



HOME FLOOR PLAN

KADESH, Sanctification of the Day

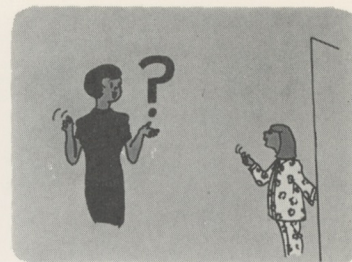
קדש

1

Oh moon! So much April!
How vast and sweet the air!
Everything I lost
will return with the birds.

Summit of delight!
In the air everything is bird.
The immediate looms
resolved in distance.

If you are interested, I am ☐
P.S. Be glad to hear from you.



PRINCIPLE 1 OF THE REVOLUTION

1. Always operate from a place of abundance ("Do not think that one has to be sad in order to be militant, even though the thing one is fighting is abominable").
2. Always choose the most expansive route from moment to moment because the most expansive route can change from moment to moment, which will then allow one to always remain in the moment and it is only in the present moment that one can access the magic.

"Labor's crown is its own supreme reward," as the poet said. In any event, I present to you the cocktail "Bitches' Brew," a beverage which overshadows all others. This is more than a beverage—it is the music of the spheres. What is the finest thing in the world? The struggle for the liberation of humanity. But even finer is this (write it down):

Zhiguli Beer	100 g.
"Sadko" Shampoo	30 g.
Dandruff Treatment	70 g.
Athlete's Foot Remedy	30 g.
Small Bug Killer	20 g.

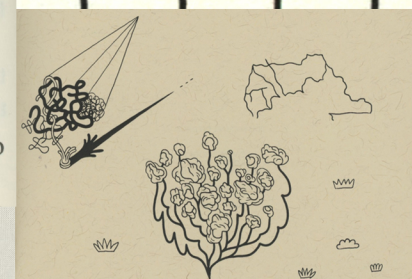
The whole thing is steeped for a week in cigar tobacco and served at table.

S N-E-1 N ?



The minute we accept the place where we may seem helpless, it can cease to be the deepest truth about us. The part of us that's accepting it isn't the part of us that's lost in it. To regain that perspective is the beginning of freedom. Of course there is no assurance that we won't go under again . . . and again . . . and again. But something has changed. There is new buoyancy.

The process is painstaking, and for it to proceed we need great compassion for ourselves—exactly the way we are. And we must allow the universe to be exactly the way it is. Through this process we find that we are no longer pitting ourselves against things. We're opening to life—first by opening to ourselves, and then gradually expanding outwards.



The First Cup—the Cup of Sanctification

ברוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם, בורא, פרי הגפן.

Baruch Atah Adonai Eloheinu Melech ha-olam, borei p'ri ha-gafen.

ברוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם, אשר קדשנו

במצותי וצונו להדליק נר של יום טוב.

Baruch Atah Adonai Eloheinu Melech ha-olam, asher kid-shanu
b'mitz-vo-tav, v'tzi-vanu l'hadlik neir shel yom tov.

ברוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם, שהחיינו וקיימנו והגיענו לזמן הזה.

Baruch Atah Adonai Eloheinu Melech ha-olam, she-heh-che-yanu, v'ki-y'manu, v'higi-anu lazman hazeh.



(All drink the first cup of wine.)



20. In a sense, people are our proper occupation. Our job is to do them good and put up with them.

But when they obstruct our proper tasks, they become irrelevant to us—like sun, wind, animals. Our actions may be impeded by them, but there can be no impeding our intentions or our dispositions. Because we can accommodate and adapt. The mind adapts and converts to its own purposes the obstacle to our acting.

The impediment to action advances action.

What stands in the way becomes the way.

and
That
That
that showed spitting
and perhaps washing
and polishing.
certainly showed
and perhaps
borrowing is
there is

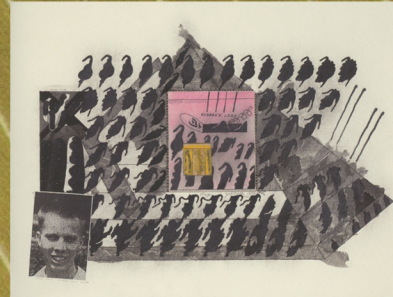
There is no gratitude in mercy
in medicine.
There can be breakages in Japanese.
is no programme.
is no color chosen.
It was chosen yesterday,
It
no obligation
if
not natural
some use in giving.

ברוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם,
בורא פרי האדמה.

Baruch Atah Adonai Eloheinu Melech ha-olam,
borei p'ri ha-adamah.

I got the idea of traveling with popcorn. When a kid is crying I dab up the tears with the popcorn and pop it into my mouth or into his or hers. We sit around together and eat the tears.

