



Handwritten text in a cursive script, possibly Hebrew or Arabic, located at the top left of the page. The characters are dark and somewhat obscured by the ink blot below them.

LEVIATHAN

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Pieces of Matzah

The following have been reprinted with permission from the editor. Copies of Matzah, a student creative writing and art publication, can be purchased at the Baytree Bookstore, Bookshop Santa Cruz, or write to Leviathan, Box 13, Student Center.



Alex Grishaver

love poem to a grand woman

Sara Eve Roseman

When you walk in
in turquoise silk, long coat
trailing
and sit down next to me at
some distant cousin's wedding
you scoot your chair in, closer
to me
so I can feel your warmth.

An aunt's friend, maybe, your
hair speckled with grey
like an artist's portfolio case
head full of paintings.
Crinkly eyes that look
straight at me when we talk.
Sharing the same views on
Bella Abzug and E.M. Broner
Spike Lee and
Michelle Shocked.
No, you have no kids, just
a dog and a bird
In publishing, or maybe you
work in a bookstore.

Your smile when the photog-
rapher comes around to take
our table
is sly, knowing.

We dance together, drunk on
champagne, Hora around
until we are so out of breath
from laughing and hora-ing we
have to sit down, arms around
each other
the photographer finds us
and freezes us on the
paper
stuck in the demi-embrace of
newfound friends
or
maybe lovers

I sit on the plastic coated,
foam cushioned chair with
cold metal legs against my
nylons, and dream of holding
you
close, tracing your body with
my hands, breathing into your
gray-speckled hair
I could pretend we are lovers
taking solace from the
russian winters, or you ger-
trude stein to my alicetoklas,
you from oakland and reciting
rhythmic repetitive rhymes.

But the last cab is leaving the
hotel, and I have to get
back to California, you to your
flat in the Village where
you publish and sell books.
We hug goodbye, exchange
addresses, and I promise I will
send you my writing, but I
never do.

Never do I forget your
graceful back, hearty laugh,
crinkly eyes with something
behind them. I long to meet
your dog and your bird.
And I dream soft dreams
about grand women lovers
with flats in the Village out of
Gertrude Stein.

I LOOK MORE PERFECT THAN HITLER

Helen Polyak

No one knew that I was a Jew.
Who knew that under the sea
blue eyes and gold blond hair
lived
the soul of my Jewish
ancestors?
Who knew?
They told jokes of Jewish greed
and laughed.
Never knowing that they
laughed at me.
I felt my ancestors weep each
time that I remained silent.
Who knew that I had studied
Torah, Talmud and Mishna in my
youth?
"Are you English, French or
GERMAN?" they asked.
I fancied myself with thoughts
that I could look Aryan.
I wore no Star of David.
No name tag of my Jewish-
ness.
I was only myself.
"Jewish," I replied for the first
time.

Just a Book Report

Rachel Strauss

I cut a six pointed star
outta yellow cardboard
and pinned it
to my sleeve.

I sat
under the sink
chin resting on my knees
and read.
Hiding.

"Look auntie!"
I hollered.
"I'm Anne Frank."

She wept
into her hands.
Leaning on her forearms
numbered
0796233

"Don't cry," I whispered.
It's only a story.
Just a book report.

(I got an A.)

untitled

Natasha Zaretsky

I stand still.
Shocked by documents
of degradation.
a young Jewish school boy
shamed in front of his class-
mates.
a rabbi belittled on a city
street.

these wartime images leave me
distracted.

A day later.
I sit on ageless steps.
a Palestinian boy is being
harrassed
by Israeli soldiers.
quick slaps on the face; jagged
pokes on the shoulder
what will the state do to
"save" its skin?

I am reminded, of young
Jewish school boys,
innocent men,
and documents
that I was never meant to see.

I consider "justified" violence.
I consider the weapon of
humiliation
and I weep; and I understand
at once
the movement from pain
to hatred.



Dena Schuckit

CONTENTS

Pieces of Matzah.....		p. 2
One, Two, Three, What Are We Fighting For?	Editorial	p. 4
	Ilya Berger.....	p. 4
Memories of War	Marissa Greenberg.....	p. 5
IAC Sets Ambitious Goals		p. 5
Not Just Sugarplum Fairies	David Feder	p. 6
Childhood Prayers that No One Heard	Helen Polyak	p. 8
Prayers Remembered	Marissa Greenberg.....	p. 9
To Barbra With Love	Alexandra J. Wall	p. 10
Behind Locked Doors	Debra Goldstein	p. 11
Events and Organizations You Can't Live Without		p.12

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Hey you freaks out there!!

Those of you dedicated to *Leviathan*, may notice that a few things are different in this issue. Due to changes at City on a Hill Press, we are a little late with our fall quarter issue (so late, in fact, that as you may have noticed, it is now Winter quarter). The issue may look a bit different as well. Most importantly, *we* are different. Many of the people that you have come to know and love have graduated or moved onward to other things. Which means that *Leviathan's* editorial and production staff is relatively new, and we are still working a few things out. Hopefully we have been successful in integrating our various personal backgrounds in this issue. We are also still a *little* understaffed, so we have more openings for new editors, writers, illustrators, poets, and production staff.

If you are reading *Leviathan* for the first time and are interested in helping out, having fun, and gaining valuable experience, please give us a call. Or, if you are one of the many readers who pick up the paper and say, "Gee, it would be nice to get involved," or, "Gosh and golly, I have a story that I'd like to see in print," now is the time. Act now before it's too late, and you will receive a complimentary copy of the latest issue of *Leviathan*.

Seriously now, if you should have even the slightest bit of interest in working with a great paper and some terrific people, call us and find out more!

Call David at 425-0938, Marissa at 426-1975,
or Helen at 429-5385,

or send us any material you have to Box 13 at the Student Center
(you know, that big building by Baskin Arts...).

—Thanks!

One, Two, Three, What are We Fighting For?

EDITORIAL

Americans have become accustomed to simplifying international incidents, a process that makes us ignorant and dangerous. Now that we are faced with a very real threat of large-scale war, we don't quite know what to do. George Bush brought a half-million of our soldiers to Saudi Arabia long before he, 535 members of Congress and 250 million Americans could figure out why. What the hell are we doing in Saudi Arabia? There is certainly no consensus in Washington. Justifications have included the defense of American allies, stopping the maniacal new Hitler, the protection of American jobs. The list continues: we have to restore the Kuwaiti monarchy, keep oil prices low, restore a regional balance of power and establish a precedent for American foreign policy in the 1990's.

All of these reasons have some validity. But it is the last that merits the most attention. Should our hulking, corrupt and socially and economically bank-

rupt society maintain its place as the policeman of the world's evils? Certainly there is justification for confrontation of Saddam Hussein, an unquestionably despicable and dangerous man. There is even justification for our direct military presence; we have been invited by the Saudi government, albeit when our planes were already in their air. Nevertheless, is there justification for war? Can we sacrifice

30,000 or more human lives primarily to maintain the system that brought us the tragedies of Grenada, Nicaragua, Panama, and, lest we forget, Vietnam? The answer must be no.

The most basic principle of every theory about the morality of war argues for caution. Quite simply, war is a last resort, to be used only when all other means fail. President Bush has spent countless billions preparing for

this war, but virtually nothing to actually prevent it. After weeks of quibbling over a time and place to meet, Bush is surprised that negotiations in the last possible week have fallen through. Bush is too impatient to "kick some ass" to give sanctions a chance to work and too closed-minded to consider other alternatives. The threat of war is so terrible that Bush should consider talking about

anything, including Hussein's asinine and preposterous linkage of his crimes to the Palestinian problem.

Instead of staying within our mandate as one of a group of United Nations representatives trying to ensure stability in the region, the Gulf Crisis has turned into the George and Saddam Show. Our involvement is justified because legitimate American concerns are at stake. But our concerns should be viewed within a framework of international stability and the collective security of those at risk. This moderation has clearly not been the case.

