

**10 Very Short Texts I've Pasted Into My Siddur That Strike Me Hard Right There, Yes Right There, Here in my Upper Shoulder Upper Spirit Where Mel Stuck Us All**

**Dr. Steve Copeland**

**The Six Most Beautiful Minutes in  
the History of Cinema**

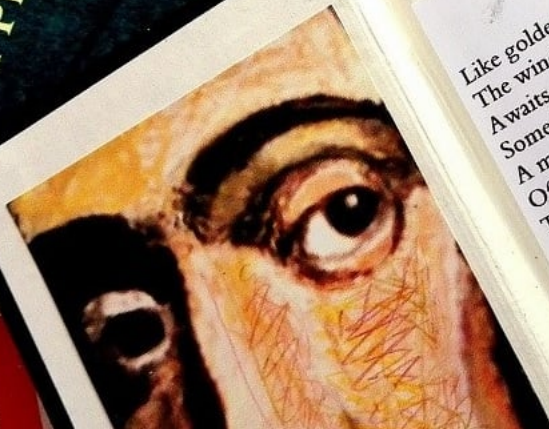
**Giorgio Agamben**

Sancho Panza enters a cinema in a provincial city. He is looking for Don Quixote and finds him sitting off to the side, staring at the screen. The theater is almost full; the balcony — which is a sort of giant terrace — is packed with raucous children. After several unsuccessful attempts to reach Don Quixote, Sancho reluctantly sits down in one of the lower seats, next to a little girl (Dulcinea?), who offers him a lollipop. The screening has begun; it is a costume film: on the screen, knights in armor are riding along. Suddenly, a woman appears; she is in danger. Don Quixote abruptly rises, unsheaths his sword, rushes toward the screen, and, with several lunges, begins to shred the cloth. The woman and the knights are still visible on the screen, but the black slash opened by Don Quixote's sword grows ever larger, implacably devouring the images. In the end, nothing is left of the screen, and only the wooden structure supporting it remains visible. The outraged audience leaves the theater, but the children on the balcony continue their fanatical cheers for Don Quixote. Only the little girl down on the floor stares at him in disapproval.

What are we to do with our imaginations? Love them and believe in them to the point of having to destroy and falsify them (this is perhaps the meaning of Orson Welles's films). But when, in the end, they reveal themselves to be empty and unfulfilled, when they show the nullity of which they are made, only then can we pay the price for their truth and understand that Dulcinea — whom we have saved — cannot love us.

Expression  
in Philosophy: Spino

Translated by  
Deleuze



Baruch Spinoza

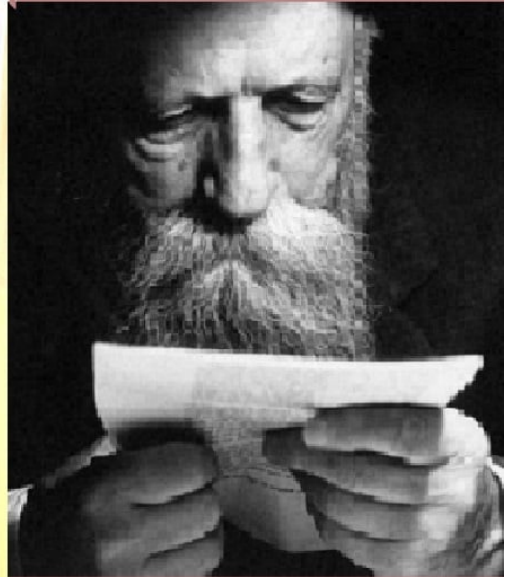
Like golden mist, the west lights up  
The window. The diligent manuscript  
Awaits, already laden with infinity.  
Someone is building God in the twilight.  
A man engenders God. He is a Jew  
Of sad eyes and citrine skin.  
Time carries him as the river carries  
A leaf in the downstream water.  
No matter. The enchanted one insists  
And shapes God with delicate geometry.  
Since his illness, since his birth,  
He goes on constructing God with the word.  
The mightiest love was granted him  
Love that does not expect to be loved.

—Jorge Luis Borges,  
translated by Yirmiyahu Yovel

Among the workers was one, a man no longer young, whom I was drawn to look at again and again because he listened as one who really wished to hear. Real listening has become rare in our time. It is found most often among workers who are not indeed concerned about the person speaking, as is so often the case with the bourgeois public, but about what he has to say. This man had a curious face. In an old Flemish altar picture representing the adoration of the shepherds, one of them, who stretches out his arms toward the manger, has such a face. The man in front of me did not look as if he might have any desire to do the same; moreover, his face was not open like that in the picture. What was notable about him was that he heard and pondered, in a manner as slow as it was impressive. Finally, he opened his lips as well. "I have had the experience," he explained slowly and impressively, repeating a saying which the astronomer Laplace is supposed to have used in conversation with Napoleon, "that I do not need this hypothesis 'God' in order to be quite at home in the world."

How should I reply to the man? I pondered awhile in the now severe atmosphere. It came to me that I must shatter the security of his Weltanschauung, through which he thought of a "world" in which one "felt at home."

