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האטאנה לויטן

**EXCLUSIVE
INTERVIEW!**

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LEVIATHAN provides a voice for Jewish students at the University of California at Santa Cruz and the surrounding community. It is published in 3 quarterly issues per academic year.

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The editor-in-chief bouldering in J-tree, CA, or Joshua Tree. Photo: Alex Miller

Elements of a Spinoza Revolution

Can you taste it? The crisp November air is imbued with the spirit of revolution – a Jewish revolution of creative minds, that is. It is a classic battle between good and evil. To quote an infamous source [enter Star Wars theme], “You’re either with us, or against us.” Apathy begins with you, and that is why *you* are going to change it.

Now that you are thoroughly confused, allow me room for a brief exegesis.

Welcome to UC Santa Cruz, land of infinite banana slugs to lick. Congratulations for picking up this 33-year-old Jewish publication, entirely

student-produced. You have just been inducted into the pantheon of Jewish journalistic giants, and we won’t allow you to step off the pedestal. We won’t allow you to descend into a life of uninvolvedness with the Jewish community on campus.

Well, in my utopia - maybe. Reality is usually a stark contrast.

Some people purposefully wear wool over their eyes. Natives of Nepal use wool as sunglasses. This is reasonable. But when people choose to wear wool, things become problematic.

Once, I came back from volunteering at the farm carrying two bouquets of flowers I had plucked and assembled myself.

“Where did you get those flowers?” someone would ask.

“At the farm,” I would reply.

“There’s a farm?” YES there is a farm on this campus, just like there are ancient redwood trees standing proudly since the time of the Temple. There is also an ocean, just down the hill. How long have you lived here?

In an institution where millions of ideas swirl around, information circulates as rapidly as misinformation does. People often use the terms “Judaism” and “Jewishness” interchangeably. (The word

Jewishness doesn’t even appear in the Microsoft Word dictionary, courtesy of Red Squiggly Line). It’s not a simple linguistic slip, but a tangle of the most difficult sorts. Judaism is a religion, and Jewishness refers to the cultural identity and social mores of Jewish people. But as the joke goes, two Jews equals three synagogues. Jews are an ethnicity unto themselves, speaking languages from Amharic to Murati to Czech, but ultimately derived of the same Semitic origins. All Torahs have the same language, and that is Hebrew. Read the rest of the paper for more details.

Giving yourself a Jewish identity tag is nice, but what does it mean?

Slake your thirst for knowledge and meaning for life and contribute to the birth of a new Jewish consciousness to replace the vast swaths of apathy, recalcitrance, and ignorance prevalent around these parts. You have already taken the first step by reading this paper. Explore Judaism and your Jewishness with acts of tikkun olam, through channels like Hillel and Chabba, Jewish Studies courses, a Jewish boyfriend or girlfriend, and of course, this newspaper!

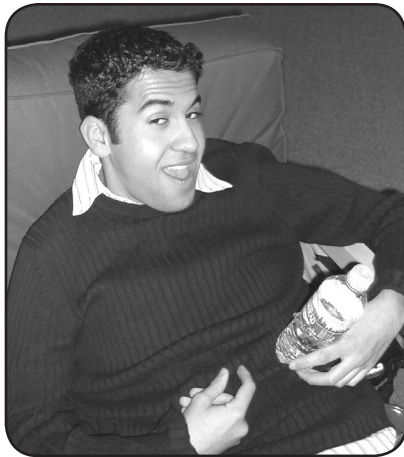
Oh, and if you don’t know who Baruch Spinoza (1632-1677) was, try Google.

Your 2 Cents:

Askin' you the tough questions.



Are you a Jewish American or an American Jew?



"Neither"

Arash Davidi
Junior



"Israeli American Jew"

Corinne Strasser
Junior



"Jewish American"

Samara Diner
Junior



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Cover Photo
courtesy of
Nice Jewish Girls Gone Bad

Israel travels reveal cultural differences

By Sarah Black

The sun shines on the steps as you walk to the bus to go to class. You wave and smile at those you know. On the bus you might even strike up a conversation.

This is normal for people in California and especially in Santa Cruz. My friend, Bryan Moy, who came from Chicago, Illinois, believes that people are "more relaxed and open to help." He says that where he is from everyone seems to keep to themselves and is not as open and friendly. Simple things like giving directions is a courtesy missing in other parts of the country. People in this city are more relaxed, my friend explains. He smiles. "I like it here."

From my experience in a foreign country and from comments I have gathered from friends who have lived in other countries, the level of openness with strangers varies greatly in other places.

I went to Israel this past summer and found the boys there to be much friendlier and, if I may say, more forward than the boys here. I am not saying that this is good or bad, but I did find it very interesting. For instance, I went walking at night down the boardwalk in Eilat with one friend and a group of guys we had never seen before stopped and began talking with us. They wanted to know our names, where we were from, and what we were doing that night.

It is the last part that strikes me as something most sober guys in America would not do. I went on the Birthright Israel trip, so I went around with a group of college students my age. My friends also agreed that this forwardness was a bit odd because we were not used to it.

In England, for instance, people keep to their own space and do not often go up and talk to random people, according to Phil Dixon of Newcastle, England. He came to Santa Cruz on an exchange program, before which he was told not to be afraid if people just randomly came up and talked to him. He joked that back home if someone were to do the same thing, one might think that he or she were about to be robbed. He also commented that it seemed more relaxed and less formal. He was surprised by the people here, but called it a "good surprise."

Another friend from my dorm building,

Phil Gella, who lived in Vladi Vostoch, Russia found that people in his hometown were inclusive and did say hello to people they passed walking around the city. He expressed his happiness at how they accepted anyone of any religion or ethnicity. As long as someone spoke the language, they were considered Russian and nothing else mattered, according to Gella. He feels that there is more respect for humanity and trust where he is from than there is here. Phil also told me that once he went to visit another city and he had a conversation for hours with a stranger whom he had met at a coffee shop.

In Israel I found the friendliness of people my age a great way to meet people but a little overwhelming. The same friend who walked down the street with me that one night in Eilat told me about an experience she had meeting an Israeli boy. She confided in him this difference between the attitudes of guys in his country as compared to her own. He told her that Israeli boys are overly confident and this is the reason why they came off so strong.

Does that mean that boys in the United States are less confident? Or more interestingly, why do they feel more confident in Israel?

Perhaps they acted the way they did toward us because we were American girls, and even more appealing, Californian girls. There is a stereotype of girls from America being much friendlier, open, and perhaps "easier" than girls in other countries.

I have heard stereotypes of guys in France liking Americans because all of the girls there are stuck-up or snobby. I know this must not be true of all women and men in these other countries; there is, however, something that has to do with the culture that makes such a great difference between the general friendliness of a country.

For example, in England the upbringing and education system for children is

stricter than in America and I would also venture to guess that in France, people are also taught from a young age to be more formal and reserved.

In Russia, my friend helped me to understand that politics and economic hardship had a lot to do with how people act towards each other. People there know how it is to need things and be in bad situations, and therefore are more willing to depend on others.

In the U.S., economic prosperity is higher than many countries and dependency on others seems to be looked down upon. Here every person wants to be able to succeed on his or her own.

With respect to education, the school and political systems in the U.S. are much less formal than in England. This has much to do with how relaxed it seems here.

People do not have to work each day to be free and have what they need because they more or less already have it.

This leaves us with the sweet Israeli boys and their lifestyles that are much different from all the other countries mentioned. Israel is a young country and tolerates extremities in politics as part of the everyday experience. Life is more precious in Israel because without warning it can be taken away. Perhaps the reason these boys are so open and the lifestyle of teenagers is so wild and carefree has something to do with this scenario. People stay out late at night, use public transportation, and go about normal daily activities despite all that has happened there and continues to happen. They are not afraid of what is to happen but take obstacles as they come. Each day must be lived and loved and all feel a strong connection to the country.

I find this a wonderful way to live and enjoy life. Traveling is a great way to see other cultures and ways of life and is also a great way to see your own country from another perspective. Perhaps you may even want to practice a new ritual that appeals to you and enrich yourself and the lives around you.

Does that mean that boys in the United States are less confident? Or more interestingly, why do boys in Israel feel more confident?

Artifacts tell story of American Jewish life

By Kelly Oppermann

When we think of the word "Jewish," often times we do not think of just a religion, but an entire culture as well. Jews in America have always had a unique and interesting place among other immigrants. It is our immigration from many other countries to America that allowed Jewish Americana to develop.

When we think of Jewish Americana we invoke diverse images including storefront signs in Hebrew, seltzer bottles and Kiddush cups. Until now, these were mostly images we've seen in books. Maybe some of us have been lucky enough to see these objects in person, but rarely would we see more than a few together at a time. Now, we have a chance to see an entire museum exhibit dedicated to Jewish Americana.

The National Museum of American Jewish History in Philadelphia has put together a collection of more than 10,000 artifacts of Jewish Americana for the public to view. This was made possible by the donation of artifacts from Peter H. Schweitzer, who is a rabbi at the City Congregation for Humanistic Judaism in New York City and Vice President of the Association of Humanistic Rabbis. This is not the first time that Rabbi Schweitzer has loaned out his items of Jewish Americana to either a museum or a publication, but it is the first time all of his 10,000 plus collection will be exhibited together.

Rabbi Schweitzer began this collection during his childhood in the suburbs of New York. What started out as a collection of comic



Photo by Jeffery E. Holder

Seltzer Bottles: c.1910-1940, Peter H. Schweizer Collection, courtesy of National Museum of Jewish History. Europeans drank seltzer as an alternative to the often-polluted water and reveled in its medicinal properties.

books, pennants and matchbooks evolved into a collection of antiques, such as yearbooks and Yiddish typewriters. The collection now contains a diverse amount of Americana: signs, posters, tins, photographs, bottles, neon lights, clocks, menus, trade cards, textiles, autograph books and ritual items.

This collection is meant to be open not only to scholars, but to the general public as well. "The Peter H. Schweitzer Collection is significant for the field of American Jewish history because it contains objects of material culture that depict the everyday lives and experiences of Jews in America, both in their secular lives as well as their religious practice," said a news release from The National Museum of American Jewish History.

Gwen Goodman, Executive Director/CEO of the National Museum of American Jewish

History said, "A collection like this is a rarity. These objects that connect people and places to Jewish experiences in America will enable us to tell our story."

The collection will continue to grow. Rabbi Schweitzer calls it "a living collection" and dedicates himself to finding new objects.

In addition to displaying the objects, the museum is also creating a registry to preserve the objects and the history behind them, because

these objects incorporate both the secular and religious worlds of Judaism. As such, the exhibit is important for Jews and non-Jews alike.

For more information about the collection or the museum you can go to <http://www.nmajh.org>

When we think of Jewish Americana we invoke diverse images including... seltzer bottles and Kiddush cups. Now, we have a chance to see an entire museum exhibit...



