

Israel--Birthright Tours (text excerpts)

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3:44 PM

Real News expose with M. Blumenthal	Recommended https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u3x2HEB7sDI
Anecdotal comments from online forum	Roosh V forum Excerpts Has anyone here done the Birthright Israel trip? Registration for the summer session opened today and I thought I'd see if there are any Jewish players who have info to drop on how to get the most out of the trip (i.e. party, get laid, and have a Zionist religious organization pay for it The trip itself is pretty whack because they force to stay in a group and wake up at the crack of dawn to go on tours. The good things though is that they encourage you to party and hook up with other people in your group. It's also nice how the trip is completely free. The best advice I can give you is to extend your plan ticket home and use the trip as a free flight to Israel. I dated a girl who was a bartender in Tel Aviv. The night life there is apparently fucking NUTS, she showed me some crazy videos. If you like techno at all some of the best DJs spin at the clubs. I could get some more detailed info from her if you want it. ... The fact that your trip is being nearly paid in full you bet your ass there's an agenda. They're not paying for you to go over there and bang some Israeli chick (although that would probably help their cause). Now on some other trips I heard people hooked up with the soldiers traveling with them, and on my trip I vividly remember this absolutely gorgeous Russian Jew who was a soldier. Something like that would be your best bet. I went a couple years ago, and I'd say if you have the opportunity to go definitely do it. There is a lot of hooking up in the tour group, and you meet girls on other tour buses as you go. They also do a good job introducing you to Israel, which is an awesome country to visit. If you end up going, I'd also recommend extending your flight after the tour is over so you can explore Israel a bit on your own. Birthright allows you to use their free plane ticket back up to several months after the tour ends. If anything, I'd recommend staying a few more nights in Tel Aviv, because you only stay there for one night on Birthright.

A few of my friends and people I know have done this. I also ran into birthright people when I was in Israel. You only need to have one Jewish grandparent (regardless if paternal or maternal) to do the trip.

Make sure you choose the secular group, not the religious one obviously.

No itinerary is identical to that of the year before and there are several different groups that sponsor birthright, all with unique itineraries. For instance, one group might check out a place like Haifa while another one won't.

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So backstory, 2 years ago somebody died from alcohol poisoning on the trip (18-22 group) from LA area. They really cramped down on the drinking my year. Long story short, I almost got kicked out of the trip, when somebody ratted one me for day-drinking. The best part is that it was the last day of the trip (day 9), so I slid by. Stupid thing is that everybody else day-drank too (15 other ppl/40 ppl). My shit luck. This is even more stupid considering that I was in the 22-27 group.

Moral of the story- don't choose an LA based trip. Choose a secular one. And keep your circle tight so that other tightwads don't rat on you. Its a painful to fork out cash to pay for the plane-ride back.

Its tough to have sex during birthright because you are shared 2-3 ppl/room. My tip- work fast. I got head from a beautiful Israeli girl in Tel-Aviv. I pulled her out of the bar in 15 mins and back to the hotel. This is also against the "rules" because you aren't supposed to leave the group early. Fn stupid. . . .

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Go. You'll fuck some chick from your group on the floor of the bathroom in your shared hotel room while the other two guys or her two roommates sleeps. And in your shared hotel room while your roommate bangs a different chick from the group two beds away. Just turn the music up. The trip itself is exhausting and you'll need a rest afterwards, but it's worth it.

They gave us a brief speech about not getting too drunk and then outright and explicitly encouraged everybody to get drunk and fuck each other.

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... That's what I'm talking about! . . .

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Just noticed this thread.
I'm an Israeli myself so I'll drop some knowledge.

These are "organized tour" kind of trips that are funded by Jewish organizations and are supported by the government and the IDF.

The agenda is pretty straightforward and it is threefold:

1. Convince Jewish people abroad to go to the holyland (either short term volunteering or long term stay).
2. Have the young people convince their rich parents to funnel funding

to such organizations.

3. Improve tourism.

That being said, it's a great opportunity to travel to a somewhat exotic location on an almost fully paid vacation. So really no reason to miss if you can get in.

