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LEVIATHAN

THE JEWISH VOICE OF LIC SANTA CRUZ

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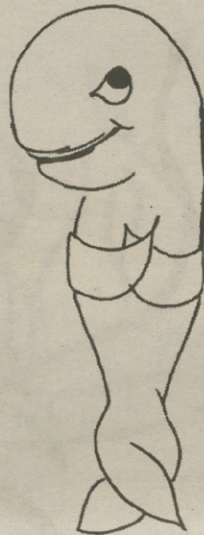
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Levi-a-wha?

The name "Leviathan" is taken from the book of Jonah. In the story, Jonah is swallowed by a Leviathan, a very large sea creature, and spends a few days in its belly, until being spit out to complete the task G-d had requested of him. The Leviathan, for Jonah, was a place where he could consider his actions and his beliefs— a place to collect his thoughts. This is the aim of our newspaper is to be just that. In Thomas Hobbes book Leviathan, he speaks of his ideal government with one man composed of many. His idea of collectivity in singularity is also the aim of Leviathan. This paper was created to be a forum in which Jews can express themselves freely and collectively, as a Jewish voice. We are proud to be the longest-running Jewish student newspaper (25 years now!) in the nation, and look forward to continuing that tradition.

Leviathan provides a voice for the Jewish students at the University of California Santa Cruz and the surrounding community. This newspaper 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 or staff. All submissions are welcome. Editors reserve the right to edit all articles and letters.

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Intermarriage...

Preserve Our Faith

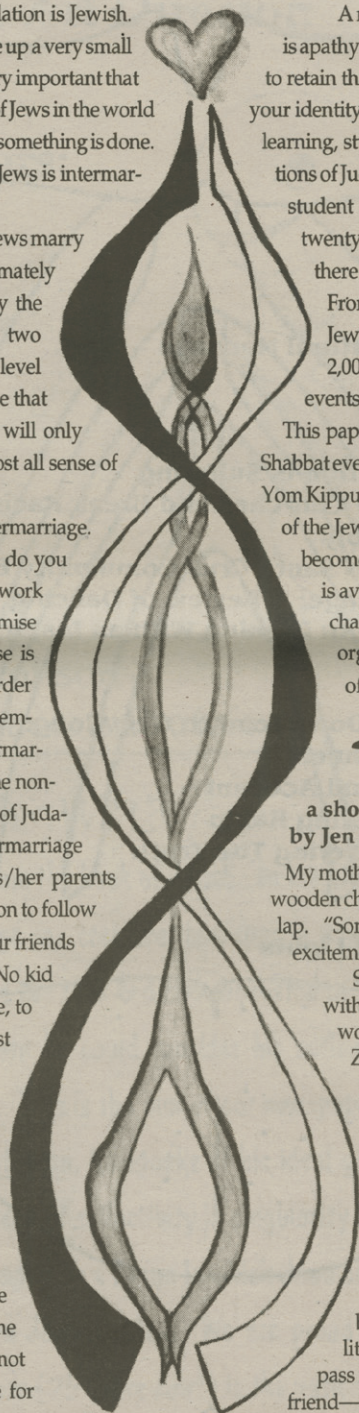
By Etan Kelman

Two percent (2%) of the United States's population is Jewish. That is not a lot. In fact that is very little. We [Jews] make up a very small percent of the world's population - and it is therefore very important that we be concerned with Jewish continuity. The number of Jews in the world is slowly decreasing and will continue to decrease until something is done. One of the major factors of this decreasing number of Jews is intermarriage.

Currently a little over fifty percent (50%) of all Jews marry someone who is not Jewish. Intermarriage will ultimately cause the destruction of the Jews because of the way the children of intermarried couples are raised. When two people from different religions get married, their own level of observance may not decrease, but it is often the case that their children's level of observance will. This cycle will only continue until generations later the family will have lost all sense of being Jewish.

I see two main problems which stem from intermarriage. The first is connected to the parents. Whose religion do you follow? If each parent follows their own religion, it can work out fine, until children enter the picture. Is a compromise made on which religion to follow? If a compromise is made, both religions often become watered down in order for both to exist in the family. The second problem stemming from intermarriage relates to the children of intermarried couples. If the children are raised according to the non-Jewish spouse than they will have no understanding of Judaism. If they follow the Jewish spouse, the cycle of intermarriage often starts over, and the child often follows in his/her parents footsteps. If the child is allowed to choose which religion to follow — Hey, Which religion would you choose: the one your friends practice, or one that makes you different? Exactly. No kid wants to be different. To be Jewish means to struggle, to fight for what you believe in, it is not something most kids would choose.

Some people see conversion as an answer to the problems intermarriage can raise. Is it? I think that can only cause other, different problems. The potential problems with conversion often stem from the reason why a person chooses to convert in the first place. If the non-Jewish partner does not care and converts just for appeasement than that defeats the purpose of converting. One should only convert if one wants to be a part of the religion. Conversion should not be used as a peace-offering. If conversion is done for appeasement than, in a sense, it is as if they did not convert at all. Conversion is meaningless is the person's heart is not in it.



A major trend that I see as contributing to the rise in intermarriage is apathy. If one does not care about who you really are and does nothing to retain that part of your identity than it would be easy to let that part of your identity go. It would be easy to let Judaism go if you don't care about learning, studying, teaching or rejoicing in the history, culture and traditions of Judaism. The idea of apathy hits close to home here at UCSC. The student population, here, is over 10,000. According to Hillel, about twenty percent (20%) of the student body is Jewish. 20%. That means there are around 2,000 Jewish students enrolled at UCSC. That is a lot. From that large number of Jews on campus, we should see much Jewish activity on campus, that, however, is not the case. Of these 2,000 Jews how many are actively Jewish (meaning: go to Hillel events, are a part of the Jewish Student Union, or write for this paper)? This paper alone gets less than one percent of these Jews, Hillel has a Shabbat event every other week and they get about one percent, and Hillel's Yom Kippur (The Day of Atonement) service attracted less than ten percent of the Jewish students on campus. So where are the Jewish students? It becomes too easy to blend in, to assimilate when we do not know what is available to us, or when we do not know what things mean. I am challenging everyone here at UCSC to seek out those Jewish organizations, to ask questions, to learn the beauty and complexity of Judaism, and not to let assimilation, and intermarriage win.

The Split

a short story
by Jen Segal

My mother would shift her wide hips back and forth on the cushioned wooden chair that my father had made and pull me, backwards, in to her lap. "Someday," she would whisper to me, voice strained by aging excitement, "we will go to Eretz Yisrael, hamuda."

She would fill my head with pictures of rolling hills covered with avocado and banana trees. And in my night dreams, we would walk hand in hand under a clear, starry sky, my mother's Zionist eyes inflamed in pleasure at her first glimpse of the land of Israel.

"Hamuda," she repeated, "are you listening?" And of course I was, with my legs dangling between her's, barefoot, under the long, white cotton dress she had made for me. "The Jewish people have been through many horrors," she began. And I looked up at her with my father's charcoal eyes.

