New Books from Israel • Fall 2009
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Asaf Schurr

Sigal

a novel
Tel Aviv, Babel, 2009, 184 pp.

Asaf Schurr was born in Jerusalem in 1976 and has a BA in philosophy and theater from the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. He has worked on the editorial staff of the magazine Kahn for human and animal rights and environmental issues, also as editor for the culture, art and politics website Maarav. At present he is a translator and writes literary reviews for the Hebrew press. Schurr has received the Bernstein Prize (2007), the Minister of Culture Prize (2007) for Amram, and the Levi Eshkol Prize for Motti (2008).

Sigal runs her professional life with cold efficiency, just as she runs her young son and her home. As important as excellence in her career and motherhood is her image as a desirable woman, which she channels towards her boss. She houses her sick father in an assisted living facility and even when she visits she avoids a real encounter with him—a hint at a childhood trauma connected to him.

“Expanding the profit margins” and the “17% manpower cut” that Sigal introduces at her work place disrupt the lives of both Avigdor, an older, uncharismatic bookkeeper who has been fired, and Na’ama, a junior employee who is actively hostile towards her. Portrayed at first as idealistic and humane in her concern for Avigdor, Na’ama becomes more dominant, until it is clear that she, like Sigal, is manipulative at the expense of those who are weaker than her.

An intriguingly suggestive book whose avant-garde style combines a number of “voices,” and intensities.
Mom, look, I’m a tree!” the child cried joyfully after she had closed the door.

“What’s that?” Sigal said distractedly.

“A tree!” the little boy laughed, his fingers twisting in the air like small worms. “I have leaves!”

“No, you’re not a tree,” said Sigal. “You’re my cutie pie.”

“A tree!” the child insisted. “We’re putting on a big play with a forest, and me and Adi are great big trees. And Meshi is a little squirrel and Noam is a turtle and Yossi is a fox and Tehila is a pretty butterfly,” he continued. “And I’m a tree. There’s a breeze in my branches, and my foliage is rich and green.”

“Foliage,” Sigal corrected him. “And who is the squirrel?”

“It’s Meshi!” he laughed, showing his front teeth, like a squirrel in the deep forest.

“That’s great,” said Sigal. “Meshi is the squirrel and you’re a tall tree. Wouldn’t you like to be a squirrel?” she asked gently.

“No,” her little son retorted angrily. “Meshi is the squirrel! I’m a big tree! Look,” he said, waving his arms. “There’s a breeze among my branches! Breeze, breeze!”

“That’s nice,” said Sigal. She tucked her sweetheart into his bed, and stood looking at him for a moment—what joy he gives her, a reason for living. If it weren’t for him, if it weren’t for him… She turned to the kitchen and picked up the contact page for the kindergarten. It was time to straighten accounts with the teacher.

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“Mom,” the boy said. His face was serious as he got into the car and buckled his safety belt. “Mom, I’m the squirrel.”

“How wonderful!” the mother rejoiced.

“But I wanted to be the tree,” the boy said with a frown.

“Sweetheart,” she replied, “but a tree does nothing. It just stands there.”

“That’s not true,” he answered. “It grows a great deal.”
Yotam Tolub

He Who Waits

a novel


Yotam Tolub was born in France in 1978 and grew up in Israel, apart from four years when he and his family lived in the U.S. He studied law and cultural studies at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, and is completing an MA in gerontology. He also studied screenwriting at the Sam Spiegel Film & Television School. At present, Tolub works as a lawyer for the NGO “Bizchut” – Israel Human Rights Center for People with Disabilities. Tolub started writing during his studies at a yeshiva, where he was editor of a journal of Jewish thought. He Who Waits is his first book.

This novel’s multi-layered plot tells the story of an Israeli family who go the United States for a year—Shuli Binun, the mother, has been invited to work on a project at Harvard. Ten-year-old Zizi feels torn and tries to hold on to his Israeliness as well as to give the upsetting move some meaning. So he seeks a mission helping Israel, like becoming a Mossad agent. He starts off his Zionist assignment by trying to unravel the secret of reclusive Mr. Freund, his neighbor in Boston. On one of his “spying expeditions” to Mr Freund’s home, Zizi sees the picture of a bronze statue depicting a young soldier, and under it, a sequence of incomprehensible “lottery numbers”: 48, 56, 67. Zizi knows that Mr. Freund is emotionally attached to this picture, and he sets out to find—and clean—the statue. But Mr Freund’s secret turns out to be quite different from what he expected. Finally, Zizi runs away to Washington, hoping to find refuge in the Israeli embassy in exchange for his top secret work.

A wonderfully insightful novel about an Israeli family far from home.
he stood on the terrifying bridge. Laura was impatient, anticipating their mission and ready to sail courageously as far as Afghanistan if necessary, as long as she was home by six. Zizi knew that time was running out.

He told her about the party that took place here years ago, and about Paul Revere who poured tons of tea into the ocean. That of course angered the British because tea for them is like the Bible for us Jews. “Do you want to pour the Coke into the sea?” she asked, anticipating his words and adding—as he had feared—that it was ridiculous, why should they be angry at Coca Cola? Anyway, in her house they only drink Coke, never Pepsi.

Zizi became serious, it was too late to retreat now. He asked Laura whether she knew what Coca Cola did during the Holocaust. Was she aware that they quenched the thirst of the Third Reich, of Hitler and his six million Nazis? He swore solemnly that he had heard it from people at Harvard, and for that they deserved to have the coke poured into the sea, because Coca Cola for Americans is like tea for the British. In the end he asked if she was brave enough, promising that he would do it first and she would do it after. And to his great surprise, Laura trusted his confident voice, brushed away all her doubts and said of course, of course she was brave enough, what sort of a question was that?
Dror Burstein

Kin

a novel

Emil, the unwanted child of two young parents, becomes the wanted, loved child of Yoel and Leah, a childless couple. Yet as the years pass, it becomes clear that Emil does not resemble his parents. Is his name really the only thing he has left of the couple who bore him? Emil and his four parents walk through the same city, close but apart, searching for each other in the faces of passersby.

Years later, Leah is killed in a terrible accident, leaving father and son alone, strangely detached. Yet when Yoel feels death approaching in old age, he becomes determined to save Emil—now aged 38—from loneliness, and comes up with a mad idea that neither his son nor his birth parents agree to. His body resists, his mind staggers, but he advances determinedly towards the goal he has set for himself: to return Emil to his birth parents.

Burstein’s language is rich, his descriptions minimalistic, and he often leaves the reader to decipher events – one moment in contemporary Tel Aviv, the next during Sadat’s visit to Israel. A stylistic feat by this gifted young author.

Forthcoming in French (Actes Sud)

ENGLISH TRANSLATION AVAILABLE

Dror Burstein was born in 1970 in Netanya, Israel, and lives in Tel Aviv. He became a fully qualified lawyer, then he left the legal field and started studying literature. He received a PhD in Hebrew literature from the Hebrew University of Jerusalem in 2001 and now teaches there as well as at Tel Aviv University. He also edits programs for Israel Radio’s music station and writes literary and art reviews. Burstein has been awarded the Jerusalem Prize for Literature (1997), the Ministry of Science and Culture Prize for Poetry (2002), the Bernstein Prize for his novel, Avner Brenner (2005) and the Prime Minister’s Prize (2006).
FROM THE PRESS

In my opinion, Kin is the book of the year.

Haaretz

One of the most beautiful books I have read in the past few years.

Ynet

Burstein is one of the most interesting Israeli writers today.

Maariv

Kin offers rare crystal-like beauty… Critics repeatedly describe it as beautiful, delicate and unique. It is all these and much more.

Makor Rishon

A disturbing and moving novel.

Nana

FROM THE BOOK...

At the central bus station, [ ] used to lie in wait near the buses, sometimes for hours on end. Everyone goes by here, he thought, he’ll also pass by. He. Nobody looked at him.

If he could just get a chance to see him, if only for a moment, if only from afar, he would have a little peace of mind. That’s why, in the beginning, he used to go looking for him. He would just stand there, crying, at the gates of day schools. This one? This one? It went on for years.

He would sit playing music at the station, or in nearby side streets, and occasionally people wanted to throw him some change. But he never put out a collection box, and his backpack was closed, so almost no one ever tossed him anything, though they sometimes placed some change on the ground. The day will come, he thought through the strains of music, when he’ll stoop before me with a shekel between his fingers. Everyone goes by here. True. So he’ll also show up one day. The name they had given him was Emil. In 1970. But who knows what his name was now.
Oded Carmeli

Home Economics

a novel

Oded Carmeli was born in 1985 in Kfar Saba, Israel. In 2006, he co-founded Ketem, an avant-garde literary fanzine, as well as the first Tel Aviv Poetry Festival. At present, he is working on his second poetry collection and setting up a new magazine for ideas. Carmeli won the Tel Aviv “Poetry for the Road” Prize in 2008.

Shmuel Elazar, a 60-year-old real estate agent, discovers that his accountant has been showering luxuries on a young female student, including keeping her in a hotel. With the accountant’s financial collapse, a widening crack opens up in Shmuel’s life too. His greatest passion is squeezing fruit juices in a home juicer, but the venom that fills him now leads him to sell his real estate agency and decide to finally start living, although he isn’t sure what that means.

Shmuel shares his life—and the book—with his wife Dafna: one chapter for him, one for her. Dafna, a tempestuous, sharp-tongued woman whose feminine charms are on the wane, heads a project to rescue gifted youth from the “dregs” of Israel’s poor towns.