KARPAS, Rebirth and Renewal



No. 21 Reflex points for heart

If a man has not wept at the world's pain he is only half a man, and there will always be pain in the world. Knowing this does not mean that a man shall despair. A good man will seek to take pain out of things. A foolish man will not even notice it, except in himself. And the poor unfortunate evil man will drive pain deeper into things and spread it about wherever he goes. But each man is guiltless, I'm afraid, for he did not ask to come here and did not come brandnew, from nowhere and nothing. He came from people. I really don't believe the evil know they *are* evil. It's just their bad luck, that's all.

"I did not insist only upon suffering, but upon respecting the originality of my suffering"; for this originality was the reflection of what was absolutely irreducible in her, and thereby lost forever. It is said that mourning, by its gradual labor, slowly erases pain; I could not, I cannot believe this; because for me, Time eliminates the emotion of loss (I do not weep), that is all. For the rest, everything has remained motionless. For what I have lost is not a Figure (the Mother), but a being; and not a being, but a *quality* (a soul): not the indispensable, but the irreplaceable. I could live without the Mother (as we all do, sooner or later); but what life remained would be absolutely and entirely *unqualifiable* (without quality).

Crossouts sustain me now. I search out and cherish them like old photographs of my mother in happier times. It may be a stage of grieving that will pass. It may be I'll never again think of sentences unshadowed in this way. It has changed me. Now I too am someone who knows marks.

Here is an epitaph for my mother I found on p. 19 of the Fitzwilliam Manuscript of Virginia Woolf's *Women and Fiction*:

such
abandon
ment
such
rapture

Obviously it is impossible, I thought, looking into those
foaming waters, to
compare the living with the dead make any comparison
compare them.



4

יחזק

YACHATZ, A Bond Formed by Sharing

CONVERSATION WITH A HOLY WOMAN NOT SEEN FOR MANY YEARS

After so many years, I come walking to you.
You say: "You have come after so long?"
I could not come earlier. My shabby mouth,
with its cavernous thirst, ate the seeds of longing
that should have been planted. Awkward and baffled,
dishonest, I slept. And I dreamt of sand.
Your eyes in sorrow do not laugh.
I say, "I have come after so many years."

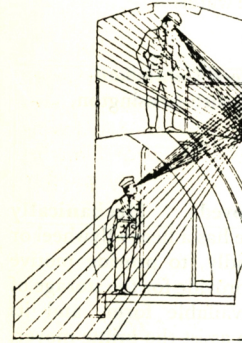
One must bear in mind that there is a considerable difference between *perfection* and *completeness*. The Christ-image is as good as perfect (at least it is meant to be so), while the archetype (so far as is known) denotes completeness but is far from being perfect. . . . Natural as it is to seek perfection in one way or another, the archetype fulfills itself in completeness. . . . The individual may strive after perfection . . . but must suffer from the opposite of his intentions for the sake of his completeness.³

The point here is that perfection belongs to the gods; completeness or wholeness is the most a human being can hope for.

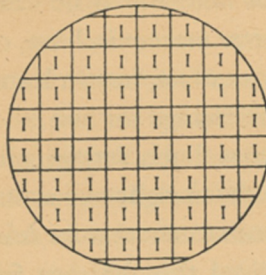
Breaking the Middle Matzah



There is, for that matter, nothing hidden and nothing to be revealed. It cannot be stressed enough: THERE IS NEVER ANYTHING TO PRO-DUCE. In spite of all its materialist efforts, *production remains a utopia*. We can wear ourselves out in materializing things, in rendering them visible, but we will never cancel the secret.



This is the general picture of man:



and then I think that God has been staying hidden this whole time, yes, it's like he shows himself by concealing himself, in life, in things, in what is, yes, in paintings too of course, and maybe it's like the more God conceals himself the more he shows himself, and vice versa, yes, the more he shows himself, or is shown, you can say it either way, the more he conceals himself, I think, yes, God reveals himself by hiding, and it is in the hiddenness of God, God's hiddenness, that I can forget myself and hide myself, and only there, I think, and this is not something I can understand, there's nothing comprehensible about it, but it's when you understand that you can't understand God that you understand him, and isn't that so obvious that it doesn't even need to be said? doesn't need to be thought? yes, it's just as obvious as the fact that God's words are silent, I think, because they are, but that's completely obvious too, because God's language speaks silently from everything that exists, and this silence was first broken when The Word came into the world, when Christ came down to earth, only then could God's word be heard, yes, and be thought, too, but do I really believe this? I think, does it mean anything? I think, no, maybe not, but maybe a person can be hidden in Christ, in his word, and that's because there's hope in God's great silence? but do I believe that? no, maybe not, not literally, but God's nearness isn't something I need to believe in, because the darker I am the closer God is, I think, that's a fact, I think and it's something I'll always think even if I don't get any farther with my thoughts than that, it's only with painting that I get any farther, but, farther? what do I mean by that? I think, I've just now thought that I don't want to, that I can't, paint anymore, I think and I look at the chair where Ales used to sit and I think that this silent language from the chair is real, it's true, it's ridiculous but that's what I seriously think, yes, that God's silent language comes from the chair, yes, that God is looking at me from Ales's chair and silently speaking to me, I think, because there's a silence hidden in everything that is, and it's this stillness that is the innermost part of everything real, I think, and it's this stillness that is God's creative silence, as Ales used to say, because God is an uncreated light, she said and I've experienced myself that the black darkness is God's light, this darkness that can be both in me and around me, yes, this darkness I now feel that I am, because in the darkness is a stillness where God's voice sounds in silence, I think and I see the chair where I always sit next to the round table and I go over to the chair and I sit down and I find my bearings and then I look at my landmark, at the waves, and I think that often when I sit like this and look at the water I pray a silent prayer and then Ales is near me too, and my parents, and my sister Alida, and Grandmother, and Sigve, and I get very still inside, and I think that everyone has a deep longing inside them, we always always long for something and we believe that what we long for is this or that, this person or that person, this thing or that thing, but actually we're longing for God, because the human being is a continuous prayer, a person is a prayer through his or her longing, I think



Population Control

When

we are thrust out into the world just as we are, we first have to identify with that particular throw of the dice, with that accident organized by the divine computer: to get over our surprise that precisely *this* (what we see facing us in the mirror) is our self.

Let Heaven exist, even though our dwelling place is Hell.

Nobody is sleeping in the sky. Nobody, nobody.
Nobody is sleeping.

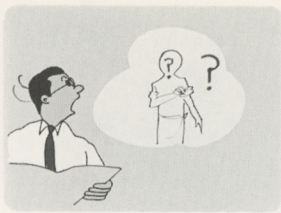
If someone does close his eyes,
a whip, boys, a whip!

Let there be a landscape of open eyes
and bitter wounds on fire.

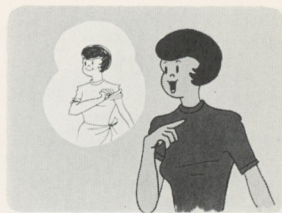
No one is sleeping in this world. No one, no one.



6



5



4

Moses's Birth, Surrender, Discovery & Upbringing

Rawlins propped the heel of one boot atop the toe of the other. As if to pace off the heavens. My daddy run off from home when he was fifteen. Otherwise I'd of been born in Alabama.

You wouldnt of been born at all.

What makes you say that?

Cause your mama's from San Angelo and he never would of met her.

He'd of met somebody.

So would she.

So?

So you wouldnt of been born.

I dont see why you say that. I'd of been born somewhere.

How?

Well why not?

If your mama had a baby with her other husband and your daddy had one with his other wife which one would you be?

I wouldnt be neither of em.

That's right.

Rawlins lay watching the stars. After a while he said: I could still be born. I might look different or somethin. If God wanted me to be born I'd be born.

Moses Kills, Flees, Shepherds & Sees the Burning Bush

THE QUARREL

The Albacete knives, magnificent
with stranger-blood,
flash like fishes
on the gully slope.

Light crisp as a playing
card snips out of bitter
green the profiles of riders
and maddened horses.

Two old women in an olive
tree are sobbing.

The bull of the quarrel
is rising up the walls.

Black angels arrived
with handkerchiefs and snow water.
Angels with immense wings
like Albacete knives.

Juan Antonio from Montilla
rolls dead down the hill,
his body covered with lilies,
a pomegranate on his temples.
He is climbing now on the cross of fire,
the highway of death.

*

The State Police and the judge
come along through the olive grove.
From the earth loosed blood moans
the silent folksong of the snake.

"Well, your honor, you see,
it's the same old business —
four Romans are dead
and five Carthaginians."

*

Dusk that the fig trees and the
hot whispers have made hysterical
faints and falls on the bloody
thighs of the riders,
and black angels went on flying
through the failing light,
angels with long hair,
and hearts of olive-oil.

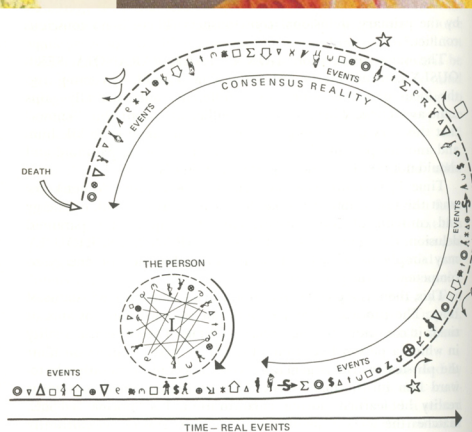


Figure 19-2. The wheel of an individual's life rolling through consensus reality.