The groups are usually a mix of foreign Jews and of local Israelis, sometimes even at a 50:50 ratio, while the sexes are mixed on both sides.

As for the local Israelis, the group may be comprised of religious Jews or "non religious" Jews, avoid the former like the plague (religious Israeli girls are far sweeter, but are mostly untouchable).

As for the latter, groups are usually comprised of either Soldiers (18-21), Students (20-30), or specialty professionals (i.e cooks, start-up kids, etc. and can range on all ages), I don't know if you can choose to which type to go, but the first one (soldiers) is probably the best for girls.

Depending on the source of the foreign Jews coming on the trip, they will match the origin of local Israelis. This means that a trip coming from the USA will be matched with Israelis with good English, a trip coming from south america will be matched with Israelis that originated from south america and/or have good grasp of Spanish or Portuguese. Etc.

To the local Israelis going on the trip this is also an all expense vacation (especially important for soldiers that don't get a lot of free days).

BUT, and here is the good news, one of **the main reasons Israelis volunteer to go on this trip is to bang foreign Jews**. This is true for both men and women, as these tours are notorious for being a hot bed for hooking up.

This means that by going on this trip the seed has already been planted for you, and as long as you show some foreign style and spit some quality game, you will have it much easier than the average Israeli guy.

Logistics will probably be your biggest obstacle, but let's be honest, how hard can it be to solve when you sleep at the same place as the girl. . . .

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Apparently on these tours the jewish princesses from the states fuck like rabbits, especially if you are one of the soldier escorts.

To be assigned to escort the tour I hear its bit of a "reward" from the superiors. How could you not fuck up? You have a gun + uniform. Just run minimal game. . . .

Tablet Mag

[Tablet](#)

The first night of the trip, at the Sde Boker field school minutes from David Ben-Gurion's grave, our group readied for the requisite first-night icebreaker games. But there was a twist: After sharing our names, hometowns, and expectations for the trip, we were instructed to reveal our relationship status.

Our group leader, Yoav, had a big bag of peanut M&Ms. Red meant

‘unavailable,’ green [‘DTF,’](#) and yellow somewhere in between. This sparked giggles, and later passionate debate among some participants—including Tableteers—about what this game says about the trip:

Stephanie: It’s awkward getting to know people you’ve just met, and I was glad to be reminded of everyone’s names. I just feel like things got patently sexualized with that question. Sure, I’m single, and I’m on this trip, but I’m not on this trip as a single person. I’m just here. I guess I’m a yellow?

Bari: I found it sort of incredible that we began the trip earlier in the day with a speech about how this trip is not about hooking up or partying—only to have our guide give us an explicit push to go and get it. (And I say this as a red!)

I was much more interested in hearing about why people had come on the trip. One participant said he’d come in honor of his father, who passed away five months ago from cancer. Another said she’d come to see the place where her grandfather lived. A third admitted she wanted to get over her fear of travel. And then there were the reasons you’d expect: a free trip; a chance to learn about a new culture; and so on.

Marc: It’s perhaps easy for me to say this as a ‘red,’ but I laughed when he simply said the colors and I figured out what they were for, and then I frankly marveled at its brilliance. Whether or not the trip is *about* hooking up, it’s on everyone’s minds, and this is a question many people likely had about many other people—and that specific people had about specific people. This was a fun and funny way to put it all out there to minimize awkwardness, missed communications, and perhaps the greatest sin of a jam-packed 10-day trip: wasted time.

Zach (24, red, Brooklyn): It takes the mystery out of it. That’s part of the fun of getting to know people. Now it’s just out there.

Mike (21, green, Long Island): A lot of peopled lied. My friend here who’s in a four-year relationship said he was a green!

Vice Mag

[Vice](#)

Without question the best thing about being Jewish is the free sex vacation to Israel. Most Jewish youths between the ages of 18 and 26 have taken advantage of this miraculous perk to enjoy a weeklong, all-expenses-paid orgy in the desert. I am, of course, referring to Birthright. The goal of Birthright, which is partially sponsored by the Israeli government, is that young Semites will meet, marry, and procreate, yielding little mini Jews. I am not religious but I do love hummus and making out, so obviously I had to go.

