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Letter From The Editor

Driving down Highway 1 this time of year, my breath always comes to halt in witness of the slow and steady retreat of winter's chilly green, allowing the yellow mustard seed to relieve the California coastline of yet another cycle of crops. My pulse races knowing that soon the entire hillside will be covered in a warm blanket, the color of the sun. Endlessly grateful for the process of pollination that enables such majesty, I wonder how I, too, might effect my own world in such a way.

Sowing the seeds of the lessons learned over the past few months gives me the confidence to assist in the publication of a journal filled to the brim with the work of my hardworking and remarkably intelligent peers. It is a pleasure and an honor to work aside a team of creative and energetic young writers. I am endlessly proud to be part of what I know will be a generation to reckon with.

Like a garden growing from seed, the ripening of life requires diligent regulation. Working with what we've got, we raise ourselves from germination, tilling the soil and watering with pride the fruits of our knowledge and compassion, patiently waiting for harvest. A labor-intensive practice, no doubt. But well worth the wait.

L'chaim slugs,



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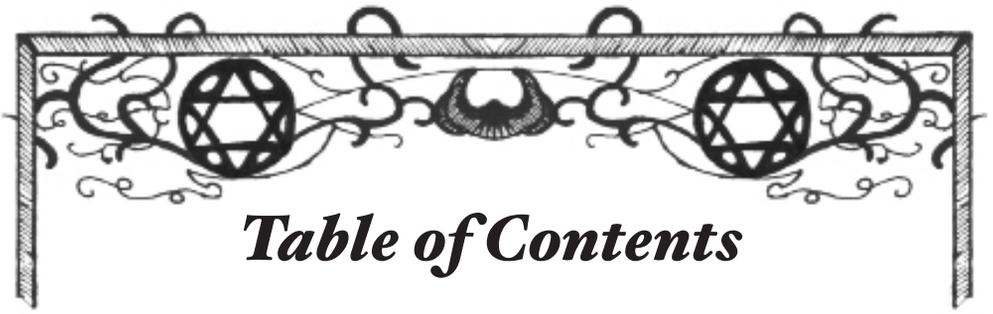
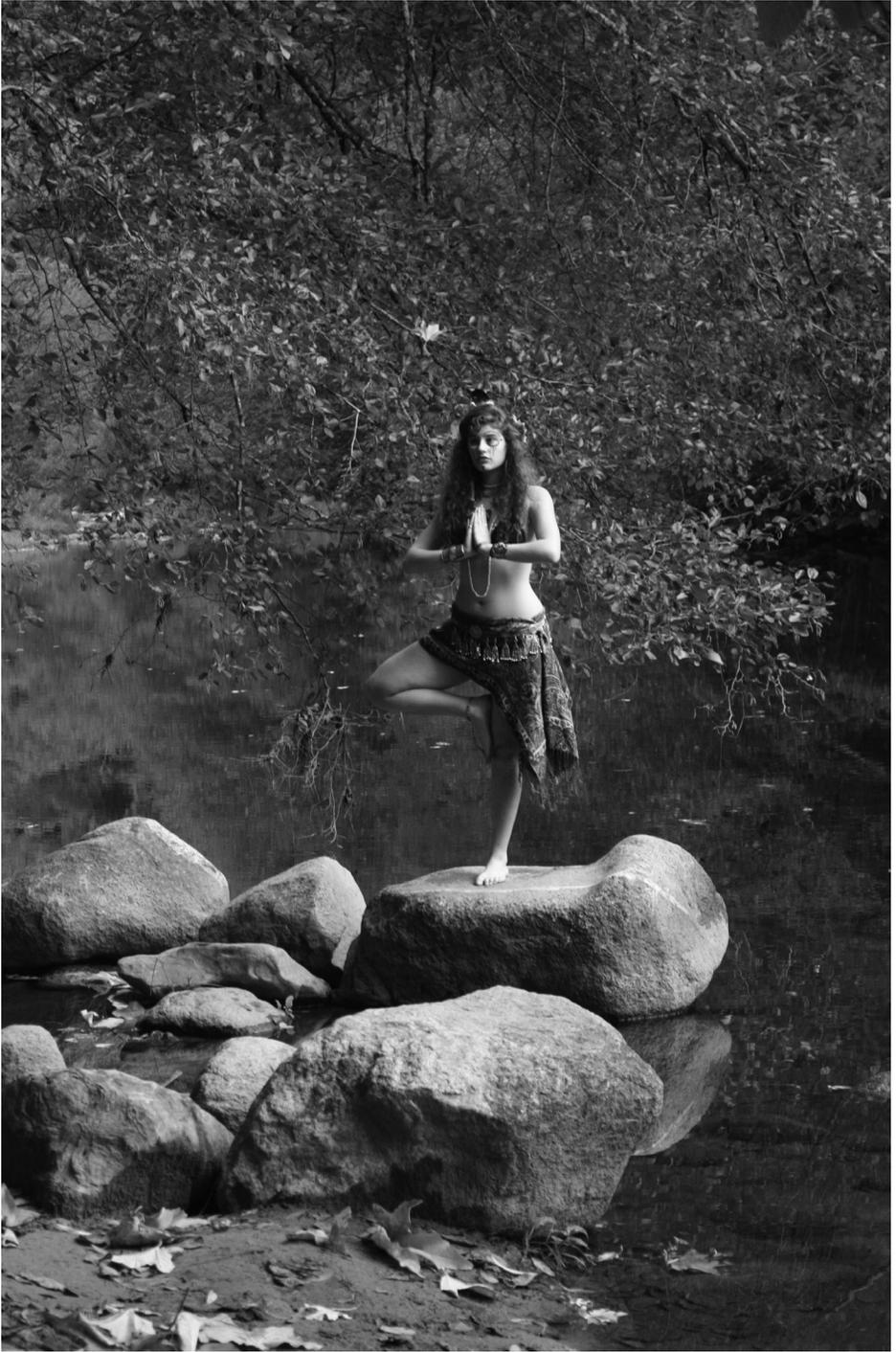


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Zora Raskin

Dear Abbyraham

Aaron Giannini

Dear Abbyraham is a witty, intelligent and beautiful column that answers your chosen questions about (and/or relating to) the Chosen People. I choose the questions though. Does that make me G-d? I would say it's up for debate.



Amberly Young

Dear Abbyraham,

I was in an argument with my Jewish friend about the Palestinian-Israeli conflict. I didn't agree with many of the actions of the Israeli government, especially in terms of building new Jewish settlements in politically contested areas. He said that I wasn't a Jew if I didn't support Israel, and that a lack of unconditional support is the main problem with American Jews today. I got pretty mad at him, and I think I may have lost a friend. What do you think, Abe?

Sincerely,
Pretty Schmucked Up

Hey there, Schmucked Up,

First of all, thanks for writing to Dear Abbyraham.

Your friend sounds pretty heated about this issue. It sounds like he needs to take it down a notch or two (or seven) and learn that supporting Israel doesn't have to mean alienating everyone who doesn't share his uniquely one-sided view.

Part of what makes the conflict in the Middle East so sensitive is the tendency for many on both sides to see the world completely in black and white. "Those who are on my side are good, those opposing my side are evil." Your friend clearly feels passionate about supporting Israel, but he has no right to equate your political stance to your religious one.

This is what pisses me off about American politics just as much as it does Israeli. The idea of "unconditional support" goes

against everything that allows us to make our own decisions. I myself have been asked numerous times if I unconditionally support Israel, and my answer is always no, just as I don't unconditionally support America's policies or the Democratic Party or any other group I'm a part of that makes decisions which influence lives, because *people are fallible*. The Israeli government, just like the Palestinian governments in Gaza and the West Bank, is made up of people with faults. Just because you generally support the decisions of one group more than the other does not make every action by that group morally right. One thing your friend needs to do is learn to think for himself. You can support Israel without being blind to its faults, just like you can love someone who is flawed because you know that nobody's perfect. Try to think objectively. Weigh out the issues before you make a decision as to whether or not Israel is justified, not as an entity but in specific actions, and encourage your friend to do the same.

Sincerely,
Abbyraham

Dear Abbyraham,

Many religions use holy texts and spirituality to define what makes a person part of a religious community, especially Abrahamic ones. Most people I know who identify as Christians truly believe in Jesus as their savior and in G-d's power to hear our prayers, and my experience with Muslims has been similar in that it fundamentally requires faith. However, most of my Jewish friends don't even believe in G-d, let alone a personal G-d that answers prayers or wants you to act a certain way. As a non-Jew, I'm not sure if this is just a coincidence or if Judaism really doesn't require you to believe in G-d. Is it still even a religion?

- Goy and Confused

My Goy friend,

As I sit at Joe's eating my fat slice of Hawaiian pizza, I feel glad that I can have confidence in three beliefs at the same time: (1) that I am still very much a Jew, (2) that G-d probably won't hate me or make me burn in the afterlife, and (3) that ham and pineapple are delicious on pizza.

One of the cool things about Judaism is the fact that there is no official creed or set of beliefs you have to adopt in order to be part of the Jewish community. The amount of sects that exist in Judaism

include people who believe that the Old Testament is literally the word of G-d, people who just hold some of the traditions, and some people who don't believe in G-d at all. This is in part due to the emphasis of Judaism on *orthopraxy* rather than *orthodoxy*. Literally, "the correct action" rather than "the correct belief." What binds Jews together into a community isn't shared faith. In fact, an important Jewish value is actually to question authority rather than follow it without evidence.

I believe that Jews share a culture that transcends the idea of faith. Perpetuated by the stories we tell and the holidays and traditions we hold, Jews share a sense of common values that has little to do with belief in G-d. We share a history of overcoming extreme hardship, a culture formed by the telling and retelling of the stories of our ancestors. These stories always seem to have relevance to modern events. If anything, they provide moral insight and new perspectives on how to see the world. Whether we know it or not, these stories influence our actions and encourage a mindset that questions perceived truths in a society where narrow-mindedness is not criticized, but often rewarded.

Some may argue that many who call themselves Jews aren't really members of the Jewish community because they don't follow certain rules, adhere to specific traditions, or believe in a G-d that created the Earth in six days. While I can understand this orthodox view of Judaism as a religion, I can't relate to it. For me, Judaism is more about the way in which we view the world and the actions that are influenced by this lens. Giving charity and respecting elders are two examples of what I'm talking about; both are inherently Jewish values, and I feel that they actually influence my behavior towards the homeless and elderly. More than anything, for me Judaism is about the traditions that remind us of *tikkun olam*: our obligation to "repair the world" through our actions rather than simply pleasing G-d through prayer or faith.

L'chaim!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Leviathan". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

Send your questions to *Abbyraham* at leviathanvoice@gmail.com.

Operation Jewish American Scoliosis: Federal Investigation of Anti-Semitism at UC Santa Cruz

Shani Chabansky

The Failure of the American Jewish Establishment

What happens when one person speaks for a large group of people? If everybody in the group feels the same way as the speaker, the statement is powerful. But things rarely play out so nicely, especially when people in the group feel misrepresented. Collective identity, with its ability to be so easily distorted, has been an issue on the tips of many kosher tongues for years. Why, in a nation boasting the power of free speech, do so many Jewish youth feel that their voices have been hushed in conversations about Israel? In an article published in the *New York Times Book Review*, Peter Beinart, professor of Journalism and Political Science at the City University of New York, directly addressed the widening gap between Jewish youth and Zionism. “For several decades,” he wrote, “the Jewish establishment has asked American Jews to check their liberalism at Zionism’s door, and now, to their horror, they are finding that many young Jews have checked their Zionism instead.” Beinart’s article “The Failure of the American Jewish Establishment” rallied up the scattered troops who feel deep within their bones that in many circles it is, at the very least, a kick in the progressive *kishkes* to support the Jewish state.