Money drives everything in the Elazar home, and beyond: it fans the flames of envy, love, disappointment and insult. Now without family or social ties, Shmuel and Dafna must rediscover one another, as well as their 30-year-old son, Ehud, who has come back into their lives after a long separation—and even that, they suspect, is only for financial reasons.

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books published from the book...

"Udi," she said into the phone, "my Udi, my dear son in both senses of the word, what about the $2,500 that you’ve owed us since last year?"

"Shalom, Mom, yes, shalom and a blessing on you too… Where’s this new attack coming from? What happened, don’t you have enough bread to eat?" "I’m attacking you because at the age of fifty-two, I still haven’t finished educating you, so please, let’s start from the beginning. Lesson one: write it down, so you don’t forget: You borrow money from your parents then you return the money to them. Lesson two: You don’t borrow money from your parents in the first place, you find work, and in honor of your thirtieth birthday I’d say the time is ripe. Lesson three: Work is considered work only if they pay you a salary for it, otherwise it’s not work, it’s a hobby. Lesson four…” "Mom, Mom, this isn’t the way to have a conversation… and if you’re showing your cards like that, then yes, I also have something to say on the subject: I’ve got a bellyful."

"You’re belly’s full of the food I’ve given you. I gave you the food that fills you!"
Neta’s father has cancer and his days are numbered; he refuses treatment and leaves the house so as not to die in front of his family. Neta, a child, has to live through this interim time between the perfect past and the threatening future.

A young woman falls in love, is disappointed, suffers the death of her mother and copes with her distant father—all under the watchful eye of Bruria, a large, redheaded woman with a production company in the sky. From her computerized monitoring station, it is she and her assistant Simi who create the heroine’s life.

A young man sits in a dark bar on Allenby Street in Tel Aviv, remembering from his childhood the gallop of an injured horse. In retrospect he sees the tortuous maturation he went through, and finds himself afresh through love.

All the characters in these three novellas emerge from shattered worlds to grow and mature, thoughtfully yet with humor.
Shavit’s book has emotional power. Her novellas show respect for human suffering, a desire to dwell in its presence and to present it without sensationalism.

*Maariv*

Shavit’s childlike perspective is convincing, arouses empathy and allows for a combination of humor and some amelioration of the pain, which contribute to the enjoyment of the story.

*Teza Magazin*

Tel Aviv Poetry Prize: In a few lines of pure, acute observation Shavit succeeds in painting a picture with all its contrasts—simultaneously colorful and gloomy, capricious and responsible, secular and sacred.

Jury comment, Ynet

“Bruria?”

“Yes, Simi?”

“Excuse me for disturbing you in the middle of the afternoon lineup.”

“That’s all right, Simi, only two thousand five hundred and sixty-four baby teeth to knock out, and I’ll be right with you.”

“It’s rather urgent. Look at Screen 80 for a moment.”

“Yes, yes. I see her. 456 A is developing. Let it play itself out.”

“Bruria, it’s rather urgent, I think.”

“Why?”

“It’s just that, for 456A to rush out of the house like that… Her father and his new wife were visiting and she couldn’t take the pain. Isn’t that dangerous?”

“Simi, there are wars being waged all round the world. Look at the Indian screen, children are dying of starvation. Is there any shortage of people to feel sorry for? What exactly is it that bothers you about 456A?”

“I’m worried about her, Bruria. She isn’t dealing with the situation properly. Tell me whether it’s dangerous.”

“Simi, it isn’t dangerous. Review the severance exercises on Universe Five. A Western World sector, we’ve been over it so many times, why don’t you review the material? Simi, pull yourself together, you have to progress.”

“I know, I’m internalizing as much as possible, believe me.”

“Simi, I want you to make progress.”
Avi Garfinkel was born in Israel in 1972. He received a BA in law and general studies from the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, then studied philosophy and literature at the University of Freiburg, in Germany. He has recently completed his Ph.D in Hebrew literature at Bar-Ilan University. Garfinkel worked for a number of years as an editor and literary reviewer for Haaretz, Ynet and Israel TV, among others. He is now a diplomat at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. A Fly on the Piano is his second book.

Ido Rosen is the oldest contestant in the Aviv competition for pianists in Tel Aviv. He is almost thirty years old, and this is his last chance to become a ranking performing artist.

Ido is at rock bottom when he starts the competition: he is penniless and hungry most of the time, his landlord is raising his rent and threatening to throw him out, his only friend decides to leave the country, and even love is not an option since he recently broke up with his girlfriend Noga in order to devote himself to the piano. Hovering above everything is the money he owes Boris the piano tuner and his agreement to sell him the piano if he doesn’t win the competition. This arrangement both threatens Ido because of its finality, and implies some kind of end to the suffering that is his life.

The book follows Ido from the semi-finals, which he passes—much to his surprise—until the finals and their outcome. In between he wanders the streets of Tel Aviv, his bad luck, or maybe his self-destructive impulses repeatedly getting him into impossible situations.
Garfinkel’s intriguing plot exploits the vacuum that typifies the press coverage of competitions—a vacuum that cries out to be filled—and is a fascinating demonstration of how stories about the lives of contestants would probably look.

**Haaretz**

Avi Garfinkel has a talent for shades of diagnosis and language that enable him to describe complex emotional situations.

**Ynet**

Garfinkel deals with the gap between success and failure in an intelligent and enjoyable manner, and portrays the dissonance between the preoccupation with art and the daily hassles of a young artist.

**Ha’Ir**

he shouldn’t play in this state, tense to his fingertips, but the waiting period stretched out longer and longer, and the judges had already begun to shift uncomfortably in their chairs. That was the last thing he wanted: to make them angry. He fixed his gaze on some point in the auditorium, hoping salvation would come from there, but no salvation came of course—no guardian angel, or muse, or any other type of inspiration, and Ido knew that he simply had to start playing, come what may.
Anat Einhar

Summer Predators

a novel

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Anat Einhar was born in Petah Tikva in 1970. She graduated from the Bezalel School of Art and Design. At present, Einhar works as a designer, illustrator and graphic novel writer. She also writes a comics column for the Walla! website. Summer Predators, her first book, received the Wiener Award.

SYNOPSIS

A high-school teacher discovers that he is afraid of his students now that they are no longer children; he believes that one of them understands his feelings and he acts imprudently in a place where everyone knows everyone. A new immigrant works daily as a cleaner in a famous woman’s house; she keeps accusing him of bizarre thefts, but also needs him as though he were her only friend, and this duality will drive him to a wholly unexpected kind of thieving. A young girl, who wears an orthopedic back brace, tests her limits with a drunken neighbor, who is no less unusual than she and whose limits are also blurred. And in a failed café, a woman is about to commit a crime in exchange for something that will result in either life or death.

Anat Einhar skillfully leads her characters through cities which have turned into a wild, deceptive wilderness where the boundaries between men and women, young and old change repeatedly. Einhar’s wonderful writing portrays a world whose orderly facade may crack at any moment.
FROM THE PRESS

You cannot read Einhar’s novel or take in her exquisite images all at once, nor can you deny her obvious, beaming talent. The book is *that* good… This is a superb, patient kind of writing.

_Haaretz_

We have here a rare, inimitable talent that appears in literature maybe once every two decades. Einhar is an almost perfect novelist.

_NRG-Maariv_

Like a magician, Einhar takes banal, mundane materials and colors them in shades you never even knew existed… _Summer Predators_ is a whole new kind of falling in love. You must read it!

_Channel 2 TV_

FROM THE BOOK...

Gooly, the teacher’s dog, wore no collar around his neck. The teacher would stroll down the street, his hands in his pockets, and the dog would walk along just like his owner, alternately running ahead or dawdling behind. Sometimes dog and man would disappear from each other’s field of vision for a short while; in those moments each was alone, subjected to temporary loneliness and at the same time remembered by the other. An odd, solitary stroll of this sort may arouse resentment in other people; for that reason their paths would come together again as though of their own accord, and the dog spot would reappear in the teacher’s field of vision. Reddish, with wild fur, the dog was a little lazy and had a pair of flat ears dangling on either side. But his tail was short and stout: when he was a puppy they chopped it off for beauty.
Almog Behar was born in Netanya in 1978 and lives in Jerusalem. He studied philosophy at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, where he is now completing his second degree. Behar teaches philosophy in high school, writes literary reviews, and teaches Jewish liturgy at Tel Aviv University. In 2005, he won the Haaretz Short Story Competition for his story “Ana Min al-Yahud” (I am one of the Jews), which was published in the well-known Cairo journal Al-Hilal, generating considerable interest in Egypt and the Arab world. His first book of poems, Wells’ Thirst, received a prize in 2006 and an Honor Citation at the Metula Poetry Festival in 2008. His second book of poetry will be published by Am Oved in 2009.

A couple with long years of lies between them; a newly married man who tries to understand from the Bible how to have sex with his wife; another, curled up inside the womb of his beloved, discovers her body from within. The characters in Behar’s stories all attempt to revive their linguistic and cultural past, uncovering their connection to Berlin and Iraq at the same time as they are drawn towards contemporary Israeli culture. What links all the stories is the process of establishing an identity—the attempt to bridge the many ethnic differences, particularly in relationships, to heal generational as well as minority rifts, and to reconnect the language of life to that of the Bible.

Behar writes in Hebrew, but his parents’ languages are Arabic and German. For different reasons, both languages have negative connotations in Israel, and the writer deals with this in a highly original way. Throughout the various stories, his writing is sensitive to cultural and human nuances, especially to the place of language(s) in the characters’ lives, to their rooted yet frail identity as they all strain to belong.