As soon as I arrived at the airport, I started on my mission to find a best friend and boyfriend for the week. Unforch, everyone was squaresville. All the guys worked in law and finance and the all girls were in PR. I would have to harness all my powers of creativity to morph a guy wearing a baseball cap and cargo shorts into someone I would want to make latkes with. This trip was going to be a challenge, indeed. After the first day, I found my bestie. Leah was a punk activist who spent the entire trip in Israel talking about how fucked up Israel is. She had short, messy hair, wore massive hoop earrings, and had a bunch of stupid tattoos. I LOVED her. Within 20 minutes of meeting we were “practically sisters.” On Day Two of the trip we discussed our romantic options. I had nothing going but Leah was obsessed with Adam, the

perma-stoned Israeli tour guide. He was a soldier in the national army, carried a gun, AND played guitar so...duh. I found him too obvious.

By Day Three, I noticed I was being hunted. There were four eyes on me at all times. The predator was a pale, bespeckled law student with allergies. Wherever I turned, there was Matt offering me sunblock or Claritin. He sat next to me on every bus ride and at every meal. It was flattering and sweet, but he had Dave Matthews on his iPod, so I was conflicted. Sure, I was thousands of miles away from home, among strangers and no one had to know what I was up to. But could I even live with myself knowing that I let a DMB fan touch me? I smoked hookah and looked up at the Middle Eastern sky wondering what G-d wanted me to do.

On Day Four, the entire group was frantic. It was the infamous night of the "Bedouin tent." All 45 of us were going to sleep in one massive tent in the desert, which in our sleazy minds meant HOOK-UP-CITY. Up until that point, we had all been sleeping in same-sex rooms and the heteros were getting randy. No one had done the deed yet, except for Chris and Julie, the super good-looking, tan, blond couple whom no one believed was Jewish. We all needed to catch up. Everyone was plotting who they were going to strategically sleep next to. I was not surprised when I threw my sleeping bag down in the massive tent and Matt laid his right next to mine. Subtle.

That night we had a huge feast with copious glasses of red wine and I was flush with sentimentality. I sat by the campfire while nerds played acoustic guitar and it just felt like one of those moments when you are totally LIVING YOUR LIFE. After hours of storytelling, truth or dare, and other rote camp activities, I was ready for bed. It was 1 AM and I was the first person to call it a night.

. . . In addition to the irregular chortles of slumber there were also a handful of interspersed moans. The only people who weren't snoring were having orgasms. It was like a David Lynch nightmare soundscape. On top of the aural assault, Matt was inching towards my sleeping bag trying to force a cuddle. I was exhausted, cranky, and I couldn't take it anymore. I GIVE UP! In life, you can struggle against the tide or you can just make out with Matt in the tent. We smooched for a while and I decided to give him a handy. I mean, I was at Jew camp, what else was I gonna do? It seemed perfectly innocent until he started to unleash a beast within. Even with all the snoring and sighing, Matt's orgasm grunts were in another league. I was like, "Dude it's just a hand job, this can't even feel that good." It sounded like a bear was eating a wolf. Everyone around us started waking up and the counselor actually screamed, "Shut the hell up!"

After making out, in typical XX fashion, I decided I was in love with Matt and we were going to get married. I hadn't dated that many Jewish guys and it seemed so perfect. He'd go to law school, we'd have these smart kids with frizzy hair, and life would be neurotic and interesting forever after. As fate would have it, we both lived in New York City so we could actually continue dating after the trip. Who knew Birthright really worked?

