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Representations, No. 69, Special Issue: Grounds for Remembering. (Winter, 2000), pp. 63-95.

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Modernism and the Zionist Uncanny: Reading the Old Cemetery in Tel Aviv

*And in the city I have no funerals except of
Ahad Ha'am, Bialik, Nordau. . . .*¹

*History begins at ground level, with footsteps.*²

Snapshot

A PHOTOGRAPH OF AHAD HA'AM'S FUNERAL in 1927, in Tel Aviv's Old Cemetery on Trumpeldor Street (fig. 1).³ Amidst a group of people surrounding the fresh grave, the poet Ch. N. Bialik eulogizes the ideological mentor of a generation of Eastern European Jewish intellectuals. Most of them look at the grave or each other. Some are in uniform, police or officials of some sort; a white-bearded Alexander Siskind, dark glasses reflecting back into the camera, stands just behind Bialik's left shoulder. Bialik is at the center of the photograph; he looks into the camera with an expression of fatigue and sadness—an Eastern European Jew wearing a heavy coat over a nondescript suit with a modest cap on his head, standing by a freshly dug grave, in the dunes of the Trumpeldor Cemetery. More panoramic photographs of the ceremony show that the grave is located in the cemetery's newer section, surrounded largely by sand, a few other graves, and some spare newly planted shrubbery (fig. 2). The dark suits of the crowd, their European dress, contrast sharply against the bareness of the place, the emptiness of the dunes, the dirt, the stone wall of the cemetery looming in the background, the large, triangular stone of a mass grave strongly visible on the horizon. What is most affecting, however, about this particular photograph, is the result of a belated, surreptitious knowledge: Bialik stands in almost precisely the spot where he will be buried seven years later. His fatigue seems more than simply grief for his friend and mentor; it seems almost a kind of surrender, an admission, but of what precisely? Is he simply tired of standing in the center of yet another photograph?

It is the nature of photography that the viewer often possesses some knowledge of the world outside the frame that those within the photograph lack. This is especially the case with photographs of historic events, where the retrospective knowledge of hindsight produces belated, unconscious judgments regarding the



FIGURE 1. Ch. N. Bialik eulogizes Ahad Ha'am in the Trumpeldor Cemetery, 1927. Soskin Archive, The Historical Museum of Tel Aviv-Jaffa.

photograph's subjects, who themselves appear oblivious to future events. This photograph, however, disturbs this knowledge and the viewer's sense of power in that Bialik's fatigued expression seems almost a premonition of his death. The photograph of Bialik standing awkwardly upon his own "final resting place" profoundly unsettles the notion of death as "at peace." It also complicates the association contained within the Hebrew terms for graveyard—a "house of graves" (*beyt-kvarot*) or an "eternal home" (*beyt-olam*)—between the cemetery and home. The photograph links these two oscillating and unresolved relations—death as *not* rest/cemetery as *not* home. Its early Tel Aviv historical setting—and the centrally defining roles played by Bialik and Ahad Ha'am in the creation of modern Hebrew culture—implicitly raises the contradiction of creating something that is at once radically new, and a home. In this the Trumpeldor Cemetery is emblematic of Tel Aviv's own repeated and paradoxical attempts to be a "home" for modern Hebrew culture. An exploration of the Trumpeldor Cemetery will serve as an exemplary entry into Tel Aviv's troubled relation to history and to the idea of home. This essay examines the cemetery—its physical plan and tombstones, its relation to the surrounding city,

and its representation in public consciousness—in order to illustrate how Tel Aviv has expressed and symbolized the paradoxes inherent in European Jewish settlement in the Middle East. In reading the cemetery as a text, I seek to understand what was lost in the migration of diasporic Jewish culture and what was displaced and effaced in the process. In order to understand the origins of Tel Aviv and the Old Cemetery, however, one must return first to the European diaspora, to the memory of grand architecture and public spaces.

Portraits of Home

At the end of Gershon Shofman’s “Between a Rock and a Hard Place,” a story of physical and moral destitution set in a small corner of Vienna during World War One, we read of the Hebrew writer Shlomo Pik’s return to Palestine. Having arrived in Vienna to “inhale Europeaness,” Pik finds himself weakened



FIGURE 2. General view of cemetery during Ahad Ha'am's funeral. Soskin Archive, The Historical Museum of Tel Aviv-Jaffa.

and wandering, as if there were “no soil beneath his feet.” He returns to the apparent solidity of the “Land-of-Israel” soil, nearly suffocated by the omnipresent atmosphere of “Europeanness,” leaving behind his portrait, painted by Mundo, a young Jewish émigré mistakenly arrested for espionage while painting landscapes outside the city. Mundo, whose name signifies the “worldliness” of Europe, has spent the war in relative ease, imprisoned in a psychiatric ward where he occupied himself painting portraits of the doctors. For Pik, a thinly disguised version of Shlomo Rabinowitz, “there’s no soil beneath his feet here, but his portrait stands ready; for this there is room even in Europe.” As Mundo himself concludes: “Given that the portrait has already been made, he no longer desired the original.”⁴

Shofman’s story raises the specter of the “wandering Jew,” an image Zionism was meant to erase, returning the Jews to their ancestral homeland, the “Land-of-Israel.” Absence in Vienna/Europe was meant to attain presence—“soil beneath his feet”—in Tel Aviv/Palestine, with all its attendant political, economic, and cultural accessories. This valorization of territoriality, even a qualified or ironic version of it, flew in the face of the predominant modernist aesthetic of alienation and exile.⁵ Yet if Zionism was also a form of modernism, then Tel Aviv—“the first Hebrew city”—is one of its more interesting and problematic texts, an ultimate exercise in “making it new.” In fact, Tel Aviv was a kind of “laboratory for urban design,” subject to the competing ideological desires of the successive waves of immigrants who built its infrastructure.⁶ However, this future-oriented drive toward newness was continually thwarted by the rhetoric of place and homeland, of a *return* to a privileged space, the “Land of Israel.” This return envisaged a new Hebrew culture deriving from ancient Jewish life in the region, based on biblical depictions and archaeological excavations of synagogue ruins. Thus, the desire to be new was inevitably undercut by a desire to appear old. Tel Aviv was a modernist invention, not only or even primarily in its urban planning and architectural style, but also in terms of its own paradoxical self-conception—a city both new and authentic, wrought by a break with the immediate exilic past, yet rooted and connected to an ancient, more venerable tradition.⁷ This paradox provided much of the creative tension within early Hebrew literature in Palestine, which worked to depict local Jewish life as both natural and redemptive, in contrast to the diaspora’s unhealthy rootlessness. For this formulation to work, the fundamental “unhomeliness” of European Jews in Palestine had to be overcome or at least downplayed.

What was repressed by Zionism’s negation of exile surfaced within modern Hebrew culture as *das Unheimlich*, “the uncanny,” a phenomenon related to Shofman’s ghostly portrait of the Jewish “haunting” of Europe. In Sigmund Freud’s terms, repression marks the uncanny, “that class of terrifying which leads us back to something long known to us,” “something familiar and old-established in the mind and which has become alienated from it only in the process of repression.”⁸ Ironically, the uncanny is most itself, recognized as most “unhomely,” when it is

most “at home.” Freud’s conclusions derive in part from a secondary meaning of *heimlich* in German, that is, “hidden” or “buried.” His use of examples from an 1860 dictionary suggest home’s more ominous side, something walled-in and secretive: “I have roots that are most *heimlich*, I am grown in the deep earth” (198). His further references from the Brothers Grimm are consonant with this darker sense: “From the idea of ‘homelike,’ ‘belonging to the house,’ the further idea is developed of something withdrawn from the eyes of strangers, something concealed, secret.” (200). This catalog leads to the conclusion that “*heimlich* is a word the meaning of which develops towards an ambivalence, until it finally coincides with its opposite, ‘*unheimlich*’” (201). Emerging historically in a period of enormous migration and global homesickness, the uncanny was a way of describing a home that no longer felt like one; it was, in a sense, a foregone by-product of the drive toward home.

A major part of Freud’s essay is devoted to a discussion of literary works, for it is within the realm of the imagination that the uncanny achieves its greatest disturbances: “An uncanny effect is often easily produced when the distinction between imagination and reality is effaced, as when something that we have hitherto regarded as imaginary appears before us in reality, or when a symbol takes over the full functions of the thing it symbolizes” (221). This last symbolic operation constitutes the power of Shofman’s portrait, the mesmerizing effect that images of Jews held in Eastern Europe.⁹ This uncanniness had permeated European Hebrew culture, which had been produced in a language without a territory. Some element of this European “unhomeliness” was also transplanted in Palestine and was, in a sense, “true”: despite the rhetoric of homecoming, and despite its linguistic origins in the East, Hebrew culture in Palestine was fundamentally foreign. This twinned relation of home and the uncanny lurks within an early Tel Aviv vignette, Devora Baron’s “At the End of Summer,” which features a Tel Aviv population circa 1920, panic-stricken by the spread of disease: “In our crowded neighborhoods, gentlemen, in this climate at the end of summer, disease is liable to take a serious form. The form, in every detail, of a plague.”¹⁰ Baron’s brief sketch repeatedly creates, then shatters, a sense of calm. Just as a “closed car” carries off the latest victim, “incurable consumptives” appear, a reminder that the respite is only temporary. As the story builds toward a “feeling of relief” and an end to the epidemic, a wagon appears “at the end of the street with someone stepping slowly at its side, holding the reins in his hands”:

A sick man being taken to the hospital, or a corpse? . . .

At the sight of the sheet-wrapped body, swaying with the jolts of the approaching cart—every face wilts. Only now do many realize that the night has already fallen and the last glimmers have gone out on the surface of the sea. The windows are lit up the entire length of the local hospital. Half-people in bandages can be glimpsed through the iron bars; the mattresses hanging over the balcony railings are exposed to the electric light in all their suspect stains. . . .

The funeral is enormous.

