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Third Solitudes Without Separation, Oneness Torn from the *Other*: On Tearing Through the Shroud of the Solitude of Montreal Jewish Mystics
Abstract

How does the Third Solitude of Montreal Mystics engender a tearing of self, at once, away from the other and inscribing within the Canadian landscape? The motif of tearing is used as a comparative lens for investigating the shroud of Third Solitude of two Montreal Jewish Mystics: Leonard Cohen (1934–2016) and the current Tosher rebbe, Rabbi Elimelech Halevi Segal-Loewy, as well as his late father, Rabbi Meshulam Feish Segal-Loewy (1924–2015). This essay analyzes the process of Leonard Cohen tearing away from cultural boundaries of a Westmount cosmopolitan Jewish upbringing, blossoming into a bohemian bard-kohen who returns as a contemplative mystical Jew from Mount Baldy to Israel via Tel Aviv and back to Montreal. By contrast the Tosher rebbe’s tearing away that began in Nyírtáss, Hungary is then transplanted in post-Shoah context into the accommodement raisonnable of the Plateau Mont-Royal in Montreal eventually exiling to Kiryas Tosh in Boisbriand. The essay explores how the Tosher rebbe radicalizes Third Solitude without separation by tearing away from surrounding Quebecois culture through ascetic strategies, while Cohen tears away from rampant assimilation and spiritual apathy of his Montreal Jewish upbringing. Both mystics wander through the archetypal Northern landscape of Montreal that has become mythologized in these unique moments of tearing through the metaphysical shroud of Third Solitude.

Résumé

Comment la troisième solitude des mystiques montréalais engendre-t-elle un déchirement de soi, à la fois loin de l’autre et s’inscrivant dans le paysage canadien? Le motif de la déchirure est utilisé comme une lentille comparative pour enquêter sur le principe de la troisième solitude chez deux mystiques juifs de Montréal : Leonard Cohen (1934–2016) et l’actuel rebbe Tosher, le rabbin Elimelech Halevi Segal-Loewy, ainsi que son défunt père, Rabbi Meshulam Feish Segal-Loewy (1924–2015). Cet article analyse d’abord le cheminement de Leonard Cohen, arraché aux frontières culturelles d’une éducation juive dans un Westmount cosmopolite, fleurissant en un barde-kohen bohémien qui revient à Montréal en tant que mystique juif contemplatif, après avoir transité par le Mont Baldy et Tel Aviv en Israel. L’arrachement du rebbe Tosher, pour sa part, a commencé à Nyírtáss, en Hongrie, puis s’est transplanti après la Shoah dans le contexte entourant « l’accommodement raisonnable » du Plateau Mont-Royal à Montréal avant de s’exiler à Kiryas Tosh à Boisbriand. L’essai explore comment le rebbe Tosher radicalise la troisième solitude sans séparation en se détachant de la culture québécoise environnante par des stratégies ascétiques, tandis que Cohen s’arrache à l’assimilation effrénée et à l’apathie spirituelle de son éducation juive à Montréal. Les deux mystiques errent dans l’archétype du paysage nordique de Montréal qui est devenu mythologique dans ces moments uniques de déchirure à travers le linceul métaphysique de la troisième solitude.
“Raise a tent of shelter now, though every thread is torn”
—Leonard Cohen¹

“...one tears a tear long enough to expose one's heart... one must tear it outside, in the presence of community.”
—Maimonides²

“It's torn where there's beauty, it's torn where there's death
It's torn where there's mercy but torn somewhat less”
—Leonard Cohen³

The mythic Canadian landscape has its solitudes. Notwithstanding that popular support for separatist sovereignty is at an historic low, the lingering memories of failed referendum after referendum, means that within the Canadian Jewry's psyche wounds may be scarring over from its Third Solitude, but there hovers a feeling of being torn asunder by separatist desires for a separation of Quebec as independent from Canada. All the while, the quest for mystical oneness has torn through the heart of the mythic landscape of Montreal for Jewish mystics. Such a landscape is mythic insofar as it is a “pre-psychological geography, where the culture of the imagination and the modes of living carried what had to be formulated in the North as ‘psychology.’”⁴ The Montreal Jewish Mysticism of Leonard Cohen and the Tosher rebbe each navigates their solitude without separating from the mythic Canadian landscape, while their mystical yearnings have torn them asunder from the other. Each Montreal Jewish mystic struggles with the fabric of Canadian Jewish identity through their relationship to this internal mythic landscape. This analysis of two Canadian Jewish mystics from Quebec, whose literary œuvre—both written and oral—builds upon my working definition of Canadian Jewish Mysticism rehearsed elsewhere,⁵ and then applies it to another comparative analysis of the tapestry of the internal mythic landscape woven from the prayerful poetry of Leonard Cohen and in light of the Hasidic discourses of R. Meshullam Feish Segal-Lowey (a.k.a. the Tosher rebbe). What I have posited already about Canadian Jewish mysticism applies equally in this current analysis, namely, that an overarching mystical unity can suture the particular wounds of exile, dislocation, and memories of an abandoned homeland into a mythic religio-culture of the imagination that manifests modes of paradox in living the North as a compass of the soul yearning to return to its home in the divine. These universal and particular lights radiating from these two encounters with their Third Solitude inspire their unique enshrouding of the mythic landscape torn from exile. Recall that Third Solitude refers to the self-conception of Montreal Jewry that de facto formed a further kind of distance between the dominant French and English solitudes—that third layer being their Jewish identity.⁶ Encounters with the Third Solitude retain a distinctly local cultural process for tearing open a spiritual encounter or suturing closed a religious truth vis-à-vis surrounding Quebecois culture.⁷
In each case, the landscape of Montreal has become mythologized in its own unique metaphysical shroud of Third Solitude.