As soon as we got back from the Holy Land we made a plan to get lunch in SoHo. It was so trippy to see my Birthright boyfriend here in my very own city! As soon as we started talking and catching up, Matt was being

awkward. He was so cold that at one point during the meal I just asked him flat-out, "What is going on?" Apparently, he was deeply offended that I had conflicted feelings about Israel. As the tattoo of the Israeli flag on his thigh would indicate, he was pretty hardcore about the issue. He told me he couldn't date someone who didn't 100% embrace and support Israel. I told him I couldn't date someone with a thigh tattoo. Our relationship in New York lasted approximately two lemonades and one salad. I guess once we got back to reality it was clear we actually had nothing in common. Oh well, we'll always have the Bedouin tent.

Jewlishious

The Unofficial Guide to Sex on Birthright Israel

<http://www.jewlicious.com/2011/02/the-unofficial-guide-to-sex-on-birthright-israel/>

When in Israel, if you plan on being sexually active, only buy condoms from large pharmacies like SuperPharm or better yet, bring a freshly purchased stash from home.

Should the condom break during sex, and you fear an unwanted pregnancy, Morning after pills are readily available over the counter at most pharmacies in Israel. These are effective up to 72 hours after sex and cost about 125 NIS or about \$33 each. If you are a woman on birth control and you are about to hook up with an Israeli man, don't tell him as sometimes Israeli men will latch on to any excuse *not* to use a condom. Remember, birth control pills do not protect against STDs. And boys? If you manage to hook up with an Israeli woman, while they tend to be more sensible, they too often prefer to ride bareback. Don't do it. Jews get STDs too! . . .

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p, participants tour from early morning till late at night on most days. It's a grueling pace and if you factor in late night drinking and 2-3 people to a room, actually being able to have full-on sex is quite challenging. Your typical Birthright Israel participant is many things, but when it comes to getting it on, one thing they are not is uninventive! What then are the chances of and issues related to sex with the sorts of people one is likely to come into contact with on a Birthright Israel trip?

Israeli Soldiers

Most Birthright Israel trips are joined by a group of Israeli soldiers for 5 of the ten days of the trip. Being able to join a Birthright Israel trip is a very coveted privilege in the IDF. Most of the soldiers are close to the end of their mandatory service period and getting a 5-day reprieve from Army food and Army work is fantastic, let alone the opportunity to travel the country in relatively high style while interacting with young Jews eager to learn more about Israel.

For the male soldiers the possibility of uncomplicated sex with their choice of dozens of exotic foreigners serves as added incentive to join the trip. In Israel, being a soldier is a very common thing, but in the eyes of new friends, their otherwise humble service takes on heroic and very sexy dimensions!

But approach with caution. These men, well... boys really, have prodigious appetites, especially if they are in a combat unit. It's not unheard of for one soldier to hook up with more than one female participant. Furthermore, you ought not underestimate how much more attractive you are to them by sole virtue of your American passport and

apartment in the US. You see, it's not uncommon for young Israelis to take a year or two off after the army in order to travel and/or work in the US. In the ordinary course of events they are willing to do the hardest work while living in cramped apartments shared with other Israelis. Your passport and apartment are the key to a comfortable stay in the US – especially if you live in New York or LA. Yes, they can be *that* mercenary.

Try not to be swept away by your perception of romance. If you think your interaction with one of these soldiers represents the budding of true love, then take it slowly, gauge their sincerity and don't rush into anything that might leave you hurt or disappointed. If on the other hand, you *just* want to fuck an Israeli soldier, then by all means, go for it. But again, be cautious – while Israeli men are rapacious they sometimes form attachments quickly and what you thought was a quickie turns into something else when Shimon soldier starts asking you how many kids you think you're going to want to have. With him.

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Fellow Trip participants

These are usually your safest bet for sex. The shared experience of seeing Israel for the first time creates a strong, albeit fleeting bond which can translate into sex. It will be easier for you to finagle your own room if the person you are fucking is on your trip. And it might even be fun as long as you are aware of the potential pitfalls of vacation sex. That sudden bond you feel with the other person might be artificial, fueled by your shared experiences or by a night of hard drinking. If you do not require substance then it's ok, but if you think your encounter might be serious, I mean people have married each other after meeting on Birthright, then taking it slow might not be such a bad idea.

