

So, one of these yesterdays,

I get a phone call from the author A.K., whose last book about Israeli sailors in the 1960s I reviewed enthusiastically, because that's just the way I am, always benevolent, and he asks me to participate in a televised feature about him, and also, do I happen to know any sailors' joints in Haifa, because the TV guys want an authentic background suitable to the subject matter. I agreed immediately.

Why shouldn't I? My daughters will surely love seeing me on TV, and it's on the national Channel 1, so no one else will watch it. As to bars catering for sailors, this is the sort of information I'm always happy to share so that people will think I'm in the know, and I suggested Yoske's pub, a place I had actually been to several times. I thought of a few well-phrased sentences to say about the book, and even browsed it briefly, and on the designated day at the designated hour I rode down on the Carmelit and walked to the meeting point near Haifa Central railway station. I politely greeted the camera crew and shook hands with author A.K.

"No, no," said the director, suddenly noticing me: "Not like that. Meet up properly! Hug! This is a nostalgic get-together! Come on, do it again. Then look around you, talk about the way it used to be here at the port gate, and how it's changed. Bring up memories! Action!"

A.K., so far as I could judge at first sight, was a very pleasant man, and in our short conversation he reminded me that we had had a chance meeting once before, but that was the sum of our acquaintance. However, we are both fast learners, and before we knew it we found ourselves hugging passionately in front of the cameras like long-lost brothers forcefully separated for years, because we understood instantly that this is not reportage but rather a mini fictional film for which we were cast at short notice. A.K. plays himself, while I'm in the role of the shipmate with whom he shared the swaying bunk, the long-deck watches and the common visits to the brothels of Genoa

and Antwerp. The age difference between us was blurred in a script improvised by the director on the fly.

With surprising ease, we were both drawn into this school drama club atmosphere, walking along Ha'atzmaut Avenue, remembering the good old times when we used to roam this very street together among the stalls full of smuggled sailors' merchandise – blue jeans and Mortadella sausages, unavailable in the ascetic Israel of those days – or sat in the shady pubs near the port. Those days when these streets had a cosmopolitan feel to them, mingled, I hasten to add, with the spirit of Abba Hushi, hovering over Haifa like a reprimanding providence. Hushi was the socialist autocrat mayor of Haifa, and some people used to refer to the city by the derogatory nickname "Hushistan." I – the truth must be told – was only four years old at the time, but things must have trickled down and left their mark on me.

During the dead intervals in the filming I deepened my acquaintance with A.K. and had a pleasant conversation with him about literature, but he was repeatedly called to the camera, to perform the 1960s hit song "The One from Panorama Street", a song about Israeli sailors yearning for a big-breasted girl from Haifa while at anchor in the port of Panama, and to improvise variations of his scripted lines.

Near the old port gate on Palmer Street, we looked at the ships and the garbage containers. One person approached us to complain directly to the media about shortcomings of the current mayor that included his failure to reopen the nearby public toilets. Afterwards we were instructed to walk, deep in conversation, by what appeared to be a bar, inside which a couple of women were sitting who may or may not have been what the director assumed they were. This was when I uttered a solitary, poorly-phrased protest against the notion that prostitution would be presented, even by insinuation, as something seductive or exotic. I was hushed like a childish nuisance.

And then we all entered Yoske's pub, unannounced. Since my last visit the place had been renovated and extended, but kept its special charm: pictures of old cargo ships and sailors in navy uniform filled the walls. Haifa is a maritime city, even though it tries hard to ignore it. But not in Yoske's pub, where the salty ambience is inescapable. Yoske, wearing his eternal sailor's hat and brandishing a pipe, took the media invasion quite naturally and began to reminisce and talk freely to the camera. He suggested themes for A.K.'s next book. They made us all sit at a table, and after finding a good angle, served us glasses of Guinness; they filmed us talking, I don't quite remember what about, and raising a toast to the ships setting out to sea. Later they filmed A.K. at the bar, holding his book. I waited my turn to say a few

intelligent words about the book, but they already had enough material, and before I knew it they packed up and left. We stayed there, A.K. and I, pensively drawing on our metaphorical pipes, while Yoske smoked his real one.