A Brief History of Third Solitude Without Separation

It is worthwhile to briefly consider whether this sense of being so torn from the mythic landscape of these Montréal Jewish mystics has only been reinforced by the memory that Canada patriated its Constitution only in 1982 from Britain, but without Quebec signing on. Attempts to embrace the unique culture of Quebec by recognizing its status as a distinct society—whether with the 1987 Meech Lake Accord, or the 1992 Charlottetown Accord or even the second referendum of Parti Québécois Premier Jacques Parizeau in 1995—have all fallen apart, or remained in a state of paralysis and yet cultural renaissance continues to be inspired by it. Even the aftermath of the 1980 Battle of the Titans—Trudeau and Lévesque—left Canada at once united and torn apart.8 This stalemate in separatism has only increased solitudes and inspired Québécois arts and culture that Leonard Cohen was consciously contributing to while the Tosher rebbe more subconsciously as will be shortly analyzed.9 When complete separation is not realized, the abiding solitudes are what continue tearing into the heart of that mythic landscape of Canada.

The vision of Montreal’s prophetic poet, A.M. Klein, continues pointing to the tearing of Canadian Jewish identity as being “snatched from the center,” prompting to learn circumference10—and whether such a torn space as the circumference enables a unique mystical experience. What is it about the Canadian psyche that uniquely positions its visionaries to write from a torn place of the Third Solitude?11 Moreover, how do Montreal Jewish mystics enshroud their Third Solitude in a time-space that is torn open within the Diaspora? To address this tearing into the Third Solitude of the Canadian Landscape, I will compare the enshrouding of sameness and tearing into difference in two diverse Canadian mystics from Montréal—a Hasidic rebbe, Rabbi Meshulam Feish Segal-Loewy (1924–12 August 2015), and a Jewish Monk, Leonard Cohen (1934–2016).

Canadian Jewish Mysticism: Third Solitude Without Separation in Two Montreal Mystics

Building upon my earlier proposed definition of Canadian Jewish Mysticism,12 I consider further nuances exemplified in two Montreal mystics at hand. In both cases the deep sense of oneness is torn from the other in unique ways. The mystical experiences under consideration—whether transmitted in the discourses of a Hasidic rebbe or the poems and lyrics of a Jewish monk—could be classified as what Robert S. Elwood refers to as “peak experiences” or “classical mystical experiences” without
precluding the reality that both are “self-validating” and reflect the language of their particular host culture. Leonard Cohen’s contemporary Montreal Jewish mysticism as expressed in his music lyrics and poetry tears at the dualism of “peak theory” or “high experiences” by being both “joyous and fulfilling” as well as fulfilling the need to be “focused moments of stunning ecstasy and clear realization.” Such dualism is torn further through difference that is further enshrouded into the sutures of same-ness in the Hasidic teachings of the Tosher rebbe.

While Cohen tore through the 1960s genteel “hushed cosmopolitanism” of a predominantly Anglophone Protestant Westmount, the Tosher rebbe tore away from the anti-Catholic rising tides of nationalism of La Révolution tranquille by suturing a more insular community of Kiryas Tosh within the suburb of Boisbriand. Between such diverse Quebecois cultural mosaics, the texture of Canadian Jewish mysticism of a deeper solitude than its third iterative layer without separation from its host culture or landscape is actually a tearing away from the “legacy of the Quiet Revolution, and the moral, spiritual vacuum that has followed the collapse of clerical power in Quebec.” This tapestry of solitude without separation—whether woven from the prayerful poetry of Leonard Cohen or through Tosher Hasidism of Boisbriand—there is a profound search for oneness torn from the other in a third solitude without separation. If the mystic is one exceptionally equipped to search for oneness, why must it be torn from the other? If the mystic is equipped to envision in states of solitude, why does s/he resist complete separation? If the role of the mystic is to interpret living in that extraordinary “deep sense of unity” then what exactly is the texture of light that radiates from two Jewish mystics from Montreal?

**Tearing Asunder Through Ascetic Eroticism in Tosher Hasidism**

The Canadian Jewish mysticism of the Tosher Hasidic dynasty remains inflected by the continuous Kabbalah in the Komarno–Zidichov Hasidic lineage that inspires both the current Tosher rebbe, Rabbi Elimelech Halevi Segal-Loewy, as well as his late father, Rabbi Meshulam Feish Segal-Loewy (1924–12 August 2015). The challenge for Tosher Hasidism is how to envision a world torn apart from its original roots in Nyirtass (“Tosh”), Hungary in emigrating to Montreal in 1951, to then tear itself away from the Plateau for a sustainable in self-exile into the suburb of Boisbriand as early as 1963 while being further set apart from this local host culture. Each tear has actually enabled a deeper enshrouding of a more homogeneous Hasidic spiritual practice as discussed elsewhere.