我和星星通电话

I am phoning a star

孟凡聪 (6岁)

Meng Fancong (6 years old)

In the first place, nouns are full of remembrance since they represent collections of past experience, and although it may seem reasonable to encounter the present well-padded by the past, this tends to give to every meeting of bell and clapper the same dull clonk: ah, there you are again, Socrates. We cease to listen, cease to see. So we must rid ourselves of the old titles and properties, recover a tutored innocence, and then, fresh as a new-scrubbed Adam, reword the world.



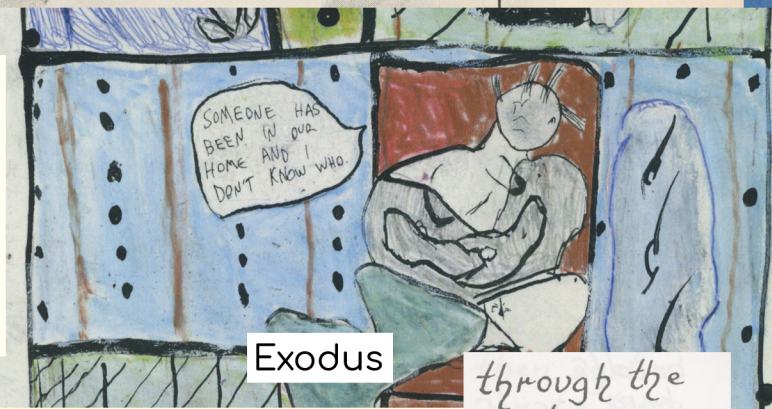
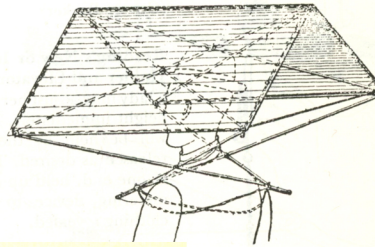
But then, when you're through, there's an image that you've always wanted to see but you didn't know it. These things weren't planned, you understand.

I remember that the blood was still coursing in my forehead and that my heart was still trying to fly away.

Let My People Go

Whatever else is going on in the kitchen is the secret of those sitting there, a secret they are keeping from me. The longer one hesitates before the door, the more estranged one becomes. What would happen if someone were to open the door now and ask me a question? Would not I myself then behave like one who wants to keep his secret?

ice/supercooled water



Exodus

through the gate

SCENE 9: FIGHT
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I WANT MY RIGHTS!



who'll go to Hsi-t'ang?

The Master said to the group "I need someone to carry a message to Hsi-t'ang, who'll go?" Wu-feng said "Me." "—How are you going to transmit the message?" Wu-feng said "When I see Hsi-t'ang I'll tell him." "—What will you say?" "—When I come back, I'll tell you."

THE TEN PLAGUES

	דָּם Dam Blood		צְפַרְדֵּי Tsifardeah Frogs		כִּנִּים Kinim Lice		עֲרֹב Arov Wild Animals		דֵּבֶר Dever Cattle Disease
	שְׁחִין Shchin Boils		בָּרָד Barad Hail		אַרְבֶּה Arbeh Locusts		חֹשֶׁךְ Choshech Darkness		מַכַּת בְּכוֹרוֹת Macat B'chorot Slaying of the Firstborn

The Lord of Slaughter

When normal, decent people don't fear death, how can you use death to frighten them? Even when they have a normal fear of death, who of us dare take and kill the one who doesn't? When people are normal and decent and death-fearing, there's always an executioner. To take the place of that executioner is to take the place of the great carpenter. People who cut the great carpenter's wood seldom get off with their hands unhurt.



DEDICATED
TO ALL CHILDREN
WHO HAVE NEVER BEEN
TO THE SEASHORE

Journeys

I

Genji caught a gray bird, fluttering. It was wounded, so I hit it with a coal shovel. It stiffened, grew straight and symmetrical, and began to increase in size. I took it by the head with both hands and held it as it swelled, turning the head from side to side. It turned into a woman, and I was embracing her. We walked down a dim-lighted stairway holding hands, walking more and more swiftly through an enormous maze, all underground. Occasionally we touched surface, and redescended. As we walked I kept a chart of our route in mind—but it became increasingly complex—and just when we reached the point where I was about to lose my grasp of it, the woman transferred a piece of fresh-tasting apple from her mouth to mine. Then I woke.



To find the stillness at the center of the whirlpool, the eye of the hurricane, and not hold onto it with the rigidity born of fear, is what in analysis we struggle to reach. That center I call Sophia, the feminine Wisdom of God. It is not the masculine standpoint, the highly-principled "Here I stand." It is not Martin Luther hammering his ninety-five articles on the door. It is not a manifesto. It is an invisible center encountered only in a creative process, at first not consciously recognized, but gradually revealed as the process unfolds. That point, in other words, does not exist apart from the process; its being is always in the becoming, giving the process the assurance of its own reality.