How to Go on Birthright Like a Betch

betcheslovethis.com

DO hook up with the hottest guy on your trip and/or a soldier. If you're not napping on the bus you should be making out on it. Five days after spending all of your time chilling with Jason and swooning over his frat stories from [UMich](#) and you'll be legally wed by Birthright standards. Feel free to put out. This is Birthright so hooking up with your fellow tribe member is actually encouraged.

DON'T expect your hook up to be the best groomed. You've been wandering the desert for 10 days. Imagine the lack of brazilians Moses had to deal with after 40 years.

The Yids are Alright: 10 Days of Spiritual Decadence

[Gawker](#)

"I hope you've all been doing the hanky panky," Sheldon Adelson said to us, over the microphone. The superannuated gambling-industry billionaire, financier of right-wing vanity candidates and causes, was onstage in an enormous auditorium somewhere outside Tel Aviv: a stout little figure, well groomed but vaguely unhealthy-looking, telling us all, through wet lips, that we ought to be fucking. Everyone in the audience laughed. Partly it was funny when an old person said a thing like "hanky panky" when he meant "fucking," and partly it was funny because the young people truly had been doing a lot

of the hanky panky.

Sheldon Adelson's interest in our copulatory opportunities was not a gag. It was as serious as his well-publicized hawkishness on the question of Israel's national security, and to the same end: He was addressing us as young Jews brought in from dozens of countries, by the thousands, to experience the Jewish nation firsthand—to see Israel, to feel Israel, to bond with the Israeli experience on the most intimate and personal level. To let Israel into our pants. Not for nothing are these biannual tours called "Birthright": God, or an organization acting on God's behalf, wanted us to be fruitful and multiply in this land.

Later that night, on the bus back to our hotel, our trip leaders informed us that the rooms could be co-ed for our final nights. "Orders from the higher ups," they not-joked.

Like virtually all Jews I knew, we could opt out of the Torah and the treif and stay in it for the culture and the closeness. We didn't keep kosher; I had a Bat Mitzvah. It's true that most Reform temples come with those expanding doors to make room for the extras, like us, who only attend services on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. What I remember most about temple isn't wise words from our rabbi, but that one time this girl Harmony flashed her boobs to two friends of mine in the back of a Temple Emanuel coat closet.

That was Jewish enough for Birthright. Each year, the various companies and organizations that operate under the Taglit-Birthright Israel umbrella bring thousands of Jews between the ages of 18 to 26 from all over the world to Israel for a free ten-day trip. The goal, the Birthright website says, is "to change the course of Jewish history and ensure the continuity of the Jewish people by strengthening Jewish identity, Jewish communities, and solidarity with Israel via an educational trip to Israel for Jewish young adults around the world." Their "hope is that our trips motivate young people to continue to explore their Jewish identity, support for Israel, and to maintain long-lasting connections with Israelis after their trip has ended."

As long as you have at least one Jewish parent (or have converted) and have never been to Israel on a previous organized tour or educational trip (personal trips are fine), you're eligible. Since those first trips in 1999, Birthright has brought in more than 340,000 Jews from 59 countries.

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I had also heard that if you marry someone you meet on your trip, the organization pays for your honeymoon to Israel. This is completely true. Unfortunately for the grand plan, I already have a boyfriend—a lapsed Catholic one, yet. We joked for weeks about breaking up before the trip so that I could find my soulmate. When I got there, everyone single on the trip immediately became very busy sitting at the back of the bus playing Never Have I Ever and stealing each other's hats. . . .

The night in the tent, we'd all heard, would be the sexual apex of the trip. It came right at the halfway point, in a sort of Bedouin-style tent hostel in the Negev desert. The tent was huge—it had to be to accommodate all of us in it together—and we fanned out to plot our sleeping spots for the night. I felt old, because I was on this trip, and also because I had a boyfriend at home and had no intention of getting freaky-deaky in a sleeping bag.