My father would sit out in the hazy sun on the redwood deck, surrounded by trees. In his baggy khakis with his thick blue bandana tied to cover his forehead, he would slouch a little, his feet up. He would inhale deeply from his corn pipe and pass it to Uncle Gabe. (Uncle Gabe was really only my father's best friend—therefore he went by "Uncle Gabe" and not "Tio" like *mi Tio Javi*.) Gabe hit the pipe and slowly let out the smoke, filling my nose

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A Question of Faith?

The Success of A Multi-Cultural Marriage

By Haleh Nazarian

As a Jew of Philippino and Iranian decent, I have had the privilege of growing up with a strong multicultural background.

My father grew up in an Iranian, Orthodox household observing the rules of *kashrut* (Jewish dietary laws) and keeping the laws of *Shabbat* (the Sabbath). My mother, on the other hand, grew up in a working class, Catholic home in the Philippines. My parents met when my father was doing his field study research in the Philippines. When my parents began dating, there was no question of their relationship being morally right, or wrong. As their relationship became more intense their parents began to question such an interfaith relationship. My parents, however, continued to see one another for the sole reason of love.

Like most serious couples, my parents discussed the many issues involved in raising a family. One of the most important issues that my parents questioned was the type of religious household they would lead. Both of my parents came from strong religious households, and they were each, more or less, expected to marry someone of their own race and religion. Their love, however, was color blind, and for this reason they continued with their plans to get married. Before they got married however, my mother converted to Judaism, primarily for the sake of her children.

My parents together created a Conservative Jewish household. My brother and I attended a private Jewish day school, Sunday School and Hebrew High. We participated in Kadima, United Synagogue Youth (USY), and we attended religious summer camps. Furthermore, we were both fortunate enough to have *bar/bat mitzvot*. Throughout High School I tutored Hebrew School and Sunday School and I later worked as a camp counselor for a Jewish summer camp.

At my private Jewish Day School I used to wonder why I looked so different from my Jewish classmates. I had very few Jewish classmates who were not white. The majority of people I interacted with at synagogue and school were of European descent. But growing up, my family made sure that I recognized my heritage, not only as a Jew, but as both a Philippina and an Iranian as well. I correlated the similarities of the slavery of the Jews with the religious persecution of the Jews of Persia. As I grew older, I learned that the similarities of Philippino dialects (such as Tagalog, Basayan and Llicano) are similar to Spanish, not out of mere coincidence, but because of Spain's influence when they conquered the Philippines.

When people would ask me what I was mixed with, I would initially respond by telling them that I was Iranian and Philippino. It took me a few years to acknowledge that Judaism was also my

culture, not just my religion. I would not expect this to be true for everyone of whatever religion, but in my experience, Judaism has had as much an influence in my life as my being Philippina and Iranian. My cultures have played major roles in shaping my morals, ideals, thoughts, and sense of self.

It is common for people to question how I could be a Jewish Philippina. To this day, it is amazing how many people do not recognize that Judaism, religiously and culturally, is world wide. It is true that my mother is Jewish because she converted, but there are in fact communities of Jews in Africa and China, and those communities are growing.

It is socially common for peoples of mixed race to be associated more with one part of their identity. Influences for this can be found in one's appearance, socio-economic background or social surroundings. I grew up feeling a balance between my cultures. For example, my meals were enriched with pansit, polo cheres, adobo, gama sorbzi, lumpia, fallafel and zelubia. Regretfully, I cannot speak fluent Tagalog, Hebrew or Farsi; I know only a few mannerism phrases in Tagalog and Farsi, and I can only read and write in Hebrew. Appearance wise, though, it would be difficult to pinpoint my cultures. People often have a hard time believing that I am Philippina because my facial characteristics are a blend of my many heritage's. Surprisingly enough, more people assume that I am of Latino descent, when in actuality I have no Latino blood in me.

When I was younger, I assumed that my husband would be Jewish, however, not of a specific ethnic group. Now more than ever before, I have in the back of my mind that my husband is likely to be a gentile, rather than a Jew. Moreover, I question what type of household I will lead as a parent. If my husband is Jewish, than what type of religious household will we create? If my husband is a gentile, then will he convert? or will I? How will we raise our children? Will they attend a Private Jewish Day School? Hebrew School? Sunday School? Will they have a *bar/bat mitzvah*? Will they want one? I acknowledge that my mother gave up her life as a Catholic, and adopted the beliefs and customs of Judaism. I am eternally grateful for her sacrifice. Currently, however, I find that I am open to interracial and interfaith dating. I will marry someone out of love, regardless of racial or religious boundaries. It is the choice that best suits me.

I have had the first hand experience of living with interracial parents and being a person of mixed heritage. I have yet to question myself as a Jew, an Iranian, or a Philippina. I know that is my heritage, my roots, my people, my blood; I know that is who I am.

On the

LOCAL SCENE

with **Leviatheen**

HEBREW ... R.I.P?!?

by Jen Segal

You may have seen the signs at the shuttle stops or you may have been asked to sign a petition— yes, it is true that UCSC's Hebrew language classes are on the chopping block. The language department is being required to make a \$100,000 budget cut for the 1997-98 school year and classes with low enrollment, such as Hebrew and Russian, are being looked at as candidates for elimination. Cutting language classes with high enrollment, like Spanish, is not viewed as much of a threat. The removal of one Spanish class out of over 50 offered would not put a large dent in the Spanish Department. Cutting one Hebrew class, however, means eliminating the entire program. Many people believe that once a language has been cut, it is all the more difficult for it to be reinstated.

UCSC, a university with over 2,000 Jewish students, has always been a campus dedicated to ethnic diversity and multiculturalism. It does appear strange that Hebrew is one of only three non-European languages offered by the school, the other two of

which are Chinese and Japanese. If cut, UCSC will be the only UC school not to offer Hebrew. When asked why they were taking Hebrew, most of

the students in this Fall's Hebrew Four class, responded that it connected them to their culture, history and identity. "Hebrew is a vital, living connection to Israel and the Jewish culture," explained Hebrew instructor Hava Ratinsky, "Knowing Hebrew creates a corridor to contemporary Jewish life."

The decision to cut Hebrew has not yet been made. The final decision by the Humanities Board will be made shortly before winter break. Because Hebrew is on the table to be cut, Jorge Hankamer, the Dean of Humanities, has been working with members of the community trying to keep Hebrew as part of the Language Program, by providing alternative ways for students to learn Hebrew off campus and receive university credit for the class.

Approximately 3,000 years ago, the Maccabees fought to retain their Jewish identities in the face of Greek assimilation laws. It is ironic that now, during the time of Chanukah, when we rejoice over the Maccabees' victory, that we, ourselves, are fighting for the nearly 30 year tradition of Hebrew classes at UCSC.

The QUALITY of EDUCATION at UC's is SUFFERING

By Lev Melodyev

On Monday November 18 the Association of Student Employees (ASE) across the UC system protested against the increasingly difficult working conditions. Berkeley, UCLA, and UCSD graduate students went on a full out strike on that day. The Santa Cruz chapter of ASE only held a rally, but threatened to strike if concessions are not made.