With the low-sided *Eretz yisraeli* bier in their hands, the beadles are immediately swallowed up in the mob, and to anyone watching from the rooftops, the procession might look almost festive with its myriad, quietly burning candles, not a single cry or groan or sound of human speech is heard. At the crossroads, where the road ends, the mourners turn right, slide down the slope with a momentary flickering of their candles, and instantly disappear into the darkness of the dunes. And in the empty neighborhood a long silence falls, the silence of relief. Shutters are soundlessly opened.¹¹

The neighborhood of the living and the resting place of the dead are two distinct and separate spheres, yet they exist side-by-side, in close, even intimate, proximity. The crowd accompanies the dead into a kind of underworld—the “crossroads,” resonant of death and the world beyond, where the road ends and the darkness of the dunes engulfs the flickering candles—while back in town comes a feeling of relief as life starts up again. Yet there is something deathlike about the “empty neighborhood” with its “half-people in bandages,” its long silence and soundless shutters, while the cemetery, known euphemistically as “an eternal resting place,” is somewhat humanized, filled temporarily with life.¹² “At the End of Summer” thus evokes the chilling proximity of daily life to the site of death, for Freud, the supreme locus of the uncanny: “Many people experience the feeling in the highest degree in relation to death and dead bodies, to the return of the dead, and to spirits and ghosts” (218). The story’s pre-State setting—a detailed evocation of a sweltering 1920s Tel Aviv—is rare for Baron, much of her work being set in the Eastern European *shtetl*. It is, however, not surprising that Baron’s often darkly grotesque sensibility would settle upon a funeral as the thematic climax of a tale set in what was conceived as a supremely life-giving project—the founding of the first Hebrew city, spearhead of a new Hebrew national culture in Palestine.¹³ Her story suggests the contours of the psychological landscape of death in Tel Aviv during this period; it represents the death of a single individual as a collective experience, a reminder of the community’s own tenuous condition.¹⁴

The fictional depiction of the geographic relation between the cemetery and the town bears a strong resemblance to the actual location of Tel Aviv’s cemetery in the 1920s. The cemetery was founded during the 1902 cholera epidemic in Jaffa. Ottoman officials forbade the burial of the dead within the city walls, particularly given the proximity of the Jewish cemetery in Adjami to the center of town. Jewish community leaders requested an alternative, and Shimon Rokakh was granted permission to purchase twelve dunam of land in the name of “The Committee of the United Communities of Ashkenazi and Sepharadi Groups,” in what was then called “the Lands of North Jaffa.” According to one story, the area consisted largely of shifting sand and was difficult to cultivate because of these rough topographical conditions.¹⁵ Legend also has it that holy books were buried in a special grave and two “black weddings” were held at the site in an effort to gain God’s favor and halt the epidemic.¹⁶ It was only five years later that the first plan to build a modern

Jewish neighborhood outside of Jaffa was announced. In essence, then, Tel Aviv began with its dead. In the words of one historian, “The city followed its graves.”¹⁷ That cemetery, known as “The Old Cemetery” (*beyt ha-kvarot ha-yashan*), is today situated at Tel Aviv’s geographic center, a walled-in pastoral patch, occupying prime real estate in a desirable location. The uncanny experience it represents—the city’s distance from a diasporic “home”—also remains at the heart of the Israeli culture that has grown around it. Specifically, the cemetery is an example of what Anthony Vidler has called an “architectural uncanny,” a site symbolizing or enclosing some fundamental “unhomeliness.”¹⁸ Vidler’s literalized interpretation re-grounds the psychoanalytic term in its spatial origins—a profound physical disorientation that nonetheless feels vaguely familiar.

Jewish tradition insists on an intimate connection between the very idea of burial in the “Land of Israel” and homecoming—a motif stretching from the biblical story of the Cave of the Patriarchs to the contemporary desire of Jews living abroad to be buried in Israel. Ironically, the Trumpeldor Cemetery inverts this relation between burial and homecoming; an awareness of this reversal seemed to flicker within the expression on Bialik’s face, as he eulogized Ahad Ha’am in the dunes. The cemetery’s exposed location, and the fact that its existence predated the city itself, rendered it a constant reminder of *not* being at home, and of an instability at odds with the longevity of the diasporic Jewish cemeteries with which it was implicitly compared.

The Trumpeldor Cemetery therefore has a unique relation to modern Hebrew culture’s historical attempts to be “at home” in Palestine, being the resting place of key figures in early Hebrew culture, including Max Nordau, Ch. N. Bialik, Ahad Ha’am and Meir Dizengoff. It is, in other words, a virtual mapping of modern Hebrew culture. The site of the cemetery, as well as its fragmentary textual history, may be read as exemplary of Tel Aviv’s own understanding of itself, as well as of tensions between secular and religious civic institutions, conflicts that still permeate Israel’s cultural and political spheres. For example, decisions regarding the cemetery’s establishment were made in conjunction with several separate institutions: the Burial Society (*chevre kadisha*), under the auspices of the Chief Rabbinate; the *kehiliya* (representatives of the Jewish community); and the Tel Aviv-Jaffa Municipality.¹⁹ Their official correspondence deliberated a variety of issues, from funding to repair the surrounding wall and build a new entrance to the designation of special sections for a Hebrew pantheon or the burial of children; the example of the cemetery thus offers insight into the way Tel Aviv began to define itself as a new secular Hebrew city, the ostensible foundation of contemporary Israeli culture.²⁰ Before addressing its textual representation, however, I want to examine the cemetery as a potential “site of memory” in comparison with similar European cemeteries and in light of the central place of mourning in Israeli society.

The Old Cemetery, Mourning, and Sites of Memory

The death of the writer Yosef Chaim Brenner in the Jaffa riots of May 1921 was among the most traumatic events in the history of Jewish settlement in Palestine (fig. 3).²¹ According to an account in the Hebrew daily *Ha-aretz*:

All the residents of Tel Aviv gathered by the Herzliya Gymnasium. They removed the corpses from the school, and laid them in a row. Comrade Dizengoff eulogized the dead. Afterward, *El Male Rachamin* was said, and the entire people cried bitterly. Pioneers took the bodies one by one to the cemetery. Hebrew writers, among them the aging Alexander Ziskind Rabinovitz carried Brenner's body. A defensive chain surrounded the huge crowd. At the cemetery there was also a huge crowd, and one of the workers said a few words. A moment of mourning was announced, and the entire crowd sat on the ground for a few minutes. At dark, the crowd came back from the cemetery in grieving silence.²²

In *Ha-poel Ha-tsair*, Yitzhak Tabenkin wrote: "The victims were buried together in a mass grave because they fell together (*ba-tsavta*). Brenner's body is also buried there, but there are no separate graves."²³ This mass grave—in Hebrew, *kever achim*, literally, a "grave of brothers"—is today located near the entrance of the cemetery (fig. 4). Each name is engraved on its own slab, except for that of Yosef Ben Moshe



FIGURE 3. Funeral of Y. Ch. Brenner, 1921. The Historical Museum of Tel Aviv-Jaffa.



FIGURE 4. Mass grave for victims of 1921 disturbances, including Y. Ch. Brenner. Photo by author.

Lowyard, who, according to the inscription, “was killed together with Brenner and his comrades, and whose body has disappeared.” The plaque reflects the importance of the recovery of personal remains; an attachment to the land during a lifetime is reconstituted after death by “returning” the body to the earth.

One version of the story of the Old Cemetery on Trumpeldor Street consists of precisely the kind of narrative I have just offered regarding Brenner: an oscillation between a description of its physical aspects—location, layout, and tombstone inscriptions—and its “metaphysical” aspects, its own history, as well as the many individual histories it circumscribes. Obviously it is impossible to include a description of every person buried in the Cemetery.²⁴ I choose to comment at length on Brenner, a major historical figure in his own right who died a violent and dramatic death, and not, for example, on Sarah Baratz, who apparently loved the sea, or on the many graveside photographs preserving the faces of children (figs. 5 and 6). This egalitarian commingling of the cultural elite with the population as a whole is consonant with the city’s early utopian visions and is characteristically noted in descriptions of the cemetery.²⁵

Another dimension should be added to this dual narrative: that is, an understanding of the Old Cemetery as a “site of memory,” in Pierre Nora’s terms, a place where “memory crystallizes and secretes itself.”²⁶ While we may quibble with Nora’s now ubiquitous and potentially idealized view of a once “authentic” memory trampled by the debilitating force of history and monumentalized into “sites of memory,” his essential distinctions remain provocative and valuable. Memory’s power as a stable, coherent concept that seems to preserve aspects of the past is in



FIGURE 5. Grave of Sarah Baratz.
Photo by author.



FIGURE 6. Children's graves.
Photo by author.

fact enhanced by its apposite construction, that is, the passage of time and the concept of history. That this is true for the Old Cemetery becomes particularly clear when you consider its location—the center of Tel Aviv's hectic, ever metamorphosing downtown (fig. 7). Yet suggesting that a graveyard functions as a “site of memory” seems a bit axiomatic, what with its abundant and transparent mix of spatial parameters and textual cues. If the Old Cemetery was perceived in this way, then it would naturally function as a kind of outdoor museum, a mnemonic space through which the visitor moved and activated images linked to a collective memory.²⁷ One famous example of an urban cemetery functioning in such a fashion is Paris's Père Lachaise, memorialized in Honoré de Balzac's novels. This minineighborhood of the dead, sprawling over a hill to the east of the city center, even has its own metro stop.²⁸ Numerous volumes extol the history of the site, the record of which extends back to the year 418.²⁹ Père Lachaise's authority is thus constituted both discursively, in canonical literary works and historical studies, as well as geographically on the urban grid. A similar authority is indicated in somewhat different fashion for the Old Jewish Cemetery in Prague. There, physical depth functions as a marker



FIGURE 7. Panoramic view of cemetery today, near Tel Aviv's downtown.
Photo by author.

of time: more than twelve thousand graves are contained in a relatively small area in the city's old Jewish quarter, buried in layers dating back to the fifteenth century.³⁰ The cemetery's chaotic, jumbled interior is oddly soothing, quiet and shaded over with centuries of greenery, reflecting the vibrant longevity of the Prague Jewish community. Today the cemetery's proximity to other organized Jewish landmarks in the city, especially its immediate physical contiguity to a museum devoted to children's drawings from the Terezin concentration camp, sets it squarely within the context of the *Shoah* and the destruction of Jewish life in Eastern Europe.

