The dead can speak to us, of that I am sure. 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, texts were never mere historic documents for us. Phrases from rabbinic literature were quoted on a daily basis, and figures like Rabbi Elazar or Maimonides, who have been dead for thousands of years, seemed more alive to me 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.

Yet growing up and attending Yeshiva for a few years and then the Hebrew University, I discovered that, unfortunately, not all of the dead are speaking to us. Some texts are kept alive by 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, and so do the Talmud and the Bible. Many texts, however, have been neglected or excluded for religious, cultural and political reasons. In other words, I came to understand that texts can die. It is this gloomy revelation that impelled me to consider the possibility of text resurrection.