The main conflict between ASE and the UC Regents is centered around the unwillingness of the University of California school system to recognize the right of graduate students to form a union in order to exercise collective bargaining like other employees of the university (librarians, clerks, lecturers, etc.). Yet, the administration of the UC system continuously refuses to view the graduate students who lead sections, collect data, read papers, and get paid for doing so, as employees.

Earlier this fall Judge Tamm of California's Public Employment Court ruled that graduate students are actual employee and, therefore, should be recognized as a union. In turn, the University of California appealed the decision and is wasting millions of dollars on the appeal.

In the meantime the quality of education in the whole UC system is suffering. Since the graduate students that are employed by the university have no ability to improve working conditions through collective bargaining things will apparently be getting worse and worse. Section sizes are growing due to larger amounts of students being admitted into UC's, causing an increase in work for the already overloaded graduate students. In addition, readers are paid to spend only fifteen minutes on each paper they grade, making it nearly impossible for the readers to give high quality evaluations. Student labor provides numerous services for the university and as long as working conditions continue to worsen, so will the services provided by student labor.

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LOCAL SCENE

Students Work to Rebuild Churches and *Break Racism and Hatred*

by Lev Melodyev

Citizens of the Santa Cruz community as well as prominent religious and political leaders, including the newly reelected mayor of Santa Cruz Mike Rotkin, came together at the Loudon Nelson Community Center on November 17, and sang "Don't Let the Lights Go Out" as they put closure on the Firebreak Project.

The Firebreak Project was Santa Cruz's response to the vicious arson attacks on black Churches in the Southern parts of the country as well as other places like Sacramento, California,

and Portland, Oregon. With the help of the community, the organizers of the project were able to send seventeen high school and college students, largely from the Santa Cruz area, to Baton-Rouge LA. During the first week of August the students were to help rebuild three of the many churches that had been torched.

All in all, over 80 predominantly black churches have been burned in 1995-96. Although these hate crimes have been under investigation by the FBI and the ATF, progress in solving these crimes is slow due to the unwillingness to help by the local populations around the burned churches.

The underlying racism and prejudice that is behind the lack of cooperation with

authorities was something that the Firebreak group had to deal with while in Baton-Rouge.



Since this group was inter-racial and inter-faith they were received with, if not outright, antagonism, and then with cold reservation by many of the people whom they had met. However, a large percentage of other locals were moved by the fact that someone across the country had cared and was willing to do something about the horrendous attacks on houses of worship. Some folks even expressed shame over the racial barriers keeping them from helping the black congregation.

To the participants making people think is what the trip was all about. The mere presence of an inter-racial and inter-faith group in a largely segregated society allowed people to see how the taboo can be easily

broken. Alex Robinson, a 21 year old participant and a Cabrillo Community College student at the time said, "I learned from the trip

that any person can make a difference by setting an example, which in turn leads to change."

The participants of the project will remember their experience for the rest of their life. Also, to help the community remember and take pride in what has happened during the project the mayor of Santa Cruz declared the 17th of November as an official day

of commemoration of this remarkable effort. Furthermore, in his speech at the Loudon Nelson Community Center mayor Rotkin personally bestowed praise upon the young men and women who volunteered to not only rebuild churches, but more importantly to take a stand against hate.

Unfortunately, this is far from the reality of our planet. Hate crimes, continue to occur in our own back yards, in Bosnia just a few years ago, and currently in Rwanda. If more people resolve to stand up for basic human rights, like the right of worship, the world would be spared much ugliness. What these students did was shatter the indifference that allows hate crimes to occur. Their praise is very much deserved.

LOCAL SCENE

The Hillel Leaders Assembly Firebreak Project Leads to SC Community Building

by Maya Hagege

August 25, 1996, somewhere over the Northeastern United States

I am brimming with good feelings as I ride the plane home from my first National Hillel Conference — perhaps my first real conference at all. And what it is that I think about as I sit, brimming with good feeling, are people. Maybe it's the beginning of a crush that is making me react this way but I think it has to do with more than that. I think it has to do with the good feelings reciprocated by all those around me, these once complete strangers, strange Jews that became less strange by the minute. I smile inside thinking about some of the staff. Dan, who led the "learner's" services and Linda from Brooklyn who lead my chavurah (group of peers). These two people were sensitive to new beginnings, my new beginnings, whether they meant to be especially personal with me or not. What they said, how they carried themselves; it touched me somewhere— their smiles— and it left something with me.

If this doesn't sound corny now, it will the next time you read it. That little account came from the beginning of a journal entry I wrote on my way home from the Charles and Lynn Schusterman Hillel International Leaders Assembly which brought together an international group of students together at Camp Moshava in Pennsylvania for an intensive four days of learning, sharing, and discovering Judaism.

Some of you may be wondering what exactly is Hillel? Hillel is a foundation which works to promote Jewish life on college campuses. Perhaps what makes this foundation so unique is the age group it chooses to target—college students, that is, you and me between their first and last year of college. It is a time unique in that it is the first opportunity for many to live alone, a time where we are encouraged, by the very act of attending college, to be selfish: a time to indulge in what it is you want to do. It is also a time that attempts to ready us to take root in the world so that when the fateful day comes, we will have some direction in it. What Hillel wishes to do is make Jewishness be a part of that process.

My own involvement in Hillel at UC Santa Cruz included a few Shabbat service, Passover, and High Holiday services. Coming from a largely secular background, I approached this year's Hillel Leader's Assembly with much trepidation. I had been invited to attend with the knowledge that I really hadn't done any "leading" during my first year at school. I was just going to see. I was going to see what other Jews my age looked like. I never attended any camps growing up. I dropped out of Hebrew school twice and completed my Bat Mitzvah a year ago at the age of 18, independent from any temple. The majority of my exposure to Judaism has been through my family... so I was curious as to how others had been exposed and acted out that exposure.

My expectations were met when upon arrival, and during the entire bus ride from the airport to Camp Moshava, people were socializing happily, laughing, shrilling, like they'd known each other for years. My initial trepidation did not fade dramatically; I did not complete the conference a totally changed person. But I think a large part of my awkwardness came

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By Lev Melodyev

There is more than the obvious good of rebuilding churches that came out of the Firebreak Project. The Santa Cruz community also benefited from the project. Originally the project was only an idea that three people came up with over lunch. However, the idea quickly spread. Other institutions quickly became involved. The word about Firebreak spread like wildfire. Soon enough a coalition was formed between various establishments in Santa Cruz: the Local chapter of NAACP, a local Episcopal Church, the faculty members of Oakes College at UCSC, Temple Beth El, Gay and Lesbian Center, the office of Mayor Mike Rotkin, Burger King, other businesses, and just private citizens. By uniting their efforts the members of this newly formed coalition were able to raise over \$18,000 in order to get the project off the ground. The direct result was incredible. The indirect one could be even more so.