The Gulf Crisis has become a personal conflict between a traditional global hegemon and a brutal expansionist dictator, each slamming the doors to peace behind him as fast as possible. In light of Saddam Hussein's history this should not be a surprise. But we must insist on a higher standard from our own leaders before they send our own friends, relatives and brothers and sisters to die for a world order we can neither afford nor justify. ○



OPINION

BY ILYA BERGER

Recently, a teach-in organized by the Resource Center for Non-violence, and a march/rally organized by the Students for Social Responsibility have responded to our military buildup in Saudi Arabia. Unfortunately, most of these events have advocated one position -- our immediate withdrawal from the Middle East. Their arguments are familiar: "No war for \$1.10 a gallon," "Blood and oil do not mix," "Hands off the Middle East," and so on. These arguments raise a legitimate question: should we fight a war for a few cents at the pump? The answer is clear, no we should not. And we are not going to.

So, why are we there and what are our objectives? First, and undoubtedly most important for the US government, is oil. Not for its own sake and certainly not for the sake of a few cents at the pump. The cause lies deeper. I would remind the peace activists that a very small percentage of oil goes to fuel automobiles. The lion's share goes for such vital aspects of our economy as electricity, chemicals, polymers and aviation fuel. We should realize that we are dependent on

this oil. An oil embargo of the dimensions Saddam Hussein will be able to inflict on us if he is allowed to succeed will bring our economy to a near halt. It will cause immediate price hikes for almost all products (all industries use electricity). Shortages of oil will also mean shortages of other goods, increased unemployment and a potential recession. An embargo would not only affect the United States, but also oil-dependent economies such as Japan and the European Community. Third-world countries will suffer even more. A worldwide recession is not unforeseeable.

Imagine the blackmailing power Mr. Hussein will enjoy. I can just hear him say, "I will sell you oil at \$25 a barrel and a couple of nuclear bombs, or make it \$20 if you withdraw support from Israel." Unless you think that Mr. Hussein is a nice guy, or that nobody would be tempted by such a proposal I ask you to think about the situation. Imagine this power coupled with a million-man army equipped with nuclear and chemical weapons. Who do you think his next target would be then? Iran, Syria, Turkey, any more guesses? My bet would be Israel, which already possess a nuclear arsenal which they will

use if faced with a threat of destruction. Are we willing to witness a nuclear war in the Middle East without taking action? If Europe and the Soviet Union are faced with nuclear fallout clouds in the near proximity, should they stand by and do nothing? I do not think so, and you can rest assured that intervention at that point will be even more bloody and costly.

These are not the only arguments for intervention now. Peace activists seem to forget about the Kuwaiti people. Activists who oppose a war ignore the fact that it has already started and people are already dying. The only difference is that Americans are not involved and in that case who cares? We should. If all the anti-war propaganda has prevented you from learning anything about the fate of the people under Iraqi occupation, then let me educate you: Iraq occupied the country and brutally destroyed the small army of Kuwait in six hours. It has killed, raped, and tortured thousands of Kuwaiti civilians. Organizers of the rallies and teach-ins will not tell you all this, but they will tell you that the borders of Kuwait have been drawn by the imperialists and colonialists. Does that justify the invasion? All the borders in

question were accepted by the Arab league, which voted to condemn the occupation. Iraq charged that Kuwait exceeded its oil production quotas and hurt the Iraqi economy, already depressed by Iraq's eight-year long war with Iran. Does that justify the invasion? That kind of logic would lead to a justification of dropping a couple more bombs on Japan to stop it from unfairly closing its markets to US goods.

Our presence in Saudi Arabia is to prevent Saddam Hussein from undermining our economic stability; to prevent him from acquiring nuclear weapons; waging war on his neighbors; and to protect the people of both Kuwait and Saudi Arabia. These are all important, and it does not matter which was a primary consideration in the government's decision to act, for all of them are being accomplished.

The current crisis reveals the problem with the American peace movement in general. It is admirable, but farfetched in its goal. Peace on earth has come to mean peace at any cost. But there are things worth fighting for. Economic security for the United States and the entire world in general is among them, as are deterring aggression, liberating occupied countries

and protecting our allies. But most peace activists' demands always amount to the U.S. withdrawal from the conflict. This kind of isolationist attitude has already cost us millions of lives in the first two World Wars and other conflicts that could have been prevented or mitigated by timely U.S. intervention. It is time for us to think of ourselves as living in the world community where war or peace are not measured in American lives but in the human lives. ○

Leviathan, an independent Jewish voice of students of the University of California, Santa Cruz, is published three times a year. *Leviathan* is a member of the Jewish Student Press Service. *Leviathan* is not an official publication of the University, its Board of Regents, or its administrators. All signed articles represent the opinions of the authors, and do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors and staff. Editors reserve the right to edit all articles and letters. Submissions should be mailed to *Leviathan*, Student Center Box 13, University of California, Santa Cruz, CA 95064. Submissions should include name, phone number, and mailing address of the author.

Memories of War

THE VIETNAM VETERANS MEMORIAL AND THE IMPENDING WAR

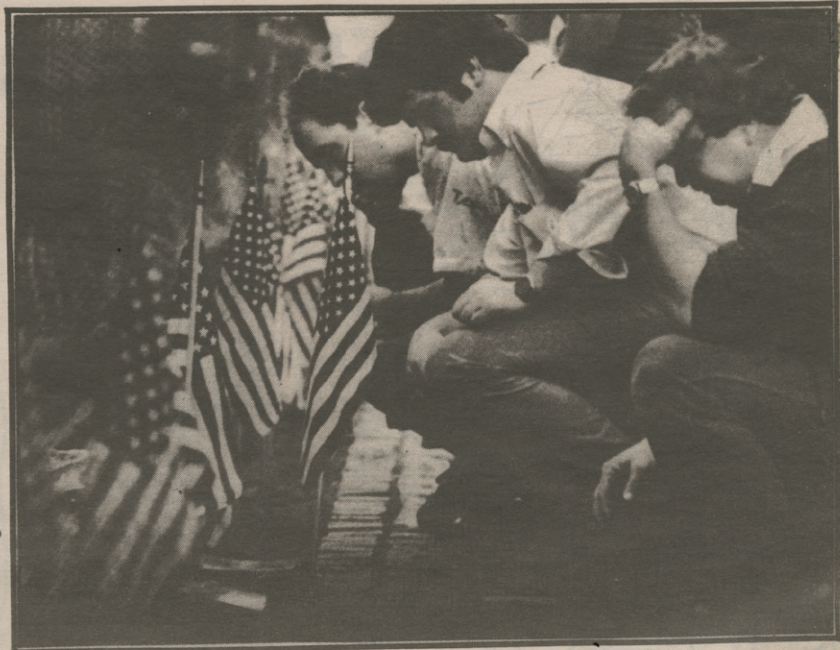
BY MARISSA GREENBERG

As the production week-end for this issue of *Leviathan* rolls on, I am forced to think about the United Nations deadline for Iraq to pull out of Kuwait. It is hard to believe that there are less than 48 hours until Kuwait is to become free, or else. The mere thought of war sends quivers down my spine. Millions of people may die in the name of freedom and oil.

From day one of "Operation Desert Shield," I have been one of the many opposed to US involvement in the Gulf. While on vacation in our nation's capital, I found the most vivid evidence of why we should not go to war — the Vietnam Veteran's Memorial. I was born at the end of the war, and I have no memories of it. Nor do I personally know anyone who died in the war.

Therefore, I had no real desire to see the memorial when my mother suggested the trip. To me, the Vietnam War was just another war to study in school.

