

Dislocation, Alienation and Detachment in Appelfeld's Fiction

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Displaced Writer of Displaced Fiction

Aharon Appelfeld's life experiences have been transformed into his works of fiction and memoirs. His characters, echoing the life experience of the author, spend their childhood in solitary wanderings through ominous spaces during the war years. They undergo the harrowing experiences of being uprooted from family and home, and are caught in their own nightmare, unaware of the magnitude of historical events in which they are entrapped. Caught in the post-traumatic consequences and haunted by their experience, the survivors attempt to rehabilitate themselves through resurrecting the forgotten past, both individual and tribal.

In this paper I shall look at the depiction of the alienated and displaced adults who had suffered as children from the traumatic events of the war. They emerge from the chaos of war in the postwar years and find it difficult to escape their memories, in spite of their attempts to suppress them. They differ from others in the society in which they seek to rehabilitate themselves in countless ineluctable ways and cannot shed their past or their status and self perception as 'the other', both as victims and as refugees, and seem marked for life. The sense of the displacement and isolation, the inability to form attachments and sustain intimate relationships constitute the main post-traumatic syndromes exhibited by these survivors. They are incapable of enjoying the newly acquired freedom, and feel a need for seclusion and solitude and seek flight from 'normal' life and society into the inner recesses of 'the self'. Their inability to trust others and their perception of the ill intentions harboured against them seem inappropriate in their new circumstances, and

1. Definition of PTSD taken from the internet site of the Centre for PTSD Fact Sheet: 'Posttraumatic Stress Disorder, or PTSD, is a psychiatric disorder that can occur following the experience or witnessing of life-threatening events such as military combat, natural disasters, terrorist incidents, serious accidents, or violent personal assaults like rape. People who suffer from PTSD often relive the experience through nightmares and flashbacks, have difficulty sleeping, and feel.'

2. Aharon Appelfeld, *Sipur hayim* ('Story of a Life') (Jerusalem 1999) 50.

3. Dan Bar-On, *The 'Others' within Us* (Beer-Sheva 1999) 4.

4. S. Robinson, M. Rapaport-Bar-Sever and J. Rapaport, 'Child Survivors of the Holocaust: their Present Mental State and Coping: A Preliminary Report' *Echoes of the Holocaust* 2 (April 1993) 28.

stem from the trauma of a childhood and adolescence deprived of parental love, from a strong sense of dislocation and from a feeling of abandonment that continues to haunt them. Their compulsion and unrelenting quest for separation and detachment leads to unfulfilled and lonely adulthoods.

In considering Appelfeld's development of the emotional make-up of his protagonists, it is useful to explore certain aspects of Post-traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD)¹ that provide a framework not only for understanding emotional reactions in infants and children but also for comprehending the consequences in adults. Attachment styles in adults are thought to stem directly from the mental models of the self and others that were developed during infancy and childhood. It provides a key for grasping how the horrendous chain of events depicted in Appelfeld's stories affected *the children who* coped with the loss of a mother, an experience, the author tells us, he himself did not witness, but 'the last cry still resonates in his ears',² followed by forced separation and dislocation. Uprooted from home and from much of early known experience, these children are unprepared by their previous lives for what is to come. Added to this is the painful encounter and attempt to root oneself in a new homeland that never quite manages to be home in the full sense of the word. All of this manifests itself years later, in various disorders. Holocaust survivors, who began a new life in Israel, had to deal with the question of identity. Perceived as the 'other' by the native-born Israelis, they had to adapt to the collective monolithic identity³ or risk isolation and non-acceptance. They attempted to do so but at the same time, plagued by memories, they had to retreat into the inner self, into the world of the past, never quite able to get out of the trauma and the past experience. In many cases they were not fully able to forge a new identity, to forget about the past and to attempt a normal life, as prescribed by the society into which they were integrated. Psychologists who have researched the topic have noted that the suffering of child survivors from post-traumatic symptoms, the traumatic stress of these survivors, becomes even more severe later than was experienced immediately after the war. Most of them still feel that they are *suffering* mentally and physically from the impact of the persecution they underwent during the Holocaust.⁴

This distress, at times latent and at times overt, is clearly evident in the voices of many of the fictional characters that inhabit Appelfeld's

works. The many classic symptoms documented in professional literature of such post-trauma are exhibited through the various characters in the stories: inability to bond, depression, anti-social behaviour, anxiety, avoidance of intimacy for fear of separation, repression of memory but at the same time reliving the trauma in nightmares, the splitting of the self, a blurred sense of identity and a host of physical symptoms. They demonstrate failure to become a part of the collective, in spite of desperate efforts to do so.