Dayenu: דַּיֵּנוּ

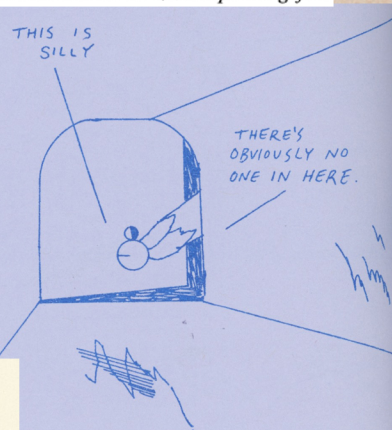
The Second Cup—the Cup of Deliverance

רוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם, בורא, פרי הנפן.

Baruch Atah Adonai Eloheinu Melech ha-olam, borei p'ri ha-gafen.



(All drink the second cup of wine.)



I started

to shake when I painted this picture. God, there is no picture plane! It is just real, that's all there is—just real—no plane at all—What nonsense—this idea of a plane—No—all there finally is left is just the moment—the second—of life's gesture—fixed forever—in an image—there—to be seen. (You could put your hand right into the image!)

The earth is my body. The sky is my body. The seasons are my body. The water is my body too. . . . The world is just as big as my body. The world is as large as my word. And the world is as large as my prayers.



GOD'S BACKSIDE

Cold like Grandfather's icehouse, ice forming like a vein and the trees, rocks of frozen blood, and me asking questions of the weather. And me stupidly observing. Me swallowing the stone of winter. Three miles away cars push by on the highway. Across the world bombs drop in their awful labor. Ten miles away the city faints on its lights. But here

there are only a few houses, trees, rocks, telephone wires and the cold punching the earth. Cold slicing the windowpane like a razor blade for God, it seems, has turned his backside to us, giving us the dark negative, the death wing, until such time as a flower breaks down the front door and we cry "Father! Mother!" and plan their wedding.

מוציא

MOTZI, A Blessing for Bread

(The upper and middle piece of the three matzot are broken and distributed among the group.)

The truth doesn't make sense, the greatness of the world restricts me. What I probably asked for and finally got, left me needy as a child wandering the earth alone. So needy that only the love of the entire universe for me could console me and overwhelm me, only a love that trembled the very egg-cell of things with what I am calling a love. With what I can really only call but without knowing its name.

רוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם, המוציא לחם מדהארץ.

Baruch Atah Adonai Eloheinu Melech ha-olam, ha-motzi lechem min ha-aretz.

מצה

MATZAH, A Special Blessing for Matzah

Everything is gestation and then bringing forth. To let each impression and each germ of a feeling come to completion wholly in itself, in the dark, in the inexpressible, the unconscious, beyond the reach of one's own intelligence, and await with deep humility and patience the birth-hour of a new clarity: that alone is living the artist's life: in understanding as in creating.

רוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם, אשר קדשנו במצותיו, וצונו על אכילת מצה.

Baruch Atah Adonai Eloheinu Melech ha-olam, asher kidshanu b'mitzvo-tav v'tzivanu al a-chilat matzah.

מרור

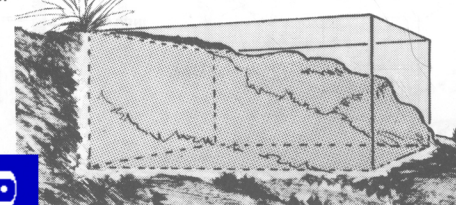
MAROR, A Blessing for the Bitter Herbs

"Take the dandelion, for instance. It sways in the wind and scatters, and it's sad to look at it. That's me, too. I scatter in the wind. Isn't it disgusting to see how I scatter in the wind for days on end?"

רוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם, אשר קדשנו במצותיו, וצונו על אכילת מרור.

Baruch Atah Adonai Eloheinu Melech ha-olam asher kidshanu b'mitzvo-tav, v'tzivanu al a-chilat maror.

That is, if the rock pile can be purchased at an acceptable price.



