildly impressed by the Bachelors' effort. "Who is your Jewish role model, heroine or hero?"

inner child.

Bachelor 2: Who is the most important or the most meddling? I guess my mother wins in both cases.

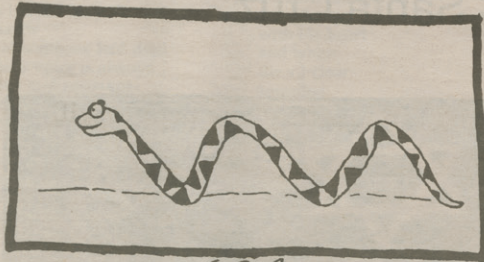
Bachelor 3: Um...Um... well, gee, Michael Milken. What a financial wizard!

"Well, unfortunately, we have to take a commercial break from our sponsor, Lazar Wolf's Kosher Meats," our host interjects. "But stay tuned! When we come back, our Bachelorette will tell us which Bachelor she has chosen to accompany her to glorious Pico/Robertson."

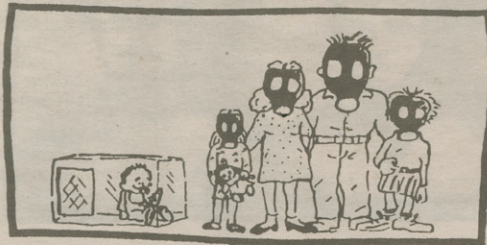
So, I'm leaving you in suspense. Don't you hate that? The truth is that I haven't quite decided which eligible bachelor I'm going to choose yet. Besides, I've got to make a phone call to Cupertino. ○



Reflections from a Heder Atomb



הנה לך



הטריטוריה



הנה לך

BY SARA EVE ROSEMAN

I am sitting on the plane from Ben Gurion Airport to Los Angeles International Airport on Sunday, February 17, 1991. I'm flying home, not running away from Scuds or stress, but due to my father's heart attack. He's going to be fine, I know, but I wish I didn't have to leave for this reason.

The day after the war began, I woke up and listened to the English broadcast of the *Voice of Israel* from my youth hostel room in Jerusalem. I walked around, voice shaky, reporting the news to the groups of people from my program who had remained in Israel even though the opportunity to leave, and the other half of a round-trip ticket, existed. I reported the Haga (Israeli Civil Defense Authority) instructions, namely, open your gas mask kits and fit the masks. Shave beards. Stay calm.

We were giddy and nervous, as we stood around snapping photos of each other in our

masks, posing with teddy bears. The common response of the Israelis we knew was, "Hussein will never do it. He knows that he'll be pounded if he tries. There won't be a Baghdad." Tense and nervous, we took our gas masks with us to the taping of a popular Friday night T.V. show, listened to a man who lip-synched a song about Saddam Hussein and a comedian who quipped, "When people talk about this war, they'll say, 'I remember that war, oh, I ate so much that war.'"

When I awoke to the sound of the siren, an eerie sound, rising and falling just like they said it would, I woke my roommate Rochelle. I acted quickly yet thinking, "This can't be happening." With one of the women in our group yelling, "Get out of your rooms!" I grabbed my gas mask and pulled on slippers and ran down the hall. We stood waiting for the rooms to be unlocked while we took the caps off of our masks and screwed in the filters, trying to decipher the all-Hebrew instructions while

standing among Sabras and Jewish students from South America.

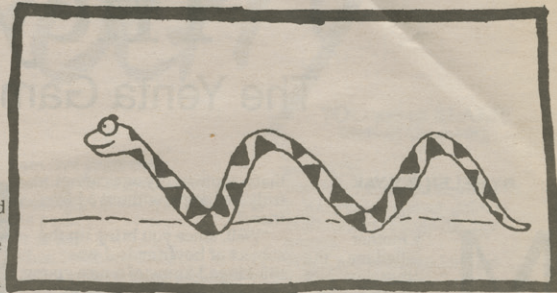
I trembled while fumbling with my mask, sitting on a bed, unable to tell where my shaking stopped and my friend Rochelle's shaking began. I stared at the masked faces around me and thought that it was probably better that all we could see were each other's eyes. I took deep breaths through my mask which shuddered with each breath and didn't fit properly. My mind was racing, thinking of the ironies of sitting and waiting for German-manufactured gas to land in the Jewish state. I wondered if those people who claim that having all the Jews in one place makes it easier to kill us were right.

Once those initial thoughts of fear were gone, I wondered what kind of sadistic, selfish person I was to have everyone at home watching the prime-time version of the missile attack and wondering what right I had to cause them so much pain.

After the first few attacks, my responses have been calm, even light-hearted since I had been staying on a Kibbutz near Eilat on the Jordanian border. Unlike when I sat in a sealed room with Israelis my age who took off their masks after a few minutes, not waiting for Haga to say it is alright, I was able to see the impact on the family, on children, of the whole ordeal. The father of my Kibbutz adoptive family was serving in the reserves, and the mother had requested that one of the newcomers help her during attacks. While some people had come to take the attacks less seriously after a week of sirens, this family continued to wear the masks while they stayed in the sealed room, parents unwilling to be unprepared for the sake of their child.

The three and a half year old son is prone to asthma attacks, and the mother fears she will not be able to detect a change in her son's breathing while she has her mask on, as she is unable to see without her glasses. I sit and read books to the kid, play with him, until Nachman Shai, Israel Defense Force spokesman, says we can remove our masks in this southern region of Israel. When I saw the struggle that the mother went through to get her child to wear the mask, I began to see the effect of Scuds on the family.

I used to think that Israelis were being stubborn and paranoid because they wouldn't support what I viewed as steps towards a peaceful, moral solution to the Palestinian-Israeli conflict. Now I realize that, while Israelis are often stubborn and paranoid about many things, they have a foundation for this fear and this stance. Having your home destroyed and



הנה לך

"The snake has bitten"

My mind was racing, thinking of the ironies of sitting and waiting for German-manufactured gas to land in the Jewish State

narrowly escaping death by thinking it would be nice to be in a *Heder Atomb* on the other side of Tel Aviv, as some Israelis have experienced, tends to confirm ones worst fears. Namely, that someone is trying to kill you.

Someone was trying to kill your average Israeli and wasn't being discriminate as to the age, sex, occupation or ethnicity of the person. As an Israeli puts on his or her gas mask and threatens the unruly child with a spanking if they don't do the same, they must be angry that they must take this precaution. We on the American Jewish Left expect Yossi and Yael Israeli to be thinking about the most peaceful solution to the Palestinian-Israeli conflict while their city's destruction is being cheered by the people they are supposed to be making peace with. From what I have seen, most thoughts in gas masks are "When can I take off this mask? It smells funny. When will Nachman Shai release my region? It better be soon, because my wife/husband/kid/mom/dad/brother/elderly neighbor is driving me crazy."

Israelis before the war said, "We have nothing to worry about, we have an excellent army." Their psychological security rests on their military strength. But Israelis never considered that their military would be impotent to act. "If those fuckers try anything," thought Yael Israeli, "We'll pound them." This has been the Israeli foreign policy. But, increasingly dependent on the United States, and wisely unsure of the depth of Bush's support for Israel, the Israelis are holding in their anger and standing by the policy of "restraint." So Yael and Yossi sit in their Heder Atomb, listening to the sound of a Patriot being

fired a few blocks away. And they smile at the U.S. soldier operating the missile and dust off their best English to show their gratitude, wishing that their country were able to act on its own behalf.

No one talks about peace rallies. Even people on the left in Israel think that a major setback has resulted from the Palestinian support of Saddam Hussein. Peaceniks of the highest degree have supported the Gulf War, fearing that if the United States doesn't take care of the Iraqi threat, then Israel will be on the receiving end of the massive arms Iraq has received from the United States, Soviet Union and Western European nations. I was appalled in October 1990 when I heard Israelis say that war between Iraq and the US would be the best resolution to the conflict. I found it opportunistic, insensitive and gory. But that even Amos Oz, Israeli author, and Yael Dayan, Labor party activist, major supporters of Peace Now, support the United States' policy makes me want to understand the Israeli psychology.

It is one thing for those of us on the American Jewish Left to say, "We don't like what you are doing, Israel. You're being stubborn, oppressive, unreasonable, paranoid." It is something else for us to impose a situation on the Israeli public that they do not want. Unlike our democracy, the price of war is paid in every family, all civilians are endangered, whether by terrorism or Scuds. I may believe that the Israeli occupation of the West Bank and Gaza Strip is cruel and unusual, but it is one that is not actively opposed by a majority of the Israeli population. Reports of Palestinians cheering on their

rooftops were received with grief and surrender by the Israeli Left. And when the first missiles fell in the West Bank, there was the spiteful attitudes of "Now they'll know what it's like. See them support Saddam Hussein now!" among many of the people who were attending Peace Now rallies months ago.

In a recent issue of *Tikkun*, Arthur Waskow contests that the joke played on both the Jewish and Palestinian people, as reflected in Issac's name derived from the root "to laugh," is that both were promised the same land. Our challenge, Waskow contends, is to find a way of sharing it. Splitting it vertically may not be the right answer. One thing is clear: When missiles fall short of Tel Aviv, they land in Samaria. In terms of missiles, we are talking about the same place. Same goes for nuclear and chemical weapons; you cannot effect one people without effecting them both. Same goes for water, for environmental problems, for blood, and for death.

I find it difficult to make statements I made before without thinking, as in "The Right-Wing Likud Regime is running the country." From what I could see, it is dubious who is running the country. But when Israelis really, really don't like something the government is doing, they say so. Which is why the bill that seeks to restrict access to abortion, in spite of the powerful religious parties who sponsor the bill, will probably not pass. And that's why Israel hasn't as of Feb. 21, retaliated for the bombings of Tel Aviv and Haifa. We applaud the Israeli people for restraint and criticize the Israeli Government for the curfew in the occupied territories. In other words, when it's something we like, we credit the masses and something we don't, we blame it on the "Right-Wing Regime."

Israel is more of a democracy, I claim, than the United States. Citizens of that democracy have responsibilities as well as rights,

such as the responsibility to risk their lives for the decisions they make, the responsibility to have to kill for what they believe.

So how was this accomplished, my shift from confused, intentionally uninformed Left-wing American Jew to barely-left-of-center American Jew with one foot in Israel and one solidly planted in the San Fernando Valley? Why do I now cringe when I read *Tikkun*, when before I ate it up unquestioningly? Maybe it was being near Netanyahu on a clear day and seeing hills not so far away. "That's the West Bank," I was told. Maybe it was the stabbings in Baca last Autumn, random violence against someone my age in a community settled by many Americans who've made *aliyah*. The Palestinian man didn't ask, "So, d'ya vote Moledet?" before he stabbed his victim.