When I got to the memorial, I was immediately struck by the immense size of the perpendicular walls. As we began to walk along the path, reading names and looking at flowers left for loved ones, a deep anti-war sentiment filled by body. How could George Bush live just down the street from such a statement about the tragedies of war, but still feel as if he has the right to declare war, even without the permission of Congress? I wanted to go to the White House and drag him down to see the memorial, in case he'd forgotten its magnitude and the number of American soldiers killed in Vietnam.



Holger Leue—reprinted with permission of City on a Hill

As I read the names on the wall, I thought of friends whose last names appeared on the slabs

of marble before me. So many of them were common last names, and could be a cousin or uncle to

After all, it was the United States that sent their brother, son, cousin...to die.

my friends. In front of some names stood a small American flag. I found it somewhat ironic to think that people left an American flag to pay tribute to someone who died in the war. After all, it was the United States that sent their brother, son, cousin...to die.

Whatever the eventual outcome of the Gulf Crisis, I hope that before Bush sends any more soldiers over to Saudi Arabia, he thinks about the price we pay in bodies. ○

ISRAEL ACTION COMMITTEE SETS AMBITIOUS GOALS

The Israel Action Committee was formed out of a need for education about Israel. Students who were at the Iraqi invasion teach-in at the beginning of the quarter, realized this need when they were shocked at the anti-Israel propaganda that spewed forth in the guise of education. It did not provide UCSC students with an unbiased education about the Middle East. It did, however, catalyze Jewish student interest in educating themselves about Israel.

We have ambitious goals. First, the IAC is to be utilized as an umbrella organization for all UCSC students who are pro-Israel (i.e. are Zionists and support Israel's right to exist). While students in the group may have diverse personal political views regarding Israel, the IAC does not have a concrete political ideology, save our Zionist perspective. Our members' pro-Israel activism does not require agreeing with all of Israel's policies. But we are united in

supporting Israel as a democratic state.

Our primary goal is to educate UCSC students about Israel. We feel the mainstream media fails to present readers with a complete perspective. Self-education, therefore, is mandatory if we are to truly understand Israel in Santa Cruz. Our educational events will provide students with a diversity of political viewpoints. For instance, we plan to bring speakers who support a two-state solution, as well as other speakers who may be more conservative. The benefits of this approach is that, instead of simply following the Santa Cruz political agenda, we maintain an open-minded and even-handed position.

In addition, we hope to teach within the group. As students become more interested and knowledgeable on Israeli history and politics, they will be able to deliver short lectures (spiels) on a subject of particular interest to themselves including: modern politics, the Druze in the Israeli

army, the history of Israel, propaganda in the media, feminism in Israeli society, and more... These student experts would thereby be a source of further education in the Santa Cruz community.

We also hope to have many fun and entertaining parties with Israeli motifs. Everyone loves food, and we expect to have a falafel-o-rama as well as host an Israeli beer tasting party. Educational and entertaining Israeli films will also be organized for the general UCSC community.

We hope to have a fun and educational first year as the IAC. At the same time we realize that it's very convenient to sit in Santa Cruz and propose how Israel should conduct its politics. Moreover, we can argue about Israel's politics, but it is the people of the region who must live with those decisions. It is them who we are concerned about. ○

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Not Just Sugar



grade when he went pee-pee without asking. Simon looked at his feet. He shifted his weight from foot to foot. He made sure his shoes were tied in neat double-knots. He told his feet, "It's a Jewish thing. Jewish do it."

"That's right. What else is Ha-Nu-Ka about?"

"You get eight days of presents. Not just one. Right?" said Susie Barron, that know-it-all. "I guess."

"You may sit back down now, Simon. Now, I'm sending a note home with each of you for your mommy about the Christmas concert. It's very important, so make sure you give it to her as soon as you get home."

Simon took the notice and stared at it blankly. "Earth calling Simon!" his mother would have said, whatever that meant. It was a Mommy thing.

BY DAVID FEDER

Simon shuffled rather than walked to the front of his second grade classroom. "Now Simon is going to tell us about Ha-Nu-Ka. Simon?" Mrs. Martin never seemed to understand Chanukah. She only mentioned it when talking about the Jewish song in the school Christmas concert. If there were any questions, she just asked Simon. Like now. But she was a teacher thought Simon. She must understand Chanukah.

"Um..." Simon's face got hot, like the time in Mr. Wilson's

He left the paper with the blank space for Mommy's name in his desk when he went home.

Simon stepped on only two cracks walking home. By the time he got there his fingers were numb and grey from running along the chain-link fence that connected the lampposts. He was happy; he remembered to touch all 54 poles on the way home, alternating one hand then the other. Each was topped with a plastic and tinsel Santa Claus, or a Christmas tree, or a funny group of people and animals standing around a baby crib. Santa, tree, crib. There was a crib scene on the pole in front of his house.

It was Tuesday, so he let himself in with his own key.

Simon kicked his shoes off in the hall and padded around the house. He was king of the house for a while, until he turned into a green scaly dragon and ate the king. He tried slithering for a while, but it was hard to get a glass of milk if you were a king-eating-green-scaly-slithering-dragon. So he turned back into Simon and poured himself some milk.

Simon left the kitchen and shuffled over to his pile of blocks, trying not to lift his feet off the floor. He sat and looked at the pile of worn wooden shapes for a few moments thinking of what to build today. The pointy triangular pieces that make good ramps for match-box cars reminded him of the tinsel Christmas trees on the lampposts on the way to school. Simon decided he wanted a tree of his own, a great big one. His friend Jason had one like that.

He managed to build his block tree up to waist high before it fell off its narrow trunk. After trying again, and failing again, Simon thought of Santa Claus. He knew he couldn't build a Santa, but he remembered that Santa was supposed to ride on a "one horse open sleigh." He could build one of those. Simon was not quite sure what a sleigh was, but maybe it was something like a sled. He built a block sled like the one at Grandma's house and

played on it until his parents got home.

During dinner, Simon thought again about Jason's Christmas tree. "Mommy, why can't we have a Christmas tree like Jason's? Theirs is real pretty. It has lights and toys and stuff hanging on it. And popcorn, on a string."

"Because your Daddy doesn't like them."

"We don't celebrate Christmas, Simon. We're Jewish," interrupted his father. Simon's parents looked at each other like they looked at Simon when he made them angry and disappointed. Simon knew that this was going to be another one of those no-more-talking dinners. Simon moved his lima beans around his plate with his fork. The big bean was a Chevrolet, his favorite kind of car. It always won when it hit another bean car. Simon played until Daddy told him it was time to clear his plate and go to bed.

"We talked about Christmas before he was born,"

Simon's father said after kissing Simon good-night and returning to the living room. His voice was not tired, but flat; it was the tone of someone about to take on an exhausting task. It was not a tone his wife particularly liked. "We even talked about it with the Rabbi. No tree and no Hebrew school 'til he's older. That was the deal. We went through the whole conversion thing so that Simon would be Jewish. So both of you would be. Are you questioning the whole decision?" One of Mommy and Daddy's little secrets was that Mommy hadn't always been Jewish.

"No, of course not. But it's just that...it's such a little thing. It's just a tree. All of his friends are putting them up, and he must feel left out. He's only seven. Being accepted by his peers is very important for him now. It's not like it's some Christian thing. It's not even religious. It's American."

"Maybe it is. But that just makes it a symbol of the establishment of Christianity as some kind of national religion, and that's not an environment that I want Simon to grow up in."

Simon's mother paused for a minute, then continued quietly almost as if she were trying to

Plum Fairies

humor her husband. "I guess a Chanukah bush is out also?" She gave him a thin smile. "Honey..."

Simon heard the first part of his parents' conversation just as he was drifting off to sleep. He knew the tone of Daddy's voice as he walked down the hall and knew they were going to talk about something Adult.

Soon after he fell asleep, a Christmas tree came to play with Simon. The tree looked like his friend Jason's tree, except bigger and friendlier. And of course, Jason's tree didn't dance.

"Come play with me, said the Tree. Come, let's play with your blocks."

