The dead can speak to us. I am sure of it. Not because I have read Stephen Greenblatt’s essay, but because I have heard them, through literature, since my very childhood. Growing up in an observant Jewish family, we never considered texts to be mere historical documents. Phrases from Rabbinic literature were quoted on a daily basis, and figures like Rabbi Elazar or Maimonides, who have been dead for hundreds or thousands of years, seemed to me more alive than contemporary politicians. Dead people have spoken to me not only through religion: Dostoyevsky and Amichai spoke to me constantly during my adolescence, sharing with me the deepest secrets of love, madness, and melancholy.

But in growing up and attending yeshiva for a few years and then Hebrew University, I discovered that, unfortunately, not all of the dead still speak to us. Some texts are being kept alive by people who read them, cite them, and argue with them. Homer’s *Iliad*, as well as the Talmud or the Bible, still breathes thanks to the infinite number of writers who have evoked Achilles and Odysseus. Many texts, however, have been neglected or dismissed because of religious, cultural, and political reasons. In other words, I understand that texts might die. It is this gloomy revelation that has pushed me to consider the possibility of textual resurrection.