This bizarre mock meeting, ultimately not screened, once more demonstrated to me Haifa's wasted literary potential. It has an abundance of material and human stories, enough for 70 cities, and yet Haifa's artistic and literary presence is modest. Authors do write about Haifa; a small minority of them even live here. But the beating heart of the new Israeli culture always was Tel Aviv, while eternal Jewish issues are safely stored in Jerusalem. With time I have become – admittedly slowly and gradually – a local patriot: I believe (it is surely a minority view) that Haifa is more beautiful than Jerusalem and more fascinating than Tel Aviv, and that its miserable reputation is a result of poor public relations. The burden of proof is mine, of course, and it seems a difficult task. I'm sure I'll fail, so I'll try.

THE LITTLE BIG CITY

Having been raised in its suburbs, I regard Haifa as “the big city” though those living in central Israel may consider it a backward province. I was born in Rothschild Hospital (its name was changed years ago, but Haifa veterans hold on to the old name), and grew up in the satellite townships to the north of the city across the Kishon stream, whose biblical glory had been transformed into an eternal stench of chemicals in greasy black mud. The silhouette of Mount Carmel sailing towards the sea is the most prominent landscape feature of my childhood, and my earliest and most enthralling voyages were on the Carmelit, Israel's only underground, inaugurated the year I was born. Ben Gurion cut the ribbon; Abba Hushi was master of ceremonies. He may have dreamed he was turning Haifa into a modern western city, the Paris or London of the Middle East.

So Haifa was my personal metropolis, and the Carmelit an adventure, with the zoo and the museum of prehistory at its far end, three-dimensional dioramas of clay Neanderthals hunting mammoth and skinning prey at the cave mouth. I got out at Masada station to visit Grandpa and Grandma, at Golomb to visit my mum's workplace in the Rothschild Hospital children's ward, at Hanevi'im to see Dr Teichner the dentist. The Carmelit axis – a straight, purposeful line climbing from the harbour to the top of the Carmel, with six stations – was, for me, Haifa in its essence.

When I started traveling the Carmelit again, after a long period during which it was laid up, the frequent voyages provoked

mixed feelings and daydreams, especially early in the morning: it seemed as if the Carmelit has secret branches, deserted stations where it no longer stops, reduced to a dim flash in the darkness of the tunnel; that if the driver decided to stop, it would be possible to disembark to a different place, a different time; that at one specific moment of the day, between Masada and Hanevi'im, the Carmelit might turn to a steep, plummeting track leading to unknown stations with advertising posters from the 1960s for Meged oil, Sintabon soap, and Osem biscuits, where half-familiar faces of people long gone peep in through the wide car windows and the unique smell of the old Carmelit, the Carmelit of my childhood, remains unchanged.

Actually, the stations have never changed. But everything else is gone. I'm not one to sigh and mourn the disappearance of yesterday's world, to sink into memories as if I'm already an old man; but at times a whiff of that smell hits my nostrils, and I hear the sound of cables gliding on wheels covered with black grease – the sounds of the old Carmelit, where signs were printed in Hebrew, Arabic and French.

SOLEL BONEH

So the Carmelit is a time machine. But its time is short. One good solid daydream is enough to make you miss your station. From Gan Ha'em to Kikar Paris, seven minutes, the electronic display announces. No wonder it was once mockingly called the "millimetro."

At Solel Boneh station, named after the great trade-union-owned building contractor that once built the country and later found time to build other countries as well, a school of cheerful young boys all wearing long side-locks flock into the car, accompanied by a few older girls, kindergarten teachers or perhaps older sisters. They must have come from Geula, the ultra-orthodox neighbourhood, on a typical holiday treat – riding the Carmelit. The girls wanted to take photographs, but just then a big man in a gray coat entered sporting a Pushkin-style forelock, a Lermontov gaze, and a Shmuel Rodensky accent, and shouted: "No pictures on Carmelit!" At second glance I noticed he wore some badge on his chest.

The girls obeyed, somewhat bewildered. Then they asked why, but their question was left unanswered. Afterwards it was repeated, hopping back and forth between the seats in childish voices all the way up to Golomb station, and I wondered if their media-free environment spared them the security insights that are second nature to secular Israelis from age seven onward. Towards our arrival at Gan Ha'em terminal, because the discussion still continued, I offered an

explanation: “Maybe they want to keep it a secret that the Carmelit is the tiniest subway in the world.” They looked at me, surprised, not thinking that was funny.