Simon turned around to see a beautiful pile of white wooden

blocks, just like the ones in the commercials. They were strange blocks, not like his own well-used ones he got from his cousin Josh. These were all his own, and he was going to make the biggest and most fantastic Santa Claus ever built. Somehow though, the blocks just kept making a sled. It was that dumb old sled from Grandma's basement.

Gradually the dream-scene changed. He looked up and saw faces looking down at him. He was in a baby crib like the baby on the lampposts. He peered up through a gooey sort of fog at Mommy and Daddy and Mrs. Martin, his teacher (her real name was Nancy, he knew). Behind them was a face he didn't recognize. Simon wondered if the baby in the crib on the lampposts had a Christmas tree at his house. He thought about the baby and its tree for a moment, but his brain didn't seem to work. He looked back at the people above him, and the strange face he didn't know. When he recognized the face was his own, he was awake.

Simon finished his Cheerios, slurped the thick milk from the bottom of his bowl and left the dish in the sink. His new digital watch from Grandma and Grandpa said it was time to walk to school. Mommy wanted him to learn how to tell time on a big people's watch like the one on the stove. Simon liked his new black plastic one.

Simon went back to his room to get his tennis shoes out from under his bed. His mother was in the living room setting up the candles for Chanukah. His very own special candle holder was there with a blue candle and a red candle, just like he liked.

"Run and get your shoes, dear."

"Beep Beep!" Simon said and ran to his room like the Roadrunner. Mommy was a good Wiley Coyote.

When Simon left for school his watch said 8:13. Mrs. Martin had said they could play soccer today for P.E., so he practiced with an imaginary ball all the way to school. Mommy said that it was good that Simon had

so many imaginary friends. It was creative. Maybe that's why he was good at soccer.

Simon kicked his imaginary friend-ball back and forth across the sidewalk, scoring more goals than ever. He didn't think about his dream last night.

When Simon got to school the bell was ringing. He ran past the little kid's room where he went last year, to Mrs. Martin's room, number six. He walked in right behind Joey Snyder and sat down at his desk.

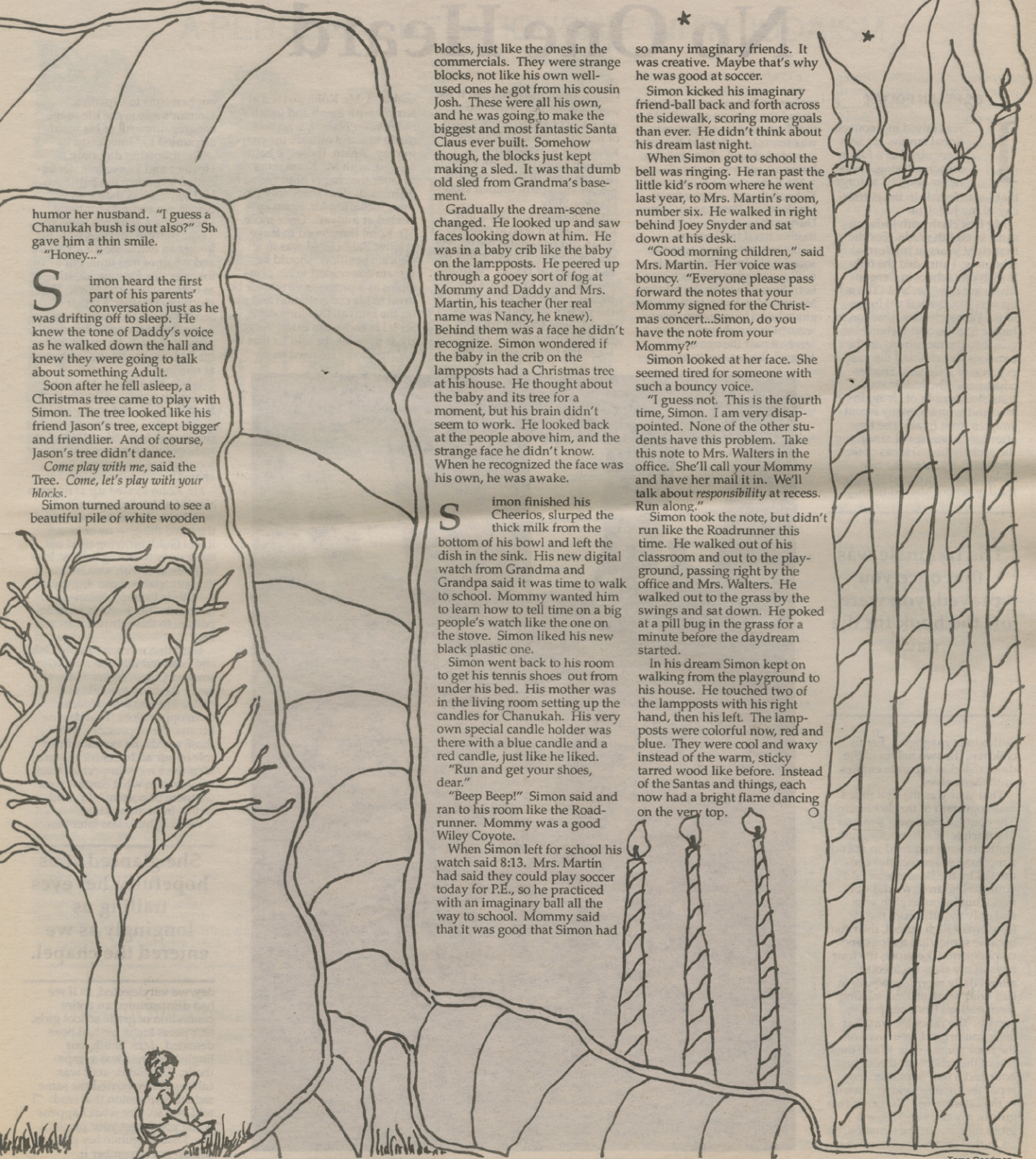
"Good morning children," said Mrs. Martin. Her voice was bouncy. "Everyone please pass forward the notes that your Mommy signed for the Christmas concert...Simon, do you have the note from your Mommy?"

Simon looked at her face. She seemed tired for someone with such a bouncy voice.

"I guess not. This is the fourth time, Simon. I am very disappointed. None of the other students have this problem. Take this note to Mrs. Walters in the office. She'll call your Mommy and have her mail it in. We'll talk about responsibility at recess. Run along."

Simon took the note, but didn't run like the Roadrunner this time. He walked out of his classroom and out to the playground, passing right by the office and Mrs. Walters. He walked out to the grass by the swings and sat down. He poked at a pill bug in the grass for a minute before the daydream started.

In his dream Simon kept on walking from the playground to his house. He touched two of the lampposts with his right hand, then his left. The lampposts were colorful now, red and blue. They were cool and waxy instead of the warm, sticky tarred wood like before. Instead of the Santas and things, each now had a bright flame dancing on the very top.



Childhood Prayers That No One Heard

BY HELEN POLYAK

I was raised in a conventional family. If I was recognized as a full intellectual being, I was never allowed to forget that I was female in the patriarchy of my Judaism.

My first clash with Judaism came in eighth grade. For the first eight years of my formal schooling, I attended the only Jewish day school in Oregon (there are now twelve). The set-up was paradoxical yet ingenious. We received instruction in Judaic Studies and Hebrew language in the mornings. In the afternoons, we claimed the vast expanse of a General Studies education. The Judaic staff consisted mainly of Orthodox men and women, many recent emigres from Israel. The time after lunch was spent absorbing the socially liberal ideas of the "English" teacher. The two ideologies contrasted sharply in the day school housed in an

The rationale was that once you prayed, you were off the hook for the day.

Orthodox synagogue. For us children, the two halves of the day existed as separate entities unto themselves.

