

A Recipe for Daphne

Nektaria Anastasiadou



First published in 2020 by
Hoopoe
113 Sharia Kasr el Aini, Cairo, Egypt
One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10020
www.hoopoefiction.com

Hoopoe is an imprint of the American University in Cairo Press
www.aucpress.com

Copyright © 2020 by Nektaria Anastasiadou

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Dar el Kutub No. 22298/19
ISBN 978 977 416 979 3

Dar el Kutub Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Anastasiadou, Nektaria
A Recipe for Daphne / Nektaria Anastasiadou.—Cairo: The American
University in Cairo Press, 2019.
p. cm.
ISBN 978 977 416 979 3
1. English Fiction
823

1 2 3 4 5 24 23 22 21 20

Designed by Adam el-Sehemy
Printed in the United States of America

1

Preparation for an Encounter

WHAT THE MAN IN WHITE called cerebral arteriosclerosis and vascular dementia, Fanis called preparation for an encounter with divinity.

“You’re just a little confused,” said the man. He withdrew the icy metal thing he’d been holding to Fanis’s chest. “That’s common after a syncope. You’re going to be okay.”

Fanis took a deep breath: the place smelled of iodoform and humiliation. He could hear restrained murmurs, offensive beeping, and somebody emptying his insides. It wasn’t what he expected of Hades. His vision was still blurry, but he was able to make out a golden caduceus on the man’s lapel. “My God,” he said. “Is it you? And why are you speaking Turkish?”

“I’m sorry,” said the man. He had the deep bass voice that Fanis had always wanted. “I forgot to introduce myself. I’m Dr. Aydemir.”

“A doctor? But that staff belongs to Hermes, not to doctors. Asclepius’s staff—with just *one* snake—is the symbol of medicine. Which makes you an impostor, sir.”

Dr. Aydemir glanced at his watch. “Do you know where you are?”

“Of course I do. I’m in the City.”

“Which city?”

“There’s only one. Istanbul.”

“And just where in Istanbul are you?”

Fanis looked around. He saw a nurse's foot—in an ugly white shoe—peeking out from beneath the flimsy yellow privacy curtains. “The German Hospital,” he said.

“Good,” said Dr. Aydemir. “Do you know what day it is?”

“June 4, 2011. The day I was supposed to meet a god.”

The doctor smiled. “It's true that some people think of me that way. But I'm human after all.”

“That's not what I meant,” said Fanis, suddenly aware that they had dressed him in one of those awful paper gowns.

“Did you mean,” said the doctor, “that you thought you would die today? It's not time to worry about that yet. Medications can treat your condition.”

Fanis, however, did not believe that multicolored pills could cure anything. Apart from sporadic aggravations such as erectile dysfunction, that was.

The doctor took out his mobile phone. “Perhaps I misunderstood. Maybe you'd like me to send for a priest?”

Fanis rolled his eyes. He knew the fellow was only trying to be considerate, but the question irritated him. Everyone had noticed the Greek name on Fanis's chart and the religious classification on his identity card: Christian. Those were his minority tags, his marks of non-Turkishness. And so, when he had mentioned an encounter with divinity, the doctor had assumed that he was referring either to death or to churches. Yet Fanis had seen the cause of the illness in his dreams, and he knew what it meant: it was time to unbind knots, loosen tongues, and release what had been kept hidden. The divinity who would help him was neither Christian nor Muslim, but Hermes, the god of transitions and boundaries and the patron of shamans, travelers, thieves, storytellers, and liars.

Still, Fanis realized that this young pup would never understand. So he said, “That's not necessary. Just give me your side of the story.”

“Excuse me?”

“The prognosis, the treatment, and all that ho-hum.”

“Right.” The doctor sat on a rolling air-lift stool and crossed his long legs. “Let’s start with the arteriosclerosis. The risks are ischemic or hemorrhagic stroke—”

“Death, you mean.”

“Yes, as well as vascular dementia. Thank God, you’ve managed to avoid a stroke so far, but from the symptoms—confusion, difficulty making decisions, restlessness, agitation, memory issues—it seems you’re already in the early stages of vascular dementia.”

“So it’s all over?”

“Not necessarily. I suggest you reduce your fat intake—”

“Impossible.”

“Then you’ll at least have to take these medications.” Dr. Aydemir tore five prescriptions from his pad.