~ Martin Buber ~





Paul Celan

דבר גם אמה,  
דבר אחרון,  
אמר דברה.

דבר -

אך אל תנחם את הלאו מן הכו,  
מן לדברה גם את הפשר הנה:  
מן לדברה את הצל/הגון.

מן לו די צל,  
מן לו כל מה  
שקמצב, ידעת, סביב בין  
תצות ואור-יום ותצות.



My period had come for Prayer -  
No other Art - would do -  
My Tactics missed a rudiment -  
Creator - Was it you?

God grows above - so those who pray  
Horizons - must ascend -  
And so I stepped upon the North  
To see this Curious Friend -

His House was not - no sign had He -  
By Chimney - nor by Door -  
Could I infer his Residence -  
Vast Prairies of Air

Unbroken by a Settler -  
Were all that I could see -  
Infinitude - Had'st Thou no Face  
That I might look on Thee?

The Silence condescended -  
Creation stopped - for me -  
But awed beyond my errand -  
I worshipped - did not "pray" -





## יגדר

אלהים חי וישתבח. נמצא ואין עת אל מעיאותו.  
אחד ואין יחיד ביהודי. נעלם וגם אין סוף לאחדותו.  
אין לו דמות הגוף ואינו גוף, לא נערך אליו קדשותו.  
קדמון לכל דבר אשר נברא. ראשון ואין ראשית לראשיתו.  
הנו אדון עולם, וכל נוצר יורה גדלותו ומלכותו.  
שפע נבואתו נתנו אל אנשי סגלתו ותפארתו.  
לא קם בישראל במשה עוד נביא ומביט את תמונתו.  
תורת אמת נתן לעמו אל על יד נביאו נאמן ביתו.  
לא יחליף האל ולא ימיר דתו לעולמים לוולתו.  
צופה ויודע סתרינו, מביט לסוף דבר בקדמתו.  
גומל לאיש חסד כמפעלו, נותן לרשע רע כרשעתו.  
ישלח לקץ ימין משיחנו לפדות מחכי קץ ושיענתו.  
מתים יחיה אל ברב חסדו, ברוך עדי עד שם תהלתו.

'We' – is more than 'I'.

Not only the Jew –

But also the Arab –

## אדון עולם

אשר מלך בשרם כל יצור נברא.  
לעת נעשה בחפצו כל אי מלך שמו נקרא.  
ואחרי ככלות הכל לבדו ימלך נקרא.  
והוא הנה והוא הנה והוא יהיה בתפארה.  
והוא אחד ואין שני להמשיל לו להחבירה.  
בלי ראשית בלי תכלית ולו העז והמשרה.  
והוא אלי וחי גאלי וצור חבלי בעת צרה.  
והוא נסי וקנוס לי מנת כוסי ביום אקרא.  
בירו אפקיד רוחי בעת אישן ואעירה.  
ועם רוחי גויתי יי לי ולא אירא.

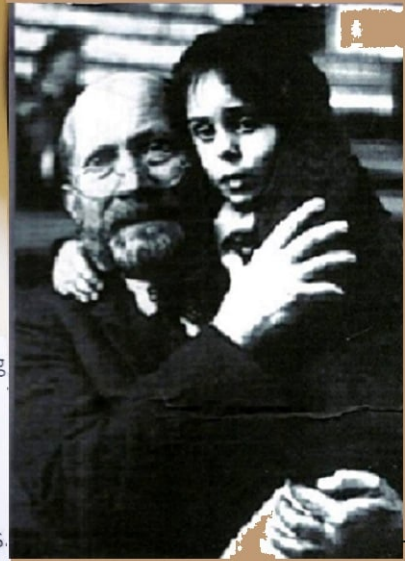
& not only the human being

For also the cricket &

his wonderful song –

& the rush of the waves.

~ Janusz Korczak ~



...the rare  
virtue of interior spaciousness. Oh, man! admire and model thyself after the whale! Do thou, too, remain warm among ice. Do thou, too, live in this world without being of it. Be cool at the equator; keep thy blood fluid at the Pole.

Like the great whale, retain, O man! in all seasons a temperature of thine own.

...“But no bones broken, Sir, I hope,” said Stubb with true concern.