I return to the Tosher rebbe’s various collections of teachings and discourses under the title of Avodat Avodah, while focusing here on the contours of a solitude without separation through concerns with modesty that tear itself apart from the host
culture. Is it possible that this solitude without separation through modest dress is more radicalized once recontextualized in the local culture of Boisbriand rather than Borough Park? Is this need for isolating their community from the contaminations of secular society a reaction to the anti-Semitism “that lies just beneath the surface of [Quebecois] society” or is it a veiled critique of the nationalism in the wake of *La Révolution tranquille*? This Komarno–Zidichov mystical perspective encourages a solitude without separation within the Tosher Hasidic dynasty that replanted itself in the margins of Montreal and then further flourished in its own isolated enclave of Boisbriand, enabled by knowing how to maneuver the Quebecois political system. Notwithstanding the adept political maneuvering of the Tosher Hasidim, solitude without separation takes on new meaning once recontextualized in Boisbriand by the Tosher rebbe’s *sihot qodesh* as well as by recent challenges of imposed isolation during the coronavirus pandemic that began Purim 5780 (March 10, 2020). In struggling to maintain homogeneity within Tosher Hasidic practice, it is important to appreciate how “this–worldly desires [that] are engaged only by necessity” were seen within the context of the rampant poverty in Nyirtass, whereas trials over materialism in latter-day context have an altogether different pull on Hasidim. The milder austerity of asceticism once practised in Nyirtass is contextually appropriate just as the more stringent asceticism recently practised in Boisbriand reflects a response to the “overwhelming negative energy of the [North] American Diaspora to beautify and stimulate whatever one sees through [the lens of] the desires and delights of this world, deluding one to think that these delights are the ultimate bliss of this world.” The contemporary struggle which this asceticism comes to answer is “a desire for the spiritual life [that] takes place amidst a highly materialistic culture with continually high levels of insatiable desire for more,” including the desire to consume fashion and its impact upon the modest dress of Hasidic garb. Solitude then demarcates a safe space where this spiritual community can continue in its devotional pathways without becoming contaminated by the lure of excessive materialism. Complete separation does not happen, just enough solitude to keep their devotion alive. The perceived austerity of the Tosher Hasidic path stems in part from this conviction that the hesed–love of Hasidism alone may not be powerful enough to smelt through the power of perceived oppositional energies that permeate the foreign Quebecois culture surrounding their *shetel* in Boisbriand. Recall that in Boisbriand the Tosher Hasidim are surrounded by Quebecois, while unabashedly continuing to cultivate their linguistic solitude by speaking Yiddish to each other and praying in Hebrew. Reinforcement of their Third Solitude also happens through their way of dressing that reinforces internal reverence and wonder through external obedience and conformity.

The oppositional energy of the *qelipot* (or “husks”) manifest in multiple modalities, but the overwhelming influence of the media that seduces the mind by distrac-
tion from the spiritual practice of prayer and study. When these oppositional forces are not properly dealt with by dressing modestly in the requisite Hasidic garb, then such non-compliance actually delays redemption and exiles the Shekhinah. The challenge for this final remnant in Boisbriand to realize redemption is through strategies of modest dress in Hasidic garb as a reinforcement of their radical solitude which paradoxically then serves as a refuge without separation. Recall that the contemporary editing of the Tosher rebbe’s discourses reflects a more cautious and toned-down version of ascetic devotion, lest the contemporary Tosher Hasidim be intimidated by the rebbe’s austerity. However, when it comes to modest dress in Hasidic garb, there is intimidation at play that is meant to reinforce power and authority over local members of the community. By dressing modestly in Hasidic garb, the adherent is able to maintain the necessary solitude that separates culture without separating from the shared landscape of Boisbriand. Even though Tosher Hasidism prides itself as starkly rejecting the oppositional forces of modernity by embracing their own pre-modern modest dress, the clothing itself is a signifier of their subversive subculture. Recall how dress serves as a semiotic system of subversive signifiers, as critic Dick Hebdige argued in his classic analysis of punk in London of the 1970s, and I would argue that it can be further applied to the contemporary subculture of Hasidism in general, and Tosher Hasidim in Boisbriand, in particular. It is through the distinct dress choices that the Tosher Hasidim manifest their solitude identity without completely separating themselves from the landscape of Boisbriand that houses the Kiryas Tosh community. However, there is not the same moral panic with the Tosher Hasidim that emerged in relation to the host culture of Boisbriand as there was to the punks in London of the 1970s. Mainstream secular Quebecois host culture appears to be relatively unaffected by this local subversion of modest dress in their midst. Tosher Hasidism could be seen as a Hasidic subculture that traces its aforementioned lineage to Eastern Europe but must continue addressing its displacement and submissive state in Boisbriand by reading it as “exile.” This Hasidic sect remains anxious about keeping its youth sheltered from the “real world” of contaminated culture by tearing itself away from all contact with secular culture. Stipulating a modest dress code is part and parcel of their overarching program of contentious education and subversive acculturation. In this sense, Tosher Hasidism remains a vibrant “semantic disturbance” that violates conventional codes of Quebecois culture, engendering solitude without complete separation from the landscape of Boisbriand. This intense focus on the spiritualization of the Third Solitude takes place through numerous strategies, as discussed elsewhere.