That year was the first time I was cognizant of the dichotomy. The conflict arose over a matter of principle. Each morning, all students were required to attend a morning prayer service conducted by the headmaster. As younger children, we did not mind, but by our eighth year, and only months from the freedom of high school, the ritual became somewhat tedious and cumbersome. Therefore, the four boys in my class decided to attend daily morning *minyan* (a half hour service), thus making them exempt from our prayer service. The rationale was that once you prayed, you were off the hook for the day. While the rest of the school sat through an hour and a half of prayer, they spent the time frolicking upstairs in the classrooms. The other two girls in my class and I saw a gross injustice in the situation.

On that ground, one morning

we agreed to wake up early and attend the minyan as well. At that first service our presence was scarcely noticed in the overcrowded chapel. The next day, however, we were noticed.

Mr. Kohn was at minyan. Mr. Kohn, father of our classmate Jonah, was a "born again" Jew. During the 60s, he and Jonah's mother lived in Northern California protesting against social evils. In 1985, he made millions playing the stock market. Somewhere in the interim, Mr. and Mrs. Kohn turned a religious leaf. Upon seeing three women in the chapel, for we were all past the age of *Bat Mitzvah*, he became outraged.

He informed the rabbi that if we were not made to leave, he would. The rabbi, being a man of reason, tried to placate Mr. Kohn, but to no avail. The incident ended with Mr. Kohn storming out of the chapel, his prayer shawl still draped around his shoulders.

For the next few days, Mr. Kohn was not seen at minyan. Jonah did not attend the regular prayer service, insisting that he had prayed at home. He didn't seem to want to discuss the incident. Feeling empowered by the rabbi's consent, we persevered, even though we grew tired of rising at 6:00 a.m.

On the fourth day after the

outburst, Mr. Kohn arrived at temple with Jonah and Jonah's older sister Naomi, who was made to stand outside the chapel to pray. Again, the same battle ensued, with Mr. Kohn refusing to enter the chapel until we were dismissed. This time, only ten men, including Mr. Kohn appeared at minyan. Once more, Mr. Kohn threatened to leave.

Now, Rabbi Gold was in a delicate position: should he remain committed to his principles as a progressive man or be loyal to his congregation and put on the minyan that they came for? He chose the latter. As gently as possible, he told us that we had to leave. He used many

euphemisms to explain a woman's role in the life of the congregation. All of his words amounted to "inferiority."

The following day, only Heather and I were left. Determined to pursue the battle we had started less than a week before, we chose to continue, knowing we were not welcome. These minyan services were no longer an exchange for an hour and a half of free time, but a token of our forming identities as both women and Jews. That morning, Heather's father accompanied us, his strategy being that if the same scenario presented itself, he might utilize his maleness to be the tenth man at minyan.

When we arrived, Mr. Kohn was deep in prayer, fervently swaying back and forth, while Naomi stood at her place outside the chapel door. She glanced at us hopefully, her eyes trailing us longingly as we entered the chapel.

Mr. Kohn looked up at us from his *siddur* through eyes filled with hate. Again, he threatened the same thing — us or him. Rabbi Gold, growing tired of these early morning battles, took us aside and with words like daggers, stabbed our dignity.

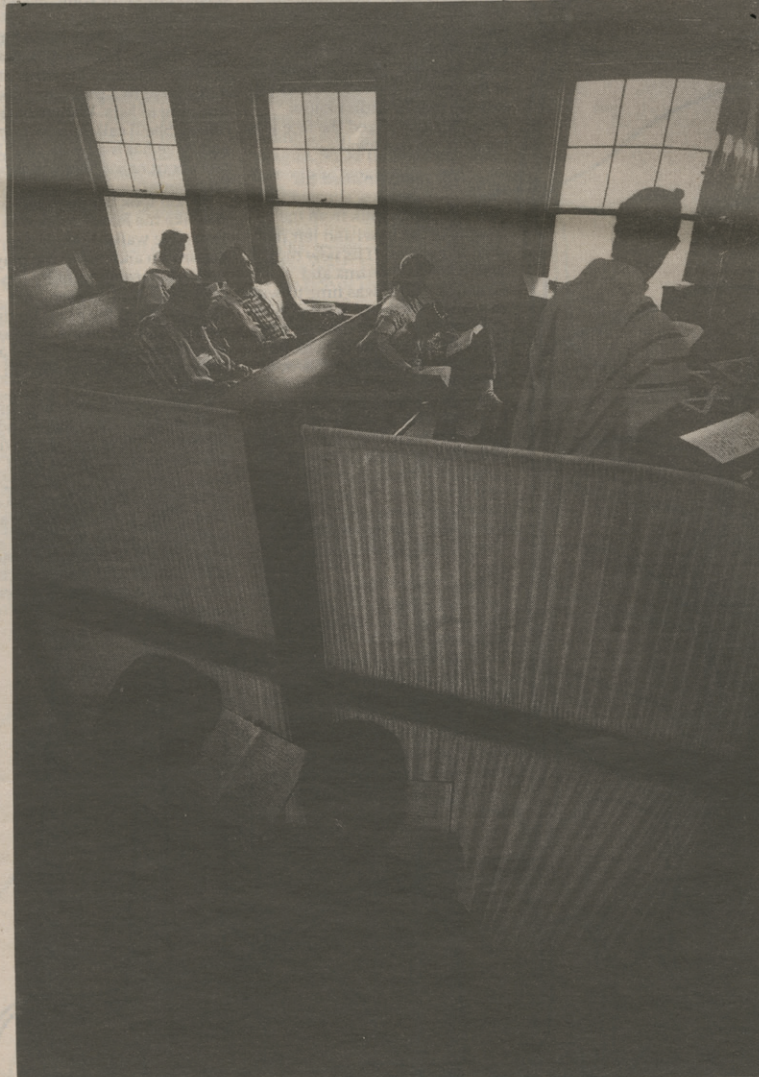
"This is to stop," he announced, "Mr. Kohn is more important to this minyan than you are."

Until that moment, Rabbi Gold had been our ally, the man who smoked Cuban cigars and was never too busy to smile at a child. He was our protector from oppression. That day, he became the oppressor. With those words, he explained our role in our androcentric culture. Men were more important than we were. In what context were we more important? In childbirth? In homemaking?

Walking into class later that

She glanced at us hopefully, her eyes trailing us longingly as we entered the chapel.

day, we felt dejected, as if we had disappointed an entire generation of grade school girls. Our peers knew we had been defeated. Mrs. Smith, our English teacher, was sympathetic. The Judaic staff was callous. They carried the same sadistic expression that read: "I told you so. See what happens when you forget your place." Yes, I had forgotten my place. I still do not remember it. ○



Prayers Remembered

A PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP WITH JUDAISM



BY MARISSA GREENBERG

Like many of my Jewish friends, I went to Sunday school and Hebrew school for what seemed like eons. All I remember of the earlier years of religious school was that it interfered with soccer practice and playing with my friends. As I grew older, Hebrew school took on a new importance as I prepared for my Bat Mitzvah. All the years of learning how to read and write Hebrew would now be put to the ultimate test. Little did I know, I had been taught more in Hebrew school than the Hebrew language and the Torah stories. Teacher after teacher had talked about G-d and his existence to the point where it was so deeply ingrained in my mind that I never thought to question the existence of G-d, let alone the idea that G-d could be male, female or neither.

I was forced to suddenly explore these issues when in the summer of 12th grade I went to camp as a CIT (Counselor In Training). My days were split; half the day I was working with my campers, and the other half I

was with my fellow CITs. One evening during a CIT program we began to discuss G-d, and the existence of G-d in the face of widespread tragedy. I thought about my four friends who had died; the grandparents who died before I was born; the millions who perished in the Holocaust. How could I believe and praise this being who had afflicted us so terribly? A few of us sat crying, while we held hands and listened to each others' stories. We said the Mourner's Kaddish by candlelight, "*Yitgadal v'yitgadash...*" That night I knew there was no G-d. No longer could I believe that G-d existed amidst all the death in the world, nor could I say prayers of praise to this being.

