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On the twelfth of January Yosefa travels to Haifa.

She takes the wool and the knitting needles with her but doesn't end up knitting on account of the views that can be seen through the window: fields and train stations and sea and Mount Carmel and the caves in which, once, prehistoric man dwelled.

Two people [one Doctor Julius and his wife] sit across from her and she hears what they're saying, but the words have no importance because Doctor Julius is very methodical and he is enumerating [together with his wife] the events that will yet occur.

It's barely noon but the sun is already closer to the west in a kind of trick played by the laws of nature and due to this Yosefa's forehead [which is sitting on the seaward side] is illuminated and her hair is going up in flames.

[136]

In Bat Galim she disembarks from the train and asks a man who speaks out both sides of his mouth how she can find the bus that goes up to the Carmel.

Now she is in Haifa, very much like Jonah whom the whale vomited up on the shores of Nineveh, but she [thus unlike Jonah] is wearing a silk dress and in the bag that she carries is wool and two knitting needles.

A woman who survived Treblinka points to Wedgewood Street and Yosefa walks there and rings the bell on which 'Har-Shoshanim' is written but no one answers.

[137]

Do the words 'no one answers' carry the meaning that there is someone, but he isn't answering?

Sometimes, the author's heart is broken too.

But he cannot erase what is has gone too far, just as it is impossible to return the Creation to the formless and empty void and to the spirit that hovers over the waters.

Two-thirty on the Carmel, and Yosefa is standing in the stairwell alone, and we too are alone even though we go out and come in through the doors of houses in all kinds of places, for instance: Petach Tikvah.

It is impossible to bear this image [Yosefa before the closed door] and therefore these things are enumerated: an electric train. Streptopelia [which is a kind of dove]. A steamer trunk from another century. Another house whose door is opened and smells of cabbage in the corridor and my dead mother whom they buried.

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On the way back to Bat Galim Yosefa knits two rows.

She buys a ticket for the train and waits in the big vestibule until the loudspeaker announces that the train to Tel Aviv is coming into the station.

Once again she sits close to the sea, and this time the sun is already sitting two or three centimeters above the horizon. That Doctor Julius and his wife [she thinks] are certainly already in their house in Ahuza, and she grabs hold of her heart in the way that movers grab hold of a refrigerator so that it doesn't fall because it [that is to say the heart] is so big and so hard to move around from place to place.

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By Hadera she has knit another three rows, and there they check her ticket, which is so very beloved; the reader is permitted to put it into a special album and write underneath it: "Yosefa's train ticket".

The sun is already kissing the water, and is spreading through it like the material the alchemists dreamed of. The train [which we can fill up according to the desire of our hearts] is filled up with birds. A man whose name is Schneier walks from car to car like the lonely cricket in Bialik's poem. He walks and she knits, like in the Garden of Eden when they traveled between the trees in tiny trains.

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At home she [that is to say, Yosefa] eats two slices smeared with 5% Symphonia cheese and drinks a cup of tea. Lapidot calls. She fills the bathtub with hot water and gets in, slowly slowly, then lies on her back like in Beethoven's symphonies when all the instruments join forces, washes her body with a sponge that is a holy sponge around which circumambulate millions of believers in the name of God, whom they call Allah.

[141]

There are some hours that are harder for Ephraim than other hours. When he opens his eyes in the morning and sees a strange ceiling, or when the telephone rings and he has to say "Har-Shoshanim is out of the country."

Suddenly he thinks along the lines of psychology. I am [he thinks] a sick man. Every man grows old in his house, whereas I'm growing old nowhere. The world [he thinks] is a very strange house, with the names that people give to things, like, for example, faucet.

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At noon he goes to a little restaurant, and he can't understand why he's eating. The gape of his mouth and the fork that goes into it seem to his eyes like a strange vision.

People come here [he thinks] and go there, and these things have no meaning. The afternoon hours are hard hours too, because then he misses Yosefa.

I don't have anyone in the whole world [he thinks] who will call me Ephraim.

[143]

In the photo album that is in Har-Shoshanim's house, he sees Har-Shoshanim when he was still a child.

In one photo, he's putting his head into a hole in a cardboard picture, and on the cardboard is painted a horse. The horse whose head is a child stands in a field of flowers, and it is evident that the photographer took strict care that the head of Har-Shoshanim stick out precisely from the hole that is at the far end of the horse.

In another picture, Har-Shoshanim and three grown-ups are lying on the seashore, and one sees the sand of long ago and the sea that was. He also sees Har-Shoshanim's wife, who left him and married an engineer, beside a tennis net.

In another album, he finds pictures of a woman called Mina. Underneath every picture is written what one sees in the picture. Mina on the Charles Bridge [in Prague]. Mina squeezing oranges, and so on.

[144]

A cat comes and goes through an opening in the lower part of the door, and Ephraim opens tins for him and empties them into a dish. The cat eats and lies down in the place where he lies down, and looks at Ephraim, and closes his eyes.

[145]

Har-Shoshanim's house is driving him [that is to say, Ephraim] out of his mind, and for that reason he stands in front of the mirror in the bathroom so that he will not forget himself. He says in six or seven languages 'I am Ephraim' and the echo comes back from the porcelain floor tiles.

I remember that Ephraim Krumer [the music teacher] came back to school and taught us solfeggio scales. In those days, I remember, I read the story of Peer Gynt and at the end of it, I remember, was written seven or eight times "He was saved. Women rescued him."

[146]

The reader must travel to Bnei-Braak and walk there on the main street. Maybe buy a newspaper whose name is "The Informer" or "The Trumpet of Redemption", then go into a house upon which is written 'Zismanowitz' or 'Hayyut' and say, "I'm here" and they will receive him even though he is a stranger, and they will say to him "This is your wife too, and these are your children too"; the little one is called Zusia after his grandfather, and here's the wardrobe - oy! - we have nothing but our Father in Heaven.

[147]

The sweater that Yosefa is knitting is already halfway done, and because Ephraim isn't there she measures its size against another sweater.

Her hair is falling out, and she has to pass a comb through the hairbrush in order to clean out the hairs that are stuck in it.

I forgot to tell you how her house looks: inside the house there is another house, whose dimensions are exactly the same as those of the first house. It's impossible to distinguish between them. Every object that is in one house is also found in the other.

[148]

The forces of life are all used up inside her body. **Now** she wants to die. To die [she thinks] is similar to Buenos Aires. In the middle is a wide boulevard and luxurious shops, and everything else is slums. O Ephraim [she cries in her heart] why hast thou forsaken me?