Magil Sign: Peter H. Schweitzer Collection, courtesy of National Museum of American Jewish History. This sign is for "Magil's Printing Co.," which hung outside a shop in the 700 block on South Fifth Street in Philadelphia, and was found by Peter Schweitzer in an antique store in Boston. In addition to printing services, the sign advertised that the store carried prayer books, prayer shawls, stationary and music. Photo by Jeffery E. Holder

Jewish Mating Holidays and the Ancient

Woodstock

By Rabbi Shalom Bochner

Most of us have strong preconceived notions about Judaism that are hard to change: Yom Kippur is about guilt, the Bible is long and mostly uninteresting, and matzoh ball soup and bagels are the height of the Jewish culinary experience. When we are asked about Judaism we probably don't think about sexual passions, live outdoor all-night musical festivals with hundreds of thousands of people, or The Torah as being hip. But oh so wrong we can be about so many things. Among the things we may have missed in Hebrew School are a Talmudic rabbi who hid under his teacher's bed while his teacher had sex, cannabis being one of the ingredients in the sacred anointing oil in the Temple according to a prominent ancient Jewish translation, and holiday rituals for people to find a sexual partner. While I have written about some of these ideas before in previous Leviathan issues, given the theme of this issue, I thought it was a good time to reexamine what we know and maybe don't know about our true Jewish heritage.

Today, the holiday that most Jews celebrate is Yom Kippur and it is thought of as a heavy and somber day. It may surprise you to learn that Yom Kippur is not a sad holiday at all, but really a joyful holiday celebrating our ability to be forgiven and renewed by G-d. It may also surprise you more to learn how this holiday was described by the rabbis of 2,000 years ago. The Mishnah, in Tractate Taanit, says, "There were no holidays so joyous for the Jewish People as the Fifteenth of Av and Yom Kippur, for on those days the daughters of Jerusalem would go out and dance in the vineyards located on the outskirts of the city and everyone who didn't have a wife would go there..." In ancient times, after the climax of the Yom Kippur rituals when the High Priest would enter the Holy of Holies chamber in the Temple and pray for forgiveness on behalf of the entire people (the only day of the entire year that anyone entered this most sacred shrine), the mood of the holiday quickly transformed from introspection to

celebration and passion. The unmarried women would dress in white, go outside, call to the men, and the unmarried men would find them there. The rest is history. You may have noticed the lack of a wedding ceremony being mentioned in this passage. According to Judaism, sex itself is a form of marriage. One more thing that you may have missed in Hebrew School!

Not only was Yom Kippur associated with mating and sex, it was also not seen as the central holiday in the calendar cycle. That honor belongs to Sukkot, the harvest festival of huts that the Talmud refers to as THE holiday. Sukkot, called in the prayers "the time of our happiness," is the true high point of the year as it concludes the holiday cycle started at Passover in addition to being the real finale of the fall festivals. While for many of us Sukkot is just a foggy memory of a rabbi showing



us what looked like a lemon with an extra stem and a strange collection of green branches, Sukkot was designed to be celebrated as eight days of nonstop feasting and drinking in celebration of the harvest and being forgiven. In other words, today we spend Yom Kippur fasting and asking for forgiveness but most Jews miss the true celebration of life that falls just four days after the Day of Atonement. On Sukkot, we wave the sacred species while singing psalms of praise, eat and sleep under the stars in a hut reminding us of the journey across the Sinai desert, welcome our ancestors to join us at our meals and holiday parties, and enjoy life to the fullest.

Yet even these happy gatherings pale in comparison to the parties our ancestors went to. The Mishnah, Tractate

Sukkot, says: "One who has not seen the celebration at the place of the water drawing [during Sukkot] has never seen real joy," and then continues with a description of a party that puts Woodstock to shame. An entire orchestra of Levites with flutes, drums, cymbals and stringed instruments played for the people. Sages and teachers juggled torches, wine glasses, eggs and knives. People clapped, jumped and danced while huge spotlights lit up the entire city of Jerusalem. The entire Jewish nation gathered and enjoyed the festivities. And it lasted all night long. We may have heard of Jewish accomplishments such as cellphone technology, the theory of relativity, and The Daily Show, but how many of us knew that our people also invented the rave?

Our holy books are not only filled with laws about morality and purity, they are filled with racy tales of sex, lust, music, violence, and real life. For example, Noah (according to the Midrash) not only builds an ark and saves humanity and the animals, but is also the first person to discover the joys of wine and the pain of castration. Song of Songs is erotic poetry ascribed to King Solomon. The Talmud includes stories of rabbis who visit prostitutes, descriptions of various mind-altering substances, and much bathroom humor.

As you go to your classes at this university and expose yourself to the universe of ideas, you might want to consider exploring what Judaism really is. Beyond the awkward Bar and Bat Mitzvah parties, boring Hebrew School classes, strange items on the Passover Seder plate, you may just find an entire universe that you didn't know about. There are many ways to begin this journey. Both Hillel and Chabad offer free weekly classes (with food!) about Torah, Talmud, and Kabbalah. UCSC Jewish Studies courses are also an entry point. You can also Google Judaism. Just don't be surprised by what you may find.

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Is a Diamond a Stone

By Rabbi Shlomie Chein

Velt was a small but pristine island in the Indian Ocean. With a population of just over one hundred living on two thousand acres of lush grass, tall palm trees, white beaches, and majestic sunsets, it was quite the place to live.

While Velt had much we would envy, it also lacked much we take for granted. There was hardly a substantial work force, and not much work to be done. The food supply was limited to the few items that grew on the island, and only as much as a season could produce. A system was needed through which Velt could interact with the rest of the world to offer its valuables in return for its necessities.

The queen of Velt was a kind and compassionate woman, an avid intellectual and yet very much a pragmatic. In addition to her many royal treasures, she was the possessor of fine gems and remarkable diamonds. This particular asset was extremely dear and very valuable in the eyes of the queen, and she would therefore not use diamonds for simple trades; rather she would only share her gems with a partner who was well worth it.

Many ships would pass not far from the island en route from Asia to Africa and back. The queen would scout these ships and when she detected a sense of quality in one of the ships a small boat would be sent out with a messenger to invite the ship to the island.

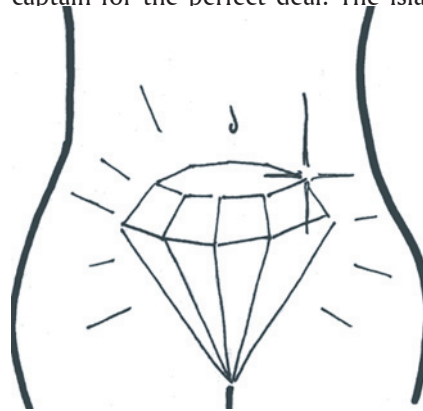
Once on land the captain would be brought to the palace where he was treated royally for the duration of his stay. From morning to evening the queen would host and entertain him all the while trying to get a sense of his level of integrity. The queen would engage him in long discussions to try and understand his interests and values. Did he appreciate the beauty and serenity of the island? Would he do honest business? Would he be a man of his word? Would he understand the true value of her precious gems?

Often the queen sent a captain back on his way after only a couple of short

days on the island. However, once in while the queen would find a captain of good character with whom she shared common interests and values, and she would invite him to remain in this paradise. When the queen felt comfortable and the time seemed right, she would discuss a trade deal with him. If the captain was willing to commit to the proposed deal, he would benefit from the most valuable treasure on the Island – the queen's precious gems.

The method was clear and simple: while the queen's gems were involved in her trades, she would never use her gems as a negotiating tool to persuade an uncertain captain. Rather, she would only use them as the pinnacle of a trade she thought was otherwise perfect.

The queen's gems remained private, their value maintained ultimate heights, and they were only shared with the ideal captain for the perfect deal. The island's



population never saw this treasure, but as a whole they benefited greatly from the quality and value of the trades.

Life went on and the queen died. Now the princess became queen. The princess had a more brazen way of thinking. If I am the possessor of such exotic gems, she thought, what use is there if I can't display them. And so while no one had permission to touch, or much less use them, her gems were constantly on display throughout the palace.

The consequence of this change went unnoticed but existed nonetheless. With gems being around all the time, they lost some of their mystery and magic. In

addition to that, they lost some value in the eyes of the queen herself. Now that they were available for all to see, she was no longer hesitant to share her gems with only the best of captains and for the best of deals. She continued to meet with fine captains, but her dealings lacked the quality and consistency known to trades of the past.

When the queen died her princess became queen. The new queen figured her gems should be even more available to the public. Not only should they be on display in the palace, but she would exhibit her gems everywhere she went. Once again there was a subtle but real consequence as gems lost even more of their original value.

With time, as every new queen took over and became more lax with her treasure of exquisite diamonds and beautiful gems, their use increased and their value decreased. Soon a queen decided looking was not enough and she allowed people to handle her gems. Then one day, to everyone's surprise, a queen who lacked an ordinary kitchen-use stone allowed for a diamond to be used in its place. Eventually the shock wore off, and when she saw that it worked as well as any other stone, she used diamonds to replace any stone when needed.

As time passed, gems were being used more frequently, and the ships that passed were giving less in return. At first the people did not notice the decline in the value of the gems, and those who did notice did not mind, for they were just happy to see gems being used whenever there was the urge, without adhering to the previous limitations.

There was actually some initial excitement as more people were free to use gems to acquire what they desired.

Anyone could use gems or diamonds to get anything. In Velt diamonds were soon so abused that they hardly retained any value. Gems were flaunted all the

continued on page 21...

On the Bus Heading North from Tel Aviv

By: Boaz Vilozny

I noticed the man because of my little sister. I saw her expression turn from the blank, introverted look typical of bus riders, into a curious gaze, then an outright stare. I followed her eyes to an odd figure making his way toward us down the aisle. Unlike the other passengers, he made no attempt to hold onto a railing as he moved, and consequently, he was thrown wildly from side to side, staying upright only by virtue of the other passengers around him. In contrast to the annoyed passengers into whom he crashed, the man wasn't at all disturbed by being thrown around. After regaining his footing after each lurch, he calmly continued toward us, a mild, detached expression on his broad face.

He came to a stop directly in front of me, finally taking hold of the hand rail. I looked down to hide my amusement at his appearance. Though rather short, the man took up a lot of space, his stocky figure covered in an enormous puffy black coat. He stood slightly hunched over, like the old women you see at the market, though I'd guess he was only in his thirties. His expression was simple, almost cherubic, and an impossibly wide grin stretched from one side of his face to the other. His eyes stared into nothing, as if he was immersed in a daydream. A black leather jockey cap was on his head, and below that, a giant pair of headphones covered his ears. This was before all the youth began wearing huge headphones to listen to music, and looked like they belonged in an air-traffic control tower or a recording studio.