Cultivating this deep solitude of spiritual intimacy is paradoxically felt by simultaneously surrounding the Tosher rebbe. When the Hasidim encircle the rebbe, there is an erotic interconnection between master and disciple but to cultivate this connection requires a further sublimation of confraternal eros by tearing disciples apart from each other. Recall that mystical comradery between disciples called of dibuk
haveirim in the Hasidic milieu is a given part of the “spiritual glue” that keeps them together through such practices. So in light of being torn asunder, let us briefly consider the rebbe’s proscription forbidding Tosh students from entering each other’s bedrooms in the yeshivah. This ascetic spiritual regimen promulgated by the Tosher rebbe is another kind of tearing apart Hasidim from intimacy to protect against the: “one who breaches a fence, a snake will bite.” The abiding anxiety being addressed in this devotional community of Broisbriand is meant to ensure that wisdom continues to be transmitted without the vessel of transmission—namely, the student body—being torn asunder. To ensure this, the key spiritual practice is a regular regimen of prayer and study within the walls of the study hall. To mitigate this concern for breaching the walls of communal transmission of wisdom, the Tosher rebbe proscribes requirements for bolstering the continued vibrancy and intensity of prayer and study as follows: firstly, every student must pray all statutory prayers thrice daily in the same space of the yeshivah; secondly, each student must refrain from entering into the sleeping quarters of another. These stringent requirements are buttressed by the verse that “one who breaches a fence [of these regimens, will cause an unleashing of the libidinal impulse likened to the damage caused by the wound incurred when] a snake will bite.” The underlying anxiety stems from a libidinal impulse that roams free, distracting the mind, contaminating the heart and afflicting the body. This is a guard rail against psychological, emotional and sexual deviance—all encapsulated in the symbol of the wily ways of the snake. This process for tearing open the autonomous, egocentric sense of self into a spiritually abnegated self that submits to communal norms the sake of conjoining round the rebbe is complemented by suturing the religious truth of asceticism between disciples. Thus the anxiety about assimilation into the oppositional forces of the mainstream, contaminated culture is assuaged through the act of tearing the hasid away from its host culture and suturing the self into an insular religious truth through the traditional forms of intensified prayer and study imbued with deeper mystical meaning to engender compliance within and without.

Leonard Cohen’s Tearing Away from Desire as a Stranger from the North

Leonard Cohen may be Montreal’s pop saint of late, but his wandering through the mythic Canadian landscape of the Three Solitudes required a tearing away from his parochial Jewish upbringing in Westmount to Mount Baldy and back again. In his wanderlust as a Canadien errant Cohen early on dawns the mythic guise of the stranger from the North, who at once tears through his native Canadian identity as a Montreal Jewish mystic while remaining bound to wander the mythic Canadian landscape. This wandering Jew begins and ends his peripatetic journey in Montreal (from the quasi–suburban Westmount to the bustling urbanity of the Main). More
precisely, Cohen’s foothold is sutured into the mythic “pre–psychological geography, where the culture of the imagination and the modes of living carried what had to be formulated in the North as ‘psychology.’” Such a lens of archetypal psychology provides a helpful guide in framing my analysis of Cohen’s songbook, given that his search was always rooted in an imaginal location of the North—the site of epic (anti) heroism that emerges from a uniquely symbolic border of the “northern moralistic perspective.” The “northern psychic geography” of this Montreal mystic reorients “the multiple personifications of the soul, the elaboration of the imaginal ground of myths, the direct immediacy of sense experience coupled with the ambiguity of the ‘ego’ itself” thus contributing to the unique poetics of his songbook. Cohen tears away from a “heroic ego who slays the tenacious aspect of the Father/Dragon/Ogre/King, and release the vital energies of that will feed the universe,” rather dawning the guise of the stranger. In his guise as a stranger, he sings of his unrequited love of life and the world is his “myth in the mess.” This is a mystical songbook that sings about “not [the] myth of the hero, but myth as the hero” in all its “ambiguous complexities.” This stranger myth, paradoxically tears through its apparent alienation by singing “the frank truth of the world as it presents itself to our senses, clearly, evidently, directly as a world alive—animated, intentional, intelligible, and at moments, vividly beautiful” which makes the suffering within it all the more tragic as he sings its “cold and broken hallelujah.”