Federal Investigation of Anti-Semitism at UC Santa Cruz

Amid the scholastic trench warfare that is finals week, crunch time last quarter was associated with something far more troubling: On March 15th, 2011, the Institute for Jewish and Community Research (IJCR) announced that the U.S. Department of Education Office for Civil Rights (OCR) opened an official investigation of anti-Semitism on whose university? Our university! The investigation responds to a formal complaint filed in June of 2009 by Hebrew lecturer Tammi Rossman-Benjamin.²

The complaint reports a “harassing and intimidating environment for Jewish students” as a result of “rhetoric which

¹ Beinart, Peter. “The Failure of the American Jewish Establishment.” *New York Review of Books*. May 12, 2010. <http://www.nybooks.com/articles/archives/2010/jun/10/failure-american-jewish-establishment/>

² The Institute for Jewish and Community Research. “Feds Open Anti-Semitism Investigation at UC-Santa Cruz.” March 15, 2011. <http://jewishresearch.org/v2/2011/press-releases/03-15-11.html>

demonizes Israel, compares contemporary Israeli policy to that of the Nazis, calls for the dismantling of the Jewish State . . . [and] crosses the line into anti-Semitism according to the standards employed by our own government.”³ Rossman-Benjamin catalogues every activity of perceived anti-Semitism since 2001. Her twenty-nine page document highlights a variety of incidents, including a Community Studies course on violence and nonviolence, in which the instructor “[encouraged] students to engage in anti-Israel activism.” Our university’s failure to respond to this issue allegedly violates Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which “prohibits discrimination on the basis of race, color or national origins” in federally-funded events.⁴ According to the complaint, our university has not upheld its part of the bargain. And we’re not the only affected campus. There is a similar investigation at UC Berkeley, but unlike the investigation here, Berkeley faces a federal lawsuit of anti-Semitism after a student was attacked “because she was holding a sign stating ‘Israel wants Peace.’”⁵

Responses to the Investigation

What you have before you is a personal investigation of an issue far deeper than the federal investigation itself. This is an attempt to shed light on what is already a nation-wide discussion, one in which the Jewish community in Santa Cruz must participate immediately. Most relevant to the conversation at hand are the students directly affected by the investigation, the voice of involved Jewish students, most of whom find the investigation unnecessary. Karin Gold, a Jewish sophomore who was born in Israel, said, “Personally, I have never felt threatened because of my Jewish identity ... The investigation to me sounds a little overdramatic.” Other Jewish students found frustration in the lack of accessible information detailing the mechanics of the investigation.

3 Rossman-Benjamin, Tammi. Complaint Alleging Hostile Environment for Jewish Students at UC Santa Cruz. June 25, 2009. <http://jewishresearch.org/v2/2011/press-releases/03-15-11a.html>

4 Zeidman, Arthur. “US Department of Education Office of Civil Rights Opens Investigation in Response to Complaint Alleging Hostile Environment for Jewish Students at UC Santa Cruz.” March 7, 2011.

5 “Civil Rights Lawsuit Filed By UC Berkeley Jewish Student against the University of California Seeking Damages for Anti-Semitic Assault.” <http://jewishresearch.org/v2/2011/press-releases/03-15-11c.html>

The plot thickens. Some feel the investigation is laying the groundwork for a postmodern Jewish armageddon right here on our very own campus. Shira Bogin, a Jewish junior with family in Israel, said, “It is completely offensive to me as a Jewish person to say that certain events and political backgrounds automatically make something anti-Semitic.” In an article published in an online news source, Rebecca Pierce, a Jewish and African-American junior who plans to visit Israel this summer, cites examples of harassment coming from within the Jewish community itself, as a result of her “choice to engage in [her] Jewish identity and speak out [on Israeli policy].”⁶ Pierce and Bogin are just two of many students who feel threatened in the Jewish community for sharing a challenging opinion about Israel.

In fact, most young American Jews do not identify as Zionists.⁷ Jewish journalist and Santa Cruz local Danny Wool suggests, “The problem is that [the complaint] is in itself anti-Semitic. One significant underlying feature of anti-Semitism is that it looks at the Jews as a homogeneous group.”⁸ The semantics of the complaint suggest that all Jewish students at UC Santa Cruz feel that their Jewish identity is threatened by university-sponsored events which question the existence of Israel as a Jewish state. But Pierce and Bogin illustrate what *Contemporary Jewry* calls the “Distancing Hypothesis, the suggestion that American Jews increasingly are socially, culturally, ethnically, and emotionally distant from the State of Israel.”⁹ As Israel Fellow of Santa Cruz Hillel, Erez Shachar, points out, “There is a large population of Jewish students (about 20%) on the campus and we cannot assume that there are not other experiences that need to be heard.”¹⁰ The complaint refers to the

6 Pierce, Rebecca. “A Jewish student responds to the charge of anti-Semitism at UC Santa Cruz.” March 21, 2011. <http://mondoweiss.net/2011/03/a-jewish-student-responds-to-the-charge-of-anti-semitism-at-uc-santa-cruz.html>

7 Cohen, Steven M. and Kelman, Ari Y. “Beyond Distancing: Young Adult American Jews and Their Alienation from Israel.”

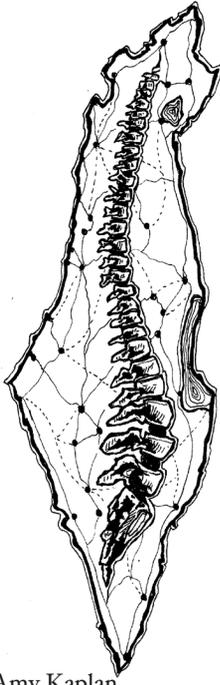
8 Wool, Danny. “Accusations of Anti-Semitism Too Common.” Santa Cruz News. com. March 16, 2011. http://news.santacruz.com/2011/03/16/accusations_of_anti-semitism_too_common.

9 Heilman, Samuel. “Editor’s Introduction to the Distancing Hypothesis Issue.” *Contemporary Jewry*. October 1, 2010. <http://www.springerlink.com/content/95681457716553v3/fulltext.html>

10 According to the Hillel website, the population of Jewish students at UC Santa Cruz is 17.46%. <http://www.hillel.org/HillelApps/JLOC/Campus>.

from the same place as the students represented in her complaint, Rossman-Benjamin said, “It’s just so wrong to use your Jewishness, like using your university affiliation, to do something that’s political. It’s using your Jewish affiliation to advance a political goal that’s not about Judaism or the Jewish people.” Arguably, Zionism is also a political goal, guided through religious values. For the students represented in the complaint, being Jewish means to believe that Israel should be a Jewish state.

It is not wrong for a Jew to steer political orientation away from religious Zionism. Pierce said, “I do not believe that speaking out about this makes me an anti-Semite, in fact I see it as an expression of Jewish values regarding social justice.” In fact, many suggest that a religious connection to Israel is an aging characteristic in the Jewish spectrum. Gary Rosenblatt, editor-in-chief of *The Jewish Week*, writes, “On the one side are young people, raised as liberals and humanitarians, who have grown up seeing Israel through the prism of intifadas, harsh and inconclusive wars in Lebanon and Gaza, and increasing international isolation. On the other side are their elders who recall the courageous, even miraculous, early successes of the Jewish State and who are not afraid to call themselves nationalists when it comes to Israel.”¹¹ Neglecting the childhood of today’s liberal youth, the complaint only takes into consideration the older generation’s nationalist vision of Israel.



Amy Kaplan

The image of a spine is a powerful metaphor for the Jewish community. Simply put, scoliosis is a condition in which the vertebrae are misaligned, creating a curve in the spine. Although tension and discomfort are common symptoms, most cases of scoliosis do not require surgery; a more effective antidote would be to build the muscles surrounding the curved areas and to increase flexibility. The spine of the Jewish community

¹¹ Rosenblatt, Gary. “Alienation From Israel Hitting Liberal Seminaries.” *The Jewish Week*. May 3, 2011. http://www.thejewishweek.com/editorial_opinion/gary_rosenblatt/alienation_israel_hitting_liberal_seminaries

does not require surgery. The Jews who criticize Israel in the name of Judaism itself deserve to be included in the definition of anti-Semitism's victims. It would behoove Jewish training establishments to build Jewish education using what Rosenblatt calls "an open exploration of issues rather than the candy-coated version."¹² A Bar or Bat Mitzvah could instigate long-term projects of social reform. The Birthright trip could get non-Jewish youth to Israel and carefully selected trips could explore the occupied territories of the West Bank. We, the Jews in Santa Cruz, are part of the Diaspora. And whether we like it or not, we have a role to play in the presentation of Israel. If we wish to strengthen the spine of our community, we must face the tension and discomfort of inconvenient curves and welcome each individual vertebrae.

Playing host to alternative culture, UC Santa Cruz is a magnet for students in search of a special kind of education. What Rossman-Benjamin calls "...a whole college that's based around the notion of identity politics," others consider a space in which open debate is not only tolerated, but welcomed. A growing interest in the new Jewish Studies major and the endless struggle for an Ethnic Studies program exemplify our student body's willingness to participate in an exploration of social inequality. This is a championing feature of our university, and one about which to unabashedly boast over the seder table.

More information on the details of federal investigation of anti-Semitism at UC Santa Cruz will appear in the upcoming fall 2011 issue of Leviathan Jewish Journal.

Special thanks for editorial assistance from Matthew Borden, Amberly Young and Melinda Széll.

¹² Rosenblatt, Gary. "Day Schools Need New Israel Ed Approach." *The Jewish Week*. February 16, 2011. http://www.thejewishweek.com/editorial_opinion/gary_rosenblatt/day_schools_need_new_israel_ed_approach

Exceptionalism and Acceptance for Arab Israelis

Savyonne Steindler

I recently received a forwarded email from my oldest brother in response to Israel Apartheid week, which is a movement that aims “to educate people about the nature of Israel as an apartheid system and to build Boycott, Divestment and Sanctions (BDS) campaigns as part of a growing global BDS movement.”¹ In opposition to this claim, the email listed the names and pictures of Israeli Arabs who are prominent in Israeli politics and popular culture—such as Salim Joubran, Walid Badir, Majalli Wahabi, and Mira Awad—in order to imply that Israel offers equality to all ethnic groups. I do not wish to take issue with the truth of this argument—I have not researched the topic enough to convincingly agree or disagree that Israel is an apartheid state. What I do want to dissect is the validity of the method the email used to make its point, namely the emphasis on the acceptance of individuals of a marginalized group in order to prove the acceptance of the whole group.

At the time I received the email I was learning about Moses Mendelssohn in Professor Bruce Thompson’s class on Jewish intellectual history. Although Mendelssohn was a devout Jew, he was well integrated into Gentile society in Berlin.² He dressed like his non-Jewish neighbors, spoke German, had Christian friends, and made significant intellectual contributions to German kultur. Mendelssohn was hailed as the “German Socrates,” not the “Jewish Socrates.” He was among the first Jews, perhaps the very first, to be accepted as a German (specifically a Prussian) without having to renounce or hide his Judaism.

If we used the logic employed by the email I received, the success of Jews like Mendelssohn would indicate that Jews were assimilated in German culture, were not discriminated against, and had the opportunities to excel. Although the aforementioned is what Mendelssohn truly desired and strove to achieve, it does not describe the state of the Jews in the German states during Mendelssohn’s lifetime.

¹ <http://apartheidweek.org/en/about>

² Elon, Amos. *The Pity of It All: A Portrait of the German-Jewish Epoch 1743-1933*. New York: Picador, 2002.

Mendelssohn was exceptional. His status and reputation were in such conflict with those of the generally impoverished and culturally isolated Jews of Berlin that another German intellectual, Johann Kaspar Lavater, thought Mendelssohn was destined to be a Christian and dedicated himself to the realization of this objective. In the minds of many of his contemporaries Mendelssohn was an “un-Jewish Jew”; his positive qualities set him apart from the Jews rather than reflecting positively on the group. Mendelssohn contributed to the eventual uplift and integration of German Jewry, but during his lifetime he was an exception to the majority of Jews. If we used his life as a representation of German Jewry in the 18th century we would miss the reality of the situation. We would not see that most German Jews could not speak German, were barred from the universities and many professions, and were sometimes isolated in ghettos and subject to discriminatory taxes and expulsion from the city if they could not attain “protected” status. Although Mendelssohn was at home in Berlin, his coreligionists were not.

Like Mendelssohn, the Arab Israelis referenced in the email are integrated into Israeli institutions and culture. We can see their assimilation to an extent just by looking at their pictures. Many of the men are wearing expensive suits and the women are in sleeveless dresses. They hold the same kind of jobs as Jewish Israelis, whether in government or in sports or the music industry, and from the kinds of clothes they are wearing they seem to be making similar incomes. The women, at least, are secularized like most Jewish Israelis, not abiding by traditional conceptions of modesty. These Arab Israelis, however, do not look like many of the Arab Israelis I have seen when visiting my brother who has made aliyah. In the city of Akko one can usually tell who is a Jew and who is a Muslim from clothing, speech, and the neighborhood in which one lives, while the Arab Israelis listed in the email are almost indistinguishable from Jewish Israelis. The examples of successful Arab Israelis show us that integration happens in Israel, but they do not prove that this is true, or even a possibility, for most Arabs in Israel. Just because Mendelssohn was able to find acceptance in Christian circles in Berlin does not mean that his Jewish contemporaries were able to as well.