If the dialogue between institutions continues to be accomplished. So far, optimism on all sides about the dialogue. Mayor Rotkin was willing to build up the community through initiatives like Firebreak when he would be willing to participate in the actions initiated by community members. It is important that community leaders sounded the message.

Already there are projects in progress. In 1997 the members of the coalition are trying to send a group of people to Guatemala to build a shelter for homeless children. Further, private citizens are getting involved. Recently, Maria Stilts, a Santa Cruz citizen has volunteered to make stained-glass windows for the burned churches in Baton-Rouge at her own expense because she was moved by the efforts of everyone in the coalition.

Hopefully these amazing prospects will become reality and a continuous process. For information about future projects or how to become involved call Pastor Steven Brewer at Presbyterian Trinity Church at (408) 423-8995.



between these various groups much more good can be accomplished. There is much optimism about maintaining the coalition. It made it clear that the Santa Cruz inter-faith projects said, "My office can facilitate these actions. Community members just as interested as inter-

are a few new projects. For the summer of 1996 the coalition group of people in Santa Cruz City to build a shelter for homeless children in more, some

private citizens are getting involved. Recently, Maria Stilts, a Santa Cruz citizen has volunteered to make stained-glass windows for the burned churches in Baton-Rouge at her own expense because she was moved by the efforts of everyone in the coalition.

LOCAL SCENE

Weingarten
Graces the Stagea review of
Dancing with Dad

By Ben Pastcan

One evening at Porter College, the impressive Israeli actor and dancer Itzick Weingarten performed the poignant play *Dancing with Dad*. Being the only actor in the play, Weingarten masterfully affected the audience with his modifying voice and superb acting. The audience was extremely pleased by Weingarten's outstanding performance.

The story of his play is about a son who had been in the face of adversity throughout his whole life, learning to express himself better, he becomes a marvelous dancer following in the footsteps of his dad. That was his goal in life: To be as talented as his dad. This was a very arduous task, the son would practice endlessly and attend never-ending rehearsals with his dad. The connection between him and his dad was like a lock and key. They relied on each other in every situation.

Together, they made tapes where the son would sing and his dad would dance to the flowing music. His son did not have the grace that his dad had and, in fact, the son was even compared to being as graceful as a bear. Painfully, the son knew this was true, but hopelessly aspired to be a gazelle like his father.

The father realized that his son did not succeed in life and wanted to send him to an institution. There the son found another passion besides dancing, drawing butterflies. He would draw them with as much detail as the detail he used while practicing his dancing. The bond between him and his father was slowly coming apart because they no longer spent time together because they no longer danced together.

The bond broke forever when his father died of a heart attack. This affected the son and his habits greatly. The son became more detached from society than ever before, but his love for dancing and music never died.

Thank you Hillel, The Israel Project, and Porter for bringing this spectacular play here to UCSC.

Amichai Blows Our Minds...
an evening with an inspirational man

By Ben Pastcan

To Yehuda Amichai, poetry is everything and everything is poetry. Listening to the 72-year-old world renowned poet reflect on his life, poetry and the Nation of Israel, was an enriching experience. I heard Yehuda Amichai discuss and recite his poetry at Kresge College on October 17th, 1996, the seventh anniversary of the Loma Prieta earthquake. Amichai brought with him shattering stories. We were grateful to have him speak in Santa Cruz because he travels all around the world every other year. With a standing room only crowd, people were charmed to witness this talented internationally acclaimed poet articulate his feelings.

HIS LIFE AND
BACKGROUND
IN POETRY

To Yehuda Amichai poetry reveals truth and, like a lullaby, can make nightmares soothing and comforting. As to what others think of his poetry, he maintains a detached attitude, "I am a human being. If you get something out of it great. If not so what? Poems are for me." He believes his poems do not have equal value when translated into another language.

He began writing poetry at the age of 25, after leaving the army. In the service, he had no time to write. He sees poetry as "The most beautiful thing in the world is when people use each other. That is what love is. That is what poetry is." Writing is his main inspiration in life. Amichai writes a gamut of material; short stories, novels, plays, poems, and does not have a favorite medium for

writing. He writes poems about his own personal experiences and thoughts. He writes poetry only for himself and not for anyone else. His most personal poem called "1924" is autobiographical.

When speaking he generally regards his own poetry in Hebrew or English, letting his audience draw from it what they can. For the most part, he has focused his poetry around certain geographical places, Israel in particular.

Amichai has been to all parts of Israel; from the desert to the Sea of Galilee. His poems often focus on peace, which he has been writing long before the current peace process began. His beliefs that "the peace process is there to prevent war. Peace

will come later." However, he is very optimistic about peace. People often refer to him as the "poet of Israel," but he humbly says that he does not want to be a guru.

Amichai feels that it's easy to write poetry in Israel. "Take an olive branch, a Hasidic Jew, an Arab with coffee, a few other things, and there you go; you have a schmaltzy poem."

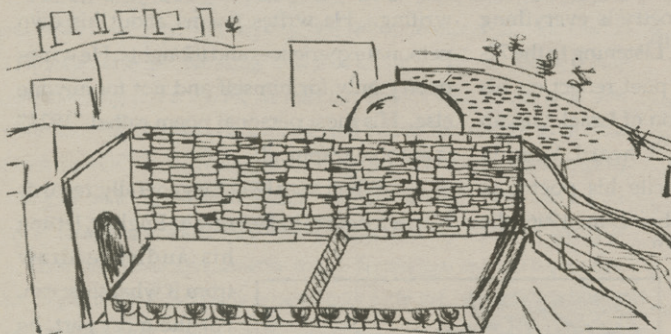
In his presentation at Santa Cruz he expressed the humor, grief, and happiness of his poems. He finished by stating "every prayer is a poem and every poem is a prayer." Here at Santa Cruz we were blessed when he shared his prayers with us. I shook his hand and felt a strong connection with him and his poetry.



Yehuda Amichai, on our campus!

Inside Israel

בישראל



Israelis and Palestinians Don't Tend to Get Along! This Time, It's About A Tunnel

by Ben Pastcan

Across the world we heard the sound of gunshots in Israel — a unfortunately familiar sound. But this time it is about a new conflict. Israel opened the new entrance to a tunnel in the Old City of Jerusalem. The Israeli government sought to appeal to tourists and historians, however, many of the Palestinians saw this tunnel as a destruction of their holy Muslim sites. Both nations refused to see eye to eye on the issue of the tunnel.

The Palestinians claimed the tunnel went under the Dome of the Rock and the Al Aqsa Mosque and argued it was a crime against their nation. Arafat, the leader of the P.L.O (Palestinian Liberation Organization), declared that this act "Was an attempt from Israeli Zionists to destroy the Al Aqsa Mosque and set up the Temple of Solomon." The Palestinian police were ordered by Arafat to express their anger over the desecration of the Islamic holy places. Their outrage killed 70 Israeli soldiers.