פורך

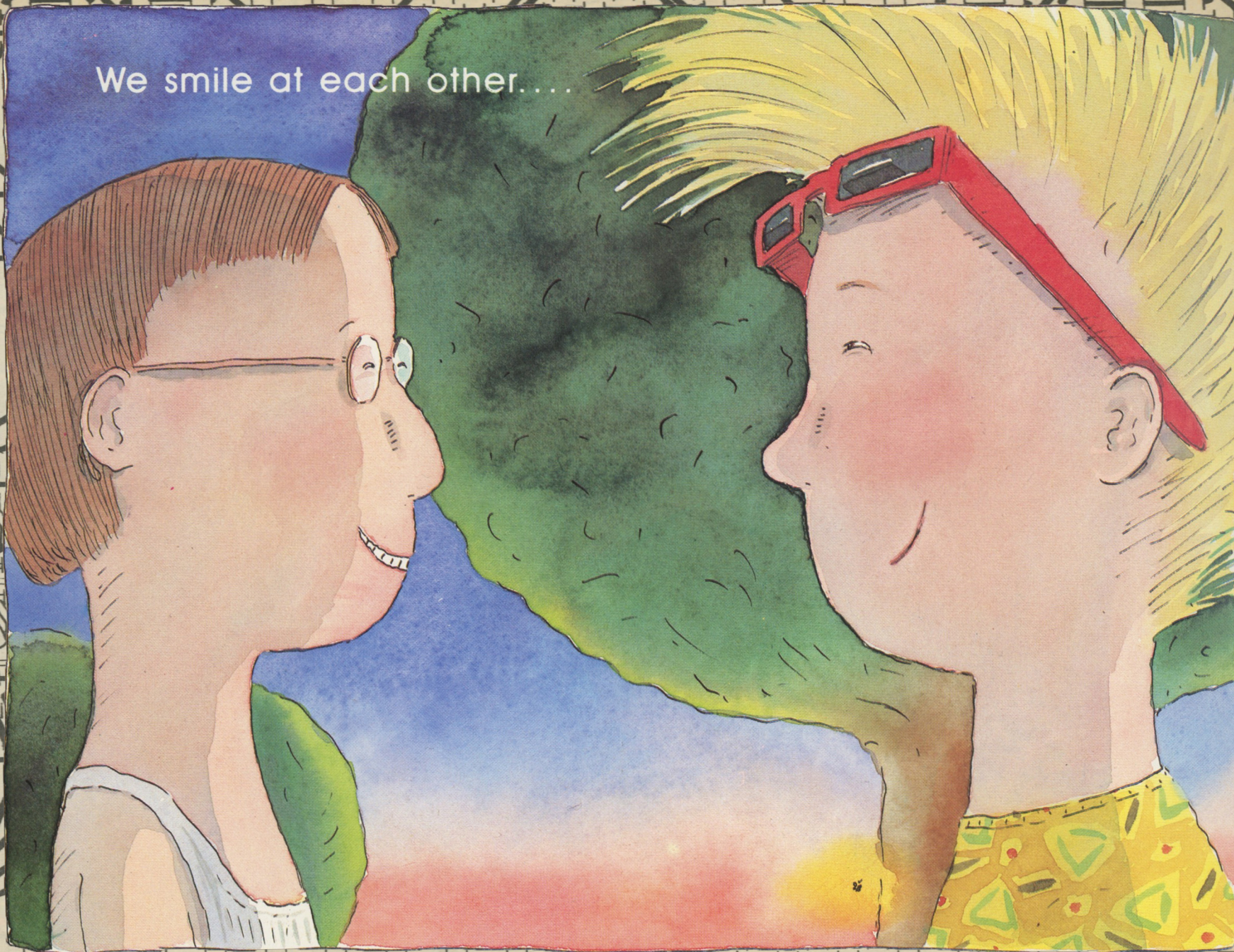
KOREICH, Continuity with Past Tradition

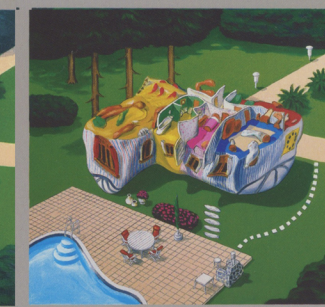
TWO YEARS LATER

The hollow eyes of shock remain Electric sockets burnt out in the skull.

The beauty of men never disappears But drives a blue car through the stars.

We smile at each other....





12

צפון

TZAFUN, The Afikoman is Found and Eaten

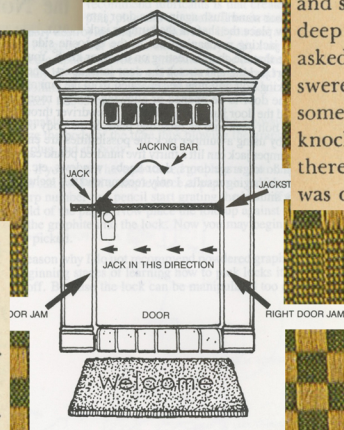
What I can deplore is that, on account of my ignorance, the antagonism of my two parts is radical, I only live the antagonism of my two poles and not their complementary character. What I live is not to be destroyed, but to be completed.