Another argument that can be extracted from the comparison is that in both cases, it appears that acceptance can only come

through assimilation. When Mendelssohn first came to Berlin he was not immediately taken into high society. He had to change himself: he learned to speak fluent German, became educated in enlightenment philosophy, and transformed both his appearance and values to be in accordance with German norms. This parallels the process in the United States in which hyphenated Americans became just “Americans” by losing their accents and native languages and attaining middle class status (unless, of course, they have darker skin in which case they get to grapple with hyphenated identities for centuries). The fact that minorities who are accepted in the national community seem to have lost most of their physical markers of difference begs the question of whether their acceptance is genuine if it requires them to conform to a singular image of the ideal citizen.

Israel is facing a problem that many nation-states are struggling with: how to incorporate historically underrepresented and disenfranchised groups into the body of the state. It has been successful in integrating individuals like those listed in the email, but that does not mean that equality has been achieved. Rather than taking these people as representative of the success that is available to most Arab Israelis, we should ask ourselves to what extent are these people exceptions and, if we find that they are in fact exceptions, what end is being served by citing them as proof of Israel’s equality? Perhaps in their eagerness to defend Israel from accusations of apartheid, some Zionists, like my brother, will use exceptional individuals to convey an almost utopian version of Israeli society that does not resonate with lived experiences. Exceptionalism should not be conflated with acceptance. Whether or not there is equality in Israel should be determined by the status of the masses, not of a few highly-visible and successful individuals.

A Jewish Mother's Prayer

Megan Susman

Blessed are You, Adonai our God, King of the Universe. Thank You for the blessing of my children, who are now out of the house and attending a real UC, praised be You. Thank You for giving them ten fingers and ten toes, arms that carry, and legs that walk. Thank you for their eyes and their full sets of teeth. Thank you for ophthalmologists and dentists. Blessed are You.

Adonai, I pray that now they are on the path of college life, that You shall still guide them. I mean this not in metaphor. I visited Adam on his campus and oy, the boy has no sense of direction. The way from Stevenson to Porter is a twisting and deceitful path and I wish You to lead my son on the right way. As he crosses bridges and walks over fallen trees, avoids sullen bus drivers and near collisions with cyclists, walk with his feet as if they are Your own. Also, lead him not down the path of smoking herbs, for in that path lies laziness, false friends, and asthma. Give him the companionship of his books and friends that are equally pale and studious.

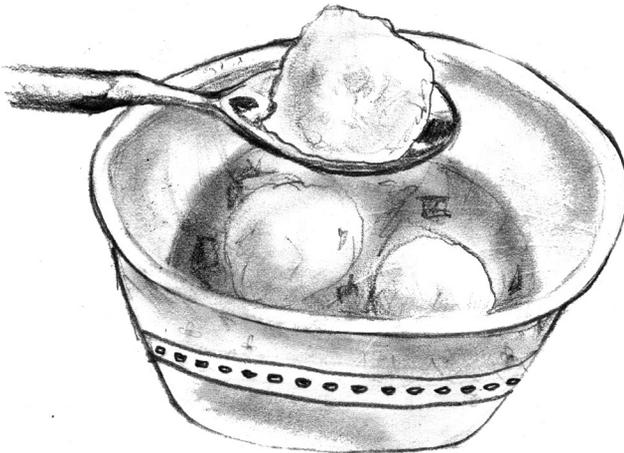
Blessed are You, Adonai our God, King of the Universe. Thank You for cell phones. Thank You for family plans and unlimited minutes for those on my network. Thank You for the phone numbers so close in digits to my own, yet different and easily confusable. (I am sorry Adam, I did mean to call Rachel last night and not to interrupt you while you were sleeping). I feel that caller ID has been invented to test me and my patience, for I must admit, my children may screen my calls. Adonai, have them call me at least once a week. Let them tell me of their friends and studies, their trials and tribulations, their attendance at the Hillel Shabbat service, and not of their excessive drinking and near run-ins with the police.

Lord of the Heavens and of the Earth, keep their bodies whole and sound. Lead them not down the path of tattoos and piercings, or any other mangling of their perfect flesh, blessed are You. Make sure that they shower at least every other day and that my children are not known as "that greasy kid." Let their ears be washed, both in front and behind and their feet be free of fungus. Let not my Rachel be influenced by her peers at Santa Cruz, for You have blessed her with an abundance of body hair that needs constant

maintaining, praised be You. That must be from her father's side of the family. Do not let her fall on the path of indifference, for I do want grandchildren. But not now, Lord. I do not want grandchildren now. Keep my Rachel happy but safe, virtuous even in her sin. Thank You Adonai, for birth control.

I pray that my children live up to their potential, but the potential that *I* see, and not what they think in their still-adolescent minds. Hashem, I pray for the economy. Help them find jobs when they need them, and something that challenges and enriches them. I know that Adam is a talented video store clerk, but have him not be a store clerk forever. And please let Rachel find *some* kind of job, for I am sure the money I give her for food and rent is *not* spent all on food and rent. Lord, how much clothing does a girl really need?

Lord, I wish to praise You and thank You for all of Your blessings and even all of the trials You place before me. Give me the strength to love without anger, comfort without chastising, but forever place in me the power to guilt my children into doing whatever they should be doing already. Give my children the courage to love with all their hearts, comfort those in need, and to forever be obedient to me. Amen.



Megan Susman



Kelly Walker

Trash

Nate Rogers

Ethan Morris opened his eyes. Looking down at the progress of the sun's assault up his legs, Ethan instantly knew how badly he had overslept. This thought was quickly dismissed with the recognition of a blaring alarm. Ethan leaned over and put the anxious clock out of its misery. Squinting through bloodshot eyes, he moaned with the realization of missing his route. It was Tuesday, too. The Westfield route: the wealthiest neighborhood in Pilgrimage. They always had the most trash to pick up. Obsolete appliances riddled the gutters next to their well-manicured lawns. *Every goddamn week*. Always a pain in the ass. Certainly not a day to miss.

Ethan suppressed this terrible realization for another: He was dreadfully hung over. What the hell was he doing last night? He shook his head. There was no time to think about it. Throwing on a pair of jeans and an old, torn-up Pilgrimage High JV Baseball sweatshirt, Ethan downed a cup of water from the sink and took a deep breath. This young (but not *too* young) man despised his job for the city trash company with as much genuine emotion as he had ever felt for anything in his whole life. Still, he had to go. At the very least, Ethan needed an income to drink his nights away at Tilly's: the only bar in town that isn't next door to a Sizzler's.

Dismissing a shower and breakfast without much of a thought, Ethan refused to skip one other morning routine. Stopping just outside the door, he looked into Celia's note on the mirror that she had written him several years earlier. Right before she dumped him due to, "a lack of ambition,"—a claim Ethan resented but begrudgingly understood. This he could take. Oddly enough, what upset him most about the note was that it was the first and only time that she had not signed her name with a heart over the "i." The letter hung heavily over Ethan's head as he gazed into the mirror. He looked like hell. Forcing a scoff, Ethan grabbed his keys and went out the door.

A town of modest size compared to that of Seattle, its closest neighbor, Pilgrimage was easy to commute across. The suburban layout of the city supported a high volume of cars moving across it every day. New Chevys and Hondas on lease made their way out as quickly as possible in the morning. With the help of cheap rent and

low taxes, many in Pilgrimage could afford to purchase new things as often as they pleased. It was Ethan's job to collect their trash as it piled up throughout the week. To buy their used cars when the lease expired.

Speeding dangerously through the empty streets in his fully paid-for 1993 Honda Accord, Ethan was listening to Springsteen's Greatest Hits. Again. His tape deck had been stuck for almost two weeks. Good god, if Ethan had to listen to "Thunder Road" one more goddamn time, he swore he'd leave the car at the dump once and for all. But it was a purple car, he'd remind himself. And purple was a hard color to find. *Any* color was hard to find in Pilgrimage.

As quietly as possible, Ethan rolled down the dirt road into the parking lot. *Hey that's me and I want you only, Don't turn me home again, I just can't face myself alone aga—*. With a cringe, Ethan removed his key from the ignition and walked carefully towards the trailers nearby.

In the quiet at the edge of town, however, every single employee knew who had arrived. It was lunch hour. The trucks had already dumped their hauls into the pit, but had yet to begin the afternoon process of piling on the dirt. Sitting in a few small circles, the trashmen all turned their heads to view the sorry looking twenty-something as he approached with an embarrassed grin on his face.

One man stood up. It was Mr. Wharton, moustache and all. Holding a half-eaten corndog and a clipboard, he motioned with his head that Ethan should follow him to the trailer. The smell of cheap, microwavable lunches as well as the lingering odor of the fresh trash reminded Ethan of his nausea. He took a deep breath and followed, keeping his head pointed down at his toes.

"Just where in the hell were you?" asked Mr. Wharton, just outside the door of his office-trailer (and strategically within earshot of the rest of the group).

"Mr. Wharton, I'm really sorry, I have *no* idea what happened," Ethan lied.

"Well that's great, because *I* do have an idea, dipshit. *What happened* was that because your sorry ass slept through the Westfield route, Eddie sliced his hand open on a tuna can lid. Right through the fucking glove. And do you know what that means? I'm sure you don't, you moron, so I'll tell you. It *means* that he can't do his route

for the rest of the week. And *I* have to pay him for it anyway. You know, Ethan, just because you don't give a damn about your job here doesn't mean you can make *my* life miserable. Just imagine being in *my* position. What would you do?"

"Whatever you'd like me to do, sir." Ethan deliberated for a moment. "Mr. Wharton, I can't tell you what this job means to me," Ethan lied again.

"Well that's fantastic because if you want to keep your job you're going to be taking over his route for the rest of the week—without overtime. As for today, you can spend the afternoon Dumpwalking. I expect fifty dollars worth of crap by the time you come back. That ought to cover the gauze it took to wrap Eddie's hand, you fuckup."

After walking through the laughter of his fellow trashmen, Ethan began his punishment. Dumpwalking is a unique form of wasted tax dollars. The motto of the Pilgrimage trash company is, "There's always money in the trash." While this was certainly true, nobody ever felt like digging through it to find out just how much. This was a task especially reserved for people in Ethan's position of embarrassment.

Seething with an anger that resembled something of a personal performance, Ethan trudged through the hillsides of waste. Dirt roads wound through stacks of trash two-stories high. Rogue bits of garbage fell from the mountains, sitting patiently alone in the dirt. Broken light bulbs, old school notebooks, greasy McDonald's bags. An empty container of Elmer's glue. Bar-Mitzvah cards with the money carefully removed.

Ethan was just beginning to enter a new realm of self-hatred when something caught his eye. A glimmer of brightness amongst the pile of trash. It appeared for a moment and then sunk back into the abyss. Ethan walked over to it slowly.

At the base of a mountain, where a few bags had been torn open, Ethan got onto his knees and put on gloves. He gingerly lifted an expensive, shattered cell phone. For just a moment, Ethan sat in silence and shock as he observed the discovery. A well-manicured finger lay severed and pale at the base of the pile. Certainly the fourth finger of a woman's left hand, as a diamond ring the size of Ethan's apartment clearly indicated. It sparkled brightly in the sun.

Ethan remained in a crouch next to this fresh pile of trash for several minutes without blinking. In training, he had always been told to keep an eye out for body-parts. However, Pilgrimage was known for its low crime rate. The trashmen had long since given up on treating their city like it was New York. In fact, they had long since given up treating their job as anything resembling what it was: a civil service. Still, Ethan wasn't so jaded by the profession that he had completely lost track of his obligation. This was a crime scene. Somewhere in the pyramid of waste towering over him was likely to be a blood-stained scarf or purse to go along with the finger. Evidence. Redemption for a distraught family. Punishment for a murderer.

The reflection of the ring surged with intensity. Ethan locked in on the diamond sitting in front of him. Well now, that *is* a hefty ring, isn't it? With his legs starting to cramp, a new expression developed on his previously blank face. Starting with the left side, and then slowly straightening out to the right, Ethan's mouth contorted to a form what was an increasingly rare sight to see on his face: a smile. Maybe a bit more of a smirk than a smile, to be sure, but Ethan would take what he could get.

After all, when was the last time that *he* had been given any opportunities to make a better life for himself? This woman was already dead, he rationalized. They would just take this ring and put it in an evidence bag never to see the light of day again. Now, Ethan could use it. Oh yes, he could use it. He could sell it! A diamond of that size could get his purple Honda out of Pilgrimage for good. He'd grab Celia and *show* her that he wasn't going to stay in this town his whole life. They'd leave tonight. Maybe they could go to Seattle. Get a job at the Spaceneedle or something. Certainly *someone* has to work that gift-shop. Why not him? Why not right now?