Neither the example of Père Lachaise nor that of the Old Jewish Cemetery in Prague make for the best of comparisons with Tel Aviv's Old Cemetery. However, bracketing questions of historical longevity, the degree of authority accruing to the European cemeteries is hardly the same for Tel Aviv's Old Cemetery, which contains no less significant a gathering of local heroes. The Old Cemetery receives scant, almost cursory, mention in most standard written accounts of the city, including local histories and guides in Hebrew, as well as in tourist guidebooks in English. My own informal survey of pedestrians in the streets surrounding the cemetery, conducted over a number of years, revealed that most people didn't know where it was or who was buried there. I myself come to the cemetery, and to Tel Aviv as a whole, as a relative outsider, having lived in the neighborhood for four years from 1988 to 1992. In my frequent visits to the city since, I have returned to

the cemetery, observing the minimal changes in landscaping and the occasional new grave. In contrast to the surrounding rapidly escalating skyline, it sometimes seems that the Old Cemetery on Trumpeldor is the only spot in Tel Aviv that remains static and relatively untouched. This is not to argue against change and in favor of a kind of fossilized, nostalgic view of the city's origins; neither am I expressly interested here in defending or attacking plans for the city's development as a cultural and economic center or the preservation of its older neighborhoods. However, *from its inception*, Tel Aviv's sense of itself as a city has been characterized precisely by these two sensibilities—nostalgia and outsidersness. Literary and artistic expression in the city has even capitalized on the creative tension between the two: nostalgia for the founding vision of Tel Aviv as an intimate “Garden City” by the sea—an express rejection of the crowded Jewish quarters of the diaspora's urban centers—mingled with ambivalent memories of the cultural and social achievements of these metropolises; a feeling of outsidersness in a place where, for much of the city's history, most of its inhabitants were born elsewhere.

Not only is the cemetery itself virtually ignored; once inside, it is not an easy place to find your way around in. Though landscaping in the main areas is maintained, there is no map at the cemetery's entrance or brochure detailing the “who's who” or providing an official history.³¹ The visitor is left to wander freely among the graves, following the path where there is one, treading carefully between the stones where there isn't. The lack of a didactic context is at noticeable odds with the overtly historicized and landmarked nature of so much of the Israeli landscape; this is perhaps due to the fact that many of the writers and famous personages buried there are already overly inscribed elsewhere in the national collective memory—in educational curricula and in the numerous streets and buildings named after them.

Perhaps one can hardly expect the cemetery to become a kind of leisure park or touristic site like American urban cemeteries, given the centrality of mourning in Israeli society. Yet other Israeli cemeteries attract both touristic and local attention, Mount Herzl being the most salient example.³² Even a less familiar, off-the-beaten-track site such as the cemetery at Kibbutz Kinneret, where the poet Rachel [Bluwstein] is buried, is nonetheless relatively well tended and well marked. The poet's gravesite is physically situated and arranged so as to construct a specific kind of graveside experience. The visitor is invited to sit on a bench at the poet's grave, overlooking a large palm tree on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, a prominent feature in Rachel's poems. Beside the grave, a copy of the poet's collected works—published in more than twenty editions, a talisman of Ashkenazi-labor-movement culture—is chained within a protective safe-box. The body of the poet and the body of her poetry are both interred within the land; the graveside visit is thus constituted as a kind of recovery: the pilgrim sits at the grave, reads a poem, and looks up to find the actual landscape represented in the poem. The experience is somewhat contradictory: a kind of static “lyric time” frames the landscape, as if nothing has

changed since the composition of Rachel's Kinneret poems in the 1920s; at the same time, one can't ignore the surrounding agricultural infrastructure, a mainstay of the Zionist narrative of "redeeming" the land.

The cemetery's potential political volatility in Israel's "culture of mourning" is also the subject of two recent popular novels. In Meir Shalev's *Blue Mountain*, a Jewish farmer exacts revenge on his neighbors by turning his portion of their collectively worked land into a commercial enterprise, an "eternal resting place for pioneers." For a significant fee, wealthy Jewish donors from abroad—former communists, socialists, and utopian dreamers who left Palestine for the "fleshpots" of America—could be (re)united with the soil of Israel, this time for good: "Two hundred and seventy-four old men and women, a mandolin, and one aging mule are buried in my cemetery. Pioneers, fulfillers, and traitorous capitalists."³³ The cemetery in Shalev's novel is the setting for a cross-generational drama: a tangled web of loyalties and betrayals are played out upon the graves and inscribed in the landscape through the placement of burial plots. Thus the drive to reclaim or redeem the land is mocked by the return of the physical remains of those who had ultimately rejected the pioneering ethos. The omnipresent past hovers like the mosquitoes that threaten to invade the settlement. In Batia Gur's *A Stone for a Stone*, the accidental death of her son during military training provokes one mother to challenge the entire military and judicial establishment regarding the prohibition on individualized gravemarkers. During the unveiling of the standard sixty-by-forty-centimeter cement stone, upon which was inscribed the sentence "fell in the line of duty," she bursts out: "Murderers. They murdered him and now they tell me 'fell in the line of duty. . . .' Everyone was afraid. She had broken all the rules. Grieving mothers who were native Israelis, especially Ashkenazi in origin, behave with restraint and respect at their sons' funerals."³⁴ Both Shalev's and Gur's novels treat the cemetery as a locus of social and political conflict. The relative lack of public or literary discourse about the cemetery on Trumpeldor Street is therefore striking precisely because of the centrality of mourning in Israeli culture; this lack is emblematic of Tel Aviv's difficult relation to its past.³⁵ For example, since the recent closure of the Municipality Museum, the city has no museum devoted exclusively to its own history, effectively erasing from the space of the city any institutionalized symbolic representation of its past. (The collection housed in the former Municipality on Bialik Street near the cemetery has been closed for a number of years and there are no definitive plans to renovate it.) Even the official material handed out by the tourist information desk at the Municipality devotes only a single page to important sites in Tel Aviv's history, focusing mainly on nightlife, shopping, and beachfront activities. Recently, however, with the ninetieth anniversary of its founding, the city has indicated that it is beginning to recognize the degree to which its past must be productively integrated into its present. In conjunction with the anniversary, for example, numerous exhibits were mounted and a spate of glossy

volumes on the city's distinctive architecture were published. And the topic of preservation and quality of life in the city continues to be debated vigorously.

Still, the enigma of the cemetery remains untapped. On the one hand, we might say that the Old Cemetery thus functions as a "site of memory" only *in potentia*, as a kind of structuring absence, whose boundaries may define and enclose an important part of Israeli history, but whose actual presence and significance have yet to be addressed. On the other hand, the cemetery has in a sense leaped over, or skipped, the more obvious, explicit processes and signs of commemoration and memorialization, arriving directly at the extreme, ultimate function of a site of memory, that is—*forgetting*. What precisely is at stake in this forgetting, and what happens when we allow the cemetery's own fragmentary textual history to remember? Memory speaks in unpredictable and uncontrollable ways. In giving voice to the cemetery's textual history—the few essays and poems written about it, as well as its tombstone inscriptions—I seek to understand what is unmanageable about the site and the experiences buried and forgotten within.

The Text of the Cemetery

A review of early documents relating to the cemetery and an examination of its tombstone inscriptions augments its potential as a site of memory. For example, a short article from 1922 views the cemetery as deserving of preservation and upkeep. In conjunction with another piece about tree-planting in the city, Y. Segel, Tel Aviv's municipal gardener, urges protecting the graves from the surrounding sands with tamarisk trees. In this way, the "remnants of the past" that characterize the graves' iconic motifs, making it worthy of the title "*beyt kvarot yehudi antik*," (ancient Jewish cemetery) may be preserved. Segel also happens to be related to one of the local tombstone artisans. He warns against the imposition of "modish" cement gravestones, "those enormous, clamorous stones, decorated with all kinds of irrelevant ornaments, like pictures, photographs of the dead beneath a glass frame on the gravestone, and all other sorts of customs lacking in taste or tradition, which spoil the cemetery's quiet, innocent appearance, lovely in its simplicity."³⁶ Segel wishes to maintain the cemetery in a manner reflecting the values of the community it serves: simplicity, hygiene, respect for the past, and a connection to Jewish tradition.³⁷ Though photographs were a relatively new addition, tombstone portraits of the dead were not, and such portraits can be found on graves in older Jewish cemeteries as well.³⁸ The puritanism regarding visual expression may seem surprising given Tel Aviv's secular aspirations. However, this antiornamental view is in keeping with Tel Aviv's minimalist, modernist cultural sensibility, which has found expression in urban planning and architecture as well as in literature.

Segel's article expresses no explicit concern for the cemetery as a site that could

bolster Tel Aviv's meager historical foundations. However, aesthetic distinctions concerning modern and ancient tombstone styles are at the heart of the first study to champion the cemetery as a historical site, a 1939 volume that remains the only comprehensive study of the cemetery, *Sefer Beyt Ha-kvarot Ha-yashan* (The book of the Old Cemetery). This rare volume contains a biographical listing of everyone buried in the cemetery (3,758 names at the time of printing), complete with tombstone inscriptions; a statistical breakdown according to gender, age, and year of death; and photographs of some of the more elaborate tombstones. The idea for the book is credited to the writer Alexander Siskind, who had by that time seen many of his friends buried in the Old Cemetery. In the extensive introduction, editors Zvi Kroll and Zadok Leinman distinguish between the various groupings of graves in the cemetery—the famous and the anonymous, newer mass graves and the older, less orderly sections, children and cholera victims—distinctions that remain helpful in navigating one's way around the cemetery.

