

# The Scrolls of Nef

www.scrollsofnef.com

## ABOUT THE SCROLLS OF NEF

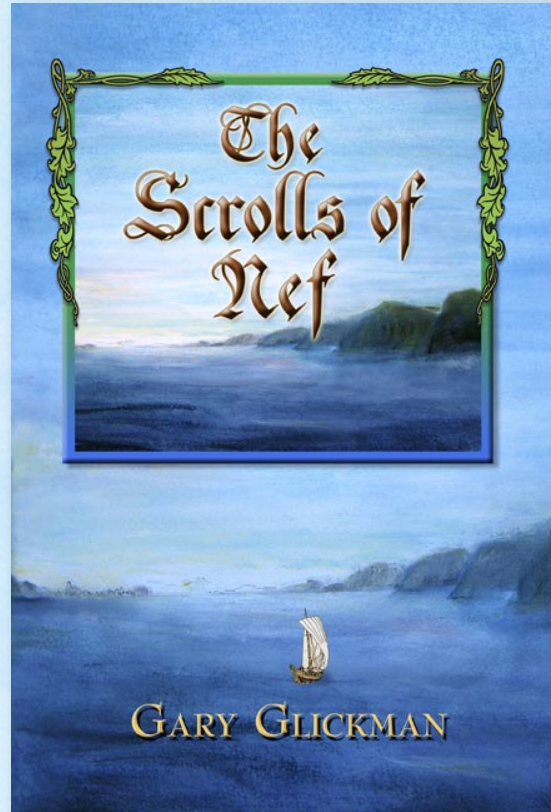
*“At last, a novel of heart!”\**

*The Scrolls of Nef* is indeed an epic novel of heart, from the point of view that what matters—what’s worth our attention—is not the popular violence that dominates and sickens our planet, but the love that inspires and occasionally, eventually, heals it. Sexual domination, military domination, religious intolerance and domination—all are ubiquitous in this saga of two families, royal and refugee, and a culture under siege, although the point of view is of the peace-makers, the healers, the gentle folk forced into hardscrabble lives.

**Forced to flee the Godlian Invasion**, two princes of Korshan are flung to their separate destinies. The warrior Prince Talland to seduction and betrayal by the Godlian Questioner’s beguiling daughter, and dream-reader Prince Orland to his mother’s birthplace of Nef Island: where Godlian clerics are secretly burning the ancient library, and where no one of the royal lineage should ever feel safe.

**The Godlians see themselves as saviors** of a decadent, primitive culture—chosen by Divinity to rid two continents of women of power, torturing indigenous Celebrants of the Old Ways.

**Exiled among healer-women** condemned as witches, warrior Talland must learn from them enough courage and wisdom to create and lead a rebellion. Dreamreader Orland must somehow escape Nef Island with the ancient wisdom scrolls safely aboard ship. Hiding in the northern mountains or on the southern archipelago sea, two royal brothers must learn to embrace each other’s opposite natures in time to outmaneuver a brutal fundamentalist empire.



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## PRAISE FOR THE SCROLLS OF NEF

*\* At last, a novel of heart! This is an enchanting, enthralling book that, by some magic of storytelling, let me understand mysteries of my own life. Tyrant princesses, estranged queens, a warrior brother and a young hero surviving adventures that threw a brilliant light on my own passage in the world. A cross between the fast-paced fantasy writer Ursula K. LeGuin and the keen psychological witnesses Jane Austen and Marcel Proust, Glickman pulls you into his dazzling world so entirely that you will want to stay up all night reading, and saying thank you.*

Bonnie Friedman, author of *Writing Past Dark*,  
*The Thief of Happiness* and *Surrendering Oz*



## ABOUT GARY GLICKMAN



*Gary Glickman* is the author of three novels, *Years From Now* (Knopf, 1987), *Aura* (Haworth Press, 2004), and the *Scrolls of Nef* (Hand To Hand Press, 2014). Twice the recipient of a National Endowment for the Arts fellowship and a New York

Foundation for the Arts Award in fiction, he is one half of the songwriting duo, The DreamBrothers ([www.dreambrothersmusic.com](http://www.dreambrothersmusic.com)), composers most recently of an album of song-settings of Walt Whitman's visionary lyrics, *Full of Life Now*.

A body-centered psychotherapist, he lives in Santa Monica, California, and the Big Island of Hawaii, where he hosts healing and contemplative retreats between volcano and ocean, in the cleanest air on the planet.

## FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH THE AUTHOR

*Hand to Hand:* What inspired *The Scrolls of Nef*?

GG: When I was young I visited Ercolano, south of Naples, and have never been able to stop imagining the treasures still trapped there under the lava. Pompeii was covered by ash, but Ercolano was sealed airtight in rock—still is, mostly. Most especially, I spend dream-time imagining the libraries of 79AD, hoping somehow some dark basement library survived the heat of molten lava, and two-thousand years of airless dark.

*HTH:* And Nef? And Rabjam, the sexy musician beloved?

GG: I had a friend I often stayed with in Tunisia, and she and her friends opened many doors for me there. In fact, a door of Solomon's temple is supposedly buried under the synagogue of El Djem. As for Rabjam — another lifetime, maybe. I still run across him, occasionally.

*HTH:* How about the Godlians? Uum's Place? And the singing priestess?

GG: Oh, well—it's the story of Europe, alas! And now the US as well! The dominating cultures genociding the indigenous, and one another. The idea of being able to say, with apparent sincerity, "God wills that we take over your country and kill your people, and all who defy us." All the Greek temples, made into churches. Santa Sofia in Istanbul, made into a mosque. All the pagan shrines, still hidden under Roman churches. The bronze ceiling of the Pantheon, of course, pulled down and melted into a mausoleum for the palace of the religion that joined with the sword most successfully. Death cultures, claiming to represent the love of the Creator! Yikes!

*HTH:* But in *The Scrolls of Nef*, there's hope. Singing chases away the Godlians—at least for a while. A little old herbalist lady saves the day. The lovers find each other in the end, and the kingdom is restored.

GG: Good triumphs, and evil is punished. That, as Oscar Wilde said, is called fiction.

## HAND TO HAND PUBLISHING

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