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I had heard so much about this night from past participants, it was like watching a prophecy unfold. We slugged cheap vodka around a bonfire while a 20-year-old Israeli played the acoustic guitar and sang the wrong

words to a Jason Mraz song. The air was crackling with sexual tension. The whole thing eventually came to a boil in a curly-haired cauldron of writhing hanky panky. Everyone around me seemed to be either snoring or getting fingered. I had downed just enough Nyquil and vodka slurpees to keep the noises to a foggy din and wake up my worst self the next morning.

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Our trip leaders were staying, and they promised to take us all out. The Israelis too, promised to introduce us to all their cool friends, to take us to the cool clubs. Phone calls were made, slowly at first. The “coolest traveler hostel!” was discussed, and one by one, most of my group began to extend their stay. Out of the 41 people in the group, me and four others were the only ones who did not extend. The rest were set up for however many more days of drinking, hanky panky, and the gorgeous landscape of the country all while surrounded by people who understand you, who want you there. Or at least, who seem to.

“Aren’t you staying?” Lulu asked as I hugged her goodbye. “I got us bottle service at this club and we’re going to party all night in Tel Aviv. You have to stay! It’s so important,” she laughed, “that you change your flight and stay.”

Birthright
Reaches Bar
Mitzvah

[Haaretz](#)

J.D., a 27-year-old banker from Orlando, Florida, met Janna, a 25-year-old Canadian graduate student, through mutual friends in New York. He really liked her. He thought it was going somewhere. They had, he explains, an “exclusive” relationship. Then, three months in, she announced she was going on Birthright.

“I was like ‘Oy,’” he says.

“I couldn’t tell her, ‘Don’t go on Birthright!’ Opportunity of a lifetime and all that. But I was hoping she wouldn’t,” says J.D., who asked that his and Janna’s full names not be used.

J.D., who himself went on Birthright when he was 18 – and promptly hooked up with the pretty Israeli officer 10 years his senior who was accompanying the group – knew the beast he was dealing with. “I know what happens,” he says, solemnly.

“You put 40 Jews on a bus together for 10 days, going from one great experience to the next, huffing up Masada by day and then partying and drinking together by night – and then all sleeping at the same hotel.” He shrugs his shoulders. “Need I say more?”

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These days, J.D. is dating a beautiful 26-year-old banker named Ashley and has made his peace with Birthright for stealing his ex. But, he says, the outcome of that story was almost inevitable: “Most people hook up on Birthright. That’s a fact.”

Ashley nods her head. “It’s basically promoted,” she says. As it happens, Ashley herself went on Birthright (luckily for J.D., long before he met her) and somehow didn’t hook up. It was right after she graduated from college and she had a long-term boyfriend. He was Catholic, and so, being a goy and all, wasn’t invited along. But even he knew enough about Birthright to be worried. “They try to encourage Jews to marry Jews there,” she says. “Everyone knows that.”

By the way, Ashley adds, she loved the trip to Israel, even minus the seemingly requisite kissing in a Bedouin tent or the late-night Tel Aviv dirty-dancing experiences. And her loyalty to her former boyfriend had

an unforeseen benefit. “There was one soldier on my trip who had pink eye, and he gave it to several girls!” she says. “But not me.”

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“We come in uniform and they make a big deal out of us. They do a ceremony and we run in calling out: ‘Achim, Achim, Achim’ [‘Brothers, Brothers, Brothers’],” says K., who, because he still serves in an intelligence unit, can’t give his full name.

“Yeah, it’s a little embarrassing,” he says. “But these Jewish programs are very well thought out. They really know what to do to get Americans emotional and excited.”

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“These trips are like 10-day soap operas,” adds Colodny. “But I was not into that.”

Her resolve was soon tested. When they reached the Kinneret, K. changed out of his uniform and put on a wrap sarong – and the two exchanged their first words. “I passed by and said ‘cool pants,’” says Colodny. Not, she notes, because she was into him, but because she is into fashion, and they were indeed cool. She in turn was wearing a black bikini, a big black hat and sunglasses. K. is not that into fashion – but he was immediately into her. “She looked like a princess,” he says. Before you could count to shalosh they were sitting next to each other on the bus, holding hands as they strolled through Mount Herzl and stealing kisses in the Cardo. “Other people were also hooking up,” K. explains. “But this was not that. This was another level.”

