The dead can speak to us. I am sure of this—not because I have read Stephen Greenblatt’s essay but because I have heard them, through literature, since my very childhood. I grew up in an observant Jewish family in which texts were never merely historic documents for us. Phrases from rabbinic literature were quoted on a daily basis, so figures like Rabbi Elazar or Maimonides that have been dead for thousands of years seemed to me more alive than contemporary politicians. Dead people have spoken to me through means other than religion. Dostoyevsky and Israeli poet Yehuda Amichai spoke to me constantly during my adolescence, sharing with me the deepest secrets of love, madness, and melancholy.

But growing up and attending a yeshiva for a few years and the Hebrew University afterward, I discovered that unfortunately, not all of the dead are speaking to us. Some texts endure through the people who read them, cite them, and argue with them. Homer’s *Iliad* still breathes thanks to the infinite number of writers who have evoked Achilles and Odysseus; this is also true of the Talmud and the Bible. Many texts, however, have been neglected or pushed aside for religious, cultural, and political reasons. In other words, I understood that texts might die. It is this gloomy revelation that inspired me to consider the possibility of text resurrection.