

zionism zine



“...you envisage the shadow of a distant dream you shared with your comrades, a dream of a far-off land, of Eretz Israel and its life of friendship and work, human dignity and pride.” ~In The Days of Destruction and Revolt, Zivia Lubetkin

i've never wanted to kiss the ground so much as
the things that grow out of the ground
the trees the plants the weeds
the delicate kumquats josh and tzivia combed them from
the trees
kept them in a bag
offered me to bite through the
narrow orange skin
speckled like a golf ball
it is the skin that's sweet, i'm told
not the fruit
they're unbearable sour
the size of a grape and I can't get through it
fruit is stronger in erez yisrael
branches reach out to touch my face
I want to kiss each leaf
let the wood leave its mark on me
in the chaparral I feel compelled.

- erica kushner
garin tzur
mazkirol tnuva 5781



i left veida with so many hard feelings. hurt, betrayal, confusion. the world felt like it was crashing down, and as i started to imagine what my life would be like without the movement, i felt unbelievably alone. until my chanich (in 71, who hadn't been at the veida) called me. he had heard pieces of what happened at the veida and was scared and confused. while i was explaining, he told me that he heard that i was in tears during the seminar. at first, i felt embarrassed and ashamed that i had publicly lost my composure like that, especially as the rosh of galil. i started to try to explain my watery display of emotion, why these issues felt deeply personal to me, but he stopped me. he told me they were proud to have a rosh who would care so deeply about the state of the movement, and fight so hard for what she believed in. that may or may not be true, but again, tears sprang to my eyes. i wondered why i felt so much shame in others knowing how much i cared, and i realized that it has become increasingly difficult to fully and unconditionally devote yourself to something. kvutza, the movement, zionism. the entire structure of our society fights against it. so many times in my life i have made myself smaller. i could talk about how i used to wear a cross that i found in a parking lot to elementary school because i didn't want the other kids to think i was jewish. i could talk about how i didn't come to a college class on a day where we were talking about israel, because i didn't want to out myself as a zionist and be responsible for explaining how my zionism is different. i could talk about all of the times that we, as a people, have been forced to wear our identities silently, like a star of david hiding on bare skin underneath a shirt, in order to avoid violence, persecution, and discrimination. but i don't want us to hide, and i don't want our chanichimot to grow up in a world where their judaism puts them at greater risk of pain. i want to announce to the world that even the broken parts of judaism are mine, and it is my community and culture that hold me responsible to mending the injustices it has caused. i feel somewhat lost when imagining how we are supposed to educate our chanichimot to embrace their jewish identities when there will always be people who the try to silence our songs. but it begins with being jewish together, loudly.

my chanich asked me what i thought would happen to the movement. at first i told him i didn't know. we sat in silence for a few moments, a dark heaviness in the air. i didn't know where it came from, but i blurted out, "but i have hope". he sounded confused as he asked me why i had hope after everything that had happened. and the answer was instantly clear to me. i have hope because i am not alone. i have hope in our vision, that we are in the process of building and rebuilding, together. i have hope in the immense care that people feel toward our movement, and for the people who have chosen to dedicate their lives to it. i have hope in the partnership that lies in my kvutza, even when we are worlds apart.

i have hope because i am a jew.

- jenna abrams, rosh galil 2020, garin tzur



bekah diamond-bier



When I was running the New York City Ken in 2017, I was told about an upcoming event to celebrate the anniversary of the Partition Plan for Palestine. (On November 29, 1947, the United Nations voted in favor of this plan, which would have partitioned the land of Palestine into two states—one Arab and one Jewish. An event was going to be held commemorating the 70th anniversary of this plan, which allowed for the establishment of the State of Israel.)

Upon being told of this event, I was immediately unsure of how or whether we wanted the ken to be involved. It wasn't that I didn't care (or that I didn't want the ma'apilimot and chanichimot of the ken to care) about what's going on in Israel and the history of its formation. But the combination of a purely celebratory, rather than more reflective event, along with the fact that it was a top-down political decision that was being celebrated (rather than something that felt organic, worker-led, or chaltutzic) made me worry. I considered the possibilities of attending or declining to attend again and again, but I kept coming to the question: what would this event look like if we weren't there? With that in mind, I decided to bring the ken.