Without so much as a grimace, Ethan removed the ring and put it in the coin pocket of his Levi's. He walked straight out of the dump and put a working watch that he had found earlier in Mr. Wharton's hand. Trying to act casual (and doing a bad job of it), Ethan then made his way to his car and turned on the engine. It purred gently. It coughed. The tape continued playing.

Well now I'm now hero, That's understood, All the redemption I can offer, girl, Is beneath this dirty hood...

Ethan's head was spinning. He felt very dizzy and sick, but it

had been such a long time since adrenaline had flowed in his veins that he actually felt good. He felt *alive*. Thinking quickly as he spun away from the dump, Ethan devised a plan. He'd take the ring right over to a pawnshop and get what he could for it. Then, he'd drop his old, useless existence at the curb, to be picked up with the rest of the trash tomorrow morning. Although, Ethan wouldn't be the one picking up the trash tomorrow. Oh, no. They'd be doing that without Ethan Morris from now on.

These two lanes will take us anywhere, We got one last chance to make it real, To trade in these wings for some wheels...

The first thing to do was to pick up Celia. There was no time to dawdle. They had spent *quite* enough time in Pilgrimage. Ethan hit the gas, hard. His purple Honda gave it everything it had as it sped down the main highway. It was rush hour.

But tonight we'll be free, All the promises'll be broken, There were ghosts in the eyes—

Officer Perry sat in his cruiser behind the only billboard in Pilgrimage. Appropriately, he was the lone cop on duty at the present moment. The ad was for Brixby's Used Car Lot. Just as the officer had begun to let his eyelids close, a purple blur flew right past him. But before he could turn on his lights, there was a tremendous crunch of metal that lasted for several miserable seconds. Then all was quiet.

Hoping that he was dreaming, Officer Perry pulled out from behind the sign and drove up to the wreckage. He radioed in for an ambulance, and after the slightest hesitation, added, "Better call a couple of tow-trucks, too. These heaps aren't going anywhere." He got out of his cruiser and trotted over to the purple car that was now lying upside down with one wheel still spinning. Taking a quick look inside the shattered driver's side window, he turned away with a grimace. It was then that he realized that the radio was still playing.



Megan Susman

On Wings
Rachel Starr-Glass

“Lech lecha me’artzecha mi’moladetech u’mebeit avicha el ha’aretz asher arecha.”
-(Gen. 12:1).

Just as Avraham, our first patriarch was told; I too heard this startling commandment. “Go to you from your land, from your birth place, and from the home of your father, to the place that I will show to you.” An omnipresent force commanded me to leave; it resonated through the walls of my mother’s mouth. As the metal wings began cutting through sky, and the wheels lost contact with solid ground, the wind was knocked out of my lungs as I realized that my world had rolled onto its back and never would anything return to the way it was. At eleven years old I traveled from Israel to the United States. The black of night swallowed the plane whole: Let there be darkness.

The pieces fell into place under the florescent rays, leather sandals sinking into the scorching desert sand under the weight of my fears. Floor-to-ceiling shelves of cereal bury me in their shadow, Goliath towering over David.

The realization was delayed, standing tall before me only after defeating the shock. It was my second week in America. The journey itself was hasty, a paradoxical tapestry of scenes being played out for my eyes to see in fast forward, along with me experiencing the scenes themselves in slow motion. All sound was muted, only the hum of particles vibrating through my veins held the promise of my survival. Eleven is an odd age. The mind is still so malleable and fragile, yet its membranes are engraved with so many beliefs and things known without doubt.

The wall of cereal baffled me; its vastness and the variety it contained seemed nonsensical. Why would humans need so many choices of a single commodity? What was the true difference between all these magical, sugary concoctions? Never had I felt so small in a grocery store, in a city, in a country.

I came from a small settlement close to Jerusalem where it was unheard of not to recognize the name of any member in the population. It was a place where everything was within walking distance, even reaching the fringes of the nation only took a few hours by car. The whole country of Israel could fit into the state of

California seventeen times. Back in the strip of land wedged between the Jordan River and the Mediterranean Sea, I remember my body holding weight, my presence holding meaning. I was part of a people, a nation, a tribe; my beliefs echoed through the places I walked, an active part in a stable unit, where all fears were quelled and uncertainties wiped clean, nothing was in doubt.

From certainty I traveled into a plastic world, one where nothing held total significance and all could be replicated to the thousandth. A world where so many questioned what they perceived and where battles raged endlessly within. Where buildings were made of metal, finely cut stone and where monetary success was the fire in the torch. These buildings were new and fit together like puzzle pieces as they rose into the Crayola blue sky.

All these differences were blatantly obvious as I stood in the shadows of my new homeland, but as I grew taller against the measuring tree, and as my palms became more calloused with age, these differences became less and less concrete. Was there truly a sense of comfort back in Israel? Was the soil really sprinkled with specks of gold and the air full of light? That's what I remember, I was a soul with a purpose, a chosen spirit that took its first breath in the most holy of lands. Was this all a sugarcoated childhood fantasy, or did I really once know the Truth? There was anger in me towards this new country; I struggled to comprehend how people could feel whole in an empty land. Now I see through more adjusted eyes and can see all the marvels of the United States, the freedom and opportunity, the honesty in work. I can see the successes of its power and the strength of its hand. But I constantly struggle.

My journey did not end as the wheels of the plane screeched to a halt; the journey remains in the soles of my feet and the pounding of my heart. This is the meaning of a true journey; one that you embark on by chance or choice or circumstance, and one you remain on for the rest of days. It is a tangible transformation of the spirit, constantly in progress. So, I can look at the place of my birth and the experiences within that ancient land, and know that although they are all woven into the fabric of my being, the experiences were not a part of my journey- they were a part of my stagnancy. Our journey is not what others put upon us, nor the sum of our stumbles, rather, it is the awakening of our awareness and our choices of how to react.

Maccabiah Games

Oren Gotesman & Prescott Watson

“Hello, and prepare to be defeated,” Erez Shachar, Israel fellow to Santa Cruz Hillel, announced to visiting teams in Hebrew. Sporting an Israeli flag as a cape, he pointed to the Santa Cruz team. “Let’s get started, Jews!” he yelled in English. And so began the first Bay Area Maccabiah Games hosted by Santa Cruz Hillel. Modeled after the official Maccabiah Games held in Israel, the local version is an athletic and cultural celebration open to all Jews and Israelis. Often called the “Jewish Olympics,” the Games are held every four years in Tel Aviv and draw a worldwide audience.

This year’s local games drew four other schools from the Central Coast, with San Francisco State and UC Santa Cruz bringing the largest teams. UC Berkeley and Davis were well represented, and Costanoa State traveled eight hours.

Both the local and official games aim to provide a sense of pride in the identities of Jewish and Israeli peoples. The games emphasize their athletic potential, counter the modern view of Jews as only “people of the book” and, locally, help to unite Jewish and Israeli peoples and organizations in the Bay Area.

The local games were the brainchild of David Silver, a sophomore from College Ten. He was inspired by a Maccabiah Games hosted by a summer camp he attended. The Bay Area Games, like the official Games, market a particular vision of Jews and promote pride and community awareness. “It’s not an event where someone has to



Prescott Watson

Erez Shachar, Israel Fellow at Santa Cruz Hillel

be religious or in touch with their Jewish side,” Silver told us. “Yet there is still a definite connection to Judaism.” Silver worked with Erez Shachar, the local Israel fellow to Santa Cruz Hillel, to put the games together.

Though envisioned and executed by mainly students, the Bay Area Games had a strong sense of heritage and paid homage to the traditions of past.

The games opened with “The Star Spangled Banner” and “Ha Tikvah,” followed by a series of speakers who told personal histories of the games. Past competitors at the Maccabiah Games Ben Auerbach, Desmond B. Tuc, and Michael Leitner, as well as Murry Sheldon, whose father competed in the second Games, all spoke about their experiences. The youngest of the speakers, Ben Auerbach, won the gold medal in open track in 2009. Desmond B. Tuc was a competitor in the 1987 Games in karate, and Michael Leitner competed in tennis in 2001. Sheldon told the story of his father leaving Germany in order to compete in the 1938 games. As he was preparing to return home, his family contacted him, telling him the Nuremberg laws had come into effect and dissuaded him from returning. The Maccabiah games saved his life. Echos to recent Jewish history grounded the participants and offered the day historical context.

Many people imagined a worldwide Jewish sporting event, and, as such, Maccabiah has several beginnings. Max Nordau, co-founder of the World Zionist Organization, used the pulpit of the Second World Zionist Congress in 1898 to spread the idea of the “muscle Jew.” Describing men and women with clear heads, strong stomachs, and hard muscles, this vision of the Jewish person, he believed, was necessary for achieving the national goals of Zionism by countering the feeling of humiliation in European Jews. Earlier, in 1895, an all-Jewish Maccabi gymnastics club was founded, named for Judah Maccabee, the ancient Jewish warrior who lead a revolt against the Seleucid Dynasty around 160 BCE. By the end of the first World War there were over 100 Maccabi-style groups in Europe. Yosef Yekutieli, inspired by the Stockholm Olympics of 1912, independently began to develop and market the idea of a worldwide Jewish sporting championship in the 1920s. The first modern Maccabiah Games were held in 1932, on the anniversary of the Judah Maccabee’s Bar Kokhba revolt against the Roman Empire.

Yekutieli, in a show of dedication to his opus, joined a delega-

tion of fundraisers in the early 1930s to trek across the Jewish communities of Europe and promote the games. Traveling by motorcycle through two routes they began to spread hype. One crossed the continent from Tel Aviv to Belgium, and the other traveled through northern Africa, Greece and into the UK. The first Games in 1932 saw 400 participants, many of them Britons who were using the Games to make Aliya and bypass laws against Jews. By the second Games, over a thousand athletes competed. The third Games, however, were postponed from 1938 until after the Second World War.

Since their inception, the Maccabiah Games have brought Jewish athletes into the spotlight. Indeed, there is a significant overlap between Olympic and Maccabiah competitors. Issac Berger, an Olympic gold medalist, set the first world record in Israel by surpassing his weightlifting records in the fifth Maccabiah Games in 1957. Tal Brody, one of the most famous Jewish athletes in the United States, was a US delegate to the 1965 Games competing in basketball. Mark Spitz, who was only surpassed in Olympic swimming achievement by Michael Phelps in 2008, competed for the first time internationally at the age of 15 in the 1965 Maccabiah Games. He is still part of the US delegation to the Games.

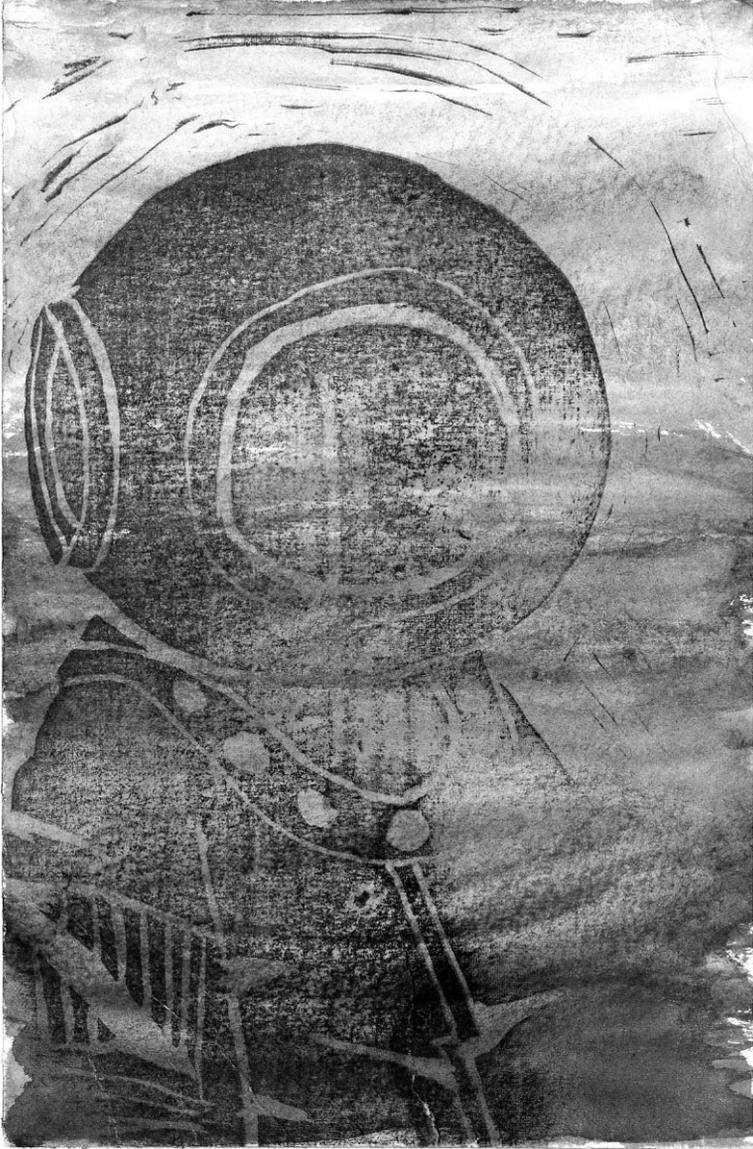
Erez Shachar is confident in the local games' momentum and continuation. Hillel and the San Francisco Israel Center are looking to have the games' rotate between campuses in the Bay Area.