Of course it's no secret. It's in the Guinness Book of Records. The Carmelit is not even an underground railway, but rather a funicular, an oversized elevator which stops on six floors. It plunges endlessly back and forth through its dark shaft but stubbornly resists sexual analogies: the sudden warm wind that blows when the car approaches, the glass and painted metal, the secretive sect of operators – presumably railway engineers from Kiev – give the Carmelit a kind of sweet, old fashioned, well-mannered serenity, especially in winter, and it's only those little yellow loudspeakers pouring the daily news into the air that drag you by the scruff of your neck back to reality.

HANEVI'IM

Veteran citizens among us may remember a 45 rpm single sold in Israel shortly after the 1967 war entitled “Cairo Voice of Thunder.” On its cover was a propaganda caricature from Egypt's *Al-Ahram* newspaper. “Recorded in burning Tel Aviv,” it contained recordings of Egyptian radio announcers broadcasting, in pidgin Hebrew, ridiculous lies about the Six Day War. About 40 years later, in 2006, the ether aired tall tales “from bombed Haifa”: A rocket landed on the post office near Hanevi'im station. Absurd! Katyushas in Bat Galim? Urban legends! But my wife attended an anti-war demonstration not far from there, and an air of shell shock was quite noticeable when she returned home. The Carmelit tunnels turned into bomb shelters, just like the London Blitz. I wrote a little war diary at the time, expressing, it seems to me in retrospect, mostly disbelief at the implausible, idiotic scenario materialising before our very eyes.

This morning we returned cheerful and gay to our lovely city of Haifa. We were jovial, or, in the words of the Russian proverb my father recited to me, “Nastroyenye Bodroye idiom kodnu,” meaning roughly “With our spirits high we go down the drain”. Oh yes, we must keep our morale high. We had a nice time in Tel Aviv, spent a lot of money, occasionally talking on the phone with my father, who refused to evacuate his home in the northern suburbs. He is a veteran Red Army soldier back on the battlefield, but compared to the second Byelorussian front, he says, this is nothing serious. In his view, each missile has an address written on it, and though it sounds fatalistic, reality proves that's the truth. It's just another way of saying this is a statistical war.

We treated the daily alarms with relative indifference – the explosions were far away. At the last evening alarm, on the other hand, we listened, in our atomic bomb shelter with crumbling gray walls smelling of mould, to far more impressive bangs, louder even than last week's. The results can be reviewed in the news websites. I was asked to write a 250-word "on location" piece for the literary supplement, and I did, a poor attempt to convey what this war makes me feel: disgust and gloom, mostly.

The alarms going off cause an adrenalin rush; little girls wake up terrified from their sleep. The nearby hits shake the air and frighten the cats. The shelter is five stories down, and you get to meet the neighbours. Most of them returned, as we did, from a forced vacation down south to an unreal Haifa. Take the e-mail from André Suidan, owner of the Special Reserve wine shop, inviting his customers to "An Israeli-Lebanese wine meeting – five leading Israeli wines opposite five leading Lebanese wines, from five different harvests. The wine tasting will be accompanied by Lebanese appetizers and Israeli cheese." An elderly English-born lady, widow of an Israeli sea captain who experienced the Blitz, was mostly appalled to hear Haifa port was closed down: "This never happened before!" she exclaimed, and was right. As for me, I'm under the impression that a more redundant war never broke out in these parts, and that's saying a lot; and civilians were never abandoned in a more blatant way, but this is just my unlearned opinion. Meanwhile, along the Louis Promenade, television crews from 20 major channels built makeshift studios and look north, hoping to catch missiles approaching and exploding in residential areas live.

I remember a fragile, soft-spoken lady who stopped me one evening, two or more years ago, near the Carmelit entrance, asking if I speak English. I thought she was seeking guidance, but in fact she wanted to guide me. She spoke slowly and gently: she came from Virginia with a group of Christians, she said without being too specific, to spend a week in the Holy Land, because according to all signs the war of Gog and Magog is nigh, just around the corner, and they wanted to strengthen and support Israel. The enemy shall come from the North, she said. She quoted the Book of Ezekiel. I listened for a while, nodding with a blank face and wondering whether I should run off, or start a dialogue just for fun. I eventually chatted with her for a while, politely stating my views, and now it was her turn to listen and nod; politeness is one of the religious lunatics' basic rules. And like all broken clocks, they are sometimes correct for a short while.