Though he had a hand on the railing, the man's posture did not indicate that he knew he was on a bus in Israel. His feet were together, his arm straight out toward the railing, and so with only two points of attachment his frame swung like a turnpike each time the bus took a corner. Everyone nearby edged further away, pushing their way into the already dense crowd. At an abrupt swerve of the bus, the man was thrown back into an almost horizontal position, his cap nearly

brushing the floor.

As he righted himself, I looked into his eyes, and saw his pupils had rolled completely back into his broad forehead, his mouth half open. He seemed completely, innocently unaware of his surroundings. A few quiet moments passed, and I looked back at my sister to see her also watching the tragicomic figure in half disbelief.

From my right, a middle-aged woman pushed through the crowd and put her hand gently on the man's shoulder. "How are you?" She asked with audible concern. "I haven't seen you in a long time."

"Fine, fine," the man yelled. But his voice was calm. He nodded his head and grinned.

She stooped slightly to try to look him in the eye. "How was the operation?"

"Oh, yeah."

An abrupt turn sent the man into another uncontrollable sway. The woman seemed concerned that her conversation might be distracting him from keeping his footing.

"You should be careful... here, hold the railing with two hands."

"Huh?"

"Two hands..." The woman leaned closer and raised her voice in order to be heard over the traffic noise and the headphones. "*Your other hand...*"

The man removed his one hand from the railing and used it to lift one of the enormous earphones, cupping his ear with the other hand. "Huh?"

"Two hands - the railing -"

The man nodded his understanding, then let the earphone drop back over his head and dropped both hands to his sides. He lifted one hand and pointed to his head, "Radio," he said. The woman had been noticeably concerned when he held the railing with only one hand. Her voice now carried the distinct tones of restrained panic. I unconsciously turned my shoulder toward the man, a buttress in case he should fall into me. I also looked to my sister to see that she was at a safe distance. The woman came closer in another attempt to advise the helpless

passenger.

"Take hold of this railing." She pointed to the metal bar and the man obliged, grasping it again with one hand. She began to speak once more, to suggest that he use both hands, but she quickly cut herself short when he appeared about to let go again to raise his earphone. She took a step back and wondered aloud, looking around imploringly, "Maybe one of these people will stand up, and then you'll be able to sit?" No one appeared to take any notice of her plea. She raised her voice and spoke again. "Maybe someone, one of these people in the seats, will get up to make room?"

I glanced around, but saw no one moving to help. In the nearby seats I saw a student sitting with his shoulder almost touching the swaying passenger, a middle aged man in a grey suit with a furrowed brow, and two tiny old women, peering over their bundles of plastic shopping bags. The passengers stared expressionlessly, in every direction save that of the man and his would-be protector. "Maybe someone will rise..." the woman began again, but didn't finish her sentence. No one rose. The hunched man continued to stumble and sway at the mercy of traffic, oblivious to all. He brushed against me, then my sister, and then knocked into a tall Russian who silently moved to the back. Now I felt ashamed for the amused smile I had on first seeing this cartoon-like figure of a man, who now seemed so helpless. Where was he going? Where did he live?

The woman took hold of his shoulder and shouted in his ear, "I have to get down here - when you see someone leave a chair, you sit. Please don't stand the whole way." She patted his arm maternally. "You sit down, OK?"

At the next stop the woman stepped out the side door and disappeared. The man remained in his state of detachment, and by now almost no one was staring at him anymore. Of course I couldn't help but watch him out of the corner of my eye, until pretty soon our stop came, then we stepped out, too.

The Hassid Living In My Closet

By: Will Hoffman

Okay, from the title you're probably thinking this is some extended metaphor for something personal or subconscious, but in fact, it's not. When I say, "There's a Hassid living in my closet," I mean there's a real, live Hassidic guy who's been crashing on a mat in my closet, on and off, for the past few months. I mean, once, I got home, sat down at my desk, and the most bizarre thing popped its head out of my closet. A man with a black hat, black beard, black garb, and tremendous smile greeted me. Apparently he had been in the attic (connected via my closet) discussing the Tanya with another Yid over some Corona. And it clicked - I was living with a Hassid.

I made friends with the Hassid rather quickly. Being a semi-observant Jew myself, we walked to shul together, studied Jewish Law together and recalled legendary stories of legendary, *tzaddikim*, or righteous people. Sometimes the subject matters were mundane, other times intensely mystical, though the Hassid did not smoke. As it is known *by those who know*, Hassidim do not need to smoke. The Hassid went to work, ran errands, stopped by the dry cleaners. He owned many books and was often absorbed in study, or eating herring. The Hassid could speak seven languages and had his MA, but mostly considered secular academia a waste of time. Once in a while he would complain about the bus strike and he would yield a smirk as he passed by the "Keep Santa Cruz Weird" bumper stickers.

Things were *beseder*; my roommate didn't mind the Hassid, but then again, my roommate just got back from yeshiva. But then I started to wonder. How did I ever get here?

Freshman year started off pretty standard: some biking, few classes here and there, friends, discussions running late at the Crown/Merrill Dining Hall dealing with who's up to assassinate the president, and the philosophy of the munchies. Now I get daily doses of Rashi and find myself quite haphazardly memorizing the Malachos of Shabbos in all their complexities. While

some wake up in the morning to death metal on snooze alarms or rolling onto broken bottles, I only recall in recent months waking up to Shofar blasts and Krias Shema announcements. There was even talk about me 'turning to the dark side.' (Okay, I started to dress up nicer for Shabbos and there happened to be a hat sale on Pacific - so what?)

Connecting the dots, maybe it all somehow does make sense. I wanted to get into observant Judaism when I was fifteen after I stayed with an Orthodox family in Cincinnati while participating in the Maccabi Games. It was a beautiful experience; I stayed a week and learned a lot from the community as well as the other athletes who were practicing, yami-wearing Jews. When I got back to SoCal, the only problem was there was no Orthodox synagogue where I lived. So one of the athletes told me something I'll never forget: "Don't be afraid of the local Chabad House; they're actually really nice people."

At the time, this was very striking to me. Growing up around the Conservative and Reform Movements, I had overheard apples and bananas - and I was pretty sure a Chabad synagogue wasn't for me. Suddenly Chabad was recommended to me by a totally non-Hassidic, Modern Orthodox guy.

So I took his advice and ended up getting a lot out of the nearby Chabad. By the way, brief description of what Chabad really is: their acronym stands for *chachma*, *binah*, *da'at*, which translates to wisdom, comprehension, and knowledge. They are a Lubavitch Hassidic group, meaning they originate from Lubavitch, Russia. However, unlike many other Hassidic groups these days who keep to somewhat secluded communities, Chabad is known for their public friendliness and their outreach to Jewish communities all over the globe. Today they are a big business in a sense, with international headquarters in New York and Chabad centers scattered all over. But rather than crave consumers' moolah, they want Jews' mitzvos.

Although I usually prefer a non-Hassidic, Orthodox shul, I must say

Chabad Houses have been very beneficial and they're always convenient. Chabad Rabbis have their Hassidic twists to Jewish teachings and Midrashim and they are very learned and well-rounded. Chabad is, in fact, exceptionally open to Jews of different backgrounds with different customs. For example, many Sephardic Jews go to Chabad who have practices that are sometimes different from Chabad customs.

Believe it or not, I found out Judaic resources exist right here in Santa Cruz. Two years ago a Lubavitch Rabbi named Shloimie Chein and his family moved here from Brooklyn to help out with Jewish stuff (Shabbos dinner, holidays, Torah study) at UCSC. Anyone who's been can attest to Shloimie's deep insights and stories, his wife Devorah Leah's charm and exquisite cooking, and the family's overall hospitality. There is also a Chabad House on Mission Street run by Rabbi Yochanan Friedman. Throughout the week there are classes on Talmud and Tanya taught by the Chabad rabbis as well as an interactive parsha class with the Hillel rabbi, Shalom Bochner, and an in depth class on varying subjects with Rabbi Yisroel Gordon of Palo Alto. Each of these classes can be very helpful for anyone who wants to learn about Judaism.

Getting back to the Hassidim... From my experience with them, I've found that they are a committed, loveable bunch. They tend to sing songs and are almost always happy and constantly fueling their avodah through simcha.

I could never be Hassidic though. I'm too pragmatic, too headstrong. At one point I figured out that I can't always stay up all night saying L'chaim. I like sleep. Plus, to the best of my knowledge, my ancestry is straight-up non-Hassidic, Ashkenazi. Then again, there would be benefits to becoming Hassidic: I could choose a *rebbe* (spiritual leader) to follow and become a simple Jew, perhaps the town *shochet* (butcher) living in Jerusalem or Tsfat or New York. Even if I didn't move away, I'm sure I'd at least get along better with my roommate.

continued on page 17

Iran breeds next generation on anti-Semitism

Ahmadinejad calls for Israel's annihilation before masses

By Philip Nilsson

Iran's new president Mahmoud Ahmadinejad was cheered by supporters two days after he made anti-Israel remarks that have spurned international outrage. Ahmadinejad stated that Israel should be "wiped off the map," a comment that prompted Iran's government reformers to try to repair the damage caused by this purely idiotic statement, made during a speech given at a conference entitled "The World Without Zionism" in front of almost 3,000 students who were heard chanting "Death to Israel!" and "Death to America!"

According to an article in the San Francisco Chronicle dated October 28, more than one million Iranians poured into the streets of Tehran and other cities during state-run rallies on Friday, celebrating the annual Jerusalem Day to show their support for Ahmadinejad's cry to "wipe Israel off the map" and his conviction that any future attacks by Palestinians would destroy Israel. Ahmadinejad stood fast by his assertion and repeated the call again during Friday's rallies, stating that his "words are the Iranian nation's words."

The so-called Jerusalem Day was designated a quarter-century ago by Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, leader of the 1979 revolution in Iran, as a chance to spread anti-Semitic fervor and rejection of a Jewish state on what they believe is Arab land. Many protestors could be seen wearing white robes splashed with red paint with mock explosives around the waist, symbolizing their willingness to become "martyrs" in the Palestinian cause. Mehdi Abu Talebi, a Shiite clergyman taking part in the rallies, said, "Israel should be wiped off the face of the earth. What is happening in Palestine is the fight between Islam and the infidels,"

adding that he has "no doubts" that the Holocaust under Germany's Nazi regime never happened.

Trying to diffuse the adverse effects of Ahmadinejad's anti-Semitic rhetoric, Iran issued a statement trying to explain that the president actually meant "that [Iran] favors a fair and long-lasting peace in Palestine."

Calling this translation suspect would give the terrorist government of Iran credit; it is nothing except a flaccid cover up of the reality of Iran's hatred for the Jewish people and their presence in Israel, as well as their support of Palestinian terrorists, whose goal is the complete destruction of the state of Israel, which is frighteningly similar to the remark made by President Ahmadinejad.

It seems that Iran's twisted sense of a "fair peace in Palestine" is to simply wipe an entire country off the map with no obvious regard for human life.

It seems that Iran's twisted sense of a "fair peace in Palestine" is to simply wipe an entire country off the map with no obvious regard for human life.