13

ברך

BAREICH, Thanks for Divine Sustenance

The free play of creativity is not the ability to arbitrarily manipulate life. It is the ability to experience life as it is. The experience of existence is a reflection of Being, which is beauty and consciousness. Free play is that which makes this experience accessible to the individual. The goal of freedom is human creativity, the enhancement and elaboration of life. Creativity always involves a certain amount of discipline, self-restraint, and self-sacrifice. Planning and spontaneity become one. Reason and intuition become two faces of truth.



Herein lies the crux of the matter. To stand face to face with insecurity is still not to understand it. To understand it, you must not face it but be it. It is like the Persian story of the sage who came to the door of Heaven and knocked. From within the voice of God asked, "Who is there" and the sage answered, "It is I." "In this House," replied the voice, "there is no room for thee and me." So the sage went away, and spent many years pondering over this answer in deep meditation. Returning a second time, the voice asked the same question, and again the sage answered, "It is I." The door remained closed. After some years he returned for the third time, and, at his knocking, the voice once more demanded, "Who is there?" And the sage cried, "It is thyself!" The door was opened.

ELIJAH & MIRIAM

14

הלל

HALLEL, Praise

And me—who would want me today? who had already become as mute as I was? who, like me, was calling fear love? and want, love? and need, love? Who, like me, knew that I had never changed my form since they had drawn me on the stone of a cave?

In fact, the most obvious individual-

izers are almost always defects: tics, bad habits, vices, transgressions. But they can also be odd gaps in knowledge. How many distinguished fifty-year-old writers could there be who don't know what makes the moon wax and wane? To accentuate the positive, it might be supposed that the bad exists for a good reason and without it things would be worse overall. The inexistence of anything, even crime, is an impoverishment. "Everything in life, even the performance of an autopsy, ends up producing some effect" (O. Lamborghini). Actually, I believe that the bad is more fertile than the good, because the good tends to produce satisfaction and complacency, while the bad generates uneasiness, which leads to the renewal of action. Action produces further errors, and the spiral of particularity spins off into the infinite. We all aspire to goodness, but because of the very conditions under which judgments of goodness are made, good people tend to resemble one another, and going too far in that direction would transform humanity into an undifferentiated and inert mass.

Action, the daughter of negativity, turns the "sum" back on itself. There is a kind of payment, a "refunding of the sum." To become unique and distinct is to prepare a testimony, for

35. Grapes.

Unripe... ripened... then raisins.
Constant transitions.
Not the "not" but the "not yet."

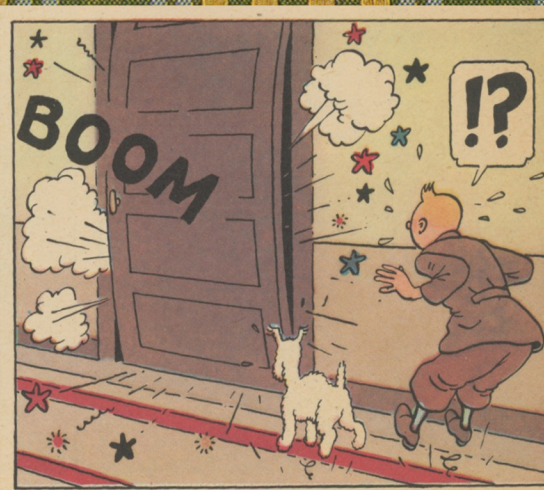


(All drink the third cup of wine.)

The Third Cup—the Cup of Redemption

ברוך אתה יי, אלהינו מלך העולם, בורא, פרי הנפץ.

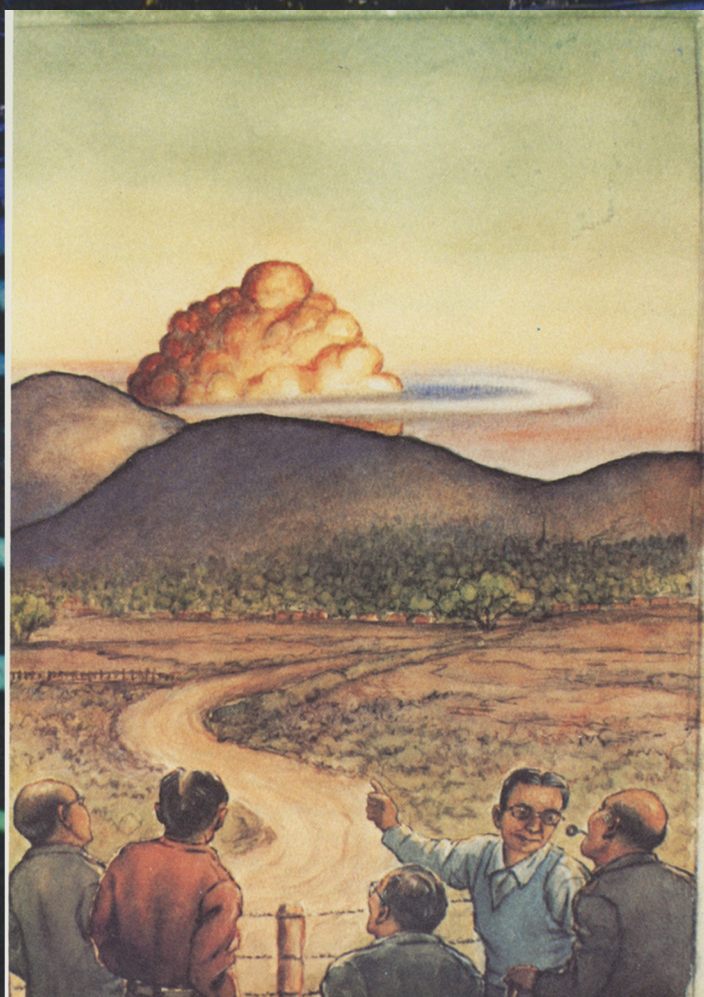
Baruch Atah Adonai Eloheinu Melech ha-olam, borei p'ri ha-gafen.