PARTIAL TRANSLATION AVAILABLE IN ENGLISH AND ARABIC
A talented writer...written with remarkable honesty and courage

**Haaretz**

A beautiful collection of stories... Behar’s knowledge of Jewish literature—from Kafka to Amira Hess, the scriptures as well as 19th century secular literature—is exactly what most young writers in Israel lack. [Behar shows] humility toward the scriptures, respect for previous generations, and plenty of criticism for the society we live in.

**Yedioth Ahronoth**

A spectacular depiction of the infinite rupture of a soul

**Makor Rishon**

It is clear that the author of these stories is refined, complex and erudite.

**Ynet**

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**BOOKS PUBLISHED**

*Wells’ Thirst* (poetry), *Am Oved*, 2008

*Ana min al yahoud*— *I am one of the Jews* (stories), *Babel*, 2009

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**FROM THE BOOK...**

At that time, my tongue twisted itself around and with the arrival of the month of Tammuz the Arabic accent got stuck in my mouth, deep in my throat. Just like that: as I was walking down the street, the Arabic accent of Grandfather Anwar, of blessed memory, came back to me, and no matter how hard I tried to extract it and throw it in one of the public trash cans, I did not manage. I tried and tried to soften the glottal ayin, the way my mother did in her childhood—because of the teacher and the looks from the other children—but strangers passing by just rooted me to the spot. I tried to soften the het and pronounce it gutturally, I tried to make the tsaddi sound less like an “s” and to get rid of the Iraqi quf and pronounce it like “k”, but in vain. On the streets of Jerusalem, policemen started to come towards me aggressively, pointing to me and my black beard with a threatening finger, whispering in their cars, stopping and asking me for my name and identity. And for every policeman who passed me by, I wanted to stop walking, pull out my identity card, point to the ‘nationality’ line and say in Arabic, as if I were revealing a secret that would absolve me of enormous guilt: “Ana min al yahoud—I’m a Jew.”
About the Author

Racheli Rotner, graphic novel writer, artist and illustrator, was born in Netanya in 1982. Since completing her studies at Beit Berl College of Art, she has taught art and graphic fiction in schools and museums, and is a reviewer for the Hebrew press. Although quite young, Rotner has already published her graphics and art work in a number of magazines; she has also participated in several exhibitions, and gave an a one-man show of her work in 2007. The Other Side of the World is her first book.

Synopsis

A little girl has nightmares at night and is lonely by day, until the night creatures turn into daytime friends. Now grown up, she is convinced she will cure her loneliness in far off Australia, so she sets out to find one of the incongruous night heroes who are still central to her life. Thus starts the graphic novella “Gate,” which tells the tale of a woman’s bizarre journey in search of her future and past.

Racheli Rotner’s critically acclaimed first book is a mesmerizing creation that blends child and adulthood, reality and fantasy in a unique way. There is a short story about a couple’s troubled relationship (“Dream”), another about waking up in terror as a child (“Home”) and the novella “Gate.”

The sketches are expressive and diverse, moving from the childlike to the clear and precise, without ever losing their darkly disturbing quality.
A distinctive new voice... very promising.

**Haaretz**

[Rotner’s choice of graphic styles] is brilliant. The mix of text and graphics really works... An interesting and highly enjoyable book.

**Makor Rishon**

This graphic novel is sometimes like dark poetry. There is something so exposed and blunt about Rotner’s search; naked nerves, obvious distress and deep sorrow over the loss of youth, of imaginary friends. A mesmerizing and handsome book.

**Yedioth Tel Aviv**

Don’t miss this book! Eye-opening and touching.

**Globes**

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**BOOKS PUBLISHED**

_The Other Side of the World_ (graphic novels),
_Babel_, 2008
Assaf Inbari

Home

a novel

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Assaf Inbari was born in 1968 on Kibbutz Afikim and lived there till the age of 20. He studied Hebrew and comparative literature at Tel Aviv and Bar-Ilan Universities, and received a Ph.D. Inbari now teaches at two colleges; he also writes extensively for the Hebrew press and publishes essays and short stories in a number of journals. Home is his first novel.

SYNOPSIS

For Assaf Inbari, born on Kibbutz Afikim, the kibbutz is the most interesting social creation of the 20th century. In a penetrating book, he returns to the seven tragic and legendary figures who accompanied the dream and its shattering, and describes the lofty ideal from its birth in the Soviet Union of the 1920s, through its realization in the Jordan Valley, to its present form, plagued by privatization and individualism.

In addition to the physical and security hardships of the early days, there is also the emotional difficulty, as the kibbutz members try to rid themselves of individual desires: the longing for a family, privacy, and something to call their own—all in order to create a better society.

What happens to a group of young people in their 20s who leave behind everything they are familiar with on the way to creating a “new man” and a “new society”? Using letters, notes, minutes of meetings and memoirs, Inbari has created a novel that tells the story with a critical but loving eye. His observation at a remove surveys kibbutz life via the absolute equality practiced, from the distribution of work and clothing, via the raising of children in the children’s house, to the collectivism that dictates the downplaying of emotions that do not suit the kibbutz and its purpose.
Inbari has invented a new genre: the biography of a place, and the kibbutz is a character whose history we follow. Inbari's achievement is so great and so impressive, that after finishing it I feel it would be better to say nothing for a while.

Maariv
A wonderful writer... Home is the best book ever written about the kibbutz.

Ynet
A terse chronicle of tens of years. The facts alone have an impact, and will certainly move readers.

Haaretz
Home stands in splendid isolation at the lofty heights of Hebrew literature—there really are almost no contemporary books like it. Splendid.

Iton 77

Chara and the other forty members who remained in the Shomer Hatzair youth movement from the Soviet Union, lived in the cowshed of Kibbutz Kinneret. It was the only building in the area, a narrow concrete cave of a place divided into cubicles by hanging straw mats. The large central cubicle was the dining room.

The straw mats between the cubicles reached almost to the ground, and arms and legs protruded the space at night. Occasionally, under cover of snores, guys who pretended to be asleep (since it is human nature to roll around in one's sleep) reached the cubicles of neighboring girls, and were not always rejected. The silent invasions yielded three pregnancies, and at the end of the winter, when the pregnancies were already evident, there was an investigation and five guys confessed. Since the number of guilty parties was larger than the number of pregnancies, the group had to be patient until the births, when it would be clear from whom each infant had inherited his features.
Daniella Carmi

The Yassin Family
and Lucy in the Sky

2 novellas

Imagine this wild mix: a bewildered Arab couple, an ultra-Orthodox Jewish family, a stern rabbi, firebrand settlers and a withdrawn adolescent. What Daniella Carmi creates with her bold imagination and surrealistic prose moves crazily between the real and the fantastic, the amusing and tragic—a reflection of Israeli reality.

Thus, in the title story, an Arab couple who have waited years for a child finally have an opportunity to adopt one. But the fulfillment of their dream is grotesque—instead of a baby they get a slightly autistic Jewish adolescent who relates to reality only through the Beatles’ songs. And so they are caught up in a psychedelic world of yellow submarines, strawberries and marmalade-colored skies—including a rabbi who insists that the Arab parents coach the boy for his bar mitzvah.

In Adina and Marcella Seek a Lifeline, the mothers of two soldiers in a coma fight to save their boys from the “poison” that has taken over their bodies and souls. After they steal urine in the hospital—part of a scheme so the boys never return to the military—a strangely hilarious bond grows between the two very different women, as both struggle for sanity in a world that has turned its back on their sons.

About the Author

Daniella Carmi was born in Tel Aviv. She studied philosophy and communications at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem and writes drama, screenplays and books for adults and children. Her y/a book, Samir and Yonatan, was awarded an Honorable Mention from UNESCO for Children’s and Young People’s Literature in the Service of Tolerance (1997), the Berlin Prize for Best Children’s Book in Translation (1997), the Silver Quill Award (Germany, 1997), the Batchelder Award for Best Translated Book by the American Library Association (2001), and the Italian WIZO Prize (2003). In 2002, Carmi received the ACUM Prize. Most recently, Carmi has been nominated for the Astrid Lindgren Prize. Her books have been published abroad in 15 languages.

Books Published in Hebrew

Nisan of the Snows (novel), Keter, 1984
All the Time in the World for Picking Plums (stories), Keter, 1987
Cleo’s Night Life (novel), Hakibbutz Hameuchad, 1991
To Free an Elephant (novella), Am Oved, 2001
Summer Honey (novel), Am Oved, 2002
The Yassin Family and Lucy in the Sky (novellas), Am Oved, 2009

Contd. over
An extraordinary, wild mix between a psychedelic tale, a social fantasy, a humoresque and a profound lampoon… Carmi has an original and bold literary voice.

**Haaretz**

The uniqueness of this book lies in the humor that Carmi manages to extract from the carnival-like reality in Israel.

**Maariv**

There is magic in Carmi’s novellas… A grotesque and colorful struggle that reminds one of a wonderful, sad circus.

**Achbar Ha’Ir**

Original artistic force and unique conceptual courage… This is what writing from one’s gut looks like when it is molded by the gentle hand of an artist.

**Zman Tel Aviv**

Maybe none of this would have happened if the nuns these days were a little more ethical. After all, what was I really missing in order to get pregnant? Just the hormone known as Pergonal.

They explained to me: if you don’t have it naturally we can get it for you, every woman has it in her urine. But then—the urine has to be clean. The woman can’t be one of those pill-swallowing hormone-takers.

“Where are you going to find a woman like that?” I asked the doctor.

“Nuns,” he said to me.

But when I showed up two weeks later to get the injection, it turned out that they hadn’t found a suitable amount of clean urine.