Fanis was unable to read the snake-track writing. “What are these?” he asked.

“Just a few things to lower your cholesterol and blood pressure, and help prevent cognitive decline and a potentially fatal stroke.”

“Can I take them with Viagra?”

“You take Viagra?”

“Didn’t they tell you? That’s why I came. I want a prescription.”

“At seventy-six?”

“Why not?”

“You mean you still—?”

“Of course.”

“Shouldn’t you be spending time with your grandchildren?”

“I don’t have any. My late wife—may God give her rest—couldn’t conceive. But I’m going to remarry as soon as I find a beautiful woman of my own kind. *Rum*, that is.”

The doctor stared at Fanis. He probably didn’t even know that the word *Rum* was a Turkified version of the Greek word *Romios*, which meant Roman. At best, Dr. Aydemir thought

of Fanis in the terms of the rest of the world, as an “Istanbul Greek,” which implied that his forebears hailed from Greece and not from Istanbul. Aydemir surely didn’t know—because almost no one did nowadays—that many of Istanbul’s Greek-speaking Rums were descendants of a native population that had lived in the City since well before AD 330, the year in which Constantinople became the capital of the Eastern Roman Empire.

Fanis explained, “The Patriarch says we should all have three kids to perpetuate our race. I probably won’t manage so many. I’d be happy with just one son to carry on the Paleologos name. It’s Byzantine, you know.”

“I’m sorry, sir, but I don’t think it’s a good idea. You’ve got more important things to worry about now.”

“What could be more important than that?”

“Listen. It’s imperative that you begin taking these medications today. Not tomorrow, today. Otherwise your condition could worsen rapidly. You’re still a vibrant man. I don’t want to see you lose your independence.”

“And the Viagra?”

The doctor sighed. “We’ll revisit the subject at your next appointment. Two weeks from today, okay?”

The doctor shook his hand, lifted the yellow curtain, and disappeared. A male nurse handed Fanis the clothing and accessories that had been neatly stored in a cabinet at the foot of the examination table: a crisp shirt, creased pants, a gold-buckled belt, and well-polished shoes. Thank God no one had stolen his watch. It was still on his left wrist, and his wedding ring—along with that of his dead wife—was safe on his right ring finger. After tying his silk handkerchief around his neck, Fanis thanked the nurse and left the hospital through the back entrance in order to reduce the chance of being seen by acquaintances.

Once outside, Fanis turned right into Turnacıbaşı Street. While walking beneath the grapevines that crawled over

electric lines and drooped like pearls on a woman's chest, he tried to decide whether he should follow the doctor's advice. Fanis wasn't against sleeping pills, necessary antibiotics, or romantic helpers. After all, those weren't things you took every day. But chronic medication was another thing altogether. Once you go down that road, he had always said, there's no coming back. You're on the fast track to more and more disease. But if the alternative was a stroke that could put him in Baloukli Nursing Home, where he would spend his days staring at the ceiling, muttering incoherently, and doing his business in a bedpan? Then what?

He entered the Turnacıbaşı Pharmacy, whose floor-to-ceiling wood and glass cabinets were filled with sinister little boxes. "Is anyone here?" he asked.

"Be out in two minutes!" shouted the pharmacist from the back room.

Fanis went outside and petted the two homeless Kangal-mix dogs that lived nearby. They lifted their dirty heads, sniffed his air, and leaned into his caresses. Fanis's neighbors were stingy on love, but at least they kept the beasts fed and watered. Everywhere you saw the bottoms of five-liter plastic bottles that had been cut to make water dishes for dogs and cats. Across from the pharmacy, an artist had made a cat bed from an old pink suitcase and a green pillow, and she had placed a pot of carnations beside it so that the cat would imagine he was lounging in his own private garden.

"How I would love to be that cat," said Fanis in Greek.

"Me too," replied a voice, in the same language. Fanis looked up. A full-figured woman with black hair so curly it was almost horizontal gave him a quick smile and a flash of her dark eyes and scampered off.

"Madame," he called out, but she didn't turn back.