Kroll and Leinman particularly emphasize the stylistic differences among the various “generations” of graves. The placement of the cemetery's earliest graves—of those who died during the cholera epidemic in Jaffa—is disorderly and nonsymmetrical. Their tombstones, typical to Jewish cemeteries of the East, are laid flush to the earth, often covered by marble engraved with biblical verses or devotional acrostics. Despite their haphazard arrangement and their structural “primitiveness” these stones, according to the editors, demonstrate a “stylistic unity” that is authentically rooted in a specifically Jewish version of the local. Their appreciation of the stones' native qualities parallels views expressed by early Hebrew painters in Palestine, who looked to ancient synagogue mosaics as a model for a new, authentically Hebrew art, in opposition to what they perceived as a diasporic Jewish sensibility. The cemetery's newer tombstones, those constructed since 1922, stand upright in the style of European cemeteries. “Modernization,” according to Kroll and Leinman, has “overcome” these graves; the text upon their stones is “repetitive” and “empty of content” (x). The editors also comment on the brevity of the newest inscriptions, often consisting of just a name and years: “Of course this is the taste of the new generation, at the bottom of which is a desire to be free of the repetitiveness of the accepted formula” (xii).³⁹

These distinctions between the earlier and later graves point to the ideological investment of the editors' judgment, an evaluation rooted in their conception of iconic and textual authenticity; the modernity of the later graves is viewed as empty and meaningless and connected specifically to the diaspora. Ironically, however, the editors measure their own efforts against the example of European Jewish cemeteries; the main line of inquiry followed by scholars of those cemeteries concerned the broken, aging gravestones, and their chief methodological challenge lay in a traditional Jewish realm—textual interpretation, that is, “deciphering” the writing upon the stones, thereby establishing the nature of the Jewish community in which

they lived and died. Those studies sought to demonstrate a coherent continuity throughout the generations of Jewish dead. However, the editors of *The Book of the Old Cemetery* declare:

Research alone is neither fitting nor sufficient in regard to the Old Cemetery in Tel Aviv, whether because of the brief span of its existence—though called the “old” cemetery, it is only 38 years old—or due to the impoverished content of the gravestones. The place lacks the antiquities of the distant, unknown past and even the passage between periods is not palpable. (xvi)

The idea that no majestic, historical process may be decoded in the Old Cemetery—“even the passage from period to period is not palpable”—was perceived as a complementary mark of Tel Aviv’s newness.⁴⁰ The relative shallowness of Tel Aviv’s roots is its attraction: there is a touch of defensive pride in the editors’ insistence on the need for a method unlike that used to study Jewish cemeteries in the diaspora, and in their proclamation of the “impoverished” state of their own cemetery. Instead of the grand genealogy of European graveyards, the Old Cemetery’s noteworthy are figures from the present,

[the] builders of the city of Tel Aviv . . . The impression of their deeds and activities . . . are still greatly felt in the atmosphere of our time—as if they were still with us, living and working. . . . The history of their lives and actions is the gravestone of a living generation which we knew, and to whom the connection is still unsevered. (xvi)

History, the record of events over time, is described as an ossified artifact—a gravestone—that can be tangibly observed in space. The feeling that the dead are “still with us” deflects attention from actual gravemarkers: the fresh memory of their deeds obviates the need for extensive tombstone inscription. This paucity of textual inscription in the cemetery as a whole, its stylistic minimalism, distinguishes it from diasporic Jewish cemeteries. For example, a volume on Vilna’s cemetery views textuality as the ultimate memorial: “For memorial in a book is more valuable than that engraved in stone, which will one day be spoiled, while that which is written in a book will last forever.”⁴¹

An example more nearly contemporaneous to the Trumpeldor Cemetery may be found in the Workman’s Circle Cemetery in New York. Many of the tombstones in this pantheon of modern Yiddish literature bear elaborate explanatory epitaphs.⁴² In the Trumpeldor Cemetery, however, tombstone inscription is inversely proportional to fame: the most extreme example of this is Aharon Melnikov’s austere red marble stone marking Ahad Ha’am’s grave; the gravestone indicates neither his real name, nor dates of birth and death. The Jewish cemetery whose sensibility bears the closest resemblance to the Trumpeldor Cemetery’s secular pantheon is Warsaw’s Okopowa Cemetery, where the modernist writers Y. L. Peretz and U. N. Gnessin are buried. The fact that the Okopowa Cemetery is also the subject of a book published in 1936 reinforces the similarity between the two sites

and their mutual aspirations: both cemeteries encompass religious and secular impulses regarding history and memorialization.⁴³ The stylistic variety of their tombstones demonstrates the degree to which passage between the religious and the secular was neither smooth nor unequivocal. Both studies emphasize the inventive, individual expression of the newer stones' modernist style and envision the cemeteries as important repositories of history and cultural change. Despite the radical differences between Jewish life in Warsaw and in Tel Aviv, the cemeteries still share their demarcation of that brief historical window in which a vision of a particular kind of secular Jewish community was possible.

Despite *The Book of the Old Cemetery's* modernist preference for "the stone itself," the Trumpeldor Cemetery is characterized by a jumble of styles. With the exception of certain cross-cultural motifs—the candelabra, the charity box, Sabbath candles or a pair of hands raised in blessing—Jewish funerary iconography seems to be more connected to local, ethnic, or national context than to any set of halachic dicta.⁴⁴ However, visiting the cemetery today, one can't help but notice one enormous stone that does not fit any of the editors' categories and seems to violate the uneasy aesthetic coexistence achieved among the disparate gravestone styles. What the stone commemorates, and its radical difference from the cemetery's other stones, marks the degree to which the Trumpeldor Cemetery could *only* have been built in Tel Aviv.

Towering above its eastern section, it is the cemetery's most textual stone: a large rectangular monument built in memory of people who died far from Tel Aviv and whose ashes were brought to Israel—the Jewish community of the Polish town of Zduńska Wola (fig. 8).⁴⁵ Erected in 1950 by a group of survivors, the reflective black marble slab with raised gold lettering is surrounded by a low wall of white marble, upon which are engraved the names and familial connections of the victims, entire families with ten and twelve children. Buried in this spot are ashes brought from the crematoria in Chelmno to Israel by Zelig Frankel, a native of the town. The stone's main text is a series of rhymed couplets describing the virtue of the victims, the brutality of their death, and their commemoration by survivors. The stone's monumental presence disrupts the cemetery's horizon, which otherwise stretches out at a fairly even height and in an almost uniformly pale gray and sandstone pallet. This physical disparity highlights the incongruity of the stone's text—its dense lyricism as well as the people and events commemorated—in this particular setting.

Generally speaking, *Shoah* memorials in Israel may be understood in relation to the national narrative of "shoah ve-g'vura" (*Shoah* and heroism), which emphasized the redemptive building of the Jewish state in the wake of the destruction of European Jewry. Jerusalem provides the most instructive example of how "shoah and heroism" are linked together in an urban space, where the *Yad Vashem* Martyrs' and Heroes' Remembrance Authority is located immediately next to Mount Herzl, an enormous military cemetery containing the graves of Israeli prime ministers, in-



FIGURE 8. To the right, the Zduńska Wola monument: a piece of Jerusalem in Tel Aviv. Photo by author.

cluding, most recently, that of Yitzhak Rabin. Together with religious sites such as the Western Wall and the Old City, these civic-sacred sites—Yad Vashem and Mount Herzl—reinforce Jerusalem’s special status in Jewish and Israeli history. Indeed, Yad Vashem and Mount Herzl often host national ceremonies and are visited jointly, and in didactic sequence, on touristic itineraries.

The meaning of *Shoah* memorials is generated largely by the landscape within which they are situated.⁴⁶ Israeli *Shoah* memorials often represent the discontinuousness of the *Shoah* vis-à-vis the Israeli landscape, what might be called, after Momik, the child narrator of David Grossman’s *See Under: Love*, its essential “Over There-ness.” This “elsewhereness” of the *Shoah* is a constitutive force in the form and shape of its Israeli commemoration. Thus Israeli *Shoah* memorials generally, and Yad Vashem in particular, “build Europe within Israel.”⁴⁷ However, while in Jerusalem the *Shoah* is commemorated through these state institutions, its presence is more palpable as a matter of daily experience in Tel Aviv, where a higher percentage of the residents are survivors. In a sense, the monumental nature of the Zduńska Wola memorial “builds Jerusalem in Tel Aviv.” Its inclusion in the Trumpeldor Cemetery troubles the degree to which this kind of memorialization of the *Shoah* is a “natural” element of the Israeli landscape.⁴⁸ At the same time, it points to the

difficulty of assimilating the trauma of the *Shoah* to the triumphal narrative of “the first Hebrew city.”

The Zduńska Wola memorial, and the events it represents, may also be understood in relation to another important distinguishing feature of the Trumpeldor Cemetery vis-à-vis Israeli cemeteries generally. The Trumpeldor Cemetery contains few of the conventional markers of heroism and national sacrifice often associated with death and mourning in Israel.⁴⁹ The presence of both *Shoah* and *g'vura* are thus quite muted in the Trumpeldor Cemetery, an exceptional quality indicative of the different ways in which Tel Aviv and Jerusalem mark and memorialize history.