MASADA

For a few years I followed with some interest a public campaign to save an old stone building at 15 Tveria Street. It was a success; the house was renovated and became the Hadar Regional Cultural Centre. I sometimes passed by to see the work in progress. Eventually the gate placed there by my uncle many years ago was removed, as was the strange-looking metal fence around the balcony, where my grandparents used to sit in the afternoons and entertain friends and family.

In the Carmelit station named Masada, with its misspelling originating from early Zionist writing, I disembarked as a child to visit my grandparents on Tveria Street, which is in fact the western section of Masada Street, a short walk away. My grandparents escaped their homes in Poland to Siberia and Uzbekistan, and later immigrated to Haifa and settled in this nice stone house in Hadar, whose original owners had been evacuated, presumably against their will, to a new house of their own, perhaps in Beirut. Just recently, I heard that the sister of Haifa's Mufti had lived there, and that the ground floor was let, before 1948, to a Jewish family. Later the house became "Absentee Property" and at some point in the early 1950s the municipality let it for "key money" to my grandparents and another family. The ground floor was arbitrarily split so that the apartment had a rather bizarre plan. No one lived on the top floor, which had a mysterious sign on the external staircase leading to the door: "The Ethnological Museum". After both my grandparents died, the place stood empty and shuttered up until someone decided to tear it down, and the Hadar people fought the decision successfully.

Shortly afterwards, when I saw a sign advertising a new coffee shop on the stone wall by the old house, I had to stop and look inside, if only to see my grandma's living room, and in particular the reddish brown Armenian tiled floor where I used to play with tin cans. I was happy to see it remained intact. So were the original doors and the wooden shutters, carefully renovated. The yard, which once had beds of vegetables, olive trees and palms, was covered with stone tiles, but most of the trees were left, and maybe a few new ones planted. The kitchen stood exactly where my grandmother's tiny kitchen was, but had been expanded to include what used to be the adjacent bathroom. In the living room and part of the old bedroom, there were small tables with many colourful dishes for self service. I think my grandfather would have liked it. He was fond of late rich breakfasts, with a big selection of cheeses, smoked and salted fish, jams and other rare contraband he must have bought in the sailor's stalls downtown. My grandmother would appreciate

the lovely presentation and impressive plates. I looked for paint stains on the floor where my grandfather's easel used to stand.

In the corner a dark, heavy piece of furniture stood, carrying many childhood memories: I used to enter the dark interior and close the door, leaving only a thin strip of light; it was the pantry, and it was always filled with tin cans – Portuguese sardines, American beef, sweet concentrated milk from Holland. Aladdin's cave with treasures glittering in the dim gold and silver of the conserve tins. It never occurred to me at the time that a loaded pantry may hint at a past of hunger and desperation.

I talked to the owner and chef, who wanted to know if I had old pictures or information about the house, and later we sat down to eat – at introductory prices – in the room that once housed the neighbours, the Rabinovic family. We agreed with the guests at the table next to us that the food is excellent and the place agreeable, and one of them remembered her childhood in nearby Hillel Street, from whence she used to watch passenger ships entering Haifa port.

But the pleasant restaurant closed after a short time, as is often the case where parking is problematic. Masada Street offers instead a few little cafés, small shops and street events, all as part of an effort to turn it into “the Haifa Shenkin,” a bohemian, vibrant and fashionable centre like Tel Aviv's Shenkin Street. The success is partial. When we decided to take a friend, a guest from abroad, to a night out on Masada Street, the evening slowly turned into a surreal play: first, a group of Yeshiva pupils passed by on their way to a public event – I believe it was the “blessing of the moon” – like a scene out of a Chagall painting; soon afterwards we heard the loud tapping of running feet coming from the steep stairs that cross Masada and lead from the mountain all the way downtown. Someone was running like the wind, followed by two policemen. We were puzzled, shrugged our shoulders, and then clearly heard a few gun shots. Our friend stooped under the table, covering her head; she claimed it's the normal automatic reaction of every New Yorker in such circumstances. We asked for the bill and walked up towards our car in Hillel Street. A man was walking down toward us, wobbling; drunk? Not really. As we passed the unsteady pedestrian we saw a glimmer of metal at his wrists – handcuffs – and despite the dim light we could see a huge blood stain on his shirt. On the street above, a police car was parked, blue lights flashing.