Fanis looked through the open door. The pharmacist still hadn't appeared. Fanis stuffed the prescriptions into his pocket and took off toward the narrow pedestrian byway into

which the woman had turned, but he made it all the way to Çukurcuma Street without another glimpse of her. He sighed and glanced down the hill toward the Galata Tower, rising like a party hat above the peninsula. The view was especially touching at that time of day, when the orange light of sunset zigzagged over the tile-roofed buildings of Pera.

Suddenly a beat-up black sports car came whizzing around a curve in the road. Fanis was obliged to jump backward in order to avoid being flattened. The car skidded to a stop.

The buff young driver opened his window and said, "Sorry, Uncle."

Fanis kicked a tire. "You're going to kill someone!" he shouted.

"It's not my fault they made these streets for mule carts and carriages!"

The car sped off. Miffed that he had lost the curly-haired vixen and also afraid of falling prey to the next rapsallion on wheels, Fanis hurried into the crook of the side street embracing the local mosque. Before him was Çukurcuma Antiques, the shop he had owned and operated for thirty-eight years and sold in 1996.

He popped his head inside, scanned the fifties retro furniture that was now passed off as "antique," and said in Turkish, "Attila! Good evening, son, how are you?"

Attila put one hand on his hip and waved with the other. "Mr. Fanis!" he called. "Come in for a tea."

"Thanks, but I don't have time right now. Did a woman with black curls come this way?"

"Skirt-chasing again, Mr. Fanis?"

"Never. Have you seen her?"

"Maybe. She climbed the hill toward Firuzağa Mosque, but you'll never catch up. Why don't you come in? I'd like to get your opinion on some carpets."

"Another time, son." Fanis hurried toward the next shop, which specialized in antique kitchen counters and basins. Ten

or twelve heavy marble pieces leaned against the wall, like un-inscribed tombstones. Fanis wondered how many of the meals he had eaten at departed friends' houses had been prepared beside those very sinks. Such a macabre thought. He drove it from his mind, scurried past the graveyard of oblong kitchen vestiges, and hung a left up a steep hill. Before continuing up Ağa Hamamı Street, where red flags and election placards waved from the lampposts, he caught sight of a nest of crazy black curls behind the great jars of preserved onions, cucumbers, tomatoes, carrots, and lemons on the shelves of the pickle-shop vitrine. He crossed the street and stepped inside the aquarium-like store, but the curly hair he had spotted from afar turned out to belong to a chubby teenage clerk.

"Good afternoon, dear," he said. "A small jar of pickled sea herb, please."

"I probably shouldn't tell you this," said the girl, "but the greengrocer next door has fresh sea herb. Why would you want to buy pickled when you can get fresh?"

"So true," said Fanis. "But cleaning fresh sea herb is a woman's job."

"You don't have a wife?"

"No. Do you know anybody who might be interested?"

The girl stared at him for a moment, then put the jar of sea herb in a blue plastic bag, rang up the purchase, and wished him a good day. Fanis stepped out into Ağa Hamamı Street grinning: the girl was far from attractive, but it had been fun to tease her a little. He looked this way and that, but the dark woman had disappeared. His little flirtation in the pickle shop had cost him the chase. Oh, well. He probably ought to return to the pharmacy, anyway. Fanis continued on his way, now in such a good mood that he forgot to avert his eyes when he passed the cul-de-sac where Kalypso, his lost fiancée, had lived. As much as Fanis loved his neighborhood, he hated the hill leading to that dead end of deserted and now reoccupied houses. Especially the one that had belonged to Kalypso. For

a second he thought he heard the Roza Eskenazi record that Kalypso used to play when her mother wasn't home. Fanis stopped dead in the middle of the sidewalk. No, he hadn't heard Roza. The music was just something similar coming from the barbershop. He took another few steps toward the pharmacy and stopped again, this time grasping a streetlamp for support. He wondered why he should prolong his life with pills when Kalypso was—*perhaps*—waiting for him in the next world. Besides, he couldn't come to terms with having to buy one of those plastic pill boxes with a separate compartment for each day of the week, and he was sure that all doctors were liars. Thinking things over for just one more day couldn't possibly cause any harm.

He did an about-face and walked straight to the trendy bakery and tea garden that had recently reopened, after an extensive renovation, behind Firuzağa Mosque. He went inside and scanned the glass cases of lira-sized cookies in dozens of flavors—apple, coffee-filled-chocolate, pistachio, cherry-jam surprise, almond, fig-and-walnut, apricot-and-hazelnut, and orange-vanilla. The decision was easy. Cherry jam had always been his favorite. While waiting in line, he examined the tea garden's décor. Its walls were done in tastefully modern white brick. Its counters, tables, and signs were faced in a material that resembled golden oak or pine. He applauded the decorator: there was hardly any plastic in sight.