After bringing this process to the rest of the ma'apilimot running the ken, we decided to run a two-part process for the ken around the Partition Plan for Palestine event. First, we ran a ken event for all the chanichimot in the ken (elementary through high school). In this event, we learned about the utopian vision of the Israeli Declaration of Independence and the two states proposed in the Partition Plan and we discussed the gaps between that vision and the actual reality. We told the chanichimot about the event that was going to take place and everyone made signs about our vision of what Israel ought to look like to bring to the event.

Later that week, high schoolers and ma'apilimot in the ken came to the event in Midtown holding signs with quotes from movement songs, the Israeli Declaration of Independence, and our own ideas: "Od Lo Gamarnu," "The State of Israel will be based on freedom, justice, and peace," "Coexist," and "Zionists against the Occupation."

For no one else at the event did the passing of the Partition Plan for Palestine seem like a particularly “political” thing: they mostly celebrated by waving Israeli flags and handing out chocolate bars with pop rocks in them. We, too, were celebrating—we were happy to accept the free Israeli flags and chocolate bars! But we also wanted to bring a deeper conversation to the space: a conversation about the initial hope for two states that was inherent to the partition plan and about renewing once-dreamed-of commitments to freedom, justice, and peace.

Not everyone was happy that we were trying to bring those conversations: one man walked by our group of young people, mostly women, scoffed, and said “You should go to Gaza and see how they treat you there. That will show you.” It was hard for me to hear how much vitriol this man had towards a group of young people who had a vision for a better Israel. But ultimately, his ignorance and hate confirmed for me the importance of our showing up to that event and sending a strong message that the work of establishing Israel—in the spirit of its founding documents, as a just state, at peace with its neighbors—is by no means done.

- Leah Schwartz, mazkira t'nua 5780, garin tzur



The New Era of Anti-Semitism

By: Rue Adler and Helen Landau, Workshop 69

Written in December 2019

Less than 14 months ago, something happened that rocked the North American Jewish community to its core and left me horrified and afraid as my non-Jewish friends went on with their Saturdays. It was the weekend before Halloween of my senior year of high school, and most of my friends were going to parties or grinding out last-minute college applications. For me, all I could think about was Pittsburgh. It was 2018, how could this be happening here, just a few hours from the 5th grade Hebrew school classroom I was sitting in when the attack happened? Yet this came after a series of smaller Anti-Semitic events, ones that made it harder to convince me it was a freak event that did not indicate any sort of trend in our society's mindset. As devastated as I was on October 27th, 2018, the response and the community that gathered in memory of the victims filled me with the hope that maybe we could stop this snowball before it grew any bigger. I tried my best to ignore the echoes of Jewish history that indicated that it would be naive to hope for this.

The shooting of that synagogue in Pittsburgh set something volatile and terrifying in motion that cannot be taken out of motion. No longer was active and violent Anti-Semitism a thing of the past but a chilling fact of the present. I grew up with swastikas being drawn on the desks of my public school. When I was in the eleventh grade, a history teacher told me the Nazis would have identified me by my nose, and yet I still thought, "it won't happen to us, not like that, not again". Yet here we are, living in a world where violent acts of Anti-Semitism have risen almost 200% in the last two years and all I can do is sit here and wonder where my place is in all of this.

Being born in 2000 and 2001, we (Workshop 69) grew up in a time where overt Anti-Semitism of this scale was still a reality but mostly a thing of history books and graphic novels read in Hebrew school. Yes, my best friends in high school told me that Jews are no longer oppressed, and yes, people used the term JAP (Jewish-American Princess) when they were annoyed by something a Jewish girl did, but that's just because I lived in a very Jewish area.

Coming to Israel as a Jew from the diaspora, I have come to the stark realization that even Jews ourselves are somewhat apathetic to the plight of our people. There are no swastikas drawn on the desks of Israeli school children, and so long forgotten is the fear of Jewish persecution that children here have forgotten why this country was created in the first place; to protect them from the horrors that their ancestors faced- to allow them to forget the numbers on their grandmothers' arms that are still so relevant to those of us that did not grow up here.

In the past few years, I've noticed a shift that has happened so discreetly you could almost miss it or explain it away if you looked away for a second. At the same time, I have realized how easy it is to become desensitized and disassociated from it, which terrifies me more than I can express in words.

