



“You see,” said Reb Mendel: “at the end of an argument, there is always a decisive question left unsettled.”





“I rise, but way up there is my soul, trying to rise still higher.”

—Reb Nefla



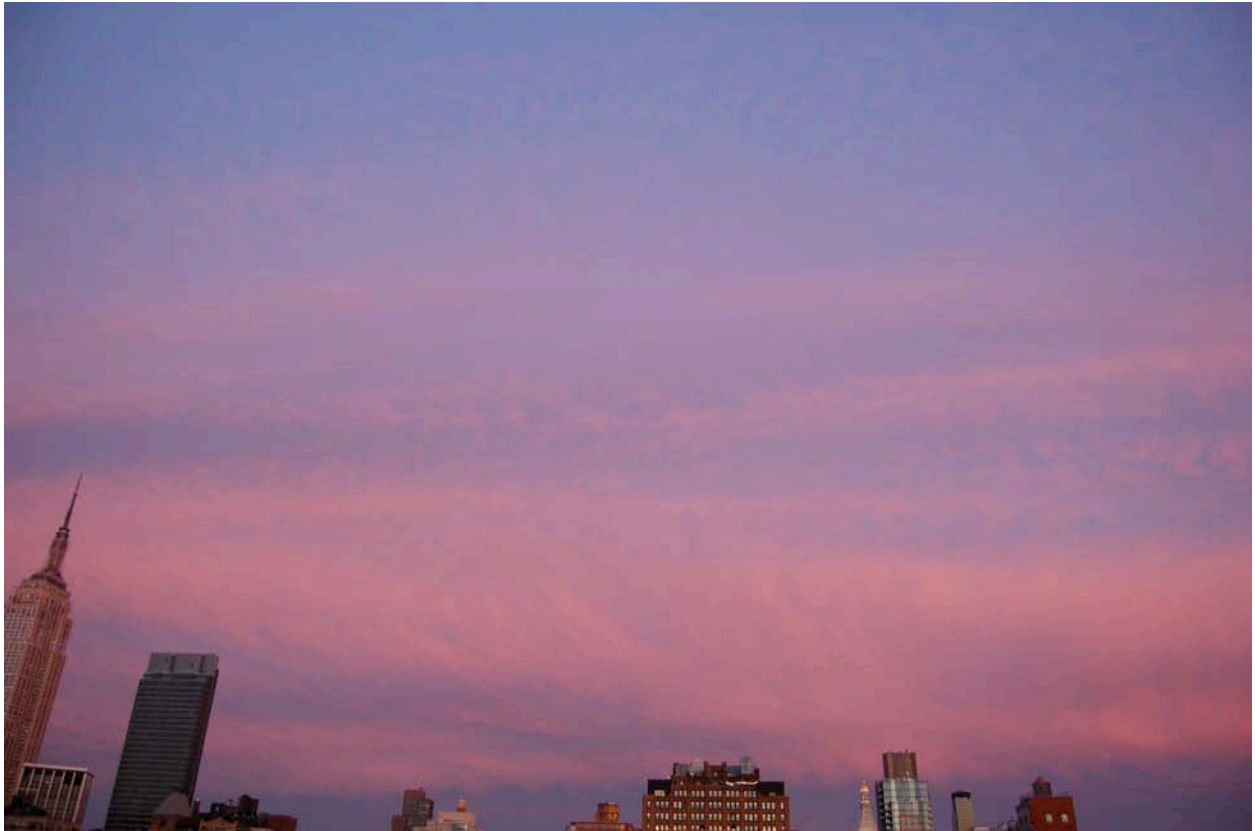




“Behold the sun, a yet lonelier sky.”

—Reb Bar





I like work which is drawn out of the dark. A good day lets darkness have its share.





A wave turns the rock into glass. Metamorphosis of the opaque.





*A scholar:* In order to prove itself, thought needs to be measured against words over which it exercises, moreover, the most arbitrary power of a despot over docile subjects. But, like the cruel Prince, it knows that the night of tyranny is followed by the dawn of freedom. The words will win, having (by well-planned apparent submission) carried thought to its dark apogee the better to destroy it in the morning.