It continues to anger me when people say that American Jewry should send money and keep their mouths shut. But I have come to think that we have a stake in listening a little more than talking. We should make an effort to understand why Israelis believe what they believe rather than just opposing it and distancing ourselves from them.

Israelis are faced with a mind-boggling number of conflicts. religious and secular; Jewish law and democracy; Palestinian and Israeli; socialism and economic debt; Aliyah and the limitations, both economic and social, of the society; Mizrahi and Ashkenazi culture. Just to name a few. These conflicts aren't hypothetical exercises like the ones I had in Monday night school at Temple Beth Hillel. They are part of everyday life.

I spent a month and a half working with tenth graders on a state run boarding school in the northern part of Israel. Most of the kids were of Moroccan, Iraqi and Yeminite descent, some with disciplinary problems, and others preferring to live away from home. They hoped for and

desired pretty much what American kids their age want, maybe a little less. This will be the first war many of them will have felt first-hand. Often when I would ask them if they thought there would be war, they would reply that their military was capable of flattening Iraq and Saddam Hussein. I thought of them when I heard that missiles were falling on Haifa, especially the poorer parts. I think of them when I hear about the Israeli policy of restraint and wonder how they feel.

Israel is a confusing place. But what I know now, that I didn't know before (this was my first visit), is that it's a place worth defending. I believe that there needs to be an Israel. Not at any cost, but like any other real, living country, it has it's conflicts and contradictions, maybe more than it's fair share of problems. Our Jewish State, as a reality, is not a utopia. Just as we must make an effort to understand the Israeli mentality, so must Israelis try to understand the American Jew.

As American Jews, it is our luck to have been given the dreams of our grandparents, the utopia dreamed up in exile. We are still able to visualize that dream without having the constraints of hostile neighbors, a chaotic economy and religious-secular conflicts. If our hopes were of peace, we must trust that the Israeli Jews, having known war, want peace more than we do. We can remind them of the costs to their society of the *intifada*, and show them how far from the original goals they have gone.

My parting images of Israel are those of the beautiful Israel of the travel posters and UJA campaigns, not images of pain or brutality. Whether this means that my brainwashing is complete, or that I have fallen in love with the place is not clear to me. I suppose it is a little of both. I take with me the memories of my boarding school kids making fun of my Valley-accented Hebrew, my Kibbutz adopted brother with a toy named "Nachman Shai," swimming for the first time in the Mediterranean, arguing about Reform Judaism on a crowded Egged Bus in a mix of Hebrew and English, a tree ripened pomello, of my last look around before I boarded the plane, the sky the same color as the blue on the Israeli flag painted on the tail of the plane.

Sara Eve Roseman graduated June '90 from Merrill College with a B.A. in Women's Studies. The former Leviathan editor is returning to Israel on "Project Otzma", a ten month program to promote Israel/Diaspora relations. Her father is recovering very well.



בבב בבב

"All clear"

You cannot effect one people without effecting them both

Israel needs you now more than ever!!

Otzma

AUGUST, 1991 - MAY, 1992

Project Otzma invites outstanding Jewish men and women, ages 19 - 24, to volunteer on a unique 10 - month fellowship.

Learn Hebrew on kibbutz-ulpan

Volunteer in education, agriculture, social work

Meet with Israeli students, politicians, artists

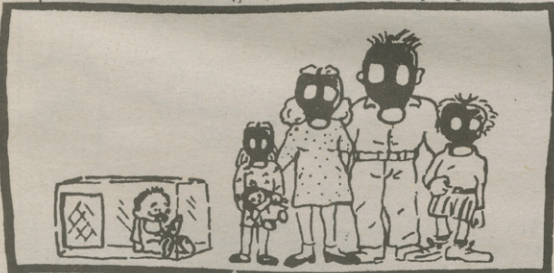
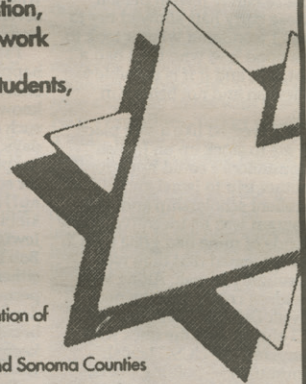
Travel all over the land of Israel

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Bureau of Jewish Education of
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the Peninsula, Marin and Sonoma Counties

Amnon Gideon (415) 839-2900
Jewish Federation of the Greater East Bay

DEADLINE EXTENDED!!
APPLICATIONS DUE: APRIL 5, 1991

In Northern California, Project Otzma is jointly sponsored by the Jewish Community Federation of San Francisco, the Peninsula, Marin and Sonoma Counties, and the Jewish Federation of the Greater East Bay. Funded by the Jewish Community Federation and Endowment Fund of San Francisco, the Peninsula, Marin and Sonoma Counties, the Jewish Federation of the Greater East Bay, and the Koret Foundation.



בבב בבב

"Patriots"

When I saw the struggle that the mother went through to get her child to wear the mask, I began to see the effect of the Scuds on the family

Aliyah to the Simi Valley?

How I Spent My Summer Vacation

BY FAYE PENN

Do you want to make *aliyah* but don't want to go to Israel? Do you want to spend 26 days on the largest piece of Jewish-owned land outside of Israel? Have you ever fantasized about spending a month without secular music? If you have answered 'maybe' to any of these questions, Brandeis Collegiate Institute (BCI) might be the place for you.

BCI is basically a summer camp for Jewish college students, a Catskills west, a place to meet and become friends with Jews who you might never have met otherwise. It's a place to fill up on Jewish information and ideas and to hear Jewish jokes and not have to say "That's not funny!"

Before going to BCI, I was involved in Jewish student groups for a couple of years. Having come from a moderately secular family and a self-hating adolescence, I never wanted to be Jewish until I got to college. However, my Jewish knowledge was lacking — I did not know who Martin Buber was, what "Diaspora" meant or where the 1967 borders were. I was waiting to be discovered as a fraud, a fake...a barely Jewish person whose curly hair allowed her to pass. I wondered what it took to be a good Jew, whether I had a shot at it, and if it is possible to be Jewish and not believe in G-d.

BCI seemed like a safe place for me to stock up on Jewish information. I could not afford another trip to Israel and BCI's excellent scholarship and loan program was an incentive. A few friends of mine had gone to BCI, and it seemed that they were thoroughly Jewish. Along with the *ulpan* crowd and the neo-Jewish Defense Leaguers, the BCI alums were the ones who energized the UCSC Jewish community — holding *seders*, shabbats, staying late nights at *Leviathan*, doing Israeli dances and arguing about Jewish politics with fervor and detail that was unimaginable to me.

Despite my eagerness to absorb every schtickel of Jewishness I could find, Santa Cruz had given me an attitude about "mainstream" Judaism that I took to BCI. In fact, I went to the program in somewhat of a fighting stance — ready to take on "the Jewish establishment," and what I expected to be a conservative, patriarchal bastion of reactionary thought. I was prepared to be marginal.

Fortunately, my political self-righteousness was unfounded. Rather than an angry summer spent on the fringes of the Jewish mainstream, I found that BCI had a lot to offer me and my attitude. The complaints of my friends who had gone to BCI in past years seemed to be taken seriously — there was some feminist discussion, an impressive recycling and composting program and an acknowledgement of the Jewish left.

Despite my lack of formal Jewish education, at BCI I was able to be Jewish as well as political. I never felt like an outsider. In fact, I actually gave a Torah interpretation — something I thought was reserved for rabbis or middle aged men who belong to the temple brotherhood. It was inspiring to have all those amazing Jewish minds in one place at one time — whenever I had a question, I had several right answers to choose from.

I spent most of the time happily drenched with Judaism. Short of a trip to the Holy land, I know of no other way to spend such a completely Jewish 26 days. The food is strictly kosher, the people are all Jewish (except for some of the kitchen staff — nu?) and it even looks like a kibbutz. The music is strictly Jewish, and we're not talking Bob Dylan or Paula Abdul, either. Secular music is not permitted — not because it's the devil's music, but because it breaks the hermetic seal which keeps BCI apart from the outside world.

One of the most remarkable aspects of BCI was the cohesiveness of the community. Everyone eats kosher meals together. (Even Judge Wapner, a member of the board of directors who visited during my session, ate with the herd.) The emphasis on group projects, skits, dances and workshops makes it easy to get to know people, but there are limits to intimacy — pairing off is discouraged, although it is not closely monitored.

Even though my overall BCI experience was great, I also had some pretty intense emotional upheavals which were not always of the "Wow I'm really discovering my Jewishness" sort.

The intense structure is what makes BCI work but it can also be tedious. Part of being a BCIer means participating in every aspect of the program — which means being punctual for every lecture, workshop and event, and getting up for flag raising and morning discussion groups before breakfast.

The degree to which people respect these unwritten laws is remarkable considering that there is no enforcement of these requirements other than guilt and disapproving frowns. If BCI sounds like a Jewish penitentiary, it's not. For some reason, all of its bizarre rules and policies make sense when you are there, and it's hard to imagine a cohesive community like that working any other way.

Everyone gets something different out of BCI. For some it's a sense of acceptance from Jewish peers, for others it's a deeper sense of commitment to



Jewish values. And for some it's a familial obligation that turned out to be more fun than they expected. I still have my Buber book, my *Metsudah seder*, which usually remains uncracked. People say that BCIers are never the same afterwards. Although my lifestyle hasn't changed much, I have more guilt

about my secular life, and at least I know that it's a choice. BCI has helped me gain the information and resources to live more Jewishly when I make the decision to do so. ○

**This contribution, along with other cute and funny phrases, was by Sara Eve.*



Unless you have been hiding under a rock over the past year, you have probably noticed that UCSC has a whole bucketfull of new and old Jewish organizations. Let us add to the confusion by telling you that *Leviathan* is looking for your input as a member or friend of the Santa Cruz Jewish community, we figured you could use a list of who's who. I know you sure could.

Leviathan
David Feder 425-0938, Marissa Greenberg and Helen Polyak 426-9563
Progressive Jewish Student Union
Cindy Greenberg 429-5553
Santa Cruz Hillel
Jeffrey Sokolow 426-3332
Israel Action Committee
Daniel Wolfberg 476-4217
United Jewish Appeal
Sara Ginsburg 458-1630
American Israel Public Affairs Committee
Sharon Anolik 426-8106



A Turkish History Lesson

BY DEBRA GOLDSTEIN

Armed with what I thought was a fair amount of knowledge about Turkish Jewry, I visited the second and third largest Jewish communities in Turkey, Izmir and Bursa respectively, during Yom Kippur of 1989. The rabbi and curator of Bursa's only functioning synagogue explained that he did not know exactly how many people were in his congregation because so many marriage-age young people were either moving to the larger communities or to Israel. He estimated there are between one and two hundred Jews still living in Bursa. When I broke the Yom Kippur fast the following day with a family in Izmir, where the Jewish community is about 3000 people, a Jewish woman proceeded to tell me her family's history beginning with the city they had come from in Spain 500 years ago. I had stumbled into a lifestyle that is modernized yet very much based on ties to the past, a cultural history and the Diaspora. Next year the Turkish Jews will celebrate the 500th anniversary of their ingathering in the Ottoman empire.

