

Letter from Editor

Recently the world—wide Jewish community was faced with President Reagan's decision to go to Germany to pay respects to German soldiers who fell fighting for Nazism. Reagan went despite protests by Jewish and veteran groups, who felt the trip was an abomination and desecration of all the suffering that went into destroying the Nazi machine. Our president, due to ignorant advisors and poor information, journeyed to Bitburg, and in doing so, turned a page in history. However, irrespective of the President's stated intention of the trip—to seal the bonds between the former enemies—the actual result was historical revisionism, compliments of the President.

For most of us the idea of WWII and Nazism lies somewhere in between our darkest fears and most perverse imagination. The occurrences of the era stretch the boundaries of our comprehension, with none being more disturbing than the actions done by Josef Mengele. Rumored to still be living comfortably in seclusion, Mengele has come to symbolize the moral repercussions of such actions because he has been—and will continue to be—hounded by those who want to bring him to justice. If for no other reason, Reagan's actions prove the need to set the record straight for now and forever.

Moving to a different subject, this is the final issue of the year for Ha'Am. Next year Karen Hirsch and Gil Harel will run the paper, and I encourage those with talent to seek them out and contribute to Ha'Am. I thank all those individuals responsible for putting in the time and effort to make the year as interesting as it was—you know who you are. Ha'Am is an experience one never forgets, and I am thankful for having had the opportunity. My final statement to all Ha'Amniks is to continue to be proud and to excell, while always making sure you are not building upon sand.

d.a.f.

Checkpoint #1

by Mitchell Bard

In recent months we have all been thrilled by the courageous efforts of all those involved in "Operation Moses" and we have been reminded of the tremendous difficulties Israel faces in absorbing so many people from such a primitive culture. In fact, we always hear about the immigrants' problems, but we never hear about

Buffy and Skip."

Yossi looked up for the first time. "Buffy and Skip?"

Buffy, wearing the latest in Israeli preppie clothes, looked at Yossi and said: "This country is totally grote, like there's all this sand that gets in my topsiders and the sun makes my nail polish crack, and those smelly camels..."

"Go get beamed up air-head,"



the people in charge of meeting these people. Let's spend a few minutes with a typical Israeli immigration officer—Yossi Hershberg—as he goes through his normal routine.

"Next!" shouted Yossi. An American with his family walked up to the desk in front of the official. Without looking up, Yossi impatiently asked in a gravel voice: "Name?"

"Finegold," came the reply.

"First name?"

"Sol."

"Wife's name?"

"Her name is..." His wife interrupted before he could finish.

"I can speak for myself dear. I'm Rachel and these are our children,

Skip retorted in the best of big brother traditions. "I can hardly wait to go surfing in Tel Aviv. I hear there's some totally gnarly wave action."

Yossi now looked disgusted and asked: "Where do you come from Mr. Finegold? No, don't tell me, let me guess. California?"

"That's right. How did you know?" asked Sol.

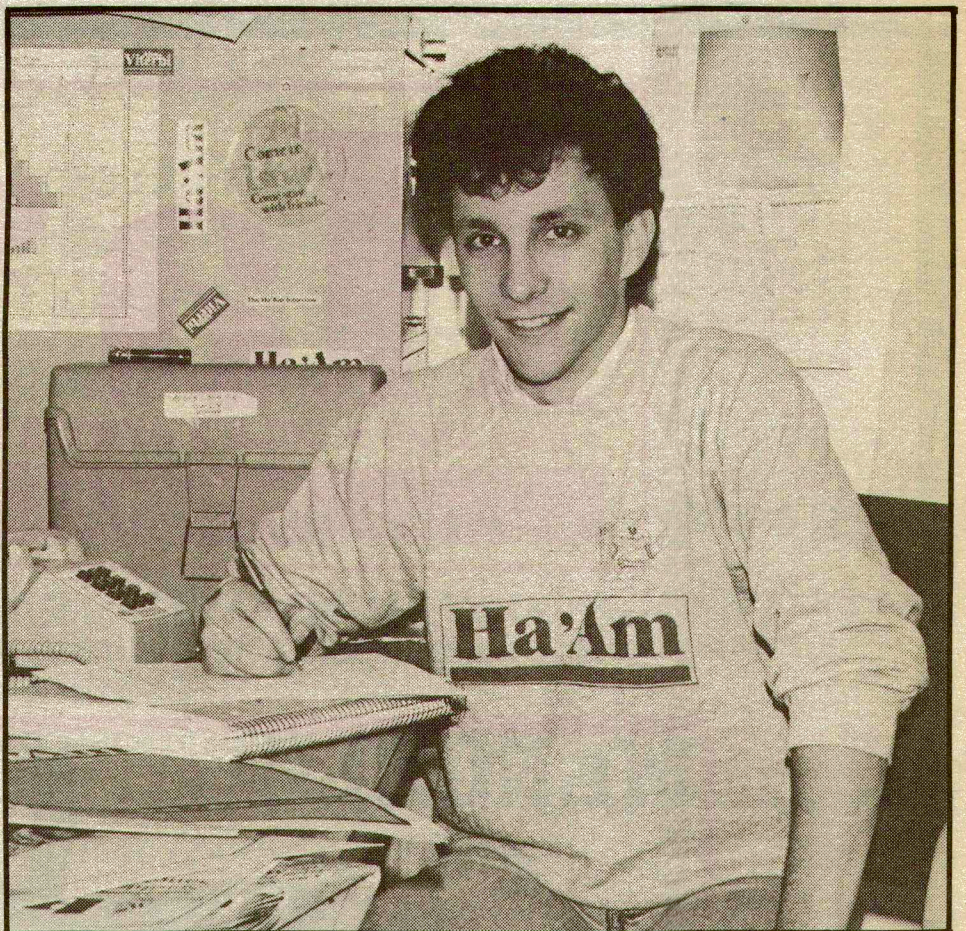
"Experience," replied Yossi as he handed Mr. Feinberg his papers and directed him to another line.