Cohen’s journey as a stranger tearing himself away from desire in the North stands in contrast with the Tosher rebbe’s solitude without separation. Cohen’s insatiable yearning for oneness torn from the other cannot be held back by any boundaries—geographic or halakhic. Just as the Tosher rebbe is tearing disciples away from each other in order to become more immersed in their master, Cohen is torn away from his desires that as a disciple he witnesses in his relationship of spiritual intimacy with his infamous Rinzai Zen master, Joshu Sasaki Roshi (1907–2014):

Then I studied with this beggar
He was filthy, he was scarred
By the claws of many women
He had failed to disregard

Firstly, there is a tearing away from the intimacy of Cohen’s discipleship to Roshi that pivots into a witness stance—othering his master into a filthy beggar. Secondly, what “Happens to the heart” is a yearning for oneness with women who tear open the heart with their own “claws” in defence against their guru as a sexual predator. So the peripatetic pulse of this stranger singer causes this feeling torn from returning home by remaining adrift in his circumference spaces. It is in these circumference spaces that are torn, however, where the lullaby of the torn heart can be sung:
If your heart is torn
I don't wonder why
If the night is long
Here's my lullaby

Leonard Cohen's mythic path of “celibate piety” tears at the heart within the body through its attunement to “the insight regarding the erotic nature of asceticism, which implies the ascetic nature of eroticism.” This sensation of, at once, being in love and being torn from the other is imbedded deeply in Cohen's constant turning to Jewish mystical imagery. One of many renowned moments of the performative “torn” state happened during Cohen's concert in Jerusalem at Binyanei Ha'uma in the early 1970s. Cohen's explicit evocation of Kabbalah is meant to concretize that primordial tearing in the godhead as mirrored in himself known as nesirah, as he explains to his audience gathered: “somehow the male and female part of me refuse to encounter one another tonight and God does not sit in his throne and this is a terrible thing to happen in Jerusalem.” Early on as one who performs as singer-songwriter as “stranger”, Leonard here reveals a vulnerable moment of learning how “to profoundly meditate in the dressing room to try to get ourselves back into shape if we can manage”—and indeed, Cohen is torn from his audience, torn from his band, and torn from his inner self only to then use this state of being torn to create consummate art.

A deeper layer of tearing at the core of Leonard Cohen's Montreal Jewish identity is experienced by his training in the a/theistic practice of Zen Buddhist meditation. Despite Joshu Sasaki Roshi's insistence that there is ultimately no contradiction between the prayerful worship of Judaism and a/theistic practice of Zen, Leonard often feels torn at the core of his identity, having to constantly defend how he remained a Montréal Jew with a Zen Buddhist contemplative practice, as he writes in his poem: “Anyone who says/I’m not a Jew/is not a Jew/I’m very sorry/but this decision/is final.” While he never attempted to tear this Jewish monk away from his roots of his original religion, this exiled monk and teacher paradoxically becomes an anchor amidst the tumult of Cohen's wanderings, helping him become centred and feel at home in exile, to the point where this Zen master becomes interwoven in the lyric of “Bird on the Wire”—from “a worm on the hook” to “a monk bending over a book.” But in time, both “the worm” and “the monk” are torn asunder by “the hook” and in “the book” of predatory behaviour. But in Cohen's posthumous lyrics, there emerges a deeper unseen sense of being torn between his own loyalty to an authentic sense of self and the other that is tearing him away from that loneliness. Cohen's earlier suspicion of holy men and his first criticism of Roshi as a kind of false messiah like Sabbetai Tzvi, only returns to tear into a newfound lyrical sobriety near the final chapter of his life:
No fable here, no lesson
No singing meadowlark
Just a filthy beggar guessing
What happens to the heart\textsuperscript{61}

The Three Solitudes that informed Cohen’s Canadian Jewish upbringing are extended—beyond the Anglo-Protestant and Franco-Catholic sphere for the Montreal Jew—but now through a further solitude of practising Zen Buddhism in Montreal. Recall that Cohen’s Zen master is Joshu Sasaki Roshi whom he first met at the San Francisco Zen Center and then later travelled to Japan for further immersion, but it is unclear whether Cohen ever overcame his solitude by joining another Zen Master Deshimaru along with a dozen disciples who already in 1979 had inaugurated a local dojo called, \textit{Mokusho Zen Dojo} (“Dojo of Silent Light”) in Montreal.\textsuperscript{62} But Cohen tore himself away from this solitude in Montréal, instead opting for another degree of solitude his retreat atop Mount Baldy Zen Center in Southern California.\textsuperscript{63} Retaining a disarming sense of irony when discussing his foray into Zen Buddhism, Cohen is consistent in his continuing loyalty to the Montréal Judaism of his upbringing, even when he feels torn away from that place of his nativity as well as from the master he no longer idealized as enlightened by remained his personal cook and become an ordained monk for five years on Mount Baldy—all contained within the many rooms of his heart.\textsuperscript{64} Such a reorientation for Cohen necessarily takes place most efficiently through the spiritual technologies of fasting shared by Judaism and Zen Buddhism. Cohen’s “celibate piety”\textsuperscript{65} leaves him feeling torn between the devotional posture of fasting and constant pursuit of erotic relations. Before entering into retreat at the monastery on Mount Baldy, even on the island of Hydra Cohen was already “a monk with benefits”\textsuperscript{66} who observed the Sabbath. This recurring practice throughout Cohen’s life has been one of an erotic asceticism amidst his self-imposed solitude bringing him great meaning, even while outside of the Canadian landscape. This recurring image of the Jewish monk evokes the image of Leonard’s favourite book of biblical prophecy, Isaiah, who envisions such celibate piety through the symbol of those “Eunuchs who observe the Sabbath.”\textsuperscript{67} While eventually marrying Suzanne, the material–spiritual dialectic deepened, forcing Leonard into deeper yearning for solitude—continually hungry for emptying power of hunger.\textsuperscript{68} Fasting continued to hold sway over Leonard as a spiritual discipline that complemented his self-imposed solitude.\textsuperscript{69}