Though constructed years after *The Book of the Old Cemetery*'s publication, the possibility of the Zduńska Wola memorial was anticipated by its editors. Kroll and Leinman refer to events unfolding in Europe as the context for a morbid logic: just as Jewish life in Palestine is meant to commemorate, or even substitute for, Jewish life in Europe, so this spot marking Jewish *death* honors the European Jewish dead (xix). While they envision the cemetery as a future landmark that will serve as a stable, bounded “site of memory,” the *Book* itself will also serve as a bulwark against forgetting, “come the day that no one will remember [Tel Aviv's] youth, her founding and the process of her growth.”⁵⁰ In the closing paragraphs of their introduction, the editors plead with the public to maintain the Old Cemetery and prevent it from falling into disrepair. In a remarkably self-aware moment, they imagine the future preservation of the Trumpeldor Cemetery as precisely the type of cultural landmark Tel Aviv needed.⁵¹ No longer necessary as a functioning cemetery—a new site having been built in 1932 in *Nachalat Yitzhak*—the Old Cemetery, Tel Aviv's most “precious archives” (xiii), should however be maintained in some fashion, because it represents the only authentic historical claim to roots that Tel Aviv can make, slim as it may be. Perhaps they imagined a role for it akin to that of the Old Jewish Cemetery in Prague, whose “characteristic, unique and wholly inimitable atmosphere . . . often nourished by the dramatic destinies of deceased inhabitants of the ghetto, soon found a place for itself in numerous myths, legends, literary works and paintings.”⁵² In this scenario, the cemetery functions as an inert presence, a site that can be referred to in coherent, stable fashion and inserted wholecloth into a variety of cultural discourses. Indeed, to the relatively minimal extent that the cemetery figures in subsequent discourse about Tel Aviv, the same set of legendary circumstances and anecdotes appear in almost standardized formulation. The cemetery has become a kind of limited trope, offering a conveniently monumentalized version of the city's founding. Modern Hebrew poets have challenged this story of the cemetery; their ironic treatment of the cemetery as a site of memory uncovers and gives voice to the memories so radically effaced therein. I have argued thus far that the cemetery attempted to defuse exilic memory. It is to the poets we must look for a more explicit rendering of the trauma of migration and its link to another set of displaced memories, that of the Palestinian past.

On the Corner of Bialik and Tchernichovski: The Cemetery as Literary History

Poetry relating to the cemetery also treats it as an archive, though of a different order, as a dynamic repository of *literary* history. Instead of the stable, bounded “site of memory” envisioned by Kroll and Leinman, the cemetery in poems by Avot Yeshurun and Dalia Rabikovitch is a site that destabilizes history, upending the notion of history as a linear progression, especially an unequivocal narrative of redemption. Yeshurun’s and Rabikovitch’s appreciations of the cemetery-qua-archive may be illuminated by referring briefly to Michel Foucault’s conception of the archive. For Foucault, “analysis of the archive involves a privileged region: at once close to us, and different from our present existence, it is the border of time that surrounds our presence, which overhangs it, and which indicates it in its otherness; it is that which, outside ourselves, delimits us.”⁵³ Like Freud’s uncanny, the archive’s fundamental strangeness is dependent on its proximity and familiarity. The cemetery is thus a kind of “shadow” site, *apart from* and *a part of* the city, underpinning its psychic structure, preserving those less assimilable elements of its history. If the cemetery is *this* kind of memory site, its literary history also tells how memory is produced and meaning invested, a process necessarily informed and circumscribed by cultural context.

Yeshurun’s and Rabikovitch’s poems recognize the cemetery’s pliability, its fundamental uncanniness. In their poems, the cemetery symbolizes an ambivalence toward the “forgotten” diasporic past, as well as an explicit awareness of what Tel Aviv effectively effaced from the Palestinian landscape. The uncanny’s doubling effect is immediately apparent in the poem I cite as an epigraph to this article, Yeshurun’s “Lullaby for Nordia Quarter.” Born in Poland, Yecheil Perlmutter immigrated to Palestine as a young man in 1925 and adopted the name Avot Yeshurun (“the fathers are looking [at us]”) after the publication of his first volume in 1942. Many of his Tel Aviv poems describe the psychic rift created by the separation from his family. The poet’s sense of European Jewish trauma is intimately related to the psychological and physical traumas of Arabs living in Palestine in the pre-State period, what Yeshurun called “the two *shoahs*: the *shoah* of the Jewish people there and the *shoah* of the Arab people here.”⁵⁴ In this lyric from *The Syrian-African Rift* (1974), the poet links his personal history to that of one of the city’s earliest neighborhoods, Nordia, speaking directly to Tel Aviv, attempting to recover in the city the landscape of the *shtetl* he has left behind:

The Bedouins who came from Poland not
as planned spread out over Balfour
Street opposite Ohel Shem now and upon
the slope opposite the sycamores now Nordia.

And they were in tents and in huts [*sukkot*] and in cabins.
And a doorhandle as wide as a door and rooves.
And rooves soared like children and changed.
And summer and fall on Dizengoff Street.

And all around arose baronial houses,
and the domestic cedar spread over the cabins.
Tel Aviv holy city, you have no
lullaby. Yesterday, it was.

I walked in you everything by foot,
like a horse eats straight from the earth.
Sometimes I risk my life,
for every forgotten faucet you left open.

I walked in you in the town I left.
In your city, in my town.
My city that's behind your back
and myself me, toward you I threw.

I walked in you everything.
First of all the first house was destroyed.
Second of all the second house was destroyed:
A bulldozer came kicked at the house.

"Father bought"⁵⁵ friends.
One day I put my hand on his shoulder,
and his hand on your thighs.
So all your friends leave.

And in the city I have no funerals except of
Ahad Ha'am, Bialik, Nordau. . . .⁵⁶

The poet tries to compensate for his lack of personal memories in his new home, first by creating a "history of footsteps," then by placing Tel Aviv as a kind of palimpsest over the *shtetl* where he was born. The palimpsest is a spatial-mental structure that represents the uncanny's contiguous overlapping of the familiar—"the town I left"—and the strange—Tel Aviv.⁵⁷ This link, perhaps a defining trait of poetry about Tel Aviv, recalls the concluding lines of Leah Goldberg's "Tel Aviv, 1935": "and so it seemed—if you but turn your head, there's the town church floating in the sea."⁵⁸ For Yeshurun, funerals of the Old Cemetery's famous occupants represent the culmination of his attempt to "walk in [Tel Aviv] in the town [he] left." The poet claims these highly public funerals as his own private history, the only past to which he has immediate, tangible access. Newspaper accounts of the funerals, especially that of Bialik, suggest they were occasions for enormous public mourning that connected Tel Aviv to Jewish communities all over the world.⁵⁹ Likewise, a review of *The Book of the Old Cemetery* states that funerals of ordinary citizens

were rather small affairs: it calls the *Book* a “second funeral,” for those who did not receive huge, public ceremonies: “After all people here are strangers to one another.” Tel Aviv wasn’t anyone’s hometown; rather it was made up of people from “seventy countries.”⁶⁰ Thus Yeshurun bemoans more than his own dearth of memories; it is also the city itself that lacks a past: Tel Aviv has “no lullaby,” implying that it never had a childhood because it was built so quickly—“yesterday, it was.” The poem describes a problem endemic to any fledgling national enterprise, that is, the lack of convincingly authoritative cultural roots. However, this historical poverty is grasped as a virtue constituting Tel Aviv’s “holiness,” as opposed to the solidly historical resonance of the archetype of Jewish urban holiness—Jerusalem—a comparison made explicit in the destruction of the “first” and “second” houses, a reference to the ancient destruction of the First and Second Temples in Jerusalem. Moreover, Yeshurun’s poem admits the presence of exile in Tel Aviv, including the cemetery’s uncanny quality, embracing it along with the city’s “poverty.” This uncanny version of the Jewish past is all that Yeshurun has access to—as in Shofman’s Viennese portrait, the “original Jews” are gone. However, this movement toward a certain kind of memory is complicated by an admission of the equally powerful force of forgetting. In a prose poem from the same volume, the poet describes a lock that had been secured to a local kiosk; during the confusion surrounding the neighborhood’s destruction, the key was lost and the lock remained immovable. “Because of this—it being forgotten—it was even stronger” (הוא חזק מאוד יותר) —(משום כך—שנשכח).⁶¹ “Oppenheim’s kiosk,” and with it the memory of both Nordia and the natural landscape beneath it, has been locked away, protected, preserved. The line’s neat rhyme and even meter, its almost biblical parallelism, tinge the elegiac tone with grace: forgotten, perhaps, but “even stronger.”

“Lullaby for Nordia Quarter” enacts the demands of personal memory upon collective remembering. If the editors of *The Book of the Old Cemetery* believed the cemetery could somehow replace European cemeteries and their symbolic significance, this poem of more than three decades later knows the trauma of destruction and migration to have been too enormous. The poem describes an ultimately irredeemable loss, one for which the collective narrative can offer no compensation; this loss is linked to the fate of Nordia—gradually emptied and then leveled in the 1970s for the construction of Dizengoff Center—and is also embedded in a retrospective “thick description” of the land’s transformations: The arrival of “bedouins” from Poland, the construction of a public hall on Balfour Street (*Ohel Shem*), and the destruction of sycamores to make way for Nordia.⁶² The city in which the poet walks “everything by foot,” is revealed as only the most recent layer of historical topsoil. Yeshurun’s footsteps trace, however reluctantly, the beginnings of Tel Aviv and the origins of Hebrew cultural history.