Having placed his order, Fanis collected his tray of tea and cookies, stepped onto the patio that stretched between the north wall of the bakery and an abandoned Ottoman cemetery, and settled down at a small wooden table shaded by a great linden tree and an awning with the shop's name—Neighbor's House—printed in whimsical brown letters.

While nibbling a cherry-jam surprise, Fanis overheard a woman's voice speaking the pure City Greek of the mid-twentieth century. He took a short breath of the linden-flower-scented air. Could it be her? He looked toward

the other side of the crowded patio. The woman with curly hair was nowhere in sight. Again he heard Greek, this time coming from a balding, stubble-faced fellow in a pocketed fishing vest. Fanis felt the visceral attraction of a foreigner to his own kind and to a home that had vanished despite his never having left it.

The fellow in the fishing vest was his friend Julien Chevalier, of course, a retired music teacher descended from one of the old French Levantine families. Beside him sat Alik Marouli, a sweet but unsightly Rum widow, whom Fanis had known forever. He waved.

“Come join us,” Julien shouted. “Unless you’re waiting for a lady friend, that is.”

Fanis picked up his tray and set out for the other side of the patio. On the way, a gray cat tangled itself within his legs and caused him to trip on the slate pavement. He caught himself, but his tea spilled all over the tray.

“Damn cat,” said Julien. “Someday it’s going to kill someone.”

“Ungrateful beast,” said Alik. She pressed the knuckle of her index finger to the bottom of her nose so that the rest of her hand covered her mouth—a nervous vestige from the days when one could be reprimanded for speaking Greek in the street. “That cat’s already made me trip twice. Next time I’ll probably end up in the hospital.”

“Speaking of hospitals,” said Julien, “how did it go?”

“Not so well,” said Fanis. “I had a little episode while I was there.”

“Episode?”

“I blacked out. Briefly.”

“Is something wrong?” asked Alik.

“No, the tests were fine. It was just nerves. The doctor says I’m as healthy as can be.”

Alik scrunched both eyes into a joyous double wink. “You always were.”

“Anyway,” said Fanis, momentarily disturbed by the crinkle of the prescriptions in his pocket, “the doctor gave me another good twenty years at least.”

“More tea?” asked a waitress.

“Yes, please, Emine,” said Julien. When the young lady had gone back inside, he said, “See her? Another girl gone religious. The baseball cap is only for work: she’ll leave here in a headscarf.”

“As if the secular girls were dressed any better,” said Fanis. “Look at them in their rag-tag outfits, going about with mobile phones glued to their ears and speaking with the drawling accent that’s become fashionable lately. I hardly understand them.”

“Don’t say any more, brother. Have you seen the transvestites in Tarlabası?”

“At least their hair is nicely done. Remember when women used to go to the hairdresser twice a week and come out looking like movie stars? Just like our friend Alikı here.” Fanis patted Alikı’s arm. She blushed.

“Ach,” said Julien, “and the worst part is that even when a nice one comes along we’re too slow to catch her.”

“Don’t put so much stock in speed, friend,” said Fanis. “Skill has always been more important. We still have that. Apropos”—Fanis lowered his voice—“do you know a Greek-speaking woman who lives in the area, dark, attractive, full-figured, with black hair as curly as an Arab’s?”

“Can’t say I do. And I’d remember if she’s attractive.”

“Just my luck,” said Fanis.

Alikı fluttered her blue-powdered eyelids. “Don’t worry. There are plenty of other ladies who would—”

“Three days ago it was pouring chair legs,” said Fanis, fanning himself. “Now I’m sweating like a sausage.” Alikı and Julien looked perfectly comfortable, but he was burning up. Could this overheating be a sign of more trouble? Alikı offered him a handkerchief embroidered with a single violet.

Fanis thanked her and dabbed his forehead. When Emine served their teas, he said, "Could you raise the awning, dear? It's blocking the cool breezes coming up from the Bosphorus."

Emine side-nodded. "Of course."