To become the Montreal Jewish saint of celibate piety, Cohen must dare to excavate his own imaginal experience of the Aboriginal from the dyad of his Jewish tribal roots within the third solitude triad. This process of excavating his own Jewish tribalism leads to the lost root of his Canadian aboriginal tribalism. In this early, almost prophetic gesture in his novel, Cohen affirms lyrically later on being torn from his encounter with the \textit{other}—in the venerated figure of Sainte Catherine Tekakwitha.\textsuperscript{70}
This mystic named Kateri Tekakwitha or Tekauïta (1656 Ossernenon–17 April 1680 Sault St. Louis, New France) was actually baptized as “Catherine” but also known as the Lily of the Mohawks, and her spiritual legacy that influenced Cohen was the fact that she was the first North American Aboriginal to be canonized as a saint. Tekakwitha serves as inspiration for the mystic Cohen yearns to become who can break down the solitude without separation—yearning to affect a parallel power of “prayer and penitence” that could affect “a mysterious light that surrounded her during self-flagellation” so as to complicate his third solitude as a Montréal Jewish mystic. Cohen captures this solitude without separation in another recent refrain, called, “It’s Torn”:

You kick off your sandals and shake out your hair  
It’s torn where you’re dancing it’s torn everywhere

It’s torn on the right and it’s torn on the left  
It’s torn in the centre which few can accept

It’s torn where there’s beauty, it’s torn where there’s death  
It’s torn where there’s mercy but torn somewhat less

It’s torn in the highest from kingdom to crown  
The messages fly but the network is down

This lyric captures the insight that emerges from being a visionary mystic whose eyes of the heart witness the threads of existence in their torn state of wholeness that interweave some shade throughout the entire ground of being “torn in the highest from kingdom to crown.” The shorthand to the entire kabbalistic system being torn, from the lowest rung of Malkhut to the highest rung of Keter, is another stroke of mad genius on the part of the Montreal bard, whose willingness to see the pervasive—ness of being torn as a marker of cosmic consciousness itself. Such awareness can be disorienting, if not downright confusing. For Cohen this awareness of being torn is part and parcel of the seeming confusion of his creative process, as he reflects:

. . . I understand that my work is confusing enough to be construed as many things, I feel the same way about it myself. But it has always been torn from myself and when I’m not in an act of tearing it from myself I can be any kind of pompous fool.

This process of tearing off the mask of the visionary to be replaced by the fool, is a process of tearing through the personality of the mystical artist that creates his lyrics. “Like a baby, stillborn,/ like a beast with his horn/ I have torn everyone who reached out for me.” Paradoxically, it is in the act of tearing the heart of the other that its reflection within the self leads to a deeper transparency emerging to channel more
light and compassion: “But took a while to undertake/My full transparency. . . Torn the cover torn the book/The stories all untied. . .”\(^{75}\) Cohen likens this feeling of the torn heart from Hydra in 1981 to: “the torn anemone/fastened to the rock its root exposed/to the off-shore wind.”\(^{76}\) The visceral image of being torn open allows for roots to be exposed while hovering in a newfound state of receptivity, sensitive to this interplay that informs his songwriting, as Cohen confesses:

“And I sing this for the freaks and the cripples, and the hunchback, and the burned, and the burning, and the maimed, and the broken and the torn, and all those that you talk about at coffee tables, at the meetings, and the demonstrations, on the streets, in your music, in my songs. I mean the real ones that are burning, I mean the real ones that are burning. . .”\(^{77}\)

The once failed novelist who could not deliver a shorter version of his run-on novels to his editors, eventually learned to internalize this process in his music as he once wrote to his colleague, poet Irving Layton, that “anyone with an ear will know that I’ve torn apart orchestras to arrive at my straight, melodic line.”\(^{78}\) The impossibility of being torn away from a lyric by Leonard is part of the allure of his art, the sanity and soundness he then questions:

Are you still here? What are you waiting for?
Your lives to change? An oracle to speak?
Some version of the wounded matador
Who turns the bull his other cheek
And entertains you with a torn physique?\(^{79}\)

Tearing oneself away from the scene of an accident with affairs of the heart can be challenging. There is a part of the human heart that draws us to be torn by it. Leonard’s lyrics continue to carry forward what he was able to encapsulate of this posture early on with that renowned image of that “famous blue raincoat [that] was torn at the shoulder.”\(^{80}\) For Cohen, being torn in his masculinity comes to then symbolize “that unassailable romantic life, the opposite of a cloak of invisibility, the garment that would lead you into à erotic and intellectual adventures.”\(^{81}\) In confronting the double disclosure of this revealed raincoat of visibility, Cohen comes to terms within his solitude without separation. This vision of the heart being torn continues to drive and inspire the poet on his creative journey. Each and every verse within this remarkable songbook serves both the songwriter and the listener to: “Raise a tent of shelter now, though every thread is torn.”\(^{82}\) “Tearing through the ends of love is that love for the three solitudes that cannot abide.