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which our civilization has invented an ideal vehicle: art. Artists tend to be eccentric people, but I don't think it's because art has made them strange; rather their strangeness has led them to art. Or perhaps there is a reciprocal effect. In any case, this dialectic of debit and credit sums could resolve the fascinating aporias of Life and Work. Searching for the new and the strange in art is not the narcissistic task it might at first appear to be, because, for a start, it's not a matter of searching but of having found.

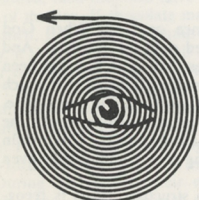
Of course, things don't always turn out as intended; if they did, all works would be masterpieces, and artists would always be young. To demonstrate this, it would suffice to compare the two images of my personal sum: what I would like to be and what I am.



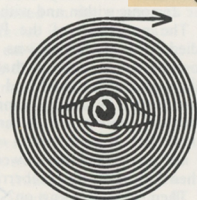
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נרצה

NIRTZAH, Conclusion



Medusa's eye
Counterclockwise movement
of energy into the unconscious.
Depression
Medusa petrifies



Great Mother's eye
Clockwise movement of energy
toward consciousness.
New energy released
Being feeds Doing



All day long I hear: Amen! Amen! and I see them all kneeling.

"If You exist, make me blue, fiery, lunar, hide me in the altar with the Torah! Do something, God, for our sake, for mine."

Our soul takes flight and, from beneath the colored windowpanes, arms are raised.

Outside, the dried branches of tall poplars sway peacefully.

In broad daylight little clouds form, break apart, melt into one another.

Soon the moon, a half-moon, will appear.

The candles have burnt down to the end and the tiny lights glow in the pure air.

Now the candles reach up towards the moon, now the moon comes flying down towards our arms.

The very road prays. The houses weep.

And over all stretches the sky.

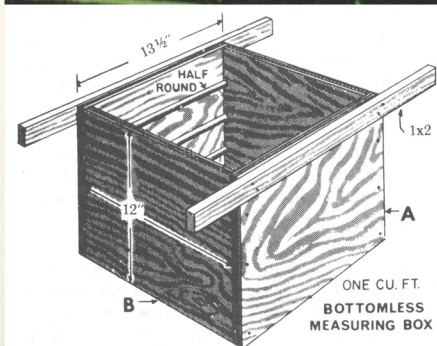
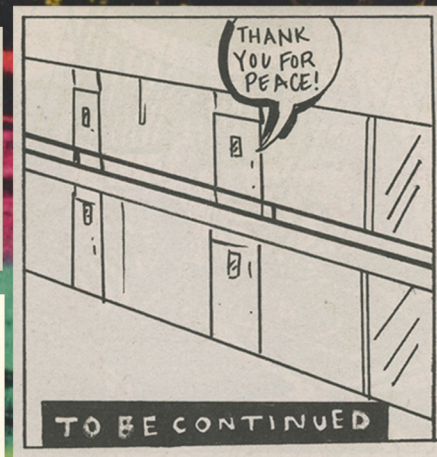
The stars come out and fresh air enters your opened mouth.

Thus we go back home.

He longed for only one thing at present—to rest, to sleep, to cry, to dream as much as he wanted, to be left in peace.

In the world of highways, a beautiful landscape means: an island of beauty connected by a long line with other islands of beauty.

In the world of roads and paths, beauty is continuous and constantly changing; it tells us at every step: "Stop!"



The Fourth Cup--the Cup of Acceptance

ברוך אתה יי אלהינו מלך

העולם, בורא, פרי הענן.

Baruch Atah Adonai Eloheinu Melech

ha-olam, borei p'ri ha-gafen.



(All drink the fourth cup of wine.)