I remember the night Donald Trump was elected, how I was fifteen and felt so powerless and so afraid. I was afraid for myself, but I was more afraid for the many other groups of people whose oppression I felt was worse and therefore more worthy of my attention. And yes, Trump would much more willingly, perhaps enthusiastically, admit his disdain for Muslims or any sort of immigrant from below our Southern border. Yet in his ingenuine support of the Jewish people and his general apathy toward outward expressions of hate toward people who are different, the President of the United States has certainly had a role in encouraging Anti-Semitism. In 2017, this argument wouldn't go far. After all, wasn't he supporting Israel? Not that I personally ever bought that, but in many ways, I think any attention toward the Jewish people by Donald Trump is negative attention, but many other essays have already captured this sentiment well.

All of this has perhaps made me realize my place, I am here as an educator. I am here in Israel to remind the people that have willingly chosen to bury their heads in the sand that we are still facing terror, that in the three months that I have been in this country four major attacks have taken place against Jews across the diaspora. We can choose to close our eyes and in doing so be complicit in the suffering of our people or we can choose to open them. Jews across the world are faced with a choice and I hope that you will choose to open your eyes and take a stand, to realize that less than 80 years ago six million of our people were murdered and say “never again” and mean it. Our reality is still inseparably intertwined with our history to create the ongoing narrative we now get to experience and shape.

In the past several weeks, this fear has only escalated as Trump sings age-old Anti-Semitic tropes and attempts to define the Jewish people as a nation. This, paired with the recent outbreak of Anti-Semitic hate crimes around the diaspora these past few months, is leading our world back into a disgustingly familiar situation that I think is very, very dangerous partly because of our history.

Anti-Semitism is not a problem that relates to just Jews- we are not the ones toppling our gravestones and burning our Torah scrolls, but by ignoring it and pretending that it is not an issue we are allowing it to continue. Now is the time to say enough. NEVER AGAIN.

South Americans and Global Jewish Peoplehood

by Hannah Blount, HDOZ

Federal Gizbarit, Melbourne Ken, Shichvat Oz

My dad always said we needed Israel for “when they come for us”. But growing up in the comfortable Australian middle class, his second-generation-Holocaust-survivor-mentality was lost on me. Israel was a far off place of war and poverty, hovering undesirably at the periphery of my life. All I could picture was a somewhat racist image of toothless street vendors, crumbling apartment blocks and rabbis crying to a large wall. There was no allure to that subpar country, no connection with its foreign people. I knew it was the Jewish State, but what did half-heartedly lighting Shabbat candles before going to my room and doing some maths questions have to do with a strip of land floating in the Middle East? A place where - saturated as I was by Australian international correspondence during the Iraq War - I should surely spend the rest of my life carefully avoiding? Where was the pressing need for Israel in my anti-Semitism-free life? The overworked and apathetic volunteer teachers at shule instructed me to feel a connection to my country and my people, and with bewilderment I realised they were not talking about Australia, or Australians. I scoffed, “my country” and “my people” were phrases appropriate only for Kings and Queens in children’s fantasy books who went on monologues about their royal responsibilities.

My high school grade had four Jews out of 150 girls, but within a few months my new friendship group - including some boys from neighbouring schools - was fifty percent Jewish. Anytime I thought to myself “Wow, what a coincidence!” something in my head knew this was wilful ignorance, knew it was no accident that I fell in with other Jews. But I continued my teenage years avoiding the prickling scratch of a reality where Jews meant friends and understanding and belonging.

With an irony that was not lost on me, such were my Jewish high school connections that I wound up in a Jewish youth movement, Habonim Dror, whose alumni boast Golda Meir, Seth Rogan and Sacha Baron-Cohen. I spent my gap year with Habonim in Israel, but avoided admitting to the inherent Zionism of the program. Lebanon invasions, separation barriers, and Israeli bullets for Palestinian rocks made me push Zionism to the side. "Israel means nothing more than the place the program is run" became the mantra to soothe my squirming feminist sensibilities. For four months we were on a kibbutz in the Negev desert, five people to a room, seventeen to a house, and an endless supply of sunflower seeds. Also on the kibbutz were the Habonim Dror shnatties (program participants) from Argentina, Uruguay and Mexico. They wore Crocs and shiny synthetic tracksuit pants, preferred reggaeton over Kanye, played a lot of soccer, and only some of them spoke conversational English. We shared Hebrew classes and work shifts, but the cultural and language barriers were ominous, and their boys did not understand consent or personal space at the weekly kibbutz club. But there were some small things that made me pause in my dismissal of "the Southos" - every Friday afternoon a group of Uruguayan girls would come to our house and use our oven to bake challah for Shabbat. I remember staring at the braided dough on their tray, simultaneously surprised that they had challah in Uruguay, and that such ignorant xenophobia was present in my mind. At the kibbutz Pesach service, a gaggle of us without family to visit sat at the back of the cheder ochel and attempted to get drunk on sacramental wine. As I mumbled along with the few words of prayer I actually knew, I saw the Argentinians reciting in perfect Biblical Hebrew and imagined a Jewish school in Buenos Aires, little kindergarten kids stumbling through their morning prayers with thick Spanish accents. Apart from the accents and omnipresent football jerseys, this picture could so clearly have taken place at Moriah college in Sydney, or Mount Scopus in Melbourne. Their names, too, struck me. Sosnitsky, Kryger, Feldman, Groszyc. The only difference between us was the visas our grandparents managed to get in the scramble to leave post-war Europe.