What I have argued here is for more of a nuanced comparison between the two Canadian mystics in question from Montréal. While Leonard Cohen crosses cultural
boundaries from the hushed Westmount cosmopolitanism and privileged status of his Jewish upbringing blossoming into a bohemian bard–kohen and returning as a contemplative mystical Jew to Israel via Tel Aviv, by contrast, the Tosher rebbe, R. Meshulam Feish Segal–Loewy deepens the dualism that began in Nyirtass, Hungary as it is transplanted into the *accommodement raisonnable* of Boisbriand. Whereas Cohen’s traverses his Judaism as a mystic who surpasses his precursor poets like A. M. Klein and Irving Layton along the path towards a non–dual mystical apperception, the Tosher rebbe continues developing a deeply devotional mystical dualism that cannot fully reconcile itself with the boundary–crossing visions of his master, R. Yitzhak Ayzik Yehudah Yehiel of Komarno amidst the insular, self–imposed exile of *Kiryas Tosh* in Boisbriand. Regarding this heightening of dualism in the Tosher rebbe, I have been arguing that this mysticism cannot escape its further radicalizing of solitude without separation given its insular exile from surrounding Quebecois culture. By contrast, Cohen revolts against the rampant assimilation and spiritual apathy so he intentionally tears himself away from the Montréal Jewish elite of his upbringing. These Montreal Mystics yearn for solitude without separation tearing open a spiritual encounter or suturing closed a religious truth vis–à–vis surrounding Quebecois culture. What comes into greater relief is the quest for mystical oneness that has torn through the heart of the mythic landscape of Montreal for Jewish mystics. We have seen how such a mythic landscape abides as a “pre–psychological geography, where the culture of the imagination and the modes of living carried what had to be formulated in the North as ‘psychology.’” Moreover, it is this shared Montréal Jewish Mysticism of Leonard Cohen and the Tosher rebbe that enables each to uniquely navigate their particular expressions of solitude without separating from the mythic Canadian landscape. It is precisely their mystical yearnings that have torn them asunder from the *other* while discovering inspiration by tearing through the metaphysical shroud of the Third Solitude.

Maimonides, Mishneh Torah, Laws of Mourning, 8:3.

Leonard Cohen, “It’s Torn” (Thanks for the Dance, 2019).


My claim of “mythologizing” here is in reaction to recent analysis, see Francis Mus, The Demons of Leonard Cohen. (Canada: University of Ottawa Press, 2020). While I generally agree with Mus that “...the specific references to Canada and Quebec are fairly common in the literary work they disappear in the music,” (ibid, 94) my formulation here challenges his supposition expressed elsewhere that “Cohen mythologizes reality (just like, conversely, he demythologizes the myth...” (ibid, 90). The complexity of Cohen’s artistic process as a Montreal Jewish mystic means that his mythologizing links and builds its unique “universal sense of alienation to his Canadian or family background” contra Mus (ibid, 94) and will be examined more deeply in the ensuing analysis.


15 Greenstein, Third Solitude, 4.


25 R. Meshulam Feish Segal-Loewy, Avodat Avodah, Parshat Kedoshim (Boisbriand, Que: 5771), 96b.


30 Ibid, Avodat Avodah, vol. 1, Parshat Vayigash, 144a; ibid, Avodat Avodah, Parshat Vayigash, 146a-b.

31 Ibid, Avodat Avodah, vol. 2, Parshat VaYikrah, 11a-b; compare with similar claims about the exile of the soul and divine portions through improper eating habits, see ibid, Avodat Avodah, vol. 1, Parshat Hayyai Sarah, 50a; ibid, Avodat Avodah, vol. 1, Parshat Vayeitzi, 77a-b; ibid, Avodat Avodah, vol. 2, Parshat Shemini, 52a, 55b; ibid, Avodat Avodah, vol. 2, Parshat Tzav-Parah, p. 23a; ibid, Avodat Avodah, vol. 2, Parshat Shemini, 52a, 55b.


33 “Asked directly about the books, the Toshers we spoke with agreed that they accurately represent the Rebbe’s approach to spiritual life—except that some of his most demanding teachings were left out because they were seen as being addressed only to an earlier, spiritually stronger generation.” See Justin Lewis and William Shaffir, “Tosh, Between Earth and Moon: A Hasidic Rebbe’s Followers and his Teachings,” in From Antiquity to the Post-Modern World: Contemporary Jewish Studies in Canada, eds. Daniel Maoz and Andrea Gondos (Newcastle Upon Tyne: Cambridge Scholars Publishing, 2011), 149; see also Glazer, “Leonard Cohen and the Tosher Rebbe”, p.157.


Mus, The Demons of Leonard Cohen, 100.


Hillman, “Cultural Locus: North and South,” 44.

Ibid, 44.


Ibid, 338.

Ibid, 339.

Ibid, 340.