Although Jewish communities already existed in Turkey, the majority of Jews arrived in 1492

as refugees fleeing the Spanish Inquisition. After their expulsion from Spain, the Ottoman empire was one of the few governing bodies to welcome the Jews. Before this influx of Sephardic Jewish refugees in the fifteenth century there may have been about 10,000 Romaniot Jews, with a combination of Hebrew and Greek culture, and a handful of Karaite Jews living in Constantinople (modern day Istanbul).

There were a variety of reasons that the Ottomans were happy to welcome 40-50,000 refugees. The Spanish Jews brought a rich culture with them as well as a great deal of learning and wealth. The Ottoman Empire had fallen behind the Western world in cultural, trade and industrial advancements by putting all of its energies into progress in trade and commerce.

In response to the newfound freedoms granted by the Ottomans, Jewish learning, religion and culture flourished. Even the Sultan's court professed Jewish doctors, financial officers, advisors and translators. The Jews prospered overall, although there were a large number of poor Jews with little education mixed with those who had become economic and political successes. As minorities all Jews were subject to special taxes and building regulations but did not



The Blue Mosque
Istanbul, Turkey

have to serve in the Ottoman army. When there were threats of any new laws to be imposed on minorities the Jews responded by keeping a low profile. A long history of caution and maintaining a low profile is still very evident in modern Turkish Jewry.

Their communities and industries are seldom integrated with the Moslem majority. Except for the Ottoman-enforced penal and civil laws, the Jews were self-governing. Few Jews learned the Turkish language unless it was for business purposes. Within their communities they spoke Ladino, a language composed primarily of Spanish with Hebrew influences. Even the European Jews who immigrated to Turkey in later years spoke Ladino within the Jewish community.

With the decline of the Ottoman empire in the late 17th century Jews began to lose power both economically and politically. The Muslim majority began to take interest in trade and commerce, which had previously been the Jewish domain. Jewish educational and cultural growth slowed as their ties to the world's Sephardic communities declined. This isolation from the outside world was a result of the Ottomans' shrinking sphere of influence.

The rise of Shabbatai Zvi in Smyrna in 1665 gave many Jews, who had been looking for answers to their unhappy plights, hope. Arguably the most influential of Judaism's false messiahs, Shabbatai Zvi, a kabbalist (a student of Jewish mysticism), preached his messianic teachings and gained a huge number of followers. The Sultan, afraid of a threat to his own power, offered Shabbatai Zvi the choice of conversion or death. A year after his rise to prominence, the Jewish "mes-

siah" converted to Islam. The fall of Shabbatai Zvi resulted in fragmentation of the religious unity his movement had produced.

The Ottoman empire continued to decline during most of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Jewish education and culture suffered as a result. In the mid-nineteenth century Sultan Mahmud II strove to unite and strengthen the declining Ottoman empire with what came to be known as the Tanzimat (reordering or reorganization) period. An attempt was made to integrate the non-Muslim minority (the Christian Armenians and Greeks and the Jews) into society's mainstream.

Sixty-nine years later, the Young Turk revolt in 1908 changed attitudes toward minorities once again. As patriotism increased among Muslim Turks political turmoil also increased. Although it was an improvement from the absolutist rule of Abdulhamid II, and the beginning of much modernization, it did little to bolster minority rights.

After World War I, dramatic reforms began in Turkey. Unlike other minority groups, the Jews patriotically supported Turkey in its War for Independence (1919-22). When Kemal Atatürk rose to power he declared Turkey an officially secular country. On February 16, 1926 the Jews were finally able to renounce their minority status and declare themselves full Turkish citizens.

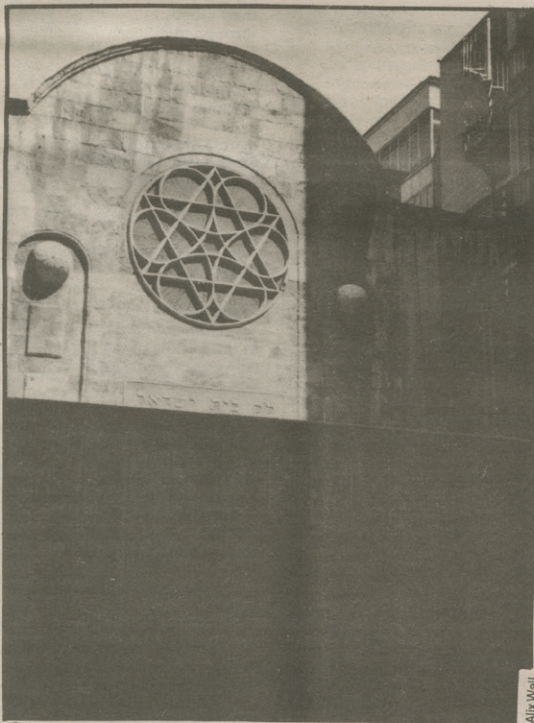
Official secularism gave the Jews rights of citizenship but limited their control over their own religious education and self-governing system. There were also unofficial "speak Turkish" campaigns that pushed them to integrate. Many Jews learned Turkish, moved out of the Jewish neighborhoods and broke their religious ties. Other unofficial

policies gradually pushed non-Moslems out of private business and the civil-bureaucracy. Although Turkey is officially secular, most Turkish people would still define "Turkish" as a Turkish Muslim.

During World War II Turkey never became blatantly anti-Jewish despite external pressures. Nevertheless, in order to raise war-time revenues the Capital Levy in 1942 imposed huge taxes on the Jews, possibly in an effort to encourage the Nazis to look favorably on Turkey if they invaded. For the most part though, the Jews were well-treated. The government was also helpful to foreign Jewish refugees. Although virtually encircled by Nazi-controlled Europe and Arab states with pro-Nazi sympathies, Turkey became a vital "transit point" for thousands of Jews escaping Europe for Palestine.

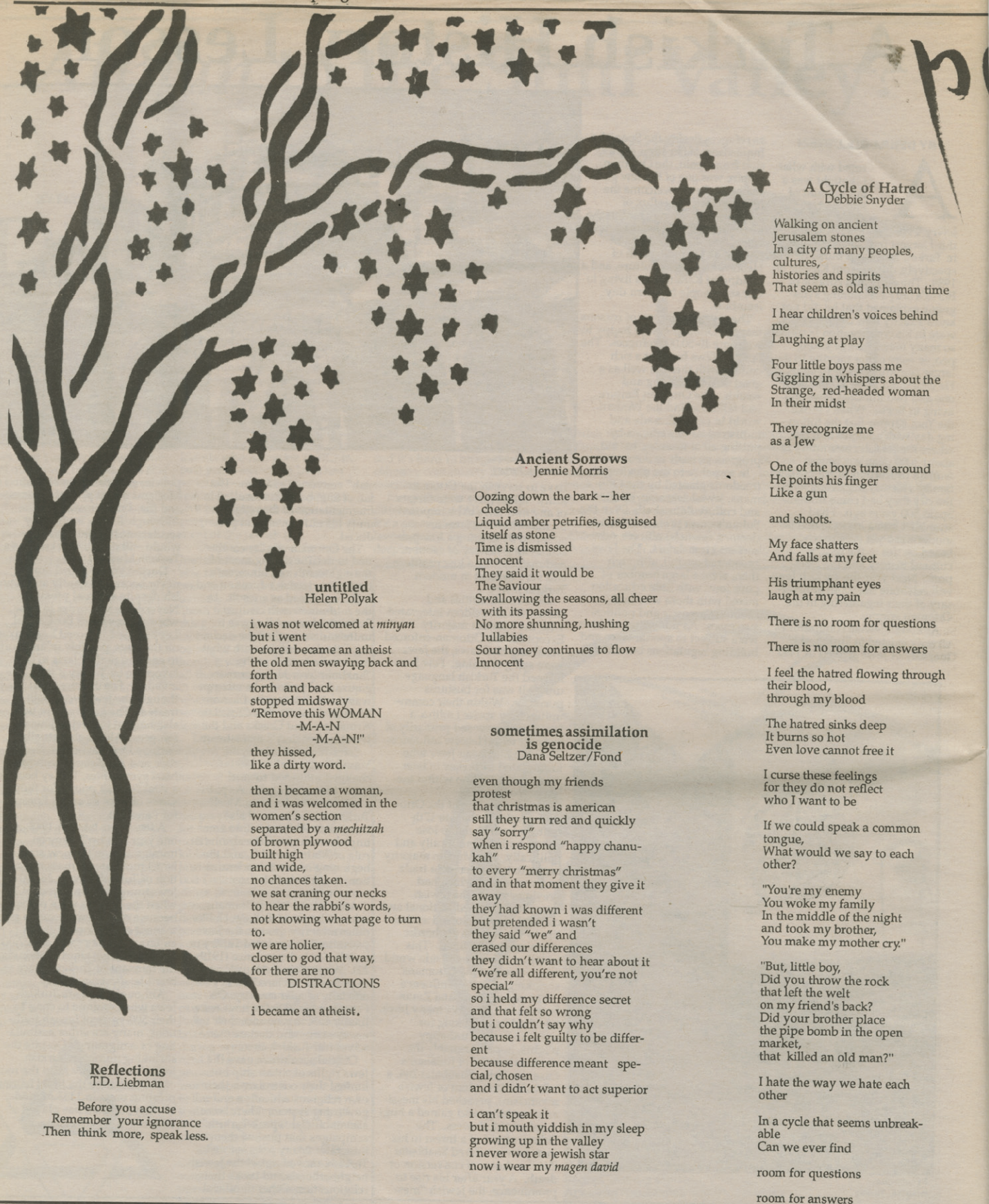
A few years later, in 1948, a one year ban by Turkey on immigration to the new state of Israel motivated a mass migration of Turkish Jewry. 26,000 Jews immigrated to Israel in 1949 when the borders were reopened because many Jews feared a permanent end to their right to emigrate. Today there are 27,000 Jews in the five cities containing the remnant of Turkey's once vibrant Jewish community.