Special thanks to the Israel Center of San Francisco and Omri Dotan for co-organizing the Santa Cruz Maccabiah Games.



Prescott Watson

UC Santa Cruz students create a human pyramid for the first Bay Area Maccabiah Games.



Adam Strong & Aaron White

Native Americans and the Jews

Ethan Tratner

The Mel Brooks comedy film *Blazing Saddles* (1974) features a Native American chief (played by Brooks) speaking Yiddish. Although this scene is used for comic effect, some people believe that the Native Americans are descended from the Ancient Hebrews. This belief recently resurfaced when the History Channel aired a special entitled *Who Really Discovered America?*¹(2010)¹ which they questioned whether Christopher Columbus was the first person to stumble upon the Americas on his way to Asia. They propose many new theories about who may have first landed in the Americas ranging from the Welsh to the Indonesians. In one segment, the special proposes that the ancient Hebrews discovered America first. Unlike many of the other theories, the basis for the theory of the Native Americans' Jewish origins has had deep roots in European Jewish and Christian thought for hundreds of years and continues to this day.

The belief of the Native Americans' Jewish origins seems odd when compared with the commonly accepted and documented theory that the Native Americans originated in Asia and crossed the land bridge into North America tens of thousands of years ago. This is used to explain the origins of the vast populations of the Americas spanning North, Central, and South America. The History Channel special criticized not only the notion of who discovered the Americas, but also the question of whether all of these natives came from Asia. The segment about the Hebrews is featured about the Jewish belief of the "lost" tribes.

After the Assyrians destroyed the temple, the Jews were scattered throughout the Middle East and eventually Europe. Many Jews believed that aside from the known Jewish communities there were various "lost" tribes scattered to the far corners of the earth unknown to their religious brethren. Shortly after the discovery of the New World, many Jews and Christians suspected that these people could possibly be one of these supposedly lost tribes, because Europeans had never encountered anyone like them before.

¹ Who Really Discovered America? Andy Awes. Perf. James Lurie. History Channel. THC. 22 June 2010.

As early as the 17th century, Jews took notice of these people and began writing about them. Manasseh ben Israel, a Dutch rabbi, wrote *The Hope of Israel* (1650) in which he saw the Native Americans as one of the lost tribes and saw this discovery as a sign of the coming messiah. This belief was also popular amongst Christians like Thomas Thorowgood who published his best seller *Jewes in America* (1651). Other subscribers to this theory include many of the founders of the original English 13 colonies such as William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania.² These ideas continued into the 19th century, which was characterized with a new fascination with biblical history.

There were many Europeans and Americans who renewed their beliefs in the lost tribes. In 1831, Ephriam Jones, an American Bible professor, claimed that anyone “conversant with the European Jews and the Aborigines of America... will perceive a great likeness in color, features, hair, aptness to cunning, dispositions for roving.”³ In the United States of America, the belief in Native Americans’ Jewishness became one of the basis for a new sect of Christianity. This belief manifested itself in the sermons and religious organizations of European and American Jews and Christians. *The Book of Mormon* also expresses the belief that Jesus came to America and preached to the Native Americans, who were descendants of the ancient Jews. Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, believed that he had to convert the Native Americans to Mormonism because of their ancient Israelite heritage.⁴ However the belief in the Jewish origins of Native Americans is not only restricted just to European Jews and Christians, but also to some native tribes themselves.

There are a number of tribes in the United States that have expressed the belief that they are descended from the Hebrews. Some members of the Cherokee tribe believe that they are descended from the Jews because their traditional medieval history

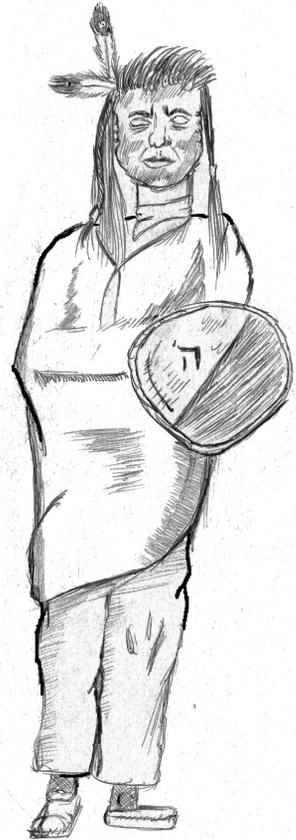
2 Koffman, David. “My Jewish Learning: Native Americans & Jews: The Lost Tribes Episode.” *Judaism & Jewish Life - My Jewish Learning*. N.p., n.d. Web. 7 May 2011. http://www.myjewishlearning.com/history/Modern_History/1700-1914/America_at_the_Turn_of_the_Century/Peddlers_and_Frontier_Judaism/Native_Americans_and_Jews.shtml

3 Ibid

4 Jewish Ancestry of Native-americans and Mormon Lamanite Origin Claims.” *Rethinking Mormonism, Polygamy, Temples, History and Sexuality*. N.p., n.d. Web. 7 May 2011. <http://www.i4m.com/think/lists/lamanite.htm>

contains traditions similar to those of the Hebrews. At one point they had a singular seven sided temple that was the center of their monotheistic religion unlike the tribes that surrounded them. Furthermore, some of their harvest festivals occurred on the same days as old Jewish festivals. When the Cherokee went into battle they fought with a priest carrying a holy basket, much like the Hebrew ark leading the troops into battle.⁵ One Missouri branch of the tribe claims that, based on their oral history, they immigrated from far away in a place called Masada which was the fortress destroyed by the Romans and taken from the Hebrews.⁶ These theories seem validated with the archaeological discovery of many carvings that look like ancient Hebrew writings found in the United States.

Could these be the lost tribes, or are these claims based on mythology instead of facts? Jews throughout the Middle-Ages were oppressed in the many countries that they resided. Could the belief in lost tribes just be stories used to inspire an oppressed people to think that somewhere, at some time, Jews were flourishing? In the years after the creation of the state of Israel, a number of groups throughout the world proclaimed their Jewish ancestry from tribes in Africa, India, and even Korea. These discoveries and the proliferation of Mormonism give new life to the belief of the lost tribes. Although to many people this theory seems implausible, it has existed for hundreds of years, and the mystery continues to this day.



Aaron White

5 Shaddox, Daniel. "Cherokee and Jews." Cherokee Origins-Jewish Indians. Lampstand Media, 12 Feb. 2005. Web. 7 May 2011. <http://veldantia.com/bronzemen/hebrew.html>

6 Ibid

Klezmer Revival

Aaron White

An Introduction

Klezmer's Not Dead! It's merely laying, a beat-up invalid somewhere in a small Jewish neighborhood in New York City. Or so I thought up until about two and a half years ago, when strange whispers of a revival led me to an emerging klezmer music scene. This isn't the klezmer of the workers' Bund a century ago, or that of Israel, or aging musicians. It's a youthful new mix of klezmer, punk, gypsy (Roma), and pure rock n' roll. Klezmer isn't like other traditional music that has fallen by the wayside, or lives on in the minds of the infirm in far-off places. Instead it has evolved, as any music or people must to stay relevant or survive. So what if one of the musicians put down their clarinet and picked up a synthesizer?¹ These new groups playing Jewish music are keeping it relevant and enjoyable to younger generations (and as I type this out, there's a classically-trained musical organization putting a hit out on me). What's really lost? Nothing, in my opinion. If anything, it adds to the volume and the range of the genre. Some of the bands blowing up the scene and making klezmer a threat again are: Oy Division, Amsterdam Klezmer Band, Golem, Can!!Can, and Oi Va Voi (klezmer/world/trip-hop). I'm going to focus on two of my favorite bands in this emerging scene, Daniel Kahn & The Painted Bird and Di Nigunim, two very different bands with a common connection- Klezmer.

Di Nigunim

Klezmer, Punk, and Anarchy: Three things no one would ever have expected to not only compliment each other, but also get even the shyest wallflowers out on the dance floor (usually a cramped place full of kids whose pecking order is determined by who smells the worst).²

Some time in the summer of 2008, I went on a scum bag road trip of California that started with three friends and ended with two, taking us through every part of California you've never heard of and

¹ I use "their" in the place of "he" or "she" in order to avoid gender. This is out of respect for the GLBTI community, with which I am a staunch ally.

² The band has explicitly stated that although they play Anarcho-Klezmer music they have no stated political agenda.

nearly ending in arrest just short of two dozen times. Music in my car was limited to G.I.S.M., Flipper, and Amebix as well as a couple of badly scratched mixes with music we had grown tired of since it manifested itself onto the poorly mixed CD. Somehow in a drunken state of euphoria we ended up in Santa Cruz, where I got to show off the redwood trees my friends didn't care about and finally the Sub-Rosa where I had recently started volunteering, which only generated mild interest and that was solely in the coffee.

In the midst of our warpath across California that left in its wake empty bottles, half finished street art, broken dumpster locks, and many satisfied religious types who helped to keep my gas tank full (we started our little vacation with about thirty dollars to our names in total), it was blind luck that we crossed with the likes of Di Nigunim. My friends and I spent most of the evening listening to the music from my car parked out front. As one friend sewed up another hole that manifested itself on his overly tight jeans, the other was snoring peacefully in the backseat and I was writing maniacally in barely legible microscopic text. The bands were pretty cool, although nothing quite got me to jiggle in any form remotely close to the psuedo-drunken swaying I call dancing. There was a long break and the small crowd came out and fled to the sidewalk, turning it immediately into a cloud of smoke and noise, overshadowed by the jibes of the police (pigs, although I don't mean to do injustice to a noble animal) as they passed by. I'll save my anti-government sentiments for a zine. Without so much as an indication that the last band was set to play, there was a death-scream from the SubRosa followed by a blast of sound. Of course, all present had to issue one profanity or another as they snuffed out their cigarettes and rushed back inside. Interested, I wandered inside and was instantly immersed in sweat, hanging heavy like fog and the smell of stale booze, cigarettes, but it couldn't have been more appropriate. The members of Di Nigunim were thrashing away at their instruments in what Lester Bangs would have called "pure rock' n' roll," looking dressed for the shtetl and the gutters simultaneously. Before I knew it, they started playing Echa Dodi followed up by Havenu Shalom, blowing everyone away with traditional songs played in a way one's parents would certainly disapprove of. Now to return to the band itself, as I have a tendency to

ramble, like my mother, who really knows how to get off the subject at hand...

For those who don't know, Di Nigunim is derived from Hebrew. A nigon is a simple wordless tune that is generally easy to remember (Oh, No! I've conned you into possibly learning something outside of school). These nigunim are usually sung with onomatopoeia: yiddle, deidle, didle or bim, bom, bim. Beware though, because once the nigunim picks up you'll find yourself unconsciously humming along, if not outright screaming mindlessly (and inevitably out of tune).

So far this band has put out one album produced by Drunken Goat Records, a label full of radical bands, electrifying acts, and great people. After four years of playing with a rotating line-up, blowing up the San Diego music scene and a temporary hiatus, I can only ask, when are they putting out their next record?

Check Them out:

<http://www.myspace.com/dernigunim>

http://drunkengoatrecords.com/Di_Nigunim.html

Daniel Kahn & The Painted Bird

For me, Daniel Kahn's music is careening manically eastward and backwards in time like a bad acid trip, towards home. Home in this case, is the place of my ancestors (on my mothers side of course, what a good Jew I must be): Eastern Europe. It's here that Daniel Kahn has rediscovered Jewish music as if it were a Torah buried for its own protection during the Holocaust. Music our grandparents hummed (they never could quite remember the lyrics), our parents never heard, and we are hearing as new.

The name Daniel Kahn & The Painted Bird, as you may have guessed, is partially derived from the novel of the same name by author Jerzy Kosinski. The Pied Pipers of the Shtetl, Daniel Kahn & The Painted Bird are bringing back Klezmer and infusing it with Dark Cabaret, Punk and the music of the Balkans. Several of these songs haven't been heard since the Fiddler on the Roof was a reality, rather than a Broadway play with catchy tunes ingrained into the collective unconscious of American society.