Leonard Cohen, “Happens to the Heart,” (The Flame: Poems and Selections from the Notebooks, 2018), XX

Michael Harris, “An Interview with Leonard Cohen,” Duel (1969); and on this “intermediate space”.see also, Mus, The Demons of Leonard Cohen, 95–102


On this Lurianic kabbalistic trope of “tearing” known as nesirah interpreted through a lens of archetypal psychology and poetics, see Haviva Pedaya, “Guf ha-Nesirah ve-Individuation” in Dov Noy and B. Kahane, eds., El ha-Aitzmi: Tahalichei Individuation ve-Maavrei Hayim (Reuven, 2015), 297-332.; ibid, Psychoanalysis and Kabbalah (Yediot Sefarim, 2015), 69-84.

Simmons, I’m Your Man, pp. 262–3.


Simmons, I’m Your Man, 316.

Ibid, 186: “Late into the night, says Sanfield, “he told me a long version of the tale of Sabbatai Sevi, the false Messiah. I said, “Why did you tell me that?” He said, “Well, I just thought you should hear it.” I think it was because I was talking in such superlative praise of my Roshi.” Leonard was suspicious of holy men.”

Leonard Cohen, “Happens to the Heart,” (The Flame: Poems and Selections from the Notebooks, 2018), XX

For more on this Montreal dojo named in honour of Etienne Mokusho Zeisler who ordained most of the senior monks and nuns, see https://www.zen-azi.org/en/book/zen-in-quebec

see Matthew Gindin, “Leonard Cohen Under a New Light,” Tricycle: The Buddhist Review (November 27, 2018), see https://tricycle.org/trikedaily/leonard-cohens-zen/ For more on the Mount Baldy Zen Center where Cohen was on retreat for many years, see https://www.mmbzc.org/

64 Simmons, I’m Your Man, 186: “I wasn’t looking for anything exalted or spiritual. I had a great sense of disorder in my life, of chaos, of depression, of distress, and I had no idea where this came from, and the prevailing psychoanalytic explanations at the time didn’t seem to address the things I felt…So I had to look elsewhere, and I bumped into someone [named Zen master Roshi] who seemed to be at ease with himself. It seems a simple thing to say, he seemed to be at ease with himself and at ease with others. And without ever deeply studying at the time what he was speaking about, it was the man himself that attracted me.”


66 Simmons, I’m Your Man, 81-2: “The ritual routine and sparsity of this life [on Hydra] satisfied him immensely. It felt monastic somehow, except this was a monk with benefits; the Hydra arts colony had beaten the hippies to free love by half a decade. Leonard was also a monk who observed the Sabbath. On Friday nights he would light the candles and on Saturday, instead of working, he would put on his white suit and go down to the port to have coffee.”

67 Isaiah 56:4

68 Simmons, I’m Your Man, 288.

69 Ibid, p. 104: “Leonard continued to fast, as he had in Montreal. The discipline of a week of fasting appealed to him, as did the spiritual element of purging and purification and the altered mental state it produced. Fasting focused his mind for writing, but there was vanity in it also; it kept his body thin and his face gaunt and serious (although the amphetamines helped with that too). There seemed to be a deep need in Leonard for self-abnegation, self-control and hunger… Leonard abstained from eating meat, but he was less restrained when it came to his appetite “for the company of women and the sexual expression of friendship”.

70 “Conserved in a sanctuary in Kahnawake, her relics are the object of veneration. In the province of Quebec two churches are named after her, one in the Innu community of Mashteuiash in the Saguenay Lac St. Jean region, the other in the Innu community of Uashat Mak Malotanem near Sept-Îles. A statue of Catherine stands in the Basilica of Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupré. She was also featured in Montreal author Leonard Cohen’s novel Beautiful Losers (1966). While Canadian Catholics see this sainthood as a source of pride, others view Catherine Tekakwitha as a powerless victim of colonialism. In a period when the Catholic Church wanted to encourage the conversion of Aboriginal peoples, her mysticism and piety made Catherine a model to follow.” See John Rasmussen, “Saint Kateri (Kateri Tekakwitha)”. The Canadian Encyclopedia, 04 March 2015, Historica Canada. See https://www.thecanadianencyclopedia.ca/en/article/tekakwitha-kateri. Accessed 15 April 2021. https://www.thecanadianencyclopedia.ca/en/article/tekakwitha-kateri. See also Claude Chauchetière, S.J., La vie de la bonne Catherine Tekakwitha, dite à présent la sainte Catherine Tekakwitha (1695, reprinted in 2007).

71 Rasmussen, “Saint Kateri (Kateri Tekakwitha)” The Canadian Encyclopedia.

72 Leonard Cohen, “It’s Torn” (Thanks for the Dance, 2019).


74 Leonard Cohen, “Bird on the Wire” (Songs from a Room, 1969)


Ibid, “Dance me to the end of love,” in *Stranger Music*, 337.

While it could be argued that applying *accomodement raisonnable* to Tosher Hasidim transplanting a *shtetl* in Ste-Thérèse-Ouest in 1963 is anachronistic, when seemingly little opposition was voiced against their establishment by local French Canadians, the point I am arguing is that the religio-cultural tensions and boundaries between the communities remain strong and distinct.