Anyone in his right mind, like our guest, would conclude only one thing from this series of events – we are in the midst of a high-crime area where walking the street at night means putting your life on the line. But I only figured that out in retrospect, because at the time I observed it all with mild, curious amusement: After all, I was in Masada

Street, not far from my grandparents' place; I know every corner here, and I know that no place on earth is safer.

GOLOMB

Dima (not his real name) wears a light blue shabby overall, sneakers and white surgeon's gloves. He is tall and athletic (and will prove it in a minute) and from a distance he looks like a NASA technician, but he holds a rubber mop and pushes water from the deck to the tunnel. Yes, rainwater leaks into the Carmelit tunnel. On rainy days they sometimes place buckets and rags underneath, like in some half-ruined tropical slum. Does this happen in Paris or London, or in the most magnificent underground of all, so they say, in Moscow? I hear Dima speak to a small smiling man sitting on the bench waiting for the next train. They both look amused. I come nearer to listen. In spite of his strong Russian accent and his occasional mistakes, his Hebrew is very clear. He speaks fast, passionately, knowing he only has time until the next Carmelit arrives and the listener walks into it. The following is not a verbatim quotation but it catches the spirit of things:

"I'm a mechanical technician; I worked in Chernobyl, near the reactor. We were a group of 18, now only seven survive. They all had radiation related diseases. I have periodical medical tests, and last time I had it, in Maccabi clinic, they said everything is fine and I'm healthy, and that from now on I can continue with my life with no worries, because if no damage was discovered for so long it means I'm out of danger. So now I start thinking of a wife. I had girl-friends, but up until now I didn't want a family, I said to myself, what for, my prognosis is not good, out of 18 only seven remained. I'm 43, but in good shape, yesterday I sat with a few chaps, young, one was 23, we drank a bit, I told this guy, you are 23, but can you ..." (Dima now puts down his mop, swiftly drops down to a series of push-ups on the damp gray floor tiles; on the upward movement he quickly folds his gloved hand and claps hands, repeating the drill several times) "... do this? I'm healthy, never touched meat, only fruit and vegetables, I exercise, see? Now I can find a woman, marry, have a child."

Russian immigrants operate the Carmelit, guard the gates, clean the stations, grease the moving parts, man the control room and reproach passengers breaking the rules, many of whom are Russian immigrants as well. They may be familiar with the Moscow underground, but now have to settle for six stations and four cars. Golomb station was named after another Russian immigrant who left a mark during Mandatory times, but as mentioned before, the name was changed, and present day immigrants are not familiar with him.

The small group of waiting passengers watches Dima's gymnastics, smiling. He continues with his monologue, fast and determined. But then the train comes in, and his listeners disappear. I wanted to ask him a few more questions but I rarely get out at Golomb station.

GAN HA'EM

I returned from a meeting downtown and emerged from the tunnel to a chilly evening near Gan Ha'em station. I was in a hurry, and waved for a taxi. "Beit-Lehem," I say to the driver, the name of my street. He is young, wears a well-groomed beard, a jacket and jeans.

"Do you mean the one near Jerusalem or Beth Lehem of Galilee?" he asks. I make sure with a glance that he is joking, not noticing he is looking for a conversation. "I just recently heard such a place exists, Beth Lehem of Galilee," he tells me. "I had a ride there not long ago, my first time there."

"Oh really?" I say. "Nice place. Been there many times."

"Yes," he confirms, but cuts to the topic he is interested in: "What do you think, is this the real Beth Lehem, where Jesus was born?"

"Well," showing off my sophistication, still not getting what he is up to, "it makes sense, and it's very close to Nazareth. I would think it's reasonable to assume he was born there, not near Jerusalem."

"It messes up those Christians' head if it's true, right? Isn't it a mess if their whole story is wrong?"

"Listen" – I try to cool him off a bit – "this isn't new." And I explain that Christian theology must have dealt with such questions for a millennium or two, and it is not likely that the Holy See will be shaken by his revelation, or that Christians will regard it as a deal-breaker.

"I certainly don't have a problem with it," he says. "We say Jesus lived to be 120. He was buried in India. His grave is there."

I try to digest the new piece of information and place this strange catechism within my partial, blurred and unsubstantiated database related to esoteric faiths and religions.

"Who is 'We'?" I ask, very politely.