However, both Arafat's and the Palestinians' allegations were untrue. The recently excavated tunnel does not destroy any Islamic holy site, does not threaten any mosque, nor does it under any holy site. The only thing that the tunnel touches is one of Judaism's holiest sites, the Western Wall. The opening of the tunnel was meant only to allow more tourists and visitors into the site. But this was not expressed in the news, the only voice that was expressed was the Palestinian viewpoint on the tunnel.

The Israelis felt this conflict was a jab against the peace process. Their prospective partner in peace, the P.L.O., turned away from them and the prospect of peace diminished further. With 70 soldiers in their military dead and little chance for peace the light in the tunnel grew dark for Israel.

The fight over the Jerusalem tunnel resulted in violent battle, bloodshed, riots, misrepresentation, and both sides wondering how peace could be achieved. Through anger, guns, and lies, the light in the tunnel of Jerusalem became darker as the hope for peace started fading away, while thoughts of a second Intifada (Armed uprising between Israelis and Palestinians that lasted from 1987 until the Peace Accord was signed by Yitzhak Rabin and Yasser Arafat in 1992) started to appear.

Tunnel Uprising a personal account

By Rafi Frankel

Some will say it started with the opening of a tunnel, but they would only be partly correct. The riots, battles, demonstrations — whatever you want to call what has happened these past few days in Israel — are all getting out of control. The boiling point for the over 500,000 Palestinians that live in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, also commonly called the Occupied Territories, came Wednesday September 25, when the Mayor of Jerusalem, with the personal approval of Prime Minister Benyamin Netanyahu, opened a tunnel near the Western Wall and the Dome of the Rock areas in the Old City.

The tunnel began being excavated after the Six Day War but was halted when excavations began to head toward an area under the Dome of the Rock. The Muslim community put pressure on the Israeli excavation team to stop digging into the Temple Mount. The excavation into the mount stopped but excavations along and near the Temple Mount continued without controversy. Most of this tunnel was opened a few years ago as a museum for people to learn more about the Temple Mount site. The tunnel itself is narrow and only a few people are allowed in at one time. The controversy is not over the use of this tunnel but of an exit made at the end of the tunnel which leads into the Muslim area of the Old City. After being asked why the tunnel was opened at this time, Prime Minister Netanyahu, who was on his first diplomatic trip to Europe as Prime Minister, said it had been agreed upon as part of a deal made by Yasser Arafat, the head of the Palestinian Authority, and the late Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, who was assassinated last year.

The problem in this case is timing. When Rabin brokered the agreement it was at a time of great cooperation between Israel and the Palestinian Authority, when both sides were firmly headed in the direction of peace, for the first time since both of their existence. However, this good faith and cooperation pretty much came to an abrupt halt in this past May when Netanyahu was elected Prime Minister by less than one percent, defeating the incumbent Shimon Peres, who took over as Prime Minister after the assassination of Rabin.

Netanyahu immediately started moving in the opposite direction than had been taken by his predecessors by stalling the

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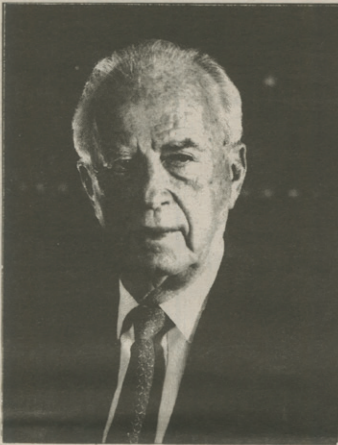
Inside Israel בישראל

One Year Later: Remembering Rabin

By Ben Pastan

"The greatest title one can achieve is that of peacemaker."

Rabin was a valiant Prime Minister who was intrepid in his fight for peace. His dream was to end the bloodshed and war with his neighbors, the Palestinians. Rabin had hopes of exchanging land

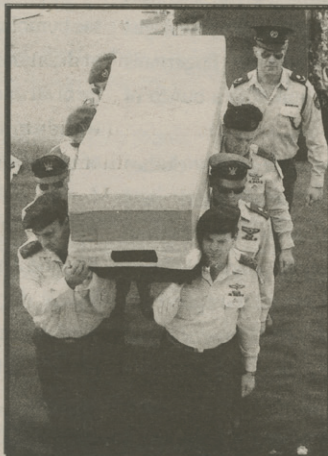


for peace, but this vision died on Saturday night November 4, 1995 when a right wing Jewish man shot Rabin in the back as he was leaving a Tel Aviv peace rally. He was assassinated after signing the popular Israeli song "Shir Lashalom" (Song for Peace) in front of a crowd of hundreds.

Yitzhak Rabin was a warrior, peacemaker, Prime Minister, and had a large heart for Israel. Rabin was strong minded, strong willed, and

was determined to see peace in his lifetime. People around the world respected and loved Rabin for trying to end bloodshed and tears and work towards a lasting agreement to peace between the Palestinians and the Israelis.

As a warrior and a statesman, Rabin had seen both sides of peace. He fought in many battles which were essential to the existence of the state of Israel. On the other side, he began negotiations for peace with the Arabs in his role as Prime Minister. During his term as Prime Minister, Rabin gave Palestinians the Gaza Strip and parts of the West Bank to be controlled by them. Can you imagine how difficult that is to give back land that you had fought to gain control over? It took courage to shake the hand of his enemy in order to have peace for his country. The day of the negotiations Rabin stresses that "The bloodshed must stop now and we should continue



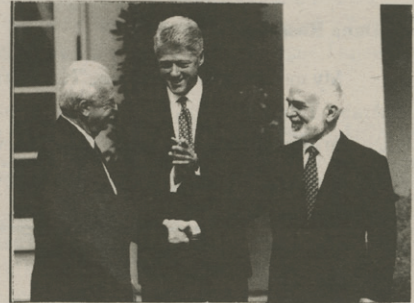
towards lasting peace!" He, however, never had the chance to see the fruits of his labor because he was assassinated.

One year after his death, the world remembers the slain minister with candles, sorrow, prayers, and ceremonies. In Tel Aviv thousands of people gathered in Rabin Square to mourn this great warrior-statesman-Nobel Peace Prize winner. Many grief stricken politicians, family members, and friends gathered for a memorial marking the one year anniversary of the assassination at the place of his burial at Har Hertzl in Jerusalem.

Today, Israel is still divided as it was before the assassination. Most Israelis today support the idea for peace, but Israel remains split, with the Left believing there should be the exchange of land for peace; and the Right believing Rabin's actions were wrong and that he was giving away that land that God had promised to the Jews.

Despite these division, we can remember how Rabin was a man with a vision for peace and a vision for a better Middle East. We must continue to recall the heart that he had for Israel. Yitzhak Rabin will be remembered as one of the greatest dignitaries in the history of Israel.

I would like to thank Yitzhak Rabin for the tremendous impact he made on my life. He allowed me to see that there can be a hope for peace in the Middle East. Rabin will live forever in my mind as a hero who had the courage to stand up for his ideals of peace.