There were hopes that the previous Iranian regime, headed by Mohammad Khatami, would help facilitate peace with Israel and the Western world because of its well-known moderate stance. After the ultra-conservative Ahmadinejad was elected in late June, however, hopes began to wane. His words tell the world that Iran is not joining in the fight against extremism and violence; instead his words suggest that his people wish to perpetuate terror, war and anti-Semitism. It is nothing new that someone in power

wishes for Israel to disappear, but it is particularly worrisome at this precarious point in Israel's existence.

Some Arab media outlets, however, voiced their disapproval of Ahmadinejad's comments, stating that they were unwise, badly timed, and counter-productive. An editorial printed in the daily Arab News on October 28 called his remarks "certainly undiplomatic" and speculates that President Ahmadinejad "perhaps wants to divert attention from his government's failure so far to deliver on his promises to Iran's poor."

Nevertheless virtually every Arab news source, including Arab News, can agree that Israel is the common enemy.

Most European nations, as well as the U.S. and Canada, have denounced Ahmadinejad's words. British Prime Minister Tony Blair acknowledged that he has "never come across a situation of the president of a country saying they want to wipe out... another country," calling it "unacceptable."

French officials told Iran's ambassador to Paris that Israel's right to exist "cannot be contested," and Spanish Prime Minister Jose Luis Zapatero said that Iran's comments are "simply unacceptable with regards to Israel." Canada's Foreign Affairs Minister Pierre Pettigrew wanted to "vigorously condemn" Ahmadinejad's remarks and established that "Canada will never accept such hatred, intolerance and anti-Semitism. Never." Finally, the U.S. condemned the "outrageous and despicable threats" made against Israel and reasserted its commitment to defending Israel's right to exist.

Despite the nuclear ambitions of anti-Semitic Iran, Israel will be able to defend herself against eerily hostile neighbors as it has done for the past 57 years, without the need of any capricious superpower.

Individual Memory of Collective Tragedy

Persian Jew tells his story

By Arash Davidi

People in Santa Cruz are astonished once they discover that I'm Jewish. A typical response is, "But wait - if you're from Iran, aren't you suppose to be Muslim?"

Although this form of ignorance continues to alarm me, my tolerance remains steadfast. One such incident occurred while leisurely taking a break from studying at the McHenry Library in late October. An old, fragile Jewish woman approached me. She stared rather obnoxiously into my eyes and asked, "So you look Muslim, but your nose is Semitic. Who *are* you boy?" Flabbergasted yet well-composed, I responded, "Oh. I'm Middle Eastern, so that's probably why you assumed I'm Muslim. But I'm a Middle Eastern Jew." She then chuckled beneath her breath, while squeezing my left cheek and childishly saying, "Well it happens to the best of us, sweetheart." Although this bizarre woman left me with a feeling of confusion and shock, I returned to my desk to finish the remainder of my Forensic Anthropology paper.

If my peculiar episode has left you in a state of bewilderment, then we're on the same page. I am an Iranian Jew. Much of how people perceive me today is shaped by the history of the Jewish people of Iran.

The Iranian Revolution in 1979 placed all Jews in a dangerous environment. Suddenly, Iranian Jews were forced to conform to fundamentalist Islamic ideals and standards, helplessly allowing the Ayatollahs to rape us of our religious identity. Our notion of home shattered, helplessly leaving us with a very different Iran. The country quickly turned against us, delivering a huge wave of anti-Semitism. Many Jews were murdered and imprisoned, forcing the rest of us, including my family, to flee the country.

In 1986, a year after my birth, my mother, father, two older brothers and I frighteningly escaped Tehran in the middle of the night. Like most Jews at the time, my family paid for an illegal driving service to smuggle us through the

Iranian border. Once completely outside of Iranian boundaries, we were dropped off at the foothills of a mountain that separates Iran from Pakistan. The drop-off spot was chosen with the intention of minimizing our chances of being killed by border patrol agents. We were in dire need of reaching Karachi, a Pakistani city bordering Iran. Since Karachi has a small Pakistani Jewish community, it became a temporary sanctuary for many of us who fled during the Revolution. After climbing the southeastern mountains of Iran for

safely practice Judaism while maintaining our Middle Eastern heritage in America. Within fifteen months of gaining Austrian residency, my family headed for the States, eventually settling in Los Angeles, where the largest population of Iranian-American Jews resides today.

Although this entire journey occurred while I was only a year-old, I am able to share it because this remains a long-lasting memory for my family. We reminisce about the voyage during Shabbat dinner parties and drunken Purim festivals. It is



Illustration: Kyle Solomon

three hours, we reached Karachi by dawn, at last. Out Pakistani hosts greeted us with buckets of water and bags of warm naan.

While settling in Karachi, many of us discovered that a Jewish organization in Vienna issued visas to Iranian Jews as a ticket to enter the United States. This became the doorway for my family to

likely that many of the Iranian Jews you encounter today have similar stories of escape from what is now called the Islamic Republic of Iran. L'Chaim!

SEX and the HILL



A first-hand account of
Jewish single life
in the
Big Apple

By Caitlin Lindsey

I left the small and beautiful, laid-back town of Santa Cruz for the crowded, pushy and dirty streets of New York City in July of 2005. I was about to embark on an adventure that I knew would be insane, but I had no idea to what degree. Even though I love our town, I was ready to get out and experience something new and different from Santa Cruz.

I was extremely excited about starting my Community Studies internship at New York Public Radio, but I was also stoked for the art, the

culture, the nightlife, and of course, all the single and eligible New York Jewish men. I was going to be a single Californian Jewish girl in The Big Apple.

All of my expectations about New York were true, except for the single and eligible Jewish men. Oh, there were plenty of single Jewish men, but the percentage that were eligible left me in a state of depression. I suddenly realized that even though there were Jews everywhere that I went, I would still have to search long and hard for my diamond in the rough. Even though in a large city such as New York where there are more fish in the sea, are we really increasing our odds of finding our *besht*?

My dating adventures in New York began with a 27-year-old virgin who still lives at home with his mother. On top of that, he voted for Bush... twice! Before I go on, I must say that this guy is now a very dear friend to me despite all of our differences. But obviously this is not the type of guy that I, a 22-year-old liberal who despises Bush, would want to be in a relationship with. Not only that, but I haven't lived at home since I was 17, and

I also happen to enjoy physical contact.

Needless to say, we didn't have much in common besides our Judaism, and although that is an incredible connection, it is not enough to constitute a relationship.

My second Jewish male encounter happened one sunny afternoon in Brooklyn. As I was walking down the street to get on the subway, a Hassidic

Jew pulled up beside me in a large van and asked if I knew how to get on the Brooklyn Bridge. At this point I had lived in New York for a bit over month, and I was still getting lost

more often than not. I explained that I was not the best person to be asking for directions, but somehow one thing lead to another I ended up in his van getting a ride back to Manhattan.

Now normally I would not take rides from strangers in New York City. I'm not that naive. But I thought, "Hey, Hassidic Jew, no worries here. He can't even touch me."

Guess I thought too soon. As we were crossing the Brooklyn Bridge we were doing the normal get to know you chit-chat. I said something about being new to the city, which made him laugh, and before I knew it his hand was on my shoulder. I was in complete shock. All of a sudden the conversation began to change to questions like "Do you like movies?" and "Do you like to go out?"

I was in such a daze that I didn't know how to respond. As he was about to drop me off at the subway, he asked me for my number. He said that he would love to go on a walk with me sometime in Central

Park and wanted me to call him. I smiled, said I would call him as to get out of giving him my number, and said goodbye.

As I stepped out of the large van, I felt like I was in the twilight zone. Come on... black hat, beard, tzitzit. I just assumed the guy was married and had at least four kids.

But, as I have learned, things aren't always what they seem, especially in The Big Apple.

Despite all the other weird male encounters that have crossed my path - such as random men trying to pick me up at a club to take me home, to another guy wanting to have a threesome with my friend and I - I have managed to settle down with a Jewish boy. The good ones are out there; it's just a matter of getting through the rest of them, which can be a long and tedious process.

Although my boyfriend is about as religious as a rock, he is still the stereotypical Jewish boy. He likes to be taken care of, cuddled, and appreciates a woman who tells him what to do.

So, even if we Jewish women do find a needle in the haystack, we then must play the role of the mother, which I sometimes find is worse than being single. It seems that either way we go, the single route or the mother route, we are cursed all around.

All of my expectations about New York were true, except for the single and eligible Jewish men.

Come on... black hat, beard, tzitzit. I just assumed the guy was married and had at least four kids

The City Stats.

2,051,000 = # of Jews in NYC

15.4 = % of world Jewish population in NYC

2,051,000 = # of single Jews on Jdate.com

source: jafi.org; jdate.com

Is peace in the Middle East possible?

Jerusalem journalist shares experiences with with UCSC students

By Rachel Stern

Why can't we all just get along?

In the seemingly irreconcilable conflict of the Middle East, many find this to be a tough question.

Jerusalem-based journalist Yossi Klein Halevi took a two-year pilgrimage in search of answers, which he shared with a group of wide-eyed students and community members at the Santa Cruz Hillel on November 13.

Halevi spent his journey, which began at the end of 1998, visiting mosques, monasteries, and Christian prayer lines, embracing the different religions and their ways of experiencing G-d.

Halevi stressed that he wanted to go beyond just creating religious dialogue, which he humorously described as "modern jousting sessions," and understand other religions for himself.

"When you create dialogue, it is artificial at most," Halevi told the group as they ate their free brunch of bagels. "Religion doesn't live in theory. It lives in a life cycle - birth, death, bar mitzvahs, celebrations."

Finding the peace process to be "a fraud," Halevi, a political moderate who has belonged to both left-wing dialogue groups and the far right-wing Jewish Defense League, looked to religion to heal the wounds that politics could not.

The main peace process he referred to was the Oslo Accords, an agreement between the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) and the Israeli government. The Oslo Accords agreement was reached by talks initiated by the Norwegian government, and aimed to renounce terrorism, make territorial compromises, and allow Israelis and Palestinians to coexist peacefully.

Between 1993, when the Oslo Accords agreement was reached, and 2000, the year that the second intifada began, numerous Israeli civilians and soldiers were killed by Palestinians, and Yitzhak Rabin, the Nobel Peace Prize winning prime minister of Israel, was assassinated by an Israeli extremist opposed to the Oslo Accords.

Rabbi Shalom Bochner, Executive

Director of the Santa Cruz Hillel, stressed that peace between Israelis and Palestinians cannot occur until students in the United States are informed about Middle Eastern culture and conflict, which he felt the majority of UC Santa Cruz students are not. Halevi's speech, Bochner said, was a balanced way of enlightening and educating students.

"Usually the conversation is framed by 'you're wrong, you're right,'" said Bochner. "Yossi was comfortable with seeing it from a more nuanced point of view."