The Action Arena

There is a close and direct relationship between Appelfeld's characters and the stage on which they perform. The stage is defined by space and time and by the mental state of the actors. The arenas in which the protagonists are placed can be divided into four centre stages and two transitional juncture points, that lead from one stage to another: Europe – the first centre stage – is associated with home, which is mainly an imagined reconstructed idyllic home or homes in the pre-war period; Europe transformed constitutes the second arena, in which the characters are thrust from the security of home to the vast spaces of the countryside and forests with dangers lurking everywhere, where the individuals and groups continuously wander seeking safety from the predators during the war years. The transitional DP camps provide the juncture with the move to Israel, the third action arena, which instead of providing the promised homeland is depicted in many stories as almost an illusory adoptive stepmother land. And the last and most important one is the fourth arena, a hybrid universe which combines the three previous ones and gives rise to a new one – living in the present in the refuge place, but at the same time suffering from what Yigal Schwartz aptly described as Lot's wife syndrome⁵ – looking back rather than living in the present – being driven by a frantic relentless preoccupation with the world of some indefinable past. The characters try to reverse time, to search obsessively for a past that has been erased from memory by re-inventing many variations of that world. It is not one particular journey to look for lost things, but a multitude of such paths in an unclear blurred roadmap. This new hybrid arena is full of inherent contradictions: it reflects a movement away from the vast open spaces of the forests and away from the constant movement of refugee bands roving aimlessly, and reduces to an enclosed, static and ever shrinking space that provides a shelter from the outside

5. Yigal Schwartz, *Kinat hayahid ve-netzah hashevet: Aharon Appelfeld: Tmunat 'olam* ('Individual Lament and Tribal Eternity: Aharon Appelfeld: Picture of his World') (Jerusalem 1996) 15.

6. In an interview with Michael Gluzman, *Mikan* 1 (2002) 150, Appelfeld describes his sense of being an immigrant: 'I grew up as an orphan, I went through the war, and I grew up among the refugees, and I am still an immigrant. An immigrant is an immigrant is an immigrant.'

7. Aharon Appelfeld, *Badenheim 1939* (Tel Aviv 1975) trans. Dalya Bilu (Godine 1980).

8. Aharon Appelfeld, *1946* (Tel Aviv 1978) 77-105.

9. Aharon Appelfeld, *Laylah ve'od laylah* (Jerusalem 2001).

world. Those who populate it live in a constant existential state of being refugees rather than beginning a new life.⁶ At the same time, however, this seemingly hopeless direction leads to an inner space that, while barren and haunted, also suggests that it can be the one avenue that leads to self-discovery.

Ensemble and Individual Stories

There are two main related formats Appelfeld uses for his survivor stories: the ensemble stories are used effectively in the novella *Badenheim 1939*,⁷ set in pre-war Europe on the eve of the Holocaust, where a group of individuals is transformed into a community through the force of events, or the novella *1946*⁸ where a similar caste of characters appears as refugees right after the war and a reverse process of disintegration of the community takes place, and a recent novel *Laylah ve'od laylah* ('Night after Night'),⁹ which is an ensemble novel set in a pension in Jerusalem, with a caste of characters who lead parallel, isolated lives in a communal setting and seek to find salvation and solution to their existential dilemmas in the revival of Yiddish as the language for literary expression; it attempts to link memory and experience not through language alone but at some deeper level. The second format is that of the story that revolves around individuals; it portrays their solitary insular experience and focuses on the individual who retreats from the community. It often appears in the form of a short story – where anonymous characters are depicted in a sketchier, less fleshed out fashion, as if the author wants to avoid a closer encounter with the subject. Many of Appelfeld's early short stories take this form, but it also serves as the building block for larger works, which often adopt a seemingly ensemble mode but are actually separate individual stories connected by a frame story. In *Night after Night* the efforts to live communally in the pension does not save the participants from their ontological isolation and solitary anguish and nightmares. The entire novel is based on a constantly shifting and undulating dynamics, on the forces and needs that draw the survivors together in search of some solace and collective redemption, and the private terrifying memories that tear them apart. This is reflected in the form as well as the content, as each person is entrapped in his or her own individual trauma:

In any case, each person is by himself. In the early hours of the morning you can sense the thick loneliness rising from the rooms.