Te'hey Zichro Baruch —
May his memory be a blessing



Inside Israel בישראל

Digging In The Dirt, Uncovering The Truth

by Dana Rosenblatt

My mother always told me, "Never trust an Arab." This is what was reinforced in her mind when she grew up in Haifa, Israel and she never forgot it; even after living in America for over twenty years. The majority of Israelis of my mother's generation were conditioned to feel the same animosity and distrust of Arabs as a result of living in a politically tumultuous country.

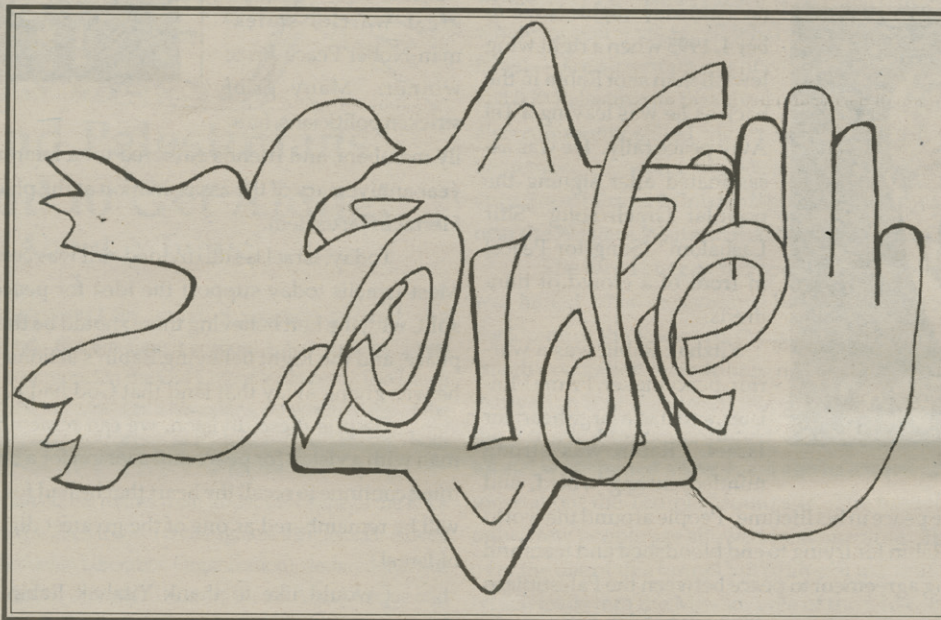
Having been raised in America, I disregarded this advise and frequently challenged my mother's stereotyping of Arabs. This did not stop her from warning me to take extra precautions

when I was living in the Old City of Jerusalem this past year.

I was living in Jerusalem and seeking an archeological dig on which to volunteer. I need not have looked any further than my back yard. I noticed that there was an ongoing excavation just west of the women's side of the Western Wall in the Old City. It never occurred to me that I, with no archeological experience, could participate. I inquired with the director of the dig as to the possibility of volunteering.

The director was Israeli and spoke to me in Hebrew. I expressed how fascinated I was at the prospect of digging in one of the holiest places of the world — the very center of three major religions: Christianity, Islam, and Judaism. I asked the director how he had come to work at this

location, becoming an archeologist, etc. He replied with complacency that he just ended up there and he found it rather boring. He then told me a little bit about the dig's site and said I would



be the only volunteer and I would be working with Arabs. He asked if this would be a problem for me. Remembering my mom's words, I said, "Of course not." He then looked at me with disbelief as if to say, "Why would a nice Jewish girl like you want to get dirt under her fingernails working under the blazing sun with a bunch of Arabs?"

I walked to the site with grubby clothes and a bucket full of digging tools in hand. As I approached the dig site, the Arab workers stared at me and laughed and spoke amongst themselves. I must admit I did feel a little apprehensive; not only being a Jewish Israeli-American but a woman amongst all Arab men at such a volatile time; Palestinian-Israeli tension at its maximum after the recent bus bombings just down the street.

I knew that this was a rare opportunity and I would need to consciously break down my preconceived fears. There was actually nothing to fear. The workers were very friendly and hospitable as well as respectful. They helped me move large and heavy stones, showed me effective digging techniques, and even taught me a little Arabic. They were eager to speak to me in English. They told me about their lives and families and how they loved the work they did. Being able to find artifacts from their history was as fascinating to them as it was to me.

Speaking to these workers enlightened me to their side of the political situation; how they had to suffer all sorts of restrictions and limitations as to where they could and could not go as result of the bombing and other terrorist attacks. Working and communicating with each other enabled us to form an understood respect for one another that I will always keep in my mind; even after the words of my mother.

—
Anyone interested in volunteering in an archeological dig in Israel would write to the Israeli Antiquities Authority at: 586 Tiyud, Jerusalem, Israel 91004 or call (02) 292628 for information.

continued from page 4... **The Split**

with the smell of sweet burning marijuana. I stood by the sliding glass door in my summer sun-dress, shyly admiring Antonio, Gabe's fourteen year old son, seven years my senior. On occasion he talked to me, patted my head, gave me a piggy back ride. I drank in every second I could spend with him.

"Ey, you going to stand there all day?" my father speaks in his gentle, high tone. I look at him and half smile. "Come 'ere, *niña*," he beckons, taking his feet off the table and placing them squarely on the ground, arms outstretched. My bare feet pad across the warm wood and I slide in to his lap sideways. He encircles me with his arms as two streams of smoke blow out of his nostrils. He strokes my long black hair, I look into his charcoal eyes, he looks into my charcoal eyes. "Hava Chavez, is that your name?" he squints at me, closed mouth smile. I giggle a little, covering my mouth and nod "yes." "I thought you were my baby girl," he jokes. "Ay, Hava, do you know what it means to be a Chavez?" And of course I do, but I listen intently, loving to hear the words roll off of his tongue. "My *tio* is a great man— he works very hard for the Chicano people..." his droopy eyes are full of pride.

I would day dream of us, me and my father, marching for the Union. My father would say, "Do you know, Hava..." "Yes, Papi." "...of the struggles of the Chicano people..." And I would stare at him through fallen strands of my mother's black wavy hair.

After the sun had set and I had been put in my bed, I heard their voices, in the kitchen this time. This time I followed them and sat on the hardwood floor of the dining room—peering through the crack of the closed swinging door. There they were, screaming. Yelling in English— then my father in Spanish and my mother in Hebrew—with my name over and over, about me and me and me. And then my mother was shrieking— shrieking in Spanish! And my father in Hebrew! And I had forgotten that they spoke each other's languages— I had forgotten that they even knew each other's languages. My mother, her cheeks crimson, her eyes watery. My father tried to hold her but she pushed him away and when he went to her again she wrapped her arms around him and they held each other. And my mother's sobs shook her body and then his. He stroked her hair, "*Niña, niña...*" and I realized once she had been his *niña*, too. I looked at them pressed and twisted together like that, yet just by the borders of their skin, split in two. I thought about how they, together, were me.

And they went off to their bedroom to tangle around each other and love each other, and try to make things easier.