My job as a counselor became much harder from that point on. As a counselor I was supposed to be a role model, which during services meant that I needed to say the prayers. But, as a person, I couldn't. How could I pray as a role model and not as a person? Praying is personal.

I found myself struggling to find a way to pray without disregarding my feelings. By definition praying is about offering praise and thanks to, asking forgiveness of and asking

for favors from a G-d or G-like figure. But the ways in which people do these things are as different as the number of people there are. At summer camp I had always been taught that there is no single, right way to pray. Prayer comes from within and is unique and different all the time. When I returned home from camp, I frantically dug up every book on Judaism I could find in my house and searched for any information on praying. What I discovered helped me to understand how I could pray amidst my confusion.

Judaism believes in a concept called *T'fillah*. *T'fillah* is a new way of examining the act of praying. It centers around the idea that praying is a type of relationship. *T'fillah* has three components in this special relationship. The first is G-d. G-d serves as the "person" to whom the prayer is directed. The second is the person praying. Thirdly, there is the prayer.

For established religions, prayers often date back to the "origin of humankind." However, as Judaism acknowledges, praying is individual and personal. Therefore, it is accepted in most movements of Judaism for one to say an individual prayer and to change the existing ones as the pray-er sees necessary. Today, the traditionally male neutered prayers have been changed to include women. In addition, ceremonies have been altered so that women are equally represented. In recent years, women have written their own prayers and created ceremonies to celebrate womanhood.

The *siddur*, the prayer book, is unique in that it has no one author or time when it was written. Because of its ambigu-

ity, the *siddur* is thought of as coming from everyone and belonging to everyone. Therefore, it is for everyone to alter as they need. I found a great deal of comfort in this concept of the *siddur*, because I could pray according to my feelings and my ideas of G-d, if there was a G-d. I am allowed to change my beliefs throughout my life and continue to pray amidst my confusion and changes in ideology.

I struggled with my feelings for a long time, exploring my beliefs to reach a place where I felt more comfortable. In the interim, my friends suggested that I stop praying for a while until I felt more comfortable. Some even suggested that I might want to stop indefinitely. Still others told me they found it easier to pray for their relatives and ancestors, rather than for themselves. For them, it is more comforting to pray holding the belief that their ancestors believed strongly enough in a G-d(s) to write these prayers, and that they can pray through their ancestors' voices today.

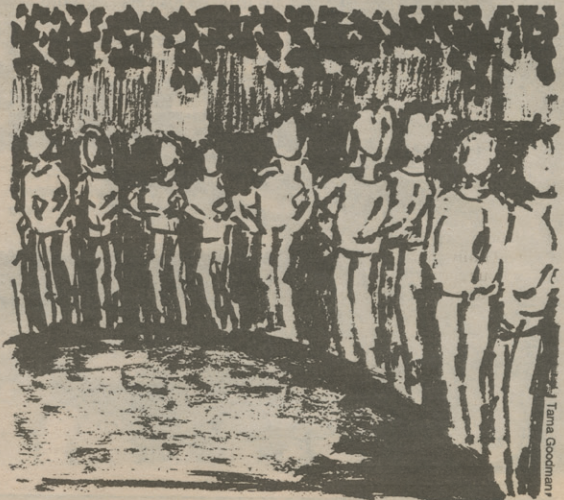
Since Judaism is rather flexible in its beliefs about praying, if you are uncomfortable with praying, there are other outlets for you to be a religious Jew. Judaism is a unique religion, in that it carries with it a culture. The Jewish culture is bound very tightly to religion. All of the holidays and most of the traditions have cultural as well as religious significance. Often, when a person finds it difficult to pray directly to G-d, they find it more suitable to pray within the context of the culture.

However, others feel as if they cannot practice their religion if it has any connection to a G-d. What then? With every religion, there comes a community of

people. Whether the community is organized into youth groups, seniors groups, sister/brotherhoods or nothing at all, a strong religious bond exists among its members. During adolescence, a time of considerable internal turmoil, individuals may feel a great deal of support from their peers by just being with people of the same religion and doing things important to them as people as well as Jews (or Christians, or Catholics, Moslems, Buddhists...).

People have different ideas about G-d, which change throughout their lives. What they believe at one time may be drastically different than what they believe at another. It is important to understand that confusion is natural, and expected. Others are also going through changes in their beliefs about a G-d or other being.

A few months after summer ended a bunch of the CITs got together. We spent the time reminiscing about summer and all the fun and excitement we had had. When Saturday evening rolled around, we held a Havdalah service in one of the CIT's backyards. The circle we stood in was familiar to all of us, as we had shared many a Havdalah together, and we said the prayers to end the week. For the first time since that night in the summer of 1988 I felt as if there may be a G-d after all, and even if there wasn't, it was possible to pray without believing in a G-d. That night, I realized that Judaism to me was not about G-d, but about people. I said the prayers with sincerity in my heart and voice that night and knew that I had reached a new agreement with G-d and myself. ○



We said the Mourner's Kaddish by candlelight, "*Yitgadal v'yitgadash...*" That night I knew there was no G-d

To Barbra With Love...

BY ALEXANDRA J. WALL

I was slowly starting to settle in, causing my already pink cheeks to glow even more brightly. Unfortunately, the man sitting a few seats down from us was alone and in the mood for some conversation.

"Howyadoin' this evening ladieez?" he drunkenly slurred as he moved into the seat next to mine. His leg brushed up against me, causing a red warning light to trigger inside my brain. I quickly crossed my leg over to avoid contact, answering an obligatory "fine" and turned to continue the dialogue with my friend. It was nice, casual bantering that the two of us enjoy, especially when we haven't seen each other in awhile. She always has to fill me in on the many men that she's involved with, and it's my sisterly duty to listen. But I guess the guy on my left had read somewhere that it's unhealthy to drink alone, so he was making every effort not to.

"Have you ladies seen the band before?" he loudly interjected, making him impossible to ignore, even above the latest "Winger" song.

"Yes, they're great," my friend said abruptly. Unfortunately, we were trapped. There was no way out. We had to resume the conversation with our neighbor.

I don't think I will ever fully understand the male pick-up ritual. Our new friend flexed his nautilus-induced biceps and moved in for the kill.

"Yeah," he said, "I used to work in the music business down in L.A..." and proceeded to name-drop all of the groups that he had worked with. We really weren't interested, but didn't know how to get away. As he listed off names of bands on his fingers, my mind wandered to other places... anywhere but the smoke-filled bar, listening to some guzzler trying to impress me with all of his Hollywood connections. But then my mind snapped clearly back into focus, to the present. He wouldn't have been anymore effective if he would have flung his glass of cold beer in my face. "Yeah, and you know how those Jews are..." he said casually, "they're everywhere in the music business."

"Excuse me?" I asked. I honestly didn't think that my ears had heard him correctly. My friend shot a quick sideways glance over at me to see my reaction and started to get a little nervous. I think she thought that I was going to cause a scene.

"You know, the Jews. They're everywhere in the music industry, in the movies, in television, they're everywhere."

I didn't know how to react. I hadn't encountered this kind of thing in so long that I had forgotten that people like him even existed.

"Hey...you're Jewish aren't you?" commanded the dolt on the barstool.

"Yeah I am..." I stated, matter-of-factly, "and..."

"I knew you were!" he exclaimed proudly while slapping his hand on his knee. "I could tell by your nose!"

I should have foreseen that comment in advance. After all,

my nose had been the bane of my childhood existence, ever since I could remember. Memories came rushing through my head more quickly than I cared to acknowledge them.

"M ommy, do you think I look like Barbra Streisand?"

"No, of course not. Where ever did you come up with that idea? Don't be silly, her nose is much bigger than yours. I don't know why people would say such a thing, your nose isn't even big."