Although there are Turkish Jews who continue to cling to their 500 years of Jewish traditions, many are either assimilating or emigrating. Despite the shrinking numbers, Turkish Jewry's rich legacy from the root of Kabbalism to the first Hebrew printing press in 1493 to modern-day Judaism has played a vital role in Jewish History. ○



Synagogue
Istanbul, Turkey

Alix Wall



A Cycle of Hatred
Debbie Snyder

Walking on ancient
Jerusalem stones
In a city of many peoples,
cultures,
histories and spirits
That seem as old as human time

I hear children's voices behind
me
Laughing at play

Four little boys pass me
Giggling in whispers about the
Strange, red-headed woman
In their midst

They recognize me
as a Jew

One of the boys turns around
He points his finger
Like a gun

and shoots.

My face shatters
And falls at my feet

His triumphant eyes
laugh at my pain

There is no room for questions

There is no room for answers

I feel the hatred flowing through
their blood,
through my blood

The hatred sinks deep
It burns so hot
Even love cannot free it

I curse these feelings
for they do not reflect
who I want to be

If we could speak a common
tongue,
What would we say to each
other?

"You're my enemy
You woke my family
In the middle of the night
and took my brother,
You make my mother cry."

"But, little boy,
Did you throw the rock
that left the welt
on my friend's back?
Did your brother place
the pipe bomb in the open
market,
that killed an old man?"

I hate the way we hate each
other

In a cycle that seems unbreak-
able
Can we ever find

room for questions

room for answers

Ancient Sorrows
Jennie Morris

Oozing down the bark -- her
cheeks
Liquid amber petrifies, disguised
itself as stone
Time is dismissed
Innocent
They said it would be
The Saviour
Swallowing the seasons, all cheer
with its passing
No more shunning, hushing
Lullabies
Sour honey continues to flow
Innocent

**sometimes assimilation
is genocide**
Dana Seltzer/Fond

even though my friends
protest
that christmas is american
still they turn red and quickly
say "sorry"
when i respond "happy chanu-
kah"
to every "merry christmas"
and in that moment they give it
away
they had known i was different
but pretended i wasn't
they said "we" and
erased our differences
they didn't want to hear about it
"we're all different, you're not
special"
so i held my difference secret
and that felt so wrong
but i couldn't say why
because i felt guilty to be differ-
ent
because difference meant spe-
cial, chosen
and i didn't want to act superior

i can't speak it
but i mouth yiddish in my sleep
growing up in the valley
i never wore a jewish star
now i wear my *magen david*

untitled
Helen Polyak

i was not welcomed at *minyán*
but i went
before i became an atheist
the old men swaying back and
forth
forth and back
stopped midway
"Remove this WOMAN
-M-A-N
-M-A-N!"

they hissed,
like a dirty word.

then i became a woman,
and i was welcomed in the
women's section
separated by a *mechitzah*
of brown plywood
built high
and wide,
no chances taken.
we sat craning our necks
to hear the rabbi's words,
not knowing what page to turn
to.
we are holier,
closer to god that way,
for there are no
DISTRACTIONS

i became an atheist.

Reflections
T.D. Liebman

Before you accuse
Remember your ignorance
Then think more, speak less.

Studying Upon Love and Hate.

Naes Nanraf

It can all
Come down
On you
When the
Time is
'Right,'
And when
All you
Can take
Is the
World it
Has 'Left,'
Picking thorns
Amid many roses,
Fresh flowers
Flaming in your
Nostrils
But all I can
Smell is
Blood,
The reality of
Tasting your own
Insides,
It hits you
And then
You know you are
Alive
Hair, nails, teeth
Skin,
All my salvageable
Goods in some
Nazi warehouse,
All my qualities
Lay claim to,
Pawned — I'm a
Pawn,
Check, put in
Place, I finally
Know where I
Stand,
He — the omniscient
Symbol of Knowledge,
He — put a scalpel
To my mind and
Cut my soul free,
The 'mighty' sean
Reduced to a cold
Clump of flesh,
A worthless piece
Of rotten meat,
I stagnate in these
Hollow halls of hellish
Concentration dorms,
Put to the test of
Breathing — walking —
Facing these zombies,
It's my challenge,
And the cost could critically
Collapse consciousness to
Those who shall one day
Feel my anger,
This fascist world has
Tortured me to no end,
For that and more
I shall never
Forget
Each death of cell,
Each stumbling block
Of conformity,
Each ugly cruelty I
Have witnessed,
'It cannot phase him,'
But it has and I'll
Remember all

And when victory is
Upon me; in sweet
Defeat will the ignorant
Offer their minds to
My
Manipulation,
And I shall offer
His bread,
I'll feed them upon
The knowledge of
Their hate,
Their blind faith,
Their lives,
Once this can be done,
So am I,
To leave this war,
My camp of mind,
To lay in rest —
Put a daisy in my
Hand and say 'he
Only cared for all,
And all he hoped and
Hated with love.'

Tree of Life?

Elana Leash

Today is Tu B'Shevat
Birthday of the trees,
On the Jewish calendar.
My parents blessed me a tree:
Elana, with few branches but
deep roots.
Nurturing
Peaceful
With wisdom and vitality.
I celebrate silently among
destruction,
This birthday.
My secret birthday.
And although I am at liberty to
escape the truth,
My celebration does not last
long.

The fierce noise of the chainsaw
outside my door,
Begins to burn in my ears.
And a tree
Screams to me for help
As it topples to the ground.

And, although so far away,
Even stronger,
My people scream.
Scream to keep their trees.
Pray that their roots not be
pulled
From the still fertile soil.
For their suffering to be over.
And for chemicals not to
disintegrate their trees
Into bits of forgotten past.

Violent Haiku

T.D. Liebman

Next time someone says,
'Ya Jewish, or Italian?'
I'll punch their dumb face.

An American Jew in Leningrad

BY RACHEL MARK

When I first arrived in Leningrad in September, I was shocked to see food vendors on the streets. On almost every street corner there was a fruit stand bursting with seasonal plums and apples. From the reports I heard and read about before my departure, I expected empty shelves and inaccessible food. I had even dried fruit and granola bars with me.

I went to the Soviet Union on the American Institute for Foreign Study (AIFS) program. I lived in Leningrad, in a dorm, from September to December 1990, and studied Russian language as well as literature and art history.

First, I realized that the food situation was not as good as it had appeared upon my arrival. I soon learned that the fruit stands were "cooperatives" (privately-run businesses), and affordable only for the well-to-do. There are many different cooperatives ranging from shoes to medical videotapes. This new addition marks just one of the Glasnost has made in the Soviet Union since its inception.

Every Soviet citizen I came in contact with was interested in me and my life in the United States. In addition, I would always ask them what they thought about the present situation in their country. Upon analyzing the conversations I

was having with people, patterns began to emerge.

"Where are you from?" Soviets would ask.

"From America," I would answer.

"Ah, America! incredulous smile, "A very rich country, not like our state of affairs."

"Oh, but - it's not so bad here, right? And it's going to get better, don't you think so?"

"No, it will get worse. I am frightened . . . I don't know what will happen. There is such chaos. There is nothing in the store, NOTHING. Everyday I stand in line for food and for what? To receive bad quality food? Things will not get better, they will get worse . . ."

This was how the usual conversation proceeded. At first I felt annoyed by this pessimism. I had known that the present situation was bad, but certainly the future held hope? Not so, according to most people I talked to. It seems that Soviets have two faces: public and private. Riding the metro during rush hour is not a bed of roses. People are usually aggressive and chaos generally prevades. This atmosphere began to affect me after awhile. I remember feeling almost gleeful when I pushed an old woman out of the way in order to make space for myself.

One experience will always stand out in my memory: it was rush hour and I was trying to change lines on the metro. There were only two escalators working and suddenly I was in the

midst of a crowd trying to get one. I could barely breathe - some man's elbow was pressing into my ribs and my hand was pushing into the woman in front of me. What I remember most clearly were the groans. The groans grew louder as I neared the escalator and I could hear a child wailing close by . . .

People often looked grim on the public transportation. Who would feel like cracking a joke

when they are pressed between hordes of people and can barely breathe?

From my experience, people were the opposite in their homes. My hosts always made me feel honored and special by serving me their food in their home. My friends were interested in American life as well as me personally. We would sit for hours around the table drinking tea and asking each other questions and telling stories.

I understand now why people are so pessimistic about Gorbachev's reforms and their future. Food-rationing tickets were handed out the first of December 1990. This hasn't occurred since the Germans laid siege to Leningrad in the early 1940's leading to widespread famine. Soon after the ration tickets were distributed I went to the store across the street. The shelves were bare and people were standing in long lines with their tickets. I felt angry, sad, guilty and frustrated. I felt bitter towards the Soviet system and finally I began to understand the people's hatred towards the government.

As an American in Leningrad I had advantages. With the ruble so cheap, dollars went a long way. For example, I flew from Leningrad to Odessa for roughly eight American dollars. As well, I paid about ten dollars for a beautiful wool coat. What I enjoyed the most though was meeting people. I made special friends who I can't wait to see



Courtyard of The Hermitage Museum
Leningrad, U.S.S.R.

Alix Wall



Leningrad, U.S.S.R.

Alix Wall

Dayenu, It Would Have Been Enough (It Isn't.)

BY DAVID FEDER

Does anyone have any questions?" Silence. At the same time every year, we ask. Nobody ever does, except for a few unstated "when do we eat's?" We do a good job covering the other themes of Passover; we talk about exodus, freedom and redemption, springtime and rebirth. We have readings about the historical exodus of Egyptian Jews and the modern exodus of Soviet Jews. There is just one important theme that seems to get glossed over: the theme of questioning. The Jewish imperative to ask questions is ingrained both socially and philosophically. Each year, we discuss the *Four Questions* and explain that the elementary questions in the *Haggadah* are merely a basis for further, deeper questions. And yet, almost no one ever asks.

Recently, as I have been conducting my own *seders*, I have been working on some questions to raise of my own. One of the favorite passages of the *Haggadah* is *Dayenu*. Everybody loves *Dayenu*. *Dayenu* drives me nuts.

Dayenu is the prayer and song that details the history of the Jews' exodus from Egypt until their arrival in Israel and the building of the Temple. The story is told in one-sentence episodes and is punctuated by a chorus of "dayenu," meaning "it would have been enough." Each event centers on God's actions bringing the early Jews another step towards the promised land. "Had God given us the Torah and not lead us to the Land of

Israel, dayenu, it would have been enough. Had God lead us to the Land of Israel and not built the Temple for us, dayenu."

It would have been enough, it would have been enough. The intent of the prayer is to make each miracle unique and spectacular. But each step alone would not have been enough. The prayer elaborates the progression of the Jews toward nationhood in a number of essential steps. Any single step alone is meaningless. At no point would it "have been enough."