The third album *Lost Causes*, keeps the music new and doesn't

sound exactly like their older albums, as happened with past heroes of Eastern European Punk tradition, Gogol Bordello. This new album is more introspective than its two predecessors and one notable difference is the emphasis on what can only be called an anthropologist's wet dream- reviving an endangered sound and culture most thought dead, written and preserved in neat rows in some forgotten library, doomed to collect dust.

Daniel generally performs behind the garish mask of a bird with a large beak, while dressed like the rest of the band in a time warp straight from the smoky cabarets of a gay old pre-war Germany. Now, however, in a post-industrial playground for artists, Daniel Kahn & The Painted Bird have found a home both musically and literally overseas (sorry kids, they moved their show). Dropping the flowery language, Daniel Kahn & The Painted Bird sound like a more punk version of traditional klezmer and gypsy music. I don't mean Itzhak Perlman meets Crass or anything along those lines, more like a little more oomph in the Tuba, a little more rock in the accordion (who'd have thought rock meets accordion right?). There has also been an increasing amount of electric instruments with a psuedo-surf sound in their recent albums, which have helped to create something a little more unique.

The song March of the Jobless Corps (Arbetslozer Marsh) for instance, it's exemplary of their unique blend of old music with a modern edge.³ It begins with the forlorn signifier of klezmer- the clarinet, and quickly opens to the rest of the band, complete with accordion, upright bass, drums and trombone. The lyrics: one, two, three, four/ join the marching jobless corps/ we don't have to pay no rent/ sleeping in a camping tent/ dumpster diving don't take money/ every bite is shared with twenty.

They are still relevant today, to those affected by mass unemployment, hidden employment and to people like myself, who enjoy dumpster diving and sharing (and sometimes sharing dumpstered food without telling people, like I do with my parents). This version is markedly different as it is faster than older renditions, hence the hyphenated klezmer-punk. It's something appealing to younger generations and not solely to the Jewish community. This piece was

³ The music video will give you an idea of both how the band dresses and their music: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6KFVVKFxr6o>

written originally by Mordechai Gebirtig, that while not completely forgotten, has been reintroduced to the world, its revolutionary message and old sounds, born anew, still relevant for those of a Socialist persuasion.

If anything, it can be said of Daniel Kahn & The Painted Bird that they're creating a connection between the music of Jewish tradition (klezmer), the revolutionary Jewry of old (workers' Bund, Jewish Socialists, etc.) and today's generation, regardless of religious identity. So if you feel like rockin' to the accordion, jigging to the clarinet, or reliving a time we can only imagine, then yes, listen to Daniel Kahn & the Painted Bird.

Check them out:

<http://www.myspace.com/thepaintedbird>

<http://www.paintedbird.net/>

<http://www.danielkahn.com/> (Daniel's personal site)



Daniel Kahn
& The Painted Bird

The Broken Tongue
דאָס צעבראָכענע לשון

Used with the permission of Daniel Kahn & The Painted Bird

What's next?

Travel?

Grad school?



Job?

A Graphic Novella
Amberly Young



I'M AMBER! I'M REALLY CHEERFUL AND POSITIVE. I LIKE TALKING TO STRANGERS. I WEAR REALLY BRIGHT COLORS. I SMILE AT PEOPLE I PASS ON THE STREET.



THAT'S WHO I'M SUPPOSED TO BE. THAT'S WHAT I TELL MYSELF I AM. I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO BE INTROVERTED OR SAD, BORING OR UNINSPIRED. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE HAPPY ALL OF THE TIME.



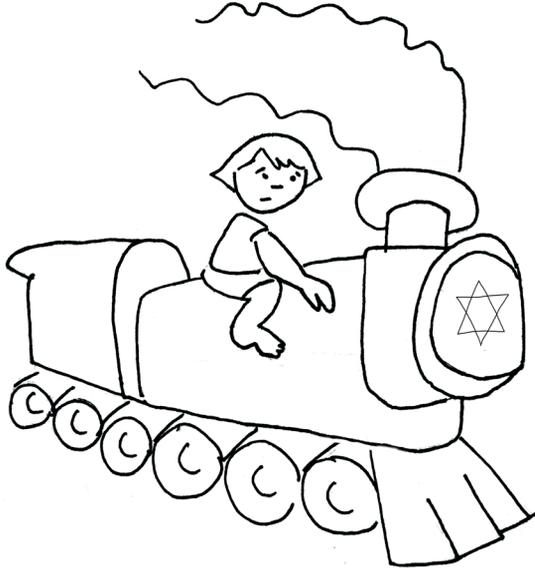
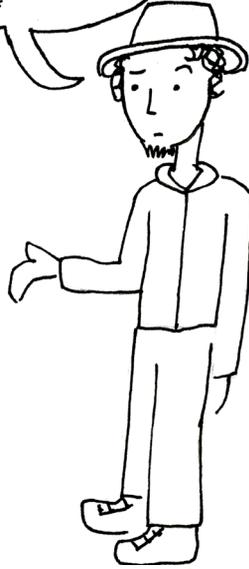
LATELY I'VE BEEN FEELING KIND OF LOST, KIND OF STUPID. TIRED. BURNT OUT.



I FIND MYSELF LACKING THE ENERGY TO BE THE GRINNING BALL OF ENTHUSIASM THAT PEOPLE KNOW ME AS.



Amber, there's usually exclamation points after everything you say, but now there's only periods. What's up with that?



I'M COMING TO THE END OF MY COLLEGE CAREER. WHY AM I LOSING STEAM NOW? SENIORITIS? IDENTITY CRISIS?



PASSOVER JUST ENDED, AND I DIDN'T FAST OR ATTEND A SEDER. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I HAVEN'T CELEBRATED.



I LOOK AT THE GRAPHIC NOVEL I WROTE LAST QUARTER AND CRINGE. WAS I REALLY THAT FUCKING POSITIVE?



THE TRUTH IS IT'S NOT THAT EASY.
YOU CAN'T JUST DRAW A HAMMER
POUNDING AWAY AT ALL YOUR INSECURITIES
AND EXPECT THEM TO DISAPPEAR.



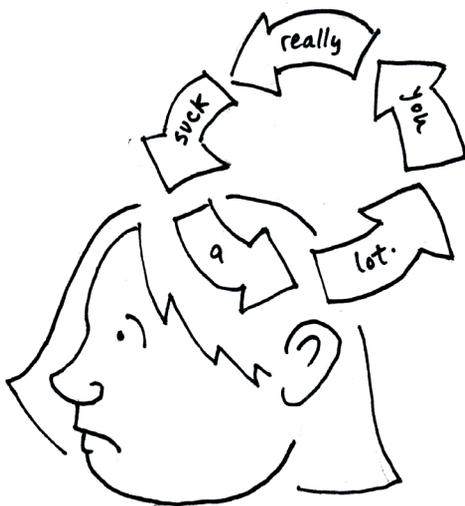
LATELY I'VE BEEN FEELING LIKE
EVERYTHING I DO IS WORTHLESS. FOR
INSTANCE, WHY ARE CREATIVE STORIES
SO IMPORTANT?



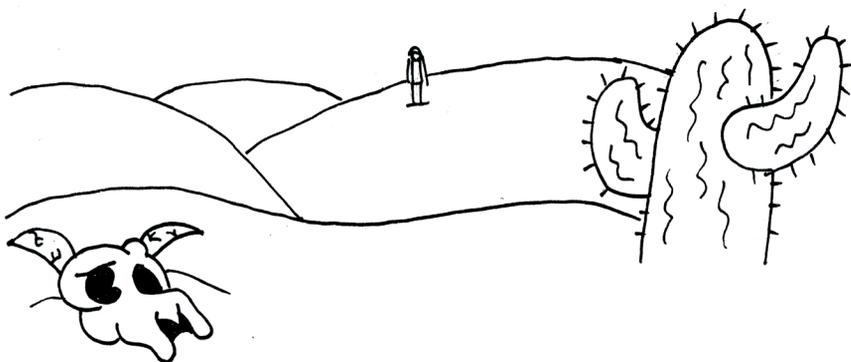
SOMETIMES I FIND MYSELF GETTING ANGRY AND FRUSTRATED AS I'M READING.



THE SAME THING HAPPENS WHEN I WRITE. THEN I GET INTO META-THINKING - THINKING ABOUT THINKING - AND REALIZE HOW ANNOYED I AM WITH MY OWN STIFLING THOUGHTS.



I'M CAUGHT IN THIS CYCLE OF NEGATIVE THINKING.



WHEN WILL I ESCAPE? HOPEFULLY SOON, BECAUSE I'M ABOUT TO GRADUATE. I'M NOT SURE HOW I'M SUPPOSED TO FEEL ABOUT IT, BUT I CAN'T AVOID IT...

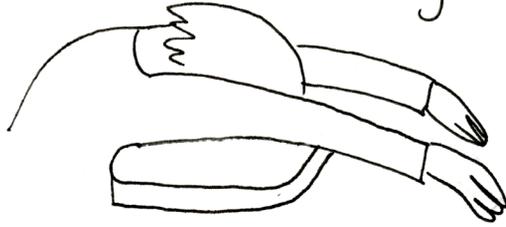


THIS IS IT. IT'S ALMOST OVER.
JUST A FEW MORE WEEKS, AND
I'LL BE GONE.



NO MORE FOREST. NO MORE OCEAN.
NO MORE DEER GRAZING IN THE FIELD.

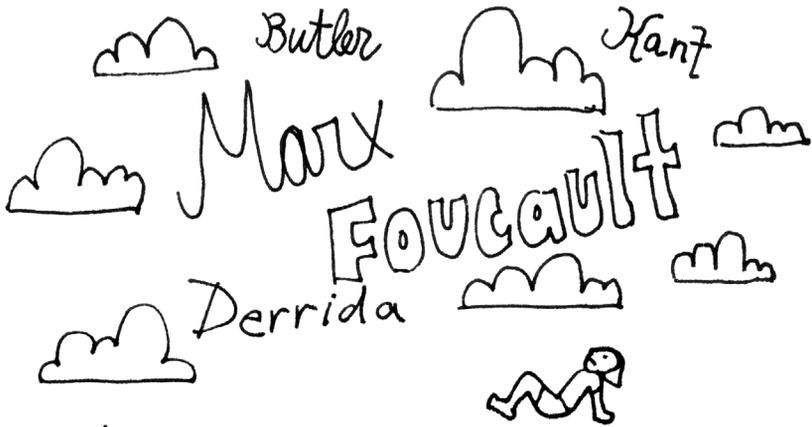
Blaaargh....



IT'S ALMOST OVER, AND I'M
FEELING KIND OF EMPTY.



HAVE I LEARNED ANYTHING? CAN I
REMEMBER THE BOOKS I READ LAST
QUARTER? CAN I RECALL THE CLASSES
I TOOK FRESHMEN YEAR? WHAT WAS
THE NAME OF THAT ONE THEORIST?



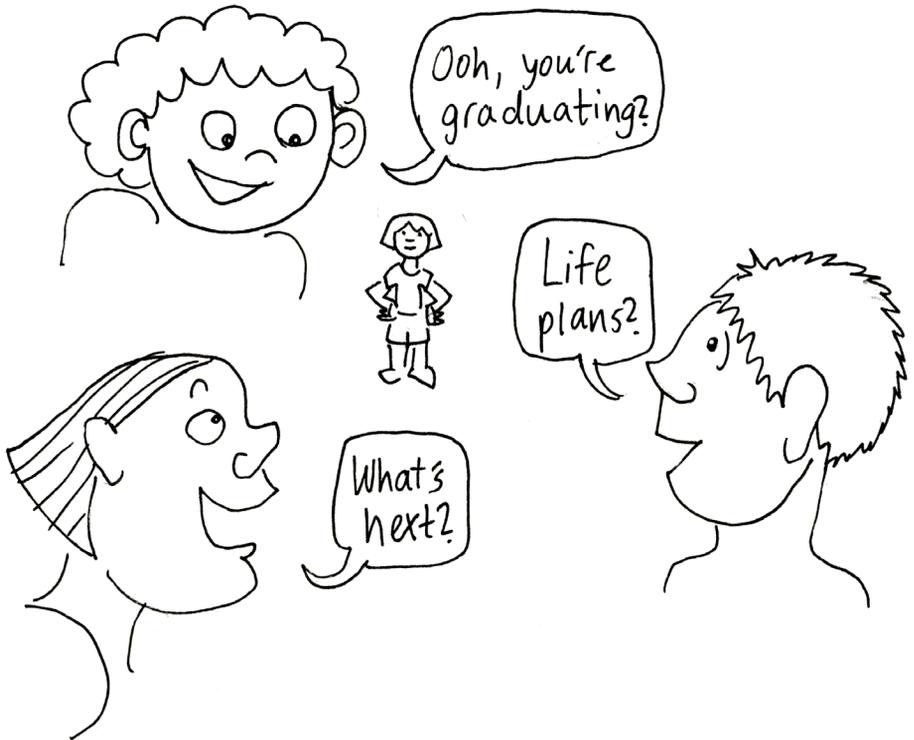
NAMES SWIM IN CIRCLES INSIDE MY HEAD. WHO IS WHO? WHO WROTE WHAT? WHY DOES IT MATTER?