The word of God is not commandment but correspondence.

“What is the relation between reptile and rainbow?” asked Reb Behar one day of his teacher Reb Éphriam Sholem.

“A most subtle one,” he answered: “the adumbration of a circle.”

Sight often hides from us the deepest yearnings of free movement and innate gesture. For life is beyond, in the life which wakes.









“Hope: the following page. Do not close the book.”

“I have turned all the pages of the book without finding hope.”

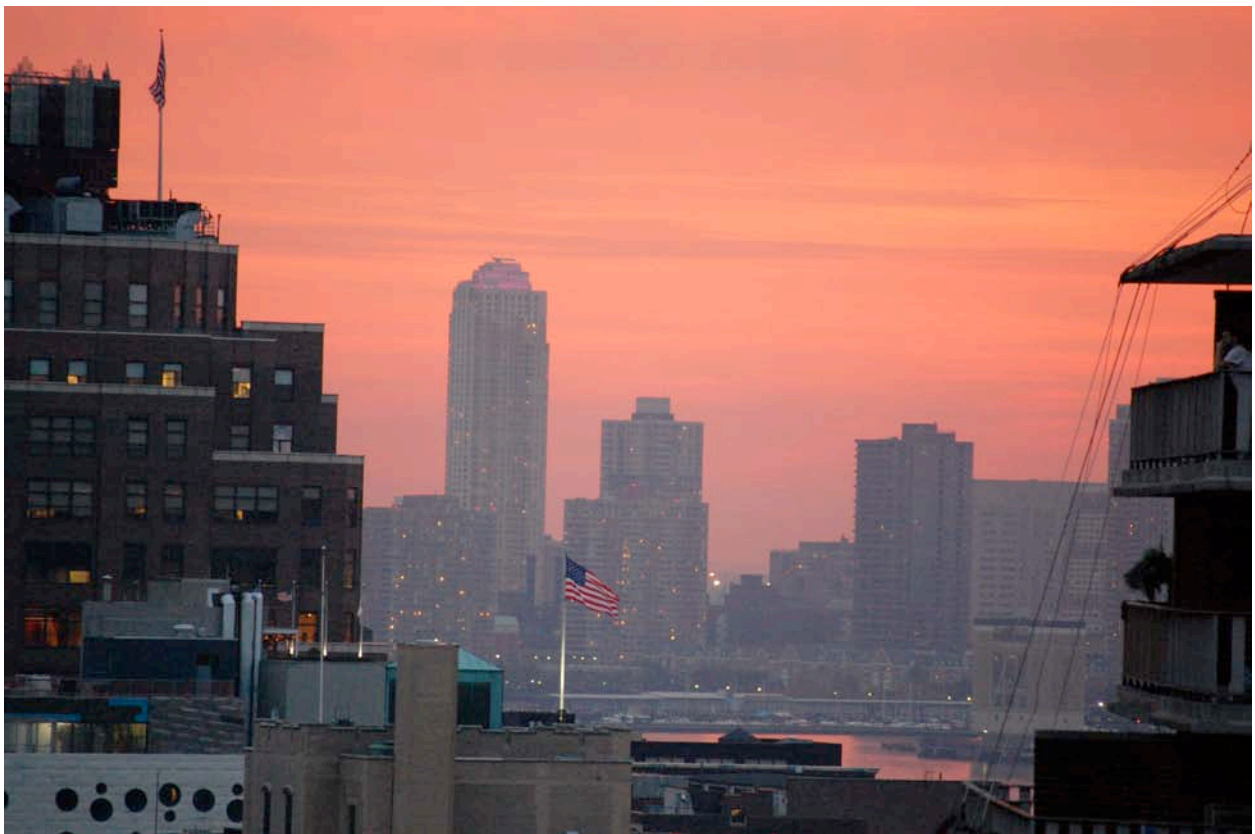
“Perhaps hope is the book.”