Halevi said that he still holds hope for the future, despite the violence that still remains in Israel, and intolerant attitudes towards the Jewish state that Halevi finds extant everywhere from the Palestinian territories to Western Europe.

He found hope in the nuns he prayed with, who "felt that G-d isn't an idea but an actual presence."

He found joy through the free-flowing, yet in-step, Sufi dances where "one can reach transcendence through a cacophony of noise."

He found calmness with the Muslims he meditated with, who have "a power of surrender in prayer - with their rise and fall."

He found that Jesus, Mary and Joseph are also Muslim prophets, and that some of the ancient Sufis developed their prayers from those they found in Jewish temples.

Halevi concluded that peace can only be accomplished through mutual understanding and respect of the various religions of the Middle East.

"Groups that are demonizing Islam are a disaster," said Halevi. "Jews and Muslims need to stand together publicly."

Halevi's speech concluded two weeks of Hillel-sponsored, Israel themed programs, ranging from a concert by an Israeli band at Stanford University, attracting 350 students, to a "Shabbaton," a weekend of Israel speakers, discussions and debates with other Northern California students. Halevi was the second lecturer of the two-week period, the first being Dr. Gerald Steinberg, who gave a talk on the role that non-governmental organizations (NGOs)

play in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict.

Corinne Strasser, a third-year philosophy and anthropology major who helped organize the event, felt that Halevi's speech and the previous Israel events helped raise awareness and knowledge about the state.

"Overall, Israel gets a bad rep," said Strasser. "Programs like this help dissolve the 'evil-oppressor' mentality many [students] have towards Israel."

At UC Santa Cruz, twenty-two faculty members, including two department heads and a divisional dean, signed the UC divestment petition, which requested that the U.S. government cut off all military aid to Israel, according to a report by the Jerusalem Center for Public Affairs. Additionally, nine faculty members signed an open letter from American Jews urging the United States to end all aid to Israel.

Tamir Frankel, a fourth-year politics major who lived in Israel until he was eighteen years old, felt that programs like Hillel's are especially needed in Santa Cruz.

"The fact that Santa Cruz is so liberal doesn't make it too tolerant," said Frankel, who stressed that a larger representation of the student body needed to be in attendance at the event to truly create a change in attitudes.

Bochner agreed, adding that more "understanding of other people's dialogue" needs to be fostered among UC Santa Cruz students.

"If [understanding] can't happen in Santa Cruz where it is quiet and peaceful," he asked, "how can it happen where people are killed daily?"

This article was also printed in the November 17 issue of City on a Hill Press.

Exploring

ISRAEL

with the lens

BY RACHEL SKLAR



“ Growing up in a Conservative Jewish household, there was always much talk of Israel: the history, the holiness, and of course, the politics. It wasn't until this past summer, after graduating from high school, that I got to see the place for myself. My experience in Israel strengthened my spirit as a Jewish woman to an extent beyond words. I was captivated by a holiness much deeper than the Promised Land's possession of religious landmarks. The following photos are my recounts of an unforgettable summer and a dedication to my haven of sacred places, gorgeous people, and a culture of magical exquisiteness. ”







The A work

By Jasmine Joshua

The rental car zipped along the smooth river of pavement that intersected the fields of fat-leaved tobacco plants. I hadn't wanted to roll down the windows because I thought that the air would smell like cigarettes, but the summer's humidity was just too much and so I let them down. It amazed me that they'd let people grow so controversial a plant in such large quantities and that the county of Lancaster seemed so unaware of it. I guess that being from Pittsburgh, I was used to everyone being on top of everything: the news, the fashions, the arts; and though I was driving through the country, I wasn't prepared for the lack of worldliness.

A cop car approached from the other direction of the two-lane road and I slowed down. Cops make me nervous when I'm driving and at that moment I especially didn't want any attention from the law. After he passed, I pulled off my purple sunglasses and tossed them on the passenger seat next to the maps. I could feel the sun trying to penetrate through the roof of the car and I inwardly cursed my grandparents for not renting a car that had a working air conditioner. It was one of those old people's cars that could more appropriately be described as a land yacht. The CD player, which I'm sure they'd never used, clicked to repeat Alanis Morissette's *Jagged Little Pill* album for the fourth time since I escaped my home that morning. I skipped to the second song and turned it up. I sang the lyrics especially loud when she used the "f" word and even took my hair down from its ponytail so I could shake it around. The next part is embarrassing because people usually consider me one of those calm, cool-headed types of women. In any case, I must have gotten carried away when I started pounding the wheel to the music perhaps a little violently. Unfortunately, my foot was also pounding on the gas and as the weak bass speakers pleaded for me to turn down the music, the car jerked sharply off the pavement. I shrieked mid-curse as the vehicle escaped my control

and the wheels skidded on roadside gravel. My mind flashed back to driver's ed where my instructor told us not to hit the breaks and the sensible part of my brain slapped the rest of the parts back into gear. My arms straightened the wheel. When the car was stopped, sans-hitting any crops, I sheepishly turned off the music.

I leaned back into the cushy leather seat with a loud sigh. I could feel my heart thudding against my breastbone and my eyes stung as if I were going to cry. I didn't get out of the car to see if I had damaged it; though I was pretty sure I hadn't, I didn't want to know. The choking feeling before tears hadn't gone away and so I forced myself to look out the window. Birds swooped over the fields and indiscriminately changed their direction like a school of fish. The smell of crackling cornstalk leaves brushed by my face with the breeze. I closed my eyes and listened to the absence of busy streets and honking horns. Songbirds and rustling crops. Distant barking from a farm dog. When I was ready, I turned on the ignition and joined the road again.

I stuck my hand out the window and let my fingers dig into the hot wind, feeling streams of air rush through the gaps. The tobacco had changed to corn, just miles and miles of yellow stalks, only interrupted by an occasional billboard advertising for Amish quilts or hand-made furniture. When I left the town of Lancaster, I couldn't imagine there being a smaller, more untouched place on earth, but as I drove further away from it, I realized that Lancaster was this county's definition of civilization. And instead of the shudder I expected would ripple my spine, I smiled and pressed the accelerator. A green sign towered over the corn stalks and before it disappeared behind me, I read the white letters "Welcome to the City of Paradise." I slowed down; after all, I thought with a smirk, one should enjoy Paradise slowly. A few miles later, another sign read "Grab Your Sweetheart and Visit Our Famous Covered Bridges!" I remembered hearing about this back

at home. Apparently Lancaster County has the most of these bridges in all of Pennsylvania. Those really stupid, sappy girls from my junior college call them "kissing bridges" and yap about how their boyfriends will someday propose to them under one. Those kinds of girls make me want to scream. You know, those girls that are eternally stuck in high school. The ones that get a dozen roses delivered to them during class on their birthday or carry around "Happy Valentine's Day" balloons all day. I don't know about anyone else, but I'm gathering college memories so that I can paste over the high school ones. And I'm especially sick when they show off their "commitment rings" and brag about how Billy or whoever spent nearly fifty dollars, and oh he was so cute because he forgot to take the price tag off it. Those idiots actually think that boys our age give a shit about their girlfriends. I would testify under oath that this is most certainly not the case.

The yellow gas pump blinked on the dashboard and I realized that I didn't remember the last time I passed a gas station. I started to panic again. The blinking light signaled the end of my running. I would have to go back and explain to my grandparents about the car. My mom would yell at me for leaving them when they had flown all the way from Connecticut to see me and help me pick out curtains for our new apartment. My grandfather probably called the police to report a stolen car.

No one would ask me why I left and even if I felt masochistic enough to try to explain it, they would never understand. I'd have to go back to our - my - room and finish taking down all the pictures of me and him so I could finally get some work done because I would stare and wait for him to come out of the picture and tell me why he didn't want to marry me. Was marrying after loving each other for five years too soon? Or maybe I should have asked him a year ago when he still thought that I was perfect and called me his girl. I shouldn't have done

Bridge of fiction

it in the restaurant where people could see me cry, I should have done it in our apartment, in my safe spot. I shouldn't have paid so much for a useless ring.

Without using my blinker, I turned off the road onto a dirt and rock path that headed into a grassy field. I wasn't sure if it was someone's driveway or property and I wouldn't have known what to say if anyone had asked. It was weird, but as soon as I left the main road, the anxiety in my stomach left me. The unpaved road bumped and jostled, but for some reason my insides felt smooth and tranquil. I guess that when people say the country is good for you, they aren't lying. After about ten minutes, I came to a covered bridge. I pulled over and when I got out of the car, I didn't lock the doors. The tall grass that surrounded the road formed patterns with the wind and rustled along with the creaking of ancient wood. I started walking toward the bridge, painted rusty red with a black, shingled roof. As much as I wanted to snort and huff about what the big deal was all about, it would have been stubborn and unreasonable for me to say that it wasn't pretty. Standing directly in front of the bridge entrance felt like standing at the threshold of a portal to another world. Through the bridge, a bright yellowish-white square at the end, you couldn't see if anything earthly was on the other side. Maybe you wouldn't reach the other side if you went through. Even the pattering of wildflowers that surrounded the banks seemed blinding in comparison to the inside darkness of the tunnel.

As I walked toward the entry, my eyes started burning and a lump formed in the back of my throat. I knew that there would be no boyfriend to propose to me under this bridge. No promise ring or flowers or even a kiss. Though under the roof of the bridge was significantly cooler, my face still felt hot and my eyes stung like pepper spray. I wished that once I entered, I would never reach the other side.

"Hello, good afternoon."

The drawling voice emerged from the

deepest shadow of the bridge. I expelled a harsh gasp that made me choke as I whirled to meet the owner of the greeting. It was an Amish boy. He was leaning against the side of the bridge, looking out the small window at the tiny stream trickling through the rocks. My eyes had not adjusted to the darkness, but his voice had the low tambour of a guy in his late teens. I could see the silhouette of his hat in the glassless window.

"Uh, hi," I responded, my voice shaky. How long had he been watching me?

He smiled only with his mouth. I could make out a clean-shaven face and dark eyes that stared mercilessly back at me. "How are you?"

"Fine, um, fine. And you?"
"Fine."

I looked away and realized that it was usually I who stared strangers down. It was different. The Amish were either supposed to be cheerful or were supposed to ignore you. It was like losing a staring contest with a parakeet. I rallied dimly.

"So... you're Amish?"

But at least it got him to look away. With a sigh, he turned back to his window. "Yes."

"How is it?" I winced, but I couldn't help it. The question came automatically.

He rolled his eyes. His voice was flat and lifeless, as if I had just pushed a button and a wax sculpture spouted out information. "We like it just fine. We like the simple life, where we stress humility, piety, family and community. Some refer to us as 'The Plain People.' If you would like to take a ride in an authentic Amish carriage, you should go down to Lancaster town and sign up. We'd love to have you."