Here every resident has a story, and there are those who have two or three stories that they drag with them from place to place, mostly complicated and painful stories, that if any came to light, it would cause an upheaval in the pension for quite a few days.¹⁰

10. Ibid.13.

The spectrum of emotions of these central figures is limited – there is a certain flatness to them, also characteristic of those who suffer from past trauma syndromes. Surprisingly, the rage, the aggression, the thirst for revenge is rarely expressed overtly. Mostly guilt, shame, alienation, humiliation,¹¹ inadequacy and inability to engage with life and with others dominate the scene. And yet rage is there, even when not expressed. As Robert Krell, a psychiatrist and himself a survivor who studied survivor children, observed:

11. Appelfeld has spoken about the overwhelming sense of humiliation experienced in particular by children: 'Life equipped me only to be a writer – it equipped me with orphanhood, pains, poverty, hunger and, the most difficult of all, with humiliation. During the time of war the ones who were most humiliated were the women and children, and the children more than the women.' Interview with Gluzman, 153.

There is an avoidance that is partly an attempt to escape the victim's rage. And there is no greater rage. Collusion in silence with victims of the extreme – of those who experienced humiliation, torture, and torment – is common. Silence feels safer. Better not ask. Yet rage exists. It exists because of, and about, the perpetrators. It must be understood and recognized before healing can take place. Ask any victim of severe abuse. In fact, ask any of us, and do so with compassion and without fear, and you'll hear a story that may be healing, not only for the teller, but also for the listener.¹²

12. Robert Krell, 'Children who Survived the Holocaust: Reflections of a Child Survivor/Psychiatrist' *Echoes of the Holocaust* (4 June 1995).

While, on the whole, Appelfeld's characters are passive and not possessed by revenge, it becomes the obsession of one of the residents of the pension in *Night after Night*. The pension owner, Mrs Pracht, a German Jew, who embodies the philosophy of assimilation, including a hostile and dismissive attitude towards Yiddish, becomes an embodiment of German civilization and rejection of Jewish values and traditions in the mind of the East European survivors. A foreshadowing of the act of violence, with drinking and total solitude as its precursors, appears early in the story:

A year ago, one of the residents attacked Mrs. Pracht, threw her on the floor and threatened to strangle her. Had it not been for some residents who rushed to save her, it is doubtful if she would have survived. The attacker, one of the veteran residents of the pension, a quiet and introverted man, used to sit in his room most of the day and drink. His drinking

13. Appelfeld, *Laylah ve'od laylah* 13.

was solitary and lacked any outward expression. In the pension nobody remembered even one violent move of his. A man without a shadow, as they say, by himself and only by himself.¹³

In his delusional state, Mordechai feels that it is his duty to the community to eradicate the German presence and so kills Mrs Pracht, who had to come to represent the threat to him. He sees the act of violence as justified and is ready for the consequences: 'I did my duty, and now I am ready to die' (p. 152). It in some ways expresses the collective fury and rage, the need for a violent response, for an act of revenge. Yet the thought that the victim can assume the identity of his victimizer and turn into a killer shocks them. 'I dream of all kinds of things', says Stiegler, one of the residents, 'but I have never dreamt about a murder in the pension. Reality, it seems, is stronger than nightmare. Nightmare, at times, is but a pale shadow of reality.'¹⁴

14. Ibid. 153.

This City is but a City and not a Home

An extract from a short story that appeared in the literary supplement of an Israeli newspaper provides an excellent illustration of the ongoing psychological damage incurred by individual survivors. The story, 'This City',¹⁵ a very short story of about eight hundred words, manages to have a great impact in spite of its brevity. I found myself constantly referring to it as 'That City' or as 'the Strange or Alien City' since the deictic markers seemed misplaced. Only when I realized that the effect that the story produced was that of the negative of a photograph, where the colors are reversed and reduced, where oppositions work on a different axis of expectations, did I realize that so do the deictic markers in the story.

