



SELLING POINT
Left, an array of trinkets on offer at Tel Aviv's largest open-air bazaar, Carmel Market

into the spirit. The beats are improvised—they start off sparse, then build to a frantic crescendo, crumble and start anew as the sun slides toward the sea.

Dinner is at a city stalwart, **Cordelia**, located in an alleyway by the Jaffa gate. The eatery's goth-ish interior is decorated with items that chef Nir Zook found at the flea market, including some imposing brass candelabras. You begin with home-made bread dunked in butter and warm

olive oil; follow it with truffle ravioli with yolk dough, then steak fillet dusted with ground dried porcini mushrooms and served on a bed of barley and walnuts; and finish with panna cotta in melon soup. You had designs on an evening out, but last night's revelry and today's gluttony have exacted their toll. So you return to the hotel, grab a

beach chair and sit out by the sea with a bottle of local red.

DAY THREE | Today is Shabbat, so Tel Aviv is unusually quiet, making this a perfect time for a walk. You start by heading south along the beach toward Neve Tzedek, the first Jewish neighborhood to be built outside the walls of Jaffa, in 1887 (though it remained part of Jaffa). Today it's the trendiest, artiest neighborhood in the city. You stroll the leafy streets, past design shops, res-

taurants and late-Ottoman-era homes before settling in at **Tazza d'Oro**, on the eastern edge of the neighborhood, for a cup of coffee.

From here, you amble along Ahad Ha'am into Noga, another creative hub. Crisscrossing the peaceful, tree-shaded streets, you happen upon **Bookworm**, a pretty bookstore and café, and pick up a volume of short stories

WORD ON THE STREET

Learning Hebrew, one lost cat at a time

Guy Sharett, a journalist turned linguist, has a unique method of teaching on his StreetWise Hebrew tours. He leads his charges through the bohemian Florentine neighborhood, noticing things: lost-cat fliers, graffiti, a 1930s manhole cover. He translates their words from Hebrew, and then delves into deeper meanings: the political signifiers in the graffiti, the cultural implications of a pet owner's cry for help. The hope, for Sharett, is that people will come away with not only a grasp of Hebrew, but also a sense of the city that has wrested this ancient language into the modern age.

Sharett also runs tours of Florentine's world-class street art scene. The heart of this community is The Workshop, a few blocks of squat commercial buildings that have been transformed into a vibrant canvas by local painters, some of whom have won broad acclaim. While he photographs a cartoon octopus that has appeared overnight, it becomes clear that his particular teaching method isn't just good for engaging students; it keeps him sharp as well. "The walls keep changing," he says. "I have to be on my toes."