Walking through the Old Cemetery today, it does seem that select elements of Tel Aviv’s history and, by extension, the history of modern Hebrew culture in Palestine, have been preserved. The dead carry on a kind of impossible postmortem

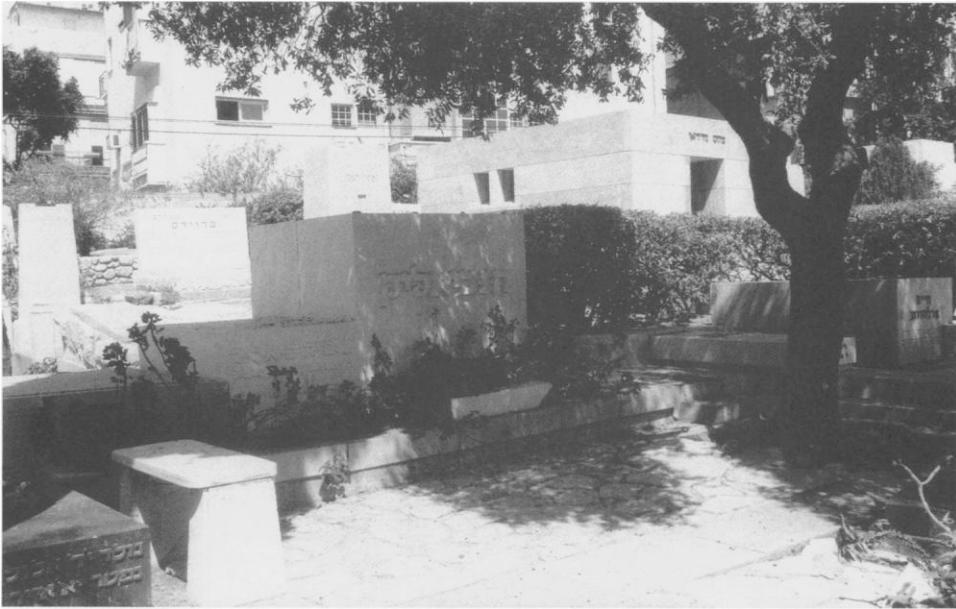


FIGURE 9. A Hebrew Pantheon: Bialik, Ahad Ha'am, and Nordau.
Photo by author.



FIGURE 10. Bialik meets Tchernichovski. Photo by author.



FIGURE 11. Cover of Chaim Be'er's cultural biography *Their Love and Their Hate: Agnon, Bialik, Brenner—Relations* (in Hebrew) (Tel Aviv, 1992). Reproduced with permission of Am Oved Publishers.

conversation amongst themselves, an idealized version of history in which Brenner and his “comrades,” who “fell *ba-tsavta*” (in comradely solidarity) still lie *ba-tsavta*, their collective martyrdom almost a rebuke to the social gathering of single stones marking Bialik and other famous cultural figures clustered together in one section of the yard, almost as if caught forever around a café table, endlessly debating (fig. 9). Indeed, there is the strong sense that history is preserved in this kind of sociability, in argument that is almost Talmudic. The streets surrounding the Old Cemetery are another material signification of these permanently dialoguing relationships. Many of the street names repetitively map and reinforce the cemetery’s inner memorialization process—again, in Nora’s terms, a kind of “secretion of memory,” this time not a “hiding away,” but an “emission” or “discharge.”⁶³ Walking down Trumpeldor, one encounters the poet Saul Tchernichovski, then Bialik, and eventually Brenner, with his unlikely companion, General Allenby (fig. 10). The link between these urban signs and cultural memory is even more explicitly framed on the cover of a recent biographical history of the period depicting the fictional meeting of Brenner, Bialik, and Agnon streets (fig. 11). This whimsical street corner illus-

trates a canonical moment in Hebrew literary history, the product of a retrospective gesture. It also, however, hints at the volatility of this moment, in that it marks an intersection, a place where traffic meets and passes. Its very status as a fixed location is defined by movement through and around it. Similarly, though the Old Cemetery may be perceived as a relatively static site, projected into the future by the editors of *The Book of the Old Cemetery*, the memory that fixes it is essentially a symbolic tool shaped by the concerns of the present. Dalia Rabikovitch's "The Poet's Hope" explicitly addresses this issue and the role of the cemetery in Hebrew literary history. Bialik's grave, it seems, remains the touchstone.

- What is it with you
 young poets
 that you write so much about poetry,
 and the art of poetry
 (5) and the use of materials
 so that,
 heaven forbid,
 the poet's silence shouldn't come
 and devastate you.
- (10) After all, you've got a cure
 that drives away all sorrow:
 sitting leisurely at the morning table
 covered with a slightly faded oilcloth
 and gazing mournfully at the window pane,
 (15) until afternoon approaches.
 And if you are seized by a sleepiness, don't drive it away,
 and don't take lightly the taste of honey and butter.
 And don't make of it poems or poetry
 and don't make any craft
- (20) and if you have any joy,
 hide it away for many days,
 lest the eye should view it.
 For why are you afraid, my dear,
 to seize the horns of the poem as it slips away,
 (25) and poke its ribs
 like a lone bedouin boy hurries
 his tarrying donkey?
- After all, the only good that will grow from this,
 the best of all possible worlds,
 (30) is a single grave they'll dig/negotiate for you,
 after great efforts at the mayor's office,
 in the cemetery on Trumpeldor Street
 sixty meters away
 from Bialik's grave.⁶⁴

Like much of Rabikovitch's recent work, the language is deceptively simple—beginning with the casual language of the opening line. The poem seems to call for a resistance to the “idols” Hebrew culture has made of its poets, yet rests squarely on references to Bialik's work. According to the first stanza, poetry about poetry is the last resort before writer's block, “the poet's silence” (line 8), an allusion to Bialik's infamous long poetic silence once he settled in Tel Aviv.⁶⁵ The break into biblical cadence in line 18 recalls the second commandment prohibition on graven images. “Don't make poetry out of this,” the poem says, meaning—“don't make idols of this comfortable existence, nor believe it ethical material for art,” or perhaps, “don't bother actually writing poems, the pose is what counts.” The bedouin boy—a shepherd—is an archetypal version of the poet, his tarrying donkey, an oblique reference to a messianic age. His appearance also signals the moral failure of the “young poets”—reduced in line 23 to a single “my dear”—who exhibit a lack of conscience—the Hebrew for conscience (*maTzPuN*) etymologically lurking in the warning to “hide away” (*ha-TziPuNa*) the joy of the poetic craft—as well as a weakness of spirit, implied in the poet's fear of seizing the poem by the horns, as a person of principle would seek sanctuary at the altar: “they seize the horns of the altar.”⁶⁶ The poem's ingenious construction “to seize the poem [*shIr*] by the horns” is a mere vowel away from the phrase “to seize the ox [*shOr*] by the horns,” also an allusion to the afterlife, ox meat being a mythically honored dish. The poet is finally imagined as a kind of Job, whose friends acquire a relative place of honor for him, line 30 carrying the double meaning of dig and negotiate.⁶⁷

The brief appearance of a messianically proactive bedouin youth, against whose behavior the poets seem particularly inept, must be understood within the representation of two kinds of figures, often related or twinned, in Rabikovitch's work—children and Palestinians. Their images appear throughout two earlier volumes, *True Love* (1987) and *Mother with Child* (1992). The bedouin shepherd in “The Poet's Hope” is a latter-day version of the female shepherd in “Hovering at Low Altitude,” who is unaware of the violent danger that the poem's landscape holds for her, and the boy facing the soldiers in “Stones.”⁶⁸ The immediate political contexts of those two poems—the Lebanese War and the *intifada*—are exchanged in “The Poet's Hope” for the broad sweep of Hebrew literary history and its ostensible origins in Tel Aviv. The shepherd's metaphorical presence does not necessarily evoke a prior physical Arab presence in Tel Aviv, but operates in a more abstract fashion.⁶⁹ In a poem from *Mother and Child*, Rabikovitch paraphrases a couplet from Leah Goldberg: “How can we sing songs of Zion / when we have not yet heard?”⁷⁰ The question, particularly in Rabikovitch's sharpened revision, goes to the very core of modern Hebrew culture: what kind of culture emerges from an ancient, messianic drive of homecoming that is itself deaf to the land's other voices? What did Hebrew culture ignore in order to establish itself as that confident constellation of streets radiating out from the Old Cemetery and Bialik's grave?

Despite an implicit promise of the world to come, the poem ultimately main-

tains that the most a poet can hope for is a permanent resting place sixty meters distant from this grave.⁷¹ The “cemetery on Trumpeldor”—no longer designated by the honorific “old” but by a simple geographic reference—is envisioned as the physical arena in which relations between a literary center and its margins are marked, and re-marked as time passes and canonical “intersections” shift within changing cultural and political climates. The number sixty recaps the poem’s fluctuating stance vis-à-vis the “headstone” of Hebrew literary authority. How close to the center is sixty meters? What constitutes a place of honor in a graveyard that no one visits? On the one hand, sixty is associated with Solomon’s temple, sixty *amot* being one of its chief measurements.⁷² But sixty also brings to mind expressions such as “a minor amount in sixty” (*batel ba-shishim*) that is, a negligible element of minimal influence, and “one in sixty,” meaning “a small portion of.” Most significantly, however, the number sixty marks the distance Hebrew poetry has traveled since Bialik’s death in 1934, neatly translating temporal measurement into spatial quantity—years into meters—a transformation that alludes to the cemetery’s own spatialized rendering of time’s passage. While Bialik and the other cultural figures buried in the cemetery are now thoroughly dispersed within Israeli culture, the cemetery itself seems to resist this kind of dissemination, representing instead an entombment of modern Hebrew culture’s beginnings. With this ossification, the desire for memory that is the desire for roots expressed in 1939 in *The Book of the Old Cemetery* comes full circle, the anxiety of a budding modernist metropolis replaced by a postmodern shrug of ambivalent recognition, in Rabikovitch’s ironic formulation, “the best of all possible worlds.”