The first part of *Dayenu* separates the Israelites from the dominant culture of the region. We leave Egypt and the Egyptians are punished for enslaving the Jews. The Egyptians' gods are defeated, indicating a moral and cultural separation as well as a physical one. But this division alone is not enough.

We miraculously pass through the parted Red Sea, and survive in the desert, creating a common historical experience for ourselves as a people. But a national consciousness is still not enough.

We begin observing Shabbat and receive the Torah at Mount Sinai. The Jews begin unique cultural institutions, laws, and an individual philosophy. And yet, to this point the Jews are still incomplete as a people. It is only with the return to Eretz Yisrael and the linkage of culture, philosophy, and history to that homeland that happens with the building of the temple that the process is complete. The entire process of the *Dayenu* prayer is essential to the first construction of a Jewish nation/state. Any individual part would not have been enough.

If our goal is the creation of a Jewish nation/state, then with the separation from other dominant cultures, development of a common history, invention of cultural institutions, and the establishment of a deep connection to the land, then we can say, dayenu, it is indeed enough.

I am still not entirely happy with *Dayenu*. Our ultimate goal cannot be simply a cultural identity and the establishment of a Jewish state. Part of the problem is in the wording of *Dayenu*. All of the miracles come from the hand of God. "Had God taken...Had God carried...Had God vanished..." It is easy to be thankful and uncritical of gifts granted by the Omnipotent. There is an element of Calvinist determinism here that is unusual in Judaism. Miracles are not spontaneously generated by God, they come from the work of women and men.

Many modern continuations of *Dayenu* follow along the lines of this excerpt from *The Radical Haggadah*, "When people of all ages, sexes, races, religions, cultures, and nations respect one another, dayenu. When children grow up in freedom, without hunger, and with the love and support needed to realize their full potential, dayenu. When all children, women, and men are free of the threat of violence, abuse, and domination; when personal power and strength are not used as weapons, dayenu..."

Certainly each of these discreet hopes would be a miracle. But any one of them is not enough. We must resist the temptation to say: "Look how far we've come. Now we can relax." Our responsibility for the creation of a better world does not end. There is no

10 Easy (And One Not So Easy) Steps For a More Interesting Passover

1. Ask questions
2. Drink all four glasses of wine (don't drive home)
3. Go to as many different Seders as possible
4. Invite non-Jews and people who have never been to a Seder
5. Conduct the Seder in Sanskrit or Serbo-Croatian
6. Invite a homeless family — As the *Haggadah* says, "All who are hungry come and eat"
7. Observe Sephardic dietary laws if you are Ashkenazic, or vice-versa
8. Use new melodies for prayers and songs, or old ones you may not be familiar with
9. Whoopee cushions
10. Don't be afraid to challenge even the most traditional, fundamental parts of the Seder
11. O.K. here's the big one...Conduct your own Seder with a *Haggadah* of your own compilation. Read as many different *Haggadahs* as you can get your hands on, talk to your Rabbi, Hillel director or editors of your favorite Jewish newspaper. Look in Jewish magazines for suggestions — *Tikkun*, *Jerusalem Report*, etc. Go to the library or a good Jewish bookstore. Working on your own *Haggadah* and developing your own style of Seder lets you have a tremendously enriching, educational and really enjoyable observance. Passover should be a very personal holiday, and no *Haggadah* can meet everyone's individual needs. Personalize it, make it more meaningful for yourself and your family and friends. Even if you don't work on a complete *Haggadah*, bring readings of your own to friend's seders. The format is surprisingly open to new interpretations and commentary. Personalizing the service takes some time and some work, but it is infinitely rewarding. —DAF

final "dayenu."

With each we are confronted with a new goal, another task. We cannot simply work to right an isolated wrong, we must set larger goals. We realize that as soon as we say "dayenu," a new cause appears. At any point it could be enough if we let our-

selves settle for a world with a thousand seemingly insurmountable problems. Passover is the season of change, rebirth, and transformation. Especially now, when there are so many crises, we must not forget our imperative not to simply say dayenu. It would not be enough. ○





Michael, Netaniel, and Noah on their morning stroll



Excavations of ancient Gezer

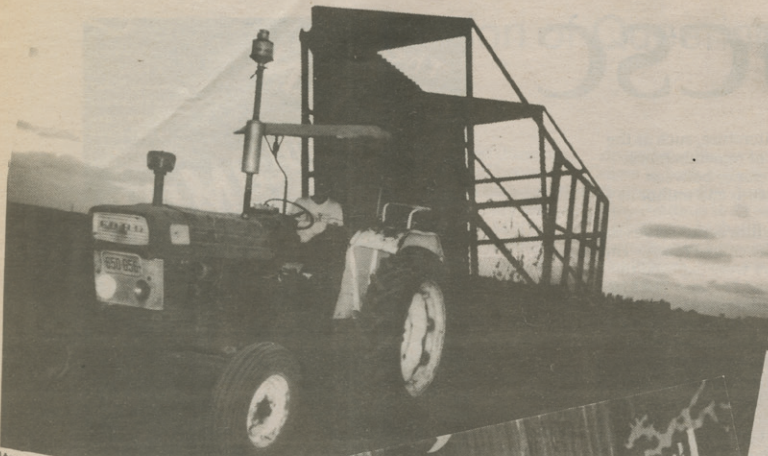


The Arab Market in the Muslim Quarter of the Old City, Jerusalem



In the dairy

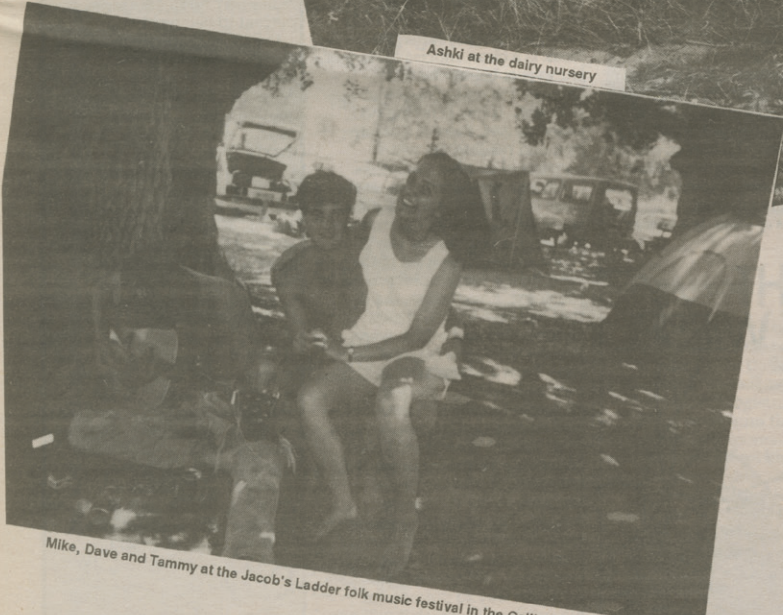
KIBBUTZ GEZER IN CENTRAL ISRAEL, AN AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL COMMUNAL SOCIETY FOUNDED NEAR THE RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF GEZER. FOUNDERS AND CURRENT MEMBERS INCLUDE MANY STUDENTS OF UC SANTA CRUZ.



Atara at the fall cotton harvest



Ashki at the dairy nursery

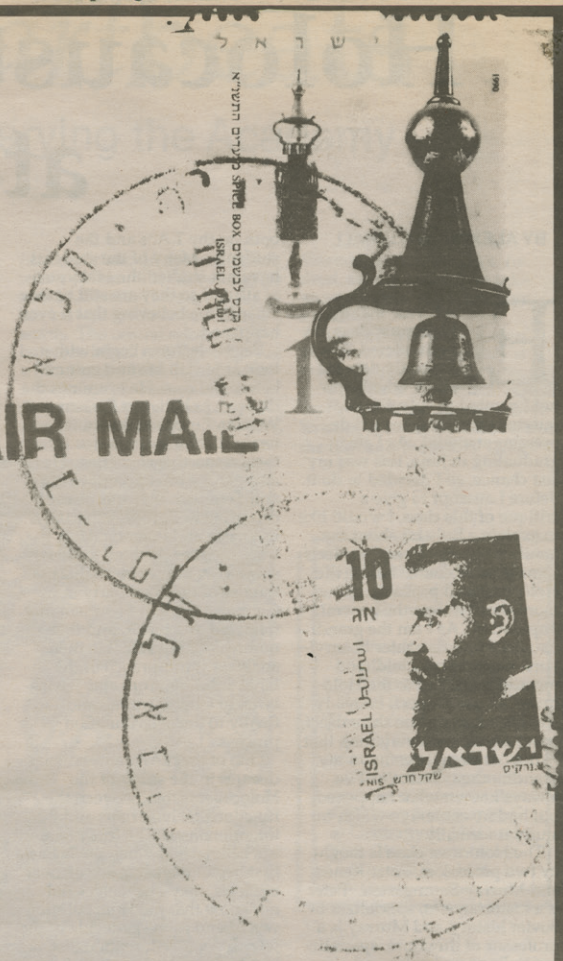


Mike, Dave and Tammy at the Jacob's Ladder folk music festival in the Galilee

KIBBUTZ GEZER, D.N. NAHAL AYALON, 73220 ISRAEL

Photography by CARA STERN

AIR MAIL



Leviathan

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Student Center #13

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Holocaust Remembered at UCSC

BY ALEXANDRA J. WALL

Each year that the Holocaust class has been offered, I have seriously debated about whether or not I wanted to spend my quarter immersed in such depressing material. As I am graduating in June, this was my last chance, so I decided to do it. Before I attempt to give a critique of this class, I would like to explain a little bit about my family's history. Every Jew feels some kind of connection to the Holocaust and probably knows more about it than the general population. As I am the granddaughter and daughter of survivors, many of my childhood memories are tied to the Holocaust. In one respect, I already feel like an expert on the subject, however, almost everything that I know, is from listening to my grandmother. Basically, I've always known what happened, but had no context in which to study it formally.

The Holocaust class is taught by two professors, Peter Kenez and Murray Baumgarten. Peter is a historian who specializes in Soviet history, and Murray is a professor of literature, specializing in English, Jewish and Holocaust literature. The teaming of these two knowledgeable professors gives the students a very broad view of the Holocaust. Each professor lectures once a week, with either a guest lecturer or a section on the other day. This is the first year the class is holding sections, largely due to the student's demand. In previous years, students felt that sections were needed in order to discuss the material as it is very disturbing. The sections are large with very simplistic themes being covered, however, the blame must be put

both on the T.A.'s and the students. Many of the students have not studied the Holocaust at all, and so they are still having a hard time believing that it even happened.