“They don’t really understand,” I said to Salim, my husband. “Maybe even in the cloisters things aren’t what they used to be. People think that nuns are supremely faithful to their one and only—you-know-who—and save their bodies for eternal life in paradise. But that’s not it exactly.”

“Well how about in the meantime?” Salim said. “Maybe they want to take just a teeny bit of pleasure in the paradise here on earth—at least that’s a sure thing…”

One way or the other I reached thirty-seven, so Salim and I decided to adopt a child.
Yehoshua Kenaz

Apartment with Garden Entrance & Other Stories

The nine stories in this collection differ in their setting, characters and period, but share the restraint characteristic of Kenaz’s writing, his unique insight into his characters and the precise humor that helps give them relief.

“Wild Flesh, Foreign Flesh,” set in a small agricultural settlement during the early years of the state, focuses on a Holocaust survivor who is convinced that Nazi flesh is growing inside her body. In “Memory of a Dead Moment,” the children meet the village idiot hiding in an orange grove, who turns out to be quite benign. In “Room Number 10,” a devoted son accompanies his elderly father to the doctor and shares the humiliation of old age, while “The Shezaf Case” focuses on a soldier who is held responsible for an act he did not commit and is haunted by the incident for years.

A long-awaited work by this major Hebrew writer.

Forthcoming in French (Actes Sud), German (Luchterhand) and Italian (Giuntina)

PARTIAL ENGLISH TRANSLATION AVAILABLE
This book is awe-inspiring.

Haaretz

Kenaz is, in my opinion, the preeminent Israeli writer living today... He has rare artistic qualities.

Maariv

An impressive collection of stories by one of the finest Israeli authors – we are lucky to have him live in our times.

Makor Rishon

Kenaz manages to do the unbelievable.

NRG

During recess at school one of the kids announced that Dasa Eliyahu had been released from prison and was wandering around the orchards again. One of the tough kids said they should get a few people together and go find him to beat the hell out of him. In the afternoon, as Tzvika sat at the big table in the kitchen doing his homework, his thoughts started to wander and the picture that had been dormant in his mind for some time suddenly woke up and wouldn’t give him any peace. The figure sprang up before him, as if it had risen from the very bowels of the earth, brown and shiny, reaching out its thin hands and croaking in a thick cigarette-burnt voice: “Hey redhead, get over here right away!”

But Tzvika wasn’t a redhead, he had dark brown hair although his face and arms sported quite a few freckles. He could never tell if the whole thing happened in a dream or reality, and if indeed it really happened, so much time had passed that the picture in his memory had become worn and fallen to pieces, like the remains of a dream. Why was it so important for him to figure out if the memory was real or just a dream? Maybe because he hadn’t grown up enough yet to know that, essentially, there is no difference.

French: Paris, Stock, 2004
Malayalam: Kottayam, DC Books, 2007
Chinese: Shanghai, Shanghai Translations, forthcoming
Landscape with Three Trees & They Burn Fuse Boxes (2 novellas)
Italian: Rome, Nottetempo, forthcoming
Estonian: Tallinn, Loomingu Raamatukogu, 2008
German: Munich, Luchterhand, 2003
They Burn Fuse Boxes (novella)
Italian: Rome, Nottetempo, 2007
Estonian: Tallinn, Loomingu Raamatukogu, 2007
Italian: Florence, Giuntina, forthcoming
French: Arles, Actes Sud, forthcoming
German: Munich, Luchterhand, forthcoming
Yuval Elbashan

*Forever Flora*

a novel

**SYNOPSIS**

After her father Naïm’s death, Ella finds a bundle of letters that he started writing to her on the day she was born—he was afraid he might die before he could establish a relationship with her or tell her his story. Naïm’s family, from Iraq, settled in Jerusalem, and his letters tell the story of his life: from his childhood in the shadow of a harsh father, through membership in the Black Panthers, to reserve duty in the Second Lebanon War.

But *Always Flora* is also the story of two Floras: One is Naïm’s sister, the other his daughter who later changed her name. The framework story centers on Flora/Ella, who never knew the aunt she was named after. Yet most of the letters and stories Naïm leaves her are in fact a homage to his older sister—activist, dreamer and fighter as well as mother figure and mentor to him.

Complex relationships between the generations as well as between siblings are the subject of this novel, against the backdrop of Israeli life, with its conflicts, its ethnic groups, its languages and the many components of its identity. The whole fascinatingly viewed from the vantage point of the future—the year 2040.

**ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Lawyer and social activist Yuval Elbashan was born in Israel in 1969. He studied law at Tel Aviv University and the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. He co-founded and is director of *Yedid*, a network of citizens’ rights centers in underprivileged neighborhoods. Elbashan has lectured widely in Israel and abroad on poverty and the law; he is senior lecturer at the Hebrew University, advisor on social rights to the Labor Party and writes a weekly column in *Maariv*. He is also the author of four academic books on human rights, poverty and the law; his latest (2005) is a set text at all Israeli law faculties. *Always Flora* is his first novel.
Forever Flora engraves in the reader’s mind not only the brave figures of Flora and Naím, but also responsibility, compassion, solidarity, mutual assistance.

_Haaretz_

An interesting, moving, invigorating novel… important and powerful.

_NRG—Maariv_

Accessible, funny, readable. Elbashan’s first novel is an excellent, down-to earth novel that is undeterred by sacred cows and No Entry signs.

_Walla!

_A fascinating novel. I was moved to tears._

_Mako_

You were born to an old father. You’ll eventually understand that, I imagine. More than forty two years separate us—a gap hard to bridge, an ocean that can’t really be crossed. I feel sad about that because I would like to be like a brother to you, not just a father. I would like to be for you what my sister Flora was for me. I hope that our real meeting place will be here—in these letters, these stories. After all, in life we won’t ever be equals. We won’t be able to talk like people of the same age, to experience things together, to understand and remember. Only here. Only this way. I hope that when the time comes for you to read what I write now, you’ll be able to forgive me, for I have no doubt I will make a lot of mistakes raising you. I only hope they won’t be as terrible as the mistakes my parents made.

With love, Naim—Dad (sorry, I’m not used to it yet)
Amnon Dankner

Aunt Eva – His Nights and Days

a novel


45,000 copies sold!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Amnon Dankner was born in Jerusalem in 1946. He attended a religious high school and served in the Nahal Brigade of the IDF. Dankner graduated in law from the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. He held a senior position in the Ministry of Education and then began a career in journalism at the daily Haaretz, where he became a popular columnist. He was on the weekly team of the political TV program “Popolitica,” and has served as editor-in-chief of Maariv, one of the two mass-circulation dailies in Israel. Dankner has published four novels, three collections of short stories and five non-fiction books.

SYNOPSIS

Jerusalem in the 1950s. In a small cramped house, a boy whose mother has died lives huddled with his father and a family of Holocaust survivors, haunted by their memories. One night, a frightened young woman with a bruised face and buried secrets knocks on the door and moves in with them. But it soon becomes clear that beneath her makeup and elegant clothes is a man on the run. He stays in his room most of the time, writing romantic novels for a living and listening eagerly to the boy—who calls him Aunt Eva—describe films he has seen. The only thing he never talks about is the past.

It does not take long for the household to suspect dreadful motives behind Aunt Eva’s closeness to the boy, or for Jerusalem to rise up in horror against it. But the bond between these two lonely characters survives in its purity. Both long for what seems unattainable: inner peace, understanding and a mother’s arms around them.

Alongside the dramatic plot, the book gives us a wonderful portrait of Jerusalem, its complicated characters and special atmosphere shortly after the establishment of the state.
AMNON DANKNER cont.

FROM THE PRESS

A convincing depiction of an entire social world: Jerusalem in the 50s and 60s… It is hard to remain indifferent to the talent bursting out of Dankner’s novel.

Maariv

An affecting and stirring novel, full of human warmth, joy of life and anguish. Dankner is a natural storyteller.

Kol Ha’Ir

Dankner’s language is rich and animated – he is clearly a skillful storyteller.

Calcalist

This is a book that will interest many.

Haaretz

Dankner creates a unique fictional character.

Makor Rishon

FROM THE BOOK...

In came Kaminka the landlord, wet from the rain although his hat was covered with clear nylon, holding a large umbrella in his hand. Behind him a woman stepped into our house wearing a colorful head-covering and wrapped in an orange rain cloak that revealed a purple jersey outfit beneath. On her face was a thick layer of powder, rouge and lipstick, but the rain had melted the creams and colors, which ran down her cheeks onto her chin, giving the look of a mask dissolving into a jumble of colors gnawing into one another. A fresh whack was still discernible on her right cheek, scratches on the left cheek, one eye was enormous, puffy and red from a blow while the other stared, large and light blue, filled with a deep suspiciousness that sent the pupil darting back and forth.

Aunt Eva.

We looked at the woman with landlord Kaminka, baffled, and kept our mouths shut; and she looked back at us with her one good eye as she set down a small suitcase and a hard typewriter case. Landlord Kaminka removed his hat, tossed his umbrella into a corner, unbuttoned his coat and said, “Nu? Can’t anyone here come up with a glezele tea?”
Edna Noy

All She Loved

a novel
Tel Aviv, Hakibbutz Hameuchad/Hasifriah Hahadasha, 2008. 280 pp.

Edna Noy was born in Jaffa in 1950, the only child of Holocaust survivors. She has a BA in English literature from the University of Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, and an MA from Bar-Ilan University. During her years in South Africa, Noy taught Hebrew studies; on her return to Israel, she became a TV newscaster and program host, and later taught English at high school. All She Loved is her first novel.