It was that night that I sat up in my bed with a start. The house was shaking and I asked myself if it was an earthquake. No, something much more frightening. The house was falling... The walls were beginning to crumble, the floors were splintering, my books shook and shimmed off of their shelves and hit the floor— thud, thud... thud... thud, thud. "Help!" I managed to choke. "Ima! Papi! The house is caving in!" But there was no answer.

I leapt up and began to run through the rooms, "Ima! Papi!" The brown round Spanish tiles were falling on the mossy brick patio outside, shattering— clink, clink, clink, clank, clink. Through the living room I ran, the *mazuzahs* fell from the door posts, the woven Aztec wall hangings slid down the walls to the floor. The house my father had built with his own hands was splitting into pieces! I raced to the kitchen just in time to see the roof fall onto my mother's *Shabbat* candle sticks.

I could see them outside of the window. "Papi!" I screamed and banged on the locked door. "Ima!" They could not even hear me. They were outside— holding each other. Trying to protect each other from the fall of this house— trying not to see it was falling. "It's falling, Papi! And I'm inside! Damn it, Papi! I'm inside!" And I banged on the glass! "Help me!!!"

Suddenly someone picked me up. "The house is falling, Papi," I

cried. "No, *niña*, you're right here with me." "No, Papi, can't you see it breaking?" I sobbed on to my father's bare chest. "It was only a dream. You're here in your room." And I opened my eyes, still with my bottom lip quivering to survey the room. My mother stood in her green bathrobe, my father in his plaid pajama pants sat on the my bed, rocking me. With my pointer finger I traced the outline of the tattoo of the Union eagle on my father's arm. "It really is falling," I said.

He put me back under my blankets. My mother brushed the hair off of my forehead and kissed me on the spot she had cleared. "Go back to sleep," she hushed, "It was only a dream." But in my heart, I knew it was more than that.

"Antonio is going to baby-sit you today," my mother said to me over her shoulder as she washed the dishes in the sink. I sat at the kitchen table eating my lunch, a cheese sandwich on wheat bread, carrot sticks and a glass of milk. I managed to gargle out, "An-to-no?" My mother turned off the water in the sink and turned around drying a thick blue plate with a dish rag. "Yes, and me and Papi will be back for dinner." She placed the plate in the cupboard and came to sit down next to me at the table. I almost couldn't see the room anymore, my heart was flying off into the stars.

"Can I wear my blue dress?" I said in a dreamy mouthful of carrot stick. "That's so fancy!" my mother exclaimed, "I'm sure you can wear what you are wearing now for the rest of the day. Antonio won't mind..." she dragged out a smile. "I could marry Antonio," I blurted out, and suddenly felt a little embarrassed. "Ay," she sighed, "You'll find yourself a nice Jewish boy." And suddenly she looked a little embarrassed about what she had said, and went to the dish rack to finish drying the rest of the dishes.

I lay on my stomach on the floor putting together a *Seder* plate puzzle while Antonio raided our refrigerator and pantry. "Why don't you guys ever have anything good?" he called to me. "All you guys ever have is this wheat germ hippy shi... crap." "It's healthy for you," I said, trying to sound mature like my mother. Disappointed, he came back to the living room with cheese and crackers, and lay next to me on the floor.

I wanted to ask him so many things. How to make my parents stop yelling at night (and now it was in the day, too.) He must know. He's so old, so wise, so handsome...

"Do your mom and dad yell at each other?" I mumbled. "They don't live together, but they used to yell, when they did," he said and rolled on to his back, sliding a cracker in to his mouth. "Why?" I threw out, not even knowing what "why" I was asking. "Well, your mom and dad," he answered, "Why do your mom and dad fight? Cuz they're like two different worlds."

"What do you mean?" I really did not know.

"Just look at this house. It's like war of the worlds. Man, they just aren't gonna make it together."

I looked around and all I could see was me. Am I two things at once? How come everyone else is only one and I'm two? That was when I ran and locked myself in the bathroom until my parents came home.

And they did not make it together. And sometimes, my father sends love letters to my mother, from his world to hers. Even though it has been thirteen years since the divorce, she still cries like that night the house began to fall. And sometimes I wish I could divorce part of myself, but I can't. I'm two worlds, split right down the middle.

Hebrew:

hamuda- sweetie Eretz Yisrael- land of Israel *Ima*- Mommy *mezuzah*- a door post ornament containing a Jewish prayer *Seder*- Passover holiday ceremony *Shabbat*- Sabbath

Spanish:

tio-uncle *mi*-my *niña*-baby *Papi*-Daddy



Chanukah: The Festival of Lights

by Etan Kelman

Lighting candles, eating latkes, giving presentsbut what really is Chanukah?

Chanukah is celebrated on the 25th day of the Hebrew month of Kislev and lasts eight days (This year it is celebrated from the 6th of December until the 13th). Chanukah celebrates the victory of Judah Maccabee and the Hasmoneans over the Syrian-Greeks in 165 B.C.E. The Syrian-Greeks, under the rule of King Antiochus IV, had forbidden Jews from practicing their religion and wanted the Jews to follow his lead and practice paganism. During this time the Syrian-Greeks defaced the Temple, and the Jews were horribly persecuted. After years of oppression, the Jews, led by Judah Maccabee, fought a long battle and eventually regained control of the sacred Temple. A commonly told tale of what happened next is that as the Jews prepared to rededicate the Temple, they were forced to spend days fixing it and cleaning it. As they were cleaning up, they found a little flask of oil, which seemed as if it were only enough to last one day but when they lit it it lasted eight days; that is the miracle of Chanukah. Another tale told not as often as to what happened next, is that the Jews, once they cleaned up the Temple, decided to celebrate the holiday of Passover because they had not been able to while they were persecuted. The miracle of Chanukah is that the Maccabees won the war, and in the face of oppression won the right to live freely.

The *Chanukiah* is the candelabra that is used to hold the candles. The *Chanukiah* has nine candle holders, one for each night and one extra for the candle that you use to light the other candles. On the first night (December 6th) you start by lighting one candle in the right-most place, and you add an additional candle each night, placing each new candle to the left of the first one. It is customary to light the candles from the left to the right, lighting the newest candle first. The candles are used for the celebration of the holiday and are not to be used as a source of light. It is also a tradition for people to place their *Chanukiah* in the window so that passerby's can see it, thus publicizing the holiday.

The blessings said over the lighting of the candles are said before the actual lighting of the candles. There are two blessings said every night and a special one said only on the first night. The blessings are:

1. Baruch ata adoshem elokeinu melech ha'olam asher kidshanu b'mitzvotav v'tzivanu l'hadlik ner shel Chanukah.

Blessed are you, Hashem our god, king of the universe, who has sanctified us with Your commandments, and has commanded us to light the Chanukah candles.

2. Baruch ata adoshem elokeinu melech ha'olam sh'asah nisim la'avoteinu bayamim hahem bazman hazeh.

Blessed are you, Hashem our god, king of the universe, who brought miracles for our ancestors in those days at this season.