Peter's lectures begin with a look at Jewish life and culture before the war. He examines the differences between Eastern and Western European Jewry, in terms of their assimilation in their respective countries. He also gives a brief account of the anti-Semitism that was already occurring in Europe, especially in Russia and Poland. After three lectures devoted to this subject, he moves on to discuss the rise of the Nazi party in Germany, the anti-Semitism that followed as a result, and then the outbreak of the war. He then analyzes the approach of the Final Solution, from anti-Jewish laws, to Ghettoization, and finally to the extermination process.

One of the most controversial debates in the study of the Holocaust is that between the functionalist historians and the intentionalists. The functionalists believe that when the Nazis first began their crusade against the Jews, they themselves did not know that the Final Solution would end in the genocide of the Jewish people. Intentionalist historians state that Hitler's plan to exterminate the Jews is fully outlined in *Mein Kampf*, thereby stating that the Nazi machinery was headed towards the extermination process from the outset. Peter takes the functionalist rather than the intentionalist perspective. Peter's style of lecturing is rather detached, considering that as a Hungarian Jew, his life was greatly affected by the Holocaust. However, this does not undermine his vast knowledge of the material, nor his ability to convey it to the students in an engaging manner.

Murray's lectures are based on themes pertaining to the extensive reading list for the course. He does an excellent job in providing the students with different genres of Holocaust literature. We read the memoirs and poetry of survivors, including Primo Levi's *Survival in Auschwitz*, Elie Wiesel's *Night*, and Alicia Appleman-Jurman's *Alicia: My Story*. We then change styles, reading fiction with a Holocaust theme, such as Philip Roth's *Ghost Writer*, and Jerome Badane's *The Final Opus of Leon Solomon*. Solomon's novel is unique in that it discusses the Holocaust within an erotic context. This balance of genres gives the student an introductory glimpse into the literary world that has evolved out of the Holocaust. Murray covers themes that are relevant in

Holocaust literature, such as the importance of remembrance, and the difference between author as victim and author as witness.

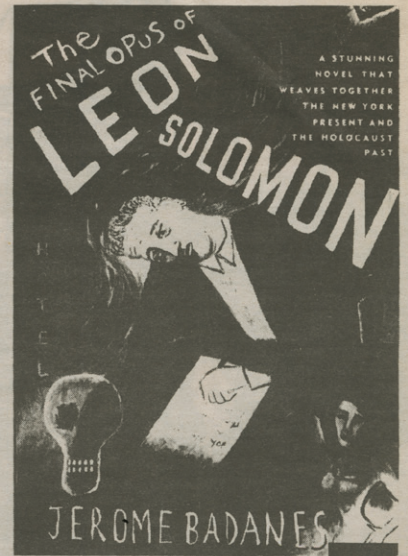
The film series serves to round out the course nicely. The first night we were exposed to both *Night and Fog*, and *The 81st Blow*. Both films consist of actual footage shot both by the Nazis and those liberating the camps. Both of these films contain horrifying visual images, beyond one's imagination. As the T.A.'s had not previewed these films, no warning was given, which caused more discomfort for the students than was necessary. After these films, we saw French director Claude Lanzmann's 9 1/2 hour artistic documentary *Shoah* in four parts. This film consists of interviews done not only with Jews, but Poles and Nazis as well, who give a much broader perspective on the Holocaust. For example, Lanzmann interviews a Polish farmer who lives a few yards away from the depot at Treblinka and who smelled the stench of burning bodies every day. With satellite technology, Lanzmann sets up a hidden camera inside a former Nazi guard's home. He gives the guard his word that he is not taping the interview and that his anonymity will be assured; however the camera records the entire proceedings. Lanzmann's film is a masterpiece in that his directed questions bring forth unusually candid responses about what was happening. Unfortunately the movie becomes tedious, because we listen to many people speak in Polish, Yiddish, or Hebrew, and then must listen to the French translation, while the English subtitles are flashed on the screen. However, considering that this film was edited from 350 hours of footage, 9 1/2 hours seems minimal.

Partisans of Vilna, is a break-

through film in that it focuses entirely on the acts of resistance perpetrated by one community of Jews. This movie portrays the victims as heroes, not as helpless people who marched to their deaths willingly. Because my grandmother appears briefly in this film, I have special fondness for it. The other two films have not been viewed yet at the time of this writing, but they include *The Shop on Main Street*, and *David*, a German film.

The writing workload for this class is minimal, but there is a lot of reading. There is one ten page paper, and a final exam. The reading list is divided into one book a week, plus one book to give historical background, entitled *The History of the Holocaust*, by Yehuda Bauer. Bauer's book is a clear, concise history of the events before the war through the end of the Final Solution. If one is taking no other classes, there is a recommended reading list which consists of another ten books.

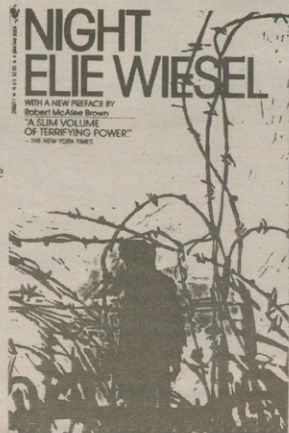
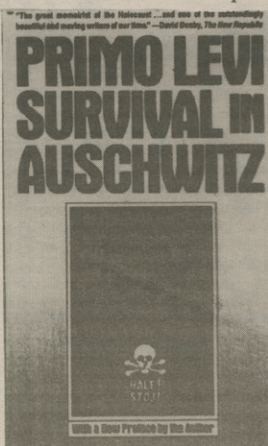
My one major criticism of the class is that almost no emphasis is placed upon the other minority groups targeted by the Third Reich. The elimination of the Jews held a unique place in Nazi ideology; nonetheless, the fact that homosexuals, Gypsies, communists and others were eliminated by the Nazis should have been addressed more comprehensively. Since the Holocaust needs to be studied and understood by non-Jews even more so than Jews, I was pleasantly surprised to see that only about a quarter of the students in the class were Jewish. The issue of remembrance must be at the forefront of learning about the Holocaust for everyone. Taking this class is an excellent way to promote an atmosphere in which it will not be forgotten. ○



Recently the Anti-Defamation League and the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council conducted a survey to learn how Americans felt about the teaching of the Holocaust. The study was conducted by a random telephone survey of 885 adults (of which it can be estimated 3 percent were Jewish). Of those sampled, 32 percent believed that it was essential that the lessons and facts of the Holocaust be incorporated into American education, 41 percent felt it was meaningful, with 26 percent finding it only somewhat important or not important at all. 54 percent believed that the Holocaust is not likely to happen again, leaving 42 percent to believe that it can.

One particularly disturbing finding was that in the age group of 18-34 years, respondents knew little or nothing about the Holocaust. It is usually within this age group that the perpetrators of hate-crimes originate. This survey found that 72 percent of the respondents believed that the lessons of the Holocaust are relevant to the activities of hate groups in the United States.

On another note, Harvey Meyeroff, chair of the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council brought up one of the most unsettling and scary ideas to contemplate: "In 20 years, the eye-witnesses to this immense tragedy — survivors, liberators and rescuers — will be gone. A new generation will be born into a world that has no witnesses to the Holocaust." This statement should remind everyone of the necessity of teaching the Holocaust in American education. —AJW



Kamikaze Heartbeats

An Appreciation of Queering/Querying the Academy

BY SARA KIMBLE

On February 22-24 there was a working conference called "Queering/Querying the Academy" which concerned Lesbian and Gay studies in the socio-cultural context. I attended the Friday night films, I Got This way From Kissing Girls, Chinese Characters and Kamikaze Hearts. I didn't attend these films with the intention of writing a response, but now I feel compelled by the power and significance of the third film's message.

Kamikaze Hearts, a film made by women in the pornography business, makes sex, lies and videotape look like an innocent, cute and harmless home video. Tigr, a film producer, stays in the porn business because she is in love with Mitch, an actress. Mitch and Tigr reveal the dark, unerotic truth about how their human condition is shaped by the pornography they create. Their relationship is complicated by

Mitch's psychological dilemma. Mitch has no true self because she is constantly in character; she never stops acting. Only with the help of drugs can Mitch express "herself." It is clear when the heroin or alcohol is speaking, Mitch is not. She is fooled by a false sense of reality.

The film is a series of multi-layered revelations. Sections of Kamikaze Hearts consist of footage of the pornography films which they are making. Most of the time there are two films, one inside the other. The characters, like Jenny Blowdryer, have a difficult time separating truth from fiction. This is a result of the power of living within a hidden and theatrical environment. Individuals lose their sense of self, principles and integrity appear fluid and lies abound. I sensed that the film was a strong and desperate cry to establish a fixed reality by which the actors could see themselves. When Mitch and Tigr shoot up heroin near the end of the film, they realize that showing this act might mean the end of their film careers. The

drugs have the power to trap them in both addiction and a fictitious reality. In addition, if they continue their careers, it appears likely that they will never regain a true self. If they don't work, however, they will starve.

This is the most unerotic film I have ever seen, and yet it is showing us pictures of American

film eroticism. In the traditional rating system, this film would be rated "X" since there is nudity, sex between women and a rape scene. The central relationship between Mitch and Tigr began as a film scene where Tigr, playing a surfer girl, is seduced by a street-wise Mitch. The progression of the relationship, however, results not in maturation but an

elimination of sensuality. Indeed, for the viewer, we take away a lesson about our own sexuality.

I learned that what is most attractive about sensuality is honest, loving, gentle, communicative intimacy. Kamikaze Hearts confirmed these desired characteristics by their total absence in the film and the actors' lives. ○



NEGATIVES OF WAR Images by a Combat Cameraman

A Photographic exhibit by Don Calamar on March 10-March 30 at the Santa Cruz Resource Center for Nonviolence. An exhibit of of silver gelatin prints made from positive motion picture exposure-test frames that Calamar photographed in Germany in 1944 and 1945. For more information call 423-1626.

