

**We've moved!**  
see page 6



**Inside**  
**Gun Control**

**Mindy Finkelstein**  
The Legacy of Gun Violence . . . . . 1

**Tom Diaz**  
Guns, Gun Control, and American Jews . . . . . 2

**Jared Feldman**  
The Flow of Guns . . . . . 3

**David N. Myers**  
The Fading Faith of a Jewish Moral Exceptionalist . . . . . 5

**Aryeh Cohen**  
Are They His Adornments? On Guns and Masculinity . . . . . 7

**Yossi Melman**  
Israel's Arms . . . . . 8

**Miriam Kramer & Aaron Levy**  
A Canadian Perspective on Gun Control . . . . . 9

**Les Fisher**  
Firearm-Related Injuries and Deaths . . . . . 10

**Jessica Zimmerman**  
The Frisco Kid . . . . . 11

**Ari Y. Kelman**  
Arms for Images . . . . . 12

**Amitai Adler**  
Living with the "Arational" . . . . . 14

**Yona Verwer**  
"The Kabbalah of Bling" . . . . . 15

**Bonnie Koppell**  
*NiSh'ma* . . . . . 16

**Dyonna Ginsburg**  
*Sh'ma* Ethics . . . . . 20

**F**ew Jews are publicly associated in this country with the National Rifle Association; nearly all of us support some form of gun control. True, the use of guns in the U. S. remains casually — many would say negligently — regulated, but this issue isn't a matter that especially divides Jewish opinion. The issue of guns becomes far murkier for Jews when the State of Israel is brought up. On the one hand, few would question the legitimate right of a sovereign state to protect itself with the use of its arms. But is Israel's role in the international sale of arms outsized, even inappropriate? Is it troubling that older images of the reluctant Israeli warrior have given way to the altogether different ones of Adam Sandler's "Zohan" or Steven Spielberg's "Munich"? Israel and weapons are nearly as intimately linked as once were Jaffa and oranges, and to the extent to which such images are modeled on reality, what does this turn mean? —SB

**The Legacy of Gun Violence**

**MINDY FINKELSTEIN**

**O**n August 10, 1999, I was a carefree sixteen-year-old working as a counselor at a day camp. I could never have anticipated what would happen that day and I will never forget the details of that morning. At 9:45 AM a self-proclaimed Neo-Nazi walked into the North Valley Jewish Community Center (outside Los Angeles) and shot over 70 rounds of ammunition. I was shot, along with four others (including three children). We were the targets of a senseless act of hatred; the crime, according to the shooter, Bufford Furrow, was "a wake-up call for America to kill Jews." All five of the victims survived. Ironically, we were the lucky ones. Joseph Iletto, a Filipino postal worker shot later that day by Bufford Furrow, was not so fortunate.

I remember the details of that day precisely. I recall, as though it were yesterday, how the detectives spoke with me. Beyond concern about the crime, they were sensitive about how it would affect me, given that as a sixteen-year-old, I was perhaps more impressionable. But more than anything, it was being attacked as a Jew that most devastated me.

For about a year after I was shot, I did what any normal sixteen-year-old would do; I basked in my glory. I took advantage of the attention it brought me: I met the president and the first

lady; my house overflowed every day with visitors, providing a surreal sense of a continuous party in my honor. But the attention soon faded and the reality — that I had been shot and someone tried to kill me — set in. I was left alone with my fears and my memories, haunted by the sounds of helicopters, sirens,

**But the attention soon faded and the reality — that I had been shot and someone tried to kill me — set in.**

hammering, and the sight of guns. I experienced such emotional trauma that after my first freshman week when some students on the dorm floor were playing with a nerf gun, my parents had to come and move me back home. I needed to heal and I couldn't do so in a new place where I felt unsafe.

People rarely understand that although someone survives gun violence, it does not mean that they return to living a normal life. A part of me was robbed, not to ever, probably, be redeemed. The shooting will affect me for the rest of my life. Though time might make the memories fade, they won't disappear. Ten years later, I still remember every detail of that day.

At the time of the shooting, Bufford Furrow was out on parole from the state of Washington; by all measures, he was criminally insane. He tried to have himself committed to a mental

**To subscribe:**  
877-568-SHMA  
www.shma.com