15. Aharon Appelfeld 'translit' (This city) Yediot Aharonot
www.ynet.co.il/articles/1,7340,L-560910,FF.html.

The title 'This City' need not and perhaps should not be read as a noun phrase but rather as an exclamatory sentence, behind which is a cry full of emotion: The title, which at first is seemingly a neutral one, upon reading the story provokes a different response, when the intention becomes clearer. Behind it is a strong rejection, a disdain, an irony, even a tone of derision and certainly that of disappointment – it actually creates a distance from the here and now. This city is indeed but a city – not a home.

The narrator identifies himself as a refugee – but he is by no means a

newcomer to this city, for he tells us that his circumstances are that of an established member of society:

'I have a spacious apartment, a suitable shower, a device that generates classical music, a library and savings that can support me till the end of my days.'¹⁶ And yet he presents himself as someone who does not belong, as a perpetual refugee – the words are picked carefully – the term survivor is not used. A survivor would be **translit**, that is, one who was saved from the Holocaust – our protagonist is not yet saved and maintains his emotional refugee status, **translit**, which is both a fugitive and a refugee and comes from the root to be ejected from some place. That choice is significant. While a *palit* often points to a temporary state, here it used for a person in a continuous state of homelessness. The refugee identity of the narrator is fully preserved, and he is unable and unwilling to shed it. It helps him maintain his ambivalence towards his new home.

16. Ibid.

The narrator starts the story in this manner: 'Tel Aviv is a sticky town during July. You cannot touch a railing or lean on a wall. I bought myself a pair of gloves to separate myself from the foul materials that surround me.' These opening sentences are extremely powerful – the discomfort, the lack of belonging and inappropriateness of response to the external environment are transmitted in these two short sentences. The climate is hostile and the refuge taken from it is achieved by putting on gloves in the heat of summer. In this short description Appelfeld manages to create a reading between the lines that implies much more than is stated – the narrator's neurosis is reminiscent of a classic symptom of the patient who washes his hands continuously to separate himself from what he perceives as a threatening and foul environment. It is both a gesture of unhealthy obsession and a rejection of the world outside. With a short and fine stroke of a brush, Appelfeld brings it all to the forefront. This is corroborated as the story moves along:

Everything is sweaty. I spend hours in the shower, but the steamy sweat penetrates, pollutes the air and stifles. I turn on the classical music station and sit in my easy chair. An hour or two of classical music removes me from this boiling pot and plants me back in my beloved landscape.¹⁷

17. Ibid.

The hostile weather colludes with the city – both unbearable – but it becomes somewhat tolerable in the winter – for our narrator is a

18. Ibid.

winter man in what is a summer land. The mismatch can be found in many small details in this and other stories: 'Had it not been for the winter, I am in doubt whether I would have lasted in this place. In the winter I am a different man. I open the door of my apartment and go out with my head up high. My hat and coat lend me privacy and I feel insulated.'¹⁸

19. Appelfeld writes about his relationship with Agnon in *Studies in the Fiction of S. J. Agnon* (Oxford 1994) 12-207.

Someone who feels rejected and answers with rejection expresses a great deal of hostility. He tells us that he feels no need to justify how and what he feels, not to himself and not to others. I do what I do, and I never explain. In this sense also, I am a strange creature in this city. Here accusations, excuses and explanations are widespread. He sets himself apart from the collective, and he actually ends up doing the opposite of what he claims (reminiscent of some of Agnon's heroes in **translit**¹⁹) – while accusing, he is also providing a rationalization, excuses and indictments – the very things he claims to loathe. His strong outburst turns into a confessional act as well as a condemnation. But this type of confessional needs no eye contact or any interaction with the listener. The act of confession is done in isolation and the addressee is absent.

20. **Translit.** this city

Alone, estranged, uncommunicative, he is incapable of any intimacy, of any sense of closeness – the necessary qualities for healing and starting a new life. Being a refugee also provides refuge from any personal commitments. Any change of state of mind seems to him to be a betrayal of true identity and of the past. This is almost a case study for how traumatic events continue to affect the individual throughout her or his entire life. His experience leads him to loss of trust – it tells him that intimacy is a potential source of pain and that the separation he experienced as a child is without a doubt waiting to happen again. He interrupts his diatribe to discuss his relationship or rather entanglements with women: 'It is true that women have disrupted my life, and not without leaving me some lovely memories. I have already learned, that only fleeting and short encounters are for the most part successful, the rest only entangles you. It is best to crave a woman instead of being with her for any length of time.'²⁰

From that generalization about women, he moves to perhaps the high point of the story, the one which most reveals the truth of his situation, which he is clearly aware of but unwilling to acknowledge. It is the failure to form an attachment to a particular woman, Tina, herself a

refugee, for whom the reader senses he has a great attraction, affinity, admiration and even the beginnings of an emotional involvement – all of which are very threatening. This is described subtly, economically and elegantly by the author, in two short paragraphs, full of tenderness mixed with high anxiety.