At the end of the 1950s, Cilag is deported from her native Romania as a suspected spy and comes to Israel. A loner, her sole interest both there and here is to find someone who may know about her daughter Erika, who disappeared in the horrors of World War II. Cilag pursues this goal obsessively although it is illogical to hope that her daughter is still alive, and she knows it.

In warm, luminous Haifa live the only two people she knows: Iser and Lazlo Neimand. Like her, they survived the Holocaust, but unlike her, they have started new families, and Cilag’s arrival clearly threatens the peaceful lives they have managed to create. While Cilag is busy searching for her daughter, Iser’s wife Mary is busy with her own obsession—hovering over her daughter Ziva, who must not find out about her parents’ past.

In this moving reconstruction of Israel’s early years, the life stories of the five adults move between forgetfulness and memory, repression and exposure, between the child that disappeared and the one that is alive.

PARTIAL ENGLISH TRANSLATION AVAILABLE
A loving novel, brimming with compassion and respect, understanding and good will... a book of remembrance written with great care.

_Haaretz_

Noy’s greatest achievement is the way she writes about repressed, controlled pain. In measured sentences and paragraphs that seem about to shoot off the page, she describes how life in Israel, supposedly the calm after the storm, was the start of a difficult new journey. Only at the end do you slowly catch your breath.

_Ynet_

Noy’s greatness lies in her ability to offer an almost subversive understatement of the survivors’ relation to the frightening memory they refuse to pass on.

_Walla_

And what a lie Cilag was telling herself: as if it was possible that in the middle of a cattle car whose passengers were being driven to their death, a young girl and an infant just emerging into the world might survive. After all, even if she managed to wrap the infant in a fold of her clothing or beneath her heart, and they made it through famine, disease, hard labor and all other dangers, were finally liberated and found a distant haven—still, how come she hadn’t tried to find her father or mother? These were questions Iser didn’t dare express.

Unlike Gizi, he thought, who had put down roots along the way, Cilag was still lost in the riot where they tore her daughter from her arms. And what he had perhaps understood as they lay on the railroad tracks, he couldn’t possibly fathom twelve years later. Yes, it seemed that despite the thousands of miles she had crossed on foot, she had yet to begin her true journey.
Judith Rotem

Whom My Soul Loveth

a novel

Judith Rotem was born in Budapest, Hungary. As a baby, she spent several months in Bergen-Belsen, and was then taken on the “Kastner train” to a refugee camp in Switzerland. She immigrated to pre-state Israel in 1945. Later she married an ultra-Orthodox yeshiva student, and supported her seven children as a teacher. In 1983, she divorced her husband and left the ultra-Orthodox community, taking her children with her. She subsequently wrote and edited hi-tech publications and ghost-wrote a number of autobiographies for Holocaust survivors. Rotem has been awarded the Prime Minister’s Prize (2002) and the Book Publishers Association’s Gold Prize for her bestseller, Craving (2004).

Worlds apart together: Binyamin, ultra-Orthodox, married and a father of five, left his home and his faith in order to live with Elia. She is secular, widowed, and a psychotherapist. The two met when Binyamin came for marriage counseling, and their complex relationship eventually results in Elia becoming pregnant. Although both were still married at the time, Elia chose to raise their son Netanel, and it is only later that the two decide to spend their lives together.

At the age of 28, when he in turn is married and has a son, Netanel is killed in a tragic accident. His death reawakens the cultural differences between his parents, as well as tensions between his widow and her parents, and make Binyamin and Elia feel they are losing one another too.

Netanel, whose name in Hebrew means “given by God,” recalls the words of Job: “The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed by the name of the Lord.” Written by previously ultra-Orthodox Judith Rotem, this moving story gives us unique insight into relations between the various sectors of Israeli society.
Rotem’s book succeeds in arousing curiosity and creates anticipation. She is Elia Horovitz, who ages and deals with her weaknesses, and in her maturity even gains insight into the past and present.

**Haaretz**

The main charm in writing about elderly people stems from the depth and the layers that accumulate with the years, like rings in the trunk of an ancient tree. And her main characters really are multilayered. A rich selection of topics and characters.

**La’isha**

When he left his world behind, Binyamin was in his early forties, in turmoil and awash in confusion and hope. Perhaps because, in midlife, he had been given the unbelievable chance to start a new life. He wasn’t afraid of anything. With Elia, his helpmeet, who could harm him?

Sometimes he thinks Elia is sending him a critical sidelong glance, a brief but polished spark. He reads her thoughts: she, in his place, would not have left her children, even for love and all-consuming as it may be. Nor for freedom of thought. Most of mankind needs restrictions, she says, citing Erich Fromm in *Escape From Freedom*. Very interesting, he replies, this student of Freud is very wise, but what does he know about the suffocation that holds you from morning to night, about the accumulated anger, the sense of lying and duplicity that wells up in secret places, about the longing for other values which he didn’t dare name?
Nurith Gertz

Unrepentant

biographical fiction
Tel Aviv, Am Oved, 2008. 528 pp.

About the Author

Nurith Gertz was born in Israel in 1940. She is professor of literature and art at the Open University, section head in the film and television department at Tel Aviv University, and head of the culture and production department at Sapir College. She has also taught abroad at UC Berkeley, Brandeis University and University of Paris-8. Gertz has published numerous academic studies as well as two works of biographical fiction. Unrepentant was selected as one of the 10 best books of 2008.

Synopsis

Amos Kenan, journalist, writer, playwright, painter, freedom fighter, peace activist, drinker and wild child born to a crazy father in an equally crazy country, never stopped criticizing the society he lived in. A lonely boy, then man, whose dreams slowly crumbled, one after the other. This book follows Kenan through four main periods of his life: his childhood years in Tel Aviv; his turbulent activity in Lehi, an armed Zionist underground faction in Mandatory Palestine, followed by fighting in Israel’s War of Independence; and finally, exile during the ’50s in Paris—and in the arms of Christiane Rochefort—where he sought the cosmopolitical homeland he was never to find.

Nurith Gertz, literary scholar, cultural critic and the woman who stood at Kenan’s side for 45 years, until his recent death, has taken on the complex task of writing these chapters of his life. Blending documentation of historical events with her protagonists’ writing and letters, Unrepentant gives access to the mind and soul of one of the most talented, lively and complicated Israelis in history.
Those who do not come to the end of this book with tears in their eyes and pain in their heart are probably not good readers and certainly not good people... A book you truly cannot put down... I'm trying to remember whether I have ever read a book that describes so profoundly the heartache of those who fought in the War of Independence. Excellent writing. 

Haaretz

A masterpiece... profound and warm, direct, loving and agonized. 

Maariv

I started reading and could not put the book down till I had finished; it has been with me ever since and will not let go. 

Yedioth Ahronoth

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Dec. 22, 1941: “I’m at home all alone. The kettle is wailing away in the kitchen and I’m thinking very gloomy, bitter thoughts: I’m unloved, sometimes despised. Why? It’s so hard for me to bear the emotional burden on my own, and there’s nobody to help me shoulder it. Sometimes I get the feeling I’m going to die young—is it true? I’m already building pyramids for myself. Sometimes I used to feel sorry for male bees and ants and butterflies: they love and die. Now I think how happy they must be: they love and die.”

He roams around the house, opens drawers, sits at the table, opens a wardrobe. Whatever happened to that old parachute Uncle Alexander bought him for his birthday when he turned seven? Maybe it’s still lying around somewhere. Maybe in the storage loft? He takes out a small ladder, climbs up and searches, but doesn’t find it.
Jacob Buchan

Levantine Fantasy

a novel

About the Author

Jacob Buchan was born in Austria in 1946 and came to Israel with his parents at the age of two. He is a graduate of the Tel Aviv Art School. In addition to contributing short stories to magazines and newspapers, he worked as a shingle maker, graphic artist, steamroller operator in the Sinai, farmer, teacher, curator and producer of audiovisual programs. He lives with his family in a village in central Israel. The play Along the Walls based on his book Color Blind was awarded a Honorary Citation at the 1997 Teatroneto Festival. Buchan has been awarded the President’s Prize (1985), the Prime Minister’s Prize twice (1993, 2001), the Bernstein Prize (1997) and the ACUM Prize (2003).

Synopsis

For over two years, Michael Lev, an eccentric boy from Safed with supernatural powers, and Mona, an orphaned Arab girl, love one another. But when Mona disappears mysteriously, Michael is unable to discover whether she is dead or alive. For the next forty years, he lives in the shadow of this great love, which causes a rift in his marriage. Then, after his wife dies, Mona—now an American researcher—comes to Israel and the lovers meet again.

But the novel is also peopled by other lively characters and stories which shape this very Israeli life story—Michael’s mother, who came to Israel on foot from Iraq, losing her father on the journey; Michael’s Ashkenazi father who fell in love with her; a Lithuanian shoemaker and Holocaust survivor who gets murdered; Izzy, a young woman from Marseilles, constantly on the brink of insanity, and more. They all tell the tale of Israel from different vantage points, and chronicle the tensions between native Israelis and Holocaust refugees, Arabs and Jews, and immigrants within the neighborhoods.
You’d never guess this is what Buchan can do, just as you’d never guess that he has no reservations when it comes to transgressing boundaries. His shy appearance manages to conceal the storms that rage in his soul… huge, wild, uncontrollable storms.

Haaretz

For previous books

Whoever reads Selected Stories will certainly delight in them. Entertaining and dramatic.

Maariv

I read Flowing Milk and Blood and couldn’t put it down.

Maariv

The captivating aspect of Transparent Child is the naïve, primal, almost unrefined sincerity, which is thrust upon the page.