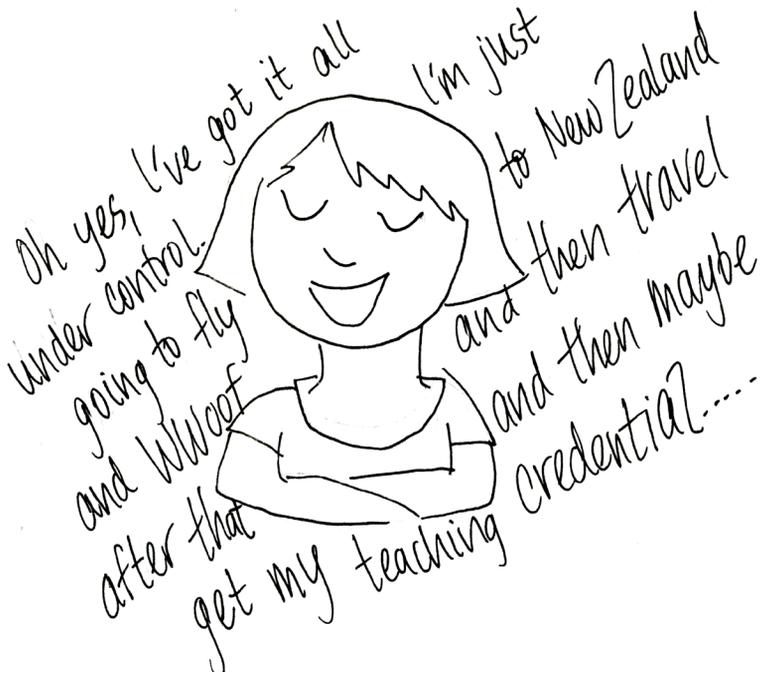
ALL I DO ANYMORE IS READ AND WRITE AND EDIT. WHEN I READ FOR FUN, I FEEL GUILTY, LIKE I SHOULD BE READING SOMETHING FOR ONE OF MY CLASSES.



RIGHT NOW I FIND MYSELF BALANCING ON THE EDGE OF A BIG CHANGE, HOLDING ON TO MY FINAL FEW WEEKS AT SANTA CRUZ, TRYING TO MAINTAIN MY SANITY. PEOPLE KEEP ASKING:

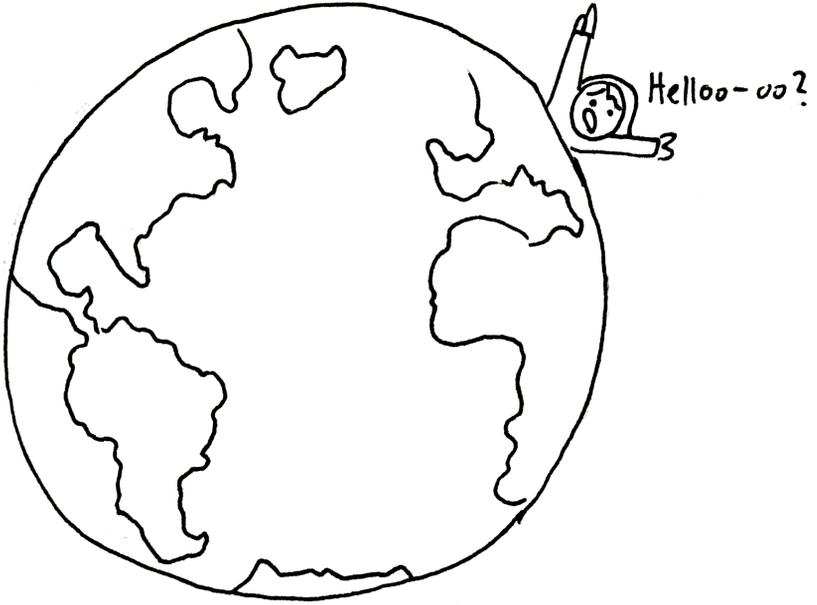


THIS IS WHAT I SAY:



THIS IS WHAT I'M THINKING:





WHO KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN
NEXT? WHERE I'LL BE? WHAT
I'LL BE DOING?

(explanations are for cowards)

Brian Nickerson

come up for air together
steel toes pickax our shins
elbows jackhammer our spines
limelight blinding like a prison break
teeth grit throat squeeze howl like
you mean it and submerge again
taste that sweat swamp kick stomp
every body one flexed muscle
clasped hands into balled fists

(I see no nouns now I only see verbs)

above us: sound systems sonic boom
above us: subwoofers thunderclap
before us: seething blackness
before us: state of nature
between us: emergency exit
between us: now or never

(either giggle like a buzzsaw or
choke on your own astonishment)

this is how their walls will crumble.
this is how locked doors swing wide.
this is how we'll finally escape:
wild smiles and no apologies,
wild eyes and no explanations,
intoxicated, illuminated,
possessed by the thrill of the hunt.



Andrew Dunnigan

My Jewish Grandfather: The Life of Leo

Robbie Pleasant

Take a moment to think of some historically influential Jews. You may think of Woody Allen, Elie Wiesel, or Albert Einstein. The first person I think of, however, is not anyone you'll see in history books, but someone whose story is still worth telling; someone who has had a personal and important impact on my life. I'm talking about none other than my grandfather, Leo Schweitzer.

Leo was born in Lodz, Poland as Lolek Schweitzer. In 1939, before he was even in his teens, he and his family were forced into the ghetto, where he had his Bar Mitzvah. Three years later, they were taken away to Auschwitz. My grandfather spent years imprisoned in the camp and was deprived of human rights, barely surviving. He was separated from all of his family, save for his brother. Finally, as the war ended, and after the notorious death march, they were liberated.

Yet life could never return to the way it was for Lolek. His family was torn apart, and the home in which he once lived was no longer his. In a stroke of good fortune, he and his brother were reunited with their father after the war, though they were the lucky few; most of his family was gone. In the early 1950's, he moved to America, and as Leo Schweitzer, began building himself a new life.

When he came to the United States, Leo worked miscellaneous jobs. He spent some time working as a tool and dye maker, then as a truck driver in New York. Those who have attempted to drive in New York City can attest to the fact that this is no mere feat. While he spent the days working and helping support his father, he took classes at night, studying diligently to learn English.

Over the course of several years, he became an American citizen. Leo was always athletic, and continued his interest in sports, such as tennis and soccer, living a healthy, active lifestyle. He married my grandmother, Constance, and had three children: Blair, Lisa, and Dan. Leo co-owned JAM Knitting Mills, a sweater factory in Brooklyn, where he was known for treating his workers with a fairness and humanity uncommon for that time; so much so that

a relaxing life with his wife, spending the winters in Florida and the summers in New York.

For as long as I've known him (which, suffice to say, is all my life), my grandfather has been a constant source of kindness and inspiration. I've gained much from him, from tennis skills to the ability to mimic a Yiddish accent, but most of all an unbreakable spirit. He's survived much and overcome many obstacles throughout his life, which has made his story one worth remembering and passing on. He still has many years ahead of him, and each year I look forward to visiting him. Leo Schweitzer, my grandfather, has always remained, and will always be, the loving, caring man I'm proud to call family.



Anonymous

Jewish Xylem and Academic Phloem: My Life as a Plant Physiologist

Lauren Spitz

After living my entire life in or around Philadelphia (and college in upstate New York), I got accepted to graduate school at UC Santa Cruz. I was excited to relive the epic tale of the forefathers of this country, “Go west!” I had no idea that California was going to be so different from Philadelphia. It’s the same country. We eat the same food and drive the same cars. We’re all Americans, right?! Yet I had no idea how far apart the east and west coasts of this country actually were until I drove the entire length last September.

Luckily I did some research before the big move and knew there was a local Chabad house associated with the university. I arrived to town just in time for Yom Kippur services and had my first Californian Jewish experience praying and fasting all day with a whole congregation of people I didn’t know. Still, the holiday was meaningful, as the High Holidays always are, and as soon as the first Shabbos came around, I made my way to the rabbi’s house for Friday Night Live Shabbat dinner. I introduced myself to the first girl I saw and found out that it was her first time at this Shabbos dinner also. I made my first friend in California! I soon found out that the rabbi and rabbitzen were from Brooklyn, NY... fellow east-coasters! The familiar New York accent and attitude was music to my ears after being inundated with Californian coolness upon my arrival.

I have spent nearly every Shabbos since September with my first Californian friend, the Chabad rabbi, rabbitzen, and their children. The warm and welcoming family atmosphere has provided me with endless comfort and reassurance. I miss my family and friends from home so much, but I look forward to the home-cooked meal, spiritual renewal, and family atmosphere every week at the UCSC Chabad Student Center. It has given me the platform with which to live the rest of



Megan Susman

my life, which, these days, consists of one main thing: plants!

I am currently a first year graduate student working on plant eco-physiology. I am particularly interested in studying the effects of edaphic (soil) constraints and nutrient deficiencies on plant physiology and vegetative community assemblies. I plan to use pygmy redwood trees found here on campus as well as a pygmy conifer forest in Mendocino County as my study system to explore how extreme nutrient deficiency can affect plant growth, photosynthesis, transpiration, and community ecology.

For a quick review of plant physiology, xylem and phloem are the transporters of water and nutrients in vascular plants. Xylem conduits are typically large, strong tube-like structures that transport water from the roots up to the leaves and oftentimes function to provide support to the plant. Phloem is typically composed of more numerous, smaller tubes that carry nutrients. Phloem relies on water from the xylem to load and unload these nutrients, and therefore is always found right next to the xylem. Plant survival is dependent upon reliable sources of both water and nutrients.

In this respect, Judaism is like my xylem and graduate school is my phloem. Religion has provided me with the structural support and essential hydration necessary to learn and grow in other areas of life, just as xylem provides water for plants so that they may grow and carry out other processes too. Graduate school provides me with the food and nutrients for my mind, just as phloem provides nutrients in plants. The foundation of my academic life is rooted in and reliant upon my spirituality, just as phloem is dependent upon xylem in plants.

To make the whole plant function properly, it needs both nutrients and water. In the same way, Judaism, as my xylem, is enhanced by my academic phloem as well. An essential part of Judaism is *tikkun olam*, to do your part to make the world a better place. I believe that my purpose is to study plant ecology and by pursuing this academic endeavor, by focusing on the phloem in my life, I am enhancing my connection to my Jewish xylem and increasing my overall performance. If I can learn something new about plants and share this knowledge, then perhaps I can contribute to a better understanding of this beautifully complex world that He created.