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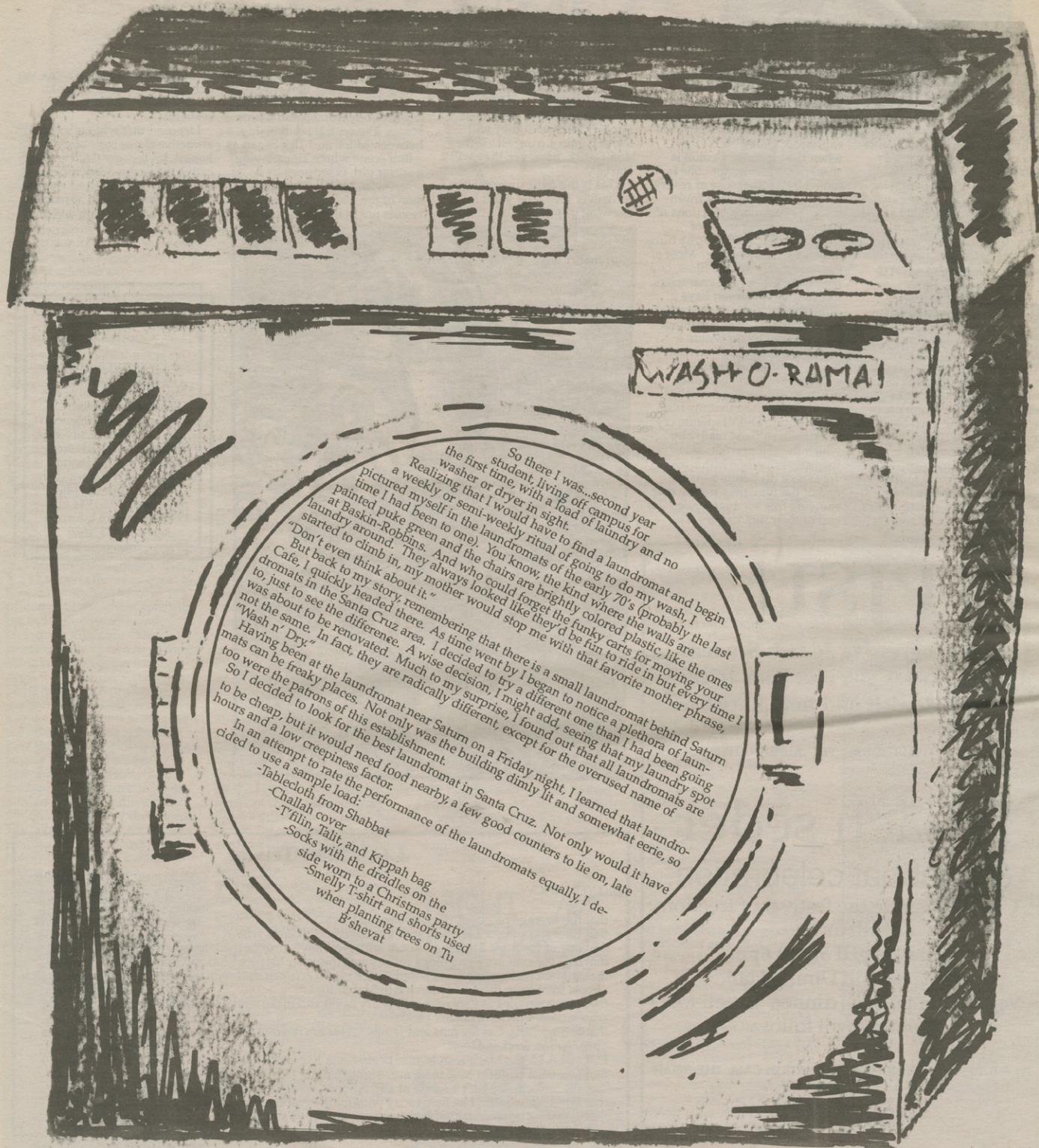
Leviathan Trivia

DID YOU KNOW...

- that the average height of the Leviathan staff is 5'3 1/2"?
- that three out of four Leviathan staff live together? (Guess who.)
- that one of the three lives in a "Room with No View" (except the kitchen)?
- that half the staff are Psychology majors and the other half are Mod Soc? Hm...
- that student registrations fees supplied the busy Leviathan staff with a bagel, cream cheese and Diet Pepsi feast from the dates March 8 to March 10?
- that the bathrooms at City on a Hill really smell and make strange growling noise?
- what makes a pickle a kosher pickle?
- that Indigo Girls, Cat Stevens and James Taylor are the most overplayed tapes during any given production weekend?
- that at 4 A.M. the Macintosh Mouse begins look like a real live mouse?
- that Leviathan requires staff to be near-sighted, if not legally blind (just kidding)?
- that the Stonehouse isn't a house at all? Afterall, what kind of a house has no beds?
- that Leviathan wouldn't be here today without the guiding light of la Virgen de Guadalupe?
- that Leviathan is bat mitzvahed and still retains her youthful figure at the ripe old age of 19?

Jews Do Their Laundry Too

Why is This Laundromat Different from All Other Laundromats?



-Queen Ester outfit from Purim
-Jewish summer camp sweatshirt
-Nice white shirt with
Manishevitz stains
-The doilie your Bubbie wears on
her head

My first stop on the laundromat tour was to the newly renovated Wash n' Dry on the corner of Branciforte and Water. The place seemed mighty impressive at first glance. It had white walls with pink and green pastel stripes on it, somewhat reminiscent of the Miami Vice hell of the 80's, but much more soothing than limegreen. I must admit that I am biased towards this laundromat since it has these nifty computer displays that tell you how many minutes are left and let you select from 6 wash cycles (as well as the convenience of it being located next door to a video and frozen yogurt store.) At all the laundromats I went to, there were these things called Laundry Bars. They are the little vending machines of detergent which are both cute and very unnecessary especially when we should be looking at recycling and minimizing packaging. But, that's another story. Anyhow, they seem to universally be \$.50 each, and somewhat silly, since I can't imagine consciously setting out to do laundry without detergent.

The next stop on Laundry Tour '91 was to a laundromat on Soquel, at about the corner of Branciforte. This laundromat had a special quality about it. Its name was not simply wash n' dry, but rather Debra's Wash & Dry, an automatic plus in my book. It further broke the unwritten rules of laundromats, in that it had simulated wood paneling and not tacky wall paper or green walls. But I must admit, it did seem to be louder than any other laundromats I had yet been to. Another major bonus was the fact that it did not close at 9pm. Instead, your last load of laundry must be started by 9:45, in order for it to be done by closing time, 11:00pm. Another advantage of this laundromat was the bill changer. As insignificant as it may seem, it is a major part of almost everyone's laundry experience. Usually there is a \$1 and \$5 bill changer, but this laundromat had a super cool-bill changer of 1's, 5's, 10's and 20's. Pretty amazing and somewhat ridiculous. I can't imagine going to do my laundry with a \$20 dollar bill and getting

\$20 dollars worth of quarters out of the machine.

At any rate there are no real food places near by except for Shopper's Corner across the street and a Lucky's down the block, but who needs food anyway? You might even spill on your freshly washed clothes. Another funky thing about this place was that the dryers beeped at you once they were done. But truth be told, I did feel it as being more creepy and dirty than the other laundromats I went to.

And so, forward ho! On to the next place, a medium sized laundromat on Mission across from the Rotten Robbie gas station and next door to Little Ceasars and TCBY (an automatic plus!). My first thought about this place was obviously good due to the great food opportunities. My second realization was equally cool seeing that the washers only cost \$1, as opposed to everywhere else where they are a buck twenty-five. And, every quarter does add up. I must confess, that this laundromat was more like I expected, the decor was more like I remembered a laundromat to look like. Those tacky little chairs and the equally tacky, poorly matching wall paper. Much to my disappointment, it only had one cute little cart, and about half of the dryers were broken or

out of order.

An interesting little tid bit While I was there, there was a definite disproportionate number of men and women. In my hour and a half doing wash, I was one of two women there, with at least five men, if not more.

As Kermit and Fozzie sang in the infamous Muppet Movie, moving right along...to Seabright Coin Laundry (note the unique name). Wow, was I in for a shocker. This laundromat not only had the traditional washers and dryers, but it also had a fluff and fold service where you drop your clothes off, and they do them for you. Pretty cool, eh? But wait, there's more. There were two, not one, but two video games (Donkey Kong and Galaxian), a coke machine and a magazine rack complete with People magazine. What's more, there are recycling bins and a little sink to wash whatever may need last minute stain scrubbing. I was also impressed by the many food opportunities for launderers like myself, 2 mini markets, a bar, and 2 restaurants. Not bad at all, especially for the 21 and older crowd.

I must admit I felt more at

home there than any other laundromat because there was a radio playing none other than good ole 88.1 KZSC. And then there's the wallpaper with the little birds and vermin on it, and of course the matching clock.

Off and roaring I go, to Ultramat! After all, what tour of Santa Cruz's laundromats would be complete without a trip to Ultramat. From what I hear, it's one of the funkiest, grooviest places to do wash this side of the Rockies (maybe even on the planet). But what did the great goddess of laundry (namely myself) think of it? I must admit, it does have some unique and interesting qualities about it. After all, the washers have those cute little windows to watch the laundry go round and round all soapy and sudsy. But what I found to be some of the most unique and cool things about Ultramat is not their environmentally conscientious employees, nor the little cafe they have which sells muffins and the like; but rather the artwork they proudly display on the walls from local artists.

Ultramat is definitely different than any other laundromat I have ever been to, seen or heard of. It has a plentiful amount of literature, and posters to keep your eyes from growing tired by watching the clothes, and staring blindly into space. And then there's the clientele. Anyone and everyone from students to Rastafarians to little old ladies in tennis shoes can be found washing their intimates at this hot spot in town. (So hey baby, what kind of underoos do you wear, I'm Superman.) Which brings me to my next point.

It's a rather peculiar concept, laundromats that is. I mean, here you are in a bright public place, folding your underwear and other clothes. I ask you, what other place do you share your most intimate side with complete strangers? Jus' think about it for a while.

Anyhow, I guess that about wraps up this tour of Santa Cruz's best, seeing as I am broke from my newfound obsession. Oh, I finally got the chance of a lifetime. While no one was looking, I climbed in one of those little carts for a quick spin, and truth be told, it was rather anticlimactic.



American Jewish Identity in Crisis

Are American Jews Keeping Up Their End of the Bargain with Israel?

BY JULIE ULMER

The self image of the Jew in America is constantly questioned in regard to Israel. As Jews, we are experiencing a separation from our homeland, while at the same time not balancing our cultural needs with our Jewishness here. Our homeland is the history of our people with a common bond — Judaism. We are assimilating into a predominantly Christian culture in America, rather than expanding our Jewish culture. As Jews in the Diaspora, we have a necessary responsibility to support Israel, thereby receiving a backbone for Jewish life. Do we Jews in America lack a real culture because we are not in our homeland nor creating a unified Jewish community within the larger American society?

According to Arthur Hertzberg, author of *Jews in America*, American Jews are "wealthy and secure enough to have some real power." We are economically stable, well-educated and beginning to make

our way into political offices. Why would we want to move to Israel? The United States fulfills many of the desires and ambitions of the Jews. Yet there is a link missing: Our cultural heritage. We live in a primarily Christian country where Christmas cannot be forgotten, and it would be unheard of not to drive on Sabbath. In Israel, we would celebrate our own history, going back to our roots, to the very beginning of our existence. We would live in the mist of our own history, not history that someone else created for us. Now that we are living in America, we are sacrificing this.