Moznayim

Next to a small public park, a street lamp cast a yellow light. He led her to a wet bench, spread out his windbreaker, and they both sat down. He put a hand on her shoulder and she curled up against him. After a while they got up and continued to the bus stop, standing under the roof in silence. On the other side of the road was a slope covered with dark bushes. Again he took her hand in his and they crossed the road. Then climbed the slope, and for the second time he spread his windbreaker on the high, wet grass, among the bushes. Mona stretched out, ignoring the damp. He lay down next to her. It was almost in the street, but there was nobody except them. He lay on top of her and they embraced like wrestlers. In their clothes. Michael didn’t know what to do. He kept prodding her. A sudden rain made her flee under the roof of the exposed bus stop. A bus approached. “Wait for one more bus.”
Aharon Megged

Flies

a novel
Tel Aviv, Ahuzat Bayit, 2008. 228 pp.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Aharon Megged was born in Wloclawek, Poland, in 1920 and came to pre-state Israel when he was six. He lived on a kibbutz for 15 years, working in agriculture, fishing and as a stevedor at Haifa port. Later, he became a journalist and literary editor, served as cultural attaché in London, and was writer-in-residence at Oxford and Haifa Universities. He served as president of the Israeli branch of PEN from 1980 to 1987, and has been a member of the Academy of the Hebrew Language since 1980. Among his many literary awards: the Newman Prize (1991), the Agnon Prize (1996), the WIZO Prize (France, 1998), the President’s Prize (2001), the Israel Prize (2003) and the Koret Jewish Book Award (USA, 2004). He has also been awarded an Honorary Doctorate by Bar-Ilan University (2008).

SYNOPSIS

Hezi was a child prodigy. He could solve math problems at unbelievable speed, remember entire chapters of the Bible, read English, French, Aramaic and Latin, and understand German and Russian too. His head was always seething with ideas and inventions, but he was also troubled by something that kept buzzing in his head.

At the age of 26, without a job or a girlfriend, Hezi lives off money sent or given by his family and devotes all his time to his project for saving the world: producing energy from the flight of flies. Among his assistants are an old bookseller, who recovers ancient books for him, an artist with a taste for vodka and women, and a woman poet.

Hezi does not work because he needs “time to think.” He is a dazed but determined rebel—a prophet of doom, but one who offers his people salvation. His obsession with flies and literature is his way of rebelling against capitalism and the bourgeois Israeli values that surround him. Yet as his energy project develops, Hezi continues to ignore the impending catastrophe: not the one that will destroy the world, but himself.

BOOKS PUBLISHED IN HEBREW (selected)

Hedva and I (novel), Hakibbutz Hameuchad, 1953
Fortunes of a Fool (novel), Hakibbutz Hameuchad, 1960
The Living on the Dead (novel), Am Oved, 1965
The Short Life (novel), Hakibbutz Hameuchad, 1972
Ecuyat’s Notebooks (novel), Hakibbutz Hameuchad, 1973
Of Trees and Stones (novel), Am Oved, 1974
The Bat (novel), Am Oved, 1975
Heinz, his Son, and the Evil Spirit (novel), Am Oved, 1975
Asahel (novel), Am Oved, 1978; 2004
Journey in the Month of Av (novel), Am Oved, 1980; 2004
The Flying Camel and the Golden Hump (novel), Am Oved, 1982
Foiglman (novel), Am Oved, 1987
Anat’s Day of Illumination (novel), Am Oved, 1992

Contd. over
Legendary Aharon Megged’s sense of humor gives continuous joy. His delightful blend of radiant intellect and shadowy bitterness creates a constant flow of heavenly punch lines… With his genius, Megged has found the perfect tragic-comic metaphor for human life.

Yedioth Ahronoth

The almost instant intimacy between the reader and the protagonist is one of Megged’s most outstanding qualities. His protagonists are “everyman” enough to arouse empathy and crazy enough to arouse interest. Megged is a natural storyteller… A flowing, alluring novel.

Maariv

Megged’s new and enjoyable book buzzes and swerves and offers many comic moments… It is full of imaginative witticisms… A surprising and extraordinary book.

Walla!

Contd.

I’m now sixty-one, and for the past twelve years I’ve been the owner of this used bookshop I inherited from the previous owner, Asher Zeldkin, of blessed memory. He was a very dear man, childless and alone, and I worked at his side as an assistant, an apprentice, a disciple you could say, ever since I was evicted from my previous apartment on Ha’avoda Street. The name of the store was Kedem, but I changed it to Bunny the Scribe. A ridiculous name, perhaps, but more alluring if you ask me. “Bunny the Scribe?” chuckled Levinstein, the owner of the barbershop next door, as he looked up at the sign I had placed over the display case. “Is that biblical?” “Yes,” I said, “the king’s scribe.” “And you’re the bunny?” he snickered, and headed back toward his barbershop, which stands empty of customers for most of the day. Sometimes a very proper-looking customer emerges, cut neat and trim, wafting a scent of aftershave, and he steps into my store, scans the bookshelves as if peering at portraits of a bunch of people he doesn’t know, and then leaves without a word.

Books in Translation

Fortunes of a Fool


The Living on the Dead

English: London, Jonathan Cape, 1970

New York, Viking, 1970

New York, McCall, 1971

Romanian: Bucharest, Univers, 1972

Russian: Jerusalem, Aliya, 1977

New York/ London, Toby Press, 2005

Asebel

English: New York, Taplinger, 1982

The Short Life

English: New York, Taplinger, 1980

Hedva and I

English: Jerusalem, World Zionist Organization, 1957;

New York, Taplinger, 1980

Spanish: Buenos Aires, Candelabro, 1962

French: Jerusalem, WZO, 1962

Russian: Tel Aviv, Hakibbutz Hameuchad, 1975; with Aliya Pubs., 1980

The Flying Camel and the Golden Hump

German: Munich, Carl Hanser, 1991;

Paperback: Munich, dtv, 1993

French: Geneva, Métropolis, 1994


Of Trees and Stones


Foiglman

German: Gerlingen, Bleicher, 1992

French: Geneva, Métropolis, 1997


Heinz, His Son, and the Evil Spirit

German: Gerlingen, Bleicher, 1994

The Story of the Selvino Children: Journey to the Promised Land

Italian: Milan, Mazzotta, 1997


Till Evening Falls


Shabbat


Mandrakes from the Holy Land

Shammai Golan was born in Poland in 1933. He spent World War II under Nazi occupation and in Siberia. After his parents’ death, he was sent to an orphanage and immigrated illegally to pre-state Israel in 1947. Golan studied literature and history at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. Later, he taught literature, ran the Hebrew Writers’ House in Jerusalem, and served as cultural attaché in Mexico and Moscow. He was also chairman of the Hebrew Writers’ Association. Golan has been awarded the Agnon Prize (1975), the Tel Aviv Foundation Award (1982), the Prime Minister’s Prize (1991), the Cheno Prize (Mexico) and the Zionist Federation Award (2006).

A moving portrait of two Holocaust survivors when they are already old and the trauma is seemingly behind them. In fact, it lives on with them. We are also privy to the stories of the second generation, who carry both their parents’ experiences and their own difficulties. We thus have the confessions of four characters from two generations. The memories of Shmuel and Laura, a retired doctor and nurse, are triggered by their move to a retirement home. Laura, who has Alzheimer’s, goes back and forth between reality and “then,” awaiting her sister who never returned from the war. Shmuel, who almost lost his life many times during the Holocaust and after, is fighting for both his soul and his wife’s.

The second generation includes Elhanan (supposedly their son, actually born to Laura’s sister and her husband) and his wife Daniella, the daughter of a man Laura loved as a girl. Within this situation, love becomes a force for healing, between parents and children, man and woman, children and their aging parents. Because if you want to live, “you have to love.”
This novel has unique significance, expanding its circles beyond the Holocaust to its reflection in contemporary Israeli society.

**Iton 77**

Golan’s great achievement here is the creation of a meta-character who should be called the Remembering Jew. He describes the characters with moving clarity.

**Moznayim**

Golan has written a heartrending story. This is an important book for our generation and generations to come. Fascinating and very humane.

*Author Nurit Govrin*

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**SMMAI GOLAN cont.**

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**BOOKS PUBLISHED IN HEBREW**

*The Last Watch* (youth), *Massada*, 1963  
*Guilty* (youth), *Massada*, 1968  
*The Death of Uri Peled* (novel), *Am Oved*, 1971  
*Escape for Short Distances* (stories), *Massada*, 1975  
*The Ambush* (stories), *Tarmil*, 1983  
*Canopy* (stories), *Hakibbutz Hameuchad*, 1984; 1991  
*My Travels with Books*, *Astrolog*, 2005  
*And If You Must Love* (novel), *Kinneret*, 1984; 1991  
*Zmora-Bitan*, *Dvir*, 2008

**BOOKS IN TRANSLATION**

*The Death of Uri Peled*  
- Russian: Moscow, *Olymp*, 1998  
*Guilty*  
*Canopy*  
- Russian: Moscow, *Olymp*, 1996  
*Selected Stories*  
- Russian: Moscow, *Olymp*, 1999  
*The Last Watch*  
- Russian: Moscow/Tel-Aviv, *Kniga*, 2006

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**From the Book...**

Shmuel, I must go back home. I went out quickly to the balcony, climbed on a cardboard box and shouted out loud: If you don’t take me home immediately I’ll jump and go by myself. Shmuel kneeled, grabbed the hem of the new blue dress I bought for the winter, and began to plead, Laura-Laura, darling, our granddaughters are waiting for us. He knew that I couldn’t resist his tears, or Miraleh who is named after my sister. I sat despairing on the cardboard box and he embraced me with his two hands and whispered, We won’t let Übersturmführer Klaus defeat us, darling Laura, you’ll see, we’ll both dance on his grave yet. He added some white powder to the water he poured into my cup, and promised me dreams about the shepherd and the dancers and the white swans.
Dan Benaya Seri

A Man Returns Home

short stories

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dan Benaya Seri was born in Jerusalem in 1935, and has lived there his entire life. He spent many years working as a civil servant for the Ministry of Agriculture. Seri started writing relatively late in an attempt, as he puts it, to bring back the people he loved, especially his father who was killed during the 1948 War of Independence, when Seri was 11 years old.