"Thank you, I mean *Shalom*," Mr. Feinberg said as he left.

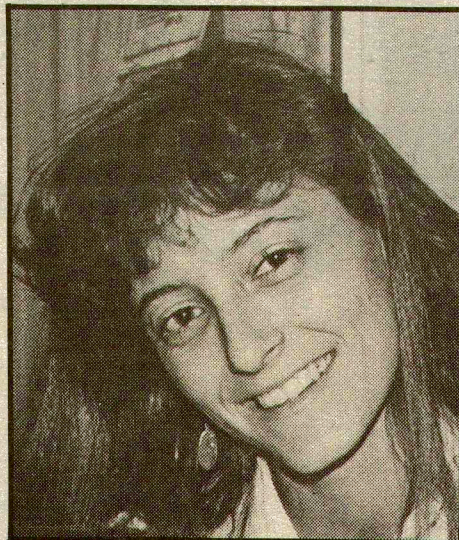
"Barf out!" added Buffy.

"Next!" shouted Yossi.

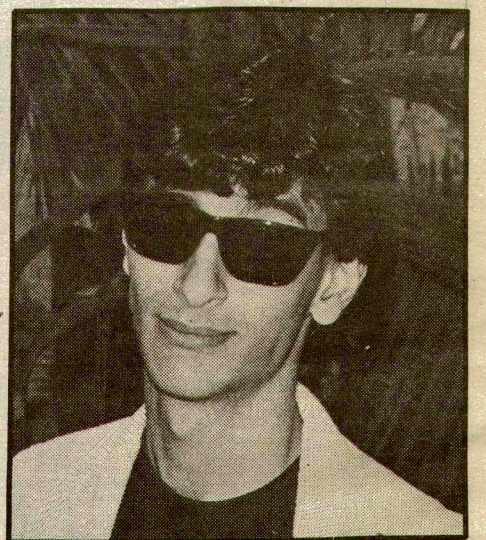
A chasidic looking man was next in line. After a short conversation,



Editor-in-Chief David Slomovic



Managing Editor Karen Hirsch



Business Manager Farhad Naziri

the man took his papers from Yossi and walked to the next line.

"Next!" came the familiar cry.

Another American stepped up. This one was wearing horn-rimmed glasses, a flower patterned shirt, and bermuda shorts. "Say, I didn't understand that conversation. You see, I don't speak Hebrew yet," a giggle interrupted his sentence, "but I will as soon as I learn. What was his name anyway?"

"Sol Goldberg."

"Hey, my name's Sol, too. Sol Steinberg. What a small world. Wouldn't it be funny if all the Sols came to Israel. An ingathering of the exiled Sols."

"That would be hysterical," replied Yossi with more than a touch of annoyance.

"Where was old Sol Goldberg from?" asked Sol Steinberg.

"Poland."

"Poland?" Never been there. I'm from Jersey. Are you from Jersey. I'm from New Jersey, you know, in the U.S. of A."

"Yes, I know. Take this," Yossi said as he shoved the man's papers into his hand. "Go to the next line."

The man took the papers but didn't move. "Yea, I really miss Jersey. You been to Jersey? My family is still in Jersey."

"I can see why. Next!" screamed Yossi.

"I can give you my sister's number in case you're ever in Jersey."

"Next!" Yossi shouted as he leaned over the table. The American finally began to walk away.

A man in a dark coat started to walk up, but the American started to come back. He was stopped by a glowering look from Yossi.

The man took off his coat Yossi noticed he was a priest. Yossi shook his head in disbelief. "Name?"

"John Sol Paulberg," replied the priest.

"John Sol Paulberg?" repeated Yossi.

"That's correct my son."

Yossi was perplexed. "Are you sure you are in the right place, Father?"

"Yes, I'm here with Sister Weinberg to start a Christian kibbutz." A nun walked up beside the priest.

"That's very admirable, Father," Yossi said with rare conviction.

"Call me John Sol," replied the priest.

"Ok, John Sol. Are you and Sister Weinstein..."

"Mary Theresa," interrupted the nun.

"Mary Theresa Weinstein?" the official asked in disbelief. "John Sol, are you and Mary Theresa...Oh never mind. Here, take these and go down the hall,"

he said as he handed them their papers.

"Next!"

An old man wearing tzitzit and scratching his beard cautiously walks up to the desk trailed by his wife and children.

"Name?" asked Yossi.

"Tevye," the man replied.

"Last name?"

"Tevye."

"Your name is Tevye Tevye?"

"No, just Tevye."

"Alright. Occupation?"

"Singing milkman," replied Tevye proudly as he broke into song: "If I were a rich man..."

"If you were a rich man," interrupted the official, "you wouldn't have come here. Where are you going to live?"

"In a settlement near Hebron, your honor," Tevye answered.

"Here," Yossi handed Tevye his papers and watched as he took his family to the next line. Yossi turned around and found a Hare Krishna standing in front of him.

"Hi, I'm Sol Moonberg. Would you like a flower?"

Yossi put his head in his hands and began to cry.