Fanis looked toward the street. Rea Xenidou, supporting herself on the arm of her son, Kosmas, was shuffling onto the patio. Rea's ankles and knees were unnaturally swollen. She winced at each step and progressed at a turtle pace, but her middle-aged son Kosmas showed no sign of haste or annoyance.

"Almost there, Mother," he said.

Fanis offered his canvas chair. He had always appreciated Rea's elegant French twist, the barely there shade of her lipstick, and the fact that she still donned all her gold jewelry for teatime, just as everybody had done half a century ago. Ladies like her deserved special treatment.

Rea's son, on the other hand, was a real piece of work. It was obvious that his mother still dressed him because he wore hideous, horizontally striped polo shirts in which Fanis would not have been caught dead. Kosmas had the brush-cut of a soldier, which, in combination with his tasteless outfits, led one to suppose that he was some sort of computer geek rather than an award-winning pastry chef.

"Ach, that feels good," said Rea, as she eased herself into Fanis's chair.

Aliki leaned against the low wall of the Ottoman cemetery and covered her mouth. "What are you talking about? These chairs are awful. They sag in the middle."

"Don't do that," snapped Julien.

"What?" said Aliki.

"The cemetery shakes at night from the unrest of its souls. It's bad luck to touch that wall. Unless you're in a hurry to join its inhabitants, that is."

"God forbid," said Aliki.

"Come on," said Fanis. "We aren't superstitious. Stop trying to frighten poor Aliki."

Just then, a seventyish woman wearing a gold necklace that disappeared beneath her blouse—an obvious sign, to the trained eye, that she was a Christian or Jew who preferred to keep her religion private—approached arm in arm with a young woman who walked with the rod-straight posture of a ballerina and the curious gaze of a foreigner.

“Good evening,” said Aliki in Greek.

Gavriela Theodorou, a remarried divorcée from the hill-top neighborhood of Tativla, kissed her friends and said, “This is my niece. Just arrived from America.”

Fanis suddenly understood the workings of destiny: the curly-haired woman was not *the one*, but rather the rabbit who had led him down the hole to the wonderland in which Gavriela Theodorou’s niece was waiting for him. Then again, Gavriela had never made any mention of an American niece. That was rather strange. Suspicious, almost.

Julien stood and pulled out his chair with a gallant sweep, a bow, and a chivalric triple turn of the wrist that ended in an upturned palm pointed at the chair. Kosmas also stood and offered his seat, but without any embellishments. Fanis tried to do the same, but the skinny gray cat, which had apparently resettled beneath his chair, screeched so loudly that it startled him, and he fell back down.

“Stay where you are, sir,” said the niece. “We only need two.”

Annoyed that he had been surpassed in gentlemanly conduct, Fanis waited until Julien and Kosmas had gone inside for more chairs. He took advantage of their absence to pull his seat over to the young lady’s and ask, “What’s your name, dear?”

“Daphne.” She gathered her loose hair, which undulated like the curls of a Minoan princess, and let it tumble down her back. Although Daphne was not as voluptuous as the curly-haired siren, Fanis was excited by the way her black shirt exposed one of her pale shoulders. It was as if she was only half dressed.

“The most beautiful name there is,” said Fanis. “Where are you from?”

“Miami.”

He held out his hand. “Fanis.”

“Pleased to meet you,” said Daphne. Her voice was nasal and her accent in Greek strange: something between Istanbul and Athens, with a tinge of American.

He grasped her fingertips as gently as he would an old tapestry. “What beautiful, natural nails you have. It takes pluck not to hide behind polish. I suspect you have quite a lot of fire in you. What’s your sign?”

Daphne tried to pull away her hand, but Fanis held it firmly. “Scorpio,” she said.

“I knew it! Didn’t I say you were fiery?” He kissed her chapped knuckles.

“What’s your sign, Mr. Fanis?”

The ‘Mr.’ nettled Fanis, but he let it slide. “Guess,” he said.

“Leo.”

“Not far off. But I’m neither cruel nor bossy. Guess again.”

“Gemini,” said Daphne.

“That’s an air sign. Do you really think I have an air sign?”

“Aries, then.”

He released her hand. “I knew you’d get it. After all, it’s the sign of energy and ardor. I’m Aries through and through. Did you know that Aries men and Scorpio women can be a perfect match?”