Eventually I stopped pretending I wasn't deeply connected to these people. Although my friendships with the South African shnatties were easier and more natural, it was my love for the South Americans, with our almost crippling cultural incompatibility, that made me realise I saw them as Jews first and foreigners second. And suddenly being an Australian was wildly insignificant. I was a Jew in Israel, making friends with other Jews in Israel. We had the same names, the same family history, the same schooling and the same communities. Some of us spoke English, some Spanish, some Afrikaans and some Portuguese, but we all knew Hebrew. Where I would otherwise have ignored them, I felt inexorably connected, knowing that more than my school friends, more than my neighbours I'd known since I was six, more than the Australian cricket team I cheered for every Ashes test, these shnatties were Jews and they were my people. Am Echad - One People.

From then on I was able to admit my sense of global Jewish peoplehood that had been building for years, but suppressed by a fear of what it meant for my comfortable Australian identity, and my hardline feminism. I gravitated towards Jews in school because the bond of our shared identity transcended whatever high-school-friendships were made based on a joint interest in textiles class. I ended up on a gap year program in Israel because I knew that "being a Jew" was something that demanded my attention at that point in my life, and I was drawn to the South Americans because they were just as much my people as the Australian shnatties I shared bunk beds with.

This feeling extended beyond the scope of my personal interactions, and within this newfound connectedness I began fearing for the Jews in Hungary amidst news of the alt right and rising anti-Semitism in a country with a terrible track record. And whenever the validity of Israel was questioned it became these faceless Hungarian Jews I thought of. I may not need this country, I thought, but they do. Eventually the incongruity of these contemplations came to surface - how could I feel a global peoplehood, an unconditional "we" above any other nationality, but differentiate the significance of Israel between an Australian and a Hungarian?

I caved. My fear of The Feminist Zionist Contradiction could not withhold the logical flow of my beliefs, a river of conviction coursing through my mind. We, the Jews, are a people. We are a nation and thus we deserve our national identity, our self determination and our state like any other people. And so I became a Zionist, a Zionist whose ideology comes from the interpersonal connection of any two given Jews no matter how long our lives have been rooted in different countries. It is unclear whether the historic anti-Semites' stance that Jews were aliens in their Diaspora nations commented on or created this reality, but either way our various modern citizenships are fragile in comparison to our Jewishness.

I do not think I could be a Jew without this belief of universal connectedness. I no longer understand "Jewish" as limited to my individual heritage and grudging attendance to Pesach sederim, but as a culture so deep and so wide that some of it comes knocking on our kibbutz door in Crocs and jeggings to bake challah in our oven.

In my wanderings through online feminist discourse, I see a smattering of posts and articles about Jews. Intersectional feminist magazine Everyday Feminism has one titled "Why Zionism Is Not and Never Will Be Part of My Jewish Identity". Its bottom line is that whilst Judaism can be compatible with feminism, Zionism with its illegal occupation of an indigenous people, cannot. This is a notion I see very often between the lines of countless Tumblr blogs posting reminders that "Israel does not represent the views of all Jews!". Essentially, Jews and Judaism can be tolerated in left wing discourse along with any other faith, but on the condition we denounce Israel and Zionism. Only once we have forsworn our people are we "oppressed enough" for Everyday Feminism to give us time of day.