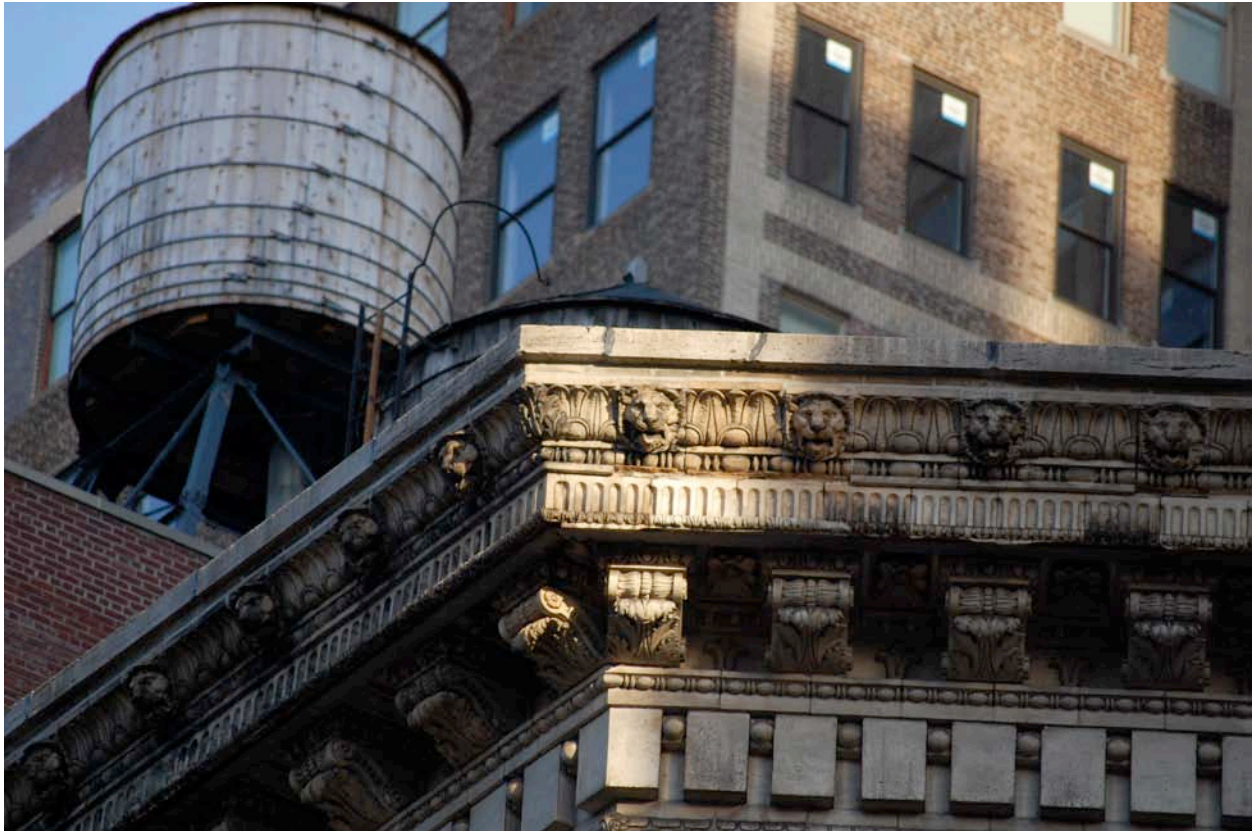


*(...In those days, in those days – Sarah, do you remember – the conqueror’s spittle vied with the glittering stars for glamor. And the world sailed without a mast.)*









*“In the daytime you discover a thing, in the heart of the night you see it.”*

—Reb Monem





“One night in the desert,” wrote Reb Adéba, “while scrutinizing the sky for an answer to my love I saw a star disappear and, as if breaking with an eternal order, melt into another star whose sudden brightness I could not but admire. Was I a victim of my own imagination? Soon after, the star reappeared. Then I told myself that I had followed the track of its innermost desire and that my dazzled eyes had for a moment made possible the alliance of two stars.”









*“Pull up the reddening anchor of nights. Your voyage, friend, is far from done.”*  
—Reb Almi)











All words from Edmond Jabès, *The Book of Questions*, Hanover, NH: Wesleyan University Press/University Press of New England, 1991. Translated by Rosemarie Waldrop.