And only on the first night you say:

3. Baruch ata adoshem elokeinu melech ha'olam sh'hechyanu ve'kiyemanu ve'higyanu lazman hazeh

Blessed are you, Hashem our god, king of the universe, who has kept us alive, sustained us, and brought us to this season.

(*Chanukiot* are available at Hillel, just call 426-3332)

It is a tradition to play *draydel* on Chanukah. *Draydel* is Yiddish for "to turn" (in Hebrew it is called a *sevivone*). A *draydel* is a four-sided top with a different Hebrew letter (Nun, Gimel, Hey, Shin) on each side. The game is a type of betting. Each player spins the *draydel* and has to do the act associated with each letter:

if it lands on: *Nun* - nothing happens

Gimel - the player wins everything in the pot

Hey - the player wins half of what is in the pot

Shin - the player has to put 2 of what you are

playing with in the pot (some people play with real money, some with peanuts, and some with m & m's but you can use whatever you like). The letters on the *Draydel* stand for *Nes Gadol Hiya Sham* — a Big Miracle Happened there, referring to the miracle of the oil lasting eight days long and the miracle of the Maccabees defeating the Syrian-Greeks.

Just like most Jewish holidays, Chanukah has certain foods that are eaten specifically during the eight days. The two major foods of this holiday are latkes (potato pancakes), and *sufganiot* (jelly filled doughnuts). These foods are eaten because they are fried in oil which act as a symbol of oil described in the tale told at the beginning of this article.

The most famous part of Chanukah is the tradition of gift-giving. It is customary to give Chanukah gelt (money - sometimes made of chocolate), but really, the idea of giving gifts is not originally part of the Chanukah celebration. When Jews and Christians began to mingle more freely and influence from other religions increased, gift giving became a part of Chanukah so that Jewish children did not feel left-out during the Christmas (gift-giving) season, gift-giving on Chanukah is a relatively new concept. Some people believe that presents should be given every night, other believe one big present should be given, and yet others believe that presents should be down played and this time should be spent as family time instead.

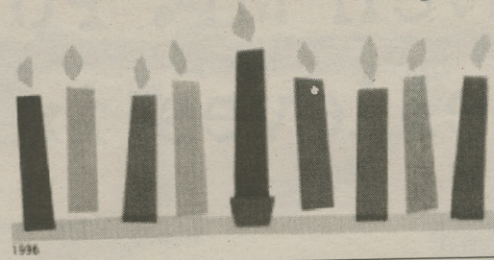
However you decide to celebrate this holiday, keep your eyes open for community and campus celebrations, and have a HAPPY CHANUKAH!!!!

Have You Seen These?

For the first time in history the United States Postal Service has created a stamp for a non-Christian religious holiday! You can purchase them at any place that sells postage stamps, except the campus postal office. This is a trial year for the stamp— if not enough people buy it, the Postal Service will never again print a Chanukah stamp. So,

BUY THEM!

HANUKKAH USA 32



continued from page 10... **Tunnel Uprising**

peace process in numerous ways. He stalled the agreed pull out of Israeli soldiers from Hebron, a city in which 400 Jews live among over 100,000 Palestinians. He also gave the go ahead to resumed building of Jewish settlements in the West Bank, making it much harder for the Palestinians to believe that they were actually going to get the land that they were promised. But even more important, was Natanyahu's initial refusal to meet with Arafat.

The result of all of these policies is that in the last four months or so, what took years to accomplish as far as beginning a peace process in the Middle East, has been almost completely washed away. In the last two days over one thousand people have been injured and over 70 killed, as the Israeli army and Palestinians, some armed with weapons given to them by Israel, have fought, bringing back visions of the Intifada (Armed uprising) where both Palestinians and Israeli were killed and injured in violent clashes occurring all too often. It has been a few years now since the Intifada ended, but in the course of two days it has all come back with terrible speed and haunting memories.

The question now is what to do next to defuse the situation. Prime Minister Natanyahu has canceled his European trip and headed home. At this moment he and Arafat are trying to arrange a meeting to discuss how the situation might quickly be defused. So far it does not appear as though much progress has been made. Today another nine Israeli soldiers were killed, bringing the total to twenty, and more Palestinians were killed as well, with the total number not yet disclosed. Also, a good portion of the Israeli army was called back to duty even though it is the weekend and the first day of the holiday of Sukkot. So far, the policy decided on by Natanyahu seems to be one of containment by force. Leaders from all over the Arab world are calling for Israel to close the tunnel and pull out from the occupied territories as previously agreed. Even President Clinton has hinted that Israel should close the tunnel. While he did not say it in those words exactly, he did say, "I think that all parties should avoid any actions which are likely to undermine the progress of peace." He then went on to say, "Now the important thing is to end the violence and to get back to implementing those peace agreements."

Perhaps cooler heads will prevail, and the violence which has taken place these last two days will die down quickly. We can only hope the peace process is still salvageable and that not too much damage has

been done already. If so it would be a monumental tragedy, for just a few months ago peace seemed like it would finally be a reality to a region and to people that have yet to experience peace.

continued from page 8... **Hillel Leaders Assembly**

from the lack of basic social skills, shmoozing (chatting) as they say. Once that had past, thanks to a sweet hug from an understanding west coaster, I settled in to enjoy the ride, chock full of singing, services, workshops, speeches, photo shoots, study, and on the last night there, a dance craze. The energy at this place was incredible. At first I thought it had to be a little artificial or exaggerated some but by the time I had left I had realized how real it was. This was often thanks to the moving, energetic, and inspiring leadership by Hillel President, Richard Joel, who, involved in every aspect of the conference, provided the backbone to the program with his energy.

Despite all the positives, I did not sail through without difficulties and a little emotional upheaval. I felt a little selfish in group discussions commenting frequently about the struggle I had with the most basic of ideologies concerning Jewish life that seemed to come without question to so many of the students there. My fears were put aside when, at the end of the conference, good-byes happening all around, the mediator of my chavurah, a woman who had led one of the many small informal groups which met daily to talk about how the program was going, came and told me how meaningful I'd been in *her* experience at the conference. The irony was rather beautiful— she, an orthodox Jewish woman straight out of Brooklyn with children and husband, working for the Hillel at Brooklyn College. And me, a 19 year old student from Los Angeles, California beginning to explore her religion and ethnicity in small town Santa Cruz. "You remind me of somewhere I've been," she told me, "and maybe I'm still there."

As for satisfying my curiosity, the staff was full of people interested in listening to my questions and interests and engaging in conversation. And of course the students — out going, timid, tall, short, east coast, west coast, no coast, crazy accents... The sheer variety of students from small to huge colleges, with non-existent to extremely active Hillels, of all degrees of religious observance made for a truly pluralistic and fascinating experience.

If you wish to attend this conference Maya is writing about, please contact our local Hillel @ 426-3332 and ask about the Hillel Leaders Conference.

Even Mr. Potato Head Believes in Submission...



Write, Draw, or Edit for Leviathan. Contact Etan at 459-3917