But my Jewish identity is now inextricable from our peoplehood and our nationalism. Zionism is an inevitable part of Jewishness like Islam is conducive to Arab nationalism, yet I don't see posters plastered around universities calling for Muslims to abandon their nation states, no matter how corrupt or abusive their governments. Anti-Zionism is a standard of the feminist left, a sphere in which I otherwise take pride in my involvement. But there's a deep misconception of Jews in these circles. They don't understand that to denounce Zionism is to cut off the artery that connects me to my people, and to destroy this relationship is to lose my Jewishness. The "ideal" Jew for feminists is one who expresses their Judaism purely in religious practice, disassociated from the collective yearning of their people for a national expression. It is ignorant to believe that a Jew is a Jew only in religion; only in prayer and shule attendance. I live an extremely Jewish life without stepping into shule or reading Torah, because I am a Jew in my food and my Hebrew and use of Yiddish swear words, in my observance of the religious holidays and family history and extracts from Jewish philosophers on my wall, in my engagement with Jewish history, Israeli politics and environmentalism. I am a Jew because I share this with fifteen million other people across the world, and our collective selfhood is a national identity. This is Zionism. But if I cannot be Zionist to be feminist, then I cannot be a feminist Jew.

I like to think that there is a finite amount of words I can write, discussions and arguments I can partake in, thoughts I can decipher, before I understand how to hold all three identities in one body: Jewish, Zionist, Feminist. I feel like I am waiting for a messianic moment when the heavens split open Monty-Python-style and Hashem reaches a hand down to tell me that it's all good, all sorted. That I've spent enough time juggling these loaded words and that I've finally cracked the code, finally figured out the perfect formula to be Hannah the Feminist Zionist Jew. But I know I will be waiting forever because I know these words can never truly occupy the same space in a logical balance. As a feminist I will cry during a 7:30 report segment on IDF abuses of Palestinian civilians, as a Jew I will unfollow Everyday Feminism with disdain and as a Zionist I will learn Hebrew from a disgustingly conservative teacher. I've signed up for a lifetime of train rides deep in thought and conversations where the words shrivel up mid-sentence, suddenly doubting my own ideologies. Six months of ethical philosophy class has taught me that human emotional intuition should not be trusted when making decisions about morality. With all due respect to Peter Singer, screw that. I can feel that Jewish and Feminist and Zionist are somehow simultaneously the "right thing" to do, and any discrepancies will simply have to be dealt with as they come. And oi vey do they come.

לֹא יִשָּׂא
גוֹי אֶל גּוֹי
חֶרֶב וְלֹא
עִמְדוֹעוֹת מִזְחִמָּה

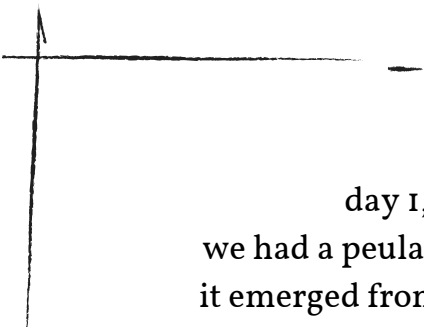
**"Two States One Homeland" by Ben Markbreiter, 67, rosh mosh
2020**

From the time I was a young child, I have always been exposed to Zionist and pro-Israel stances. My mother raised me and she told me stories of when she lived in Jerusalem for university. I lived in a highly populated Jewish area of New York, one which is also quite Zionist. The synagogue where I went to Hebrew school for three years has a "We Stand with Israel," banner on the outside, so that whenever anyone drives on the Henry Hudson Parkway going north, you see this giant synagogue with this giant pro-Israel banner on the outside. When I was younger, things like this didn't faze me. I thought that since I was Jewish, I needed to have a connection to Israel and the Holy Land. This rung true especially when in 2010 my family took a trip to Israel, and I felt that it was one of the most necessary and important trips of my life. Because of my upbringing that had me surrounded by a love towards Israel, I continue to have a passion towards the state and its beauty. But, for the last 11 years of my life, I have also been introduced to another form of love for Israel: constructive love. I became aware of the injustices towards Palestinian people, non-white Jewish minorities, and immigrants in Israel in these past 11 years. Learning about these made me angry and confused. How could a place that I was taught to love could also harbor so much hate? I became confused about how I could support social justice and equality of human value and yet also love Israel, which did not care about these values. I was then taught about the Two State Solution. I felt that it was a compromise. I heard the voices from Jews saying that the entire Holy Land should be under Israeli control, including the West Bank, where hundreds of thousands of settlers have uprooted the lives of countless Palestinians. I heard the voices of Palestinians living in refugee camps that are mere miles away from towns on the Israeli side of the Green Line where, less than a century ago, they and/or their families fled or were kicked out by Israeli forces, and they just want to return home.

