

Nili Tal with three of the men who consented to having their dates filmed. Clockwise, from top left: Beber Atlan of Eilat, Edward Shadin of France and Gil Gilad of Tivon.



Iglesias song: "I walk in the rain. Alone on the sidewalk sits a woman, umbrella in hand. I turn to her, suddenly it's just the two of us. This lovers' night in the rain. And when everyone is sleeping, we're alone there in the darkness, surrounded by the stars, without fear, like a pair of doves, just you and I in the world."

He sings and I film him, focusing on his hands, on the smoke from his cigarette, on the microphone he's holding, on the tight jeans, the white tank top. And then Beber surprises me: "Me, I only go for brunettes. Nothing else will do. Brunettes really turn me on." All that's left for me to do is to unclip the microphone, pack up the camera and consider dyeing my hair. But after Beber tells me that he wrote a song for Moran Atias, I realize that my blonde hair isn't the only obstacle; it's my age, too.

### Could Botox be the answer?

I continue dating but begin to weary of having to give the same presentation each time. Who am I, how long was I married for, what do I do for a living, how many children, am I a grandmother yet, where do I live. I don't have a choice. Usually I shower the man with questions, and he has a right to know something about me, too. This is getting tedious. I'm dreaming of the second date, when we've gotten past the stage of the same old questions. There were only two men with whom I had a second date, and a third.

One evening I found an e-mail from Mack in my inbox. "Hi sweetheart. It's me, Mack, from Atlanta, Georgia... Is your father a scientist? Yes or no? If he's not a scientist, then how did he make

a gorgeous sex bomb like you?... Are you sure you're not a microwave oven? Because you made my heart melt... Love you... Bye."

The nicest thing about the dates with men my age was the excitement that came before, the preparations. For the most part the actual meeting was a disappointment that lasted a long time. And then I'd come home, sit down at the computer and come across a young man who promised loads of thrills: "I dream about an older woman," or "I had a 57-year-old woman a couple of months ago. Give it a try. What could happen? I'll thrill you. You should give me a chance." I hesitated at first but eventually gave myself permission and dated some young men. It felt like role reversal. The Internet allowed women like me to do what we had never dared before.

The first year I went out with about 50 men but didn't find love. Friends told me about this woman who found love on the Internet, and that woman who had an amazing man, and I had nothing. I decided to see my neighborhood plastic surgeon for Botox. I was told it paralyzes the forehead, smoothing out the horizontal creases and also, to some degree, the vertical ones between the eyebrows. Maybe a paralyzed forehead would do the trick.

I was injected. A week later my forehead was smooth as marble. But the paralysis didn't bring me the man I longed for. After three or four months, the wrinkles returned. I heard stories about women in New York giving Botox parties, and doctors who for \$500 did the treatment in hair salons. In my "neighborhood" it cost NIS 3,500. After I'd already paid, my best friend said I should have done some market research first. Turns out her dentist gives Botox treat-

ments for NIS 2,000, and the effects last five months. I decided not to rush off to her dentist. Maybe a veterinarian would do it for even less.

### Times have changed

On my dates I discovered a bleak reality. Nearly all the men had left their homes to their exes and were living in small rented apartments. Some were in tiny studio apartments. "They're poor," explained Candy Hogan, an American divorcee I met on a seniors' cruise in the Mexican Riviera. "We're much better off than they are," she said.

My dream date turned out to be Gil Gilad, 56, from Tivon, a divorced father of three. He was looking for love just as much as I was. He told me he had been laid off and was job hunting, sending out dozens of resumes every day. "It's not ideal to be looking for love when you're newly unemployed," he told me on our first date.

As usual, I asked how many dates he had been on, and he told me about one of them: "I took a cooler and we went for a hike in the Galilee. We ate and drank and it was nice. Then we went to her house. All of a sudden I feel her undressing me, almost violently. I find myself in the role of rape victim. She was a judo instructor. I managed to escape from her and it made me realize that things have changed, that now you women can go ahead and do whatever you want."

Gil left but we remained friends.

In the past year I went out with 20 men, and today I love a man who is around my age. At this age we're both looking for the same things and the odds that we'll grow old together are looking pretty good. ■

## The films of Nili Tal

"Sixty and the City" will air on Yes Docu at 10 P.M. on Monday. It depicts Tal's unconventional, two-year quest for a mate, in Israel and abroad. Tal is a well-known producer and director of documentaries. She made "Ukraine Brides" for the Channel 2 franchise holder Reshet in 2000 and a sequel, "Ukraine Brides 8 Years Later," for Yes Docu (2009).

"The Girls from Brazil" (2006-07) depicts her journey to Brazil with four young Israelis searching for their birth mothers. "Till Death Do Us Part" (1998) is about the murder of Einav Rogel, on Kibbutz Sha'ar Hagolan. "Murder without a Motive," is about the killing of Asaf Steierman. In "Bruna," made for Keshet, another Channel 2 franchisee, Tal returned after 20 years to Bruna, who was adopted in Brazil by an Israeli couple as an infant and returned to her birth mother by the courts two years later.