Seri writes about the world of Sephardic Jews in Jerusalem. Through the lives of his protagonists, he creates an autonomous society controlled by a perverse logic of its own. His novella, The Thousand Wives of Naftali Siman-Tov, has been adapted for the screen.

SYNOPSIS

Dan Benaya Seri’s short stories focus on the writer’s childhood memories of the poor Yemenite neighborhood in Jerusalem where he grew up. Seri returns there and blows life and color into his various characters. A boy meets his ten-year-old bride and then is torn away from her for years; we discover hidden ties between neighbors, the grief for a father who has died, leaving his wife to support seven children, and Rahamim Siman-Tov, the son of Flora the prostitute, a well-known storyteller. There are also stories of Grandma Rumiyeh, her amazing journey to Jerusalem and its neighborhood crazies, who are exposed in all their frailty and longing for a little human warmth.

Seri’s characters move with ease between the difficulties of daily life and a world of miracles and folk belief, between sadness and the humor with which they regard the world around them. But most of all, this is an affectionate portrayal of people who, despite the trials of life, have created an exuberant reality for themselves.
Dan Benaya Seri’s voice is clear and so unique that the combinations he creates in his work are unparalleled in contemporary Hebrew literature.

*Haaretz*

Seri has a way of transforming ordinary words into original images.

*Yedioth Ahronoth*

Dan Benaya Seri is a wizard with words. His metaphors… are like an exotic spice added to a tasty Yemenite dish…. A gifted storyteller. Highly recommended.

*Global Report*

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**BOOks Published**

**BoOks Published In Hebrew**

- Grandma Sultana’s Salted Biscuits (novel), *Tcherikover*, 1980; *Keter*, 1988
- Birds of the Shade (novellas), *Keter*, 1987
- Mishael (novel), *Keter*, 1992
- Dead Fish in Jaffa (novellas), *Keter*, 2003
- A Bukharan Wedding (novel), *Keter*, 2006
- A Man Returns Home (novel), *Keter*, 2009

**BoOks In Translation**

- Grandma Sultana’s Salted Biscuits

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**Grandma Rumiyeh**

Grandma Rumiyeh came on *aliyah* to the Holy Land halfway through the nineteenth century, from an abandoned little village in Yemen. Like in other Yemeni villages, there was no water, and the residents had to bring it in large pitchers on their shoulders for over half a day—though sometimes, when local girls cropped up along the way, the journey could last until the end of time.

That’s why, when it came to her own situation, Grandma Rumiyeh wasn’t accepting any compromise, and immediately after setting foot on holy soil in Jaffa, she demanded from the Turkish officials handling her and rest of her family, that she be allowed to live near the well. The Turkish officials, who were used to the mad fixations of diaspora Jewry, rushed halfway to oblige—perhaps to get away from the awful stench that rose from her clothing—and recommended that she leave at once for Jerusalem. For it was only in this mountain city that God sat on the rooftops of haunted houses and doled out water to the inhabitants with a glass spoon.
Hadara Lazar

In and Out of Palestine 1940-1948

non-fiction

In and Out of Palestine is a journey to an intriguing time: the last years of the British Mandate. Lazar’s book, however, does not focus on historical facts, dates and analyses, but on the actual people who lived through this time—British, Arab and Jewish. After meeting with about 100 people, both in Israel and abroad, she merged their memories into this portrait of a world that still casts its shadow over life in Israel today.

“My purpose is not to research what used to be,” the author says, “but to uncover what people remember from that time, to find the link between their words and the myth that was created then, and to show how their memory changed with time.”

As a result, this unique document incorporates both those things that are remembered and those ignored, the denied as well as the admitted, and exposes what and who used to be in the Land of Israel.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION AVAILABLE
Lazar has written a book that does not fall into any category or familiar genre: It is neither a historical study nor a novel, but something quite unique – a personal search to the heart of a historical era, using independent observation of the period and its people.

Maariv

Repression is a correct metaphor for the historical and human drama in this book. It was important for Lazar that her interviewees remember rather than reminisce – and there’s a tremendous difference… Lazar did not set out to write a political book, but her book is political because everything is political, even the small details on the margins of history.

Haaretz

On my way to school in spring 1948 I no longer saw veiled Arab women dressed in black, or British soldiers, or Arab villagers hawking merchandise. More than half the inhabitants of Haifa had disappeared in a period of three weeks… I did not think [about this] until by chance I came across an old issue of Time magazine, dated 14 May 1948, which contained a report from Jerusalem. On the morning of that day, the High Commissioner rather unceremoniously reviewed the British troops for the last time and immediately left Government House on the Hill of Evil Counsel. A few hours later, he had sailed out of Haifa Port and the Jewish state was declared.

A light plane had taken the High Commissioner to Haifa, the report noted; no further details were given. In the brief bulletin, designed for quick perusal, the flight above a land already at war remained a fact with no elaboration, and for that very reason it preserved a sense of immediacy—an event still suspended between an end and a beginning. What crossed his mind while he was flying over the country? I wondered.
Yishai Sarid
Limassol

literary thriller

Yishai Sarid was born in 1965 in Tel Aviv. He studied law at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, and received a graduate degree in public administration from Harvard University. Sarid has worked in the State Attorney’s office as a prosecutor for criminal cases; he now works as an attorney in the private sector. He also contributes articles to the Hebrew press. Limassol is his second novel.

A secret service interrogator who is dedicated to his work—thwarting suicide bombings—but is suffering from burnout, is given an unusual mission. He is to study creative writing with a Tel Aviv author who is active in the Peace movement, and through her, to reach a poet friend of hers, who is terminally ill in Gaza and whose son is a suspect. He becomes involved in the writer’s life, arranges for the poet to be treated in Israel, and also has to save Dafna—the writer’s—son who has become a drug addict and mixes in dangerous circles.

During the course of his mission in Limassol, he will finally have to choose between his professional loyalties and the new human bonds he has formed. And from within his nervously exhausting routine of secrecy and violence, he will get an opportunity to rediscover his inner self.

In Limassol, Sarid has written a well-paced and gripping literary thriller, which is also a journey to the shadowy side of the conflicted Israeli mind.

Forthcoming in German (Kein & Aber), French (Actes Sud), Italian (Edizioni e/o), English, USA (Europa) and Danish (Ferdinand).
This is a rhythmic, wise, dynamic book... and a brilliant political critique. It grips the reader, stirs something in him and slaps him in the face. In the cramped landscape of Israeli sinister-crime novels, Sarid truly shines out.

_Haaretz_

Sarid performs open-heart surgery on Israeli society without using any anesthetic... A gripping thriller.

_Achbar Ha’Ir_

_Limassol_ is the Israeli version of Dostoevsky’s _Notes from Underground_, a parable on the ailments of Israeli society as seen in the Israeli idea of security, in the drugs and crime industries and in the conflict with the Palestinians.

_Zman Yerushalaim_

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_INTRODUCTION_... Continued

I sat in the car for another moment to look at the old picture of Dafna and listen to “Here Comes the Sun” until the end. It’s rare to hear Harrison on the radio, and there are really only a few good morning songs like that. It’s important for me to get to know a person’s face before I meet them for the first time, so as not to be surprised. Dafna was very pretty in the picture, with an intelligent forehead, her hair pulled back and swept up, smiling at some Arab in a meeting among enlightened types.

It’s a late July morning. A sense of the urban peace of summer vacation hovers in the streets. Cats are climbing around trying to pull some piece of food from the trash cans, two friends are walking down to the water along the tamarisk-lined boulevard, their laughter carefree, surfboards under their arms. I live on the third floor, she said over the phone... The building was rather neglected and the plaster was peeling away. The high, narrow windows in the stairwell, like in some abandoned monastery, were clouded by filth. Dafna opened the door barefoot, with her hair pulled back and a pair of penetrating eyes. That’s what I caught at first glance.

“I’m on the phone,” she said. “Come in.” I heard the tail end of a conversation, a brief laugh, a few matter-of-fact words. “I have to go now, somebody’s waiting for me.” I peeked into the living room: two comfortable sofas from the ’70s, a large window that looked out at the top of a fig tree, a small television, and interesting works on the walls that I didn’t get a chance to really examine. The apartment looked out on an internal courtyard and was bathed in light. For some reason, I had expected the place to be dark.
Savyon Liebrecht

The Banality of Love

A drama of love and recrimination – Hannah Arendt & Martin Heidegger

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Savyon Liebrecht was born in Munich, Germany, in 1948, to Holocaust survivor parents. She studied philosophy and literature at Tel Aviv University. Liebrecht has published six collections of short stories and two novels. She has also staged four plays, and a number of TV scripts. She has received awards for two of her TV scripts, the Alterman Prize for her first book of short stories (1987), the Amelia Rosselli Prize for Mail Order Women (Italy, 2002) and the Maior-Amalfi Award for A Good Place for the Night (Italy, 2005). She was also named Playwright of the Year for her plays, It’s All Greek to Me (2005), and Apples in the Desert (2006).