"Uh-huh." I stood in the next window over from him and looked out. I have to admit that I felt insulted by him thinking I was some mindless tourist, but I understood his annoyance.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I don't even know you and I was rude. I just... I came here to be alone and I was surprised to hear your car pull up. I didn't realize anyone else knew this bridge was here."

"I didn't know it was here, actually."

I looked down at my shiny new heels and laughed half-heartedly. "I must have taken a wrong road somewhere."

I glanced up in time to catch his mouth curl into a smile. "Haven't we all," he said flatly.

I smiled back, even though he still gazed out the window. "I didn't know Amish people could be so colloquial."

"I don't know what that means."

"You're sort of sarcastic."

He shrugged. "I'm on *rumspringa*."

"I don't know what that means."

"I haven't been baptized into the church yet so I can pretty much do what I want. I've got plenty of un-Amish friends in the city who talk like you said, colloquial. I even drove a car once."

"I see. So how long do you get to run around like this?"

"Until I get married. But that's never going to happen."

"Why not?"

"Because she's already married."

I felt my eyes burn again and I started picking at my fingernails. "No rings for you either, then?"

"What?"

"Nevermind."

The silence afterward was uncomfortable, but I didn't know how to fill it. I remembered the blinking gaslight. He turned his eyes back toward me. He was so simple and honest, I felt embarrassed that I was still wearing the nice clothes from last night's dismal proposal. I hadn't even washed off my make-up yet, either. He had the manners not to bring it up or let his opinions show.

"So what brings you to Paradise?"

"I was just passing through."

"And you took the scenic route, I see."

"I got lost."

"By randomly turning off the main road and into a field."

"Look, if you want to be alone, you can just tell me to get the hell out of here, but don't analyze me like I'm some Bible verse."

continued on page 17...

Nice Jewish Girls Gone Bad

By: Joshua Cohen and Kelly Opperman

Nice Jewish Girls Gone Bad puts on a great show. We should know. We've seen them twice in Santa Cruz. Though every performance with NJGGB is different, they almost always include at least some stand-up comedy, music, burlesque, cabaret and spoken word. In addition to these wonderful performers, they have some delightful merchandise for sale too: compact discs of the performers, t-shirts, posters, etc. Since every show is different, every cast is different, but there is a main staple of performers.

On October 1, 2005, Nice Jewish Girls Gone Bad performed at The Attic in downtown Santa Cruz. Susannah "Ringmaster" Perelman brought these people together to provide the Jewish community with a hilarious self-critique of Jewish culture. We interviewed her on her thoughts and feelings after the show.

Leviathan: What was your inspiration for founding Nice Jewish Girls Gone Bad?

Susannah Perelman: I was doing a lot of women's shows in Manhattan with all sorts of different degrees of success and I kept running into all these women who happen to be Jewish and who were really talented and I loved their acts. I had a couple of friends who were starting a burlesque show and I said, "Let's do something [together] - maybe something Jewy!" Also, even though I travel in burlesque circles, I come from a comedy-performance-art background, so I wanted to get into that because they could all fit into one show.

L: So you ran into a lot of your performers by being a stand-up comic?

SP: Yes. Performing at other shows, other festivals, by going up and being friendly with them. This was when HEEB magazine was just getting started. There were a lot of events, and I approached the editor about putting on a show for one of their release parties. So we put one together and it was really successful. That was early 2003. Around Christmas I decided I wanted to do it again, which I did by myself. By then I had gotten a car, which was really

essential. So we did Philadelphia, and then in the spring we did Baltimore and kept on going. We started getting colleges that were bringing us in. That allowed us [access] to public performances, which were really a lot of fun.

L: Where has NJGGB performed?

SP: We've performed a variety of places including the Catskills, the Hamptons, Boston and Washington DC. In addition we've toured a number of colleges such as UC Davis, UC Santa Cruz and University of Wisconsin Madison.

L: What were some of the reactions from your family and friends as you showed them Nice Jewish Girls Gone Bad?

SP: My sister really liked it. My brother's a rabbi so it's really hard to tell what he thinks. My mom - it's really weird because she'll say it was a "good show," but I'm not sure how she really feels.

L: How do you feel your show connects to Jewish cultural and religious life?

SP: I think in our generation our definitions of Judaism are to be determined. I think a lot of people of our generation are rather turned off by the institutionalized version of Judaism that we all grew up with, which I like to say is a lot of fluorescent lighting. It's not just Orthodoxy; I grew up in a Reform [household] and I found my synagogue rather repressive. I found a lot of synagogues really repressive. But I did find that people want to come together and that people want a community, but they don't want to be hit over the head with it. They don't want a pitch; they want to be comfortable. I think that's what my show [does]; you have all these women who each deal with [their Jewishness] in a very different way. I think that is the appeal of the show.

But Susannah is just one part of the show. There were many other performers we saw that night who are reviewed below.

At first glance Michele Citrin may seem like the quintessential musician. She is fairly good looking, has great lyrics, and an awesome voice. However, on a second look you might see more than that; you

see a person who has been through years of struggle and still manages to be herself. Her performance through her songs is an awesome sight to see. With titles like "Who I am," among others, she shows that being yourself is the best way to live and to never forget that despite those who may try to persuade you otherwise.

The burlesque of this show is probably one of the most entertaining and risqué parts of the performance. There were two burlesque performers at the Santa Cruz show, "Little Brooklyn" and "Little Dreidel." Each had a different specialty for their act. "Little Brooklyn" stripped to the song "I Like Candy" with edible food thrown at the audience culminating in a candy g-string and pasties modeled after peppermint candy. "Little Dreidel" featured a guest from Australia who striped while hula hooping not one hula hoop, but more than six hula hoops!

Besides burlesque and music there is also stand-up comedy and cabaret. Phat Man Dee, a cabaret performer, incorporated comedy into her performance and delivered priceless lines such as "I took the money from my Bat Mitzvah and ran," which caused the audience to erupt with hysterical laughter.

Another comedian, Cynthia Levin, also incorporated her Jewish identity into her humor. She scandalously revealed how the tattoo she got for her birthday would prevent her from burial in a Jewish cemetery. "Like I'm supposed to live my life so I fall into the right ditch!" she retorted. Both comedians found humor in how they've built their Jewish identity and adapted to the constraints and rules of Judaism to find their own version of it.

Jewish identity is a very relative term, and the people of "Nice Jewish Girls Gone Bad" are appealing to a Jewish audience that is still defining what Jewishness means to them. Although some might find that their humor goes too far, we college students find that it appeals to us and our own developing sense of Jewishness.

For more information about Nice Jewish Girls Gone Bad or any of the performers reviewed here go to: <http://www.nicejewishgirlsgonebad.com>

Leviathan Fall 2005

Hassid continued from page 9...

No, that's too far out, even for me. I guess I'm just one of those conformist, American "Or-tho-dox," but sh!#, what's the point? If there's a real Hassid reading this drivel, he wouldn't spare me time of day, because I know, and he knows that I know, in Hassidim eyes, every Jew is really Hassidic deep down inside, thus rendering my whole argument futile. Fine, hold what you hold, but what if I'm *not* about to sport the black? Or submit to the guidance of some great rebbe? Or grow out my peyos so they can fly every which way as I bounce around in ephemeral fits of jubilation? All I claim to subscribe to is basic, halakhic Judaism!

Once upon a time, someone got sick of all the categorizations that go along with being a Jew in America and wrote a rather dissident letter to Leviathan entitled "Just Jewish." Maybe that's how I feel.

Recently my friend, the Hassid, moved out. Said he got an apartment in Salinas that's closer to his work. That night I wished him good *vokh* and escorted him out the door. I sighed for a split second, then I was over it. But I'm sure he'll be back.

J-World continued from page 19...

Sharon touts peace platform for new party

Nov. 21 – PM Ariel Sharon seceded from the center-right Likud party he helped found in 1973, shaking up the world of Israeli politics and setting a new tone for a diplomacy with the Palestinian leadership. The new centrist party would work towards the establishment of a Palestinian state alongside Israel.

Sharon's bold announcement came after Labor elected Amir Peretz as its new leader. Peretz promised to withdraw his party from the coalition, forcing new Knesset elections in attempts to refocus the nation's attention on domestic issues, such as raising the minimum wage and restoring social programs for Israel's growing poor.

One in every four Israeli children lives below the official poverty line, according to Ha'aretz newspaper.

Elections will be held in late February or early March.



לויטן כסלו תשס"ו

Bridge continued from page 15...

He slumped over the window ledge, his chin resting in his arms. His eyebrows lifted and his tanned, honest face conveyed such a sadness that it broke my heart to watch. I sighed and walked over to his window. I didn't want to touch him, just in case it was some weird Amish sin, but I put my hand on the windowsill next to his.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to snap at you."

I didn't even debate over whether I should tell him my story, from the moment I entered the restaurant to when I tossed away the ring away to driving through corn and tobacco fields. For some reason, standing in the middle of that bridge, I felt that if I told anyone, this Amish boy was the one. He glanced at my hand and then back up at my face. He had beautiful brown eyes with rimming tears that glittered with the sun. His despair was so raw and present that I felt my own join with his and fill the air. He stared back into my own eyes and he smiled. I smiled back at him.

"I have to go back now," I said softly. "I've run out of gas and I have no where to go. It was... good to meet you." Before I could take my hand from the windowsill, he put his on top of mine.

"There's a gas station only ten or so miles from here," he replied, his hand pressing down. "Once you cross this bridge, you'll come across another road with a gas station. You just have to cross this bridge and then you can go where I slipped my hand out from his and turned back toward the car. I could hear him walking in the opposite direction across the bridge. After I started the ignition, I felt the butterflies come back. I ignored them and set my foot down determinedly on the gas pedal. Slowly, I drove through, feeling slightly nervous as the wood creaked under the vehicle. But as the light on the other side of the bridge started forming recognizable shapes, I realized that I could make it and be comfortable even if I hadn't been there before. The Amish boy was standing off to the side, waving at me as I passed. I honked the horn and continued toward the gas station and the road on the other side.

What is the Jewish Studies Program?

By Jasmine Joshua

The Jewish Studies Program at UCSC is flourishing with a solid core curriculum and an extraordinary variety of course offerings in disciplines such as literature, history, visual culture, music, theater, and languages. The current Jewish Studies Program serves a variety of communities at and around UCSC, including students, faculty, staff and Santa Cruz residents. The Program offers courses for students, an official minor, an individualized major, research colloquia, academic conferences and other special events such as speakers from Israel. The minor itself has existed for over five years and the number of declared Jewish Studies minors has increased fifty-percent in the last academic year (2004-2005). The number of Jewish Studies courses has also increased; last year there were over forty Jewish Studies courses available through various departments. Eventually, the Jewish Studies Program would like to offer an official major and develop a consolidated Center for Jewish Studies.