I fondly remember one woman by the name of Tina, who resided in Jaffa at the end of the 50s, actually more correctly in Jabaliya. I got together with her a number of times, but every moment of it remains imprinted in me: her eyes when I entered, the manner in which she stood and pulled back her hair, took my coat from my hand, the arch of her back when she served me a drink. She never asked me what I do, as is customary, and I never asked her, as if it was agreed between us that the past indeed had significance, but not a decisive one.²¹

21. Ibid.

Tina is one of a host of feminine, nearly ethereal characters in Appelfeld's works, who cannot adjust and belong to a present reality, to a new Jewish homeland disconnected from the European landscape. Among them are Kitty (in the short story by that name), who spends the war years and finds her death in a convent,²² Kristina in *Laylah ve'od laylah* ('Night after Night'), who leaves her husband and young son, to return to life in a convent. Tina provides a representation of all that was, as resurrected and fabricated in his memories – harmony, love, elegance and an ideal state in idyllic circumstances. His description of Tina conflates all these:

22. **Translit** (Kitty) (1963).

Tina was about thirty, perhaps younger, and she had a certain nobility that by now has vanished from the world. All of her movements said: let's be good to each other, so long as it is possible. Who know what tomorrow may bring us? She was, like the rest of us, a refugee, but the sense of being a refugee did not adhere to her. She spoke nice German and French, like all the girls from good families in my hometown of Czernowitz.²³

23. **Translit** This City.

The idealized figure of Tina is a replication of the lost mother, the lost home and the idealized memory built around it. In addition, she represents a strong link to a non-Jewish European identity tied to Christianity, in a form that is isolated from actual reality. It provides

24. Ibid.

conditioned shelter to those under its protection and an escape mechanism from the vicissitudes of life. In real life Tina might turn out to have other real needs that would undermine this idealized reconstruction. He interprets rather than gives Tina a voice of her own – it is her movements that send the message to him – and the reader senses that, if she spoke, her words might carry quite a different message. Tina, kept at a distance by the narrator, her voice muted, finds a different kind of refuge and love: she seeks solitude in a Christian world, in a convent, that sheltered her in other days. She too fails to find a new life in the new land. 'Now I know that I was not good enough for her. One meets a woman like Tina only once in a lifetime. It seems that I did not know how to value what was offered to me.'²⁴

25. Ibid.

The responsibility for this failure, and the inability to consider the needs of another, is entirely his. His rationalization, his inaction and his inability to express by a performative act a promise for commitment he interprets as shared by Tina, whom he perceives likewise flees such a commitment: 'Her words were few and charmingly limited. She seemingly knew what I had learned after a while: words only insult or hurt or leave a continuous conflict in the soul, and it is better to avoid them.'²⁵ The narrator resorts to the mechanism of self-defence, that of avoidance, which protects him from a repetition of painful experience and, consequently, a refusal to engage with life. Instead of accepting Tina as a woman, he transforms her into the embodiment of the past he longs for. The object of his potential love is so purified that she is no longer an object of desire; instead it becomes a relationship with a dead past, which is not an option.

Avoidant adults are somewhat uncomfortable being close to others; they find it difficult to trust others completely and difficult to allow themselves to depend on others. Avoidant adults are nervous when anyone gets close and, often, love partners want them to be more intimate than they feel comfortable being. The role of the women in this story is part of the paradigm that the narrator creates: the city takes on a symbolic meaning and its inhabitants are but a metonymic representation:

Sometimes it seems to me that the women are not to blame, only the city. A city that is given over to the domination of a cruelly beating sun, of humidity and sticky sweat, and can

produce but crude and coarse words. The words, like the blowing fans in the cheap cafés, do not bring any relief, or understanding, only a hum and a buzz.

Everything is buzzing here. It is no wonder that big screaming women pop up in every corner. Fat men sit under the worn awnings and streams of sweat drip from their faces. Who are they? How did I ever end up here? What am I doing in their strange proximity?