I heard these voices and recognized that a Two State Solution wouldn't be perfect, but it would at least continue to let Jews have a homeland and allow Palestinians to have a state. As I thought more about this solution over the last year or so, I kept wondering, could this actually work? If, by some miracle, a Two State Solution was accomplished, what does that mean? There would be two states next to each other, but would there still be a barrier wall? Would there still be massive amounts of distrust and even hate towards the other side? Would there continue to be systemic xenophobia and racism in Israeli society? Would Palestinians have the resources and support from neighbors, and specifically Israel, to build up a society that is based on democracy and equality of human value (the same values that I wish Israeli society would be based around)? I was faced with a mountain of questions. I had no answers, and yet I blindly followed this solution which I didn't even know if I had full faith in. Around December 2019, though, my ideas surrounding an end to the Conflict started to shift. I was introduced to the idea of a Confederation, where Israel would be a state within the pre-1967 borders, and Palestine would also be a state. But, instead of two separate countries that just happen to be neighbors, the Confederacy, similar to the European Union, would institute a much deeper connection between Israel and Palestine. Each would have its own government and its own land, but the citizens of each country would have freedom of movement between the countries. This idea, promoted by the organization A Land for All, whose slogan is, "Two States, One Homeland," struck me. I never thought of that before. I was always pessimistic because there is already so much antagonism between the two peoples that I didn't think that anything other than separation could work. But, I've come to understand that the true way to care about others is to live amongst them and to hear their stories and know who they are through education. Without education, and without understanding each others trials and tribulations, there will be no pathway to peace.

A Two State Solution and a Confederation are not opposite ideas. I believe that a Confederation expands on a Two State Solution. It provides a vision for the future and not just a political idea, but rather an educational and political idea. I believe in Jewish self-determination. I believe in Palestinian self-determination. I also believe that these two aren't mutually exclusive. And the only way to go about each peacefully and at the same time is if we all realize that the land that is Israel and Palestine is home to millions. Not just Jews, not just Palestinians, not just African refugees or south eastern Asian migrants, but all of them and many more. And the only way to go about this union between these peoples easiest is to form a confederation between the eventual two states of Palestine and Israel.





day 1, 12/31/16

we had a peula about our dreams
it emerged from a colonial frame.

i don't feel like this is a revolutionary movement in all of its
facets, or even most.
but mosh...

day 2, 1/1/16

she said the work is important everywhere.
but do you hate your fascists the most, love your composers
the most?
how do abstract ideas touch this reality,
if my anti-zionism feels irrelevant
what scenes am i still being shielded from? what scenes am
i not seeing?
everything is depicted as so complex.
israel is presented as an inevitable reality.

i mean, it does exist.
the kids in the movement here,
need madrichim
it just sucks.
or maybe that doesn't suck?
it's dumb to be hopeless.
it's not about my future career
just now.

day 3, 1/2/16

the relevance of abstract identifiers to anyone in this
society

i joke about anti-zionist aliyah...
but i don't want to live in the future.
how to invent hagshama every day?

i am in the kitchen in this house in hertzeiya. i am the
last one up. the madrichim are going through the plan
for tomorrow in the main room, and arguing about
boogers.

day 4, 1/3/16

mitzpeh ramon.

we talked about being a movement that does big things.

rice lentil stew on a fire.
we talked for real about the kvutza,
and it was good.
the people here are good.

day 5, 1/4/16
commandments

hike in the negev, in something called a crater.
talk about connection to the land.
sit in sand.
guilt, moving through this space.
hike back up, and on the hike
guilt, we don't deserve anything. no one does.
sadness, about what happened to the people here, what
was lost.