Daphne clicked her tongue. “I don’t believe in that stuff.”

Fanis continued: “It’s because Scorpio women are so difficult to satisfy. Aries is the only sign that can handle it. His passion is raw, whereas Scorpio passion is—”

“Cut it out or you’ll scare her away,” said Julien, just returned with Kosmas and the extra chairs. “Now, tell me, Daphne, what brings you to the City?”

“A Turkish class.” She twisted a tendril of hair around her finger.

“*Turkish?*” said Rea.

“I’m thinking about a PhD. In oral history.”

“How interesting,” said Fanis. “Do you know, my dear Daphne, that you have the heavy eyelids of the last Ottoman sultans? But that’s not surprising because most of the sultans’ mothers were Rum.”

“For how long will you be in the City, Daphne?” asked Julien.

Gaviela removed her dark glasses and announced triumphantly, “Five weeks.”

Everyone hummed in satisfaction: it was long enough.

“How old are you, dear?” asked Alik. Fanis could have kissed Alik’s bristly cheeks. It was just what he wanted to know, but he made a point of never asking a man’s salary, or a woman’s age.

“Thirty-two,” said Daphne.

Slightly young for Fanis, but he was sure he could win her. Instead of taking part in the usual chitchat, he sat back in his chair and listened while each of his friends put forward what they considered the most important subjects.

“Do you work, sweetie?” asked Rea.

“I’m a teacher.”

“Oh, that’s the very best profession for a woman,” said Alik.

Rea smiled sweetly at her son, turned back to Daphne, and asked, “Do you love children?”

“Yes, but I don’t always love their parents.”

“Are you married?”

“Not yet.”

Fanis felt a secret tickle of delight, but he kept his hands folded across his belly, as if these details held no importance for him. He watched the flexing and curling of Daphne’s unpainted toes, and he suspected—despite her confident replies—that her fidgeting was an indication of a certain discomfort.

“Good for you,” said Julien. “Marriage destroys romance. Stay single if you want to have a good love life.”

“Still,” said Alik, “one gets lonely.”

“Don’t worry, little mama,” said Gavriela to her niece. “We’ll find you a groom.”

“But you haven’t told us,” said Rea. “Whose child are you?”

“My aunt’s sister’s,” said Daphne. Everyone laughed.

Meanwhile, like any expert hunter, Fanis was completing the essential task of reconnaissance: the girl pricked at their questions, and her replies, although proper, were evasive. How he loved a mysterious woman. More than that, however, he admired her trim dancer’s torso, the round posterior that he had glimpsed just before she sat down, and the child-thin wrists on which she wore silver cuff bracelets. Fanis knew, just as he could estimate the quality of an antique ring or some other fine thing, that Daphne was a find.

Of course, sitting as they were in a group, he couldn’t use the infallible strategy he had developed and refined throughout his decades of amorous adventures. That would require him to gaze directly into the eyes of his intended and say, “I find you *incredibly* beautiful.” So he thought for a moment and, with his instinctive acumen, adjusted the line both to his age and to the current situation by looking into Daphne’s eyes and saying, “Every young man in our City must find you *incredibly* beautiful.”

“Why don’t you ask them?” said Daphne.

Delighted by her riposte, Fanis said, “What an original idea. Kosmas, don’t you agree, as a young man, that Daphne is *incredibly* beautiful?”

Everyone fell silent. Kosmas scratched his brush-cut hair, stood, and asked, “Would anyone like more tea?”

“You haven’t answered the question,” said Fanis.

“Of course she is,” Kosmas mumbled.

SELECTED HOOPOE TITLES

My First and Only Love

by Sahar Khalifeh, translated by Aida Bamia

The Girl with Braided Hair

by Rasha Adly, translated by Sarah Enany

The Magnificent Conman of Cairo

by Adel Kamel, translated by Waleed Almusharaf



hoopoe is an imprint for engaged, open-minded readers hungry for outstanding fiction that challenges headlines, re-imagines histories, and celebrates original storytelling. Through elegant paperback and digital editions, **hoopoe** champions bold, contemporary writers from across the Middle East alongside some of the finest, groundbreaking authors of earlier generations.

At hoopoefiction.com, curious and adventurous readers from around the world will find new writing, interviews, and criticism from our authors, translators, and editors.