SYNOPSIS

Germany, 1924: Heidegger, a married philosophy professor, and his brilliant 18-year-old Jewish student are drawn to each other intellectually and spiritually. But the reality of the 1930s separates them, leading the one into the arms of the Nazi party with academic honors and the other, persecuted, to flee her country.

Years later, two meetings take place. One, in 1950, where Arendt questions Heidegger’s ability to justify his Nazi allegiance, and struggles against his lack of regret for the way he turned his back on her; years later, as Israel shuns Arendt for promoting the German philosopher’s writing, a young Israeli researcher asks her some pointed questions about her past.

Arendt is torn: as a philosopher, she struggles to publish Heidegger’s major work in Israel; as a woman, she is still waiting for her ex-lover to express regret for his behavior towards her.

Confronting philosophy with politics, and romance with reality, The Banality of Love has been staged to great acclaim in Germany.

BOOKS PUBLISHED IN HEBREW

Apples from the Desert (stories), Sifriat Poalim, 1986; Keter, 1992
Horses on the Highway (stories), Sifriat Poalim, 1988; Keter, 1992
It’s All Greek to Me (stories), Keter, 1992
On Love Stories and Other Endings (stories), Keter, 1995

A Man, a Woman and a Man (novel), Keter, 1998
Mail Order Women (novellas), Keter, 2000
Suad (novella), Keter, 2000
A Good Place for the Night (stories), Keter, 2002
The Women My Father Knew (novel), Keter, 2005

Performed Plays
It’s All Greek to Me, Institute for Israeli Drama, 2004
Apples from the Desert, Or Am, 2006
Sonia Mushkat, Or Am, 2006
The Banality of Love, Or Am, 2009

Contd. over
SAVON LIEBRECHT cont.

FROM THE PRESS

A deeply moving and many-layered play.

www.theater-bonn.de

Liebrecht’s play raises important questions [and involves] the highest tension. The strong applause included the author of the drama.

Kölner Stadtanzeiger

Quiet, yet exciting; rich in words and ideas yet vivid; demanding but also entertaining. In every respect an extraordinary performance.

General-Anzeiger

A wise and gripping play, which convincingly interprets an important love-story in contemporary history.

Dpa

**A Man, a Woman and a Man**

German: Munich, dtv, 2000; 2002

English: New York, Persea, 2001

**Mail Order Women**

Italian: Rome, edizioni e/o, 2002

German: Munich, dtv, 2002

**A Good Place for the Night**

English: New York, Persea, 2005

German: Munich, dtv, 2005

Italian: Rome, edizioni e/o, 2005


**The Women My Father Knew**

Italian: Rome, edizioni e/o, 2008

German, Munich, dtv, forthcoming

English: New York, Persea, forthcoming

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Heidegger: The Fraulein seems to me much calmer than the last time we were here…

Hannah: After that, the Fraulein didn’t feel her knees for three days.

Heidegger: Then perhaps this is the time to make sure she knows that I am married.

Silence.

And perhaps she has asked herself when I will finally mention my wife.

Hannah: Yes.

The older Hannah: And your two sons.

Hannah: And your two sons.

Heidegger: I thought… I spoke in class about how, in order to be authentic, you must respond to the present without thinking whether it’s appropriate or respectable—and when I said that, I was talking to her… So this would be the time to find out whether the existence of a Frau Heidegger will be an obstacle.

Hannah: I found out there was a Mrs. Heidegger right after the first lecture. About the boys, after the second.

Heidegger: And you learned this… by chance?

Hannah: This sort of thing shouldn’t be left to chance.

Heidegger: The Fraulein does not believe in determinism, then?

Hannah: Let’s call it a flexible kind of determinism.

Heidegger: And within the limits of this flexibility, the risk taken by a married man…

Hannah: … is obvious

Heidegger: He puts his life, his position, the lives of his children…

Hannah: In the hands of his student. And she will not betray his trust.
Yosef Bar-Yosef

Hardheaded Folks & Other Plays

The six plays presented here in English are among the finest by Bar-Yosef and range from the 1970s to the late 1990s. They present Israel from a variety of angles: in *Elka’s Gold* a mother who rescued her two babies during the Holocaust continues to tie them to her in adulthood through stories of the past, promising them redemption through a family treasure hidden in European cemeteries. In *Cooper*—a dark, fierce tale about grasping and letting go—a daughter summoned home by her mother for her father’s funeral, is shocked to find that he is still alive. Surrounded by the junk her father has collected all his life, the family finally settle their accounts.

The plays’ center of gravity is often the connection between two entirely different worlds: Noah Greenwald from *This Wide-Winged Sea* uproots his wife Pnina from the stable ultra-Orthodox world to plant her in a modern present that flows and changes like the sea—her greatest fear and surprise. *Hardheaded Folks*, set in England, deals with a devoted brother’s attempt to make a match for his aging and capricious sister by bringing her a total stranger from Jerusalem—to disastrous effect.

Bar-Yosef’s plays also tend to portray warped relationships among family members: having failed in their lives or been unable to fulfill their dreams, the characters watch their chance slip away from them.
Bar-Yosef is an exceptional playwright. For world theater to remain dramatic theater, it needs people like Bar-Yosef. 

**Sergei Yurski, Ogonyok (Moscow)**

**Hardheaded Folks**

Everything has two meanings. Tell the truth and it’s like a lie. Simple, basic words turn into traps... And when you finish laughing, you’ll feel that there is something much deeper behind things.

**Literaturnaya Gazeta (Moscow)**

**The Citrus Grove**

A wonderful play, a jewel, a diamond.

**Bacau Monitor (Romania)**

**This Wide-Winged Sea**

How refreshing it is to finally see a thorough and deep psychological work on the stages of Kiev—a work that speaks to you about important things.

**Vatsernia City (Kiev)**

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**BOOKS IN TRANSLATION**

**Hardheaded Folks**

- English: Tel Aviv, Institute for the Translation of Hebrew Literature, 1975
- German: Munich, Stueckgut Theater, 1986
- Hindi: Delhi, Parag Prakashan, 1984
- Russian: Real Teatre, 1998

**Elka’s Gold**

- Russian: Real Teatre, 1998

**The Orchard**

- Russian: Real Teatre, 1998

**Selected Plays**

- Russian: Moscow, Text, 2001

**Not in this House**

- Vietnamese: Hanoi, CDCA, forthcoming

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Noah: We didn’t meet in a forest, they made the match for us, we didn’t choose. Yeah, for us too it was like there was no one else. We could have refused, but we didn’t really consider it, like this is the way you get married and that’s that—a Jewish man and a Jewish woman marry, start a family, have children. You have to, it’s like a sentence, God said so, just like with Adam and Eve.

Rita: But you were in love, weren’t you?

Noah: That’s true, we fell in love at first sight. The question was only...who we really fell in love with. I’m not joking. After all, we barely knew one another. And anyway I would probably have fallen in love with any match at that point, even Rachel or Leah, as long as they weren’t complete monsters. Just like with you—if Grisha had showed up in the forest and not Misha, the chances are you would have fallen in love with him instead, no?

Rita: I don’t really know—we really fell in love.

Noah: But it’s not the man who awoke this love in you, you brought it with you all by yourself. We came prepared with all of our love inside us. We’d been gathering it up for years, watering it, feeding it, and the moment that we met someone, we poured out all our love and began to drink. But instead of drinking something new, we drank our own selves dry.
Miron C. Izakson

Selected Poems

Selected and New Poems

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Miron C. Izakson was born in 1956 to a family among the first orange growers in pre-state Israel. He studied law and Jewish philosophy at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem and at Tel Aviv University. At present, Izakson lectures at Bar-Ilan University and writes on biblical subjects for Haaretz. He is chairman for literature on the Israel Culture and Arts Council, a member of the board of Bar-Ilan University, and serves as Honorary Consul for Luxembourg in Israel. Izakson has published eight books of poetry and three novels, to widespread literary acclaim. Three collections of his poems have been set to music and released as CDs. Izakson was awarded the President’s Prize in 2001.

SYNOPSIS

Miron C. Izakson, one of a group of young religious poets who emerged in 1980s, has in the past twenty years established himself as a highly regarded poet. His religious orientation has not alienated secular poetry enthusiasts—in fact, quite the opposite. His poetry combines associations drawn from Jewish texts with contemporary situations and conflicts. “I live in close proximity to the world of chaos,” Izakson once said in an interview. “There are times of great confusion, and states of mind that are heard to bear. I take nothing for granted.” His poems focus on the stable frameworks of life: home, family, couplehood, fatherhood, the religious way of life and the difficulty in maintaining it. Keeping the balance demands constant effort, and Izakson’s poems express this with deep understanding and courage.

PARTIAL ENGLISH TRANSLATION AVAILABLE
In the landscape of contemporary Israeli poetry, Miron Izakson is unique.

**Haaretz**

Izakson is the most interesting of the group of religious poets that appeared in the 1980s. He reached a peak in his most recent book, Banning Her Caress. Read this moving and original collection from start to finish to enjoy it to the full.

**Maariv**

Izakson’s unique tongue is his shield. It allows him to toy with pressing and intense emotions…this is his major contribution to Hebrew poetry.

**Makor Rishon**

Izakson’s poetry offers truly original insights.

**Moznayim**

**Easy Pockets**

The stream is a stranger to the mud
For its sand is different
Though the land doesn’t know.

The stream is a stranger to the depths
Because its virtues flow
Powerless at rock bottom.

The stream is a stranger to a man like me
Though I betake me there
To see myself immersed and trouble-free.

And so I’ll use these pockets
That are easy with the weight of my stones:
Why plunge to a stranger depth.