The shattered stained glass windows of the Zerrennerstrasse synagogue after its destruction on Kristallnacht. Pforzheim, Germany, ca. November 10, 1938.
— Stadtarchiv Pforzheim
“Saul Naumann (Richard Gere) is a somewhat controlling Jewish husband and father. A Religious Studies professor at UC Berkeley, Saul wrote his graduate thesis on the Kabbalah. Because he was a devout Jew, his wife Miriam (Juliette Binoche) converted to Judaism when they married, and he nurtured his son Aaron (Max Minghella) into a traditional studious Jew like himself.”

“Miriam lives a secret life throughout her entire marriage to Saul, trying to fulfill the religious idea she learned from him, *tikkun olam*, or "repairing the world" and "reuniting its shards." She takes this meaning literally and slowly collects trinkets she finds beautiful (sometimes breaking into people's houses and stealing them) and storing them in a warehouse, trying to hold the light of God in them.”

Filmography, Spelling Bee
Maybe this talk is enough
Maybe we need another moratorium
Like I had suggested for the “God” word
Maybe it is too old already, too lame
After all those who appropriate the Lurianic Myth
As a Metaphor for Renewal and social justice
Worn out and tired
Suffering from chronic fatigue.

Really? Tikkun Olam… after the Tremendum?
Where the Olam was destroyed
And we are merely awaking from a spiritual coma
(Where was Tikkun in Auschwitz?)
Who was the sacrificial lamb?
Who needs it now?
Any myth must incorporate the reality as it is.

So we agree the world is in dis-repair

But really...repair? Is it anyway possible?

Against multi-national corporations and human and corporate greed?

You speak of Tikkun? Hugging trees?

As they used scorched earth felling in the Amazon...really?

No we need a new myth!

To accept the reality as it is,

Accepting the murder and rape

The villagers at a wedding killed by a drone

Controlled by a kid in Colorado on a game console

Accepting the rape of the consumer world by the

pharmaceutical-medical industrial complex

In the name of health.

Accepting the wholesale loss of privacy in the name of Homeland Security.

Accepting the pollution of the food we eat
Accepting out own inner demons...
And from there accepting the “broken shards”
As the Holy Ari called the pre-historic catastrophe
Where too much Divine Light was a cosmic error
That reverberates holo-graphically in time and space
To our own time
To our broken selves.

But here we must leave 16th century Safed
In its cute setting in the green hills of Judea
And the Ari’s wonderful program of “Tikkun Olam”
In which an could influence the divine
That somehow the adept could in fact change the cosmic One
And bring down blessing and “fix” the catastrophic error
The cosmic flaw,
Through human effort, magically.
Here we must depart
Unfortunately
After 300 years of madness
Industry
Capitalism
And the technology of mass killing
Whereby human greed and power
Has grown like a heroin addiction
And the value of human life has diminished to almost nothing.

So where to now?
Where do we turn?
As we face this dark demonic side of the divine?
In this post-Holocaust, post-Hiroshima
Nightmarish landscape of grayness?
It came to me today...

Shards of broken glass
(Once “quelippot”)
Reflect light differently
The sunlight in its purity becomes diffused
And each ray is reflected by a different shard
A different color of the spectrum
To produce a kaleidoscope of colors.
Maybe what is needed now is
...the opposite of conformity
And frumkeit
And a sea of men in black... shockeling in unison
Maybe the only reversal to this madness
Is pure individual shattered lights
Each different
Each reflecting a different color of the spectrum
Each dancing to its own *niggun*

For in the multiplicity of color
New rainbow from the shards of old glass
Old ideas, myths and metaphors
A new Torah
A new Song
the beauty of the light on the shards
the beauty of brokenness
the beauty of failure and fragmentation
this is en-soulment in a new key
C# minor.