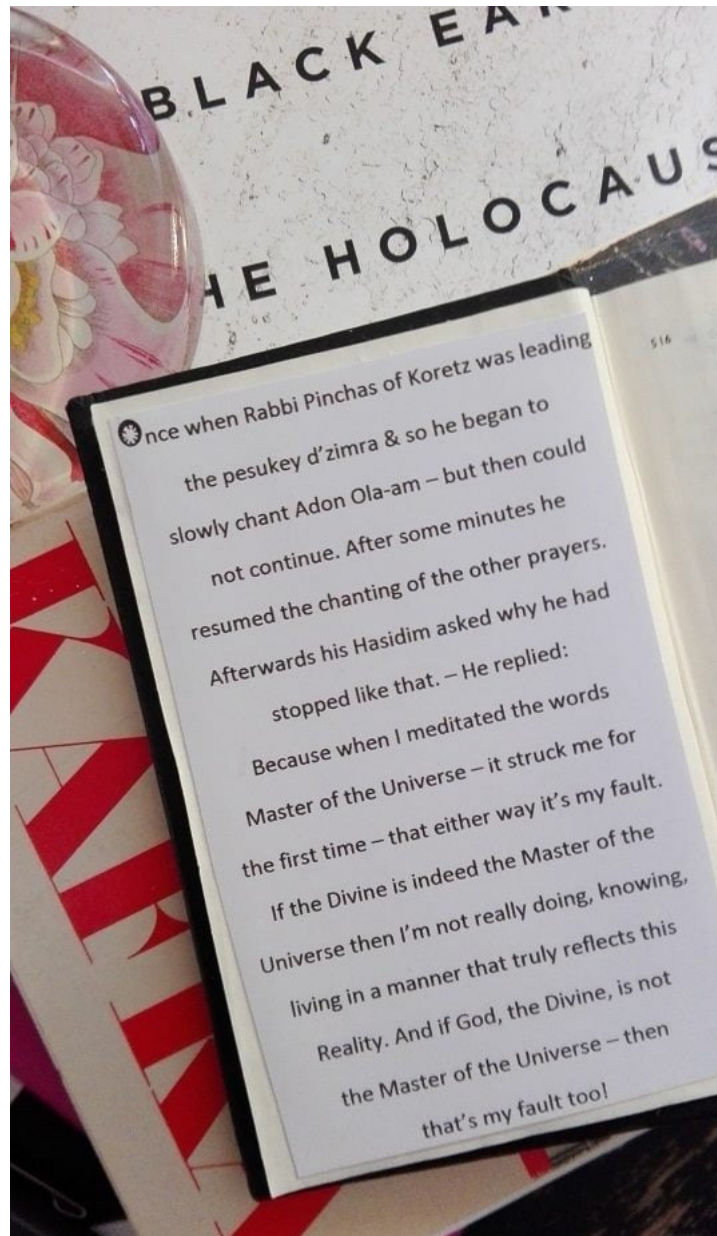
“Aye! and all splintered to pieces, Stubb!—d’ye see it.—But even with a broken bone, old Ahab is untouched; and I account no living bone of mine one jot more me, than this dead one that’s lost. Nor White Whale, nor man, nor fiend, can so much as graze old Ahab in his own proper and inaccessible being.”

## ה'רמב"ם

כאשר עיינתי בכתב-היד של התרגום אשר מצאתי, עם מה ששמעתי בעת ההוראה, מצאתי שהוא, כאשר מצא את הראיה קשורה במעשה עושק או היזק וחמס, הוא מפרש אותה גלי קדם ה'. אין ספק שחזא באותה לשון מציין את ההשגה ואת אישור הדבר המושג כפי שהושג. לכן במוצאו את הראייה מתייחסת למעשה עושק אינו אומר: וחזא אלא: וגלי קדם ה'.







Once when Rabbi Pinchas of Koretz was leading the pesukey d'zimra & so he began to slowly chant Adon Ola-am – but then could not continue. After some minutes he resumed the chanting of the other prayers. Afterwards his Hasidim asked why he had stopped like that. – He replied:  
Because when I meditated the words Master of the Universe – it struck me for the first time – that either way it's my fault. If the Divine is indeed the Master of the Universe then I'm not really doing, knowing, living in a manner that truly reflects this Reality. And if God, the Divine, is not the Master of the Universe – then that's my fault too!

He then told them many remarkable stories, sometimes half as if speaking to himself, sometimes looking at them suddenly with a bright blue eye under his deep brows. Often his voice would turn to song, & he would get out of his chair & dance about. He told them tales of bees & flowers, the ways of trees, & the strange creatures of the Forest, about the evil things & good things, things friendly & things unfriendly, cruel things & kind things, & secrets hidden under brambles.

As they listened, they began to understand the lives of the Forest, apart from themselves [alone] - - -

~ J.R.R. Tolkien, The Fellowship of the Ring: Being the First Part of the Lord of the Rings ~

אם נשמתך חסרת פניות  
 כציץ העמקים  
 תגיע אל לב העולם  
 תגיע לשער  
 שאין לו גג.

אם נשמתך חסרת פניות  
 כציץ העמקים  
 יביא לך הצדיק הפוסע  
 מפתח סודי:  
 יביא לך ר' לייב שרה'ס  
 מפתח קדוש  
 לאור הקבוקים  
 ולמערבול הסופות.

אם נשמתך חסרת פניות  
 כציץ העמקים  
 לא תטבע בחשך  
 עד השרש  
 לא תטבע בעקשו  
 עד הנאדה הפנימית.

כציץ העמקים

אם נשמתך חסרת פניות  
 כציץ העמקים  
 תגיע אל לב הדברים  
 במקפצת הדרך  
 תגיע אל לב הדברים.