The Rhyme of History

The Minister of Tourism’s official visit to Tel Aviv in January 1998 led to the following conclusion: touristic marketing campaigns for Tel Aviv would herald beaches, shops, and nightlife as the city’s primary attractions. The historic districts received some attention, and the Old Cemetery itself this brief mention: “Leaders of the Jewish community from before and following the establishment of the State are buried in the Cemetery, which is at present poorly maintained. It could be turned into a touristic site, as is the custom in European metropolises.”⁷³ It seems that Europe is still the reference point; furthermore, though the cemetery is now maintained in considerably better fashion than it once was, it still remains virtually ignored in the city’s public consciousness (fig. 12). One interesting exception is the recent theatrical production of *A Matter of Life and Death*, a play set in the Old Cemetery. Though the script seems unfinished and too often falls into a kind of coarse, buffoonish humor more appropriate to a television sitcom than to a production of the National Theater, the play poses important questions about Israeli identity and Hebrew culture. The story hinges on the cemetery’s reputation as a trysting site for



FIGURE 12. A plaque marking the cemetery's historical significance—"The First Cemetery" in Hebrew and in English—discarded in a corner next to burial stretchers. Photo by author.

students from the high school across the street. A teacher arranges to meet a student in the cemetery, and they encounter the spirits of some of its inhabitants—Bialik; Meir Dizengoff, the city's first mayor; and Tchernichovski among them—they themselves out for an evening stroll to appreciate the carob tree blossoms. Bialik first appears on stage looking annoyed and holding a condom; the effect is both comic and ironic for anyone familiar with Bialik's love poetry and its sense of failed eroticism. The play's main narrative concerns the fate of the cemetery's *galmudim* (anonymous or orphaned ones), people of all ages who were buried in this national pantheon but whose identity has been erased with the passage of time. The famous believe that the *galmudim*'s presence, their ignorance of their own past, is ruining the cemetery's good name. The play thus confronts the ostensible inventors of Hebrew identity with their disaffected, disinherited heirs. As the play concludes, however, what appeared to be fixed categories are reversed. Bialik complains to Tchernichovski: "We have no history, we've only got rhymes," revealing their claims to fame

and identity as tenuous and fabricated.⁷⁴ However, the *galmudim* were not necessarily buried anonymously; what leaves them bereft of identity is the fact that no one has bothered to maintain their graves. The difference between the *galmudim* and the pantheon, therefore, is not a matter of actual deeds, but of memory. These orphans are, in a sense, emblematic of Tel Aviv's problem with roots, and with memory. Perhaps it is the inevitable result of building a place out of numerous individual pasts, where neighborhoods continue to expand, and few seem to take the time to consider Tel Aviv a place that will continue to be someone's home. Any cemetery is obligated in two directions—commemorating the past for the benefit of the future. It could be said that Tel Aviv is also anxious in these two directions, uncertain about both its past and its future. Reacting to yet another plan for commercial expansion upon one of the city's historic districts, sculptor Dani Karavan phrases the problem thus: "Perhaps we still don't know that the sites belong to us, the citizens of the city. . . . A city that has had its sites and views, its plants and its memories taken from it, loses its identity, stops existing and becomes a network of roads, parking lots and building without logic, an asphalt desert, the shadow of a man."⁷⁵ As Tel Aviv expands around it, becoming what some say will be the Hong Kong of the Middle East, the Old Cemetery remains a reminder of where the city came from, the tremendous loss involved, and the degree to which mourning remains unfinished. What would it mean for the Old Cemetery to become a true site of memory, not one of forgetting? It would entail remembering, for example, Abdal Nabi, the Moslem cemetery founded together with the Old Cemetery in 1902 and upon which the Tel Aviv Hilton now stands. Though not as explicitly a charged or debated space as is Jerusalem in this regard, the cemetery on Trumpeldor is ultimately an "object" of competing memories.⁷⁶ To fully appreciate its meaning, and the history of the city that grew around it, those nameless orphans who confront Bialik—the present generation stripped of a sense of its past—must themselves confront the bedouin shepherd in Rabikovitich's poem and the locked layers of forgetting traced by Yeshurun's footsteps.

Notes

This essay is part of a larger study of the poetics of Israeli space. For their patience and expertise I am grateful to Nili Varzarevsky, Tel Aviv-Jaffa Municipality Archives; Batia Carmiel, The Historical Museum of Tel Aviv-Jaffa; Ayelet Eilon, Society for the Protection of Nature, Tel Aviv Branch; Ilan Wolloch, Burial Society, Tel Aviv; and the staffs of the Central Zionist Archives and the National Library, Jerusalem. Thanks also to Peter Gordon and Naomi Seidman, copanelists on a Jewish cemeteries panel, and the audience at the Association for Jewish Studies Conference, Boston, December 1996; to Lincoln Shlensky for comments on an earlier draft; and to Eilon Schwartz for introducing me to the cemetery years ago.

1. Avot Yeshurun, "Lullaby for Nordia Quarter," in *The Syrian-African Rift* (in Hebrew) (Tel Aviv, 1974), 33–34. Unless otherwise noted, all translations are my own.
2. Michel de Certeau, "Practices of Space," in Marshall Blonsky, ed., *On Signs* (Baltimore, 1985), 129.
3. Ahad Ha'am ("one of the people") was the pen-name of Asher Ginsburg (1856–1927), a Russian Jew whose writings are considered the foundation of cultural Zionism.
4. Gershon Shofman, "Between a Rock and a Hard Place," in *Selected Stories* (in Hebrew) (1916; reprint, Tel Aviv, 1994), 75.
5. For a discussion of Hebrew literature in relation to modernism's valorization of exile see Michael Gluzman, "Modernism and Exile: A View from the Margins," in David Biale, Michael Galchinsky, and Susan Heschel, eds., *Insider/Outsider: American Jews and Multiculturalism* (Berkeley, 1998), 231–53.
6. S. Ilan Troen, "Establishing a Zionist Metropolis: Alternative Approaches to Building Tel-Aviv," *Journal of Urban History* 18, no. 1 (November 1991): 10–36.
7. For a good survey of Tel Aviv's famous Bauhaus construction within the general context of Israeli architecture see Aba Elhanani, *The Struggle for Independence: Israeli Architecture in the Twentieth Century* (in Hebrew) (Jerusalem, 1998).
8. Sigmund Freud, "The 'Uncanny,'" in *Writings on Art and Literature* (Stanford, 1997), 195, 217. Subsequent citations to this work appear in the text.
9. See Linda Nochlin and Tamar Garb, eds., *The Jew in the Text: Modernity and the Construction of Identity* (New York, 1996).
10. Devora Baron, "At the End of Summer," in Nurit Guvrin, ed., *The Second Half* (in Hebrew) (1920–21; reprint, Jerusalem, 1988), 632.
11. *Ibid.*, 634–35.
12. According to one of the dictionaries Freud refers to, a cemetery may be "quiet, lovely and *heimlich*, no place more fitted for [her] rest"; from Daniel Sanders's 1860 *Wortbuch*, cited in Anthony Vidler, *The Architectural Uncanny: Essays in the Modern Unhomely* (Cambridge, Mass., 1992), 26.
13. In this Baron resembles Shofman and other fin de siècle Hebrew writers. According to a recent study, "the meeting of decadent pessimism with the optimistic belief in the revival of the Jewish people was an important source of tension and complexity" in the work of Ch. N. Bialik, Yosef Chaim Brenner, and Micha Yosef Berdischevski; see Hamutal Bar-Yosef's *Decadent Trends in Hebrew Literature: Bialik, Berdischevski, Brenner* (in Hebrew) (Jerusalem, 1997), 374.
14. The ability of a single death to stand in for collective national sacrifice is characteristic of military cemeteries in contemporary Israel, where each grave is "a microcosm of the entire nationalist landscape of self-sacrifice"; Don Handelman and Lea Shamgar-Handelman, "The Presence of Absence: The Memorialization of National Death in Israel," in Eyal Ben-Ari and Yoram Bilu, eds., *Grasping Land: Space and Place in Contemporary Israeli Discourse and Experience* (Albany, 1997), 90.
15. A. Remba, *Israel Rokakh: The Mayor of Tel Aviv* (in Hebrew) (Tel Aviv, 1969), 27–28.
16. In a "black wedding" orphans were married off to one another in community-sponsored ceremonies. The idea was that God would look favorably upon the charity of the community and have mercy, thus easing the epidemic; see Shlomo Shva, *Ho Ir, Ho Em: The Romance of Tel Aviv-Jaffa* (in Hebrew) (Tel Aviv, 1977), 222–24. A newspaper report from *Ha-chavatzet* in 1903, cited in *The Book of the Old Cemetery* also contains details about the music of the weddings and the burial of holy scrolls; *The Book of the Old Cemetery*, ed. Zvi Kroll and Zadok Leinman (in Hebrew) (Tel Aviv, 1939).
17. *Ibid.*, vii. Subsequent citations appear in the text.