But the soothing words of my all-knowing mother were not enough to convince me. Secretly, I would peruse through her record collection, always stopping at the same album. I can picture it clearly in my head even now, although I haven't seen it in years. I think it was a greatest hits collection. It was a portrait in profile, shadowed, with a grey background. As it was only a shadow, Barbra's tight, frizzy curls and infamous nose were definitely her most prominent features. I would take that album cover into the bathroom, and while standing upon a chair I would hold it up to the mirror, studying my own profile. While I did think that my nose was too big for my face, I failed to see a resemblance. But I was constantly reminded of it, by children and adults alike. The difference was that while

children thought it was funny, most adults meant it as a great compliment. When I would make my customary sour face in reaction to the "compliment" bestowed upon me, I would inevitably hear "What do you mean? Barbra Streisand is a beautiful woman!" But at the time I didn't agree, and my alleged kinship with Barbra continued to plague me, causing me insecurity throughout my childhood.

"Y ou shouldn't be offended! I dated a Jewish girl for three years and I really learned a lot from her. You should go into business or something, because I'm telling you...the Jews are really good in the business world. It's in their blood, and you should be proud and take advantage of it."

"In my blood?" The flush in my face was now due to more than just the alcohol.

"Yeah, you know, just like the blacks have it in their blood to be athletes. Don't get mad. You should be proud of what you are."

"Oh, I'm very proud of what I am, believe me," I said. "I just wish you wouldn't make all of these generalizations about me because you THINK I have it in my BLOOD to go into business, when really it's the furthest thing from my mind."

At this point my friend joined in. "It's just dangerous as well

as unfair to stereotype people like that," she said.

"Geez. You can't say nuthin' around this place without offendin' someone. Look ladieez," he drawled, "I apologize. I didn't mean to get you two all in a huff. Pleez..." He put his arm around me, pulling me closer to him. "Forgive me... I didn't mean to cause no trouble. Lemme buy you a drink."

"Okay," I said coolly, "You can buy me a drink. And you can also take your hands OFF of me..."

"Oh...yeah...right," he stammered, as he motioned to the bartender. I ordered a drink, knowing full well that what I was ordering was more expensive than what I had previously been drinking. I was served immediately, and my friend said "Come on...I think the band's starting soon. Let's go downstairs."

"Sure," I said. I turned to the man. "Thanks a lot for the drink," I said sweetly, and we turned and walked away, leaving him, open-mouthed, on the barstool.

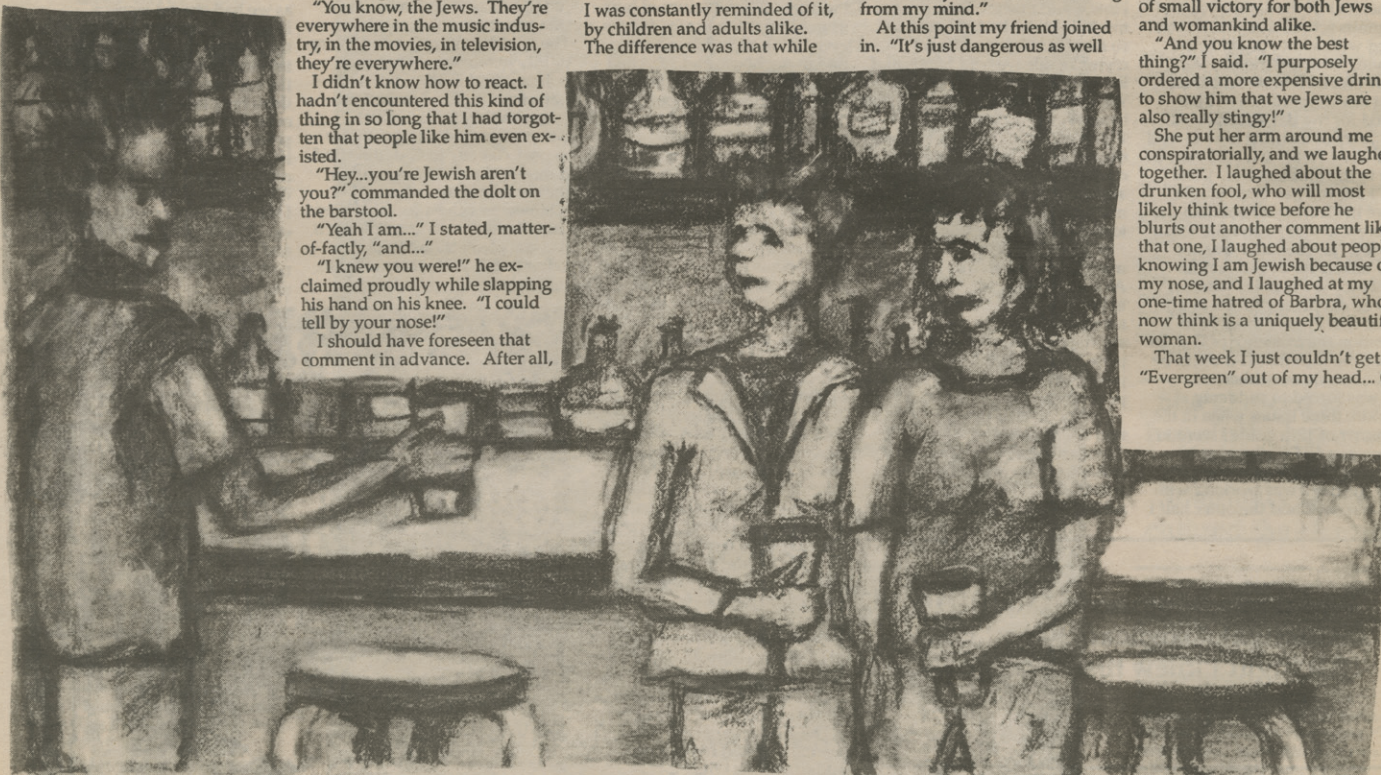
After walking past the pool tables and down the stairs, I turned to my friend. "Was I just a little too rude?" I asked.

"No way, you were absolutely perfect," she said, really meaning it. I felt I had scored some kind of small victory for both Jews and womankind alike.

"And you know the best thing?" I said. "I purposely ordered a more expensive drink, to show him that we Jews are also really stingy!"

She put her arm around me conspiratorially, and we laughed together. I laughed about the drunken fool, who will most likely think twice before he blurts out another comment like that one, I laughed about people knowing I am Jewish because of my nose, and I laughed at my one-time hatred of Barbra, who I now think is a uniquely beautiful woman.

That week I just couldn't get "Evergreen" out of my head... O



Tama Goodman

Behind Locked Doors

Turkish Jewry on Yom Kippur

BY DEBRA GOLDSTEIN

It is so easy to take the "right" to practice Judaism for granted; especially in the United States and even more so in Israel. It is relatively comfortable to be a Jew and hold a discussion at a table in any crowded coffee house about the ideologies of Judaism versus those of Christianity or Islam. Your *mezuzah* sits prominently "on the doorframe of your house." You can walk idly to shul in your Shabbat clothes with a *kippah* on your head.

In Turkey they also say that they are not afraid to be Jewish. Yet, when I told them the name of the hotel we were staying in, the Jewish women told me, "That is not a safe place for you. There are no Jews there." They say we are not afraid to be Jewish there. Yet, on Yom Kippur, when we knocked on the door of the locked synagogue, the man who opened the door for us carefully questioned us before he would let us in to pray, "Why are you here? Where are you from? Who do you know? How did you find us?" They said they are not afraid to be Jewish in Turkey as they bolted the door shut behind us. Within the synagogue only the hands on my watch told me of the transition from day into nighttime. The windows were shuttered tightly closed, and no light could shine through from the sun outside or, at night, leak from the lighted shul into the darkened cobblestone streets outside.