Lower division:

Hebrew: Introduction to Biblical Hebrew, Rossman-Benjamin
 Music 80I: Music of Modern Israel, F. Spagnolo

Language courses:

Hebrew 2: Instruction in Hebrew Language, Rossman-Benjamin
 Hebrew 5: Intermediate Hebrew, Rossman-Benjamin

Upper division:

HAVC 172: Jewish Identity in Visual Representation, C. Soussloff
 HISC 118: Jewish Social Movements, B. Epstein
 LTMO 144A: Diaspora, Urbanism, Ethnicity, B. Thompson

Context courses:

HIST 196A: Hitler and Stalin, P. Kenez
 LTEL 103D: English Renaissance Literature--Topic: Jews, Race, and Renaissance England, M. Hendricks

J-World Update

By: Talia Coutin

Orthodox synagogue unanimously votes for female president

Sept. 28 – Sydney's Great Synagogue, built in 1878, elected Australia's first female president of an Orthodox synagogue. Rosalind Fischl received a standing ovation after the announcement, according to the Jewish Telegraphic Agency (JTA). Fischl told ABC Radio National's David Rutledge that some gender roles are a "matter of custom, not Jewish law" and that "many women in the Orthodox feminist movement in America... [are] studying the Torah and finding ways that women can do more, even within the bounds of halakha."

Despite the expansion of the roles of women in visible synagogue life, Fischl will not address the congregation during services and will refrain from deciding halakhic issues.

Israel lauds another laureate

Oct. 10 - Hebrew University professor Robert Aumann won the 2005 Nobel Prize for Economics for his contributions to game theory, sharing the award with Thomas C. Schelling of the University of Maryland.

Game theory helps explain current events through logic and mathematics. According to the theory, individuals are more likely to build cooperation in a conflict situation if they anticipate repeated interactions involving the same players. This interactive decision theory provides insight into "economic conflicts such as price wars and trade wars, as well as why some communities are more successful than others in managing common-pool resources," according to the Nobel committee's citation.

Aumann, 75, escaped to the U.S. in 1938 with his parents after fleeing Nazi Germany. A religious Jew, Aumann was determined to make aliyah since the time of his youth, according to an AP statement. He received his Ph.D. in mathematics from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) in 1955, making aliyah in 1956.

Aumann is the second Israeli in four years to win the Nobel Prize in Economics.

Hezbollah terrorist responsible for bombing, Argentinean probe says

Nov. 9 - The Iranian-funded Lebanese terrorist organization Hezbollah orchestrated a July 1994 bombing of a Buenos Aires Jewish community center, killing 85 people and wounding over 200, Argentinean prosecutors say. Prosecutors have identified Ibrahim Hussein Berro, a Lebanese citizen and member of Hezbollah, as the driver of the explosives-packed van that leveled the seven-story Association Mutual Israelita Argentina (AMIA) building.

Argentine investigators worked closely with FBI anti-terrorism agents in Detroit, where two brothers of Hussein live. Prosecutor Alberto Nisman told reporters at a news conference on Nov. 9 that he would follow all leads in the ongoing probe, including threads that lead to Iran.

Hezbollah was also accused of a March 1992 bombing that destroyed the Israeli Embassy in Buenos Aires, killing 29 people. The case remains unresolved.

Argentina is home to around 200,000 Jews, the largest population in South America.

Idan Raichel Project helps Pakistani earthquake victims with concert

Nov. 15 – Israel's Idan Raichel Project performed at Columbia University's Synod Hall with Anath, a Palestinian-Tunisian singer, to engage students with a message of human communication across political boundaries in the face of crisis. Between \$5,000 and \$10,000 was raised to aid the victims of Pakistan's 7.6 earthquake that left over 87,000 dead and an estimated 3.3 million homeless.

The Project, which performed at UCSC Kresge Hall last February, fuses Ethiopian folklore, Israeli dancehall, with classic reggae. Columbia/Barnard Hillel, an interfaith dialogue group, and various Jewish, Arab, and Pakistani organizations helped sponsor the concert.

Bring troops home now, says Union for Reform Judaism

Nov. 18 – The Union for Reform Judaism became the first Jewish organization to demand an exit strategy for the war in Iraq. More than 2,000 representatives of 1.5 million Reform Jews, the largest contingent of Jews in the America, voted almost unanimously to condemn the Bush administration for the lack of government transparency and specific goals for troop withdrawal, according to a press release.

The resolution put forth at the biennial convention, held in Houston, also called on Congress to create a bipartisan committee to investigate strategic failures and for "more diligent oversight of the war and the expenditures" so to "ensure that the financial burden of the war fall not just on the poor and on future generations."

While the resolution commended American troops, it denounced violations of the Geneva Conventions, condemning torture and abuse of prisoners in the "strongest possible terms."

The Union for Reform Judaism has a history of opposing what it perceives to be unjust wars. The Union's General Assembly opposed the Vietnam War in 1965, calling for an immediate ceasefire.

Olive Oil – an extended metaphor for coexistence

Nov. 20 – When it comes to olives, Jews and Arabs usually get along. Every year for the past decade the Olive Branch Festival gathers olive enthusiasts to the Galilee region for olive pressings, factory tours, storytelling, cooking demos, and musical performances. The festival highlights the importance of Israel's underdeveloped olive industry to Israel's diverse cultural communities.

Israel's premier olive expert, Dr. Fathi Abd al-Hadi, will be teaching an academic course on olive-growing and olive-production at Tel Hai College for the first time to encourage improvements in farming techniques and production management. Israel currently imports large amounts of olive oil from Spain and Italy, but sends little to the outside world.

continued on page 17

Pro

By Talia Coutin

In the beginning, G-d made myriad the species that swam, swooped, swirled, and swarmed. From the nebulous, liquid chaos comes the cosmos, a patterned universe capable of sustaining life. A pedantic Creator creates our world in a mere six-step process.

You, the knowledgeable reader, know how it goes, the supreme order of these things: illumination and impenetrable darkness, domed sky and heaven beyond, dry land and the sea, flora and fauna, man and woman, woman and man together in the image of G-d. Then Adam and Eve consumed the mystical fruit of knowledge and got plunked from paradise, plummeting into the mundane.

G-d rejoiced after creating. Creation was certainly good. Even the things that evolved over time .

Maimonides, arguably the most influential Jewish thinker after Moses, wrote in his 12th-century philosophical Guide of the Perplexed, "It should not be believed that all the beings exist for the sake of the existence of [humanity]. On the contrary, all the other beings too have been intended for their own sakes and not for the sake of something else." Gnats not only comprise a vital role in the ecological network but also assume an intrinsic value from a theological standpoint.

Which brings us to the here and now. The Endangered Species Act (ESA) has been the aegis of species on the brink of extinction, such as the American alligator and California condor, for more than thirty years. The ESA limits rampant development to preserve this country's natural heritage by ensuring that the ecosystems which threatened and endangered species depend upon are marked for conservation. Richard Pombo (R-CA) and the Interior Department are leading the cabal of industry interests, launching a double-thronged attack on the ESA. Congress has already passed Pombo's euphemistically termed Threatened and Endangered Species Recovery Act of 2005, which mirrors the Interior Department's revisions, now facing challenges in the courts. All those who regard the Hebrew

Bible as sacred or seek inspiration from it must unequivocally condemn this bill and thwart efforts for its passage by the Senate. Our Jewish tradition is eco-logical, beginning at the beginning of our creation.

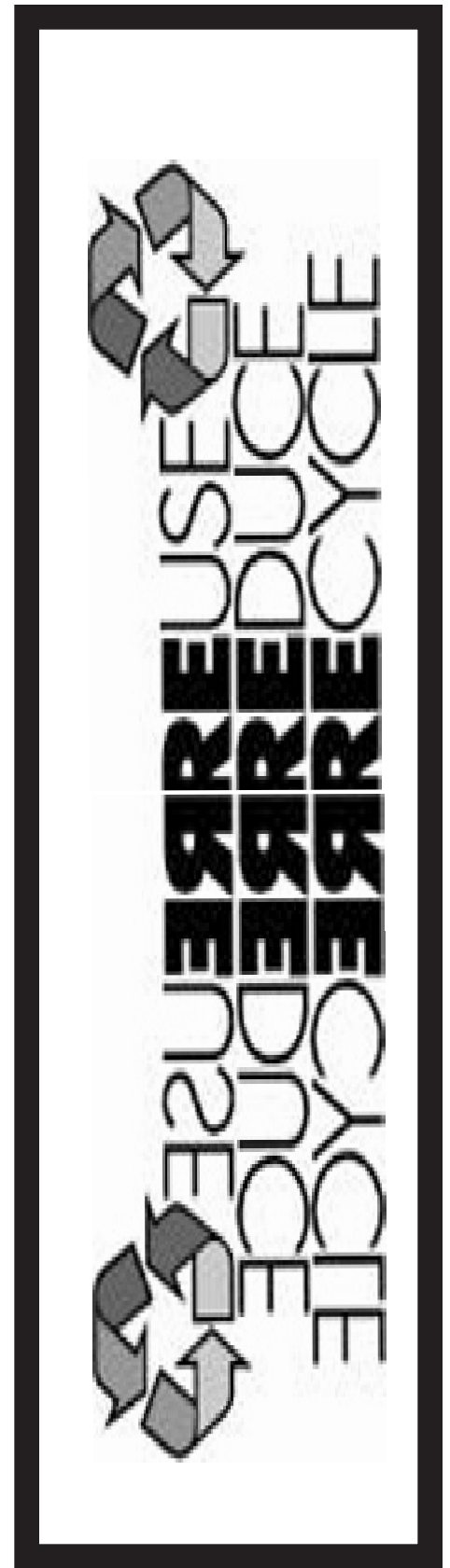
Day six, as the Torah teaches us, featured a new breed of species—humanity.

"G-d created man in his own image, in the image of G-d He created him; male and female He created them. G-d blessed them and said to them, 'Be fruitful and increase in number; fill the earth and subdue it. Rule over the fish of the sea and the birds of the air and over every living creature that moves on the ground.'" (Gen. 1:27-28).

"Adam and Eve, the first humans according to our tradition, are also the first environmentalists."

This strange bouquet of conflicting realities declares first that man and ONLY man was created in G-d's image, and continues by stating that both men and women were created in G-d's image. It becomes even more confusing when Genesis 2 introduces a second creation story, the familiar story that Eve was created from the flank of Adam while he was sleeping. Such complexities invite interpretation.

What is crystal clear, however, is that G-d instructs human beings to govern the land and animals with prudence. Safeguarding species is a crucial part of our existence. Psalm 24:1 in the book of Ketuvim, or Writings, affirms, "The Earth is the Lord's and all that it holds, the world and its inhabitants." A limited dominion is granted to humans to ensure the sustainability of the planet for future generations. And thus Adam and Eve, the first humans according to our tradition, are also the first environmentalists.