Sometimes I think that everyone wants to escape the sweat and the noise. The sticky sweat, of course, does not dissipate. The noise increases daily. From my sealed apartment it sounds at times like an ongoing stream of curses and sometimes as a violent joy.²⁶

26. Ibid.

The narrator's strong reaction to the fat men sitting under the umbrellas and the screaming women seems to suggest more than a dislike for the new environment. It suggests that the strong reaction to the noise, the sweat and the curses bring up other fragments of memory, associated with the trauma of the years of the war. This suggestion is backed by research carried out by a psychologist on those who suffer from PTSD:

A smell, a sound, an image evoke fragments of images or emotions, more compelling than current reality, fragments to which all experience pain, anger, fear, shame and powerlessness have attached themselves. If a coherent account must be given, then it is often painfully apparent that this is impossible. Most often, the person is unable to present an overview of this period.²⁷

27. L. van Ravesteijn, 'Gelaagdheid van herinneringen' (Layering of memories). Tijdschrift voor Psychotherapie V 1 (1976) 195.

The only solution found is avoidance and withdrawal: 'I am thinking of building double doors so that I can separate myself, once and for all times, from the sweat and the din. Clumsy words and sticky sweat are a deadly combination. Dig myself more and more into my apartment, and the thought that I don't belong to all of this, is all embracing.'²⁸

28. This City.

The story emphasizes the degree to which its protagonist strives to escape from the noise of the crowds into a world of silence. Silence

29. Interview with Michael March, <http://www.new-presence.cz/97/09/interview.htm>.

30. From *Derrida* (2002), documentary film directed by Kirby Dick and Amy Ziering Kofman.

and isolation protect him from the sweaty collective body of people among whom he is destined to spend his postwar existence. Appelfeld confirms that silence indeed feels safer for his survivors. This sense is heightened through the writing style as well. There are many gaps, many details not told to the reader, and these gaps are filled by long silences. Appelfeld has commented that he found silence to be one of the underlying foundations of character building and that silences make up the discourse in his stories: 'From Beckett I understood that the unspoken is more important than the spoken – that the silence between words is one of the most important things. He was indirectly one of my teachers.'²⁹

A Shifting Locus

What does this short fragment from Appelfeld's extensive work tell its readers? Jacques Derrida provides an excellent justification for reading much into a short work. In a documentary film of 2002,³⁰ when asked questions about his life in an attempt to provide a biographical sketch, Derrida responded that the best way to get to know any philosopher or writer is not through asking such questions or writing biographies, but by reading a sample of the writing carefully, attempting to understand it in some depth; this will lead one to know much more than if one reads an exhaustive biography by someone who claims to know all there is to know about the subject.

This is essentially my method in this paper, by taking a look at the extremely short story 'This City', rather than at the larger picture. This story is embedded in the wonderful tapestry of the totality of Appelfeld's fiction – stories, novels and other writings which constitutes his expanding universe. By being added to this extensive body of literature, this story again shifts the focus as the components of Appelfeld's works rearrange themselves. The author takes the reader on different pathways in his journey for the search of some location – which shifts constantly and never reveals itself clearly. 'This City' is but another attempt that ends in failure to find a path to the existential dilemma.

The questions that are always asked are to what extent Appelfeld's fiction is autobiographical and what is the relationship between his own life and his fictional works. Derrida makes an interesting comment on the relationship between the two components:

Neither readings of philosophical systems nor external empirical readings have ever in themselves questioned the dynamics of that borderline between the work and the life, between the system and the subject of the system. This borderline is neither active nor passive; it is neither outside nor inside. It is most especially not a thin line, an invisible or indivisible trait that lies between the philosophy on the one hand, and the life of an author on the other.³¹

Philip Roth summarizes much of Appelfeld's writing with this observation:

Appelfeld is a displaced writer of displaced fiction, who has made of displacement and disorientation a subject uniquely his own... As unique as the subject is a voice that originates in a wounded consciousness pitched somewhere between amnesia and memory, and that situates the fiction it narrates midway between parable and history.³²

31. Jacques Derrida, *The Ear of the Other* (New York 1985).

32. Philip Roth, 'Walking the Way of the Survivor: A Talk With Aharon Appelfeld', *Sunday* 28 February 1988, Section 7, p. 1.