“love your neighbor as you love yourself”
critique nationalism and states
drown in the pool of shit.
face reality.
eat dinner around a ping pong table

realize israel is a society of olim,
that we don't know the full story yet,
even though it feels so hopeless
even though it's been going on for so long.

i don't want to make my future self any promises
can this exist in america?
america needs this, too.

day 6, 1/5/16

i ate breakfast looking out at the desert with naomi
then we drove for a long time to sderot,
which is near gaza.

nir talked about growing up, 40 rockets a day.
a teenager, always on edge.
how much the people in gaza need their peoplehood
recognized, their land recognized,
if we do. if sderot does.

sarah, bekah, and i got chicken and talked about our
families. we bought cheap little cookies, and we talked.

day 7, 1/6/16

two cemeteries.

every crisis, a question mark for our choices.
does every question have to be a crisis?
when should there be a rift?
when should we call each other?
meet each other?
understand?

zionism caused violence.

people don't want to accept it
but it's true.

we came back, and i sat looking at tiberias from on top of a
bomb shelter.

in a small room, covered in paper, we painted our thoughts
on the walls.

it was like being dipped in water.

we have the past for answers,
about the most just options for the present
but not to drown
not in the pool of shit.

day 8, 1/7/16

so strong and looking forward,
she made them revise zionism 20 times.

we need to show them something
not ask what they want

she said,

zionism started with people caring about people.

we ran down the hill and picked up grapefruits from the
ground.

mifgash is ending. a thunderstorm is nearby.

- "mifgash journal" by deb secular, garin ma'ayan

Jan 10th 2020

Glaciers

HERE I WOULDN'T MEET THE CRACKS OF
HERE THE LINES WOULD BE THE GLACIERS
BUT IN THE GLACIERS' SHADOW IS ALL MY CHILDHOOD,
AND SO ON TO LIFE.

THE TASTE OF DECADES: ONCE IT WAS,
I CALLED THE LONG ESTABLISHED MY HOME.

GREENISH ICE COAGULATING STRAINS,
2 SLIDING TOUGHS IN 2 STRANGE LANE.

IT MAY BE DIGGING YOURS DOWN,
DIGGING BETWEEN US TO THE SKY,
HOW THE SILENCE OF THE WINDS.

THICE WAS I FROSTED, STAY WITH YOU,
AND STAY WITH YOUR GLACIERS,
I GET IT.

LOOKED UP TO THE DISSENT VIEWS

- Josh Weinberg

My Saba was born in Czestochowa, Poland, in 1923. Growing up, he was a member of Beitar, a right-wing, Revisionist Zionist youth movement. The connection to Israel he gained through his experience there led him to send his younger brother, my great-uncle, to Mandatory Palestine before the Nazis invaded Poland, ensuring his survival and creating a branch of my family that I have been lucky to get to know increasingly well over the past couple years. My Saba himself survived the Holocaust in Poland, but, after the war, the KGB tried to recruit him as an informant on student activities at the University of Munich, where he was studying. With the help of friends, likely from his youth movement days, he fled, escaping to the newly established state of Israel in 1950, where he married my Savta and had two children, my dad and my uncle.

They moved to America about ten years later, but Israel remains an extremely important pillar of his identity; though he speaks five languages and lived in Israel for the shortest period of his life, his Hebrew remains nearly perfect to this day. In recent conversations with him, he has expressed regret over the actions of the state of Israel and its leaders - "We were supposed to be a light unto the nations, and look at us?" I and my family, in America and in Israel, are alive because of the opportunities that Zionism and Israel created for us. At the same time, Zionism, as enacted, has been and continues to be a source of suffering for huge numbers of people, and I struggle with holding these two narratives that threaten to overwhelm each other. It is because of this dual history that it is my responsibility to continue to fight for a society built on peace, democracy, justice, and shivyon erech ha'adam. As a member of Habonim Dror, which has been attempting to create a just Israeli society for 100 years, I have the framework and the partnerships with which to do so.

- paul weisfellner, garin tzur

In my dreams, on a hill to the east,
a house i can see through
thin trees grew rich in sun and wind beyond the
open walls
that stood between me and the hilly expanse
I saw it a mirror: the same landscape
and myself reflected on the other side
i couldn't walk through it, and so i remained
this house not nearly permanent

i dreamt we belonged to the land, and this house
was open to it,
but still in want of more-- i was in want of more
i dreamt this house gathered all of us around it
and yet all we saw were mirrors until there
weren't any

our intentions were streams of water we held in
ourselves
we stood with our mouths open,
and they poured out across the space that
separated us
i dreamt they formed a stream that ran through
the house and never dried

rosemary shrubs bloomed purple in the banks,
nodding
they are still nodding in the wind,
agreeing with the words we said:
"want to find a way forward"

- eve johnson, workshop 67, galil



watercolors by naomi tamura, garin ma'ayan