"Ahmeds" he says. "We kick everybody's butt. The Christians, Muslims, Jews, everybody." He seems to be exceedingly proud of it, mostly because of the butt-kicking. I try to rummage through my memory:

“So in your faith Jesus is one of the true prophets? Like the Muslims?”

“Yes, he is a Jewish prophet. Hell of a prophet, no problem, but nobody did him any harm. Crucifixion and all that? Never happened. He lived to be 120. They have no clue. We don’t believe all those things. That he was the son of God; that he went up to heaven. There’s no such thing, heaven. What is heaven? God is not in heaven, he is everywhere. No one goes up to heaven ...”

“What about Muhammad and his horse Burak?”

He was waiting for this. I finally realise he is leading me on, tempting me cunningly in order to present the basics of Ahmedi philosophy according to him:

“We say it was all a dream, you see.” (He now speaks faster, as we are approaching our destination). “It was just a dream he had. This is why we kick the Muslims’ butt. Because we say, what is this, flying around with a horse to heaven? We can now fly faster with an airplane. It’s no big deal. We believe that ...”

“Stop here, please.” I pay and get out. Most Haifa-dwellers are not in the habit of conversing randomly about religion, but had I taken a car and not the Carmelit, I would have passed, on my way up: a Greek Orthodox church, a Jehovah’s Witness Kingdom Hall, several mosques, one conspicuous golden Baha’i shrine, a Carmelite monastery, a Pravoslav Capela, and probably a few synagogues. Are they rolling in their graves, those atheist socialists who wanted to create Haifa as a city of commerce and trade, science and education? Those who built the Carmelit, and hoped the hard-working citizens’ energy would be channeled towards “a day of labour at the port,” as Shimon Israeli, a Haifa singer recommended with his deep bass in the 1960s in a song titled “Just an Ordinary Day,” a paean to normality, daily routine, wholly secular, with little room for temples, rites and theological polemics.

KIKAR PARIS

Growing up in the Israel of the 1960s, deep in the Zionist-Jewish-Israeli mainstream, left some of Haifa’s most central human and geographical features within the boundaries of a blind spot, and I only began to perceive them gradually as I grew older, in no small part thanks to a little book by Emile Habibi, entitled *Ikhitiyyeh*.

As if in passing, just telling little funny anecdotes, he managed to invert my well-established view of the world, which at the time I accepted without much thought. Habibi described Haifa, which

I thought I knew, from the other side of the looking glass: “I drove through Heroes Street, the Heroes who deported the dwellers of Wadi Rushmia from their homes,” he wrote. “Faisal Square, at the entrance to the Hejaz railway station, became Hativat Golani, the Golani Brigade street, only, as is normally the case in this country, the Arabic sign was in bad, erroneous Arabic, turning it into “Khatibat Gulany”, meaning Gulany’s fiancés. And I, before acquiring the necessary military knowledge, thought this Gulany is a Hebrew Don Juan with many lovers, called fiancées as a euphemism ...”

Here is what he has to say about the last, or first, Carmelit station: “They renamed Al Hamra (Wine) Square Paris Square, to avert the whiff of shady bars, not knowing that Al Hamra is the name of a prominent family. Even earlier, the square was named Hanatir Square, that is, Carriage Square, where our forefathers the coachmen used to mock the hats of lady tourists from abroad that looked to them like flower pots, calling them ‘Paris hats’.”

Habibi’s puns and etymological homilies were funny to the point of tears, and mostly revealed a longing for a completely different, unknown, undiscovered Haifa of the “Arab days”, making it clear to me, quite early on, that I don’t have a monopoly on Haifa childhood memories and nostalgia. Not only that, this other world of memories was hidden from me, probably intentionally. Later on, I began to work in downtown Haifa, and Kikar Paris station was my gate to Arab Haifa. I began to get acquainted, slowly and insufficiently.

We live in world of immigrants and refugees, ownership claims and cries of deprivation, colliding political theories, but I’m utterly convinced that all that is required to receive a legal claim over a place is childhood memories. Those are equally distributed among those who remember.

Any similarity between the fictional and real Haifa, Habibi says in his prologue to *Ikhtiyeh*, is merely a delusion born of yearning; and he adds that his confidence in the possibility of the freedom to yearn for Haifa while living in Haifa is shaken. I would like to calm him down and say that the freedom to yearn, at will, still prevails.



NAOMI ZUR. *Faces from Hadar HaCarmel.*