Life

We've all heard the ominous threats of global warming, exacerbated by human consumption of finite fossil fuel sources and the clear-cutting of forests. Melting glaciers, vicious hurricanes, increased droughts and floods, the extinction of entire species – sounds a little too apocalyptic for a Jewish piece. But the greatest threats to species involve humans directly or indirectly, from global warming to unrestrained development. It's as simple as this; if a species does not have a home, it cannot exist. The end.

So how does Congressman Pombo's revisionism work toward this end? Like the Interior Department's new regulations, in certain instances, it allows agencies such as the Army Corps of Engineers to assess species endangerment without consulting expert agencies. Current rules require federal agencies to consult with the Interior Department's U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS) and the Commerce Department's National Marine Fisheries Service (NMFS) prior to embarking on projects such as dam-building or logging if the agency suspects environmental impacts on endangered or threatened species. FWS and NMFS have supremacy in the environmental assessment of a project, however, and can override the original assessment of the other agency. The Interior Department's proposed regulations amount to nothing less than self-consultation. Is this sound science?

Additionally, Pombo's revisionism eliminates the requirement to recover endangered species, reduces protection of threatened species and critical habitat areas, and bankrupts federal agencies by diverting conservation funds to pay landowners and corporations to obey the law, according to a Center for Biological Diversity press release. Over two hundred species currently listed as "threatened" would lose protection in Pombo's bill, including the bald eagle, the wolves of Yellowstone, and numerous species of Pacific Northwest salmon.

If we are made in the image of G-d, to what extent is species conservation our responsibility and to what extent is it G-d's?

Current ESA provisions require the FWS and the NMFS to rely heavily upon citizen petitions in addition to scientific field study reports when considering endangered species candidates. Ordinary citizens have the power to register a species as endangered or threatened by petitioning the government, submitting statements during the public comment period, attending hearings, lobbying their congresspersons and senators. Those Care2.com and Environmental Defense petitions that clutter your mailbox carry clout, so sign them after reading!

Jews today are at the forefront of the environmental movement; secular sources only enhance the wisdom our ancestors already knew from generations studying Torah. The Coalition on the Environment and Jewish Life (COEJL) represents more than 29 diverse Jewish organizations including Hillel, Hadassah, and the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America (UOJCA), as well as a host of interfaith and secular environmental organizations. More than 40 rabbis and 30 scientists addressed Congress with a statement describing the ESA as "one of our generation's richest fulfillments of our biblical destiny as *b'tselem elohim*, created in the image of G-d (Gen. 1: 26), with the unique power and responsibility to shape, preserve, and renew creation through the work of our hands, our hearts, and our minds."

Eve birthed not only the first human child, but also humanity's propensity to perform good deeds. Saving the ESA is a good deed, one we must do not out of choice, but out of necessity. This is what it means to be pro-life.

Get active. Visit:

www.coejl.org

<http://www.earthactionnetwork.org/index.php>

<http://www.biologicaldiversity.org/swcbd/>

Stone continued from page 7...

time and diamonds were circulated amongst the youth more frequently than others would share ordinary stones.

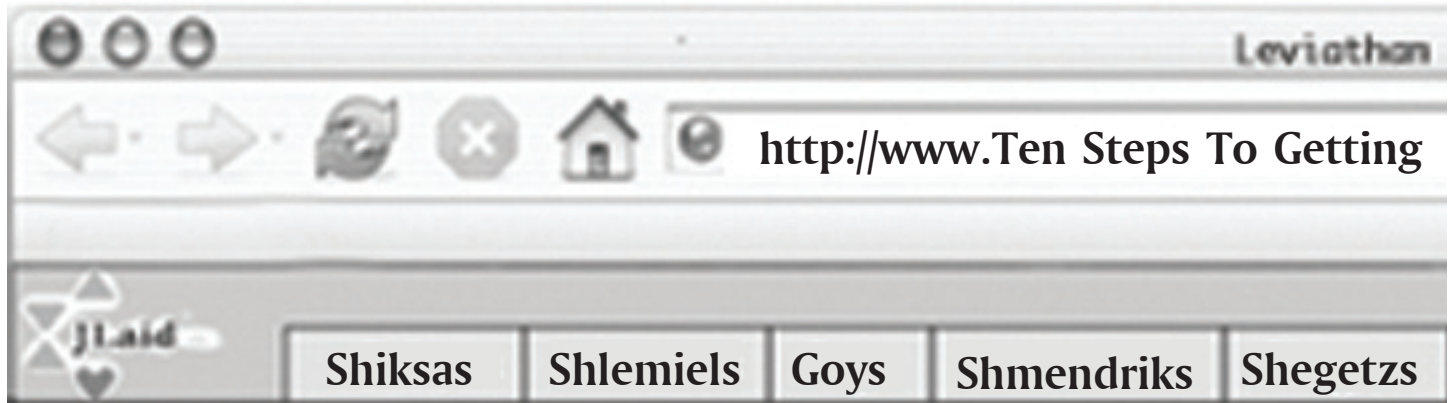
Passing ships took notice of the squandering of the gems and took ample advantage of the situation. The people were tricked into using diamonds to reach agreements with captains instead of using them to culminate finalized arrangements. Captains would demand more diamonds than ever, and demand it even before promising anything in return. Many captains accepted the diamonds gladly and then simply sailed away.

Whereas once upon a time gems were clandestine and trades were outstanding, now diamonds were explicit, and trades hollow.

In time the need on the island grew not only for material items, but for basic self appreciation. Diamonds were so easily attainable that all gems were cheapened and the captains hardly gave their owners much notice anymore. Soon people were throwing gems out to sea with the sole hope of perhaps attracting attention from a passing ship, never mind with thoughts of getting anything in return.

Then one day a queen died and left two princesses as potential heirs. The sisters were diametrically opposed in opinion and personality, each wishing to institute her beliefs as society's modus operandi.

The fate of the island was now uncertain. To find out what the people did go to www.jewcsc.com



Step right up folks. If you're Jewish and single, there's a website for you and it's called JDate. Forget about all the real people you see everyday, and come enter a world comprised of Jewish people just as shy, lonely, and internet-addicted as you. Here is a ten-step list to get you on your way to the wide world of internet dating. No longer do you have to be the only Jewish virgin in your dorm or at summer camp. So fire up your web browsers, and dial into <http://www.jdate.com>.

1. The Profile Name

It's all in the name, as they say. Choose something that's straightforward and honest. Don't try to have a name that's too cute. No one wants to talk to someone named puppielove666. And no one wants to talk to someone too creepy either so stay away from dungeonlover69 as well. Choose a name that starts with IM (for instant messenger), then your AIM screen name. That way, people can contact you without paying an ass-load per month.

3. The "About Me" Box

Everyone likes movies and music and everyone knows you're on the website looking for love, so don't talk about *that* asshole. Say something funny and unique about yourself. If you like watching cartoons and politics, say that. Try to be moderately entertaining. If you can make someone laugh, you're set. But don't talk about your pet bunny (unless you're alluding to something else) and don't talk about you mom, despite that she's probably paying for this site so you can get some ass so she can get some grandchildren. People don't want to think of your mother when seducing you on JDate.

5. Hitting other Profiles

There is nothing wrong with hitting other people profiles, even if you are not interested in them. If they look cute, click away! Beware, however, when you hit someone else's profile because they know who hit them. Good news is, that person doesn't know how many other profiles you've been hitting on. But hitting a profile doesn't imply marriage. So feel no fear about checking out everyone you come across.

Let me break it down.

"Hi (I'm not a player and don't open conversations with 'yo, what's up sweet thang!') **my name is** (I'm willing to be open and honest; the next couple words are what you can Google me for) **Josh Schwartzstein** (yes, Schwartzstein; not to be confused with Hitler or Hussein) **and I saw your profile** (yeah baby! I was lookin' at you *wink*) **on JDate** (my mom has to pay for me to meet women) **and I wanted** (I have ambition. That's a plus, right?) **to get to know you better** (so that I can get in your pants and give my mother some grandchildren).

Oy Vey...That Was Hard Work

2. The Picture

Look pretty, for f**ks sake! And make sure the picture is recent. No one wants to mess around with the bar mitzvah boy or a toddler bathing in a pot. (And trust me, you don't wanna meet that skeezy guy that does!) So take something tasteful, and make sure you don't look like you rolled out of bed in 1985.

4. The Profile

Be general and open-minded. Don't be afraid to lie a little bit. Or a lot, for that matter. Be flexible so that you can be that special person that hottie from North Carolina is looking for. People change, and so can you... to get in the sack! So set your desired age range carefully, and be vague and broad with every question. You never know; that someone special might be 18-45; could smoke, or not, or on occasion; be Orthodox, Reform, Conservative, or secular; and enjoy movies and music, sometimes.

6. Making First Contact

The best way to see if you have chemistry with someone is by putting away the lotion and tissues and talking to them. If they have a name that starts with IM, that means they want you to instant message them. If you can't figure that out, then you probably shouldn't be trusted with the internet in the first place. When talking to them, be clear as to who you are, how you know them, and what your intention is.

For example...

"Hi. My name is Josh Schwartzstein. I saw your profile on JDate. My profile name is Joshypoo17, and I wanted to get to know you better!"

Laid on JDate.com/index.html

by Yonah Feinstein

Shaina-Punims

Contact: Leviathanucsc@gmail.com

7. Chat It Up, Bches!**

Talk to them! Nuff said.

Try to talk to them at night. People get horny after dark. Be witty, and confident. Compliment, compliment, compliment. And don't be too dirty. A lil' bit gives them the idea; too much spoils the moment. And when in doubt remember this simple internet phrase, "j/k" for "just kidding" even if you aren't.

9. Maintaining Contact

Go out - a lot - and get to know what they're really like, not just their internet alter ego. When they go out, they dress up nicely. When they chat, they're wearing Superman underoos. You get the picture. So make time to learn about the real them, which will help you get into those Superman underoos.

8. Baby, We Should Meet

When you're comfortable enough with the person, suggest that you do coffee with them. Someplace open and public, but not too noisy. Ask when they are available, and try to make them feel comfortable. And try to find a new place to go to, because its awkward when you're trying to play footsie and your uncle walks into the coffee shop.

10. Go for the Kill

Five words you must learn: "Watch a movie with me." That's right, get them in the dark at your place, on the couch, snuggling, and it's all set. When the movie is over, look them in the eyes, and show them how it's done!

The K^osher ama Sutra

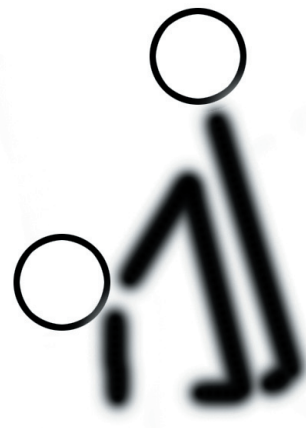
VERSION 2.0



ELITAHS
CHAIR



HAYDALLAH
CANDLE



ABRAHAMS
TENT



EXPLORING ISRAEL WITH THE LENS

A Photo Essay by Rachel Sklar • Inside