18. Vidler, *Architectural Uncanny*.
19. Tel Aviv Historical Archives, Burial Society File no. 4–1355/3807.
20. The cemetery received the designation “old” as early as the late 1920s, with the first plans to build a new cemetery. In addition to differentiating between the city’s burial sites, “the term *old* gives it a special flavor, so that thinking of it one would link it with truly old cemeteries in famous communities in the diaspora. Just as this term indicated the glory of old age and lent them respect and affection, so it was with [the Trumpeldor Cemetery]”; Dov Sadan, “Tel Aviv Sketches,” *Gazit* 50 (April 1984): 221.
21. Yosef Chaim Brenner (1878–1921) was a writer, journalist, and influential ideologue in Russian Zionist circles; he lived in Palestine from 1909 until his violent death in 1921, during the Jaffa riots of that year; see Nurit Guvrin, *Brenner: Guide and Non-Plussed* (in Hebrew) (Jerusalem, 1991), for a full account of the impact of his death.
22. *Ha-aretz*, 5 May 1921, cited in Guvrin, *Brenner*, 171.
23. *Ha-poel Ha-tsair*, 6 May 1921, cited in *ibid.*
24. Some of the earliest records were lost in a fire in the 1920s, but the Burial Society in Tel Aviv contains a computerized list of the names on every gravestone in the cemetery.
25. See, for example, Yoram Kaniuk’s reminiscence, in which he reviews the national pantheon and concludes: “And I, when I come [to the cemetery] I connect to the city by way of the modest tombstone of the first Yemenite pioneer”; Yoram Kaniuk, “Arlozorov, Sheinken, Ahad Ha’am—Everyone Is Here” (in Hebrew), in a playbill for Eldad Ziv’s *A Matter of Life and Death* performed at the National Theater (*Ha-bima*), Tel Aviv, 1997.
26. Pierre Nora, “Between Memory and History: *Les lieux de mémoire*,” *Representations* 26 (Spring 1989): 7.
27. According to the story of Simonides’ invention of the art of memory, people “must select places and form mental images of the things they wish to remember and store those images in the palaces, so that the order of the places will preserve the order of the things”; cited in Frances A. Yates, *The Art of Memory* (Chicago, 1966), 2. See also M. Christine Boyer, *The City of Collective Memory* (Princeton, 1994), 129–202.
28. The cemetery on the Mount of Olives in Jerusalem most approximates the sprawling city-like feel of Père Lachaise; see Meron Benvenisti’s study of Jerusalem’s cemeteries, *City of the Dead* (in Hebrew) (Jerusalem, 1990), 56–85.
29. For a short history see *Plan et histoire du Père Lachaise* (Paris, 1996).
30. See Ctibor Rybár, *Jewish Prague: Notes on History and Culture—A Guidebook*, trans. Joy Turner-Kadečková and Slavos Kadečka (in Czech) (Prague, 1991), 279–93.
31. The Society for the Protection of Nature runs occasional tours. Indeed, inasmuch as the cemetery has a “history,” it is contained within the factual information and anecdotes shared among the small group of guides who frequent the place. See also Shlomo Shva’s survey of the cemetery’s pantheon, “Where are the living in Tel Aviv?” (in Hebrew) *Davar Ha-shavua* (25 July 1986): 18–19; and in his *Rising from the Sands, Tel Aviv: The Early Years* (in Hebrew) (Tel Aviv, 1989), 41.
32. See Maoz Azaryahu, “Mount Herzl: The Creation of Israel’s National Cemetery” (in Hebrew), *Israel Studies* 1, no. 2 (Fall 1996): 46–74.
33. Meir Shalev, *Roman Rusi* (in Hebrew) (Tel Aviv, 1994), 196.
34. Batia Gur, *A Stone for a Stone* (in Hebrew) (Jerusalem, 1998), 31.
35. Eldad Ziv’s *A Matter of Life and Death*, which ran recently at the National Theater (*Ha-bima*) in Tel Aviv is an interesting exception to the general lack of public or literary discourse. See discussion later in the text.
36. *Tel Aviv Municipality Bulletin* (in Hebrew), vol. 4 (July 1922): 25–26.
37. For a discussion of the cemetery as a reflection of societal values see Randall H.

- McGuire, "Dialogues with the Dead: Ideology and the Cemetery," in *The Recovery of Meaning: Historical Archaeology in the Eastern United States* (Washington, D.C., 1988), 435–80.
38. Even though Jewish cemeteries are under the religious jurisdiction of the Burial Society, they seem to be the site of a relatively liberal degree of visual expression.
 39. Plans for the design of Theodore Herzl's tomb in 1952 were characterized by a similar tension: the desire for a more populist simplicity won out over monumentality; see Azaryahu, "Mount Herzl," 51.
 40. Tel Aviv's uniqueness in this regard is noted in one response to the publication of the *Book of the Old Cemetery*: "It is to Tel Aviv's credit, beyond that of many communities, that already in its earliest days there are those who show concern for her cemetery, and bequeath it eternal life"; Z. David, *Davar*, 21 Kislev 1940.
 41. David Magid, *The City of Vilna* (in Hebrew) (Vilna, 1900), ix–x.
 42. See David Roskies, "A Revolution Set in Stone, or The Art of Burial" (in English), *Pakn-Trager* 28 (Spring 1998): 36–47.
 43. The book is Leon Przysuski, *Cmentarze Żydowskie W Warszawie* (Warsaw, 1936).
 44. See Arnold Schwartzman, *Graven Images: Graphic Motifs of the Jewish Gravestone* (New York, 1993), for beautifully photographed examples.
 45. Following the custom of reintering bones from the diaspora in Israel, the first ashes from the death camps were brought as early as 1947; Handelman and Shamgar-Handelman, "Presence of Absence," 122.
 46. See James Young, *The Texture of Memory: Holocaust Memorials and Meaning* (New Haven, 1993).
 47. Handelman and Shamgar-Handelman, "Presence of Absence," 109.
 48. The major *shoah* memorial in Tel Aviv, Yigal Tumarkin's monumental inverted steel triangle *Shoah and Redemption* (1975), is located in Rabin Square in front of the Municipality Building.
 49. The grave of Dov Sterngelz, a member of the *Etzel* (pre-State military group) who died in 1946, is a rare exception; it bears the conventional military marker and inscription.
 50. "For the Living—to the Dead" (in Hebrew), *Moznayim* 10 (1940): 325.
 51. One of the editors, Zvi Kroll, is himself buried in the cemetery.
 52. Rybár, *Jewish Prague*, 289.
 53. Michel Foucault, *The Archaeology of Knowledge*, trans. A. M. Sheridan Smith (1969; reprint, New York, 1972), 130.
 54. From Yitzchak Bezael, *Everything Is Written in the Book: Interviews with Contemporary Israeli Writers* (in Hebrew) (Tel Aviv, 1969), 39; cited as the epigraph to Michael Gluzman, "Passover on Caves," in Adi Ophir, ed., *50 for '48* (in Hebrew) (Jerusalem, 1998), 113–23.
 55. The phrase, in Aramaic in Yeshurun's original, is the opening line of *Had Gadya*, a folk song traditionally sung at the Passover meal, relating a widening cycle of violence and destruction, wherein the kid-goat "father bought" at market is devoured.
 56. Yeshurun, *Syrian-African Rift*, 33–34.
 57. This remained the relation between the two sites in Avot Yeshurun's poetics. In his final volume, the poem-series *House* details the destruction of a building on Berdischevski Street in the poet's neighborhood in Tel Aviv. A short lyric bears the title "Krasnistav House" (Krasnistav was the poet's birthplace): "In Tel Aviv / I loved houses / until they were destroyed / and rebuilt. / I was sorry they were destroyed / the old I forgot. / If only I had forgotten / Krasnistav house"; Avot Yeshurun, *I Have Not Now* (in Hebrew) (Tel Aviv, 1992), 27.

58. Leah Goldberg, "Tel Aviv, 1935," in *Writings* (in Hebrew), 3 vols. (Tel Aviv, 1986), 3:14.
59. The enormous impact of Bialik's death in 1934 was heightened by the fact that he died in Vienna. During the nearly two weeks it took his coffin to reach Palestine, Hebrew newspapers were filled with reports tracking the coffin's progress and how it was received by Jewish delegations along the way, articles relating to the poet's life, remembrances by friends and colleagues, and descriptions of commemorative awesomeness in Jewish communities all over the world. Banner headlines ran in papers on both the day of his death and that of his funeral, which was attended by more than 100,000 people. Editions of *Davar* and *Ha-aretz* from 17 July 1934 contain examples of the extensive coverage and attention his funeral commanded.
60. "For the Living—to the Dead," 324.
61. Avot Yeshurun, *Collected Poems* (in Hebrew) (Tel Aviv, 1997), 2:121.
62. The property on which Dizengoff Center was built originally belonged to an Arab family from Jaffa who left in 1948; see Tamar Berger, *Dionysus at Dizengoff Center* (in Hebrew) (Tel Aviv, 1998), 143–49.
63. On streetnames see Maoz Azaryahu, "The Power of Commemorative Street Names," *Environment and Planning D: Society and Space* 14 (1996): 314–30; and Yoram Bar-Gal, "Tel Aviv Street Names" (in Hebrew), *Katedra* 47 (1987): 118–31.
64. Dalia Rabikovitch, *The Complete Poems So Far* (in Hebrew) (Tel Aviv, 1995), 318–19.
65. The scene described in the second stanza is strongly reminiscent of Bialik's 1917 ars poetical essay, "The Rule of the March," in *Collected Writings* (in Hebrew) (Tel Aviv, 1956), 181–82. I am grateful to Vered Shem-Tov for bringing this reference to my attention and for her help in reading Rabikovitch's reading of Bialik.
66. 1 Kings 1:50.
67. Job 40:30.
68. Rabikovitch, *The Complete Poems So Far*, 219–21, 287–88.
69. This metaphorical usage should not be confused with the narrative, psychoanalytic function of fictional Arab characters described in Mordechai Shalev's influential critique of A. B. Yehoshua's "Facing the Forests." According to Shalev, the novella's Arab character is conceived of as part of the native Israeli's identity complex, and not as a character in his own right; see Mordechai Shalev, "The Arab as a Literary Solution," *Ha-aretz*, 30 September 1970, 50–51.
70. Leah Goldberg, "From Songs of Zion," in *Writings*, 2:219.
71. One review of the book ironically raised the objection that the poem was overly optimistic in this regard; practically speaking, no amount of effort could now get *any* poet buried in the Trumpeldor Cemetery; see Meir Weiseltier, "True Love Is Not What It Seems," "*Sefarim*," *Ha-aretz*, 6 September 1995, 1.
72. 1 Kings 6:2, Ezek. 40:14.
73. Tel Aviv-Jaffa Municipality, "Minister of Tourism Visit in Tel Aviv," (report, 20 January 1998), 7.
74. *Eyn lanu toldot, yesh lanu rak charuzim*; this is Bialik's line, as I remember it, in a performance of Ziv's *A Matter of Life and Death* at the National Theater, Tel Aviv, in summer 1998. To my knowledge, a published version of the play does not exist.
75. Dani Karavan, "Save the Archaeological Site" (in Hebrew), *Ha-ir*, 21 August 1998, 29.
76. I am paraphrasing the title of Susan Slymovics's study of Ein Hod, an Israeli artists' village, and Ein Houd, the Palestinian village on whose site it was built; see Susan Slymovics, *The Object of Memory: Arab and Jew Narrate the Palestinian Village* (Philadelphia, 1998).

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Notes

²⁶ **Between Memory and History: Les Lieux de Mémoire**

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