When Birthright ended, Colodny stayed behind. K. took her to his parents’ home in Givat Ada. A week turned into a month. Rosh Hashanah came and went. A year later, after returning to the United States to finish her degree and pack up, Colodny made aliyah. K. was waiting at the airport.

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“Joining the Birthright groups as a soldier, everyone, girls and guys, looks up to you like you are a celebrity. You feel you are nothing less than James Bond,” says Meital, who back in 2007 was one of those soldiers. Rogers, what else, was a bright-eyed Birthright participant visiting Israel for the first time.

“We hit it off right away. We sat next to each other on the bus,” says Rogers, highlighting a recurring theme in many of these love stories: the bus. “The bus is a big part of Birthright. I would say you spend about 20 percent of your time on the bus,” she says. “And, well, a lot goes on there.”

Birthright
organizer's
methodologies

[Jpost](#). From a book by a sociologist. Review:

As one participant confided to Kelner: “Everyone knows... that people hook up on the trip. And they sort of feel like they haven’t had a real Israeli experience until they have.”

In an attempt to overcome “structural barriers that tourism erects between tourist and toured,” Birthright arranges for IDF soldiers to accompany each group of visitors for a few days. Though this integration generally achieves its goal, it also leads to a sexually charged atmosphere, albeit almost exclusively between male soldiers and female tourists, who are imagined to be, respectively, macho and promiscuous.

“As with other forms of sex and romance tourism, the cross-cultural

	liaisons on diaspora Jewish homeland tours are rooted in fantasies of eroticized exotic Others,” observes Kelner, who does not mention the single-sex and religiously stringent Birthright programs available.
The Romance of Birthright Israel	<p>The Nation</p> <p>The originator of the Birthright idea was Yossi Beilin, a Labor Party stalwart and an instrumental figure in the Oslo Accords. Widely considered an archliberal and reviled by Israel’s right, Beilin is an unlikely figure to boast the moniker “godfather of Birthright.” In a recent phone interview, Beilin compared his worries about intermarriage and Jewish identity to “the personal feeling of an old man who wants to see that his family is still around.” Among Beilin’s top goals for Birthright: “to create a situation whereby spouses are available.” An ardent Zionist and longtime friend of Bronfman, Beilin unsuccessfully pitched Birthright to him and Steinhardt in the mid-1990s.</p> <p>Eventually, Chazan writes in his book, Steinhardt saw Birthright’s potential to “plug the dam of assimilation,” and Steinhardt got Bronfman on board. “The people we wanted were those who were not committed,” Bronfman says. “The only thing that would get them to Israel is a free trip.”</p> <p>The common denominator of the Birthright experience is the promotion—by turns winking and overt—of flings among participants, or between participants and soldiers. “No problem if there’s intimate encounters,” an Israel Outdoors employee told American staffers during training. “In fact, it’s encouraged!” Birthright boasts that alumni are 51 percent more likely to marry other Jews than nonparticipants. “The bus is a love incubator,” Elissa Strauss writes in <i>What We Brought Back</i>, a glowing essay collection from Birthright’s alumni program. “It works.” Strauss’s entry is written with her husband, whom she met, naturally, on Birthright. Many groups pass a night in a fake Bedouin tent, where participants sleep crowded together, a setup conducive to first kisses.</p>
Taglit Birthright Israel-- advertising for romance	http://thoughtcatalog.com/thought-catalog-sponsored-posts/2014/02/7-people-on-their-craziest-stories-from-taglit-birthright-israel/
Israeli television parody	<p>Taglit Birthright</p> <p>http://vimeo.com/35660324</p>
Tufts SJP	<p>Advice to Jews Considering Birthright</p> <p><i>Very good points and questions here.</i></p> <p>http://mondoweiss.net/2012/12/birthright-birthright-considering.html</p>