When we were trying to find

the synagogue (called a *Havrah* in Turkish), nobody knew what a Havrah was. We finally found it, a big blue wooden door with chipping paint, set like any other door into an ordinary stone wall. The street vendor right outside the synagogue, with his cart almost blocking the door, told us that, yes, this was the Havrah, but he seemed to be the only one who knew. Besides the word of the street vendor and the description and address that we had received from an acquaintance from Israel, nothing indicated that this door that we had woven our way through the labyrinth of cobblestone streets and passed hundreds of nondescript doors to find, would lead us into the 350-year-old synagogue where we spent the Day of Atonement. Inside we found a dozen Sephardic families whose ancestors, they told us, had fled the Spanish Inquisition to the safety of Turkey 500-years-ago.

It was strange how the Jews of the town just seemed to appear out of the woodwork on a Jewish holy day and then melted away once the holiday was over, before anyone really had a chance to see them. After accepting an invitation to break the fast with a family in the congregation at the close of services, we found ourselves (warned to stay close to our host) scurrying through the darkened narrow streets of the outdoor market, avoiding eye contact with the occasional vendor we passed on our way. It was as if there were fingers in the darkness waiting hungrily to reach out their arms

and drag us into the darkness with them the moment that we stopped to breathe.

The Jews of Turkey are not exactly secretive, but they are cautious—very cautious. They have their own communities, outside of which they work. However, their social life revolves exclusively around the Jewish community. They are not afraid to be Jewish but justify their caution by pointing to the mayhem shooting that occurred a few years ago in Istanbul's Shalom Synagogue. They are not secretive, but they also don't advertise their being Jewish or mix with non-Jews more than is necessary. They don't wear *kippot*. Most send their children to the Jewish day school. There are few intermarriages to chisel away at their closed community. All of them speak Turkish, but between themselves many speak Ladino, and some speak Hebrew.

It is a very different way of life for the Jews there as opposed to the openness of Jews in America and Israel. Reactions that we received from the Turkish people when we told them we were Jewish varied, but they were always surprised; nothing truly negative, but religion was definitely an issue in that officially secular country where the minarets of mosques dotted the skyline of every city. If you have been wondering what the Jewish diaspora is, you can find it in Turkey. If you make the effort to find the Jews, you will feel the diaspora there. But you can easily travel extensively through Turkey, even live there and never know of the existence of Turkey's twenty thousand Jews. ○

P J S U

The Progressive Jewish Student Union (PJSU) was born out of our inability to feel at home both within progressive political groups because of insensitivity to Jewish issues and within conservative and mainstream Jewish groups that fail to honor the tradition of the Jewish Left.

PJSU is a group of Jewish students who have come together to work on progressive political issues as Jews. We are concerned not only about anti-Semitism, Jewish experience in America and the political climate of Israel, but also with shaping a multicultural and relevant education at UCSC.

In the past we have worked in alliance with Third World and Native American

students to fight for our educational self-determination. In addition to working with other Jewish students to promote a positive Jewish community at UCSC, we strive to create a diverse and tolerant environment for Jewish students.

One of our goals is to explore views of Israeli policy (within the context of support of Israel's existence) which are often not heard from the mainstream Jewish community.

We strive to transform our community into a place where lesbian, gay and bisexual Jews, working-class Jews, Jews of color and other Jews who are all too often marginalized can feel at home.

For more information call Cindy at 429-5553.

JEWISH

Jewish Awareness Weeks is a three-week long event including a variety of programs organized by campus Jewish students and student groups. Last year's extremely successful Weeks included workshops on racism and anti-Semitism, observance of Yom ha Shoah, poetry readings, and numerous speakers on virtually every subject. Last year's organizers amazed themselves as well as the whole campus with the tremendous number and variety of events that they were able to bring to campus.

AWARENESS

THIS YEAR YOU SHOULD BE
A PART OF THE PLANNING.
CALL HILLEL AT 426-3332
IF YOU OR YOUR
ORGANIZATION WOULD LIKE
TO PARTICIPATE.

PLANNING MEETING: Thursday, January 17
UCSC Student Center East Conf. Room

WEEKS

Santa Cruz Hillel

Santa Cruz Hillel is the local arm of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations, the world's oldest and largest Jewish campus organization. All Jewish students, regardless of affiliation or background are welcome to the programs and services offered by Santa Cruz Hillel/Jewish Students Coalition. Since the first Hillel was established at the University of Illinois in 1923, the Hillel system has grown to a network of some 400 local foundations, counselorships and affiliates in the United States, Australia, Canada, Europe, England, Israel and South America.

Because Hillel's structure encourages significant autonomy, each local Hillel can offer a range of programs that are responsive to the setting of each campus and the needs of its Jewish students. Hillel offers a broad variety of social activities, speakers, classes, holiday celebrations and religious services to meet the varied needs of the Jewish student community. Hillel is dedicated to providing a forum for the exploration and enjoyment of the Jewish heritage in all its dimensions. Folklore and folk dancing, Jewish music, history, philosophy, ethics and religious study, politics and the arts are all part of the Hillel program. Hillel provides an outlet for students to become involved on behalf of Israel and in support of endangered Jewish communities throughout the world.

Our pluralistic approach provides a forum for other Jewish groups and a representative of Jewish interests in the university community. Santa Cruz Hillel/Jewish Student Coalition is set up as an umbrella for Jewish activities, and any group of Jewish students is free to operate under Hillel. Jewish students are encouraged either to set up new groups or work with existing ones.

The various Hillel programs offer students the opportunity to question, experience and create a meaningful Jewish community on campus, and to get their own agenda and chart their own course. Hillel does not require students to conform to any pre-set political, social or religious agenda. Hillel exists simply to help students implement the course they have chosen for themselves, while encouraging them to explore, learn from and celebrate the rich Jewish heritage that is theirs.

Courses in modern conversational Hebrew, Jewish religious practice and history are offered at the Hillel House.

Hillel involves students in local and regional conferences put on by Jewish or-

ganizations and serves as a clearinghouse for information about travel and study programs in Israel. Hillel's annual Western Regional Kallah in February brings together students from all over the Western states for a weekend of learning and fun.

Also, Hillel frequently brings speakers to the campus to talk on a variety of subjects. Hillel offers Jewish holiday programs and religious services to meet the needs of students. Currently Hillel holds biweekly egalitarian Shabbat services conducted in both Hebrew and English, followed by a community dinner and a speaker or discussion on a topic of Jewish interest. Hillel is open to other modes of Jewish religious expression as indicated by student interest. Hillel offers holiday services and celebrations during the school year.

We work to bring Jewish cultural expression into the residential life by working with the Student Activities offices to schedule performers at the different multicultural college night programs held in the dining halls. Throughout the year Hillel plans to bring a bit of Jewish culture to all the colleges. In addition, students are working with Hillel to hold monthly Israeli folkdancing parties at the colleges and a weekly Jewish Film series at Merrill College.

Hillel House, located at 608 Mission Street near the UCSC campus, has a strictly Kosher vegetarian/dairy kitchen, an extensive lending library of Jewish books, a set of the Encyclopedia Judaica and a wide variety of Jewish periodicals and journals for student use. Hillel staff can help students with research projects and papers and can put students in touch with all Jewish agencies and communal resources in Northern California.

Santa Cruz Hillel is a beneficiary agency of the Jewish Community Federation of San Francisco, the Peninsula and Marin and Sonoma Counties and receives additional funding from donors, parents, friends, faculty and alumni. A Community Advisory Board made up of interested members of the local Jewish community provides support for Hillel's work. The president of the Hillel board is UCSC professor Murray Baumgarten, and Rabbi Richard Litvak of Temple Beth El serves as Hillel's rabbinic advisor. Hillel director Jeffrey Sokolow and Student Activities Director Dorothy Hoover can be reached at the Hillel office, 426-3332.