Although we give up living in Israel, we do not have to give up our "Jewishness." To do this we must take the responsibility that comes with living in the Diaspora, by supporting Israel and promoting Judaism where we live. Because we need to create a history here, as an active community so that the individual won't feel a loss. Every Jew must be recruited to be part of the Jewish network, supporting Israel and our own community.

Why then does the Jew, as an

individual in America, think that it is merely enough that Israel exists and does little or nothing to support it or our existence here? There are "5,000 synagogues and temples" and a "total of 500 Jewish organizations engaged in interest group articulation, much of it concerned with Israel's problems and fate," sites E.B. Glick in *The Triangular Connection: America, Israel and American Jews*. As individuals we are not doing our part to develop Judaism within our community and support Israel.

The responsibility of the Jew in America to support Israel is crucial to its survival. Glick sees the relationship as a "marriage where both countries are gaining something: Israel — material, moral and political support; Jews of America — psychological, ethnic and religious pride." Both countries are gaining something, but there are different advantages each side receives. We are balancing material, economical support with psychological identity. The exchange seems fair on a large scale, but if each individual does not fulfill her or his side of the contract, do we have the right to receive our pay?

In an interview by the left-wing Jewish magazine, *Tikkun*, A.B. Yehoshua, an Israeli, recognizes that "American Jews are using Israel as part of their identity without taking responsibility." American Jews feel an enormous emotional bond with Israel but don't act on our overwhelming devotion to support Israel. How can we participate in this absurd dichotomy? It is hard to balance the give-and-take with Israel, but we must act on a personal level before taking in the security Israel gives us as Jews. Individuals assume that the greater Jewish community will fulfill our personal role.

But our personal role of stabilizing our communities here is not solely sending money to Israel. Although monetary support is an easy way out, it has the advantage of being a quick solution which indeed is vital to Israel's existence. But, it will not help us here with our Jewish identity, to further our own Jewish community. "But what is your responsibility to America? Why do you American Jews send your money to Israel? Don't send your money to Israel!" Yehoshua further urges. He points to the fact that we have chosen to live here, and we must begin to support

ourselves. For example, by creating a stronger Jewish lobby. Then with our power here, we will begin to realize our debt to Israel.

Instead of anticipating in the network of Jewish action, we attend temple services on the high holidays, and think we have done our part as Jews in the Diaspora. But that is not enough. Being Jewish in the Diaspora means more. It means

Our images here in a non-Jewish setting revolve around Israel

going to services, but it also means campaigning for Jewish causes within the Diaspora, combatting anti-Semitism and promoting awareness. It means not being apathetic and balancing issues of American society with issues of Jewish communities. It means recognizing ourselves as Jews year-round, defending Judaism, and Israel. That is not to say that Israel cannot be criticized, but it must be supported as a Jewish state, a refuge for those in need. Being Jewish in the Diaspora means being knowledgeable on issues pertaining to us, in a community outside of Israel.

It is unreasonable to think that all Jews will or want to live in Israel. There are many reasons why we do not live in Israel beside our economic stability here. Hertzberg proposes that Jews will only immigrate to Israel when confronted with a crisis in the Diaspora. "Turmoil at Home, Glory in Israel" is the title of Chapter 20 of his book. If we know that we will need Israel to fall back on, perhaps we will put more into it, emotionally and financially, while we are stable.

Glick does not acknowledge exactly why American Jews do not move to Israel. "They will work for Israel. They will speak up for Israel. They will worry about Israel. They have even fought and died for Israel. But they will not live their lives in Israel." This is all very valid. Our images here in a non-Jewish setting revolve around Israel. We are comfortable with the fact that we are not there, as long as we can create a similar model here, in our small sub-culture.

Throughout history we have lived among non-Jews and have had the freedom to move to Israel but did not do so. Rabbi

Meir Kahane, founder of the extremist Jewish Defense League, never understood this, feeling that we have a religious obligation to go to Israel. We have begged to go "home" for two thousand years. Exile is a "curse," which we now have the opportunity to escape. We came here for freedom and security, but now the "sure confidence has been replaced by doubt, insecurity, deep self-criticism that borders on neurotic self-hate, instability and an uncertainty as to where the country is going," Kahane states in *Time to Go Home*. Where does this put our identity? What we came to America for no longer exists, leaving no reason not to move to Israel, where we will have the stability and security we need.

However, it is not necessary to move if we stabilize ourselves in this country, carrying on our traditions which will thus settle the crisis of Jewish identity. As we learn who we are and what our culture is, we will cultivate a strong community within the larger American society. The more we can secure ourselves here, the more we can aid Israel both emotionally and financially, making the balance Glick states above, fair to each individual.

Not only is it the responsibility of the Jew in America to support Israel, but likewise, it is the responsibility of Israel to recognize and appreciate our crucial role in its survival. The United States brings talent, money, moral support of an established country. In Glick's book, Eliezer Reiger says "Jews outside Eretz Yisrael exercised a great influence upon those within it. And equally great was the prestige of Eretz Yisrael among the Jews outside." It would be neither realistic nor idealistic for all Jews to make their home in Israel. We need each other to create a supportive environment for all Jews, regardless of their nationality.

Judaism is a "mutual respect by and for all members of the peoplehood no matter where in the world they have chosen to reside," says Glick. No one should criticize fellow Jews outside of Israel, if we all keep our end of the bargain. Both America and Israel give Jews reason to live, and both have equally important roles. Jews in America must build up Jewry here if we desire to keep an active Jewish community in the Diaspora. If there is a balance, and both sides feel a mutual commitment, the crisis of Jewish identity will cease. ○

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Tail Ends

And Justice For All?

On February 2, the Jerusalem District Court reduced by half the six-month administrative detention order against Dr. Sari Nusseibeh. Nusseibeh, a lecturer at Bir Zeit University in the West Bank, which has been closed since the *Intifada* began three years ago, was accused of passing on to the Iraqis information about where their Scud Missiles landed.

The Israeli peace movement, Peace Now, noted that the court reduced the sentence after studying the classified material alleged to incriminate him.

Danny Naveh, spokesman for Defense Minister Moshe Arens, said they are exploring the feasibility of pressing formal charges. According to Naveh, the reason Nusseibeh has not been tried already is that the trial might expose the sources used in his arrest.

Administrative detention is a holdover from the British Mandate which, in times of emergency, allows for a suspect to be kept in custody for up to six months at a time with neither a trial nor specific charges.

Shortening the sentence will most likely not be challenged, in light of the allied victory. It is unknown, however, whether or not the Defense Ministry will press formal charges. —ADS



AIDS Quilt Comes to Israel

As social mores and codes evolve, so has Israeli opinion about AIDS. This can be seen on several fronts: The Israeli Defense Force's magazine, *BaManeh*, recently featured a cover story on AIDS and a national fund-raising campaign for AIDS education and research beginning in Israel on Dec. 25.

These changes are partially due to The Names Project AIDS Memorial Quilt, which, along with eight Bay Area residents made a tour of Israel.

Initially, the group was con-

cerned about ultra-Orthodox opinion, yet they were well received, nonetheless, by the Israeli public.

"We figured if the quilt could go to Salt Lake City, then it could come to Israel," said Nancy Katz, a native of Santa Rosa and former Camp Swig art director.

Particularly meaningful was the exhibit in Tel Aviv, which elicited a warm reception from the nation's largest lesbian and gay community. According to Santa Cruzan, Julie Sherman, "The Tel Aviv space became a safe place to be gay in Israel."

One Haifa man, given the chance to write his own message about AIDS, scribbled, "G-d, where are you?" —HP



Manual Helps Israeli Children Cope with Trauma

In response to expressions of need from Israeli parents and educators, the Jewish Family and Child Service of the Greater East Bay has adapted a child-care manual they wrote last year in the wake of the Loma Prieta earthquake to the traumatic conditions of post-war Israel.

This brochure, as with its earlier incarnation, issues guidelines and strategies for helping children cope with the stress of a disasterous environment. It identifies a variety of their possible responses, from the characterological; hyperactive aggressiveness of moody withdrawal; to the physiological, stomachache, sleeplessness or headaches. It also stresses the need for adults to monitor their changes of mind vigilantly and to be responsive to their need for assurance. Limits on information, it adds, should be put on younger children who might not be able to process it.

The guide recommends several therapy strategies, including letter writing, community activity and dramatic expression. It stresses that parents should curtail their own anxiety when in their children's presence, given juvenile sensitivity and susceptibility to such states of mind.

J.F.S. has devised the manual, entitled "Trauma Recovery Guidelines: Reaction of Children to Crisis and Disaster," in three formats: a 23 page teacher's guide, a three page pamphlet and a one pager flyer for parents. They've sent this package to Israeli primary schools, as well as to Hebrew University professors studying the effects of stress and fear in children. The package (not to mention info about other counseling services) can be procured calling the Jewish Family Service office in Walnut Creek at (415)935-0991, or its Oakland headquarters at (415)532-6314. —AS

Of Air Raids and Fur

While some of our friends and relatives were running for safety from the Scud missile attacks on Israel last month, there were some Israelis that were not as fortunate. These forgotten ones are everyone's favorites, cats and dogs. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Let the Animals Live society recently reported that the number of stray cats and dogs since the attacks has more than tripled to over 150 stray animals per week.

Our four legged, furry friends have been seen wandering the streets of major cities and roaming aimlessly in parks with notes around their necks simply asking to, "Please adopt me."

Fear not, not all animals in the Holy Land are being left abandoned or let loose. Quite the contrary, the Barzilai family is hastily preparing custom-ordered gas protection kits for animals. Kits can be made for any animals, including horses and birds, but by far the most popular kit requested is the one for cats and dogs. Selling for at least \$150, these kits are equipped with water bowls to allow the animal to survive in the tank for an almost indefinite period of time. —MG

Sex Education in Sealed Rooms

Sex in a sealed room? Heck no, says Dr. Ruth Westheimer, the well-known sexologist.

"I would say couples should talk and touch a lot. That will serve as the arousal phase for what will happen after the danger has passed and you are in a room without your children."

The author and radio talk show host recently made a trip to the Holy Land with four fellow psychologists under the auspices of the Zionist Organization of America. The team of psychologists came to assist their Israeli counterparts in the treatment of patients suffering from anxiety and stress during Scud Missile attacks.

Despite the seriousness of her visit, Dr. Ruth, couldn't resist talking about her what she calls her favorite subject. She points out that "working relationships will be strengthened" by the war. Yet dysfunctional ones, she cautions, could take a nose dive with each Scud Missile.

Now that the war is over, will Dr. Ruth have any post-war tips for Israeli "good sex?" —HP



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