Short Attention Span Poetry

Noah Miska

Being an Individual (dedicated to you)

Individual
is having physical form
and Your unique thoughts

Being a Collective (dedicated to everyone, including you)

Collective is You
and other You's with effects
that help or hurt You

Being the Government (dedicated to the anarcho-pacifists)

The Government is
two words, and the rules You choose
to (not?) comply with

Being Free Will (dedicated to Immanuel Kant and Henry David Thoreau)

Being free Will is
You as the whole Universe
writing its own Life

Being $E=mc^2$ (dedicated to Albert Einstein and J. Robert Oppenheimer)

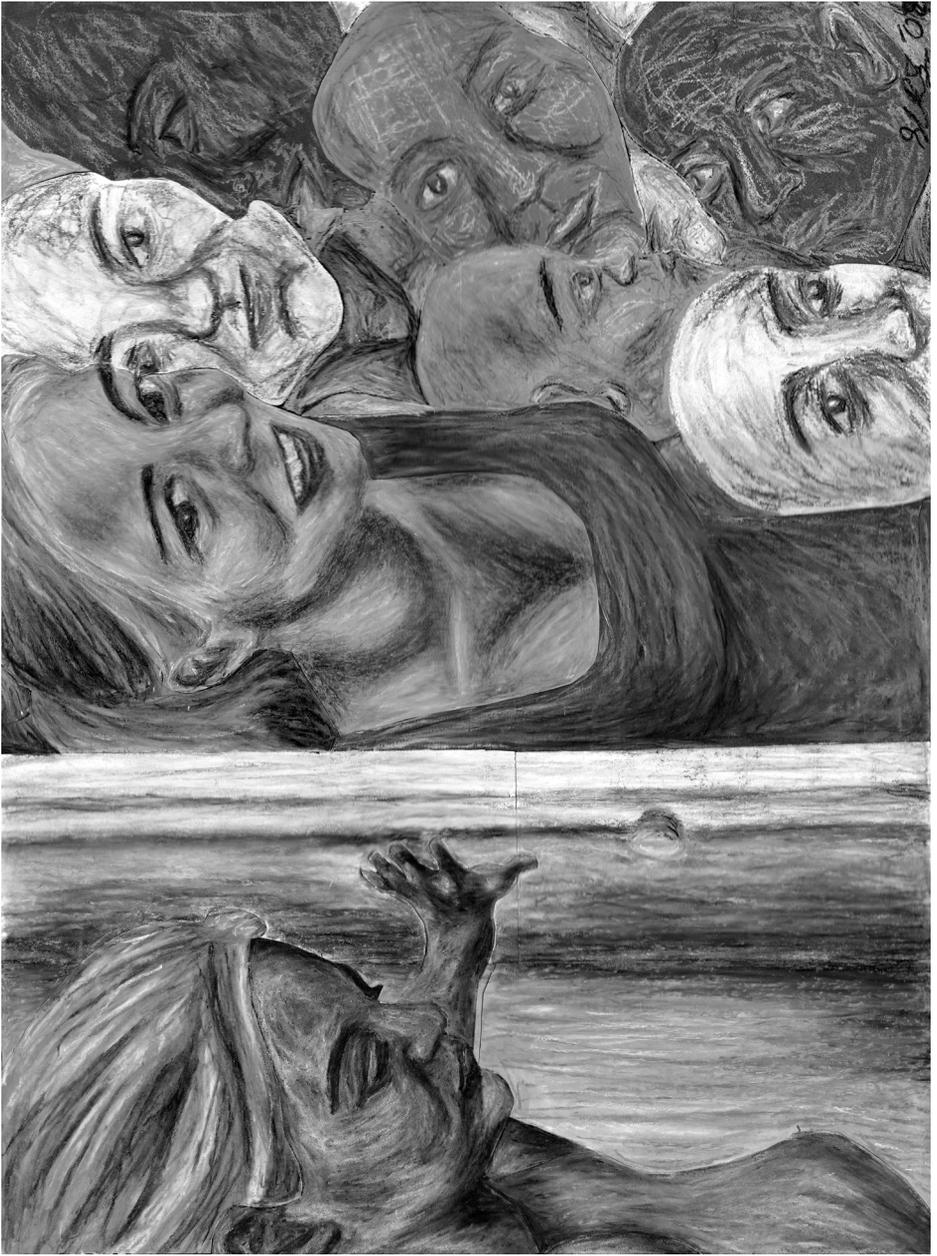
Relativity
is Oneness and Division
all rolled into One.

Being Life (dedicated to you, and to my family)

Everything is
alive, always, and You will
(not?) always be so

Being Thought (dedicated to René Descartes)

Thought takes up no space
or all space, and things like that
are questionable



Savyonne Steindler

Golem Dreams

Megan Susman

I dreamt of a golem, once.

In the pre-dawn light, spires of a skeletal city rose above my head, the wind shrieking through gaps of tortured metal and crumbled concrete. On empty streets, roots burst through asphalt and clung to deflated tires. The world sparkled with broken glass. I was alone. Or rather, I was nearly alone. Sparrows flitted through half-opened windows and bowed acacia trees, mice climbed along distended rainspouts, and a lone tomcat watched me from the gum-stained sidewalk. My breath came ragged and fast. All of man's creations were lost to the wild patience of nature.

I walked towards the rising sun.

On the outskirts of the unnameable city, an oily trickle of a river overflowed its banks, potato chip bags and plastic cups floated on its murky surface. The farther upstream I traveled, the clearer the water became. Sticks and rocks choked the swelling stream, instead of the hundreds of Hostess® wrappers and urine-soaked cardboard landmarks that had previously marked my path. The sun beat brighter and clearer, I could feel its rays pound heavy on my skin. I walked with my eyes closed and head upturned, seeing the red of blood behind my eyelids. I was alive, so very alive.

A deep inhalation later, I opened my eyes. I was standing in a clearing by the river's banks, next to a grove of willow trees. The branches whispered to each other as I approached. Under the curtain of leaves, a potter's wheel stood perfect and empty. A book lay upturned in the grass; all of its pages were blank. I walked to the edge of the river and held some of its clay in my hands. My fingers grew hungry, insatiable. I scooped the clay by the fistful onto the front of my shirt until it sagged and threatened to tear with the weight. I deposited the entire lump on top of the wheel and started to spin it. Around and around, my thumbs cut grooves of creation into the formless mass, breathing life into the unliving. The clay stretched and grew, narrowed and broadened, and soon the figure of a man towered above me.

Slowly, as if his mud knees were melting into his mud calves, he crouched. The blunt features of his face swayed and puckered,

asking a question. I pressed my palm against his forehead and when I removed my hand, a naked man, of flesh and blood, sat before me.

“What am I?” he asked.

My throat closed and I could not speak.

“Who are you?” he asked, a little softer. He lifted his eyes to the tree branches, the clearing, the book, the river.

“Can you speak?” he asked with a touch of sympathy.

I tried to talk, but I felt the pressure of the river’s current in my throat, the stones and dirt and debris in my lungs. I could not say a word if my life depended on it, and at that moment, I was sure my life did.



Muriel Gordon

“Do not be afraid, I understand. I too, have known what it is like not to speak. In the time before this moment, I slept, always. The world went by in fits of drought and floods, sun and moon.

For eons, I felt the stirring of life around me, amoebic, amphibian, reptilian, avian, mammalian. And then, recently, a lurch. A trembling. The world was blasted apart, torn through and through by elements of its own creation. Particles of life and matter slipped off the face of the globe to join the vastness of the universe. I trembled within myself with the desire to stop it all. I wanted to pause the tearing through the power of words, a magic older than the stars and now filtered through modern lips. And yet....”

He stood with no embarrassment for his naked form and peered into the distance, towards the ruins of the city.

“And yet, I am too late. Words cannot save what has already been done. It is a time for action, a time to *do*. Words may be used to now inspire hope, motivate dreams into a reality. But words will not fix this.” He gestured to the world as a whole, his arm heavy with sentiment.

I too, felt heavy. Slowed and gray, I sank to the ground, kneeling at the golem’s feet. He bent over me, the sun behind his head so I could not see the details of his face, just the outline of his form.

“It is time for you to sleep, little one. This world is not your world any longer. I have been made from the earth, for the Earth. I will do what has to be done to strike a new balance. Time is on my side, and your mortal clock has ticked its last.”

He pressed his fingers to my eyelids and the world flashed a painful series of pale greens and swollen purples. And then the relief of darkness took over.

I dreamt of a golem, once.



Amberly Young

Random Ramblings X: The Friendly Neighborhood Jew's Farewell

Robbie Pleasant

Well, dear readers, this is it. This is the last *Random Ramblings From Your Friendly Neighborhood Jew* that I'll write. It's amazing how what started out in my first issue as a quick way to fill my article quota turned into an editorial that I enjoyed writing every quarter, and to those of you who were along for the ride, I hope you enjoyed it too.

When I started writing for *Leviathan*, I was a sad, scared Freshman, tired of being a shut-in and desperate for any kind of human interaction. Eager to make a good first impression on the staff, all of whom were experienced and familiar with each other, I wrote my first article, detailing the Jewish cartoon characters and references to Judaism in animated media. I probably spent more time on that than I did on most of my essays for classes, but it was well worth it. From then on, I had my place in the *Leviathan* staff.

Now here I am, the staff writer with enough seniority over my colleagues to act like a grouchy old man, and about to make my curtain call, like so many others have done before me. I've seen *Leviathan* change hands between many chief editors, and watched its direction shift between themes and ideas like an indecisive compass, but it's always remained a friendly environment where people can write about issues or subjects that appeal to them. I hope that it will remain that way once I'm gone, and I'm sure that it will. It's been quite a ride, but everything has a beginning and an end, and the end of my reign as your friendly neighborhood Jew is near. To those of you who've read my ramblings over these past few years, I hope you've enjoyed it as much as I have.

My time at UC Santa Cruz has had its ups and downs. The ups were pretty good, and the downs were downright depressingly bad, but life has a way of working out eventually, sometimes with a little hard work, and sometimes with a good amount of luck. You have the chance to pursue your interests, so make the best of it, whether you like the arts, the outdoors, or just geeking out like me. I may not have been too involved with the supposed "college life" here, but I still used my time to do what I enjoy. You have the chance to do

that too, don't let it pass you by. If you are like I once was, new and alone in an unfamiliar place, know that there's always a way to make things better, I'm proof of that. Once you find your place and find yourself, you can also find happiness.

So that's it. That's all I have left to say. The torch of the Friendly Neighborhood Jew is ready to be passed. Thank you, my readers, for sticking with me until the end. I'm ready to take my bow and exit the stage.

Wait a second, I almost forgot! What's up with TV shows still using the nerd stereotype? Haven't we gotten past that point? We've finally reclaimed the words "nerd" and "geek," why hasn't television caught up?



Amberly Young



Leviathan Staff



A naughty mouse

Aaron Giannini was born and raised in West Philadelphia, where he spent most of his days on the playground. After a traumatic event with a couple of troublesome guys who were making trouble in his neighborhood, his mom got scared and sent him to live with his uncle and auntie. If anything, I'd say his story was rare.

Aaron White is destined for lower-middle management in a hexagon, not a cubicle. When not smuggling sloths south of the border, he is snuggling with them, or making sex toys. (He misses Alexandria Vickery).

Amberly Young Amberly Young hates word games. "Yo, my bagel run!" Amberly Young. My rugby, alone. Burly yoga men. Gay bony lemur. Angry Yule Mob. Yam Born Gluey . . . nay mroe qeutsonis? (She also misses Alexandria Vickery).

Ethan Tratner is now graduating and running off into the wild blue yonder. He plans on taking some time off but eventually going to graduate school to study history. But he will always remember *Leviathan* and the friends he made.

Megan Susman has enjoyed herself immensely as a first and last time member of the *Leviathan* staff. She is leaving with the knowledge of where the Leviathan sleeps and will spend this next year pursuing the creature across the seven seas.

Nate Rogers is a 3rd year Literature major at UC Santa Cruz. He doesn't like Springsteen as much as you think he does. Maybe.

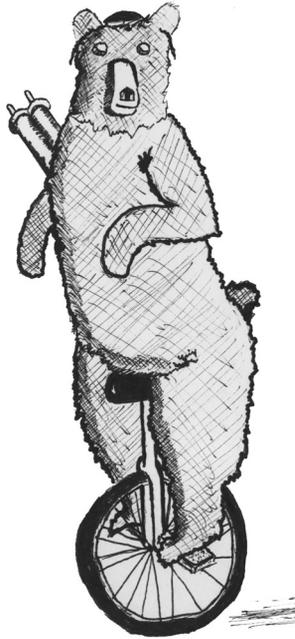
When **Oren Gotesman** isn't fighting fire-breathing dragons or performing benefit concerts to help innocent kittens, he enjoys his position of Head Sass Muffin for *Leviathan*.

Prescott Watson was not sure if, as a non-Jew, he could write for *Leviathan*. His excellent blog that tracks the eye-wear of world leaders won the Editor-in-Chief over. The blog is not public.

This is **Robbie Pleasant's** last quarter at UCSC and *Leviathan*. He's proud of all the time he's spent writing for this magazine and has hidden clues to the hidden treasure in each of his articles over these past four years. Good luck!

Savoyonne Steindler is a junior majoring in Anthropology and Jewish Studies. She is sure May 21st will be Judgment Day and by the time you're reading this the world will be ending and the issues discussed in this journal will no longer have any relevance. Cheers!

Shani Chabansky is an ultra hedonist, cultural Jew, critical Zionist, mostly vegetarian, traditional feminist, artistic anthropologist, skeptical journalist, religious musician and eternal romantic. Handle with care. (She misses Alexandria Vickery, too).



Leviathan Jewish Journal is a student-run, quarterly publication at UC Santa Cruz. We publish articles on Jewish culture and politics, as well as arts and commentary of interest to our community.

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Leviathan is currently seeking staff members. All UC Santa Cruz students are welcome to join Leviathan Staff or contribute to the publication.

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